

# Mudita's ideas blossom into artistic sculptures

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SHE COMES straight from the tiny asteroid B-612 from where the Little Prince hails. For those not acquainted with Mudita Bhandari's recent works, Little Prince is a small yet wide reaching literary piece by Antoine de Saint-Exupery.

It is about a very small heavenly body, so small that its only inhabitant, the Prince, when he walks up to the horizon, barely a few feet away, he has

already traversed half the circumference of the asteroid. It has three small volcanoes - one friendly and dormant, the other two active but only to the extent that one serves as a cooking stove and the other to-keep warm. The point here is not to ponder where Mudita would find a place among giant Baobab trees, elephants stacked upon one another, a solitary flower and the native wild life of three caterpillars, crowding the minuscule asteroid. However, her imports of

Exupery's imagination in her sculptures at once remind one of Little Prince's untainted childlike fantasies.

Mudita's works go on display in Mumbai from September 20 at the Rula House gallery. Delicate and painstakingly put together they manifest sentiments subtle and young at heart - her nostalgia for Shanti Niketan where she studied sculpture, pedal pushing through mental wilderness, relationships cherished over the years. She still carries her obsession for the moon and stars from her earlier works, albeit in a form that is more refined. She even uses an image of the crescent moon produced by an external light source which definitely lends a touch of the mystic in one; crisscrossing of foot prints create a feeling of an earnest search in another. Clouds naturally follow the moon. They find use in obliterating strangling skies, and interestingly enough a surface to ride bicycles. The simple two-wheel machine transports her effectively in not so distant past to share certain mellowed memories. Interpretations may sound weighty but visually the works are exuberant and charming. The emotions indicated by nomenclature of works range from freedom to suffocation, is perhaps a reflection on her journey from pristine environs of a gurukul to a metro.

'Connecting Doors' indicate her willingness to strike a rapport with a place, which has 'Nowhere to Walk'. However, the same lot also contains 'Jubilance' enough to sum up her sojourn in Indore as a happy one, and the spirit of her exhibition is upbeat. Viewers with conditioned taste may feel her muses outlandish but given the spurt in youthful activities in town she is going to create a completely new circle of admirers, certainly larger than the asteroid she comes from.



PHOTO/HT

Artiste Mudita Bhandari with her sculpture.