Chapter 3

(a) M.F. Husain’s Art Education and Inspirations. Some important Exhibition, —(National & International, Awards Received by M.F. Husain).

(b) Art themes, A Subject Matter, Style and Techniques of Anjolie Ela Menon’s Work.
Shivaparvati

Noorbibis
To days International famous Artist Maqbool Fida Husain was born in 1915 in the holy city of Pandharapur, Maharashtra, in a community of sulamani Bohras. His childhood and were spent in Indore.

There is a reserve of memories same are blurred, like the death of his own mother and grandfather. Husain mother died when he was one and a half year old and soon he had a young and attractive step mother Husain’s grandfather has been a tin smith, Husain’s father had matriculated and become a clerk. His relatives were artisans.

During his childhood Husain was sent to his maternal grand father who was the head of a religious, sect in the town of Siddhpur in Gujrat, and he was taken in hand or a course of religious instruction.

Here he learnt to read and write fluent under and thereby gained access to the tradition of Urdu poetry. By the time Husain returned from Siddhpur to Baroda, where his studies had continued at the Darul Talaba.¹

"Maqbool Fida, Husain's father was strict and orthodox in raising his children, Husain still remembers, Novels were absolutely banned, as were short stories. He believed that reading romantic and sentimental material would influence teenagers adversely. In fact, in his entire childhood and adolescence,

¹. Islamic Boarding School.
he do not remember reading or hearing a single story. In his house, there was a discipline and an instinctive understanding.

Husain was rummaging libraries for books on poetry, dramd (small shot of spirit) and above all on Art and Artist with his friend favar Husain, student of Christian college.

Sixty years age when few books were published and fewer still were available in a place like Indore, Husain succeeded in finding reproductions of chughtai, Rabanindra Nath Tagore, Nandlal Bose, as well as the English and Flemish masters. While at the boarding school in Baroda he regularly visited the museum which housed are of the best collections of Flemish Painters. Every morning he copied Indian painters, followed by two original works in the oriental style.

As Husain continued to devote more time towards painting and less to his studies his formal schooling come to a grinding halt. He practiced tennis for hours. Now, what he needed the most was his approval for giving up school and plunging into painting, painting alone.

Husain had also accompanied Bendre on many sketching trips. He had watched with a feeling of deep and respect of over powering grandeur fear and respect a we and admiration while Bendre painted his painting. "The Vogabond" His full blooded brush working vigorously an canvases. One day Bendre come to his house and told to his father "He is extraordinary talented. Please let him concentrate on painting."

---

2. Unfinished portrait of Husain by Ila Pal, p. 34.
3. International Famous Artist.
After this nothing can stop Husain to spend more time towards art. In 1950 Husain seemed all together ungroomed for his future role as a celebrity. He scarcely participated in the vehement discussions of his artist friends. Living with his wife Fasila and their several children in a virtual bohra ghetto in the Badarbagh locality of Bombay, He was more or less a conventional householder, a teetotaller, and so devout that he would find a corner to pray his five daily prayers no matter where he happened to be.

Compare this life with his present life style, his gypsy life, his glamorous caprices and one can barely reconcile the two images. The tall gaunt man with his jet black beard, who looked like a very shy maulvi in 1950, evidently had a certain shrewdness, an inbuilt resilience, and a capacity for spontaneous improvisation that one usually associates with a performing art.

"With every success Husain has added more colour to his personality and accelerated the pace office itinerant's foot loose and fanciful life, the life of freedom as he obviously regards it to be. There is no place where Husain now resides for more than a week. He maintains modest apartments in Delhi and Bombay where his family members are stationed. A patron's mansion in Hyderabad serves as a refuge and a private museum of his life's work. "Years ago he rented a room in the Naaz hotel, overlooking the junk shops and slaughter house in the Jama Masjid area of Delhi, where his entertained his fashionable friends and prospective buyers." Now he is more likely to rent a room in a five star hotel, but he will walk out barefoot to a proletarian

---

restaurant to eat Biryani. From one city in India to another, over the years to Geneva. Milan, Paris, London and New York, Husain cut across classes, cultures, and continents with the apparent ease of the jet set and the style of a start.

**Husain's Art Education and Inspiration:**

Husain's Art education, subject as it was to his own and his father's whims, was entirely haphazard (of events accruing by chance or illogically rather than by design, his choice as made in a purely haphazard way). Since he paid scant attention to his studies, he was at me paint taken off the school rolls and apprenticed to a tailor. He was always drawing. "Husain remembers pictures he begged, borrowed at-fore out on the sly from magazines, newspapers and books, at neighbour's places and newspaper stalls. What attracted him the most were faces."

And his father thought he might make a good cutter in a tailor's establishment when at the age of 17, Husain was a gold medal at the annual art show at Indore. The father was persuaded to let him attend evening classes at the college in Indore.

After two years of evening classes Husain become a full time art student for a year where, incidentally, Bendre was then a young teacher. By this time he was already well set to become a painter.

After three years of this training he was ready to go to the J.J. School of Art, in Bombay. He got admission and made his departure, but was called

---

7. Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy School of art in Bombay.
back almost immediately. His father had lost his job during the Depression and
with the family's straitened circumstances, he was needed at home. But
Husain's heart now held fast to the idea of becoming an artist. In 1937 he cut
his ties with family and migrated to Bombay, absolute provincial with hardly a
penny on him and no contact what so ever in the big city.

To begin with he apprenticed himself to a painter of Cinema hordings. He would paint a colossal image of Sohrab Modi⁸ or some other star.

After his adventurous foray as a poster painter he took up a-steady job
with a firm designed and manufactured children's nursery furniture. He did this
job for seven years, until 1947, and earned enough money for his family and
for his paintings.

Soon afterwards he came to know souza and Raza and the other handful
of art students who were to make their mark in the coming years. When souza
initiated the Progressive Artist's Group⁹, he brought in Husain as one of the six
founder members.

Some Important Exhibitions and National International awards received
by M.F. Husain:

Husain's art is truely permeated with this sense of joy and celebration.
The nucleus of Indian civilization has always been the village and Husain's
spring well of motivation has been the folk and the tribal.

In 1948, Husain exhibited five of his paintings at the Bombay Art
Society's annual show, which have a great response. In 1950, at the age of 35,

⁸ Famous Films Star.
⁹ Souza and Raza got tighter and formed the PAC Group.
he held in Bombay his first one man show in the B.A.S. Salon\textsuperscript{10} though it was a late start, but Husain was the new hope the new genius whose powerfully insistent expression was compiling everyone's attention. Certainly Schlesinger\textsuperscript{11}, brought his paintings for a 50 or a 100 rupees would never have anticipated that his protege would so soon become a national celebrity. By 1955 Husain rocketed to a crucial eminence in the Indian Art scene.

After that, Husain next' one man show at the Foreign Language Institute in Delhi evoked a better response. Among the Visitors was Dr. Zakir Husain, then the Vice-Chancellor of A.M.U. Aligarh.

In 1954, Husain was nominated Eminent Artist Member of the Lalit Kala Academy, which organized the First national Exhibition a year later, In 1955, he got his first national award for his huge painting 'Zameen'\textsuperscript{12}. Now Husain had rocketed to a crucial eminence in the Indian Art scene. When he got his first national award he has been honoured by the Indian government with the Padam Shri, and then in 1973, the Padam Bhushan Since his first trip to Europe in 1953 he has travelled extensively and hold exhibitions all around the globe from Japan to Canada from Brazil to Hongkong from Mascow to New York, and in between practically all the important countries in Europe. He exhibited in the Venice Piennale for the first time in 1955, won an award at the Tokyo Biennale in 1959, and was invited to held a one-man show at the Sao Paulo Biennale in 1971.

\textsuperscript{10} Bombay Art Society.
\textsuperscript{11} Husain's First Loyal Patron.
\textsuperscript{12} "Zameen" Painted in 1955.
In 1967, Harry Abrams\textsuperscript{13}, from New York brought out a book as Husain. Profusely illustrated with colour and black and white reproductions of Husain's paintings this was the first such book on an Indian painter. His successes in not limited to painting, same year he won the Golden Bear at the International Film Festival at Berlin for his documentary in 1967 he made his first films 'Through the eyes of a painter.' The scale of his success is now truly International.

Husain's interest in cinema has been with him since childhood. He says, I wanted to be a film-maker. When in Indore my father used to let me go only twice a year of films but I was so crazy about cinema. I joined an evening class for painting only because I could go to the cinema. Even in those days I used to see the structure of the images, I was a great fan of John Ford and Frank Capra.\textsuperscript{14}"

And in 1969, Gallery Chemould help a major retrospective of Husain's work at the Jhangir Art Gallery\textsuperscript{15}. And It was a significant show. After this Husain was invited to exhibit along with Pablo picasso as a special Invitee to the Sao Paulo Biennale. There Husain display his Mahabharat series.

The first time when Husain sold his painting in 1934, he got Rs.10 for each. In 1957, when he came to Bombay he painted his portraits for Rs.20.

At his one man show in 1950, his works were priced in the Rs.50 200 range. By 1955, with growing recognition, his paintings had reached the Rs.800 mark.

\textsuperscript{13} A well known publisher of New York.
\textsuperscript{14} Unfinished portrait of M.F. Husain by Ila Pal.
\textsuperscript{15} Jamini Roy also came to Jahangir art Gallery to see the exhibition.
In 1959. The award at the Tokyo Biennale boosted the price of a Husain to Rs.1200- remaining steady for a decade.

In 1971, after he was invited to participate in the Sao Paulo Biennale along with Picasso, he really entered the high price bracket. Hindustan Lever paid him Rs.30,000 for a 60" X 48" canvas.

M. F. Husain was a special invitee along with Pablo Picasso at the Sao Paulo Biennial in 1971 He has been awarded the Padma Bhushan in 1973 and was nominated to the Rajya Sabha in 1986. He was awarded the Padma Vibhushan in 1991.

1990-Present

Husain went on to become the highest paid painter in India. His single canvases have fetched up to $2 million at a recent Christie's auction.

He has also worked (produced & directed) on few movies, including Gaja Gamini (with his muse Madhuri Dixit who was the subject of a series of his paintings which he signed Fida). The film was intended as a tribute to Ms. Dixit herself In this film she can be seen portraying various forms and manifestations of womanhood including the muse of Kalidasa, the Mona Lisa, a rebel, and musical euphoria. He went on to make Meenaxi: A Tale of Three Cities (with Tabu). His autobiography is being made into a movie tentatively titled "The Making of the Painter.", starring Shreyas Talpade as the young Husain.

The Peabody Essex Museum (PEM) (USA, Massachusetts) showed a solo exhibition from 4 November 2006 to 3 June 2007. It exhibited Husain's paintings inspired by the Hindu epic, Mahabharata.
At the age of 92 Husain was to be given the prestigious Raja Ravi Varma award by the government of Kerala.
Title: Unsuccessful
ART THEMES, SUBJECT MATTER, STYLE AND TECHNIQUES WORK OF ANJOLIE ELA MENON'S

Anjolie had now emerged from the shadowy, moody water-colours and the soft Madonna like figures of the mid 1960's that appeared almost to be bathed in blood, toward the end of the 1960s beginning with the Russian exhibition. Anjolie started to use blue great effect. She abandoned the opaque blues of her early work, as in Portrait, so moved to translucent layers of ultramarine and Prussian blue.

Those colour were applied sometimes in a dense manner so at others rubbed to reveal the under white so create contrasts of light and shade, an almost monochromatic handling that revealed Anjolie's intense intuition with colour. The resulting blue haze was often accentuated by opaque Fruit or ornament in bright primary colours, the thread retained in the kite or toy of a later period. The pale, pensive nudes of the early 1970s, by their very coloration or lack of it, exuded a kind of innocence, and purity that; were almost a denial of sexuality. The skin was ethereally white, sometimes bathed in a blue light, different from the earthy nudes of the early year's or those of the late 1970's from the Kamatipura series which became far more sexual so bold. These bleached asexual ivory nudes were often seated on green benches; the suggestion of a distant horizon stretching out to wilderness or sea heightens the sense of mystery so desertion that soon become a hallmark of her style. As a kind of counter point, the benign mother and child compositions over lapped her own experience of motherhood, Anjolie insist that her rate as mother and wife are integral to her growth as an artist.
The predicament of the Indian Women? Only in as much as it reflects on me and she says that I am an Indian woman sometimes I think I am only crypto. Indian and having had the best opportunities - freedom, and indeed, success - I cannot present to identify with the typical Indian woman, especially one who is seen as oppressed or exploited. She says that my world is far more immediate - many of the women I paint are my sisters and aunts, close friends, people who have worked with us, brought us up. There are women whom I respect and have great sympathy for. Then surely, as one grows older one moves from narcissism to nostalgia. I am hardly concerned with events, though I like to lay my people bare - I like to bare them a bit beyond what is decent, sometimes, ripping' open a chest to reveal the heart beating, within. Of course, there are many who have identified with the women I paint especially these who are trapped or sitting along on a chair, or these innocent ones with a newly awakened sensuality, so those who are waiting.

The figures were once again clothed, but in a grab that no one had ever seen before - beggar women in discarded riches cast off by princesses, revealing a full breast or slender thing/ the borders of their vestments winding repent like around nubile bodies. The Freudian under thones are waiting to be interpreted from forgotten sepia photographs, leaving a great deal unspoken and unarticulated even in the furthest reaches of the mind. The lizards and crows that attended them like faithful mascots, mute witnesses to a pitiless human predicament, were often reminiscence. The empty chair
became a powerful manifestation of her mourning. The next phase of my work is full of children, but mainly small boys, with kites flying in the distance or boats on a remote shore. New, for the first time the subjects were visibly Indian.

The broned out of any subjects. This is hard to answer, earlier work was far more autobiographical or subjective and the manifestations of this introspection offer stopped short of 'revelation, keeping the final secrets unrevealed, behind hooded eyes, later figurative work as interpretative impressions, where subjects a little more objectively, particularly with portraits. Later work the eyes begin to open or reveal something, being consciously secretive earlier on. When I view my subjects now it is far easier to be open, to respond to the brilliant colour and light that is ubiquitous it one lives in this country.

I always had a theory that colours are born from the bleak wastes of the desert. I think of Rajasthan or of Ladakh, or the driest parts of Marathwaha and Andhra, This also seems to be true of my work when I look back on it. It was in my moments of greatest despair that the hooded eyes of my subjects opened to let in the light and vivid colours invaded my canvases totally against my better judgment. I think in colour and point lines in reverse. Colour is everything. Its depth or density, translucence or opacity from the nuances of one's whole creative output it with colour that one sings with colour that one plummets to the depths of sorrow and pain. When I dream I see colour, some of it obliterated, some overlaid with yet more
pigment, causing harmonies, discords, syncopation. Slowly, it gets peopled, the emerging still defined by colour as recognition dawns.

The crow? mid 1970s my sole companion during the long days of painting alone in my flat was a crow. He was my regular, he grew friendlier each day till he stepped in to the picture, insinuating himself in to bed nearly every frame during that period. As a child I'd lie in bed fascinated by the dance of house lizard, on the ceiling of our cantonment home. These lizards, too, often appear unexpectedly in some corner ultimately, the crow Is one of the most human of creatures, became a short of alter ego, an observer demanding to be let in and he has been there ever since, though with diminishing frequency.

In the early 1990s Anjolie introduced two new elements in to her paintings. The serpent, which had appeared only insidiously in the past, enters many works as a strong presence. She also began to embroider the bared bodies of Sadhu - like figures with the two elements? Fine stigmata of ritual tattoos, often using this essentially Hindu device to chant a compelling visual litany of both Ram and Rahim, no doubt reacting to the prevailing religious turbulence in India over emotive issues such as the Mandir and Masjid. We also note that for the first time Anjolie reacts to the symbolism of Hindu iconography.

WINDOWS TO A PAINTERS SOUL (AN ARTISTS JOURNEY)
In her new exhibition, Anjolie Menon goes back to her celebrated oils – But there are differences of nuance and imagery:

Daughter of an army officer, wife of a naval officer, Anjolie Ela
Menon could have spent a lifetime in doing voluntary social work, like other women of defence families. Instead, she chose to express her dreams through her paintings. After a decade or so at lively experiments with different mediums and material, the artist is turning full circle. At an exhibition to be mounted by Vadehra Art Gallery at Shridharam Gallery, Delhi (February 20 to March 2) Menon brings for her devoted fan club, a collection of oils on masonite, the earliest medium she used, which established her Signature in the gallery circuit.

A collector's delight, Menon's familiar cast of sad-faced men and women her depiction of bare-bosomed women, her references to Christian mythology, are once again on view. Is this then a process of looking back? "No one cannot retrace one's steps completely," she says. There are subtle changes in imagery. In a painting called Ancestor, the figure appears almost like a phantom through which the landscape can be glimpsed.

At the same time, there is supposed to be a preview of her glass sculptures, done over the last two years at Murano. Menon, like many other women the world over, lives and works at many levels.

She is wife, mother, doting grand mother. She is a good friend, fond of an active social life. At the same time, she is a socially responsible citizen. But in the final count, she likes to be.

"Alone with the black board" before her. She guards the privacy of her studio fiercely, to the point of rejecting even a telephone connection. In the past, several roles were simultaneously played out as she painted from
home.

She remarks, "I lead an extremely peoples life and an steeped in
the complex rituals of Indian family life. In the midst of this pandemonium, I
live alone I paint."

The urge to paint came very early in life. Early in her teens, self-
expression through paint became a compulsion, after the sudden death of her
mother. She never overcame the deep sense of loss and sought to
compensate the absence through her paintings. The mother and child became
a recurrent image. In the pursuit of her art, Menon began to done her visual
language. Picking up techniques with great ease. She studied Fresco at the
Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris between 1960 and 1962. The closest she got to
painting a Fresco was a mock one she did for the Taj Hotel, Delhi, in 1978.

The same year she started painting her well-known windows. The
series, extremely popular with collectors, marked the first step to wards
using, three dimensional objects as surfaces for painting. Running short
canvas, she found a discarded window frame in the garage, spruced it up and
painted on it. What was basically an act of house wifely thrift became a hit. By
the eighties, Menon's style acquired a recognizable stamp. It was clear that her
stay, in Russia and her exposure to the brooding melancholy of the famed
Russian icons had coloured her vision. She also says that she has a melancholic
personality which she credits as being a "Bengali trait".

Her paintings glow with a rich luminosity of colours. She says, "I
am besotted with colours. Even now I am always discovering new ones."
The Nineties brought a period of intense experimentation. A new note of wit and irony emerged off her images. She began with painted objects - junk furniture and such. Here again there were new takes on icons from popular culture - Rajanikant and Hrithik Roshan engaged viewers from chair backs.

Then followed spell of computer art which she did in her son's home at New York. In 1996, Menon changed course and did a series called Gods and others, she used elements of calendar art and kitsch from street culture. As she says, "We artists have always considered over selves on a pedestal creating our own hierarchies. I wanted to engage with the visual matrix of our times. We can't turn our backs on its."

Menon also did a spate of nonfigurative work inspired by Buddhist metaphors in the mid-Nineties. But the final fling was her collaboration with the Murano glass works. She has created for them phallic symbols of Shivalinga and other semiabstract forms of her experience at the glass works, she writes, "In the furnaces the lava of flowing glass is sensuously beautiful, the jewel-like house so gorgeous that it is difficult to restrain one self.

The elegance of her prose is a refreshing discovery-Does she write? Yes, in the inviolate privacy of her studio, besides painting, she also writes. She writes about her painting, she also writes art and food. For an artist who revels in sensuousness, this is not surprising. Menon has a reputation of being a fine cook. She gives her father's example as an inspiration. On weekends and holidays, she would buy fish from the market and cook up a
storm with Bengali fish Menon says with a touch of petulance. I have always been ahead of the times with my experiments but none of the critics have given me credit for it. Nevertheless, she has gone ahead. The act of journey is important to me and it gets reflected in my bark.

Just recently she went off with her daughter-in-law to Aihole, Badami in Karnataka. She says, I like being a traveler rather than a tourist. Her own journey is proof enough.
Anjolie's New Collection of Glass Art

It is not precision but emotions. Passions and spirituality that mark the art of Anjolie Ela Menon. This time she is not in the news for her canvasses. Once again she has managed to surprise art circles by doing something out of the ordinary creating glass sculptures and painting them. Anjole Ela Menon's new collection of Murano glass sculptures of Lingams, Ganeshas and Balagopals has received rave reviews in London, San Francisco, Mumbai and Delhi.

In true karmayogi style she works ceaselessly without caring for results. Age sits lightly on her as India's greatest living woman painter goes about her work with precision and energy. Her stunning collection titled "The Sacred Prism" is on Murano glass from Italy. The idea of working on this concept struck the artist when an art lover asked her to sketch on glasswork. "I told her that do sketches only if I make these glass sculptures myself," says Anjolie. This was the beginning of Anjolie's journey into another form of art. She went to Murano, a small town near Venice, and started working with the craftsmen who are more commonly known as the Maestri of Murano and are considered the present-day custodians of the renowned Italian glass art. Here she collaborated with Antonio Da Ros, looked upon as the most important artist of Murano glass.

Anjolie's collection, comprising glass sculptures depicting lingams, Ganeshas, Balagopals, Baby Jesus, Lord Buddha and Madonna & child, has been mostly created in collaboration with Antonio Da Ros, the master himself. "Initially he did not understand the meaning of Lingam and why it is revered by Hindus, But
he was quick to grasp the significance of Lord Ganesha and Balagopal," says Anjolie.

The technique applied was fairly straightforward, Anjolie would do fibre glass models of the Ganeshas and Lingams, then take them down to the furnace where, in her own words, "Burly glassblowers stripped to their vests to withstand the terrible heat would juggle the molten glass with consummate ease they followed my fibre glass models with great accuracy."

What emerged from these two and a naïf years of intense labour of love have been 80 works of art mostly symbolizing traditional forms of Indian Iconography. Writes Anjolie about the process, "The flowing glass lava is sensuously beautiful, the jewel-like hues so gorgeous that it is very hard to exercise restraint, to limit each piece to the pre-chosen colours, not to go recklessly overboard."

If it was an experience working with Antonio Da Ros, the master himself says it was extremely stimulating working with Anjolie. Says he, "I shall always cherish the creative process I shared with Anjolie. She possesses, apart from her tremendous talent, a humility and purity of intent that I could relate with. I am deeply thankful for this project which allowed me to explore further the spirituality in arts and the art in prayers."

Expectedly, the results of the collaboration have been stunning. The exhibition has been taken around to London, San Francisco, the National Art Gallery of Mumbai and the Italian Cultural Centre, Delhi. It has received rave reviews wherever it has been put up.
Despite being a wife and a mother Anjolie has crossed her paths and fulfilled her professional and personal obligations. She reveals, “I have to be driven to do something, I must admit, that I have been really driven to paint, in fact it is the only thing that I am driven to do.”

Driven, she certainly has been. After a brief spell at the J.J. School of Art in Mumbai, she did a degree in English literature. She held her first solo exhibition when she was just 18. “Work metamorphoses slowly. There are no-quantum jumps as such. No sudden successes just small milestones at a time,” says Anjolie whose works were exhibited at the fifty years celebration of Indian art at the National Gallery of Modern Art (NGMA).

Anjolie has always believed in keeping in focus. “I remember that first exhibition very fondly. But I also realise that when one is young, one is very arrogant. I had put up all of my 53 paintings in that exhibition. Today I wouldn't dream of putting up more than 20 pieces, and I'd be very selective.” Despite that, her exhibition was immensely popular.

Born in 1940, Anjolie won a French Government scholarship in 1961 to study at the Ecole Nationale Superieur Des Beaux Arts in Paris. Before returning home, she traveled extensively in Europe and West Asia, studying Romanesque and Byzantine art. Due to her husband's career in the navy, she has also traveled extensively with him.

In the course of her career she has held over 40 solo shows, culminating in a retrospective exhibition, in 1988. She has also participated in several international group shows too. A well-known muralist, she has represented
India at the Biennials of Algiers and San Paolo.

The intense artist reveals that when she is preparing for an exhibition, she can paint for up to 15 hours a day. A punishing schedule for even a person half her age. But for her, it is a part of her creative life. She has been invited by the British Council, the US State Department and the French Ministry of Culture to confer with leading artists in those countries. She is also a trustee of the Indira Gandhi National Centre for the Arts.

"All I can say is that an artist needs to have a vision. My vision is still evolving for the last 48 years since I started to paint. Other than that things have happened as happy accidents with me, "says Anjolie. She narrates one such incident that now it resulted her now famous Painted Objects Exhibition. Once an idea struck her but she had no canvas to paint on so she grabbed a wooden chair and did a sketch of actor Rajnikanth. The Chennai-based Apparao Galleries was so impressed by it that it commissioned more such works. The result was an exhibition of 45 exquisite objects.

Experimentation is a byword with Anjolie. Sometime back she mounted an exhibition titled Mutations in Mumbai and New York, which was a computerized representation of her work in the fifties, sixties and seventies decades.

"No artist should be fatalistic enough to get attached to his or her work. At least I like to move on and expand my horizons. I draw inspiration from a great artist like Picasso who did memorable work in diverse fields of art. I always ask young artists to evolve their own creativity, not to be in a hurry of achieving success and be
persistent."

She feels the younger artists are in a great hurry. They don’t wait to define medium of their own or find a style for themselves. “Youngsters who have just come out of college are already asking for and charging exorbitant sums for their work. I don’t think any of us ever thought of money until really started to happen to us despite ourselves.”