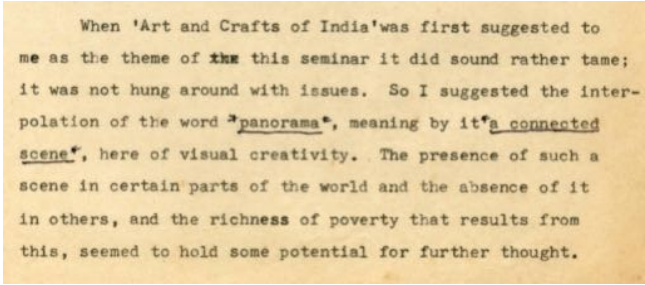
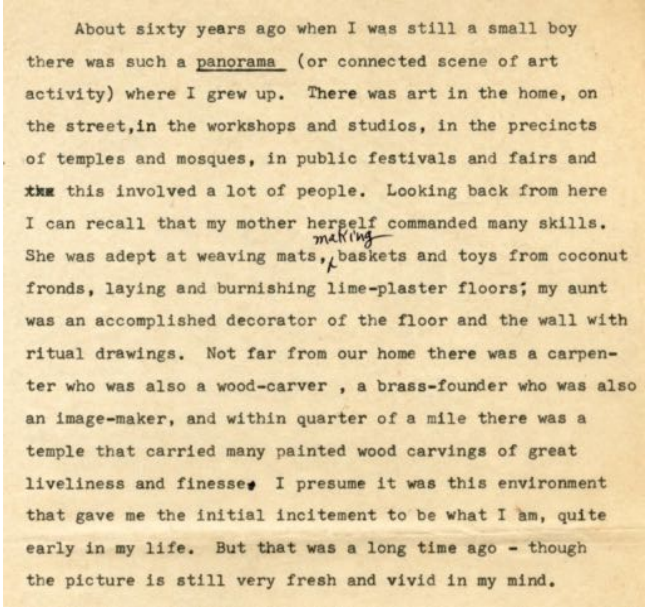
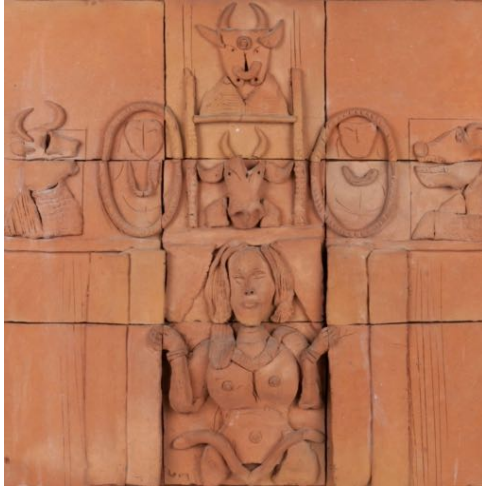


## Artworks and Manuscripts List

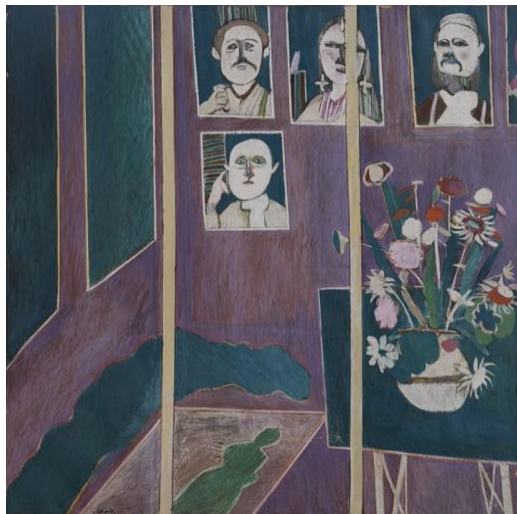
Artwork and Excerpt Checklist	Label
 <p>When 'Art and Crafts of India' was first suggested to me as the theme of <del>this</del> this seminar it did sound rather tame; it was not hung around with issues. So I suggested the interpolation of the word "<u>panorama</u>", meaning by it "<u>a connected scene</u>", here of visual creativity. The presence of such a scene in certain parts of the world and the absence of it in others, and the richness of poverty that results from this, seemed to hold some potential for further thought.</p>	<p>Excerpt from the Introductory talk at the Seminar '<a href="#">Art and Craft Panorama in India</a>' (at the Museum of Modern Art, Oxford), 1998:          Courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections</p>
 <p>About sixty years ago when I was still a small boy there was such a <u>panorama</u> (or connected scene of art activity) where I grew up. There was art in the home, on the street, in the workshops and studios, in the precincts of temples and mosques, in public festivals and fairs and <del>this</del> this involved a lot of people. Looking back from here I can recall that my mother herself commanded many skills. She was adept at weaving mats, <sup>making</sup> baskets and toys from coconut fronds, laying and burnishing lime-plaster floors; my aunt was an accomplished decorator of the floor and the wall with ritual drawings. Not far from our home there was a carpenter who was also a wood-carver, a brass-founder who was also an image-maker, and within quarter of a mile there was a temple that carried many painted wood carvings of great liveliness and finesse. I presume it was this environment that gave me the initial incitement to be what I am, quite early in my life. But that was a long time ago - though the picture is still very fresh and vivid in my mind.</p>	<p>Excerpt from the Introductory talk at the Seminar '<a href="#">Art and Craft Panorama in India</a>' (at the Museum of Modern Art, Oxford), 1998:          Courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections</p>

So the world I observe is naturally a fairy-tale world. It is high-keyed. It is distant. It has a variable configuration. It is ambivalent in image and implication. At least this is what my work turns out to be when I follow the cues. Not just a bunch of facts but an intriguing icon. The pursuit is challenging. May be there is a sense of pantheism in it making of everything a personage. May be there is an assumption, too, of play-acting on nature's own part. Making each thing a bahurupee, a volatile polymorph.

Excerpt from [Bahurupee: A Polymorphic Vision](#), 1994: Courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections



Woman with Cows  
K. G. Subramanyan  
c. 1970  
Terracotta  
H. 52 cm x W. 50 cm  
MAC.01146



Portrait Gallery  
K. G. Subramanyan  
Undated  
Oil on canvas  
H. 121 cm, W. 122 cm  
MAC.02926



K. G. Subramanyan, *Black and White Mural* (detail), Kala Bhavan, 2009–10. Image courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections



K. G. Subramanyan, *The Mirror*, 2008, painting. Image courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections

So I work with various media. Each has its reach. I work with diverse visual data, descriptive or gestural, clear or ambivalent. I also link up with various themes some topical, some timeless. The vision flies back and forth, like those birds of early summer, from the facts of here and now to distant reminiscence, from reality to myth, from the gay to the sombre. True, I often dream of breaking out of these closed-in narratives and do something in the environment; something integral; something that adds a dimension to the life that is. The memory of the temple sculpture and the magical theatre I saw in my childhood still persists.

Excerpt from [Looking Back in Time](#) 1985.

Courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections



K. G. Subramanyan working on *King of Dark Chamber*, 1963, photograph.  
Image courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections



K. G. Subramanyan working on *King of Dark Chamber*, 1963, photograph.  
Image courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections



K. G. Subramanyan, *Black and White Mural* (south-side detail), Kala Bhavan, 2009–10.  
Image courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections



Gyarsilal Varma working on the relief mural by K. G. Subramanyam for the Research and Development (R&D) Building of Jyoti Limited, Baroda, 1974, photograph.

Image courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections



Work in progress of the Relief Mural at Jyoti Limited, Baroda, 1974, photograph.

Image courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections

So one may wonder why artists should still do murals, in the face of all this.

I am trying to make up my own reasons.

I think it is important to get art into the environment.

To strew art around in the environment seems to be the only way to rescue it from the crowded catacombs of culture that our museums are fast becoming. Today as soon as a work of art is born it is embalmed with price and publicity and stowed into museums and collections in a kind of necro-commerce, if we may say so.

Excerpt from [Some Notes on Mural](#), 1972

Courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections



K. G. Subramanyan, *King of the Dark Chamber* (partial), Lucknow, 1963, mural. Image courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections

They say the process of knowing started ages and ages ago. It apparently started with the apes. One restless ape poked a nest of ants with a stick and, when the ants crawled up the stick, had the sense enough to lift the stick to this mouth and eat them up. Bright boy, he did this over and over. And woke up to the fact that the stick could be a tool. And so on and so forth.

Excerpt from [The Magic of Making](#), 1989  
Courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections.



K. G. Subramanyan, *Anatomy Lesson 4*, 2008, sculpture.  
Image courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections

It starts with the sentence — 'Like a goldsmith draws a wire, thick or thin, out of a piece of gold, an artist draws a line, bold or fine, from a tiny drop of ink.' To imply, perhaps, the wire is there in the piece of gold, the line is latent in the drop of ink, we have just to coax them out. To do which we have to know their nature and have the necessary means. Which means, too, come from the same process of knowing.

Excerpt from [The Magic of Making](#) 1989  
Courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections



Untitled  
K. G. Subramanyan  
1995  
Woodcut  
H. 32.5 cm x W. 35.8 cm  
MAC.02746

Many art historians refer to a group of small stone objects archaeologists found in North Africa. More ancient than their art. They are natural stones which, with a little tooling, have been made to look like monkeys. The brief tooling is a simple gesture of release. Those monkeys were trapped in stones; it set them free.

But are they like monkeys you see on the trees, or in the zoo? Hardly so. They are monkey-stones half way between one and the other. With their own kind of life.

- And whence do they get this life?

From the wooliness of our vision. And the wiliness of our imagination.

Excerpt from [The Magic of Making](#) 1989  
Courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections.

Santokben lives in a village in North Gujarat. Her husband is a farmer. She works with him on the field when need arises; other times she is busy at home.

Not just cooking and cleaning. She embroiders clothes, quilts and wall-pieces. She teaches the young girls of the neighbourhood her craft, and regales them with stories. She paints the walls of her house in the festival season — transforming it from a mud hut to a dream house with the white lace of her lines and tiny insets of colour. If you complimented her for this she says with a shy smile, and a mixture of modesty and pride — a garra gokul che — 'this is a mud built-gokul'. Punning on the word gokul, which can mean both 'cowherd's hut' and 'God's abode'.

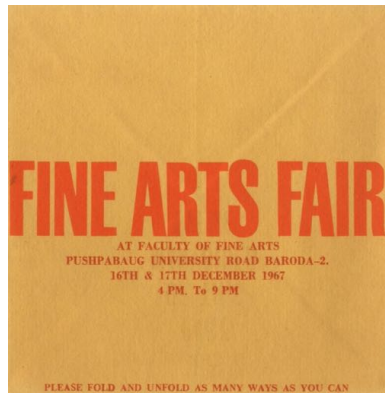
Excerpt from [The Magic of Making](#) 1989

Courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections.

Santokben has not learnt to draw from things, but she uses geometrical or near-geometrical units to make all kinds of configurations to represent the forms you see. She is in great demand. When she is free her neighbours call her to their houses to help with their painting. Or rough the layout of their embroideries with a match stick dipped in washable ink. She does so many of these. So it has broken down her reserve; if you put a sheet of paper before her she draws on these as well. Normally the usual forms. But often improvisations.

Excerpt from [The Magic of Making](#) 1989

Courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections.



K. G. Subramanyan, Invitation designed for the Fine Arts Fair at the Faculty of Fine Arts, MS University of Baroda, 1967. Image courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections



Still Life with Fish  
K. G. Subramanyan  
Undated  
Oil on canvas  
H. 58 cm x W. 43 cm  
MAC.01359



K. G. Subramanyan, *Cats*, 2007, painting. Image courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections



K. G. Subramanyan, *Cats*, 2007, sculpture. Image courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections

The more one gets ahead one sees that the world outside and inside depend on each other. The essence of what one sees outside is what is reflected in the waters within. Or call it the mirror of self. So whatever one sees is monitored by foresight, after-sight or insight and is never the same. So also one's knowledge. It rolls from surmise to certainty, then forward to another surmise, then to another certainty and so on and so forth. A large part of one's time is spent in this world within. Poring over images, recodding thoughts, mumbling to oneself and improvising new terms. At one time when I saw people talking to themselves on the road it seemed strange; till I realized that, under one's mask of placidity, everyone is doing that all the time.

Excerpt from [Bahurupee: A Polymorphic Vision](#), 1994: Courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections



Woman in the Blue Room  
 KG Subramanyan  
 1981  
 Painted glass  
 H. 58 cm x W. 42 cm  
 MAC.00695



Untitled  
 K. G. Subramanyan  
 Gouache on paper  
 H. 42 cm x W. 29 cm  
 MAC.01433



Untitled  
K. G. Subramanyan  
2007  
Charcoal and gouache on paper  
H. 37 cm x W.28 cm  
MAC.01895



Untitled  
K. G. Subramanyan  
2007  
Charcoal and gouache on paper  
H. 37 cm x W.28 cm  
MAC.01894



Untitled  
K.G. Subramanyan  
Screen Print on Paper (Serigraph)  
MAC.00785



Untitled  
K.G. Subramanyan  
Screen Print on Paper (Serigraph)  
MAC.00786



Untitled  
K.G. Subramanyan  
Screen Print on Paper (Serigraph)  
MAC.00787



Untitled  
K.G. Subramanyan  
Screen Print on Paper (Serigraph)  
MAC.00789

The familiar Durga image is one such bahurupee to me, an intriguing conglomerate. Draping a wheeling panoply of iconic arms round a tantalising female figure. Bringing together earthiness and elemental power. Carrying unspeakable to human psyche, the beast within, the body's rapture, the conflict and the transcendence. Arching forth from a common life drama to an allegory beyond.

As time passes this bahurupee factor seems to be gaining ground. Both in my work and way of looking at things.

Excerpt from [Bahurupee: A Polymorphic Vision](#), 1994: Courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections



Untitled (Part of a series of 21 prints)  
2009  
Print on paper  
H. 44.5 cm x W. 38.6 cm  
MAC.02774-1



Untitled (Part of a series of 21 prints)

2009

Print on paper

H. 44.5 cm x W. 38.6 cm

MAC.02774-11



Untitled (Part of a series of 21 prints)

2009

Print on paper

Image: H. 44.5 cm x. 38.6 cm

MAC.02774-12



Untitled (Part of a series of 21 prints)

2009

Print on paper

H. 44.5 cm x W. 38.6 cm

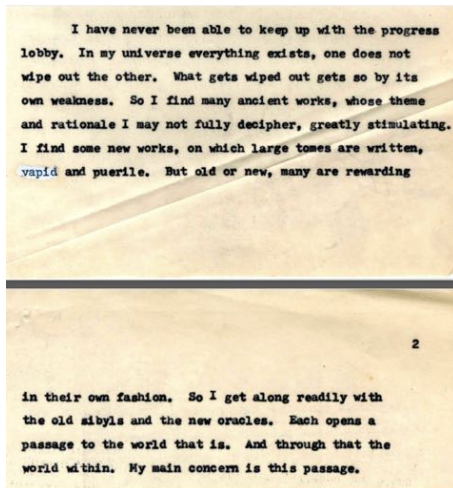
MAC.02774-21

Our eyes, hands, minds, all, muddle through in their  
separate ways and make these curious composites. Strangely  
enough it is the muddling that moves the vision forward.  
From a simple form to the more complicated; or from distant  
suggestion to verisimilitude; or from visual make-believe  
to visual metaphor.

\* \* \* \*

Excerpt from [The Magic of Making](#), 1989

Courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections



Excerpt from [Bahurupee: A Polymorphic Vision](#), 1994  
 Courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections



Devi with Goat  
 1989  
 Watercolour on paper  
 H. 13.8 cm x W. 9.5 cm  
 MAC.01283



The Couple  
1988  
Watercolour on paper  
H. 10.2 cm x W. 14.7 cm  
MAC.01284



Untitled  
c. 1970  
Watercolour on paper  
H. 9.5 cm x W. 14.5 cm  
MAC.01380



Untitled  
c. 1970  
Watercolour on paper  
H. 9.5 cm x W. 14.5 cm  
MAC.01381



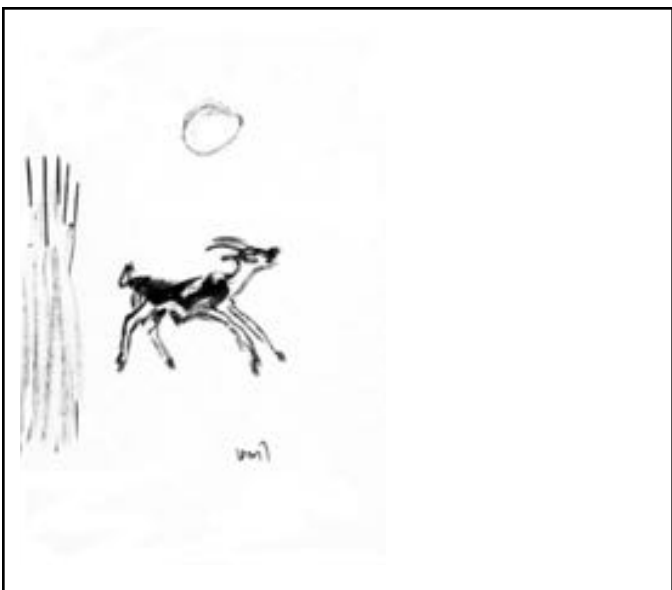

Untitled  
c. 1970  
Watercolour on paper  
H. 9.5 cm x W. 14.5 cm  
MAC.01382



Untitled  
c. 1970  
Watercolour on paper  
H. 9.5 cm x W. 14.5 cm  
MAC.01383



Untitled  
2000  
Ink on paper  
H. 37.5 cm x W. 28 cm  
MAC.02019

	<p>K. G. Subramanyan  <i>Untitled</i>, 2009  Watercolour on paper  Image courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections</p>
	<p>K. G. Subramanyan  <i>Untitled</i>, 2009  Watercolour on paper  Image courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections</p>

Nandalal was a compulsive sketcher. He carried cards, ink, brush and rags in a small bag wherever he went. A restless man he turned out little sketches one after another, almost like a holyman told his beads. Probably for the same reason. To get over his restlessness. And to keep his main preoccupation alive. I too get driven by such a restlessness and go through this diversion. My sketches and doodles do not always have a pointed object reference. They are inmates of the mind's menagerie choreographed in various ways. So they move from mime to caricature. Then to burlesque and fantasy. And undergo various metamorphoses.

Excerpt from [Reminiscences and Reflections](#), 1999, Image courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections



K. G. Subramanyan, *Untitled*, 2007, painting.  
Image courtesy of K. G. Subramanyan Archive, Asia Art Archive Collections