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# Reflections about the Trip to Art Gallery

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It was a memorable and refreshing trip after a hectic schedule of 18 hours a week in the college. The day started with my routing domestic chores at my home. At 4 am on the day of my trip, I packed food for my children and dropped them at my mother-in-laws house promising them that I will be back at 6.00pm and will take them to shop for my younger son Sudharsan's birthday which falls on 29th August. But to their disappointment, I got back home only at 8.30pm because the bus could not move faster than 45km per hour, even we reached the art gallery an hour behind our schedule. However the trip made us to bond together for a while which is impossible for us in the college. We shared food together, had little chat about the college, shared our views about the classes we have been taking for our HRD students for the past two weeks. Sometimes we pulled our Dean's leg too. We loved it. These wouldn't be possible if the van had moved at a higher speed.

It was quite a surprise visit to the Gallery, of course a pleasant one. It was made more pleasant by my Appa who stood outside the Gallery waiting for us patiently in his beautiful attire. This is my first memorable encounter with art. It was a real feast for our eyes. The entire aura of aesthetics was felt by me and it made me to think about the perception of the artists. There was a pang of nostalgia among us as many of us recollected the olden times of simplicity and mostly traffic free Chennai roads when we were up with the paintings of the old Chennai city in the Gallery. We had seen the scenic beauty of our city with its heritage buildings.

The experience of seeing paintings made us realize that there is a grammar of paintings which would understand to appropriate painting. This thought came to me through my engagement with the displayed paintings.

I was really surprised when our HRD students spoke about different structures of art. I liked all the paintings displayed but the piece which stood out to me on my first walk through the gallery was a man with soothing eyes behind the mountains and this made me to navigate the gallery again and I got a closer look at each one of the paintings.

Even though I am born and brought up in Chennai, I haven't gone to any of the hotels there. Of course I have gone to Matura Hotel several times and each time I enjoyed the lunch and ambience there. But that day's lunch at Mathura was memorable because we had lunch with my colleagues, students and the Dean. We can't express in words how we felt there and let me add, it was one of the fondest memories which will stay in me forever.

Sometimes we need to travel to a quiet place to clear our mind and of our cobwebs. We thank the Dean and the Secretary for the wonderful trip and it has created a lifelong love for art.

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