

## Artist Statement

The body of work that you are viewing, have viewed or will view is not created for this viewing. I choose not to work like that.

I look at my work as an accumulation of lifelong conversations with myself. Daily life packed with mundane and interesting bits alike. Entangling threads of endless thoughts, making breakfast with a thousand things on my mind for the fourteen or so hours ahead; giving food to the birds, watering the plants on my little terrace, reading Urdu literature on a daily basis, picking fruit from my lemon trees and trying to pickle them in October when the sunlight is still strong, spring cleaning of my home and my soul at the same time, putting my feet in a tub of hot water with pink Himalayan salt at the end of a long day, making vegetarian goodies for the one daughter who is still at home, and awaiting wedding season, when I can put my ghararas, saaris, jhoomars and teekas to good use.

The work that I manage to create is a receiver of all of above. Life flows unabashedly into art and vice versa.

In my mind I have created countless works, all fully resolved, and then they never see the light of the day. They stay there. Not aborted but kind of still births. The realization that my mind is almost a graveyard of ideas/works does bother me. I also realize that someday, the mind is going to fail me, this body is going to fail me. Then, in full realization of this eternity, I work. I work to bring some of these ideas into materiality. While in the process, the already resolved ideas go through a metamorphosis of sorts. The final form sometimes shocks me.

My work is many things. It's a query and it is a response. It's a vessel. It is an outcome too. It's experiential. It is DNA too. It's a text, and the context; It's an image, and a counter-image. Its multi-layered, multi-lensed, and multi-faceted.

If all of this finds an audience at some point, I feel I am in luck. It is only then that the work communicates and becomes alive.