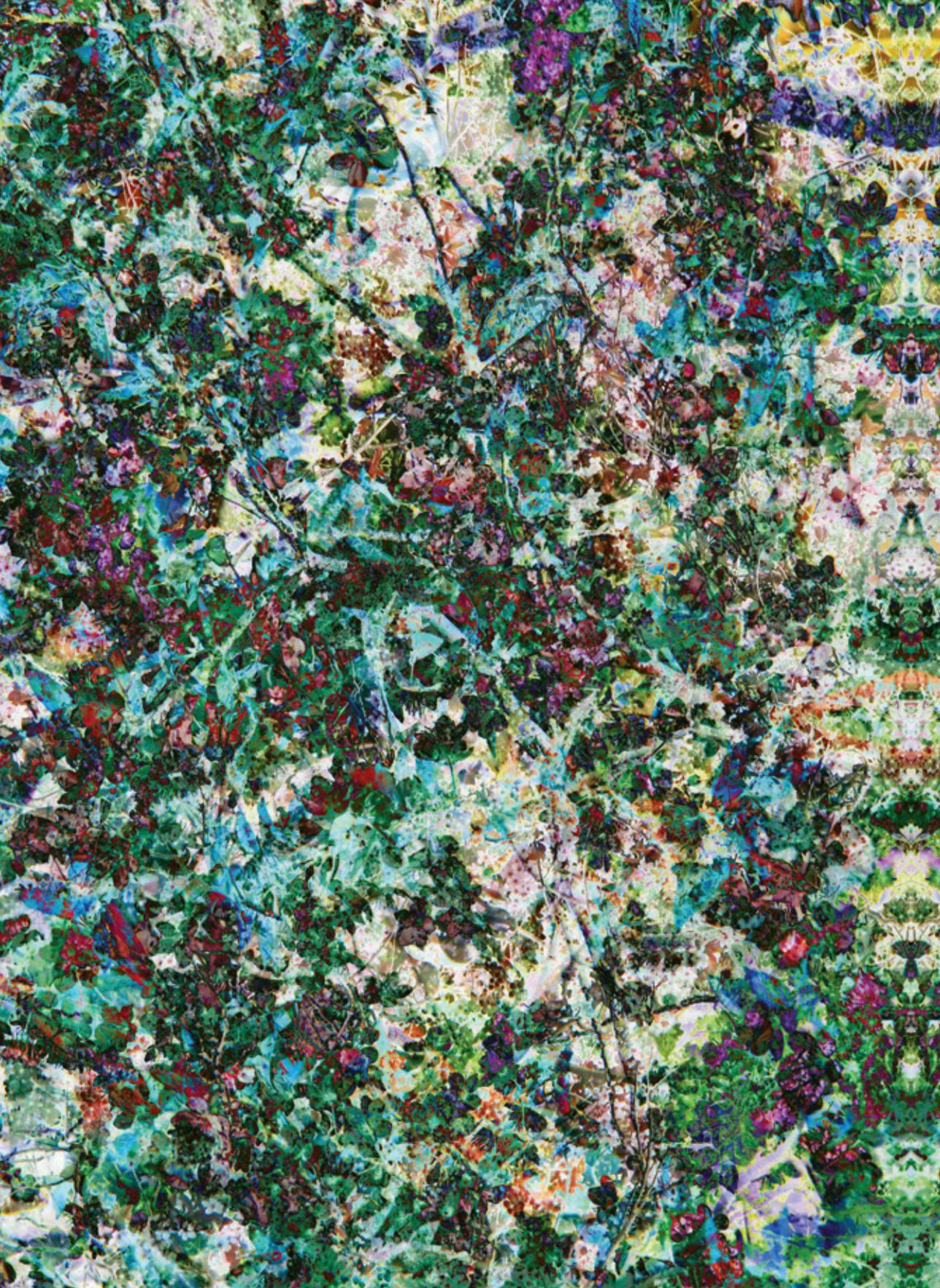




SONIA MEHRA CHAWLA

METAMORPHOSING FEMALE
'ROOTS EMERGE UPWARDS'





METAMORPHOSING FEMALE
'TRANSITION-TRANSFIGURATION'

10 JUNE-23 JULY 2011
BECK & EGGEING
INTERNATIONAL FINE ART
DÜSSELDORF, GERMANY

METAMORPHOSING FEMALE
'ROOTS EMERGE UPWARDS'

22 DECEMBER 2011 -30 JANUARY 2012
PALETTE ART GALLERY
NEW DELHI, INDIA

SONIA MEHRA CHAWLA

METAMORPHOSING FEMALE

'ROOTS EMERGE UPWARDS'



Born of Watery Realms and Fusing Cells; a few thoughts on the transformative experience of the biological imperative

Sonia Mehra Chawla quotes Jaishankar:

*As if from a lake
I surface for air,
mirrors and ripples embracing me
through layers of sleep.
I greet the chilly dawn,
newly-born each morning,
cracking through the fragile eggshell air.*

Botticelli's Venus is brought to mind, born from the lake, her nakedness partially concealed behind long golden hair, looking back at the viewer as we gaze upon her alabaster form of which we are afforded an endless glimpse as angels blow away the drape that another woman is rushing forward with which to cover Venus' modesty. How different is the woman in Sonia's *Metamorphosing Female: PURGE*, to which these lines refer. Sonia's women also emerge from water, they too are 'newly-born' and they too are self-aware, of their newness, their femininity and the condition of being observed. Yet her women are inward looking, their eyes shut and focused on their own being not 'their-being-as-that-which-is-formed-only-in-relation-to-the-others-gaze'. Thus they are beings in the universe, i.e. like everything else, formed by a multiplicity of single cells not because they are observed, brought to sight.

The graphic patterns on the canvas are inspired by and taken from 18th and 19th century microphotographs, documents and diagrammatic representations of single-celled organisms that occur in the ocean. These cross-sections seem highly complex and ornamental for such base creatures. Sonia has selected fragments from this world to reveal evolutionary mechanics and represent the upward growth of species where single celled creatures are the bottom-most and human beings at the top. And it is these types of cells that are the basis of all life, wherever they may lie on the evolutionary scale.

The process of compounded growth is central to Sonia's work as she delves

for inspiration into the extremely personal and transformative experience of becoming a mother. The group of works share the title *Some Roots Grow Upwards* with the painting of the name of a young woman tending to her terrace garden while a fetus grows peacefully in a fleshy placenta like flower. It urges the audience to believe that while the woman in peacefully tending to her plants she is being 'fertile' in both senses of the word and as she nurtures and nourishes the plant so also she does the child to be. The flower, here the pseudo-womb is very Georgia O'Keefe and makes a correlation between the beauty and productivity in plants and humans.

If we are to consider 'roots' and thus the deleuzian structure of interconnectedness as being organic and 'un-grid-like' with a central point from which spring almost uncharted paths, then in Sonia's work this would be the woman-mother-nurturer. This is articulated as such in the video installation *Becoming Light*. A multiplicity of women at various stages in their life – youth, maternal, middle age – have selected verses from Nandita Jaishankar's poetry to reflect and thereby transmit their essential thoughts and experiences. The woman is at the centre of love and lifecycles, growth and decay. There are also a set of small works based on the video that reinforce the feminine position.

Julia Kristeva has written that with the beginning of motherhood, which begins when a woman gets pregnant, she becomes passionate about herself. This passion for self manifests in an inward 'looking' that is a turning away from the outside stimulants of man-lover-world towards the growing fetus-baby-child. She also uses the phrase 'mystery of gestation' not as a theoretical turn but really to describe how, despite the sciences desire to know the biophysical process of birth, it remains in some part in the realm of the unknowable.

Motherhood is in some ways outside of the woman's control, she may have decided how and when and with whom to conceive but beyond that she is not the absolute master of her journey. Kristeva locates the discourse of motherhood within the discourse on the crisis of identity. Motherhood is characterized by instability, it happens to the organism not the subject (that is the 'self-aware thinking person'): it happens but I'm not there. Neither parturition nor birth are final, they are the beginnings of something other than themselves – the onset of maternity for the mother and the beginning of life for the child. With maternity is the loss of autonomy. The journey is one that begin with extreme narcissism conditioned by the pure physicality of pregnancy and transforms to extreme 'sacrifice' (the child becomes the supreme being for the mother). And thus it may be something both desired and despised (this latter experience is almost always hidden, unspoken, unacceptable).

It is this latter unspoken, almost unimaginable (I speak from first hand experience of being a recent mother as well) that allows me to view the *Transient Hyper bloom* series as quite complicated, the petals, algae, coral patterning evokes ideas of decay in its application on the facial skin. One or two in particular

with their scaled faces surrounded by serpentine strands of hair remind me of Medusa. The myth of Medusa has her born of the ancient marine deities, siblings Porcys and Ceto. She was envisaged as beautiful and terrifying, Ovid described her as once a ravishingly beautiful woman who incurred the wrath of Athena when she lay in her temple with Poseidon, god of the sea and in punishment the goddess turned her hair into serpents and her face so terrible that onlookers were converted to stone. The water theme abides as does the transformative experience brought on by 'lying with a man': the terrible curse of feminine beauty, bodily desire and lusty copulation.

Epilogue

Becoming Light is Sonia's video and sound installation. In its wordy monologues, austere costumes and movements, dramatic lighting, pregnant silences and meaningful gazes it seems to me a cross between Greek tragedy (sans the Woody Allen-esque shrieking), Rembrandt's paintings, any number of instances from the extensive visual tradition, especially European, of women as muse and the visual gestures and evocative translations of mime. It is choppy and disturbing, because in that immersive space surrounded by the three screens, multiple audios and populated by the histories, memories, stories, vulnerabilities and desires of so many unknown women the viewer becomes the one watched and observed. It forces you to confront your own anxieties but robs you of the language with which to articulate a personal narrative because the words attack you, enter you and take over your own voice. What does it feel like, to have no voice? Can you hear your thoughts amidst the cacophony? What does it feel like to be a vessel, a channel? What does it feel like to experience uncontrollable change? What does it feel like to be consistently human?

Deeksha Nath

March 2011

Jaishankar, N. Broken. *Pyra: A Journal of Poetry and Things*, 2010

Sandro Botticelli. *Birth of Venus* c. 1486. Uffizi, Florence

Jaishankar, N. *The Memory Bird* (Shadowline, 2009)

"Affliction" in *Writing Love* (Rupa & Co, 2010)

"An Ode to Georgia O'Keefe" in *Pyra: A Journal of Poetry and Things* (2010).

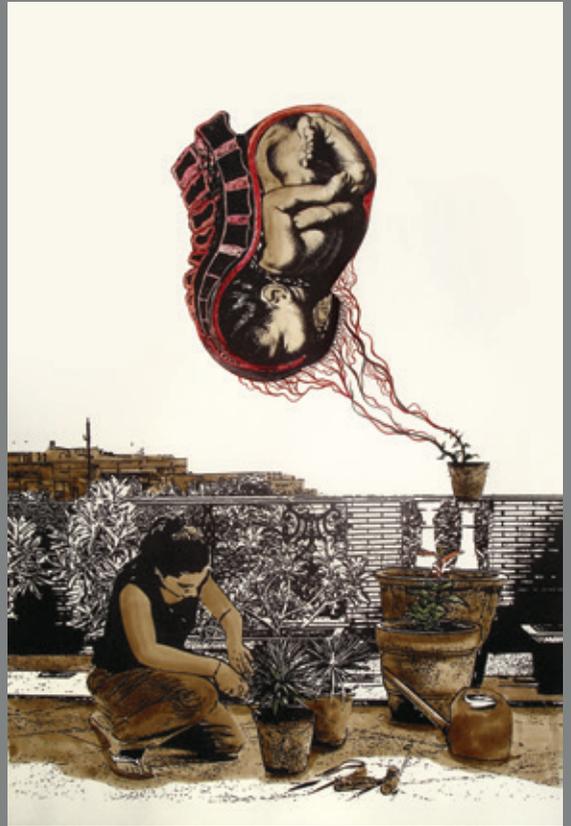
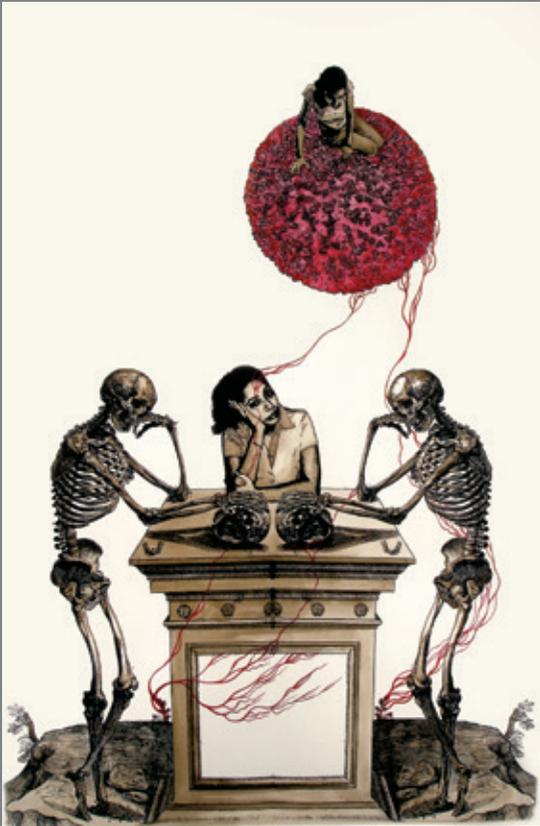
Kristeva, J. *Motherhood Today* <http://www.kristeva.fr/motherhood.html>

Kristeva, "Motherhood According to Giovanni Bellini" in *Desire in Language*, Oxford, 1982:237

Robbins, R. *Literary Feminisms*. New York, 2000: 138

Ovid, *Metamorphoses* c. 8 AD

I refer here to *Mighty Aphrodite* (2005), written and directed by Woody Allen, a comedy of a relationship between a man and the porn-star birth mother of his adopted son. It is inspired by Pygmalion.



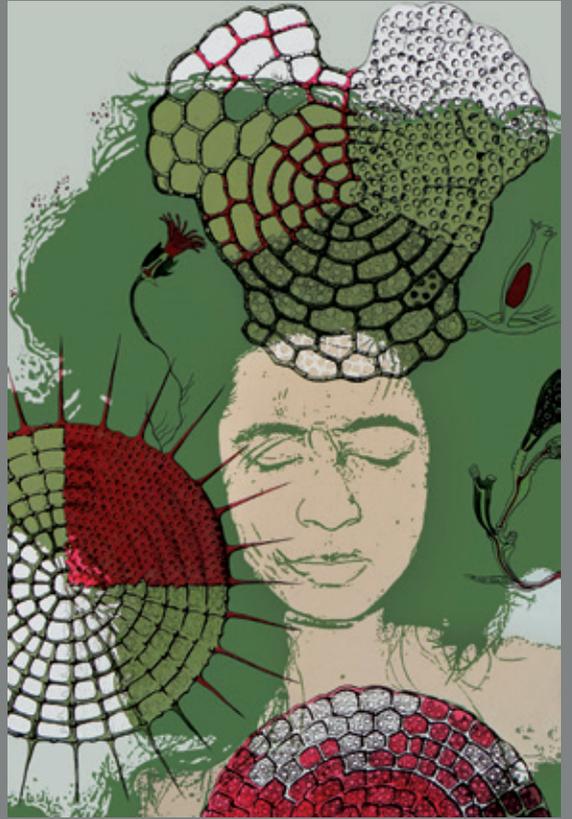
SOME ROOTS GROW UPWARDS I&II
MIXED MEDIA ON ARCHIVAL PAPER (SAUNDERS 356 GSM)
40 X 26 INCHES EACH, 2009

*We see that life composed of this body,
Is in a state of constant transformation and
flux. There is always the possibility of radical change.
Every moment- not just potentially or figuratively, but literally-every
moment we are being reborn,
We and all of life.*

*As if from a lake
I surface for air,
mirrors and ripples embracing me
through layers of sleep.
I greet the chilly dawn,
newly-born each morning,
cracking through the fragile eggshell air.*

Excerpts from writings by Sharon Salzberg and Nandita Jaishankar





THE METAMORPHOSING FEMALE: TRANSIENT WATERS (PURGE) HV
ACRYLIC AND INKS ON ARCHIVAL CANVAS
48 X 72 X 3 INCHES EACH, 2011



THE METAMORPHOSING FEMALE: TRANSIENT WATERS (*PURGE*) I
ACRYLIC AND INKS ON ARCHIVAL CANVAS
48 X 72 X 3 INCHES, 2011



THE METAMORPHOSING FEMALE: TRANSIENT WATERS (*PURGE*) II
ACRYLIC AND INKS ON ARCHIVAL CANVAS
48 X 72 X 3 INCHES, 2011



THE METAMORPHOSING FEMALE: TRANSIENT WATERS (*PURGE*) III
ACRYLIC AND INKS ON ARCHIVAL CANVAS
48 X 72 X 3 INCHES, 2011



THE METAMORPHOSING FEMALE: TRANSIENT WATERS (*PURGE*) IV
ACRYLIC AND INKS ON ARCHIVAL CANVAS
48 X 72 X 3 INCHES, 2011





EMERGE I & II
ACRYLIC AND INKS ON ARCHIVAL CANVAS
CIRCULAR CANVASES OF DIAMETER 24 INCHES EACH, 2011

THE METAMORPHOSING FEMALE: NEW AWAKENING III ►
ACRYLIC AND INKS ON ARCHIVAL CANVAS
60 X 72 X 3 INCHES, 2011







EMERGE II
ACRYLIC AND INKS ON ARCHIVAL CANVAS
CIRCULAR CANVAS OF DIAMETER 24 INCHES, 2011

◀ THE METAMORPHOSING FEMALE: NEW AWAKENING III
DETAIL





THE METAMORPHOSING FEMALE: NEW AWAKENING IV
ACRYLIC AND INKS ON ARCHIVAL CANVAS
60 X 72 X 3 INCHES, 2011

TRANSITION, TRANSMUTATION AND TRANSFIGURATION

The suite of archival prints 'Transient Hyper Bloom' (I-IV), and the multiple channel video **Hyper Bloom (Transitions)**, are a meditation on the passage of nature's cycle and the temporal flow of birth and regeneration. Microscopic and macro details of delicate networks of organic forms, flowers and foliage in their peak of bloom have been magnified in scale or bifurcated to produce images that challenge pre-conceived notions of perception and confront the viewer. Evolution through dynamic growth, transmutation, and metamorphosis is fundamental to the imagery. The work reveals a living vitalism depicted through the chaotic excess of layered imagery, multiplicity and complexity through patterning within the organic profusion, tracing a dynamic growth of form and pattern from homogeneity to heterogeneity.

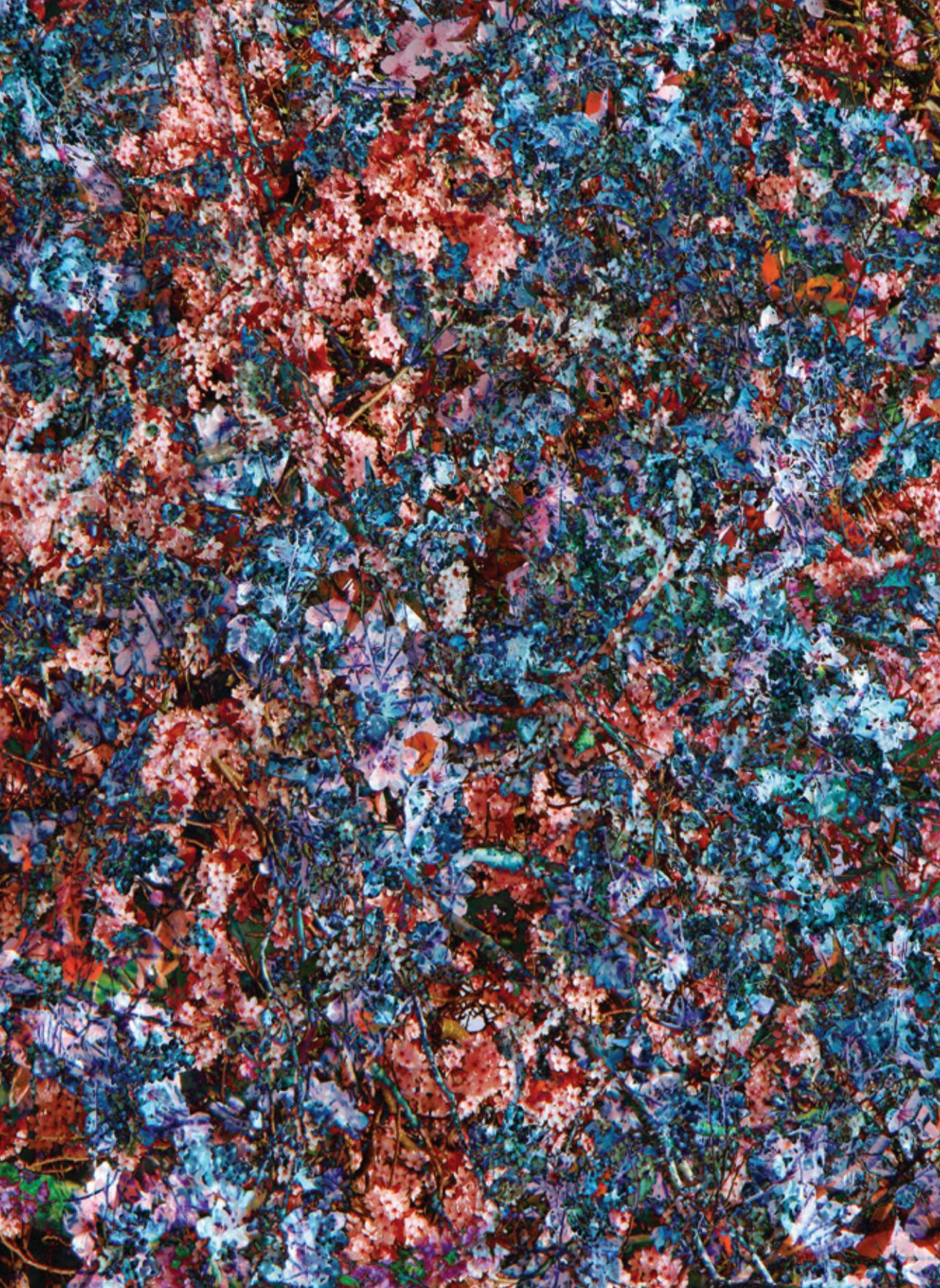
The images are at once generative and sensuous, opulent and overwhelming, carrying within them the vitality of life, and the vulnerabilities of desire and decay. The imagery plays with the idea of layers within the cyclical layers of life, forms within forms, and worlds within worlds.

*One day I drew a leaf of a fern, filling up a piece of paper.
As I did so the level of humidity in the quiet picture began to rise.
I could hear the sounds made by the other organisms far away.
Inside a concrete box, I repeatedly wander into the undergrowth and
lose my way or arrive at the edge of a lake
I feel a little uneasy but excited, as if I were packing my bags and
wondering where I could go...*

*Every flower bud is destined
to be sensitive
to the subtle transitions of the seasons,
burgeoning, blooming,
ripening and withering.
When attracted by an exotic flower,
I confront it directly.
Every encounter with a flower is
A particular occasion never to recur
In ones lifetime.
Each flower arrangement is
Unique and belongs only to the moment...
By arranging flowers,
I bring them to life.
How do I bring them to life?
I find the unique subtle "breathing"
of each flower.*

*Writings by Kyoko Murase and
Excerpts from 'A Flower Is Mystic Mountain - Works of Nakagawa Yukio'*

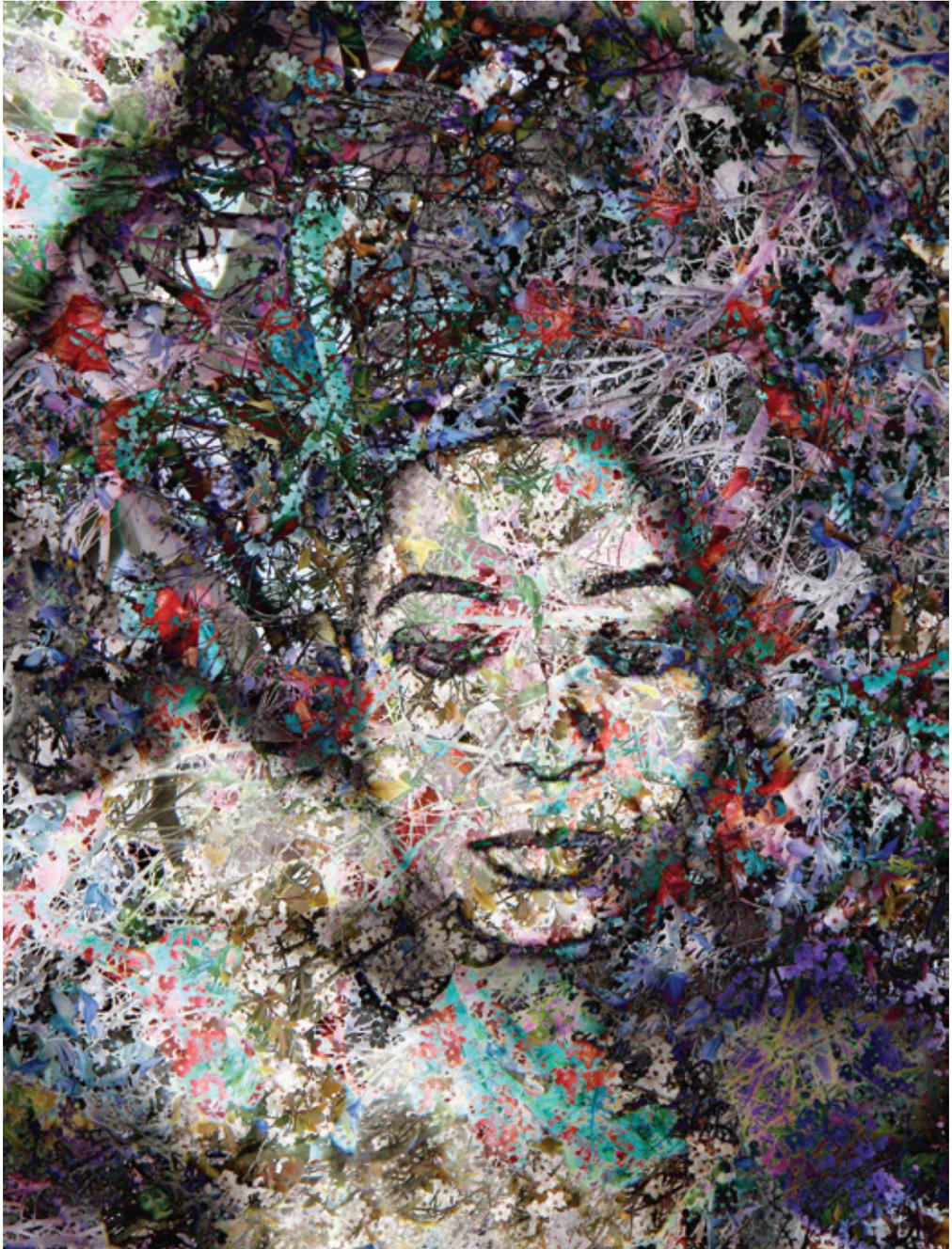




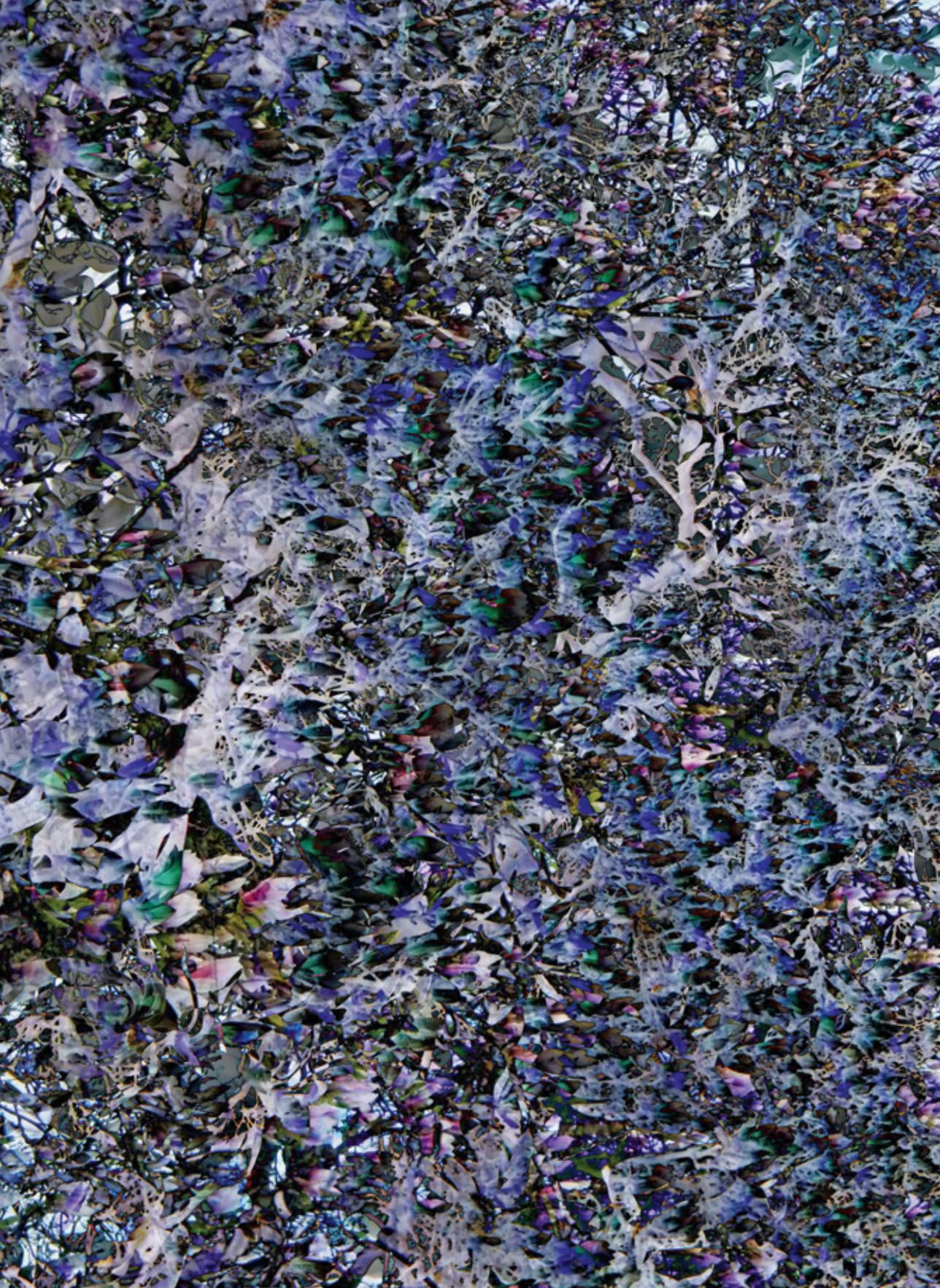


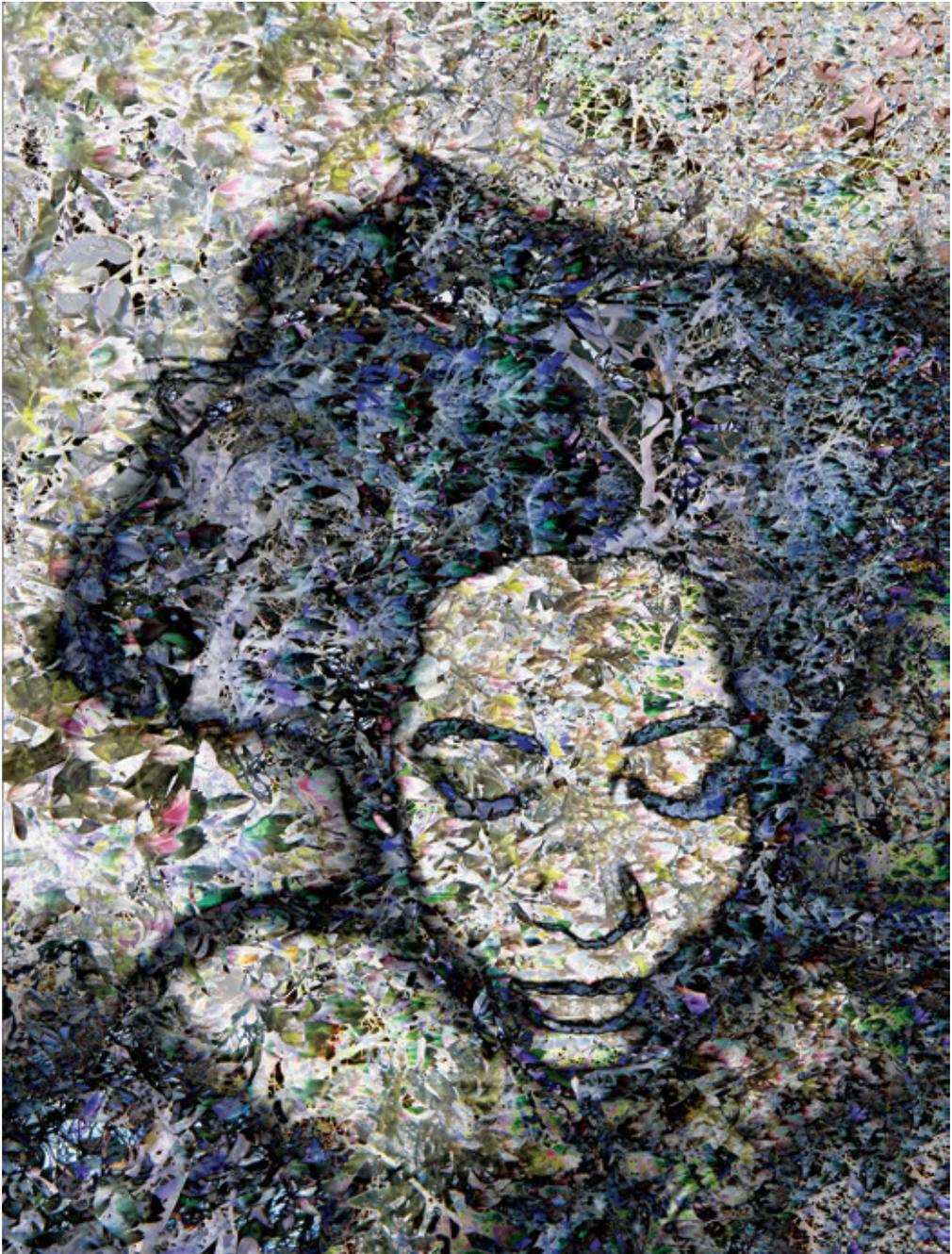
TRANSIENT HYPER BLOOM I
ARCHIVAL PRINT ON HAHNEMUHLE FINE ART PAPER
(MUSEUM ETCHING)
36 INCHES X 48 INCHES, 2011
EDITION OF 3





TRANSIENT HYPER BLOOM II
ARCHIVAL PRINT ON HAHNEMUHLER FINE ART PAPER
(MUSEUM ETCHING)
36 INCHES X 48 INCHES, 2011
EDITION OF 3





TRANSIENT HYPER BLOOM III
ARCHIVAL PRINT ON HAHNEMUHLE FINE ART PAPER
(MUSEUM ETCHING)
36 INCHES X 48 INCHES, 2011
EDITION OF 3





TRANSIENT HYPER BLOOM IV
ARCHIVAL PRINT ON HAHNEMUHLÉ FINE ART PAPER
(MUSEUM ETCHING)
36 INCHES X 48 INCHES, 2011
EDITION OF 3

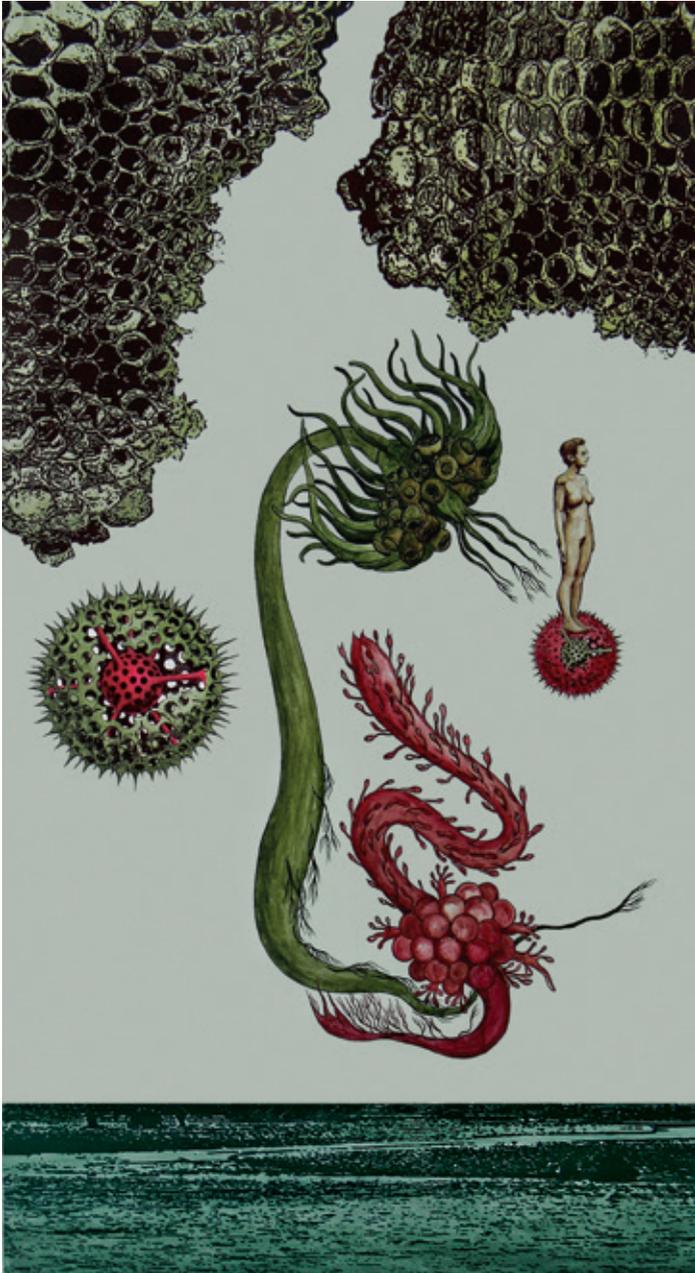
The air shimmers over choppy seas;
a dragonfly in flight with jade-coloured wings
dives where the water parts,
revealing the tautness of pebbles,
smoothened over years.

A fury of foam,
swept from the ocean's bed
in a swirl of sand,
dashes against the beach
succumbing to the beauty and storm
A magenta moon surfaces,
swelling across the ocean's skin,
slowly at first
and then faster
in the grip of the evening's greedy fingers.
The water calls out,
tantalizing with a rhythmic hush,
a gentle kiss
lapping the arch of my foot.
Champagne coloured light
spills in shafts...
as treasures tumble from the sea;
glinting scales,
claws and barnacles,
minnows writhing in flashes
of silver,
gills gasping in the salty air.

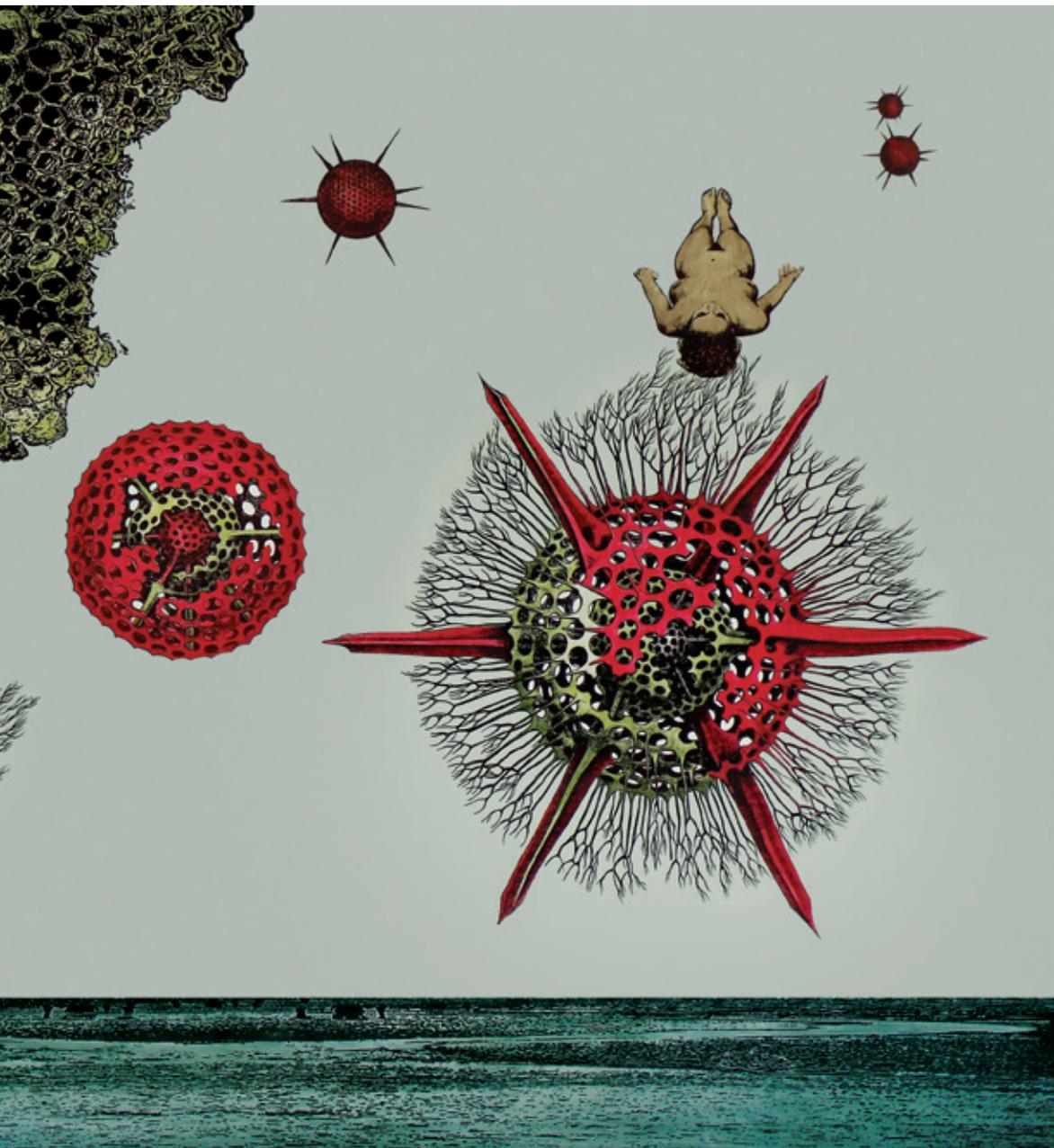
A lone figure dashes
into the waves,
and a filigree of salt spray
dances against the rocks
where crab's scuttle,
absorbing the last of the day's
golden delight.

You play like a child in crashing waves,
emerging on the shore
like a rough hewn pearl.

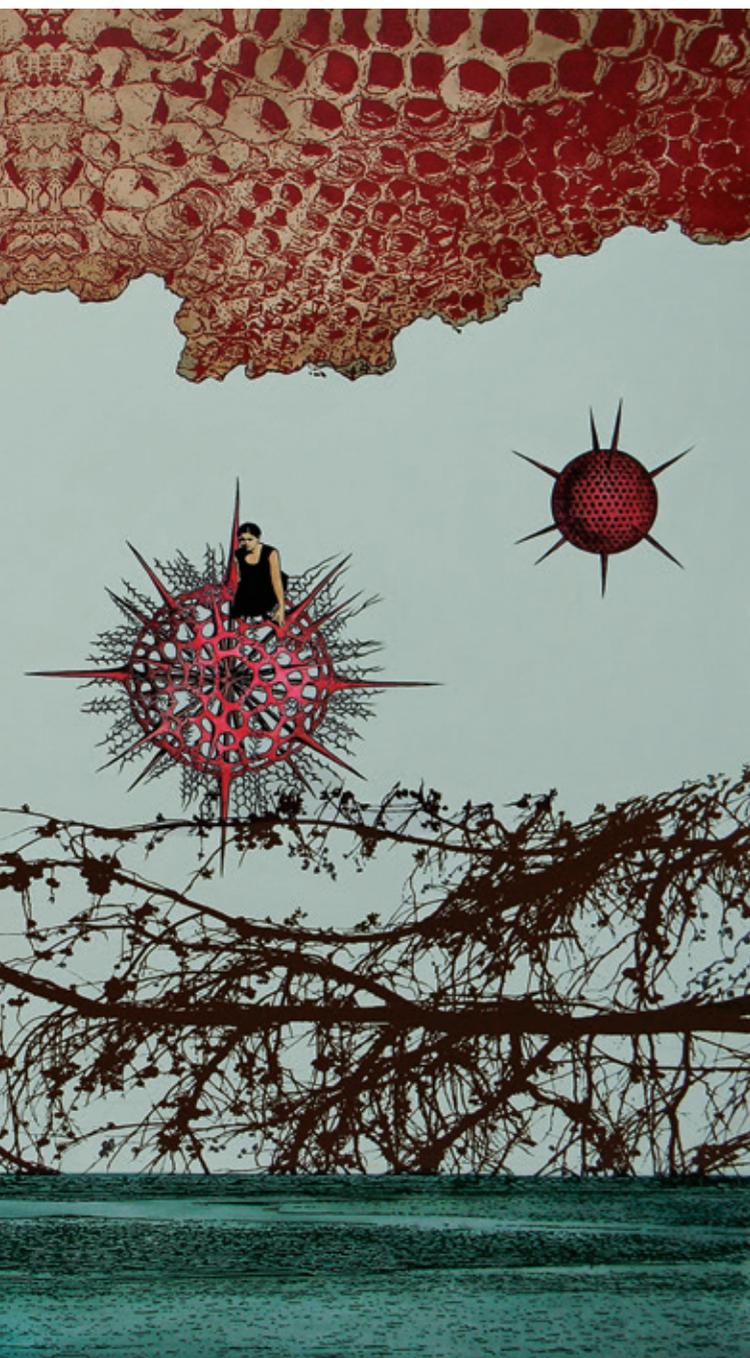




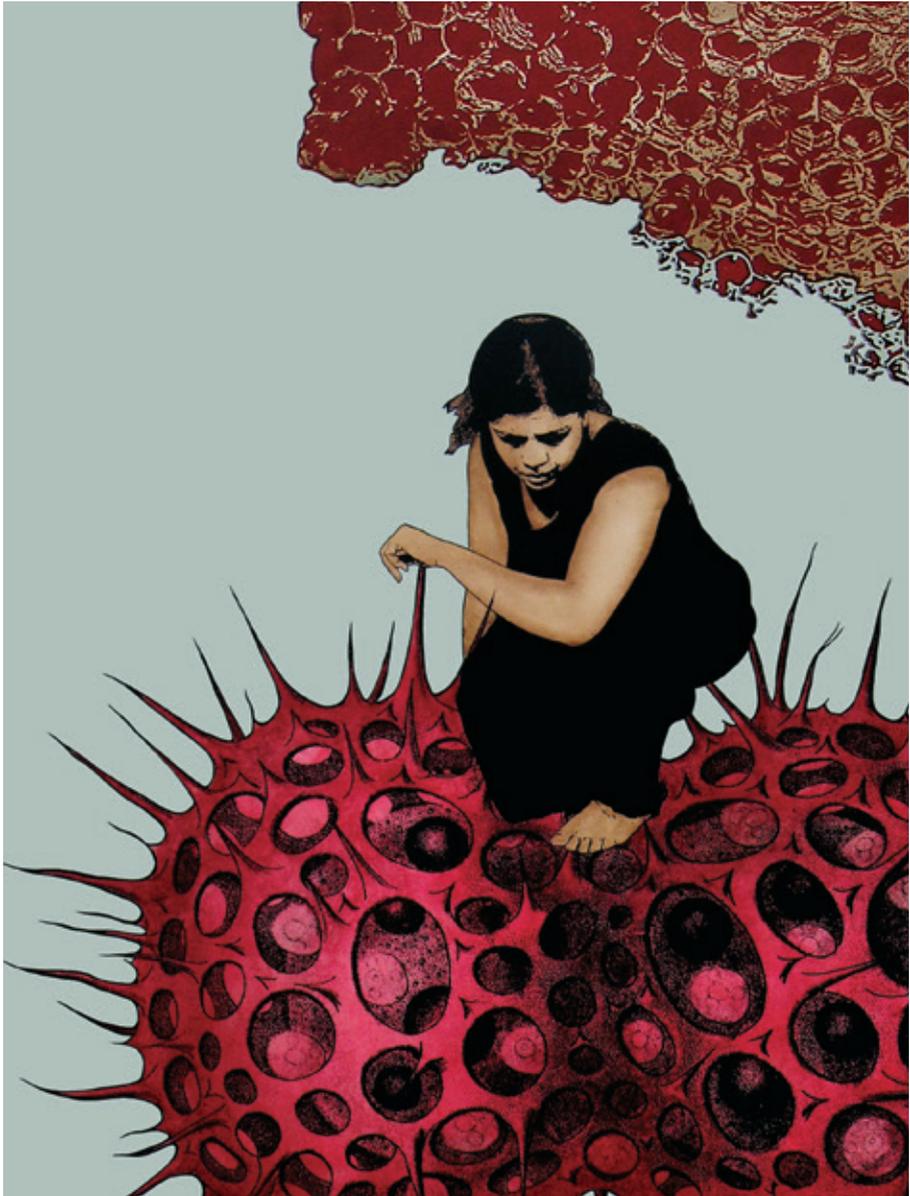
THE SEA WITHIN (BIRTH)
(DIPTYCH)
ACRYLIC AND INKS ON ARCHIVAL CANVAS
120 INCHES X 66 INCHES X 3 INCHES, 2011



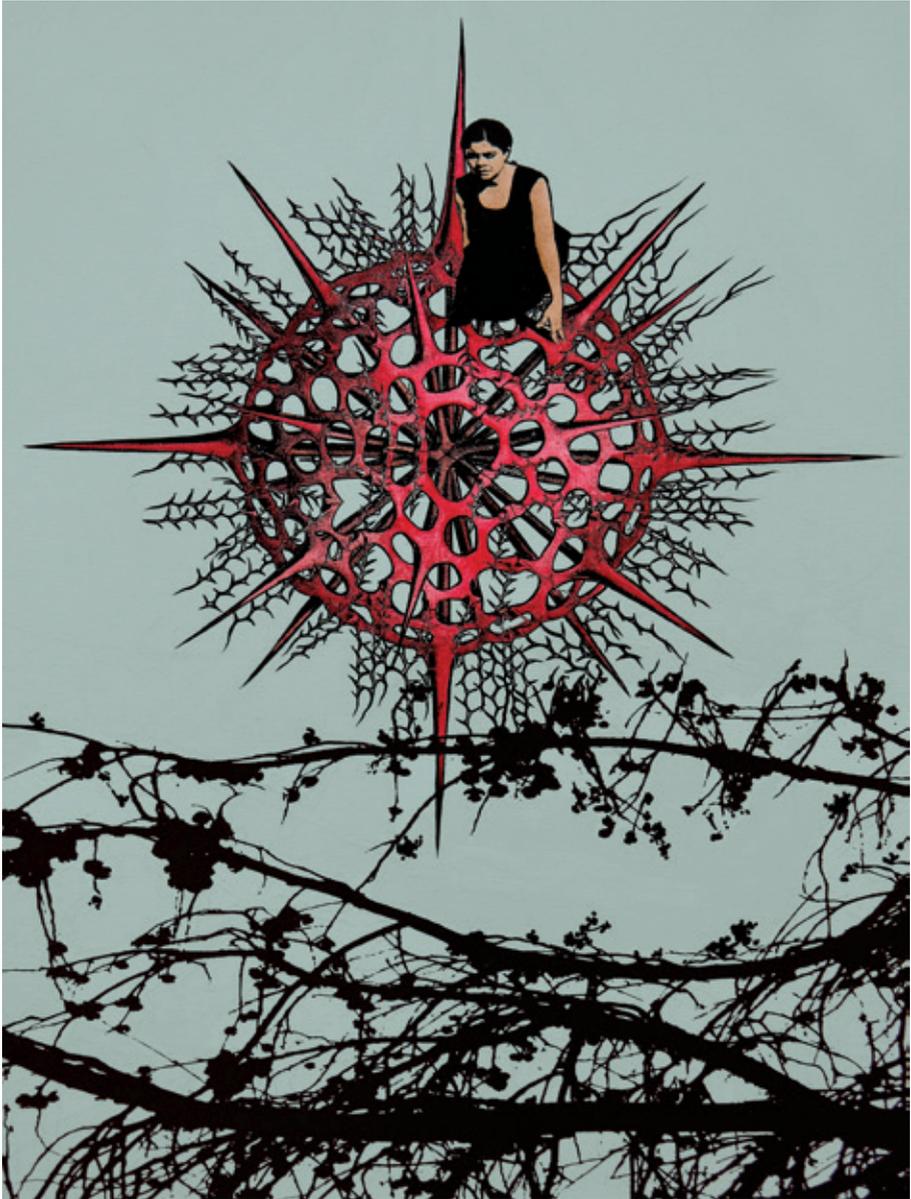




THE SEA WITHIN II
ACRYLIC AND INKS ON ARCHIVAL CANVAS
60 X 72 INCHES X3 INCHES, 2011



THE SEA WITHIN II
DETAIL



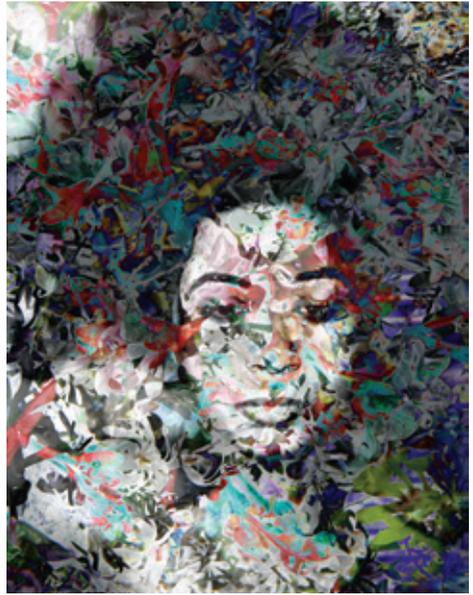
THE SEA WITHIN II
DETAIL

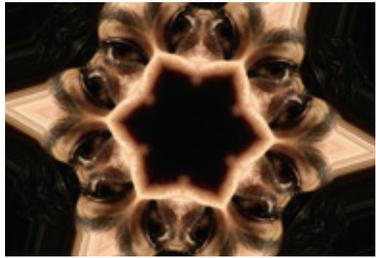


HYPER BLOOM (TRANSITIONS)
MULTIPLE CHANNEL VIDEO & SINGLE CHANNEL VIDEO PROJECTION (LOOPED)
HIGH DEFINITION, EDITION OF 3



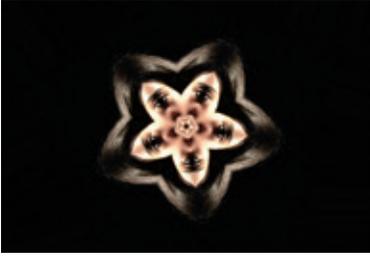


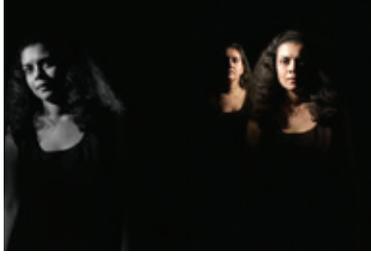












The places between sight and sound—
that first touch;
the early folly of the heart
that gives away time
so easily
so readily
without a thought to what lies ahead.

The places between
are housed in silence,
in the meaning between words
that are not always spoken,
in the heart that now gives less readily,
in the dark corners
where eyes shine silver.

The places between
are hidden in anticipation,
delving into moth eaten memories,
in reviving the delicate breath
that gets the pulse racing.

The places between
are the pieces we all pick up,
the shards of moments strewn carelessly,
hung equally distant,
a careful measure
of that vertical strip on the bed
making room
always
for less space.

Somewhere between the space of twilight
and waking up to a blinding sun,
the clouds part,
making way for a moment
more luminous than the moon.
In these early hours,
distant horizons mirror the sky
and my bloodied footprints scar the earth.
The restlessness of the sea in me
is a siren's song.
Only...
lying here in the honeycomb tangle
of our bodies,
I am slave to a darkness
in which we are both blind,
a silence in which whispers trickle like tears.
Colours change
and sunset bleeds into dusk.
I sit transfixed
at the meeting of these two worlds.
I am drawn into a darker shade of blue.
Like a vein, this blue
takes birth behind my ear,
and you trace patterns down my throat.
The golden light
burns only in memory
as our gooseflesh skin
responds
to an auburn shade fringing the trees.
I am not alone,
and I know this.



*The city lurches and groans behind us,
broken under the weight of promises unkept.*

*The days are whittled,
the extra hours fluid now,
a mirage in the rising heat.*

*Far from the chaos,
dappled light scatters your reflection,
like monarch butterflies taking flight.*

*We sit by the river, watching it churn
and spill its journey's trail.
Riding under flawless skies,
every breath reminds us,
that we're alive, blistered and scorched,
smiling and sailing through the wind.*

*Red,
the colour of anger, or a poppy
framed in black,
its size encompassing a stark white wall.
It is a chrysalis growing,
an enigma, an explosion,
like a stain of blood
with a dark core.*

*It is hypnotic,
its rough-edged swirls
the perfect mantelpiece
drawing you close
with its magnetic pull,
a vision held for hours on end,
the light falling just so;
the last thing you see
before sleep falls harshly, deeply,
in paralyzing crimson petals.*



Earlier today:

I pick a scarlet leaf off the ground
and press it between the pages of a book,
brittle and veined,
a bright surprise.

The dry cold kiss of autumn spreads,
crackling under egg-shell leaves,
whispering through corridors of trees.
The damp in the air is insistent,
cold lashing around lips and tips
of noses and teeth.

I watch days turn to night
weighed by the light
of a jade moon.

I wait, knowing
something will be revealed.
Each day is like testing water,
toes dipping in
just so.

We are between two worlds,
shedding our telltale skins.
But I am greedy
and grab what is left
of this year's muted gold –
head up, eyes shut
in the way only a pool of sunlight can induce.

When clouds break
as they often do,
the liquid light
and dancing particles
slant at an angle, slat upon slat,
shadow puppets performing
a waltz of love in broad daylight.

There's a hum in the air,
of the world just awake.
I walk on crisp grass,
frosty and dew soaked.

I cannot begin
to rip apart the pieces,
of another day,
or to look away.
The only difference
lies between a fragile moment
of now
and yesterday.

A small, cold fist tightens around my heart –
it will take much more than the pull of sunlight
on sunflowers
to loosen the grip,
prying finger from throbbing blue vein.



Moonlight pours a pattern
through the shuttered window.
I am roused by an ethereal light,
an other-worldly vision
where fields
glitter in opal light.

The silence
so dense I can taste it,
swells from within.
I feel it in my heart,
before my eyes
see the aureole of the moon,
Across the way a cat creeps,
sniffing the chrysanthemum patch,
her back a filigree of silver,
her eyes glowing in secret complicity
with mine.

I am transfixed
by something eternal
and everlasting –
a solitude brought on
by that sliver of time
between sleeping
and dreaming.

We are frontiers of skin,
pieces of lives, shooting stars
at opposite ends of the earth,
falling and splintering into a million shards,
while the galaxy silently watches.

A pause like the briefest spell
of spring before the storm.

Just breathe.

The air is suffused
with radiant light
far from winter's reach.

We walk in the same skin,
while green buds burst
and transform in leaps and bounds.

There is nothing as fragile as the heart
of one who is in love.

How can I forget
when you are here,
always everywhere to remind me?

There is nothing as fragile
as the heart
of one who is
in love.





BECOMING LIGHT BECOMING GOLD I
ACRYLIC AND INKS ON ARCHIVAL CANVAS
30 X 30 X 3 INCHES, 2011

*The Rose has no Why, She Blooms because She Blooms
She Heeds not her self, Asks not if We can see her*

-Angelus Silesius (1624-77)



BECOMING LIGHT BECOMING GOLD V
ACRYLIC AND INKS ON ARCHIVAL CANVAS
30 X 30 X 3 INCHES, 2011



BECOMING LIGHT BECOMING GOLD I
DETAIL



BECOMING LIGHT BECOMING GOLD V
DETAIL



BECOMING LIGHT BECOMING GOLD VI
ACRYLIC AND INKS ON ARCHIVAL CANVAS
30 X 30 X 3 INCHES, 2011



BECOMING LIGHT BECOMING GOLD VII
ACRYLIC AND INKS ON ARCHIVAL CANVAS
30 X 30 X 3 INCHES, 2011



BECOMING LIGHT BECOMING GOLD VI

DETAIL



BECOMING LIGHT BECOMING GOLD VII
DETAIL



BECOMING LIGHT BECOMING GOLD VIII
ACRYLIC AND INKS ON ARCHIVAL CANVAS
30 X 30 X 3 INCHES, 2011



BECOMING LIGHT BECOMING GOLD IX
DETAIL



BECOMING LIGHT BECOMING GOLD VIII
DETAIL



BECOMING LIGHT BECOMING GOLD IX
DETAIL

Sonia Mehra Chawla

Education

- 2004 Master of Fine Art, Painting, College of Art, New Delhi
2001 Bachelor of Fine Art, Painting, College of Art, New Delhi

Solo Projects

- 2011 *Metamorphosing Female 'Roots Emerge Upwards'*, Palette Art Gallery, New Delhi, India
2011 *Metamorphosing Female 'Transition-Transfiguration'*, Beck & Eggeling, International Fine Art, Düsseldorf, Germany
2008 *Urban Biomorphic*, curated by Dr Alka Pande, Visual Arts Gallery, India Habitat Centre, New Delhi

Two and Three Person Exhibitions

- 2008 *The Second Sex: India*, woman artist exhibition based on the writings of Simone De Beauvoir, 10 Chancery Lane Gallery, Hongkong

Selected Participations

- 2011 *What Rules?* curated by Deeksha Nath, Galerie Nature Morte, Berlin
Art Stage Singapore 2011, *Project Stage* (Curated section of the International Art Fair), represented by Seven Art Limited, New Delhi
India Art Summit 2011, represented by Beck & Eggeling, Düsseldorf, Germany
2010-11 *India Awakens, Under The Banyan Tree: Recent Positions In Contemporary Indian Art*, curated by Alka Pande, Kunst der Gegenwart Essl Museum, (Museum of Contemporary Art), Klosterneuberg, Wien (Vienna), Austria
2010 *Global/Local: Time And Space In Contemporary Indian Art*, Henn Galerie, München (Munich), Germany
2009 *Lo Real Maravilloso: Marvelous Reality*, curated by Sunil Mehra, Gallery Espace and Lalit Kala Akademi Galleries, New Delhi
Re-Claim / Re-Cite / Re-Cycle, curated by Bhavna Kakar, Bose Pacia, Kolkata
India Art Summit 2009, represented by Beck & Eggeling, Düsseldorf, Germany and Latitude 28, New Delhi
Labyrinths Urban - Organic, 1x1 Art Gallery, Dubai, UAE
ART HK 09: Hongkong International Art Fair 2009, represented by Beck & Eggeling, Düsseldorf, Germany

- 2008 *World One Minutes*, Today Art Museum, Beijing, China
SH Contemporary 08, Asia Pacific Contemporary Art Fair, Shanghai 2008, China
Trends and Trivia: An Indian Story, curated by Bhavna Kakar, Visual Arts Centre, Hongkong
- 2007 *Identity and Masquerade: Staging the Self*, multimedia project, directed by Anne Braybone, Tate Modern, London
- 2006 *Imaging Materiality - Gesture of the City*, curated by Dr Alka Pande, Visual Arts Gallery, India Habitat Centre, New Delhi
- 2005 *Path/Progression/Digressions*, Air Gallery, London
Khirkee Ki Khoj, Public and Community Arts projects, Khoj International Artists Organization, New Delhi
- 2004 *CC: Crossing Currents: Video Art & Cultural Identities*, Indo-Dutch video art exhibition, curated by Yohan Pinajjel, Lalit Kala Galleries, New Delhi.
 (Project collaboration with Broersen and Lukacs)
Carry on Drawing: A Growing Exhibit of Marks, curated by Avantika Bawa at Serpentine Gallery, London, Studio Art Gallery, San Diego, Royal College of Art, London, Jehangir Art Gallery, National Gallery of Modern Art (NGMA), Mumbai
- 2002 *The Pedagogic Way*, curated by Veronique Boseret, Alliance Francaise, New Delhi

Residencies / Projects

- 2011 Art Chennai Artists Residency, India
- 2007 *Identity and Masquerade*, multimedia project, Tate Modern, London
- 2005 Khoj International Artists Organization, New Delhi
- 2004 *Moving Image*, video project for *CC: Crossing Currents: Video Art & Cultural Identities*, in collaboration with Royal Netherlands Embassy, Broersen and Luckacs
- 2001 Printmaking residency and studio based practice, Atelier 2221 Print and Edition Studio

Awards

- 2005 National Scholarship, Ministry of Culture, India
- 2004 National Award for Painting, Lalit Kala Akademi, National Academy of Art, India

Recent collections

- 2011 Galerie Beck and Eggeling, Dusseldorf, Germany
- 2010 Prof. Karlheinz Essl
 Essl Museum of Contemporary Art, Klosterneuberg, Vienna, Austria.
 (Museum permanent collection)

Forthcoming Projects

- 2012 India Art Fair 2012, represented by Palette Art Gallery, New Delhi
 Transmutations Project, 10 Chancery Lane Gallery, Hongkong

Acknowledgements

Rohit Gandhi and Rahul Khanna

Michael Beck, Dr Ute Eggeling, Stefan Wimmer and Katja Ott

Lead Essay: Deeksha Nath

Poetry: Nandita Jaishankar, 'The Memory Bird' (Published by Shadowline 2009),
'Broken' and 'An Ode to Georgia O' Kieffe' (Published in Pyra: (Rupa & Co, 2010)

Darpana Capoor, Swapnil Khullar and the team of Palette Art Gallery, New Delhi, India

Gerard Goodrow,, Malte C. Uekermann, Linda Inconi, Sarah Grunberg,
Christoph Bergmann, Jan Kaps, Beck & Eggeling, Dusseldorf, Germany

Dr Alka Pande

For 'Becoming Light': Anjali Chawla, Usha Reki, Shabari Choudhury, Rohini Devasher,
Radha Chawla, V.Shruti Devi, Mallyka Singh C, Amritha Venkatramaan, S. Roy,
Shweta Wahi, Arati Devasher, Simrin Mehra Agarwal

Bharat and Shiv Chawla, Radha and Subhash Mehra

Design and Photography: Sonia Mehra Chawla

Printed at Naveen Printers, www.naveenprinters.com



