
digital images
2002-06

b.priyaranjanlal

russian cultural centre art gallery,
thiruvananthapuram, november15-20, 2006





hide and seek, photoshop, inkjet on paper

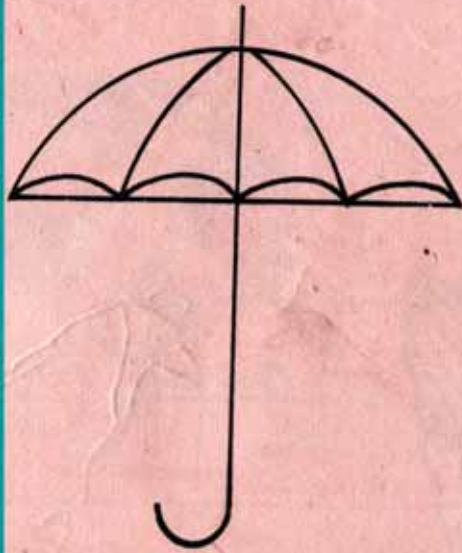
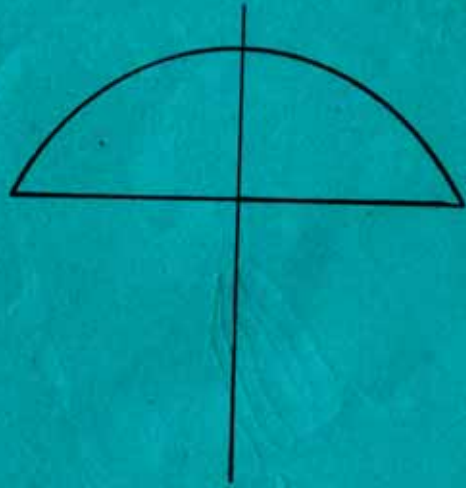
*my maternal uncle
prabhakaran was a wireless
operator with the indian armed
forces in nagaland. his pastime
was photography. he used to
handcolour black & white
photographs - most of them
self portraits in uniform - with
transparent ink. on every
vacation he generously
distributed framed prints to all
the family households. it was a
ritual everyone, especially we
children, loved.*

is it worth telling/depicting? this
question lurks beneath each
and every autobiographical



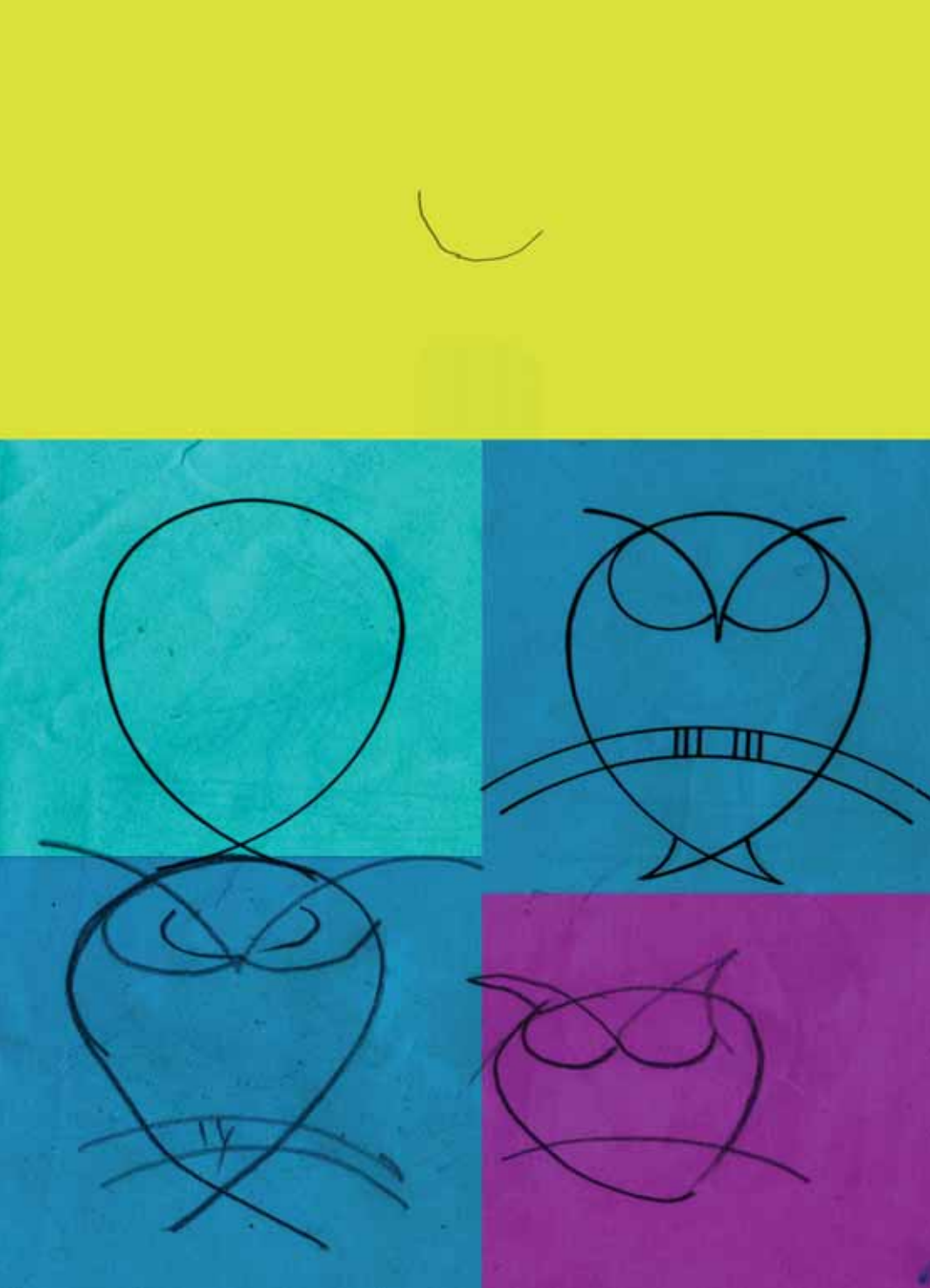
hide and seek, photoshop&3dstudiomax, inkjet on paper

endeavor. what makes us think that someone else would be interested in our memories? *i was leafing through our old family album and i noticed something strange in the photos where i figured: in all of them my expression was almost the same. i was staring at the camera with fear. even today i hate being photographed. i decided to confront this spectre - the gaze of camera - with my digital tools. i dumped those photographs in my computer and then started hiding myself*



priyaranjanlal classIV, photoshop, inkjet on paper

*behind cats, cockroaches,
sweet boxes and lp records.
while playing with these
childhood reminiscences
i suddenly recalled the game's
name - "hide and seek".
memory is a grand trap. so
better forget this statement.
suffice it to say that
remembering is just as
dangerous as forgetting; and
more so in the case of
representation of
remembrances, because
representation has its own
memories. being an artist who
failed in conventional drawing
i toyed with the idea of bringing*



priyaranjanlal classIV, photoshop, inkjet on paper

photoshop to meet my worn out school drawing book of 1979! (suman's drawing book, part 4, published by suman prakashan(p)ltd, new delhi, rs 2.50). the book mostly consisted of blank pages and some tiny little pencil scribbling here and there highlighted by heavy eraser marks. i had hardly touched those drawing lessons in symmetry that were meant to teach how a circle can be converted into a pot! those weekly half hour drawing classes had always given us great bliss of freedom. even our otherwise stringent



webclips, photoshop&webcam, inkjet on paper

english teacher pushpa madam was a different self in the drawing class. (she had the additional charge of our drawing periods.) while i digitized this drawing book and started filling it with colors and forms i realized with a mischievous joy that ages later i'm settling scores with a childhood nemesis. these memories might collide at some junctures: moments of sublime violence that could turn both sets of memories into the double of the other. my room is pretty big with a lot of windows that always provides



webclips, photoshop&webcam, inkjet on paper

*me with enough light for
daydreaming. when i feel
lonely i hang around there for
some magic to happen.
sometime back my nephew
ananthu gave me a web cam
and i decided to film this
enchanted space. i invited clip
art - which always reminded
me of binaca toothpaste
company's plastic animal
miniatures - to share the
amazing low-resolution images
only a web cam could offer.
my dreams my fantasies my
qualms my sorrows, everything
started pouring in.*

b.priyaranjanlal with s.sanjeev

front cover: *hide and seek*, photoshop, inkjet on paper



b.priyaranjanlal, graphic designer
born 1970, thiruvananthapuram

exhibitions:
paper collages - museum gallery, thiruvananthapuram 2000
paper collages - lalithakala academy gallery, kozhikode 2001

b@priyaranjanlal.com

09847975572

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