



object of art

Writer makes objects not meaning. His material is the only substance between us and him; his form, only a pause; his colour, the remains of change; his size, only contrast, and we have only ourselves to find proportion.

Like the patina of raindrops that stain Rodin's bronze, we find time vitrified in Writer's objects — having acted upon clay, presenting proof than pretty. They look old. Their gnarled bodies are heavily marked; having secret places of clotted residue — as if carrying some stolen legacy, bleeding away ceaselessly before our eyes.

I might have found Adil Writer's hidden subject, this 'time'. Like a harlequin trickster, he treats time as if it were a sprinkle of ground sugar on crème Brûlée. As it settles, time acts for Writer through memory, an aftertaste — memory that makes up the identity of his architecture. He presents us with one odd creature after another — old souls, at once playful and profound; incidental and infuriating in their silence. He steals a moment and holds it captive in physical form. Sometimes, I feel like letting one drop to the floor, if only to see what might be released from it breaking.

As if to confound us, Writer is constantly scratching his surfaces with what might appear to be clues in our chase for meaning. You soon develop a suspicion though that it's likely to lead you nowhere; that it's some momentary response to the object shifting states in its elemental business.

... I wanted to write about it all. Everything that happens in a moment. The way the flowers looked when you carried them in your arms. This towel, how it smells, how it feels, this thread. All our feelings, yours and mine. The history of it, who we once were. Everything in the world. Everything all mixed up, like it's all mixed up now. We want everything, don't we?
— Richard Brown in *The Hours* by Michael Cunningham

The complex map of gritty colour and texture, its dips and deposits, is only worth the imagination of the many parallel states in which they might exist. Writer's objects, his 'paintings' are the picture of possibility, rather akin to Writer's own road from architecture to ceramics

For most of its history, architecture sought to resist time, to tell stories that transcend its gravity, using materials that would hold up against the ravages of history. Writer, now leaves time be, in his objects. In the touch of its contour and crevice, resides it's voice — epic tales held within little details.

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