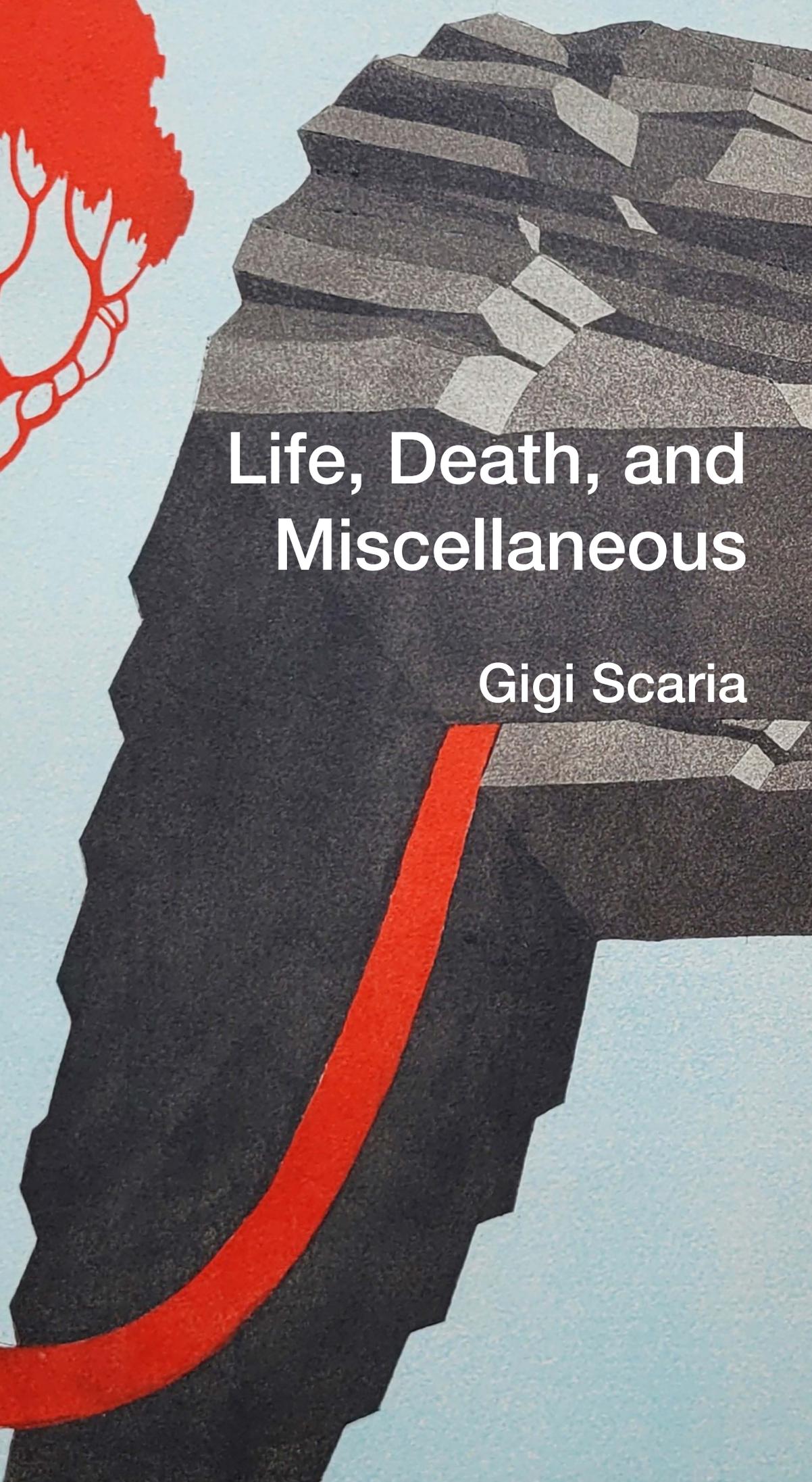




# Life, Death, and Miscellaneous

Gigi Scaria



# Gigi Scaria

*Life, Death, and Miscellaneous*

Aicon Contemporary

December 1, 2022 - December 30, 2022

Essay by Zeenat Nagree

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*Essay by:* Zeenat Nagree

Cover: Gigi Scaria, Shadow line, 2022

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The Window into the Egg .....	2
About the Author .....	15
Works in Exhibition .....	16
About the Artist .....	31
Acknowledgement .....	40

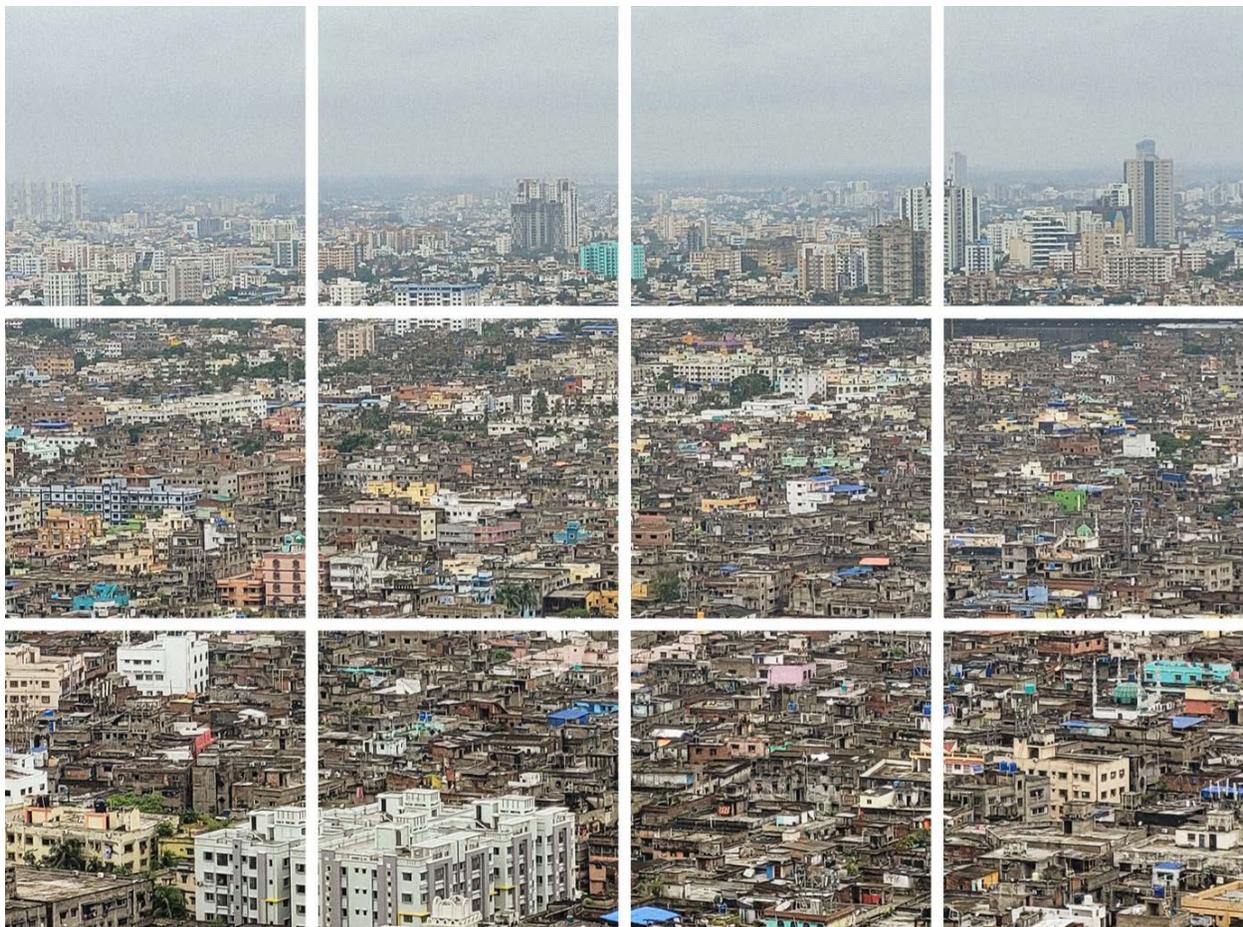
# The Window into the Egg

**Zeenat Nagree**

At one time or another, all dreamers hear a knock. The rhythmic tapping that separates two worlds arrives with the midnight wind and burrows within those who can hear it. The sound persists, the days get longer, and sleep distant until the dreamers wrap their lives in a bundle and follow the call to the Centre. What is left behind must be left behind, whether it is trees or fields or fish or birds. No passion or affection can stand in the way, no promises serve as a restraint.

The knock must be heeded because there is now little left to do. The air in most places is thick and the land yields erratically. Are the dreamers even dreamers still? They are not chasing desire but obeying desperation to go to a place where all of them must submit without question. When they return, they return gaunt, if at all, in search of peace, and often find that things have worsened, and all the wealth that they had tried to accumulate has disappeared in one failed idea after another.

Familiar with the possibilities of his future, 3791 arrived in the Centre one



winter morning, after having been awake for five days. The clarity that the exhaustion provided him during the journey was tremendous. Without any preparation, he began navigating the dense streets and crowds as if they were his own, as if this was not the first time he had seen land built to rise up and reach towards the sky. In this haze, the concrete structures that otherwise looked like blocks stacked on each other out of necessity rather than design appeared to him to hold coded meaning. He would never experience such insight again but on that day of arrival the buildings aligned perfectly and showed the way.



His was not an unusual experience. This was the only kindness offered to the dreamers before the nightmares settled in — a chance to briefly glimpse the possibility of home amongst strangers. What was not meant to happen that very day, however, was the appearance of The Guard before 3791. Standing high, the otherworldly figure held an overpowering trident, a drum, and a bowl, and was visible from the tiny window of his quarters — only to him. The urgency of this

sight made him draw it hastily on the wall with pieces of burnt wood that lay scattered inside. Until now, no one in the Centre had recorded a description of The Guard because they simply couldn't. He appeared only at endtimes, signalling destruction. He was seen by workers when they were already incapable of continuing their labour and were soon to perish or disappear. But 3791 wasn't stirred. He lay down on the cold floor, and stretched his arms out, touching the walls without being able to unfold them all the way because of the constraints of the space. The windows outside continued to blink while he fell into his last dreamless sleep.

3791 had known for long that death arrived on a different chariot in the centre. It was unlikely that there would be known faces around to encircle the enfeebled body, hold it and bathe its pain. The rituals of mourning were forgotten because time had to advance, and it could only do so with the labour of the dreamers, thousands of them turning the hands of the clock. He had arrived knowing he would disappear but fear did not take hold of him yet. It was not hope but some other emotion, entirely unnameable, that allowed him to rest.

In the morning, a paper bearing a map was delivered to 3791. The messenger looked at him and left without a word. He did not grasp where he was meant to go, or what he had to do once he reached there, but he knew he had to follow these orders and began preparing for the day. When he unwrapped the bundle that he had brought to the Centre, a bird with a red neck flew out. It chirped and tried to pierce through the ceiling but came back down and dove into 3791's mouth. Before he understood what had happened, he had swallowed the bird. It had disappeared inside him and begun flapping around as before. He felt each of its silken feathers against his insides. What would have been a comforting experience against his skin now scratched him raw and made him howl in pain. He clawed at his chest but there was nothing to be done. After some time, a knock sounded on the door. Afraid of what could happen next, he set out, bent in the middle and shaking.

When he descended onto the street, the shadows were long and the sunlight harsh. He moved between both as if travelling between worlds. The bird moved in tandem, sensing the shifts outside, agitated by the intense noise of vehicles and machinery around. Unstable, 3791 could hardly



follow the indications on the map. When he looked up, he found that the buildings looked like dice thrown into the sky, floating and tumbling down, but still suspended mid-air. It seemed out of the realm of possibility that material as solid as concrete could float but there it was, a happening he could not have imagined in his village. *How alive are the people within?* he wondered, not

realising that he had himself begun crawling with the bird pecking at his lungs.

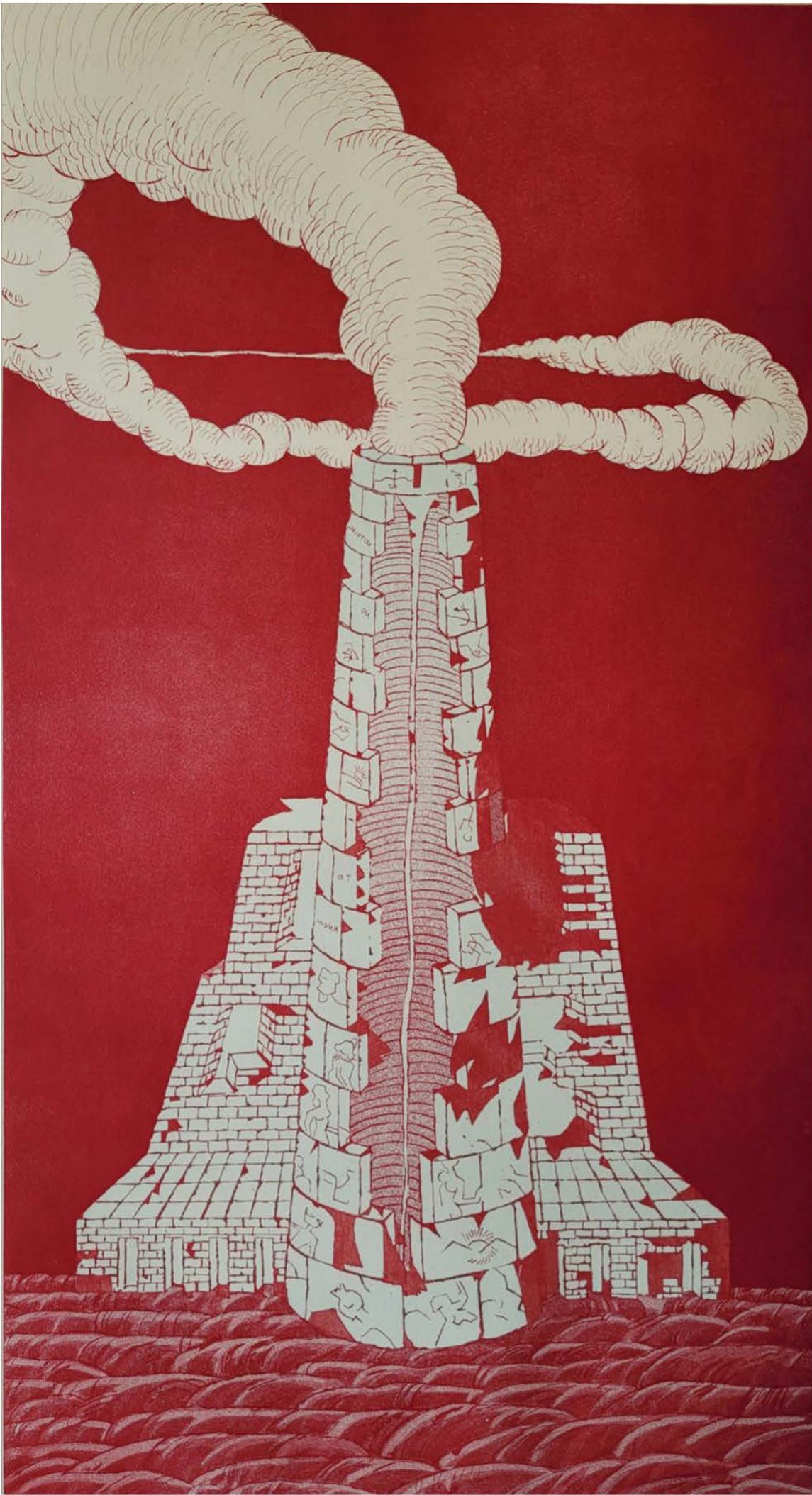
Was the bird trying to seek food, sing its song, or communicate with him? He had not yet found a way to attune himself to the creature's consciousness. He wanted to. Not only because he knew that that would stop the pain but also because he could not ignore that there was a message for him within, only it was in a language he did not understand. What he did not consider, however, was whether it was he who was the bird trapped inside a body that had never quite shown the resolve to ask a question.

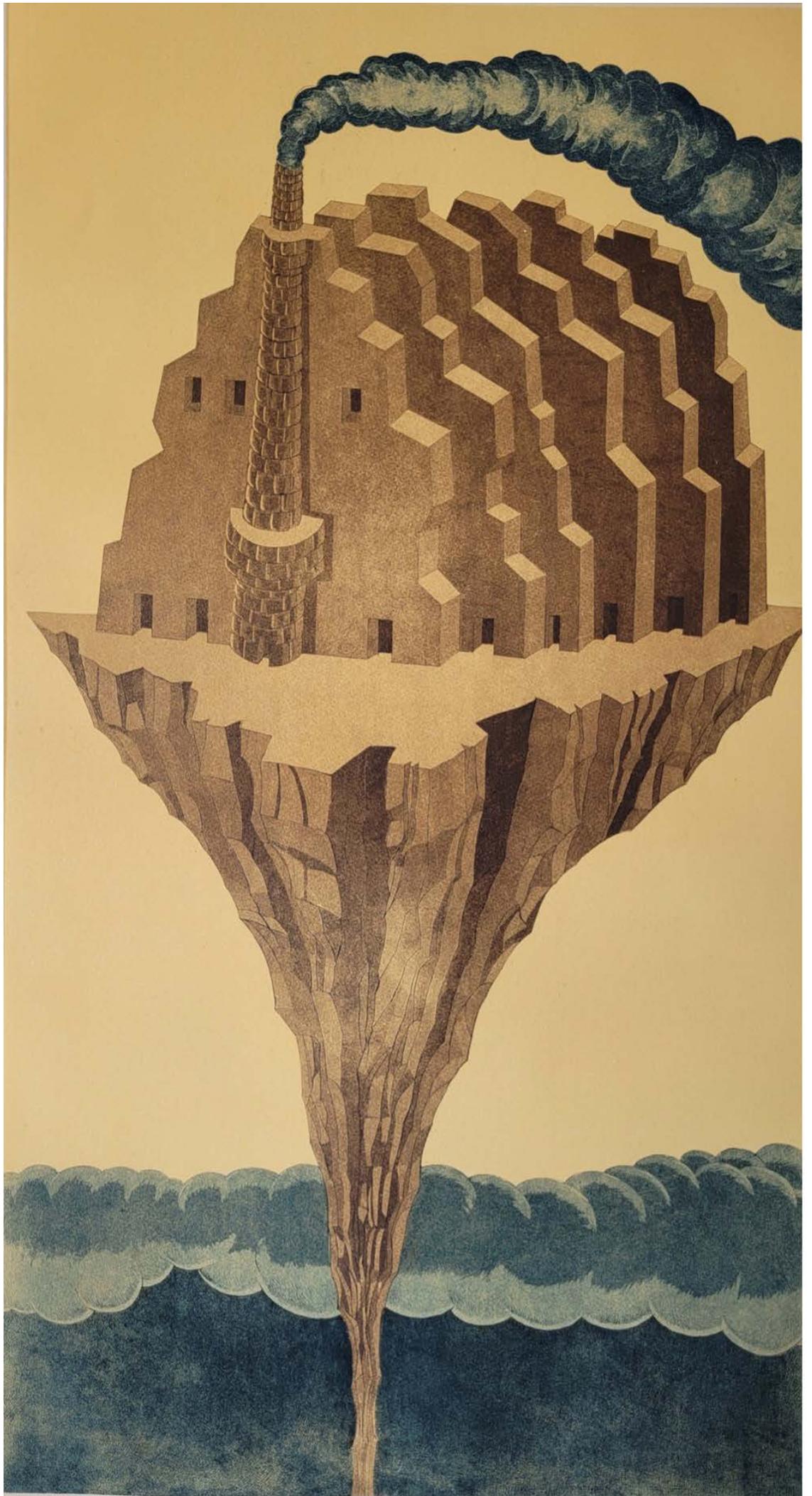


3791 arrived at his destination after the noon sun had descended. He had been summoned to the Centre of the Centre. What he was supposed to do there stopped preoccupying him as soon as he saw the structure — a giant heart with a denuded tree jutting out of it. The tree gave no impression of life, there were no leaves or birds on it, no nests or flowers, all of which disturbed him. Even the pool of blueback liquid on which the heart levitated looked incapable of providing sustenance. Once in a while it seemed as if screams came bubbling up from within but he wasn't sure if he heard them there or if they came from inside himself. The ring of buildings that surrounded the heart let out executives dressed in a way that 3791 had not seen on the busier streets around where he had slept last night. One of them spotted him slumped on the ground, stopped to look, and drove away. Then, attendants arrived and took him to one of the buildings that was around the heart. Up fifty-five stories, he was brought to a vast room where he was asked to move bricks from one corner to another. He was not told when he could stop or return, and he did not think to ask.

He felt eyes all around. Whenever he tried to rest, the bird would begin fluttering inside him. Neither of them could find a way out. At last 3791 fell down from exhaustion and saw the first of two visions that would transform his understanding of the purpose behind the existence of the Centre. In the first vision, he saw a chimney at once blue, at once red, spewing out a cloud of smoke that was spreading across the land. He had the impression of being witness to a tragedy but he had no one to recount it to, no evidence to show. He struggled up and sketched what he remembered on the wall and continued moving the bricks. The bird was now his only companion and he knew it understood the significance of this vision even better than him for it was a creature of the skies.

After an interminable period of work, the bird began chirping within him, more unsettled than ever as a result of which 3791 could no longer continue the task that was assigned to him. He went to the window to look for the others, who were all still working without pause, as if nothing had happened. He threw a brick into the blueblack pool to get them to halt and come to their windows but this made no difference. The bricks descended softly, and were swallowed whole. No one looked at him, and no one stopped him in his act of revolt that turned out to.







be an ineffectual gesture. He sat down and let the bird move as it wished, submitting to its flight. The giant leafless tree in front of him seemed to transform, and that is when he had his second vision — of the tree sprouting parts of the human body. An arm cut off and impaled on a thorny branch, a torso without a head, legs hacked to pieces, there were so many parts. He did not comprehend whether he was looking at the past or the future. It was then that he had a strong urge to flee the chamber that he had been placed in. He did so in such great hurry that he fell a few times along the way, bruised and beaten by his own instincts, but free.

In that brief moment of escape, he refused to bear the weight of his own oppression. It gave his step a lightness. He felt he was moving not only for himself but for others and yet he was not certain whether they awaited him. He realised that there was an immense loneliness in sounding a call and that if he stopped to think now he would be paralysed by doubt. There was no time for doubt now, something radical had to be done. He had to dig into the roots. The staircases passed by in a blur as if they were not an

ordinary exit but a dizzying path that reflected back his will and emotion.

But, when he reached the courtyard, he found that the sun had turned its face, and all the workers of the Centre were fleeing in droves with their bundles on their heads. He tried to stop some of them to understand the reason behind this sudden exodus but they all shunned him as if he were carrying a disease. They kept on walking with cloths wrapped around their noses and mouths. Giving up, he decided to retrace his path in order to retrieve his own bundle. The further he walked the more separated he became from the crowd. Some of them were so old and frail that they were being carried on the backs of others. Some were rushing in an entirely different direction on gurneys, gasping for breath. 3791 continued walking in pursuit of his belongings. He believed that The Guard would appear somewhere along the way to guide him to his destination.

In fact, 3791 was only moving in circles until he was prepared to see what he had been seeking: a way out. The veil that separates the two worlds is not to keep a distance between life and death. Death appears as it must in the course of life and it is accepted as an eventuality with ease. The veil separates the world from a clear perspective of our own participation in our deaths, the daily emptying out, the eager undermining of others, that allows the repetitions and advances necessary for existence. 3791 had not yet lifted the veil but he was there, almost.

It was almost nightfall when he saw the glinting trident at a distance, and tried to coax his tired legs to move faster. The bird was silent now and he felt its round, tired body resting against his heart. As he approached The Guard, he realised that the landscape around the figure had completely transformed. He was not in the same place at all. The Guard seemed diminished, no longer as potent as a myth, but an object around which people gravitated to complete what they had long begun, both aware and oblivious of the consequences. There were small fires everywhere, and people pushing carts with petrified objects. They were burning their books, their pillows, their mattresses, their songs. 3791 realised his pursuit to recover his belongings was futile in a world where every manner of comfort had to be destroyed for those like him. He began turning away to leave. It was then that he saw the carts were also transporting lifeless bodies, and he finally began



How long 3791 stood there watching people come and go is hard to measure in minutes or hours. Time had changed now and so had the endurance of his body. The smoke entered him and altered his vision. It blocked the sun and covered them all in darkness. There were not many left on the ground around The Guard when at last an old woman appeared with a cart bearing a large cracked egg that had a window cut into it. Upon seeing this unusual object, 3791 felt a great upheaval inside him. The bird began flapping, and just as suddenly as it had entered him it leaped out of his mouth and flew into the egg, a flash of red in a sea of orange. 3791 followed the bird's trajectory in the sky and into the shell. He wondered whether the bird had found the hollows of his body much like its original home, and if it would return again, realising that exile is an ever-present condition, and home may be found everywhere and nowhere.



Around him, the disaster continued to unfold. Would it remake the world? 3791 could not imagine it any other way. Yet there had been so many chances offered by collapse, each squandered, each used to realign thoughts and ideologies towards greater violence and submission. It was not yet time for 3791 to accept this eventuality, not when he had seen the heart being destroyed. He did not know that there were ready replacements, and that the silent work of rewriting truth through another spectacle had already begun.

## About the Author



Zeenat Nagree  
Photograph by Hashim Badani

**Zeenat Nagree** is an independent writer and curator living between Bombay and Montréal. She holds a Master's in Art History, Theory and Criticism from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. Her art-writing practice is built on an interest in writing 'around' art rather than writing 'about' art. She is currently finishing work on a novel and a book of poems with support from the Canada Council for the Arts.

'The Window into the Egg' is Nagree's response in fiction to Gigi Scaria's exhibition *Love, Death, and Miscellaneous*.

# Works in Exhibition



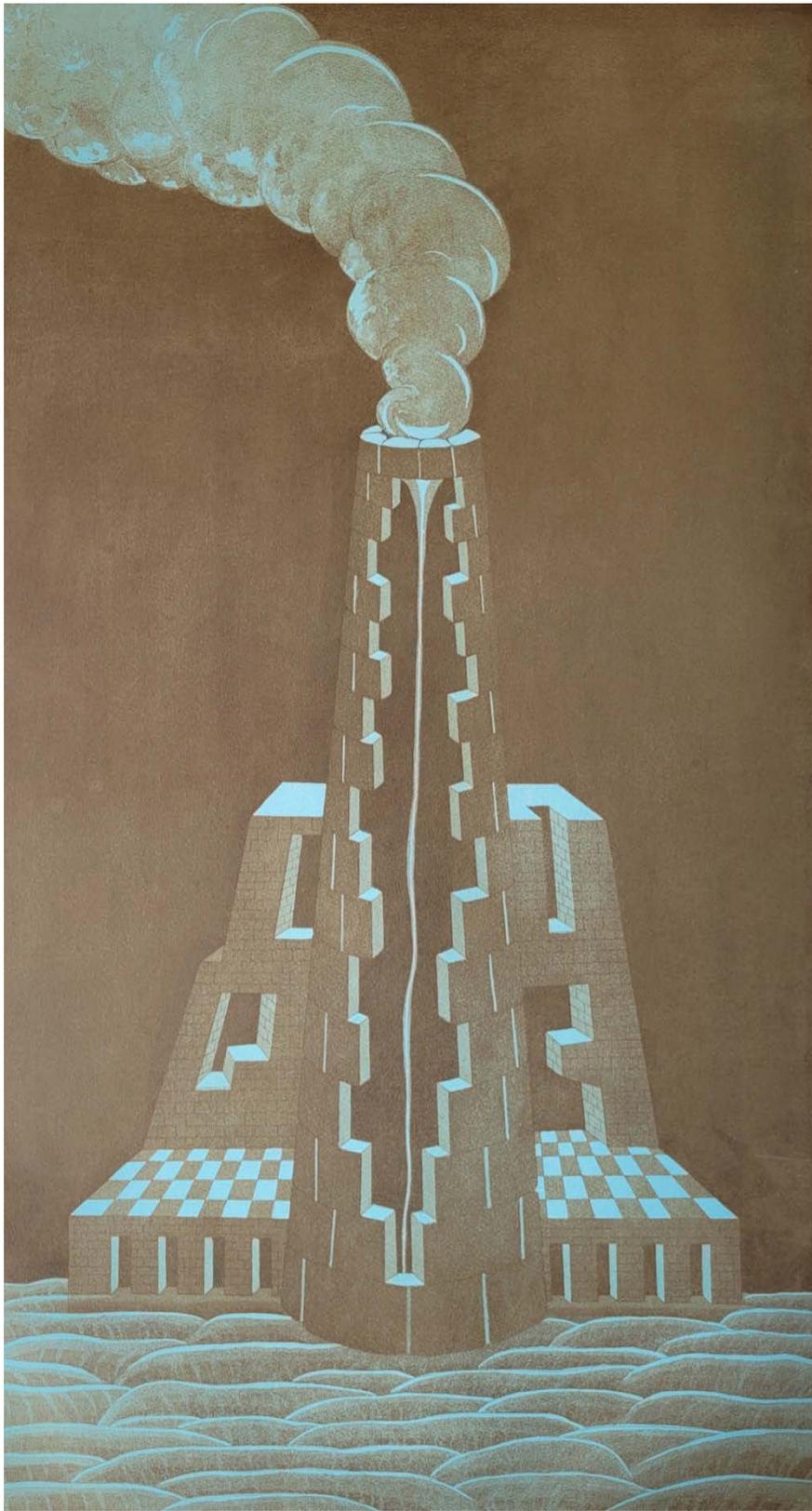
*Breath I, 2022*  
Inkjet print on archival paper  
36 in x 48 in  
Edition 1 of 3



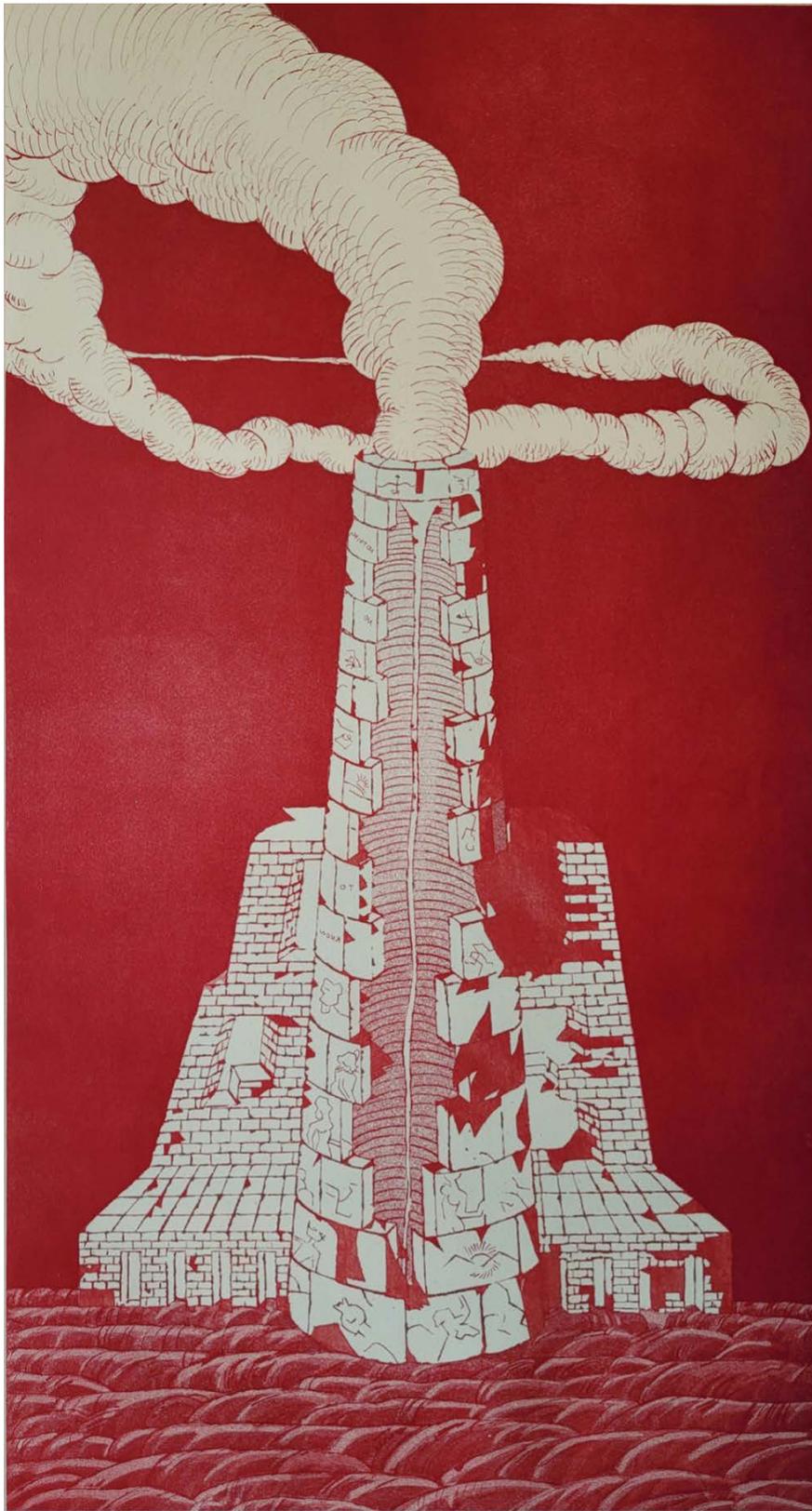
*Breath II, 2022*  
Inkjet print on archival paper  
36 in x 48 in  
Edition 1 of 3



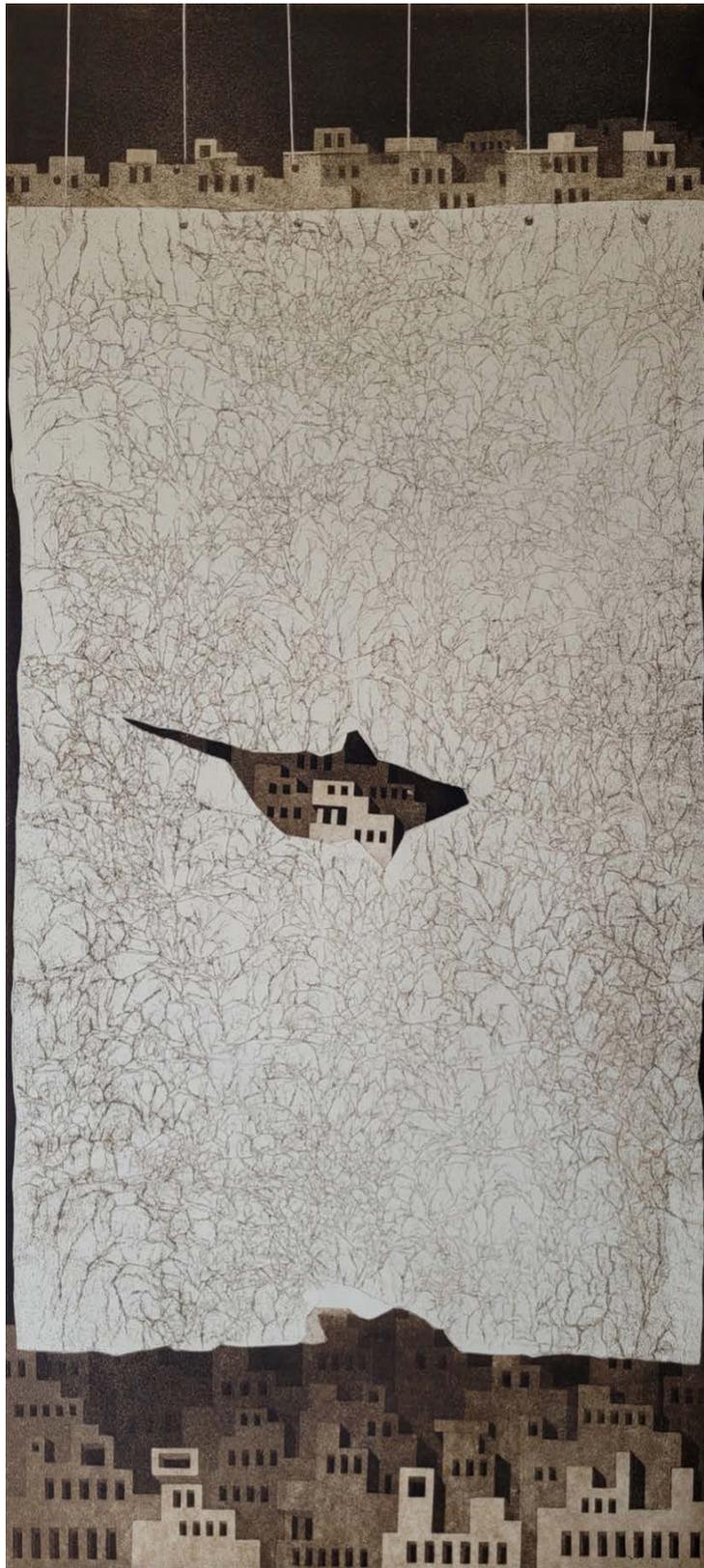
*Guard, 2022*  
Inkjet print on archival paper  
36 in x 48 in  
Edition 1 of 3



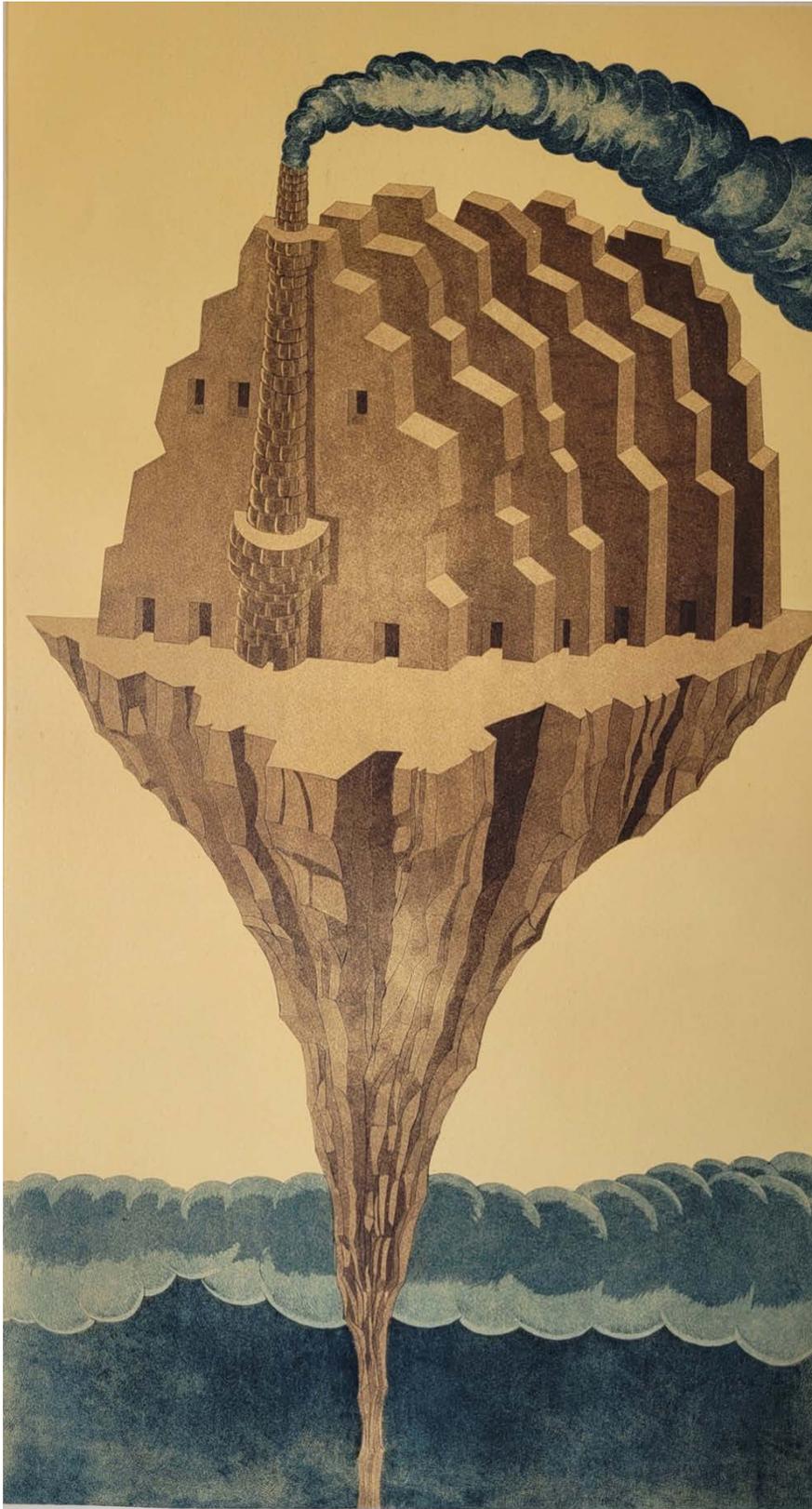
*Hydrosphere I*, 2022  
Etching on Somerset paper  
36 in x 20 in  
Edition 1 of 20



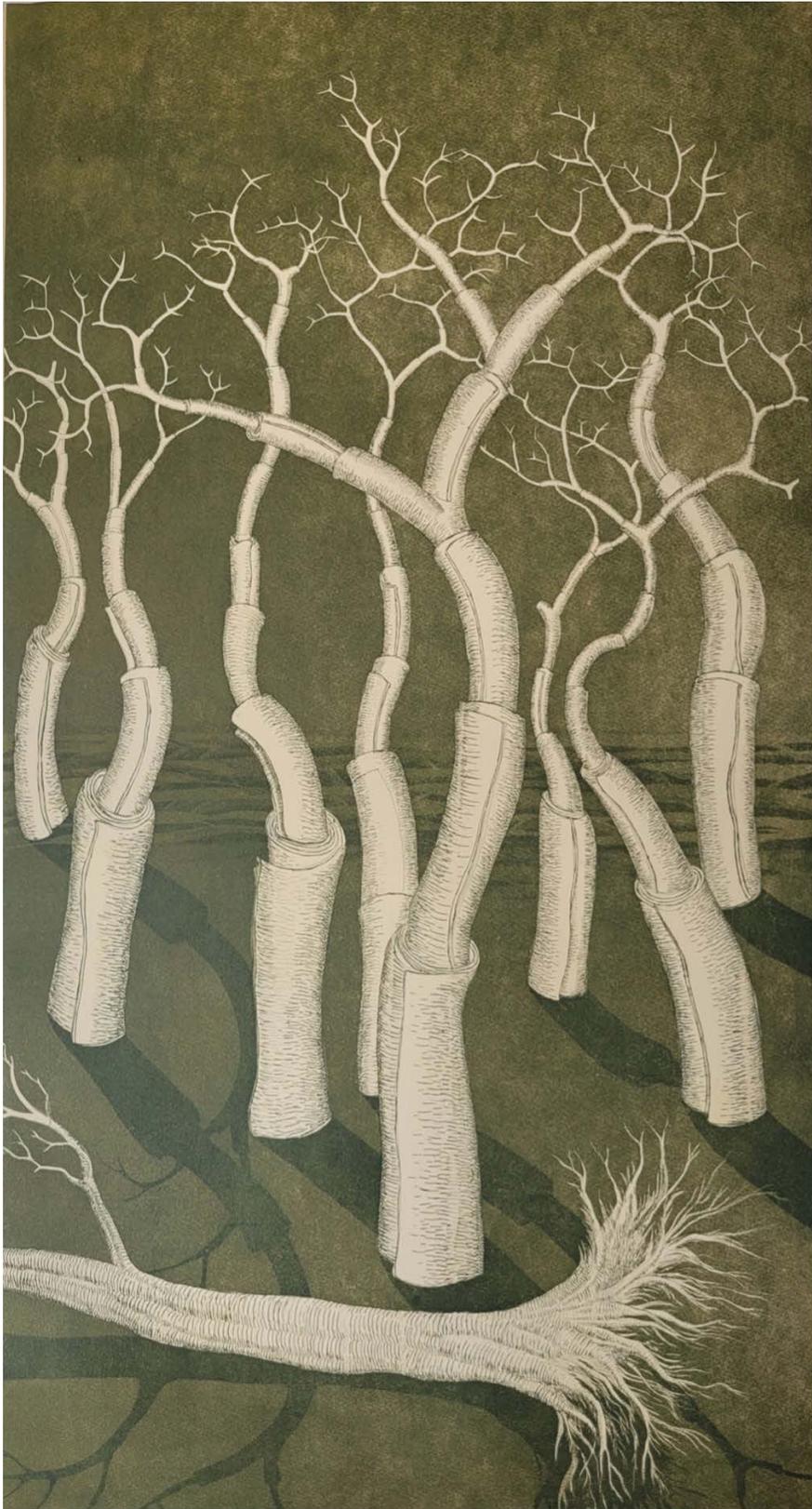
*Hydrosphere II, 2022*  
Etching on Somerset paper  
36 in x 20 in  
Edition 1 of 20



*Maps and roots, 2022*  
Etching on Somerset paper  
38 in x 20 in  
Edition 1 of 20



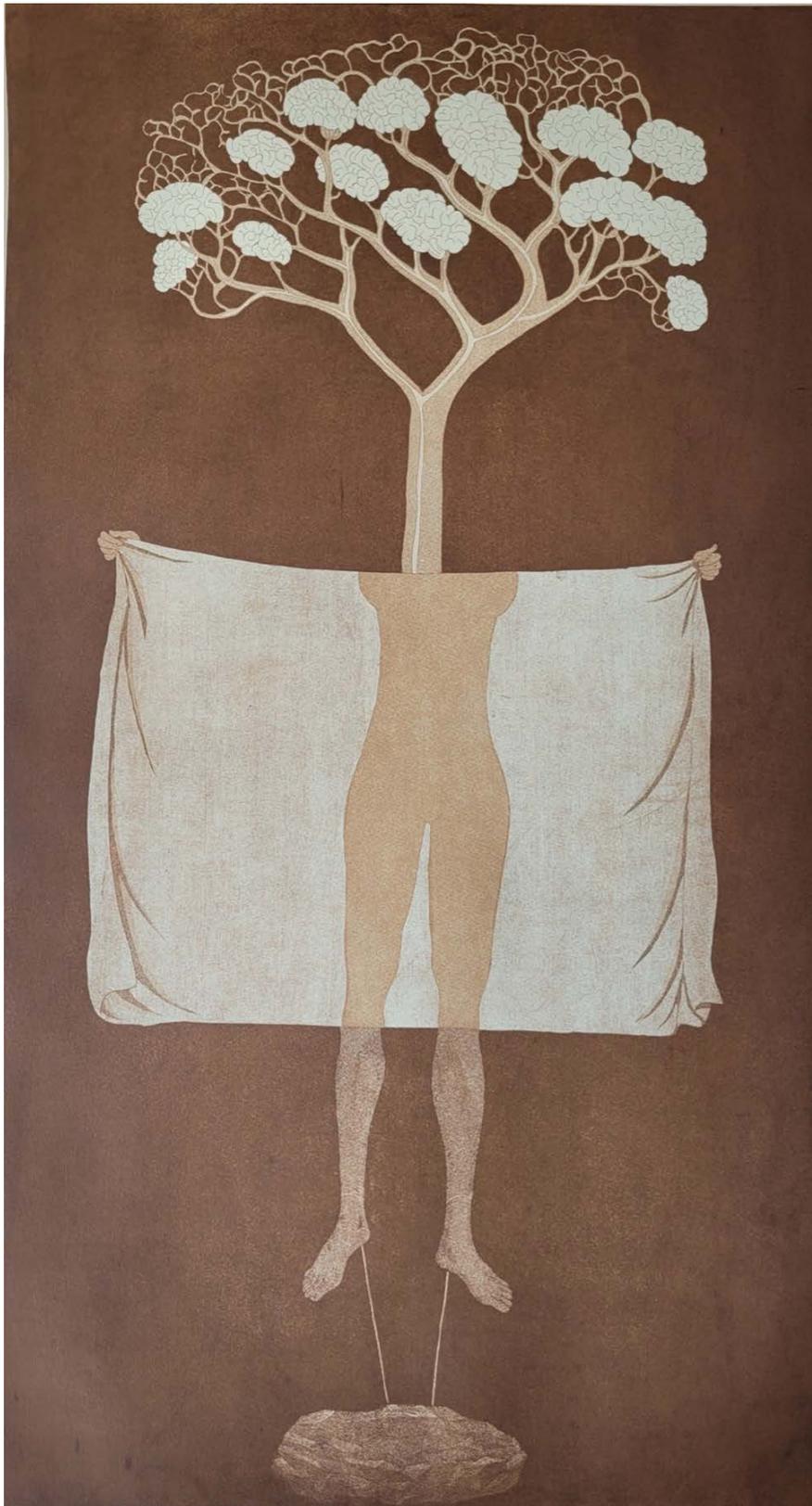
*No stone unturned, 2022*  
Etching on Somerset paper  
36 in x 20 in  
Edition 1 of 20



*Scroll*, 2022  
Etching on Somerset paper  
36 in x 20 in  
Edition 1 of 20



*Shadow line*, 2022  
Etching on Somerset paper  
36 in x 20 in  
Edition 1 of 20



*Veil, 2022*  
Etching on Somerset paper  
36 in x 20 in  
Edition 1 of 20



*Waq waq tree, 2022*  
Etching on Somerset paper  
36 in x 20 in  
Edition 1 of 20



*Sprout*, 2022  
Acrylic on canvas  
60 in x 48 in



*Suspended*, 2022  
Acrylic on canvas  
60 in x 48 in





*Lineage, 2022*  
Brass  
13h x 65.50w x 5.50d in

## About the Artist



Gigi Scaria in studio  
Photograph by Gayathri Kiran

**Gigi Scaria** was born in southern Kerala, India, in 1973. In 1995, after completing a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree at the College of Fine Arts, Thiruvananthapuram, Scaria moved to New Delhi where he undertook a Master of Fine Arts at Jamia Millia University. While both of his degrees were in the discipline of Painting, he has developed a cross-media practice. Scaria works across painting, photography, installation, sculpture, and video. His work explores issues of urban development, particularly in relation to migration, economic development and urban architecture. He is interested in the quality of social space in a drastically changing urban environment, with concomitant implications on psychological experience.

Since 2000, Scaria has exhibited widely in India, and has participated in major exhibitions and residency programs internationally including in Australia, Brazil, China, Finland, Germany, Hungary, Korea, Italy, Norway and the USA. Work represented in major curated exhibitions and biennales including Venice, Singapore, Kochi-Muziris Biennales; Smart Museum, Chicago; Mori Art Museum, Tokyo; Kunstverein Frankfurt; Ian Potter Museum of Art, Melbourne; Kunsthaus Bern; Fredric Jameson Gallery, Duke University and Tel Aviv Museum of Art, Israel.

## Solo Exhibitions

- 2022 *Life, Death and Miscellaneous*, Aicon contemporary, New York, NY
- 2018 *ECCE HOMO: Behold the man or how one becomes what one is*,  
Vadehra Art Gallery, New Delhi, India
- 2017 *Iconic Interruptions: Selected works by Gigi Scaria, 2007-2015*,  
Frederic Jameson Gallery, Duke University, Durham, NC  
*All About This Side*, Aicon Gallery, New York, NY
- 2016 *Time*, Laumeier Sculpture Park, St. Louis, MN
- 2015 *The Ark*, Gallery Chemould, Mumbai, India
- 2013 *Dust*, Ian Potter Museum of Art, Melbourne University, Melbourne,  
Australia
- 2009 *Amusement Park*, Gallery Chemould, Mumbai, India  
*Settlement*, Galerie Christian Hosp, Berlin, Germany; curated by  
Jamila Adeli
- 2008 *Site under Construction*, Video Space, Budapest, Hungary  
*New Perspective from India, Seoul/Delhi, recent photographs and  
video*, H Cube Gallery, Seoul, Korea  
*Triviality of Everyday Existence: Recent Photographs and Video*,  
The National Art Studio, Seoul, Korea; Palette art gallery,  
New Delhi, India
- 2007 *Absence of an Architect, video installations paintings and  
photographs*, Palette Gallery, New Delhi, India
- 2005 *Where are the Amerindians?* Inter America Space CCA7, Trinidad
- 2001 *Exhibition of recent works*, Art Inc., New Delhi, India

## Selected Group Exhibitions

- 2022      *New Natures - A terrible beauty is born*, Goethe Institute, and part of the CSMVS, Mumbai, India; curated by Ravi Agarwal with a literary, curatorial intervention by Ranjit Hoskote  
*An Unlocated Window of Myself*, Gallery Dot Walk, Gurugram, India; curated by Premjish Achari
- 2021      *Loss & Transience*, Hong-gah Museum, Taipei; presented by VisionMix in collaboration with videoclub (UK) and Hong-gah Museum (Taipei)  
*Lokame Tharavadu*, Aalapuzha, Kerala, India; curated by Bose Krishnamachari  
*18 Dimensions: Sculptural Manifestations*, Bikaner House, New Delhi, India  
*Wandering through familiar, yet alien territories*, The Guild Art Gallery, Alibag, Mumbai, India  
*VAICA 2: an online festival of Video Art by Indian Contemporary Artists*, Dr. Bhau Daji Lad Museum, Mumbai, India; in association with Comet Media Foundation, with the support of Bajaj Group Trusts and Jamnalal Bajaj Foundation
- 2019      *A Time For Farewells*, Cantor Fitzgerald Gallery, Haverford College, Philadelphia, PA; Curated by Premjish Achari  
*The scene in which I find myself / Or, where does my body belong*, Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Zealand  
*Body Bulding*, Ishara Art Foundation, Dubai, UAE  
*BRUISED: Art action and ecology in Asia*, RMIT University Gallery, Melbourne, Australia; curated by Helen Rayment and Thao Nguyen  
*DISTILLED BLUPRINTS*, Alembic City, Vadodara, India

- 2018 *The Urban Reimagined, Envisioning an Ecological Alternative to Present Urban Spaces*, Serendipity Arts Festival, Goa, India; curated by Ravi Agarwal  
*FOTOFEST 2018 Biennial INDIA Contemporary Photographic and New Media Art*, Huston, TX; curated by Sunil Gupta  
*When is space? Conversations on contemporary architecture*, Jawahar Kala Kendra, Jaipur, India; curated by Rupali Gupte and Prasad Shetty
- 2016 *Dwelling Pluralities*, collateral event of Kochi Muziris Biennale, Mattancheri, Kochi, India; curated by Malin Barth, organized by 3,14 Burgen  
*Moving Images*, KNMA, Noida, India; curated by Roobina Karode  
*Time, Site & Lore*, Denmark; organized by ET4U
- 2015 *Urban:ness: encountering the city*, Dubai Community Theater & Art Centre, Dubai, UAE  
*Construct/constructions*, Kiran Nadar Museum of Art, Saket, New Delhi, India; curated by Roobina Karode  
*Sights and Sounds: India*, The Jewish Museum, New York, NY
- 2014 *Whorled Explorations*, Kochi Muziris Biennale, Kochi, India; curated by Jitish Kallat  
*In search of lost time*, Amsterdam, the Netherlands; curated by Ronit Eden  
*St. Moritz Art Masters 2014*, Sankt Moritz, Switzerland; curated by Birgid Uccia
- 2013 *Aesthetic Bind: Citizen Artist: forms of address*, Chemould Prescott Road, Mumbai, India; curated by Geeta Kapur  
*The Sahmat Collective: Art and Activism in India Since 1989*, Smart Art Museum, Chicago, IL  
*City Unclaimed*, site specific installation installed at the Smart Art Museum, Chicago, IL

- 2012 *Critical Mass: Contemporary Art from India*, Tel Aviv Museum of Art, Tel Aviv, Israel; curated by Tami Katz Freimann and Rotem Tuff
- Sub –Topical Heat: New Art from South Asia*, Govett Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth, New Zealand; curated by Rhana Devenport
- The Needle on the Gauge – The Testimonial Image in the Work of Seven Indian Artists*, CACSA-Oz Asia festival, Adelaide, Australia; curated by Ranjit Hoskote
- To Let the world in*, Lalitkala Academy Gallery, Chennai, India; curated by Chaitanya Sambrani
- Cynical Love: Life in the Everyday*, Kiran Nadar Museum of Art, Noida, India; curated by Gayatri Sinha
- 3rd Singapore Biennale, Singapore; curated by Russell Storer and Trevor Smith
- 2011 *Yamuna–Elbe Project*, site-specific installation project at the bank of River Yamuna, Delhi, India; curated by Ravi Aggarwal
- India side by side*, Centro Cultural Banco do Brasil, Rio De Janeiro, SESC Belenzinho, and Sao Paulo, Brasil; curated by Tereza de Arruda
- Everyone agrees: it's about to explode*, India Pavilion at 54th Venice Biennale, Venice, Italy; curated by Ranjit Hoskote
- Crossroads: India Escalate*, Prague Biennale; Prague, Czech Republic; curated by Kanchi Mehta
- 2010 *Place Time Play: India China Contemporary Art*, West Havens, Shanghai, China; curated by Chiatanya Sambrani
- Finding India*, Museum of contemporary art (MOCA), Taipei
- Indian (sub) way*, Grosvenor Vadehra, London, UK; curated by Yashodhara Dalmia
- Video Art India*, Fundacio la Caixa, Barcelona, Spain; curated by Luissa Ortinez

- Snow*, Palette art Gallery, New Delhi and Tao Art Gallery, Mumbai, India; curated by Ranjit Hoskote
- 2009 *Marvelous Reality*, Gallery Espace (Rabindra Bhavan), New Delhi, India; curated by Sunil Mehra  
*What makes India urban?* Aedes Gallery, Berlin, Germany; curated by Anand Patel
- 2008 *Video Zone-4*, The 4th International Video Art Biennial, Tel Aviv, Israel  
*India Moderna*, Ivam Museum, Valencia, Spain  
*Chalo India*, Mori Art Museum, Tokyo, Japan  
*CLICK! Contemporary photography in India*, Vadehra Art Gallery, Delhi, India; curated by Sunil Gupta and Radhika Singh  
*Who knows Mr. Gandhi?* Aicon Gallery, London, UK
- 2006 *Rencontres Internationales Paris/Berlin 2006*, Paris, France; Berlin, Germany  
*Impossible India*, Frankfurt Kunstverein, Frankfurt, Germany; curated by Nina Montmann, supported by Goethe-Institute, Germany  
*Ghost in the machine and other stories (Video, interactive media and sound)*, Apeejay Media Gallery, New Delhi, India; curated by Pooja Sood  
*Dilli Dur Ast*, New Delhi, India
- 2005 *Double – Enders*, Jehangir Art Gallery, Mumbai, India  
*Self x Social Self stranger parent resource worker*, School of Arts and Aesthetics Gallery, New Delhi, India; curated by Geeta Kapur  
*Are we like this only?* Rabindra Bhavan, New Delhi, India; curated by Vidya Shivadas, organized by Vadehra Gallery, New Delhi, India

- 2004 *Making of India*, Rabindra Bhavan, New Delhi, India;  
organized by SAHMAT
- 2003 *Crossing Generations Diverge*, National Gallery of Modern Art,  
Mumbai, India; curated by Geeta Kapur and  
Chaitanya Sambrani  
*Arting Jerusalem*, an art project at Jerusalem, Israel

## Awards

- 2012 Macgeorge Fellowship, Ian Potter Museum, Melbourne, Australia
- 2007-08 Asian art fellowship, Museum of Contemporary Art, Korea
- 2005 Sanskriti Award for Visual Art
- 2002 Awarded Inlaks scholarship in visual art
- 1995-97 Ministry of Human Resources and Development Scholarship for  
Visual Arts

## Residency

- 2016 Circulating AiR, Stiftelsen 3.14, Bergen, Norway
- 2008 Worked on a multimedia installation project on Hybridity,  
in collaboration with London based artist/photographer  
Dave Luise. Sainsbury Centre for Visual Art, University of  
East Anglia, Norwich, UK
- 2007-08 The National Art Studio, National Museum of Contemporary Art,  
Seoul, Korea
- 2005 CCA7 (Caribbean Contemporary Arts), Trinidad and Tobago,  
West Indies
- 2004 Khoj studios, Khirkee Village, New Delhi, India
- 2002 Unidee at Cittadellarte, Fondazione Pistoletto, Biella, Italy

## Selected Publications

Sumathi Ramaswamy, "Iconic Interruptions: Selected works by Gigi Scaria, 2007-2015," exhibition pamphlet, Frederic Jameson Gallery, Duke University, 2017

Dana Turkovic, "A City & Its Symbols," in *Time: Gigi Scaria*, Laumeier Sculpture Park 2016

Chaitanya Sambrani, "Restless Time," in *Time: Gigi Scaria*, Laumeier Sculpture Park, 2016

Ciotti, Manuela & Gigi Scaria, 'Thinking art in India: a semi-virtual lab', in Raqs Media Collective & Shveta Sarda (eds), *Sarai Reader 09: Projections*, Centre for the Study of Developing Societies, New Delhi, 2013

Ranjit Hoskote, "A journal of furrowed earth and salt desert: reflections on Dust, a project by Gigi Scaria", in *Gigi Scaria: Dust*, Ian Potter Museum of Art, University of Melbourne, 2013

Mohan, Satyanand, 'Gigi Scaria: the archaeology of urban life', 13 September 2009, viewed 27 August 2013, <<http://sathyanandmohan.blogspot.com.au/2009/09/gigi-scara-archaeology-of-urban-life.html>>

Kirpalani, Amita, 'Bad religion', in *Gigi Scaria: Prisms of perception*, the Ian Potter Museum of Art, the University of Melbourne, Parkville, Vic., 2012

Adajania, Nancy, 'The unbearable heaviness of being: parables of a 21st-century nagrik', in *Gigi Scaria: Amusement Park*, Chemould Prescott Road, Mumbai, 2010

Scaria, Gigi, in conversation with Jamila Adeli, 'Trust the medium, control the message: the art of aestheticizing a bulldozer', *Gigi Scaria*, Galerie Christian Hosp, Berlin, 2009

Sinha, Gayatri, 'The city of forking paths', *Absence of an architect: Gigi Scaria*, Palette Art Gallery, New Delhi, 2007

Scaria, Gigi, 'Video: a parallel inquiry (other encounters the self)', *Absence of an architect: Gigi Scaria*, Palette Art Gallery, New Delhi, 2007

# Acknowledgements

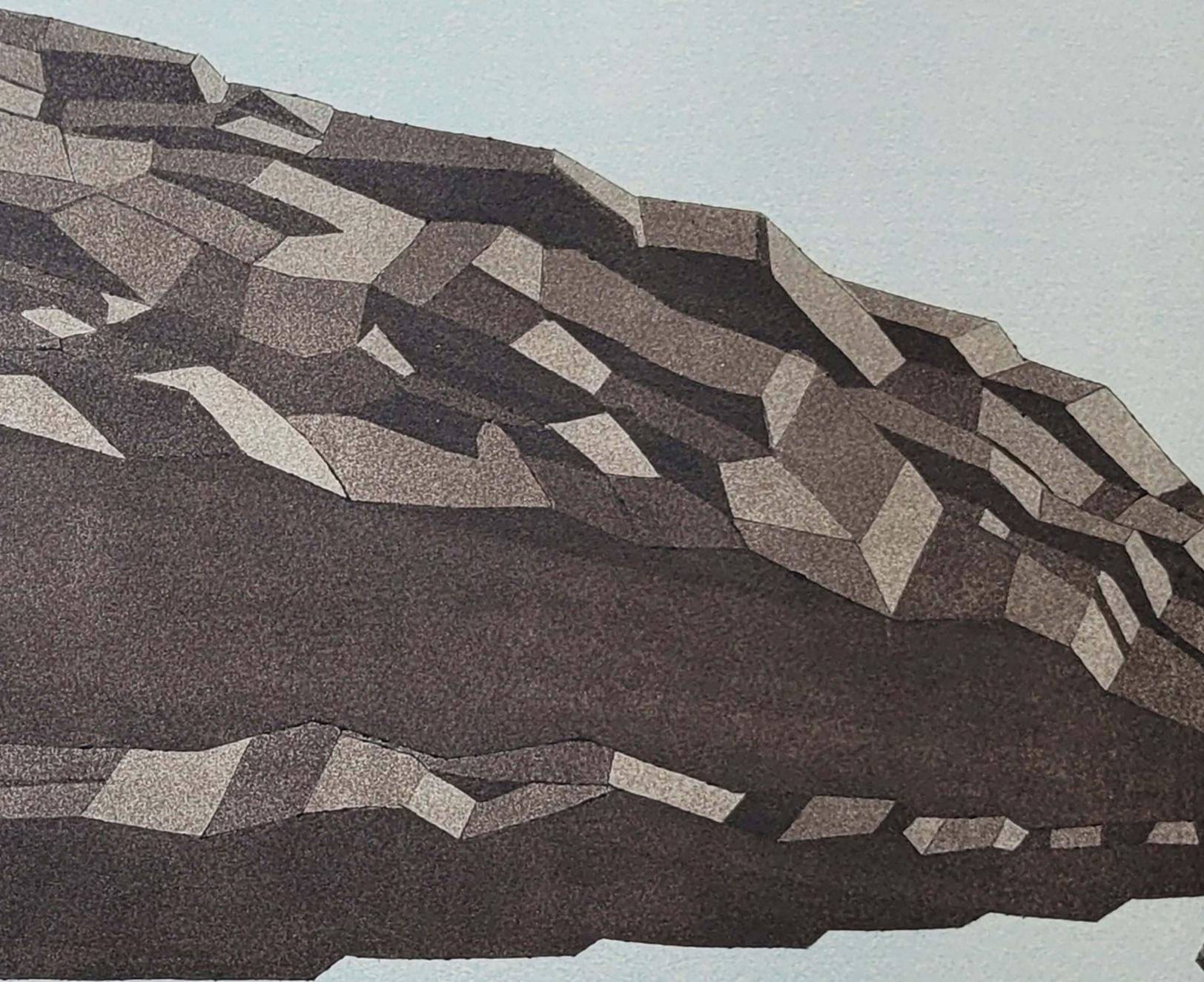
I am grateful to Gayathri Kiran and Lakshmi Kiran Kasireddy for their committed involvement and technical guidance to make all the etching prints in the show.

I am thankful to Amaresh Kumar P for supporting the print making project and without him it would not have been materialized. Thank you Zeenat Nagree for your evocative story. My thanks also goes to Kristina Bao, who designed and edited this catalogue.

Finally I am extremely thankful to the extensive support of Chippa Sudhakar for letting me use his Banyan Hearts Studios to work.

Thank you Projjal Dutta for everything.

Gigi Scaria  
2022 Winter in New York City



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