

Days of Wrath

A litany of concerns pitched on high registers.

Critiquing and looking rhythmically at our environment, into our new age, driven with the dogmas of growth and development, Anjana paints dereliction and despair with the note of hope wrapping itself around the anxious structures and sundry materiality of building and industrial phenomena.

The pipe is central to her as a form, an agent which aids articulation and an emotional statement. She wields it as a syntactical unit to speak spiritedly in the recent works.

Indeed, the modern times of urbanity can only be viewed as the days of wrath according to her; endless, sullen, hysterical days under a typical Indian sun.

The pictorial means, of using fixity and motionlessness evoke certain terms of effort and endeavour gone frigid and awry. A surveyor artist like Anjana can come close to visualizing and suggesting Naom Chomsky's observation that something is not rotten in the state but in the viscera of civil society, in our (embedded) systems.

Starkly pulsing in the forbidding gloom, are colour gestures or relief events, like the memory of smoke from mill chimneys. The persistence of memory continues densely with the pipe and tubular form. An animation like that of a graphic equalizer on a music console, or that of the pipe organ takes over from the rising and toppling despondency of the landscape, read institution, and transforms the picture into the artist's personal, pushing lament on obstacles and growth.

Right there, in the niches of the metal, glass, and concrete she likes to conjure a sense of a sociality and huddling, indicating the presence of solace or an ever-smoldering warmth.

And, in lending her voice to the political process she has come up with mighty canvases that are swathed with noir and primal fears. She is working away at the essay, outpoured in voluminous colour blasts from an uncomplicated palette.

Obsessed with the idea of the abandoned enterprise, and incomplete, inchoate sense of construction, she glues down the distressed iconography, a forced fixing onto shifting ground and into a wilderness of uncertainty. The assembly of building blocks, like units of a grammatical arrangement, depicts mindless, ascending blight. She may be questioning the notion of progress with the stubborn opposition and stance of a protester. It is the application of pigments, black sand, coloured marble dust, which evokes current trends of over consumption and sickness, releasing the voice of the artist and her alarmist calls.

The splintering, violent and skewed geometry in the painting is the apparition of an older and balanced ecological order – it is lost to us now or, we are about to step into it, even if it is with a present and listless primitivism.

A forging together of site, and style, a relational aesthetic, as it were, can be seen. Segments of cylindrical and convex enclosures are bound to each other like matchbox bundles. These architectural motifs and engineering stock are sharp tools for mapping the forces that are slamming and killing the earth.

This is the stuff of Anjana's dusty, grieving mis-en-scene. There seem to be no exits from the stifling, fallow haze even as the micro lights wink, telling of a radiant city's apparent boom.

The re imagining with boxed structure, vitreous facade, gleaming metal, vacant building, empty warehouse, ageing land and waveless sea is however, tinged with the regret and loss of a living space; a zone where a smoking chimney meant industrial activity, and high technological spirit, rather than economic re-haul, refurbishment, expansion and anarchic development.

Hinged to the concept of a demolished urban space, and the depletion of resources, shown in textured close-up, is, the muted desire space, the long-shot or bird's eye-view of a nebulous blue of horizon and sea, a tumescent magenta and an acidic curtain-like sheet in red or yellow. These are tracts of malcontentedness or, surreal perspectives of an equilibrated time to come.

Anjana's brute creations are studies that are produced with the topographer's mantle to cull a graphic image. In addition to the silent assaults of paint and brush and brittle surfacing, her artistic wherewithal is deployed in jolting the onlooker with the fumes of toxic noise--a howl that penetrates and pollutes the very nano spheres of existence, edge to edge.

Reach for the mundane installations and open the door.....

You will see what she means.

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