

Domus India

Janvier 2020

As we send this editorial to press, the title of our keystone feature *Can you hear me?* resonates throughout India. The people of India have agreed to debate and argue at every cost. And as campuses are at the centre of this *samudra manthan*, and rightly so, we look at the design of a new campus building in India – a school of architecture on a campus on the outskirts of Chennai. We visit the archives of Charles Correa, and pull out his ideas – projects that proposed architectural solutions for complex, political situations and scenarios – and understand how humility in architecture is as important as pluralism is the key element in our historical heritage. We review artistic engagement with architecture, including a form of quasi-architecture (in the form of film sets) and explore the myriad inter-lives of our visual and spatial geographies of built and unbuilt environments, of permanence and change. To draw out debates on meanings of what we see and how we see is important. What are the worlds we occupy and how should we occupy them, is an important question today. On what terms and conditions do we occupy the world of buildings and images around us and how we work and rework with them to make for a responsible and critical public. A public of makers and doers, a public of consumers and users, a public with a critical eye and soul, and a public that believes in being citizens of the world!

How do we connect what we see on the streets of our cities and the corridors of our buildings, with what happens within our homes and classrooms, our minds of shared spaces and libraries of memories and meanings? The home

is not inside; the street is not outside; they are both extensions of each other through the corridors of our mind and the navigations of the self, and the body. We move, and images move; today we move all across the world through images and spaces held within our palms. In such circumstances, we ask what is local and global, what is inside and outside, when am I an insider and when am I an outsider? To stand within the labyrinth of blacks, (the set of Nalini Malani's exhibition at the Goethe Institut/Max Mueller Bhavan Mumbai) where multiple projections play many 'thought bubbles' and ask us to reckon with a mind and world in turmoil and yet full of ideas; ideas of release, ideas of pain and comfort, ideas that deliver, ideas that capture – we are inside *dream houses* of the mind – warmth, and freedom, the ability to speak and relay one's thoughts beyond the bounded home, into the labyrinth of houses; houses where I can reject and accept, houses where I can debate and ask questions, houses where I can think and argue, where I can build a solidarity of arguments, houses for democratic arguments built through educated reasoning and debate.

Anything new always holds promise; this new year, again, we can be hopeful. Of course there are enough reasons to be hopeful today in India – at this moment hope is being fought for through hard struggles and hard thinking. Architecture needs to think as well; architects need to put in more hard work in thinking through architecture. The archival material we present from Charles Correa is an indication towards that – the ability of the architect to think beyond sites and commissions towards the making of public

and cultural spaces, politics and social environments. Malani's 'thought bubbles' are a call and thesis for a future of struggles, but also of hope and ideas, thinking through situations and times. Let me leave you with some lines and a quotation from Malani's essay you will read in the pages to come. In this framing you will see someone ask you tough questions, but neither leaving you without hope, nor letting you slip into a comfort zone because there is just one 'one time', and that is 'now', asking you to act, to act in thought and in practice:

“What has the idea of Utopia given us? This in turn raises others: How did we start out and what are we heading towards now? With the death of Modernism and the progressive socialist state, what is our excuse for the present state of affairs and the future? It reminds me of the poem *Nothing Twice* by Wislawa Szymborska:

*Nothing can ever happen twice.
In consequence, the sorry fact is
that we arrive here improvised
and leave without the chance to practice.*

We come improvised. There is no time to rehearse life, and nothing can be redone.”

Kaiwan Mehta 

Kaiwan Mehta

domus January 2020

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A recent exhibition – *Can You Hear Me?* – is artist Nalini Malani's first solo show in India in five years, and marks her return home after she became the first Asian artist to win the prestigious Joan Miro prize in 2019. Marking the occasion of the Goethe Institut/ Max Mueller Bhavan Mumbai's fiftieth year, *Can You Hear Me?* contains more than fifty animations by Malani. The animation, *Dream Houses*, is from 1969, the year the Institut was established in Mumbai. The solo expands on Malani's history with the Institut; in 1993, Malani worked on a collaboration on German dramatist Heiner Mueller's *Medeamaterial* (with Alaknanda Samarth), and later, in 1997, did a theatre play and exhibition on Bertolt Brecht's *The Job*. It was rehearsed at the MMB and performed at the Experimental Theatre, NCPA. The project was a collaboration between the MMB and NCPA.

Exhibition Can You Hear Me?

Text by Nalini Malani

Photos courtesy Nalini Malani and Goethe Institut/ Max Mueller Bhavan Mumbai

Thought Bubbles

The exhibition title, *Can You Hear Me?*, is about not being heard. In the list of titles of the recently made animations called *Notebooks*, this title has two variations. The words may be similar but, in fact, they address two different types of concerns. *Can You Hear Me?*, with a question mark, is the scream of a minor girl who is being violently raped but nobody hears her cry. *Can You Hear Me*, without the question mark, is a strident command, and has to do with exerting 'power'.

In this exhibition, I have juxtaposed a series of more than fifty iPad animations, made between 2018 and 2019, with the very first animation, *Dream Houses I*, made in 1969 on 8mm film. A juxtaposition that is similar to the double-projection film installation *Utopia*, 1976, in which I placed *Dream Houses II* next to my 16mm black-and-white film of a

disillusioned young woman as protagonist.

In both juxtapositions, in *Utopia* and in this exhibition, *Can You Hear Me?*, the leitmotif is a question: What has the idea of Utopia given us? This in turn raises others: How did we start out and what are we heading towards now? With the death of Modernism and the progressive socialist state, what is our excuse for the present state of affairs and the future? It reminds me of the poem *Nothing Twice* by Wislawa Szymborska:

Nothing can ever happen twice.

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In a span of 50 years, I have made three types of animations. In the first one, *Dream Houses*, 1969, began with a physical object in different



This spread: Installation view: Nalini Malani, *Can You Hear Me?*, Gallery MMB, Goethe-Institut/Max Mueller Bhavan Mumbai, 2019-20
Photo by Ranabir Das



Exhibition Credits

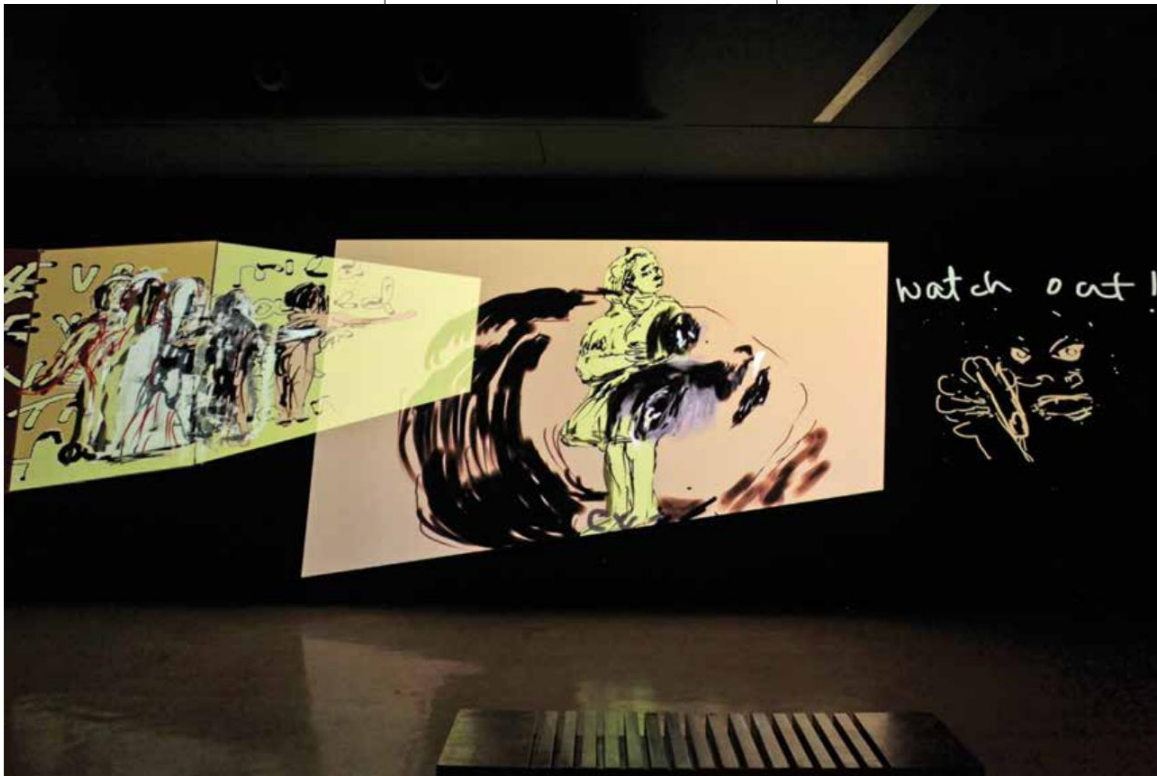
Goethe-Institut/Max Mueller Bhavan Mumbai and Nalini Malani wish to thank Johan Pijnappel, and everyone at Studio Nalini Malani; Dr. Anna Winterberg, Amita Desai, and Dr. Martin Walde of the Goethe-Institut/Max Mueller Bhavan Mumbai for their engagement.

Can You Hear Me? is a collaboration between Goethe-Institut/Max Mueller Bhavan Mumbai and Nalini Malani. The exhibition was on display at Gallery MMB, Goethe-Institut/Max Mueller Bhavan Mumbai from 18 October 2019 to 2 January 2020, to mark 50 years of the Goethe-Institut in Mumbai.

Text

Can You Hear Me? - Nalini Malani
Biography - Johan Pijnappel

An iteration of *Can You Hear Me?* will be presented at the Dr. Bhau Daji Lad Museum, Mumbai from 10 January to 28 February 2020 in an exhibition that is a collaboration between the Dr. Bhau Daji Lad Museum, Goethe-Institut/Max Mueller Bhavan Mumbai, and Volte Art Projects.



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This spread: Installation view:
Nalini Malani, *Can You Hear Me?*,
Gallery MMB, Goethe-Institut/
Max Mueller Bhavan Mumbai,
2019-20
Photo by Ranabir Das



light configurations shot on 8 mm reverse stock. In the period between 1996 and 2017, the animations were of my paintings /erasures sessions, shot with a photo camera, the stills were then edited on to video. The most recent ones, called *Notebooks*, are made digitally on an iPad.

The animations that I have made since 1996 are like 'Thought Bubbles' in their character and function. When I see or read something that captures my imagination, I have a need to react with a drawing or drawings in motion. Not exactly in its mimetic form but more as a 'Memory Emotion'. I feel like a woman with thoughts and fantasies shooting from the head. Each of them can have different ideas, and may not feel like it is from the same person. Each of these voices in my head needs therefore a different penmanship.

These iPad animations as a set of works have a sense of the abject. For this I have developed a language that is funny, sad, modest, energetic, hysterical and acute. But within it also appears the satirical, comic and the absurd. How else to make sense of life?

Stop Motion Animations, 1969

In the entrance passage of the newly opened VIEW (Vision Exchange Workshop) in May 1969, Nuruddin, Akbar Padamsee's brother, had made and placed a series of boards showing a grid of squares with about twenty scales of grey. It triggered my mind to use such a grey scale as the basis of my first animation. I wanted to try to



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transform the black-and-white scale into colour, as I had read about in Johannes Itten's publication *The Art of Colour*, and also wanted to experiment with additive colour through light and movement.

My ideas in those days were first of all inspired by my architect friends, from whom I learned about and discussed the ideological possibilities of modern architecture, of the Bauhaus for example, in the work of Walter Gropius and Mies van der Rohe, and that of Frank Lloyd Wright and Buckminster Fuller. As I had studied Graphic Design and Typography, I frequently did the lettering for their maquettes. These represented a visionary world, which I wanted to visualise in the form of an animation film. Around this time, architect Charles Correa, a close friend of Padamsee's, came almost weekly to VIEW to talk about his ideas on social architecture. That's when I met the legendary Buckminster Fuller.

For *Dream Houses*, I built a maquette from black carton, which was available at the stationery shops outside the JJ School of Art. This maquette, I shot with a Mamiyaflex camera on 6 x 6 cm slides, which came in rolls of 12. For each slide, I changed the angle of the light source. These slides were projected on the wall, and recorded with an 8mm film camera, on reverse stock. In front of the camera, per section, I placed different additive primary colour filters. After I shot with green, for instance, the film was rolled back, and for the second time it was shot with red. This superimposition gave the colour yellow in certain parts of the grey scale on the film. It was



This page, top and opposite page,
top: Installation view: Nalini
Malani, *Can You Hear Me?*,
Gallery MMB, Goethe-Institut/
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Photo by Ranabir Das

a painstaking process that although I had calculated and proofed in advance, much was also happening by chance. The registration was essential and that is the reason why there came about two variations of *Dream Houses*, with the first one a few frames off.

The film was developed at the Kodak Laboratory in Worli, which took about ten days. After this, I started the process of editing on the Moviola at VIEW. *Dream Houses* was made all by myself, without assistance. On the part of the senior artists at VIEW, there was no interest in my work or in the final result. If there was anybody I discussed it with, it was Nandan Kudhyadi, who was then a student at the art school in Baroda, and who, after VIEW, went to

the Film and Television Institute of India (FTII) in Pune. As I had no money to make a negative for screening copies, *Dream Houses* remained in its tin box in my different studios until 2011, when it was discovered by my partner Johan Pijnappel. As an art historian, he understood the importance of this early work, and organised to have it professionally cleaned and digitally scanned in Amsterdam.

In the brief period since its rediscovery, *Dream Houses* has been recognised as an important icon in the canon of Indian Modernism when it was shown in my retrospective, *You Can't Keep Acid in a Paper Bag* at the Kiran Nadar Museum of Art in New Delhi in 2014. Soon after that, the work found place in international museum collections, and was included in major exhibitions such as *From the Collection: 1960 – 1969*, Museum of Modern Art, New York (2016), *The Collection – Stedelijk Base*, Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam (2017), *The Rebellion of the Dead*, Centre Pompidou, Paris (2017), *Awakenings: Art in Society in Asia 1960s – 1990s*, National Museum of Modern Art, Tokyo (2018), and *Mud Muses*, Moderna Museet, Stockholm (2019).

Erasure Animations 1996-2017

Although not featured in this exhibition, I would like to say a few words on the second form of animations made in the period between 1996 and 2017, as this gives a better overview on how I work with animations, and for what purpose. The first one from this period was *Memory: Record / Erase* made in 1996. This work was part of the theatre play *The Job* for which I collaborated with theatre director Anuradha Kapur. It was my second theatre production with the Max Mueller Bhavan in Bombay – the



first one was *Medeamaterial* in 1993 for which I collaborated with performer Alaknanda Samarth. In the 60s, when I had a studio at the Bhulabhai Desai Memorial Institute, I had helped theatre director Satyadev Dubey with backstage work, but it was only in 1992 that I actively into theatre through Alak. When she came into my wall drawing/erasure installation *City of Desires* at Gallery Chemould in 1992, she immediately said, "This calls for a performance". It was a time when due to the rise of orthodoxy and right-wing politics that had begun in the late eighties, I felt that if I wanted to be heard as an artist, I had to break out of the painting frame, or, in the case of theatre, had to go beyond the stage.

Therefore, *Medeamaterial* was performed without a stage, where the public followed the protagonist from room to room in the Stuttgart Halls of the Max Mueller Bhavan. This, in contrast to *The Job*, which was developed for the Experimental Theatre (part of the National Centre for Performing Arts) on a kind of proscenium arch, to be able to address a larger public. However, I did not want to let go of the idea of direct confrontation with the public, and added a series of installations around the stage, which were separated by a wall of carton boxes. We wanted the atmosphere of a warehouse. Half an hour before the start of the play, the visitors were invited to walk around and interact with these installations following the performer, Ritu Talwar. In two of the six installations animated elements appeared, being a zoetrope, and the animation *Memory: Record/Erase*. I wanted to extend certain aspects on the thought processes of the protagonist. These animated thoughts were like 'Thought Bubbles,' which work for me as a 'Memory



Membrane'. The idea of animating thoughts came to me while making the wall drawing, *City of Desires*, at Gallery Chemould. When I wiped parts of the charcoal drawings, it occurred to me that I could make this into animations.

Memory: Record/Erase was made in one night at Chemould with a full setup, including a camera person and light assistants. It was to be painted on paper. To give the recorded image more brightness, Alok Upadhyay, the cameraman came up with the idea of pasting the paper on the glass entrance door, and to use a backlight. It was one long session from 8 pm until 8 am. I worked without a story board, where one drawing followed by traces of

This page, bottom:
Nalini Malani, *George Orwell Once Said*, 2018
Opposite page, bottom:
Nalini Malani, *Demons of the Night*, 2018





This spread, top:
Installation view: Nalini Malani,
Can You Hear Me?,
Gallery MMB, Goethe-Institut/
Max Mueller Bhavan Mumbai,
2019-20
Photo by Ranabir Das

This page, bottom:
Nalini Malani, *Mephisto*, 2018

Opposite page, bottom:
Nalini Malani, *Quote from
Bertolt Brecht*, 2018

erasure led to the next idea. For this, I had to be totally concentrated, especially when there were so many people around me. And, with the wet paint dripping, there was no time for pause. The level of concentration and focus was like that of a singer rehearsing a *raag* – a total immersion in a stream of thought. This same kind of painting/erasure process, as a 'one-time performance', has been used for all my animations in the period of 1996 to 2017.

The title of this first type of erasure animation, *Memory: Record/Erase*, refers not only to how it was made but to the type of video technology used as well, and on a political level how our memory is manipulated by politicians. It was shown for the first time at the Second Asia-Pacific Triennale

of Contemporary Art, at the Queensland Art Gallery in Brisbane in 1996. For my solo exhibition, *The Job* at the MMB in 1997, I used the animation as part of a new video sculpture, also called *The Job*, in which a monitor stands for the head of the female protagonist lying on a hospital bed. On that occasion, my first monograph *Nalini Malani: Medea projekt*, was published by MMB, in which the film expert Ashish Rajadhyaksha wrote the first article on my moving-image art. After that exhibition, *Memory: Record/Erase*, was shown at the Mumbai Film Festival in 1998. Initially the work was rejected by a jury member, the well-known animation specialist Ram Mohan, the same professional animator with whom Akbar Padamsee had worked to make his film *Syzygy* in 1969 at VIEW. In Mohan's opinion, my work was not an animation as the movement jerked too much. It was eventually accepted because another jury member, the film scholar and historian Amrit Gangar made a case for the originality of the work.

The possibility of creating these erasure animations, and using them in various formats, opened up a whole new field. Soon after, the World Wide Video Festival in collaboration with the Prince Claus Fund gave me the opportunity to make the immersive video installation *Remembering Toba Tek Singh* as a response to the nuclear experiments by India in 1998. I did not call this a video installation but a videoplay as it was actually my intention to continue making theatre plays. However, it was clear to me that the costs of traveling and availability of actors would limit me too much, so I turned the whole theatre play, actors and backdrops included, into video. The work consisted of four projections and 12 monitors



placed on the floor in tin trunks. The main images on the walls were of two female protagonists, one Indian and one Pakistani, trying to fold a sari across the room. In the main projections, appears the documentary footage with the explosion of the nuclear bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. On this footage is superimposed an animation of monsters.

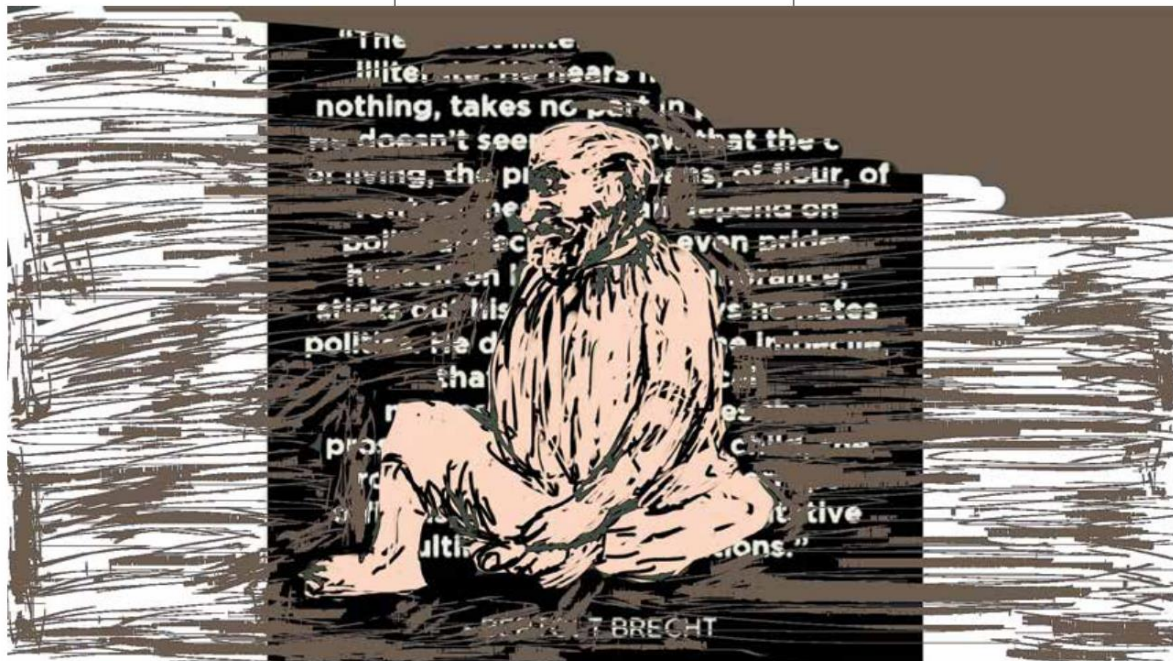
This collaging of my erasure animations within video, and later in video/shadow plays, became a way of working where in I could insert personal expressions within the images, such as in *Gamepieces* (2003), *Unity in Diversity* (2004), *Mother India: Transactions in the Construction of Pain* (2005), *Remembering Mad Meg* (2007) and *In Search of Vanished Blood* (2012). I wanted certain motifs to come back in these works, and with animation I had full control. With animated drawings and paintings, my fantasy world could take over. In *Mother India* for instance, I collaged part of the animation *Stains* in the belly of the cow.

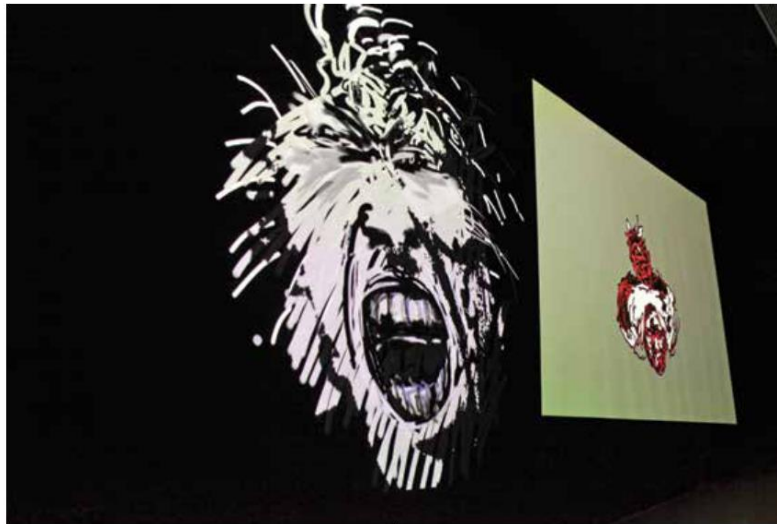
In *Remembering Mad Meg*, the videos are only animations. This work grew from a two-channel projection, when it was first presented at my solo show at the Irish Museum of Modern Art in 2007, to a four-channel projection in the retrospective at the Centre Pompidou in 2017. The world of Pieter Breughel the Elder, from which this is inspired, together with that of Jeroen Bosch, gave me a tremendous range from which to create nightmarish fantasies in the form of animated metamorphoses. What interests me is the metamorphosing as I work along, as if my mind is out there on the paper or the wall. My concentration is on that stain or mark and what can come out of it. It is a bit like automatic writing as in Henri Michaux's work.

As a four-channel video/shadow play,



Remembering Mad Meg brings the visitor inside a chamber, a curious all-encompassing, overwhelming array of sight and sound. After a while, one notices the different constantly changing layers, where the image in a shadow is of a different timbre as the one of the painted image. Superimposed, these animations and shadows evoke many thoughts that fall in different places, depending on what you are looking at. As such these video/shadow plays recreate the complexity of thought the way time works at any given moment. It is the simultaneous nature of what a human mind can do in the unconscious. It is like when you sleep and have no control on what you dream, on the nightmare or other absurdities.





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Installation view: Nalini Malani, *Can You Hear Me?*,
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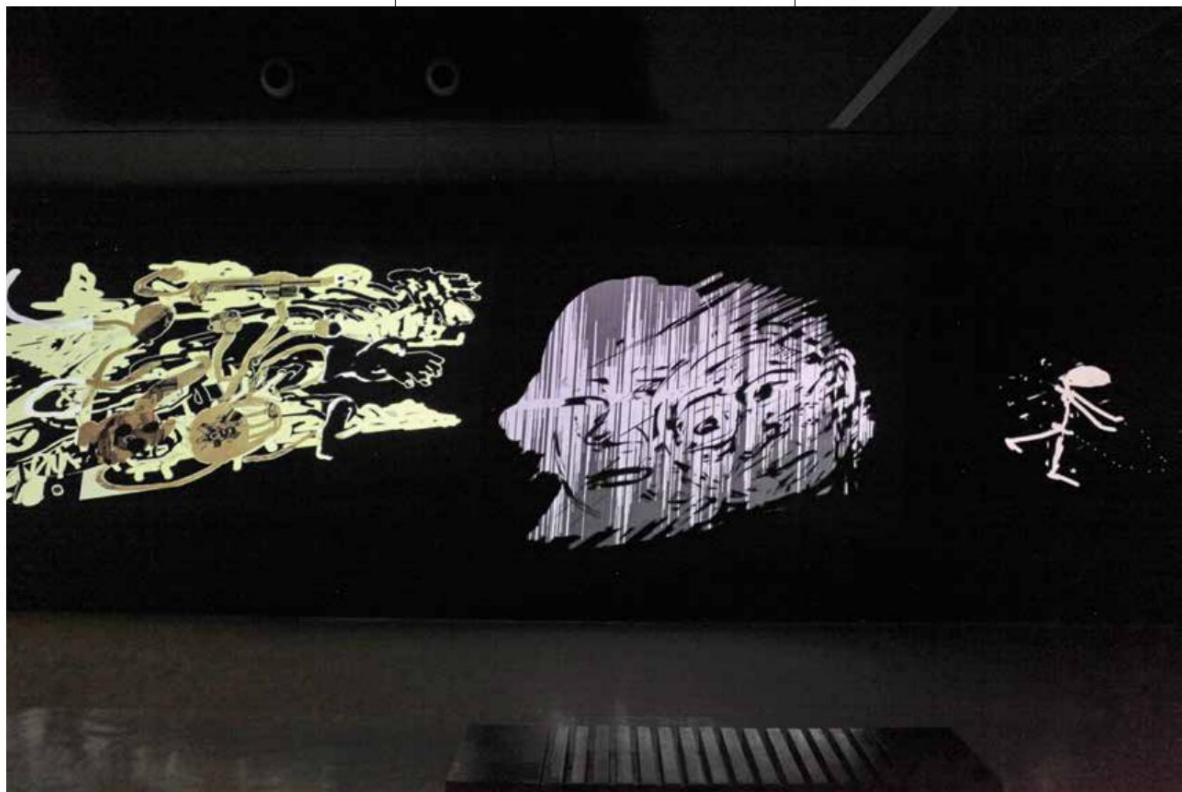
Opposite page, bottom:
Nalini Malani, *Can You Hear Me?*, 2018

Next spread:
Nalini Malani, *Dream Houses I*, 1969

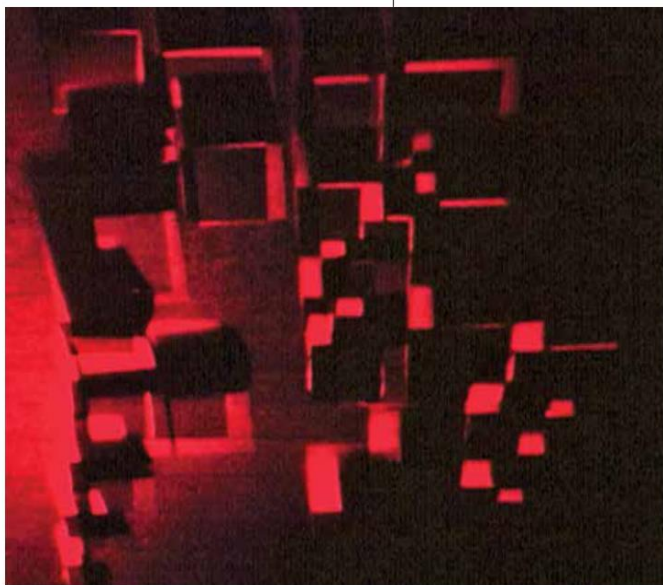
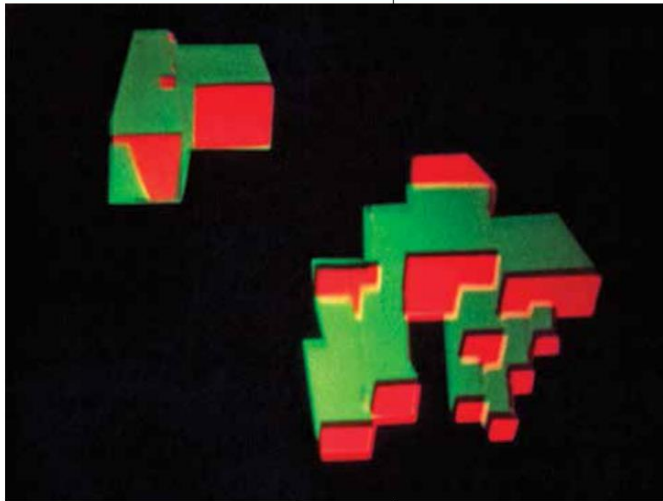
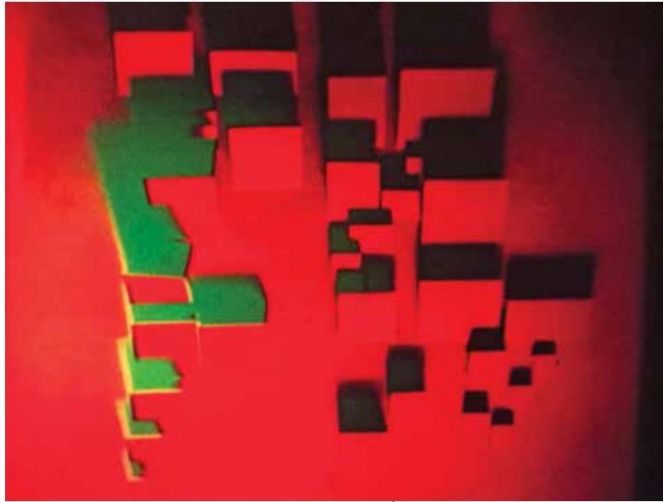
iPad animations 2017-2019

In 2017, I was constantly in the middle of work for retrospective exhibitions at Centre Pompidou and Castello di Rivoli. It was difficult to plan long sessions of paintings so I decided to focus on iPad animations, a medium that I taught myself in 2015, including the sound. As there is this deep inner urge to draw every day, and I am obsessed with the moving image, I decided to make 'moving drawings'. For this, I found an animation app which provided me with several tools. I threw out the Apple Pencil, and started to draw with my index finger. There is a sensitivity of fingertip on plate that is so direct and has its own inner workings. This is totally different from using a pencil. There is something more erotic, something very raw and direct about the process of drawing, rubbing, scratching and erasing, to do with messing around in one's mind, which then comes out at the tip of one's finger.

The many issues that I think of and want to talk about in these *Notebooks* animations come from a wide range of stimuli. This could be daily politics, other people's writings, or something mundane I might have just experienced. There is the daily inner urge to examine them through my drawings, to question them, to show a different angle, to laugh about or to protest. Why does Modernism form such a threat in these days of growing orthodoxy? Why limit the freedom of the other? How can the alpha male tap into his female side of thought? Is there a way to understand the







contradictory language that politicians use?

In my reaction to what has triggered or irritated my mind I often start out with a quote from a wide range of writers, whose texts I have been reading for decades such as Hannah Arendt, James Baldwin, Samuel Beckett, Bertolt Brecht, René Crevel, Veena Das, Faiz Ahmad Faiz, Milan Kundera, Saadat Hasan Manto, Heiner Müller, George Orwell, Toni Morrison, and Wislawa Szymborska. It is a kind of graffiti that I get from these writers. A similar kind of graffiti comes from images of artists like Goya or Grosz, Japanese prints of the floating world, or Kalighat paintings, and even from my own earlier works. From there on, the making of the animation flows as if by itself and goes in any direction with different levels of transparency and opacity. I have no control over the style, nor do I work towards 'a' style, as style is a market-driven idea. It is the subject that decides or governs the form.

In a period of two years, more than seventy animations were made from which a selection of around fifty are included in this exhibition at the Max Mueller Bhavan. Some are longer than the 1-minute Instagram limit, and some have never been shown online. If I would categorise this weekly growing collection of iPad animations, there would be the socio-political, the more 'abstract' ones, the feminine/masculine, the satirical and the personal ones.

The socio-political ones are an expression of frustration and anger with the decisions that are made by the powers that are operating in this world. I feel we now live in very confusing times, compared to my youth. The absurd decisions made by the powers around us may lead to the most dangerous and horrific ends. The democratic model has changed from a vehicle of hope into one of helplessness. For example, the animation *Blind Man's Bluff*, has to do with powerful heads of state and the regressive results of their actions. Similarly, in *Megalomania I and II*, the head of a state breaks the world into smithereens. In *Dystopia*, we are in the land of the absurd. With *Ubu Roi*, where I satirise power, greed and the insensitive practices of the complacent, haute bourgeoisie abuse their success.

The more 'abstract' animations have to do with my own quirky thoughts and fantasies. In *Hysterical Bird*, I quote an image from Goya's *Los Caprichos* – something that happened over hundred years ago and whose absurdity resonates even today. The hysterical bird also evokes Walter Benjamin's book *Thesis on the Philosophy of History*, in which he speaks of Klee's *Angelus Novus*. In my animation, I chose to have a bird that is rendered helpless – she flaps her wings unable to fly. The bird would like to sing "to awaken the dead and make whole what has been smashed." Reading Hannah Arendt's statement, "The earth is the very quintessence of the human condition," struck me. When you have the earth as a vast territory and the heart is the microcosm, what the earth yields and what the heart makes of it, might equal art? Hence the animation title *Heart - Earth - Art. Nothing Twice*

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is inspired by the poem of the same title by the Polish writer Wislawa Szymborska in which she tells us: "In consequence, the sorry fact is that we arrive here improvised and leave without the chance to practice".

In the animations dealing with feminine/masculine ideologies, there is one where these very words became the title itself. I believe femininity and masculinity reside in both men and women. It depends what part of the person is activated in a given moment. The problem is that the feminine part is mostly denigrated. Veena Das's quote reflected exactly what I have been talking about for years. She writes, "There are feminine regions of the self that reside in both men and women....". The portraits in this animation are built up in a barcode line configuration. But can this advanced reading program identify the regions of the feminine or the masculine? *My Secret Flower* is about a young girl's awakening sexuality and her freedom to feel within the flower. In *Portrait of a Girl I and II*, the childhood of a girl collapses into the life of a young woman, such that the past is not erased but constantly present. Recalling girlhood feels pleasurable and joyous.

In the face of extreme domination by the state there is no way out of the darkness but to find a

language in satire even as one squirms around trying to find ways to look for the light. In *Double Speak I*, a little puppet figure is trying to run away from an aggressive lecturing male head. It is seen with a quote from a poem by René Crevel, a communist and a surrealist, that dwells on the freedom to dream and fantasize. In *Double Speak II*, a large figure is the prosecutor. His body consists of two legs with a huge head that is completely filled with violence. The head is an image quote from *Disasters of War* by Goya. From Samuel Beckett's play *Endgame* I have two players Hamm and Clove, who want to end their lives but they cannot. They are trapped in the physical room while simultaneously being trapped in their self-conscious cages.

Relatively few animations from the *Notebooks* are personal as I feel it is difficult to put this out there in the public. Thoughts starts with the text "People's voices in my head" after which a cluster of image quotes appear turning into each other. Are these bad thoughts, good thoughts, complicated thoughts? *She is Gone my Mighty Bird* is about missing my mother who passed away this year at the age of 97 – the beautiful bird under whose wing I lived for 72 years.

Can you hear me?

Fifty years have gone by. *Dream Houses* came alive after remaining in the dark for forty-five years. This animation reminds us of glowing expectations, coming from a shared ideology for all, into a better – nay – into a humane social future. How intense is the contrast with the installation *Notebooks* fifty years later, where a multitude of "Thought Bubbles" have a sense of the abject. Within these phantasmagoric illusions, there is place for the satirical, the comic and the absurd. With these animations, I am still exploring what the Dada art movement started – the idea of the absurd. The most mundane circumstances can lead to thoughts which go everywhere, in a million directions. A whole range of feeling can spring up at any moment. The absurdity of life, how little value it has, during which people can be taken away from you anytime. It feels as if life has no validity or precious meaning. Similarly, nature and ecology are treated with disdain and one feels helpless with the catastrophes around. Has the world gone crazy? If Nature dies, we die.

Who will listen?

Hello. Can you hear me?

