

# Cling Clang Clung

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***Space isn't necessarily a place we enter. Its existence can be unconcealed in the presence of an interaction—an action. And actions. By 'I' and 'us.' And in the this and that action, an 'agora'<sup>1</sup> is in making. It's a thought that comes alive in a cling, clang and clung.***

In the cling— an initiation

In the clang— a reaching

In the clung— a conjunction

***Socrates hovered around the streets of Athens.***

The thoughts he carried in his enormous mind, like we do, were to be processed by doing an action. An action where either part of the body is active. A dialogue built by conversations, walking and encounters. His thoughts lived in motion and in exchanges, which created a space that was in flux, temporal, and unsettled—a mutation of agora. The mode for producing knowledge emerged from questioning each other, thereby reaching a state of “aporia”, which led to other modes of thinking and challenging the former thought process. In doing so, a temporal space was in making during each inception of a conversation.

His movements, along with others, became a way of space-making. A space which assimilated different contexts of each body—an interaction of various tongues.

***The shape we make when we eat together.***

Each dish finds a location to reside until it's moved around to be served. The hands of each eater move to either pass a dish or to grab a portion from it. Our mouths and hands can't afford to be non-functional at that moment. An action needs to be produced for the stomach to get what it wants; to savour the taste of ginger so that it reaches each salivary gland; the mouth urges to speak

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1. A gathering place in ancient Greece


not only to let silence pervade the room, but also to visualise the thoughts one is occupied with.

By the time the plate gets empty, many thoughts have been exchanged. The mouth and the stomach have played their role. The table which hosted the eaters leaves some marks from the previous hour. The empty plates need to be cleaned for another meal. The leftover food has to be stored. The chair wants to be placed back in its position. The eaters who shared a meal act upon to bring the chair back to its position; order the plates where they first belonged; store the food that can be eaten the next day; wipe the marks from the table so that the next meal can be served. Each one of them moves around to do the listed tasks, quietly visiting the present moment or mixing it with the past time. Actions are being actualised. The food indeed tasted better.

It's not to say that a mind eating alone is paralysed or that our mouths would desire to partake in any kind of action, but to say that when the mouth and the stomach indulge in an action wherein both of them are working together, the food seems to taste even better.

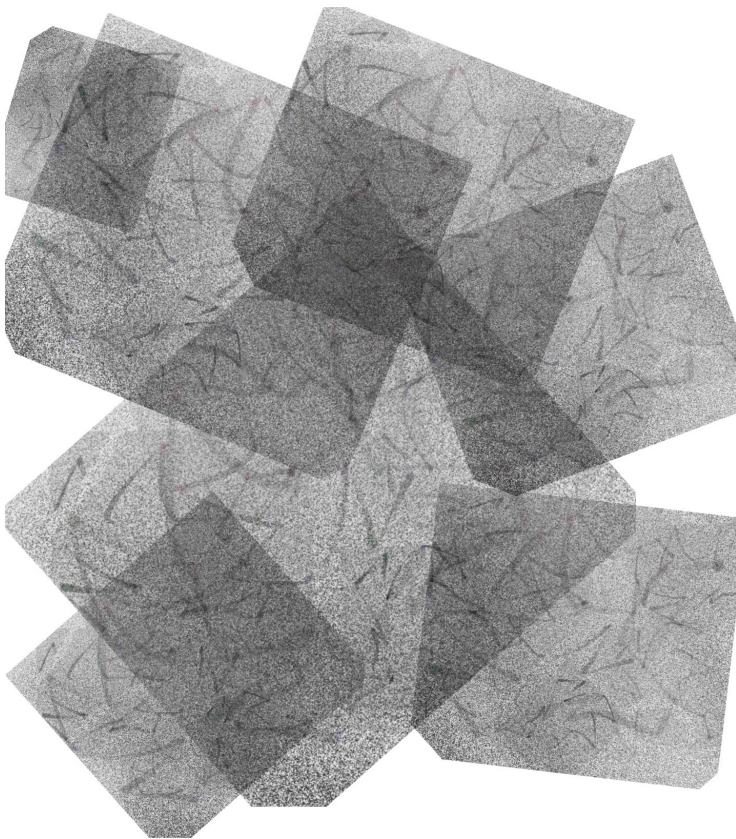
During lunch breaks in my Master's, right after an intense class, loaded with information, our minds needed each other. From thinking about Heidegger to Benjamin, our heads collided to make sense of what was really going on in this world and how these men changed our way of thinking. Not that our curriculum was shaped around the men who wrote, but what they wrote was heard more in the way history was constructed. Our curriculum was a continuous investigation into the way history was fed into our daily lives.

We ended up coming back to certain privileges one comes from, the non-dominant discourses, which led our reality to get fragmented, disrupted, and in that space, something else was being born. The shape that is created by the people eating together is formed by the context of each eater, which is to say that we are all products



of socially formed eaters. That came through the way we ate, the conversations we had, the way we set our plates, and who ate from whose tiffins.

The ground became our Agora, and our meals and mouths activated the space. While we were orbiting in a rhythmic structure, we were creating a space between each morsel and word. We were being witnessed while eating and chewing the sentences. The thoughts continued to take many shapes even after our meal was completed. We left and entered the classrooms with the traces of previous hours. In doing so, we were making way for activating other spaces and carried the conversations into the next class. Our mouths were thinking with each other. Like Socrates, we didn't sit still. Our ideas, passing between bites of food, were fermented by hunger, laughter, and disagreements.



***Miro, with two friends.***

One of our friends was tasked to turn the discussions happening at the studio of Raqs Media Collective into a written format. Standing at the edge of the room, carefully listening to all the hither and thither sounds of the studio, I swayed to the thought that it would be a strenuous task. My other friend and I asked our friend if we could work on this together. Our strenuousness was covered with exhilarating curiosity to translate the discussion into our beloved Miro.

Our actions had one beginning, no middle and no end. The board in Miro still stays full with many trails. It is alive with sticky notes, arrows, images, words, and while doing so, remembers our actions that brought the discussions together. One sticky note initiated other sticky notes and from there we kept hopping about from one square to the other.





Excerpts from the workshop held by Jeebesh Bagchi with  
Visual Arts cohort from Ambedkar University, 2024

***This and That.***

I am thinking about this, and I am thinking about that. ‘This’ and ‘That’, when they come together, form an inarticulate image of standing together, at the same time opposing each other.

This and That, live happily on the trot all day.

***Seeing, Dillard***

Annie Dillard (Pilgrim at Tinker Creek, Harper Perennial, 1974)

“Unfortunately, nature is very much a now-you-see-it, now-you-don’t affair. A fish flashes, then dissolves in the water before my eyes like so much salt. Deer apparently ascend bodily into heaven; the brightest oriole fades into leaves. These disappearances stun me into stillness and concentration; they say of nature that it conceals with a grand nonchalance, and they say of vision that it is a deliberate gift, the revelation of a dancer who, for my eyes only flings away her seven veils. For nature does reveal as well as conceal: now-you-don’t-see-it, now-you-do.”

Attentiveness. A space is in making in the now you see it, now you don’t. In the concealment and in the revelation. The act of listening with attention reveals the concealed parts of the day. They unfold like the existing tiny particles in the air when exposed to light. Their presentness is revealed through an exposition, and it is the act of attentively listening and seeing, in which ‘I’ and ‘us’ come distinctively closer.



***All artists are verbs in making.***

Thinking artists: Who are always thinking with others, only to ask, “What are you thinking these days?” to create a polyphonic imagination.

Caring artists: Share what they know and are curious about what they don’t know.

Cement artists: Regurgitates the stability of the stable.

Careless artists: Who doesn’t care about the chronology.

Haphazard artists: Tweaks the lines of maps.

Ironical artists: Apply for grants to pay rent.

Delusional artists: Create multi-dimensional worlds to accommodate the unaccommodated.

Neighbour artists: Sit near the window, looking at others’ houses, forming a discourse for conjuring ways to greet people.

Circle artists: Anti-concentric.

Staring artists: Stare back at the gap that an institution produces.

Casual artists: Who let people walk over their work.

Organised artists: Who are constantly thinking about reorganising.

Hunting-Gathering artists: In constant pursuit, hoarding, gleaning, and seeking seemingly trivial objects, materials and stories.

Clueless artists: Leave clues for everyone to read.





Desperate artists: Who never cease to ask questions.

Heterotopic artists: An incompatible artist who dances alongside others, to the movement of the ball, in a state of anticipation and reciprocation; the ever-subtle flicker of the wrist, the eye following the movement, a give and take of uncoordinated choreographies.

Sleeping artists: Produce glitches while dreaming and then manifest them in the real world.

Sleep-deprived artists: Who postpones things by saying, “I’ll tell you after a nap.”

Tortured artists: Walk into the lanes to find ways to ruminate.

Non-artists: A settling oxymoron.

Anxious artists: All of us.

As part of our final display, twenty-one unofficial constellations of artists were documented in our space, who disrupt the fixity of our thinking. They are devoid of the intrinsic meaning attached to the word. The singular ‘artist’ no longer seems sufficient, which is why ‘artist’ as a plural category populates its signifiers to unsettle the singularity of the artist.

*This connectedness, while making a space, is building a new membrane which holds all of us together, bringing us back to humans as a dependent species. Hence, attending to the existence of the cling clang and clung is our present-day agora.*

