

would amount to depicting surface-level politics. What I want to allude to is the knowledge and ideologies that are being invested in the escapades of the multinational companies. That is why I deliberately strike at the centre of knowledge and try to find an alternative to the usual alternative way of thinking," Ronny throws light on his own logic behind his freakish creations. As he prefers to raise questions about how reality and its interpretations are being thoroughly manipulated by the people at the helm, he avoids making straightforward political comments through his works. It is because of this very reason that he chooses to express himself in sharply absurdist terms.

Ronny calls his recent show, "Tales of Pseudo Myth" and in it he brings together a flurry of images, both small and big, that cross the boundary of rationality to bring to the fore the anarchy that rules over international politics as well as the private domain of the individual.

Nothing is sacred in Ronni's world. All characters and their actions tellingly transcribe an exhaustively dehumanised condition that has been prevalent for very long, or so it seems after surveying most of the images. The epic dimension that the artist is able to defuse in all his pseudo myths makes viewing engaging. The huge canvas of the "Meeting of the Multinational," or the medium sized "The Man Who Can Celebrate His Own Death According to the Lemon Clock," are such overpeopled and chaotic images. They are also the testimony of the futility of the technological advancement, which seems like a hoax to the artist. These are expressive canvases, where the mutants are married to devices born out of strange science.

As far as his ability to probe deep into the unconsciousness is concerned, Ronni resorts to minimisation of elements. However his linguistic note remains as high-strung

are connected with a cord, or in "Funeral of a Perfect Infant who Never Wrote a Letter to Plato," he is abstruse but highly enjoyable.

His take on human condition too has an absurdist tilt. In "Three Exclusive Specialist Discussing Absolutely Nothing" three monolithic structures topped with human heads come together to discuss nothing. Paintings of similar strain abound this show. A poignant take on absurdist theme is the work titled "The Largest Stone Had an Intimate Pet", where a strange animal with its tentacle upped stands resolutely beside a black stub of a stone. With these kind of works the artist simply challenges our ability to react in a rational manner while vis-a-vis an irrational going on.

To design the show called "Tales of Pseudo Myth", other than displaying works that were done on canvases with acrylic and a plethora of charcoal drawings on papers, Ronni brought together a number of sculptures. They compliment his prominent motifs on the two dimensional surfaces. In fact the most ingenious sculptural motifs were those that the artist concocted by altering the indigenous "da", "curani" and "sarta" into mutants, the former is the traditional kitchen cutter and the latter are used in procuring coconut shavings and cutting the betel nut respectively.

"Tales of Pseudo Myth" does what the artist intends to do, to leave the uninitiated perplexed and the initiated with a strong sense of joy. The sheer power of creativity of this thirty-plus artist has overshadowed whatever borrowing that has enriched his vocabulary. If Max Ernst or Salvador Dali, the two major exponents of European surrealism, provided him with a springboard for his forays of last ten years, it is also true that Ronni has built on the principles of surrealism by annexing a new world to



The Supernatural Family Showing Respect to their Natural Neighbour, charcoal on paper



First Supper in the Garden of Mushroom, the Night Before the Next World War, acrylic on canvas

as it is intellectually loaded in many a complex visual proposition. In this particular show, through many a charcoal drawing, the artist takes swipes into the unimaginable and incomprehensible. "The Supernatural Family Showing Respect to their Natural Neighbour," where circular heads

the old one, a world that is undoubtedly his own. In this show he has even devised a script, which no one would be able to read, but which strives to provide a means (only on the conceptual level) to narrate the goings on of his strange world.