

P's practice shots

altodi / poltodi



We met the drunk uncles again outside the bar. We are leaning on their car and having a smoke. One of them started talking to us. Asking the usual. Name, place, animal. No sorry - name, place, occupation. The two of them recently moved back to Vaddem, Socorro after many years. Childhood friends reunited post retirement. Country roads take me home to the place where I belong. Late night's fresh urrak had already opened many gates for them. Welcome to our sweet little paradise! They said. Everyone is welcome here. And this place will always have enough for everyone. We don't need a lot in life. Do we? You know na the story of this land goes far back. Way way back. You know how it all came to be? You know Parashuram? (We nodded) The guy aka sixth incarnation of Vishnu threw an arrow into the sea to claim a landmass that we now know as Goa. (We had heard it before)

What we didn't have any clue about is the days of his target practice. We never get to hear much about the prep work. The arrows didn't always reach where he wanted it to. Landing within the periphery - hitting a stone, piercing a fruit, getting entangled in a fishing net. P wasn't so keen on claiming them. They wouldn't be of much use. How much he can expand and spread out is what mattered to him. The unclaimed entities, now rendered objects, lay on the side of the road, deep within the forest and between the tiles on rooftops. It wasn't long when a shadowy figure stumbled upon a couple of them on its walks. Lifted them in its palm. Removed the arrow carefully. Quietly whispered into the dents. Then kept them back.

With each step the count keeps growing.

In this catalogue of images of objects, you will find both organic and inorganic materials. Ranging from wood, stone, clay, metal, concrete and plastic to exoskeletons of creatures and leaves and seed pods of plants. Most of these materials were collected during our walks across this region - upon hills and plateaus, along beaches and riverbanks, inside establishments and apartments. The others were created by us, using the found objects as moulds and casts.

It was in this process of collecting objects that we realised their shared histories. Our trail across this region was scattered with all these objects as a signifier of a path that has been travelled many times over generations. These guiding markers were carefully arranged to reveal the path to its seekers. A said figure that stands 10 feet tall and lurks in the shadows has been carefully tending to them, ensuring that they maintain their narrative. In this attentive vigilance, the figure has morphed landscapes into arenas where activities, debates and conflicts can emerge.

Our role in this space too shares history with this figure. We attempt to transform and reconstruct our spaces into arenas of comfort and well-being. Then, we build walls to protect this sacred arena from “others” and gates to allow entry for a few. These arenas provide us with a sense of belonging and a community while also creating conflict with those on the outside. But, in this exhibit, we have the opportunity to displace these objects and perform or play with them. In effect, it is an open arena where a collective imagination will reveal itself over this month-long duration.









































































































































































































































































































































