

How I see the world



Hari Krishnan
Art Portfolio

About myself

I am a self-taught artist, experimenting and creating across genres.

I work with words and visuals, working on concepts that arise out of deep personal reflection and observation of the human condition.

I like to respond to evocations of nature, nostalgia and inner conversations.

My art reflects the intense dialoging between various personas and voices held within the self.

I use traditional and digital tools for my art and showcase my work through my social handles.

In this document, I have attempted to showcase some of my work, concepts and illustrations.



“Faceless”

Capturing my visual memories of childhood and early youth, this series is triggered by nostalgia.

My assumption that these are glimpses from the ‘past’ is erroneous. That world continues to thrive, but I have moved location.

It is also a realization that the past is an inseparable part of the present.



A tribute to the wholesale spice market at Pul Bangash, Delhi. Thirty years back, our U-special DTC buses were so tightly packed, they had windows so small - people stuck in the middle of the commuter crowd could never figure out their location.

The only way one could sense the approaching University bus stop was the strong aroma of 'Heeng' (asafoetida) from the masala market, two stops away. Enough time to struggle through the sea of people and get to the exit gate.



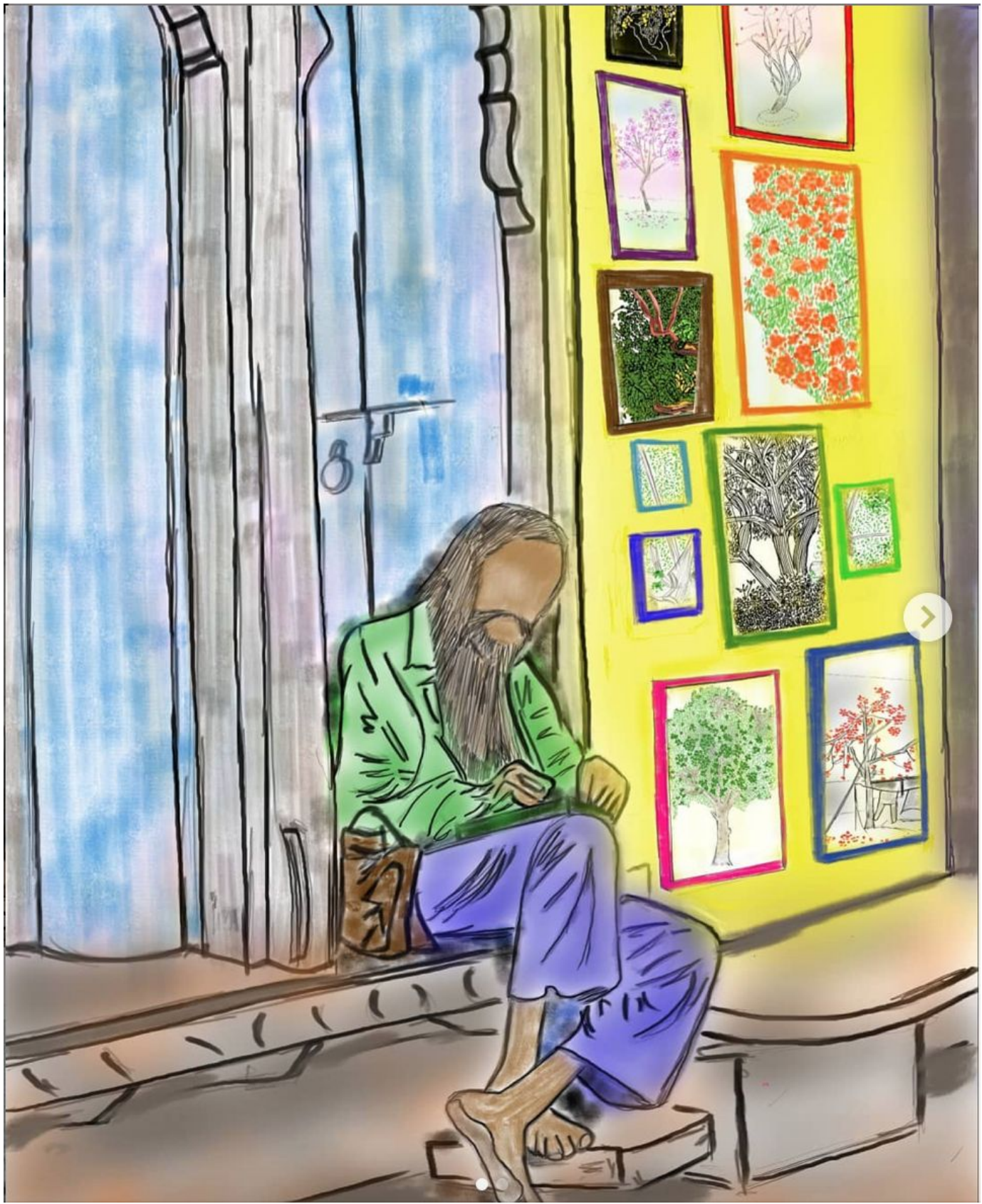
Barber's ghost, waiting



"Marginalia"...a tribute to all those 'circulating libraries' whose books we grew up with. Acrylic on canvas, 2015.



A tribute to the desi Denim tailors of Delhi. In the 1980s, the simplest way to participate and belong to the global culture of rebellion was a bus ride to Mohan Singh Place with one hundred and eighty rupees. One could choose the fabric, the shade of Indigo and the label of choice.



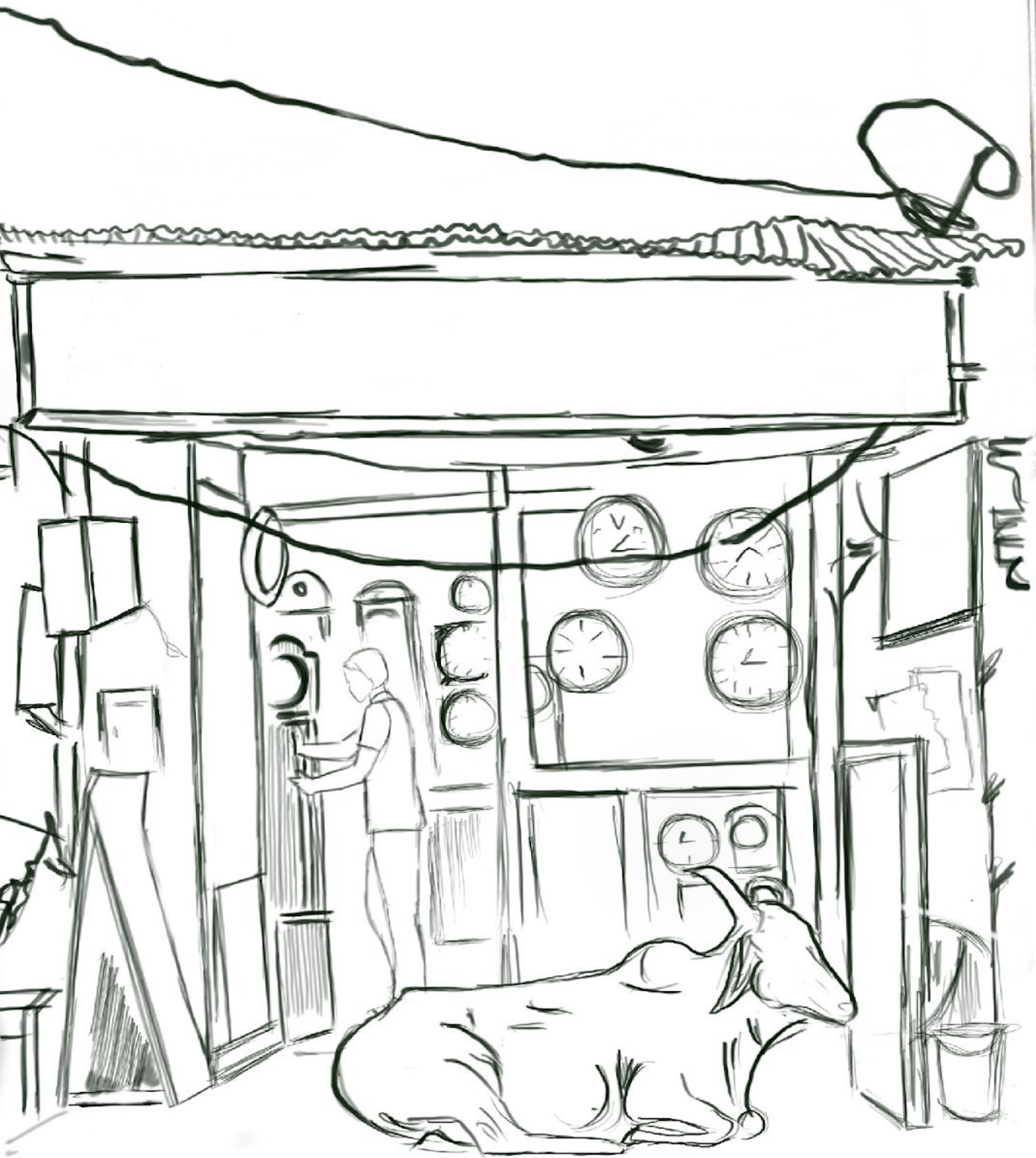
Exile
A space to neither offer, nor receive
To suspend identity
To discover parts of self never touched before
To replenish, heal, create.



When the dark clouds of fear pass, the migrants will return. To help conclude what lies incomplete, unfinished. They will need comfort, they will seek stimulation.

They will need not just shelter, but space. Someone to listen to their woes, to their call for healing. The exchanges in the new normal must be meaningful; for the haves and have-nots are mutually dependent entities.

In what way can I serve, how can I help everyone understand the world of anguish and sorrow? Wish we had a hero, someone to ensure that the system is human.



The world doesn't need timepieces anymore to tell the time. Those repaired clocks have been working all this while, waiting for their claimants. My assumption is erroneous that these clocks stood still.

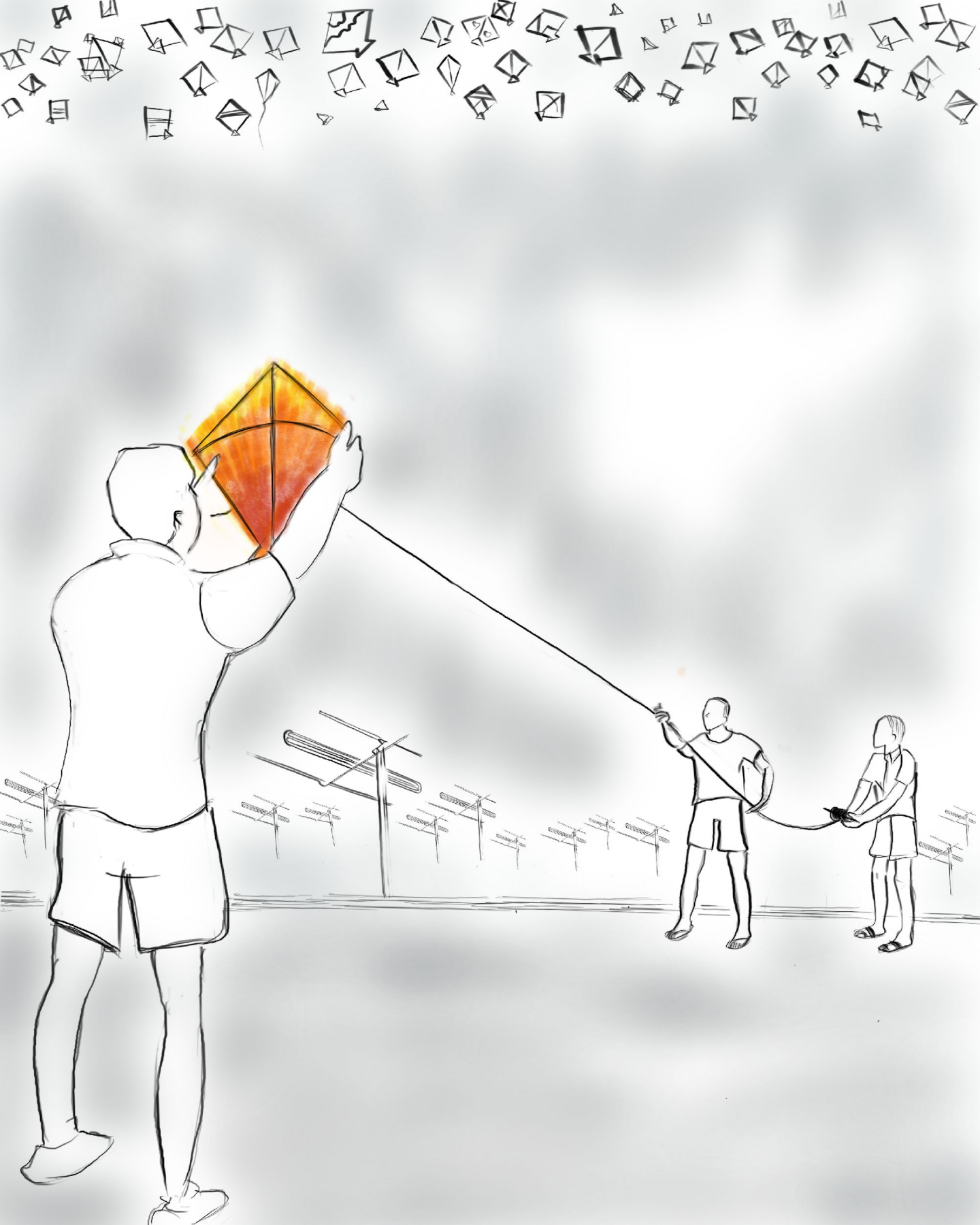


Once an idea, now abandoned.

For years I walked through the bazaar, a corridor of acquisition and aspiration. He stood there, faceless, clad in a new attire each week, signalling, inspiring, provoking and sometimes even mocking me.

A template for how I should look, what should adorn and the armour I must don, to win the battle. Perhaps a family feud got the shop locked. He hasn't changed his ensemble in a few decades now. He stands there now, body chipped in places, his threads in tatters and dust, deserted.

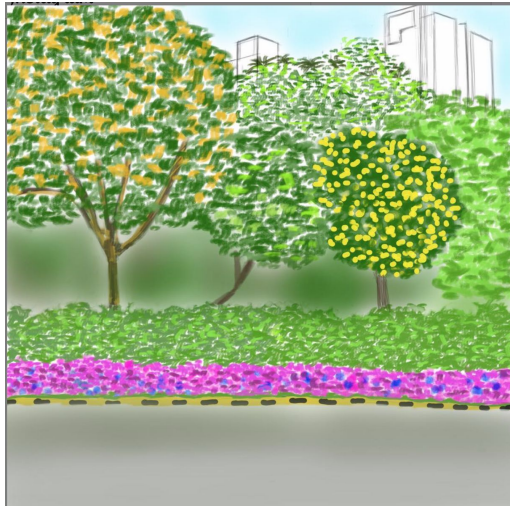
With him I see a departed idea of 'me'!



Climbing the rooftop was forbidden. The sky was unattainable,
they said.
What if you fail to touch the sky? What if your kite couldn't soar that
high?

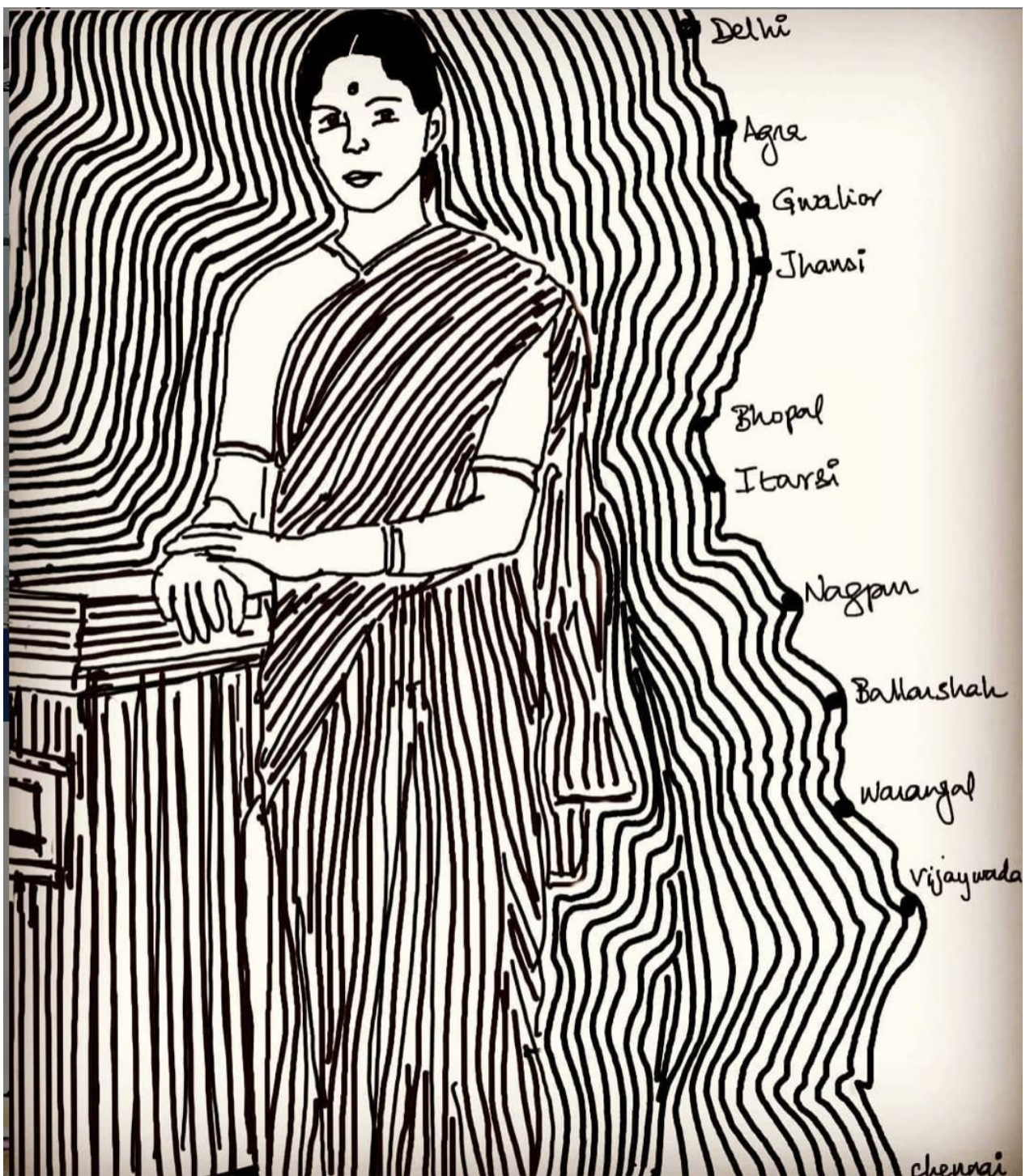
The beckoner pulled me out of the conversation and we escaped to
the top.
He held my fiery dream, there was tension in the string because of
my inner pushes and pulls.

My friend held the spindle, helping me stay aware of how much
rope I had, how much I could push my luck.
My dream, my aspiration was finally in my hands.



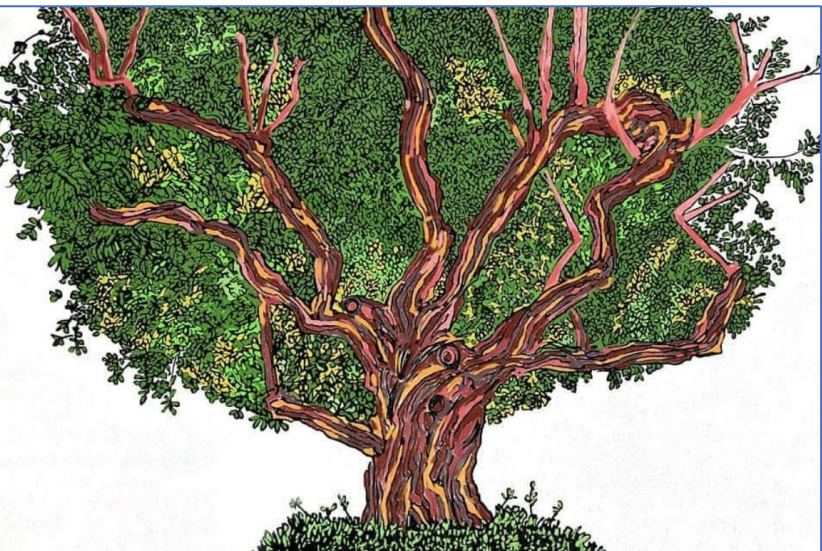
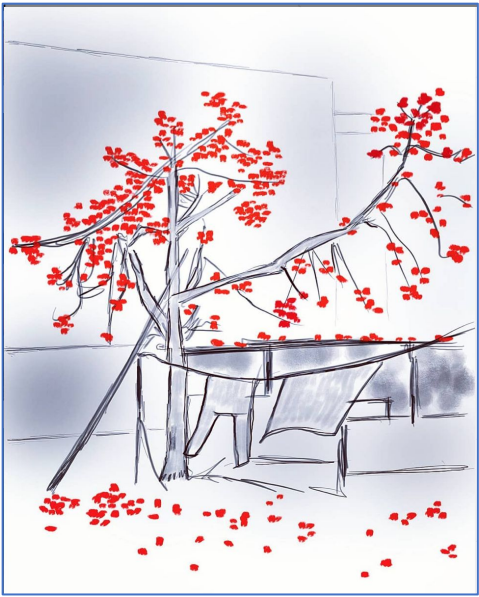
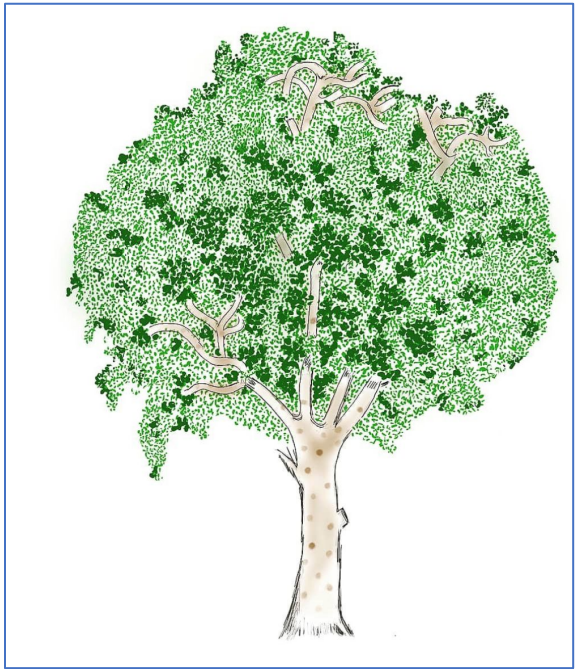


The Guardian's Voice Within "Guard the fortress. Avoid temptation. Be vigilant. Avoid strife. Avoid hurt. Avoid chaos. Watch closely. Study the context."
"Shut up. How will I grow?"



This morning my mother mentioned that Nov 20 is the date she arrived in Delhi 51 years ago, in Grand Trunk Express from Chennai Central to New Delhi. She was lucky, the train ride that was previously upwards of 50 hours had been truncated to 40 earlier that year.

Her first longest travel, spanning two nights and two half days. A sketch of her recent studio portrait clicked in Vellore for matrimonial purposes, merged with the train route map marking her defining journey to a land, language and people unknown.



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