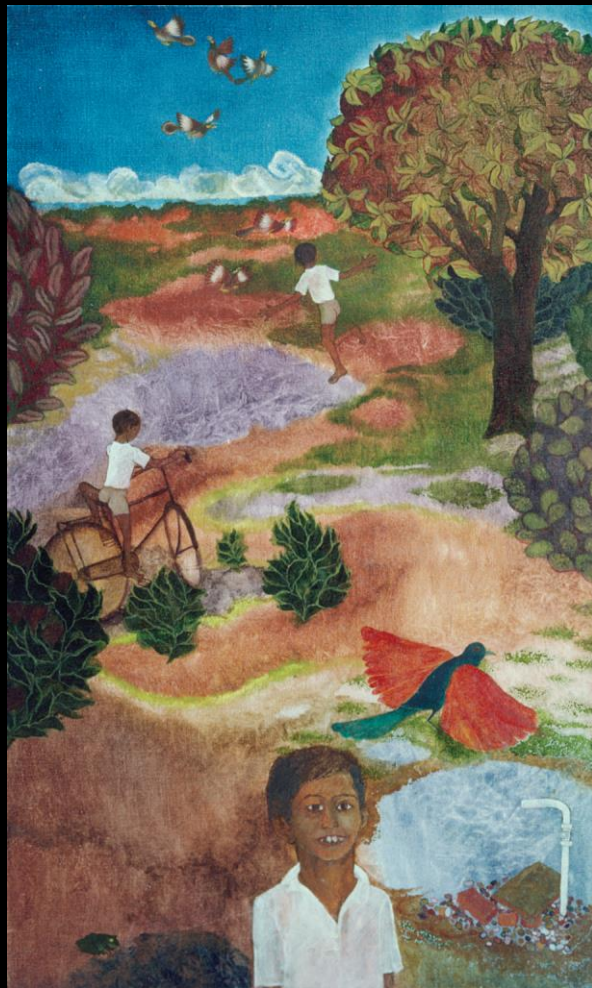
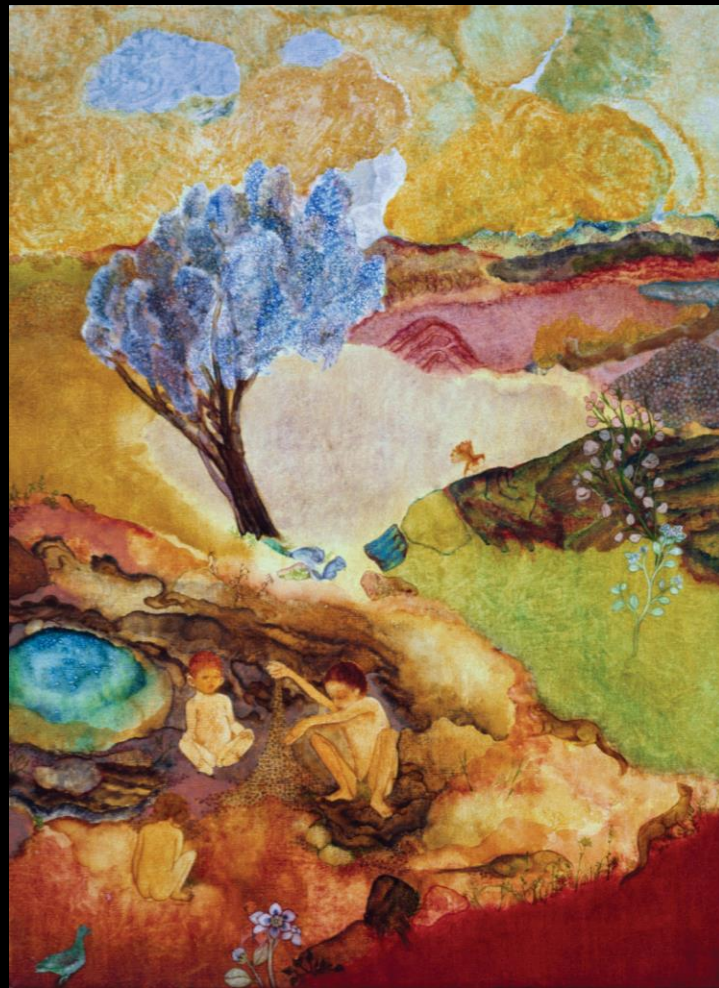


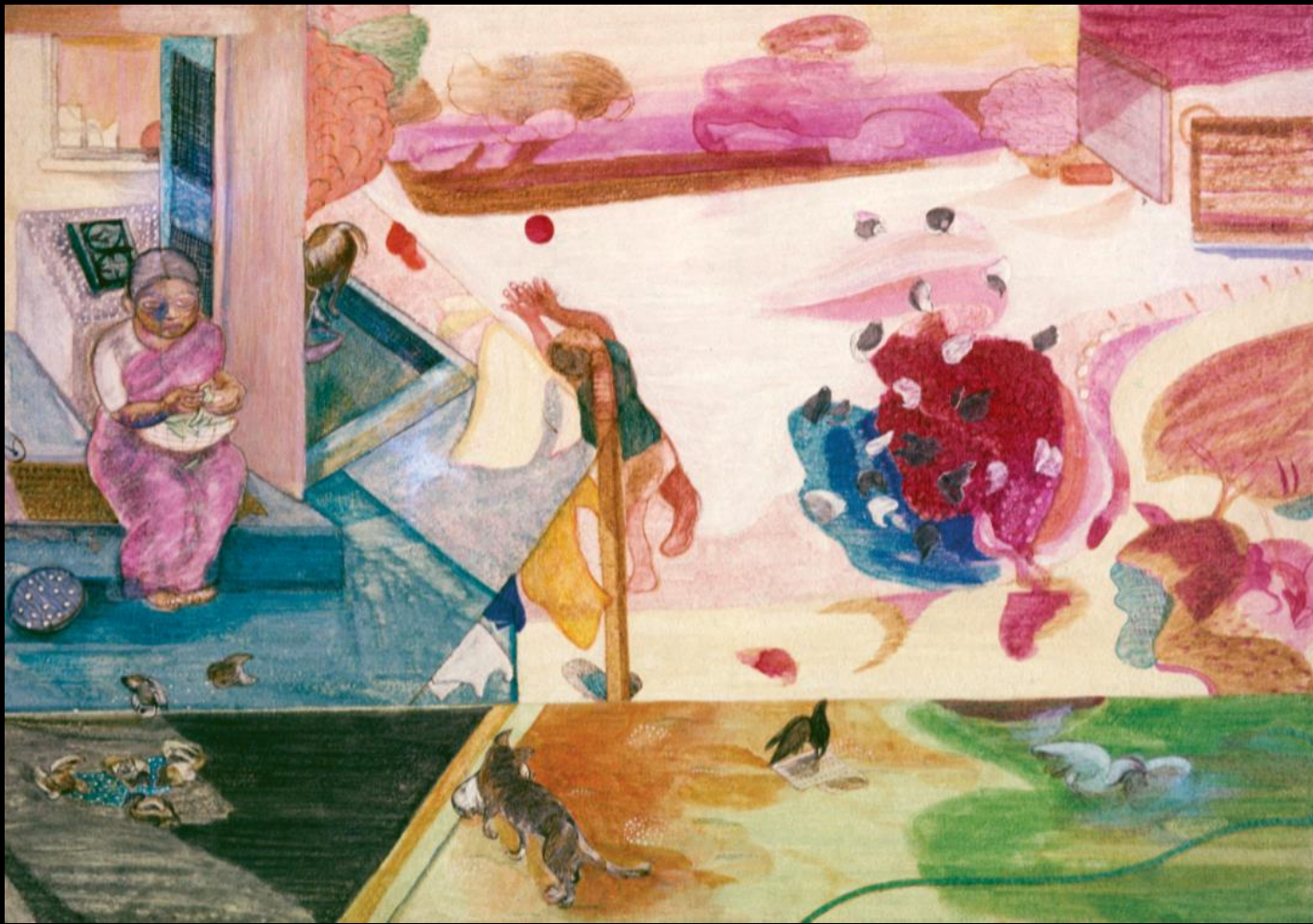
Selected Works: **Nilima Sheikh**



Ajay, 76 x 46 cm, oil on canvas, 1976



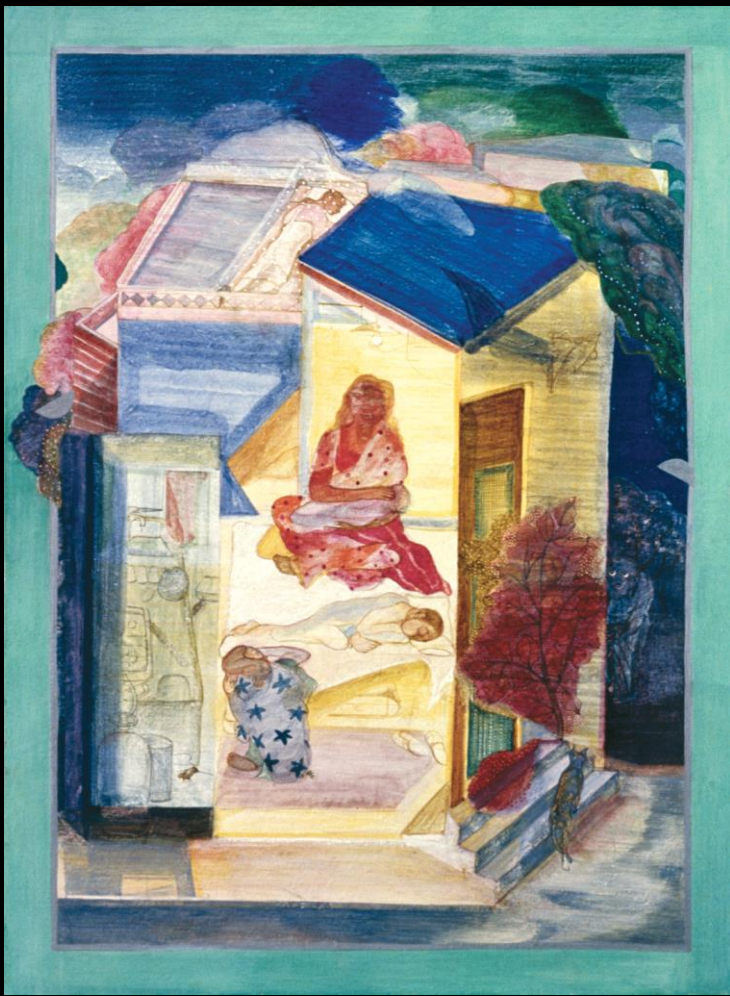
Children Playing, 61 x 46 cm, oil on canvas, 1978



Midday, 22 x 30 cm, gum tempera on vasli paper, 1982



While Reading, 60 x 90 cm, oil on cambric, 1982



Wakeful Night 1, 60 x 47.5 cm, gum tempera on vasli paper, 1986



When Champa Grew up 1, 2 (set of 12), 30.5 x 40.5 cm each, gum tempera on vasli paper, 1984



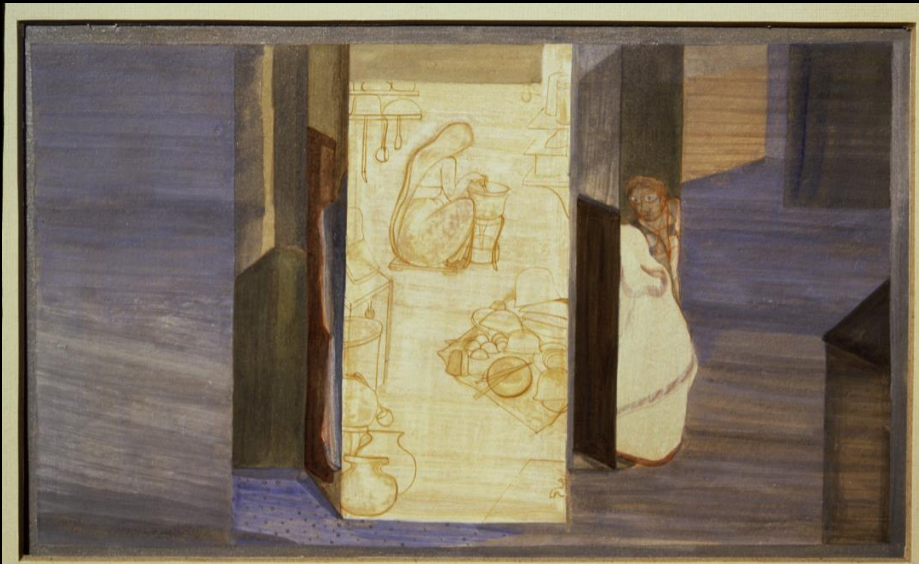
When Champa Grew up 3, 4



When Champa Grew up 5, 6



When Champa Grew up 7, 8

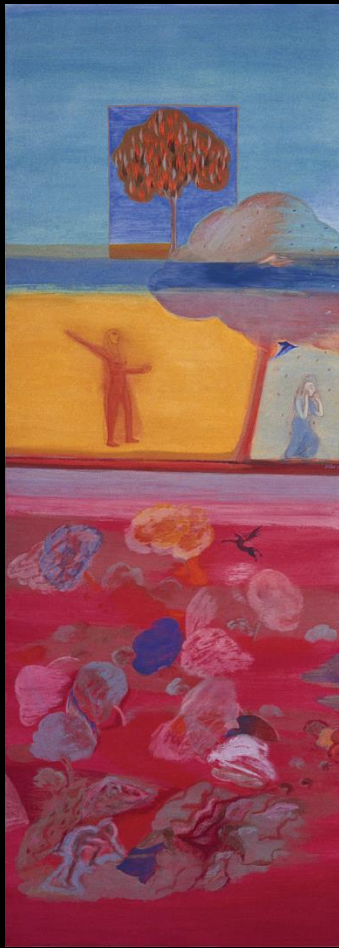




When Champa Grew up 11, 12



Bhadon 1



Enactment



Beloved

Song water Air Series, 183 x 66 cm, gum tempera on cloth, 1992 - 1993



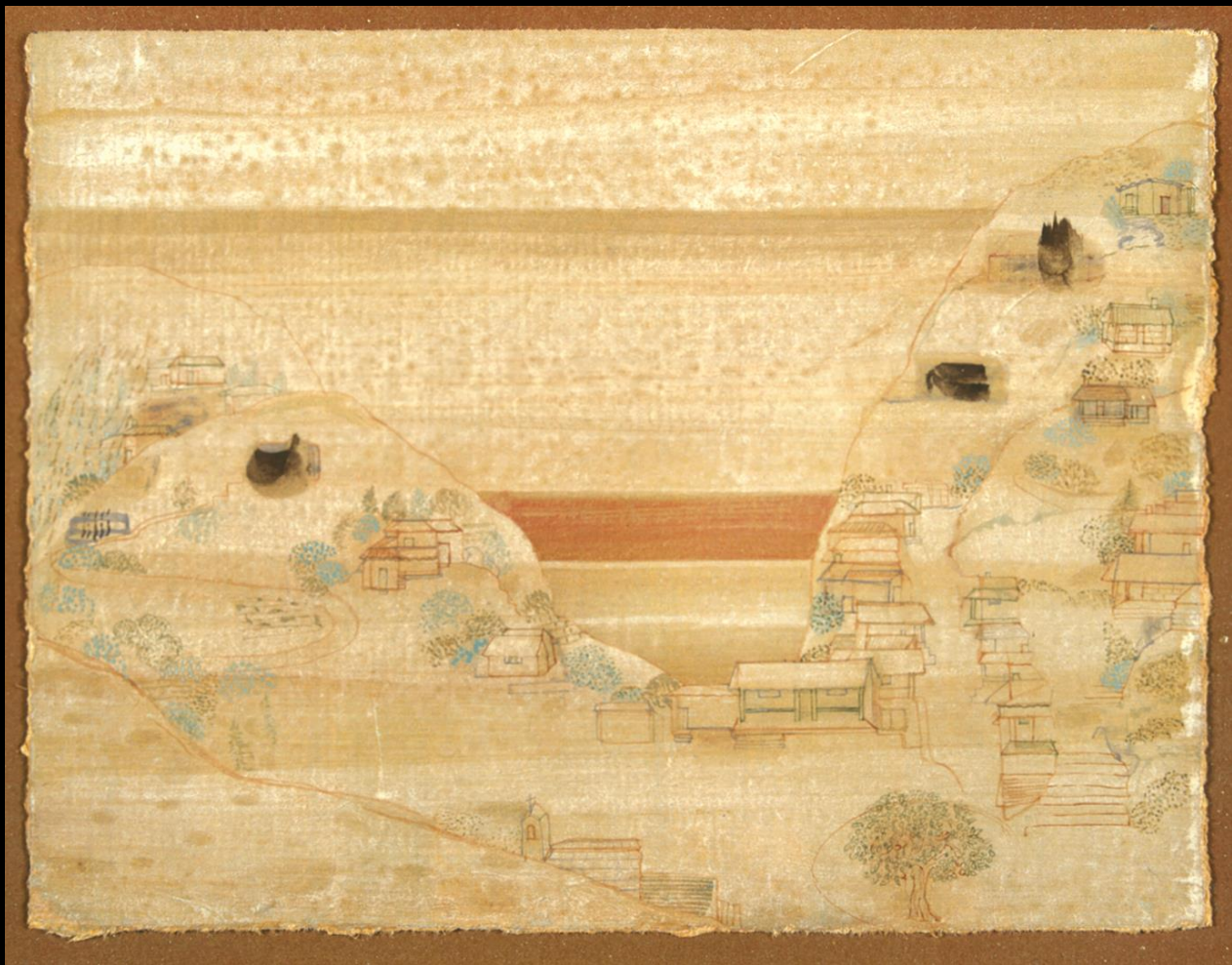
Shamiyana, Installation of A canopy (Chandni) and 6 Scrolls (Kanas), painted on both sides, 1996



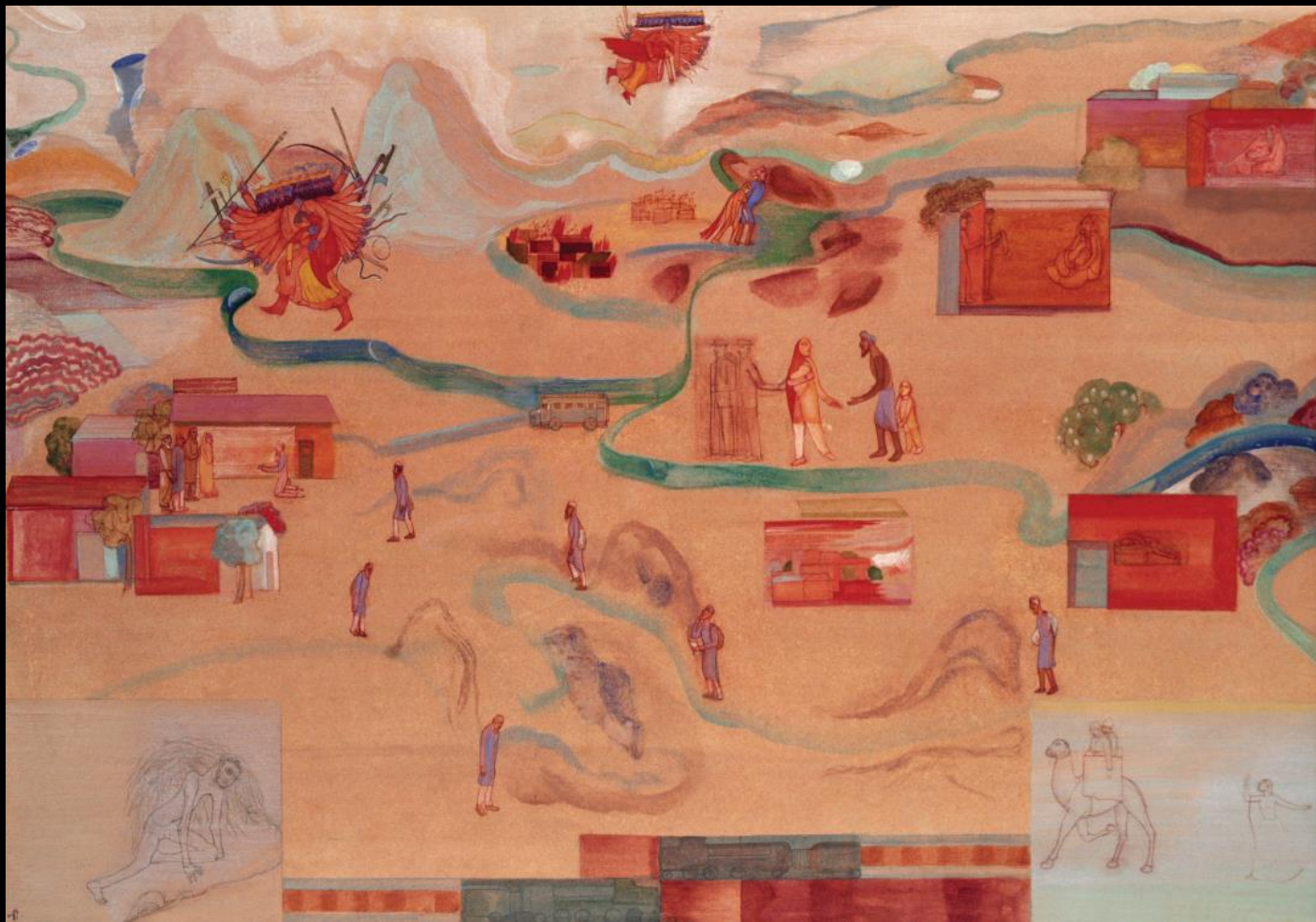
Encampment, 305 x 152.5 cm, casein tempera on canvas, 1995



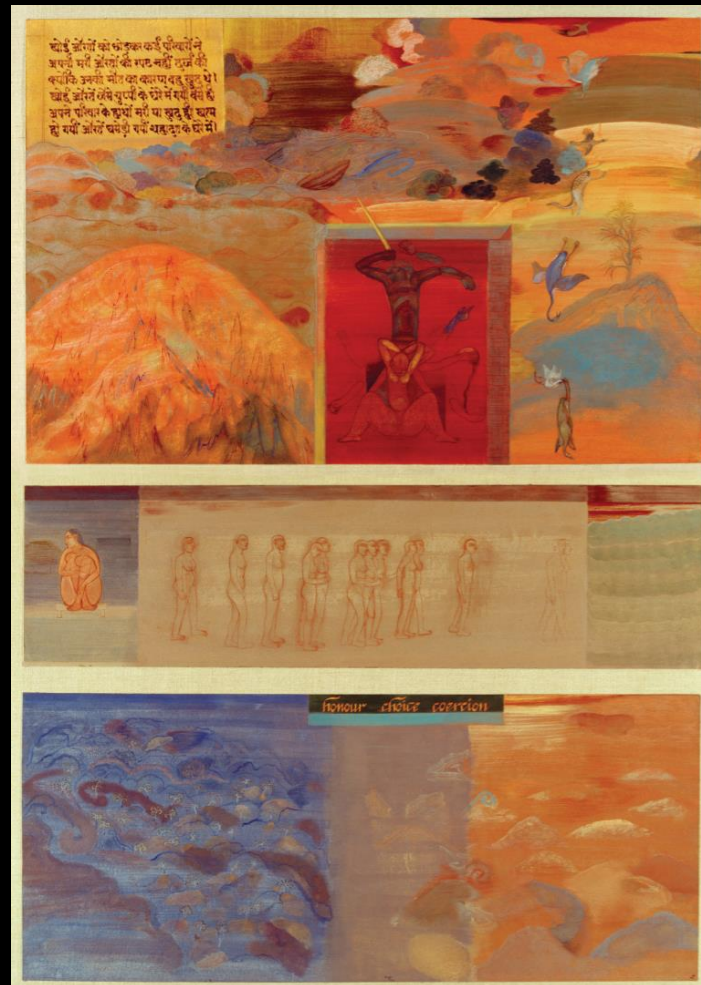
Chenab 2, 262 x 183 cm, casein tempera on canvas, 1996



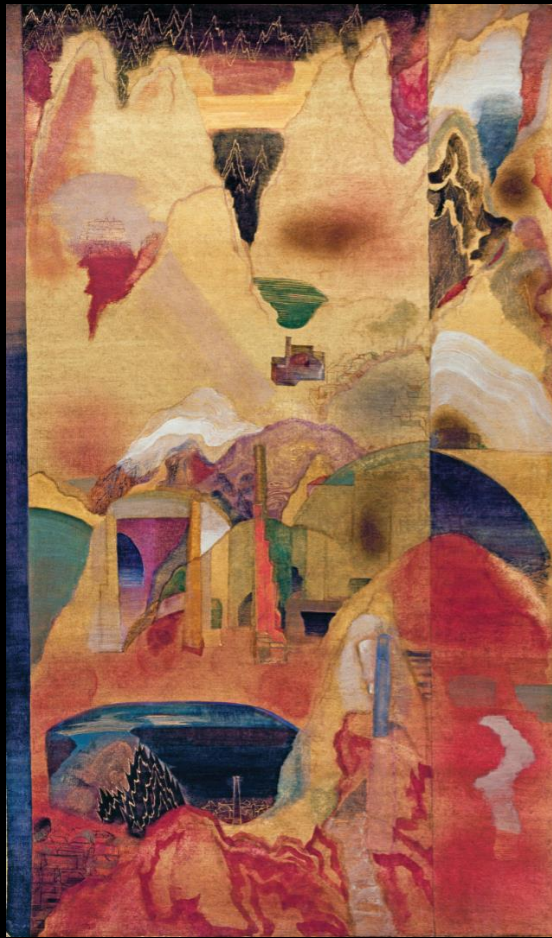
Erased Home, 18 x 23 cm, mixed tempera on vasli paper, 2001



Kissa Zainab Butta: A Tale of Two Abductions, 58.5 x 84.5 cm, mixed tempera on wasli paper, 2001



After Amnesia, 108.5 x 77.5 cm, mixed tempera on vasli paper, 2001

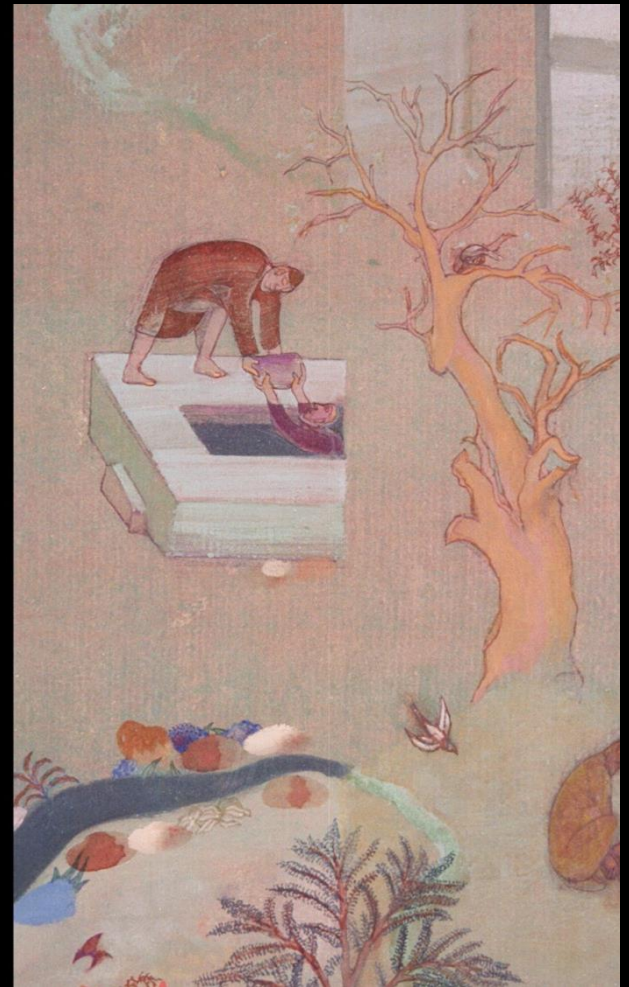


Map of longings



Pastoral

Reading Agha Shahid Ali 13, 16, 71 x 40.5 cm, mixed tempera on vasli paper with brocade backing, 2003



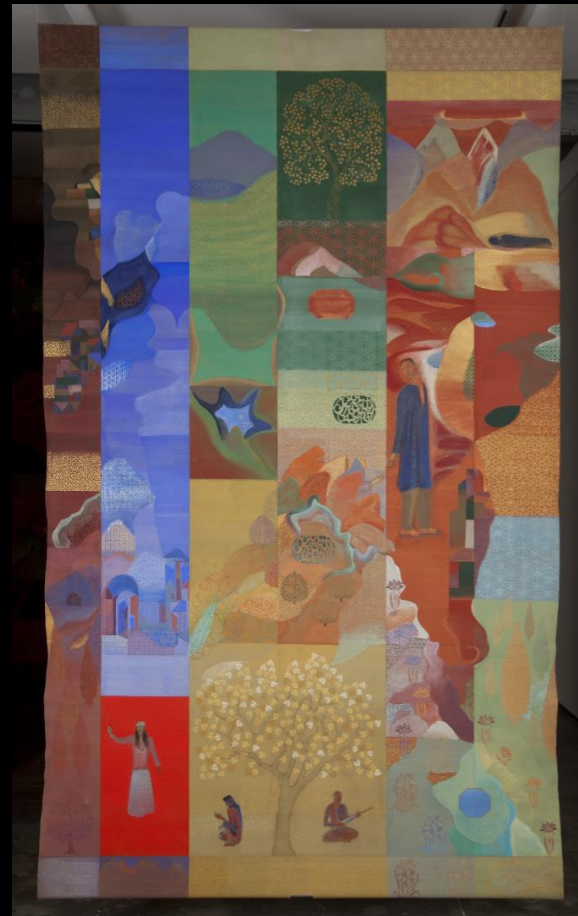
Pastoral, detail



Each night put Kashmir in your dream series, canvas scroll painted on both sides, 2003-10



Valley

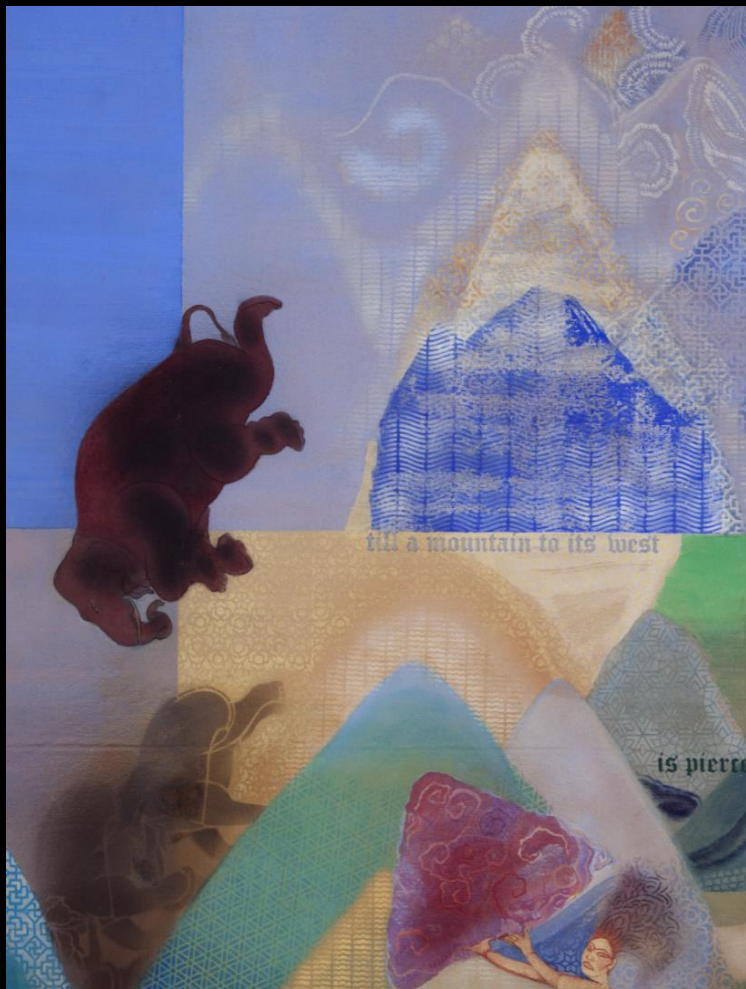


Each night put Kashmir in your dreams 2

Each night put Kashmir in your dream series, canvas scroll painted on both sides, 305 x 183 cm, casein tempera, 2003-10



Son et Lumiere, Each night put Kashmir in your dreams series (canvas scroll painted on both sides), 305 x 183 cm, casein tempera, 2006-10



Son et Lumiere, Each night put Kashmir in your dreams series, details



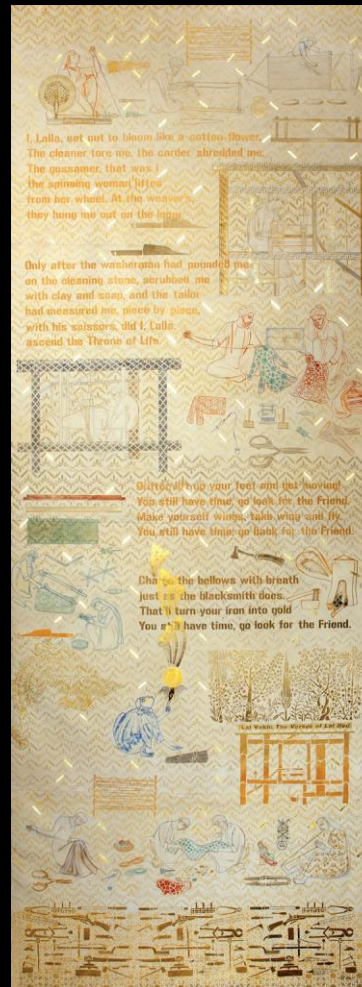
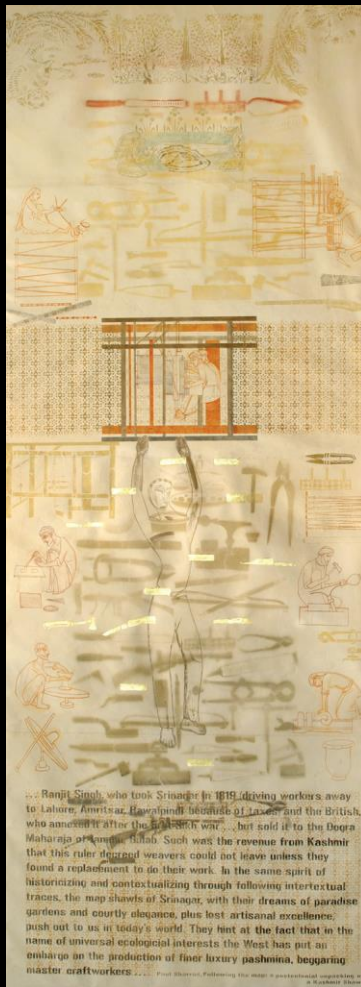
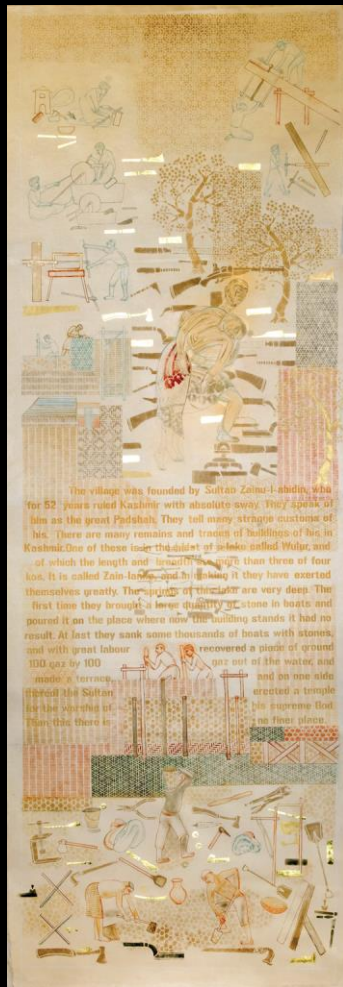
Going Away, Each night put Kashmir in your dreams series (canvas scroll painted on both sides), 305 x 183 cm, casein tempera, 2009-10



Going Away, Each night put Kashmir in your dreams series, details.



Construction Site, Each night put Kashmir in your dreams series (canvas scroll painted on both sides), 305 x 183 cm, casein tempera, 2009-10

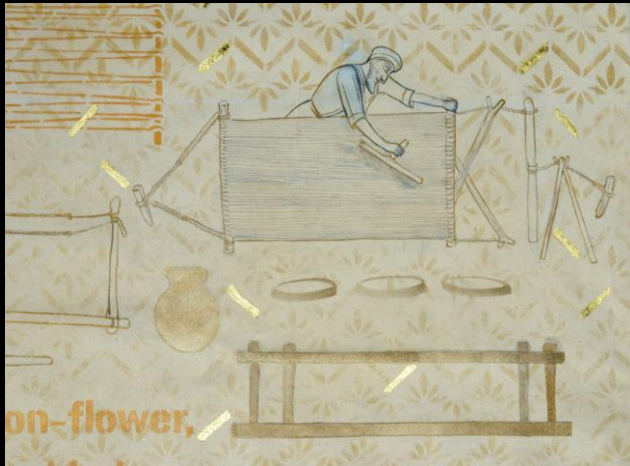
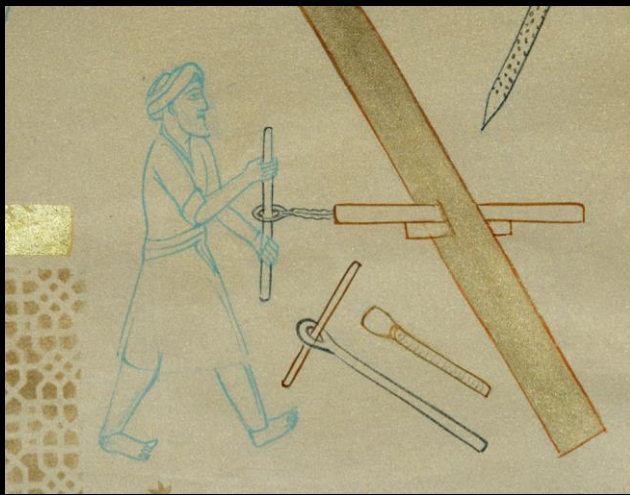


Rozgar 1-4, 234 x 77.5/ 86 cm, brush drawing and stencil printing with casein tempera and gold leaf on vasli paper, 2011



Cha
just
That
You s

Rozgar, details



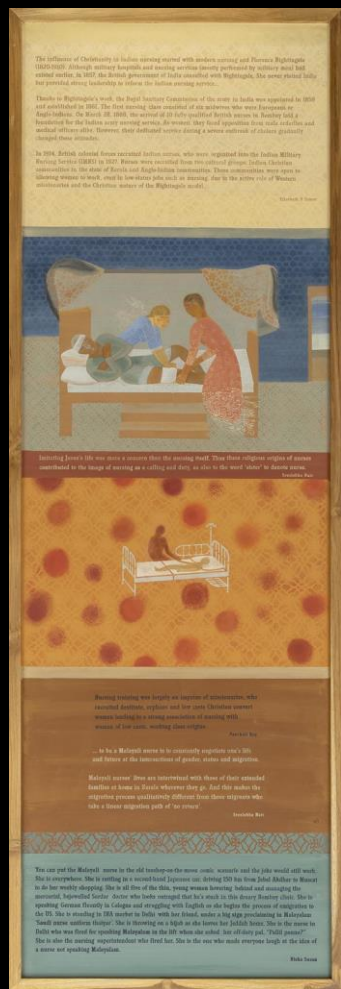
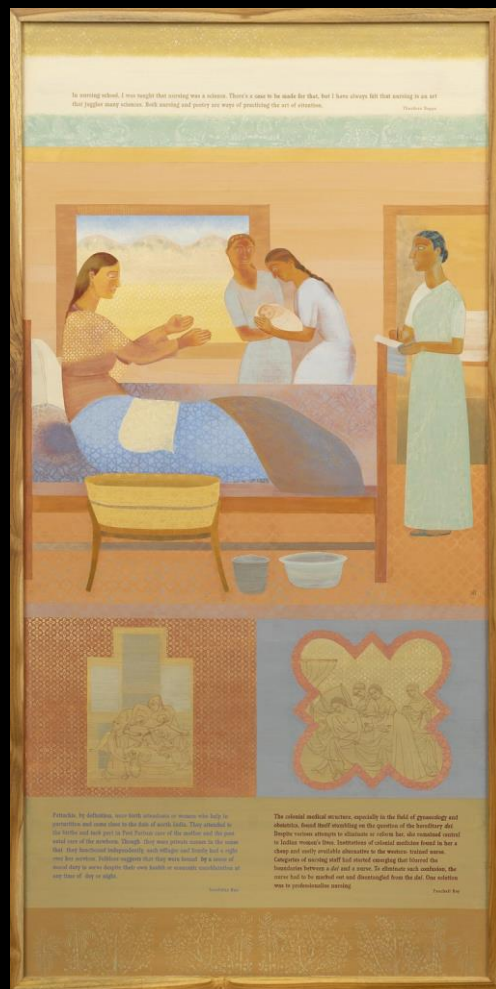
Rozgar, details



Overland, 366 x 30 cm, 14 scrolls painted on both sides, casein tempera on fabricated rice paper scrolls sandwiched in silk, Installation view, 2010



Salam Chechi, 185.5 x 124.5 x 06 cm, casein tempera on board, 2018



Salam Chechi, 185.5 x 94.5 x 06 cm and 185.5 x 64.5 x 06 cm, casein tempera on board, 2018



Terrain, Installation View, Documenta 14, Kassel, 2017



Beyond Loss, Installation View, Dhaka Art Summit: Seismic Movements, 2020



Beyond Loss 2, 304.5 x 182.5 cm, casein tempera on canvas, 2019



The landscape revealed not with a pin
reappears here

no one

Let's engage with our lives,
let them pass like a "lost page,"
then so it will this year and see
whose flowers bloom in full bloom.

Wang Shun 2019-2021

Now you've entered the sacred valley, take off your
shoes and walk on broken glass.

I sit on the balcony. Aleppo opened before me black and
deserted. The chaos of crowding in the dark means life
goes on. No sound save sporadic gunfire from
somewhere, then a single shell pelted by a peculiar
whistle. Someone is trying to fit plaster with a dry
trowel. Aleppo before me black and still. Three large
shadows might be trees or childhood gardens or black
ropes crisscrossed by women waiting for children who are
already numbers in a news report.

David Almond 2014

What comes
what was the garden's gift
when it saw its flowers cranked to nothing?

This was once where dawn came
the breeze passed
a restless wind through the reeds

Ever since the light fell
I have been waiting for you here I need you.

Where have my eyes strayed in the dark?

You who know. Give me proof.

Describe me to myself.

Paul Laurence Dunbar

My lips were dry as whispering reeds and from outside
the window.

The moon-faces were sailing into the shelter of
the eaves.

May be that York River still flows

The darkness is so thick that nothing but darkness is seen

Johnson Kent

As the month (march) traveled from Arabia to Persia and then on to India it also started acquiring regional flavor ...

Though there only marches shared an untranslatable stamp of the established Persian format, but with local
influence and ideas also got assimilated because though the earliest mention was when to Kashmir - the nation of haunting
has was not. Epical expressions of grief has been a historical phenomenon pervading diverse cultures and times. In
Kashmir the Persian had a tradition of woe or grief to become the basis of a new one, which was gradually adopted in
the month.

James Beckett

SHIRAZ has a deep tradition of women whose public lives are committed to the doctrine of justice and social service to build
a better society. The powerful model of the wife-mat as emblem of moral virtue - imitable wifehood
supports this tradition and the fact complex women's active contribution to society. This socially sanctioned desire to sustain
the women of the Prophet Muhammad's family (especially Fatimah and Zaynab) creates a dynamic space in the public sphere
for women to cultivate idealized female virtue and to participate in public sphere.

Kevin Kelly

On the morning of July 13, 2004, a Malindi woman, Lailahem Gumbani, got up early, took her bath, offered her
prayer, kissed her husband's feet and then left home. The police for comparison over Kagile Fort - a well-known land-
mark of imperial and headquarters of the Sultan Bili of the Indian Army. At a given signal, these women, away to their
active and obedient, began putting off their saris and phanis (perumoni). After stripping, they screamed, "follow army
rape us. Come take our flesh", banged on the doors of the fort and stood naked even as roads began to swell.

The immediate impetus for this protest was the brutal killing of the 16-year-old Thangjam Annesiem. The young woman was
stolen as a victim of the rights of all the women of Malindi. It was the expression of national grief in overtones
the entire community that enabled the women to make a scathing statement of solidarity ... negotiating for women to
renew their various shades of activism in a very traditional society.

Prithi Bhandari

Finally, in a world where even fundamental dichotomies seem obsolete, and where *Monstrous* is not a comfortable option,
expressions of mourning have become, if not a unique way, at least the only way to a struggle that is unending, or
beginning. Today grief is often the grief of mothers, that of friends and husbands in the *Tragic women* and state the
list is too long to name them all, but no lesser only the silent downcastness of the Argentinean mothers, the "Mad women
of May Square" whose grieving march for justice has been followed by the entire world.

Prithi Bhandari

"Net cho dugh itahawaan" - I am cradling this pain - as a mother.

For women like Parvona (leading the APDP in Kashmir) who weeps, anguishes, and prays, their activism marks a
significant passage from victimhood to a woman of agency. It is interesting to note, however, that during one of our
conversations about how women have had to take on new and challenging roles that defied their traditional and
farcicalized their agency, Parvona emphasized that she preferred to be known as a "victim" as it held more meaning, more
value for her in terms of being a mother of a disappeared son. "In a way it was that only
a victim can feel the pain and suffering of another, she once asked me.

Laila Bhandari

... we begin to think of pain as acknowledgment and recognition, devoid of the other's pain is not about feelings of the
mind, but the fallacy of the spirit. In the register of the imaginary, the pain of the other not only asks for a home in
language, but also asks a home in the body.

Prithi Bhandari

I'm reminded of the Hebrew legend of Abraham and the sparrow. Abraham was thrown into a fire as punishment for his
devotion to God. A little sparrow kept flying in again and again carrying drops of water in its beak. When asked if she hoped
to put out the flames with little drops of water, she replied, "No, but it should be reminded that whatever I could do, I did."

Prithi Bhandari

Beyond Loss 5, 274.5 x 182.5 cm, casein tempera on canvas, 2019

Thank You