

DEGREE PROJECT
INDIVIDUAL AND SOCIETY

Submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

Master of Design, Animation

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1 Introduction

I wanted to make a film on how an individual and a society connect with each other, ways in which an individual shapes a society and the ways in which society affects an individual. There are various concepts within this broad spectrum, such as identity, conformity, social violence, oppression, gender bias, caste based discrimination.

I wanted to talk about a tendency we get to see in India, of not caring about another's suffering while protecting and loving our family. Elements in our society that are looked down upon in apathetic manner such as beggars, construction workers, manual scavengers. I wanted to work on something that can point out this tendency clearly and to create a need in the viewer to look at the world in a more responsible way. To respect every individual and to understand that they are going through the same stream of life through which we are going as well. Through the film I wanted to break walls of social class and status and show a commonality in every life.

Through this film, I want to make the viewer try and get a sense of the walls of closure of these people, limits of their knowledge and ability and decisions springing from these limits, in an attempt to see them up close, and through this to see our society and ourselves.

2 Background

My works seem to gravitate towards this topic of individual and society and I find this area very necessary to be addressed. I feel we need to talk about how we think as a society and how as an individual our every action is linked to the larger society we live in.

During my summer internship in May-July 2017, I interviewed three families who had faced caste based violence in Pune and Satara areas, and made a story book on it. Internship was under notable social documentary photographer Mr. Sudharak Olwe. We wanted to talk about caste atrocities in Maharashtra in different art forms such as illustrations, graphic books and animation. Through this I came to see in first person, the lives and constraints of poverty, caste dynamics, social violence, lawsuit. From one of the stories covered in the internship, concept for the film was constructed.

The story is about a real incident of a physically and mentally challenged girl who was raped. We met the girl, her parents and her siblings and friends. Her mother spoke on what her daughter had been through and what she herself had to struggle with. I got an idea of their life after this incident and the effort required to recover and lead a normal life.

I chose to animate this story because as a female I could relate to the fears and horrors of molestation and sexual violence that every girl in India knows. It was devastating for me to be in an environment where a girl has gone through violence unimaginable to me but of which I read and hear about everyday and about which I have a sense of absolute fear inside me. I wanted to bring forth this story and wanted it to connect with a larger picture of sexual violence and caste dynamics, amongst other factors, such that an individual story speaks and represents an ugly facet of our society.

The girl's story from the book is reproduced in the following pages:

Excerpt from the book:

Rekha. 20 years old. Her world is silent. She sits at the back of the room with her brother on one side and her cousin sister on the other, playing a game on a mobile phone. She is happy and she has forgotten, no trace in her eyes, there is but happiness that dances in them which is joined in by her smile. She looks at her mother who is tensed, talking something, she doesn't know or knows but doesn't want to know. She is back in her game. She is very elegant, I didn't seem to believe she was mentally ill.



Her mother looks back at her with affection and protection, which Rekha even in her ignorance, acknowledges. Her mother looks at us, her eyes have a determination, a blazing question, not painted with the feeling of victimhood, but with a determination to make that question visible. She talks so boldly, that the surroundings around her quiver. The house around us, a humble and plain house transforms into something strong, it is built by this woman who is claiming herself in this space and in this time. She looks at us, saying something as her brows flinch, there is pain but not at the mercy of the world. Then when the words slid by, we hang on, one two seconds still, holding onto her gaze, that pierces through us and neither asks nor answers but stays with the echo they cause. Then reality colours in and we are back.



Excerpt from the book:

She has the power and humility only love can afford and grant. She has a look that she cannot and would not fear, the confidence only a person who has stood up can have. I gazed around the room, there was a lady at the door, listening to her very keenly, with compressed eyebrows and fingers to her lips, she felt the pain as the woman was reciting, she plugged in reactions which we were too decent to blurt out. On her right, against the wall sat Rekha's father, he didn't utter a single word, all the while we were there, he sat looking at Rekha's mother, with a complex look, with his hands frozen and a book in it, I didn't ask which book. Both her parents worked as paid labourers, under no scheme, they scurry away their finances, and feed their children, wanting to educate them. At any cost, in fact cost doesn't even feature in this decision.

As we pass around our city and pass people on a construction site or opening up a gutter, do we think of them as people with feelings, hopes, kids? Or as just another body amongst the great squirming mass. I was sitting here, in a construction worker's home, in a small room but I saw them a human. I felt their angst and pain and the cost of asserting justice in a land pest- ed with money and favours. It is the same around us too, we have accepted it, what a tragedy. We have accepted it so much that sitting here, the word 'rape' cannot make us shiver, the mind goes blank after that word, but the mother refused to leave it blank, she told us, that they took her kid to the fields, were beating her to death when a man heard them, that is when they fled, she was unable speak, see, hear. Disoriented. Bleeding. Can you imagine, losing your beliefs in an incident, losing the fragility of trust that we function on every day? To be betrayed so powerfully by life? She sneaked a glance at her child, and continued, what would be dwelling in her heart while saying all this, I cannot imagine. She said her daughter was so frightened, she used to lock both doors, check multiple times and only then would sleep. She and her husband would let Rekha do it, wouldn't question or stop her.

She says, her daughter breaks down in every four to five days. An unbearable pain swells up in her head, which didn't use to happen before this incident. Rekha cannot bear talking about it. While entering the house, Rupali Tai had told us to not expect Rekha to sit with us during the interview, she cannot bear to hear about the incident.

Her mother said she could have taken this ahead if only she had had education, if she could read and understand. She is dependent now. On people around her. Even though she doesn't know how to read or write, she says, she has a human sense.

There were kids cluttering up to peep in my sketchbook, chattering, giggling. Then someone would scold them and they would run off, only to return and start piling up again. For such a grim reality, the atmosphere was flooded with innocence of kids. There was a lady who stood by the door, selling gajra(a garland of flowers that women pin up in their hair), all women in the room, broke the conversation, were putting up gajras silently, some enjoying the scent and Rekha's sister helping her with tying the gajra. Everyone helping each other. No words were spoken in those few moments, no class, no past, no future. Smiles, scents, flowers and a human happiness.

There were threats to her, Rekha's mother continued, from unknown people, even women asking her to step down, claiming the incident has happened, it is over, now what can be done. She said she will take it forward, anyhow, anyway. So that this should not happen again, the women who say all this, if the same thing would happen to them, would make them kill themselves wondering how could they have said this- to ask another girl forget a crime and live on as if nothing happened. The crime was done by people of another caste as Ruplai Tai mentioned, crimes against a different caste are more heinous and gruesome.

Rekha's mother said she felt the pain, she saw and she heard, her kid screaming in pain, her kid not coping with the very life that the mother gave her. How does she stop talking about this and putting ahead a crime that is not only done by two people, but a crime of a socie- ty, every mindset, every inaction adding up to it. Rape as a crime, why is it seen as a crime against a girl? It is a violation of another human being, it is so low, so beastly, where you cannot see the pain in someone's eyes or their screams mean nothing to you. A society where rape is so common, what does this say about the society? About you? That we have accepted it. The one who suffers does suffer anyhow, but where does it end? Where does the boundary close off? What went into the mind of a person to plan a rape with his friends on a mentally ill and a handicapped girl? And she is in front of me, smiling, with gajra in her hair, and shine in her eyes. I won't say she has beaten her culprits, that is delusional. I am saying life will exist and will be happy and sad whatever. But does that mean such gruesomeness should exist. Let's start by sowing humanity in our very hearts, to not reduce another being to an object who has to serve us, but as a creation, as beautiful as we are, as creations of the same abode. Can we light up the humanity in us, and see in its light, everything around us?

3 Research

1. On form and narration style:

Initial idea was to make a rhythmic collage of various events strung together, to give an experiential feeling, like a first hand view of apathy that surrounds us everywhere. Events which I have personally seen along with the incident of visiting Rekha's family. Idea was to use Rekha's story as a setting towards this introspective flow. Like a poem, experiences of society, beaded together. This concept further down progressed into showing of loss of beauty and the ugliness that we see around us.

Various questions came up at this stage with regards to my role in the film and the treatment of the subject.

Such as what is the third person narration thing? It comes from two people talking about a third person? What is the camera? Who is it? How do I enter a sphere, an environment without intruding. Is it like a past I talk about? Like I am sitting in a group of people and telling them a story, and repeated versions of it makes me remove myself from it? Over time it appears that the character in my story is acting on her accord, because I don't add the word "I". Should I or should I not?

I studied and compared filmmaking styles of directors I liked, such as Hayao Miyazaki, Yasujiro Ozu, Andrei Tarkovsky, Abbas Kiarostami, Akira Kurosawa, Makoto Shinkai and Satoshi Kon. To understand how they have shown a concept and the differences in their ways.

I was also collecting strong experiences of my life to be put into this string. I liked the visual style and darkness portrayed in Caroline Leaf's works and the fluidity displayed in Georges Schwizgebel's work. Since the scope of the film was turning out to be very huge, I had to restrict it to only show Rekha's story.

There was also a dilemma of how to show a topic which I have not experienced first hand. Is it okay to imagine parts of how the girl would have been? As I couldn't feel comfortable in designing a story around this incident, I had to ask and ponder over these questions. I finally decided to concentrate on showing what I saw and felt when I was with them in person. I did not construct any story around the characters because I felt I did not have enough exposure to their personalities and their setting. This gave the film an animation documentary nature.

We had recorded our interview with Rekha's mother. I edited out an audio track from this recording and designed it such that it effectively conveys the story. I decided to use this soundtrack of around four minutes and juxtapose visuals from my visit with them.

2. On the place and social dynamics:

I visited the village where this incident took place twice. In my second visit I collected a lot of information on the social fabric of that place, by meeting people involved in different roles such as activist, headmaster, social worker. A brief report of my visit to the place is presented below:

A two day trip to Phaltan, takes 8 hours from Mumbai by ST Bus, via Pune. Phaltan is a town in Satara district of Maharashtra. Mangalwarpeth is the area where Rekha's family stays and is an 'Ambedkarite locality' with around 99% people following Buddhism. I stayed at a home turned into a school. Mr. Datta Ahiwale(Datta Sir) allowed me to stay at his place for two days.

Datta Sir explained history of Phaltan in terms of politics, economical, cultural aspects. Also explained the difference between being called

a 'Dalit' and 'Ambedkarite'. Ambedkarites believe that education and awareness is the way towards development, as opposed to the reactionary nature and the feeling of being a victim that is felt in the word 'Dalit'. He turned his home into a primary school called Prabudh Vihar and regulates the local samaj mandir of Mangalwarpeth. He also managed a local newspaper for Phaltan for around 12 years, which was edited by his wife, Sanghamitra Ahiwale. Rekha's sister studies in their school.

Harish Kakade is a social activist who helps in getting money released through different schemes to where it is needed. He earns money by driving autorickshaw. He helped Rekha's family with their legal case and also in getting money released through a scheme for handicap people. He told me about his journey through courts and human rights commission for getting any complaint heard and addressed, about the general narrow minded thinking of people with no sense of giving back or helping the community and about how a poor person (most of Mangalwarpeth is poor) goes through heavy obstacles for getting loan sanctioned, or receiving money through schemes, because of lack of knowledge and a bias towards them of not being reliable.

He says that the rules are in place but their execution is not fair, there are heavy prejudices in people who are in government offices and in police which results in a person in need not being cared for even though the necessary resources are chalked out.

I visited Rekha's home last time as an outsider, but this time, I visited her on the second day and till that time I had gained a lot of knowledge about Phaltan and roamed around, so this time it felt more close. I went there once in the night with Sanghamitra aunty accompanying me and Rekha's sister guiding us. We passed a shade where 4-5 men were sitting and drinking, around 8.30pm, and this space was very different and dark than the Phaltan I had seen in the morning and in my last visit.

Rekha's mother had now left the construction site job and now sells veg-

etables. Her father does not participate in the family or talk to them, he has withdrawn to another place nearby. Her mother says he only drinks all day and does not talk. I get a more clear sense of Rekha, her brother, sister and her Mother. Next day I visit them again and her mother talks at length as I click photos of elements from their house.

Being soaked in their environment for two days I come back, I have some more elements with me now, more real and more intense and I have to weave a story through them. I have a fair idea of the history of that place and their lifestyles and the personal constraints faced by her mother and how it links up with the social fabric of that place.

I really liked being in a village, as I had been in many as a kid. I really liked my visit and the closeness that I shared with Datta Sir's family. Coming back to Mumbai and its luxuries was a very new experience to me, because this time I did not see Rekha and the people there as somebody who were distant. Coming to Mumbai and to IIT, living the same life, same environment, it rattled up my mind as these people turned into mere thoughts and I could easily make their troubles and this whole sphere of them disappear. It takes a conscious effort on my part to see them. I could see my own life in contrast to them. With them I was an onlooker but coming back I was also a character in a world which is drastically different from theirs. I could also appreciate the many small conveniences that we have in a city as compared to a village. Striking was the aloofness of a city from the interconnectedness of a village and how very powerful an environment is in making us behave in a certain way.

Some photos of the village:



Before my first visit to the village, I read books on caste discrimination, about its various forms in rural and urban setting and a lot of discussion on what is caste and how does it define a person and how does it matter in an Indian society. I also read about its effect especially on women. I tried to understand caste based violence in the context of other forms of human degradation which happened in other parts of the world, such as Racism against Black people in USA and Holocaust in Germany. I was exploring and understanding my own history through this process.

Before this project I was not aware of caste discrimination existing in today's world. Through this project I get a sense of the whole conundrum around caste. There are various beliefs here (even about the existence of caste based discrimination). I had a chance to interview and interact with people working in this area. I talked to social activists, photographers, journalists and an advocate.

The first trip to the village was in a group of four girls, two of them studying in social studies focussing on women belonging to lower castes, one was a photographer and the fourth was me, an artist. After this trip I had a story with me, only of the girl and her immediate family. The second trip was undertaken so that I can get a better sense of the social construction of that place.

The second trip was only me visiting the village and I had to be very attentive to the different aspects I was seeing. I had a much more immersive and involved way of looking at everything this time. I could see them as a family living in the same world as me, and striving on with poverty. I could see and understand how social factors affect an individual life and how we are interconnected with the place we live in.

I could also appreciate the tremendous effort of people like Datta Sir and Harish Kakade who put in their efforts in helping the needy, and I saw the sphere where many people are involved in helping to fight this cause through their own means. There are many people from outside India who come here to study and help people from lower castes. The reality of caste is that there is a section of population in India who do not have any civilised history and basic means to live. Their problem is not primarily being poor. The root problem is their identity. It is them belonging to a caste that inhibits their chances of earning and progressing forward in their life. The debate that we see about people getting angry over reservations for SC/ST, they miss out on knowing a huge social reality of our country. I could see that the people they are getting angry on, maximum of them would be striving really hard to get a solid foundation in the society, they are fighting to establish an identity and escape from a past of having no self worth.

3. Colour study:

I wanted to make the film in watercolour, similar to the style of sketches during the internship. I felt myself limited in understanding of colours, hence I did an extensive colour mixing study to understand all colours I have and the possible colours I could develop.

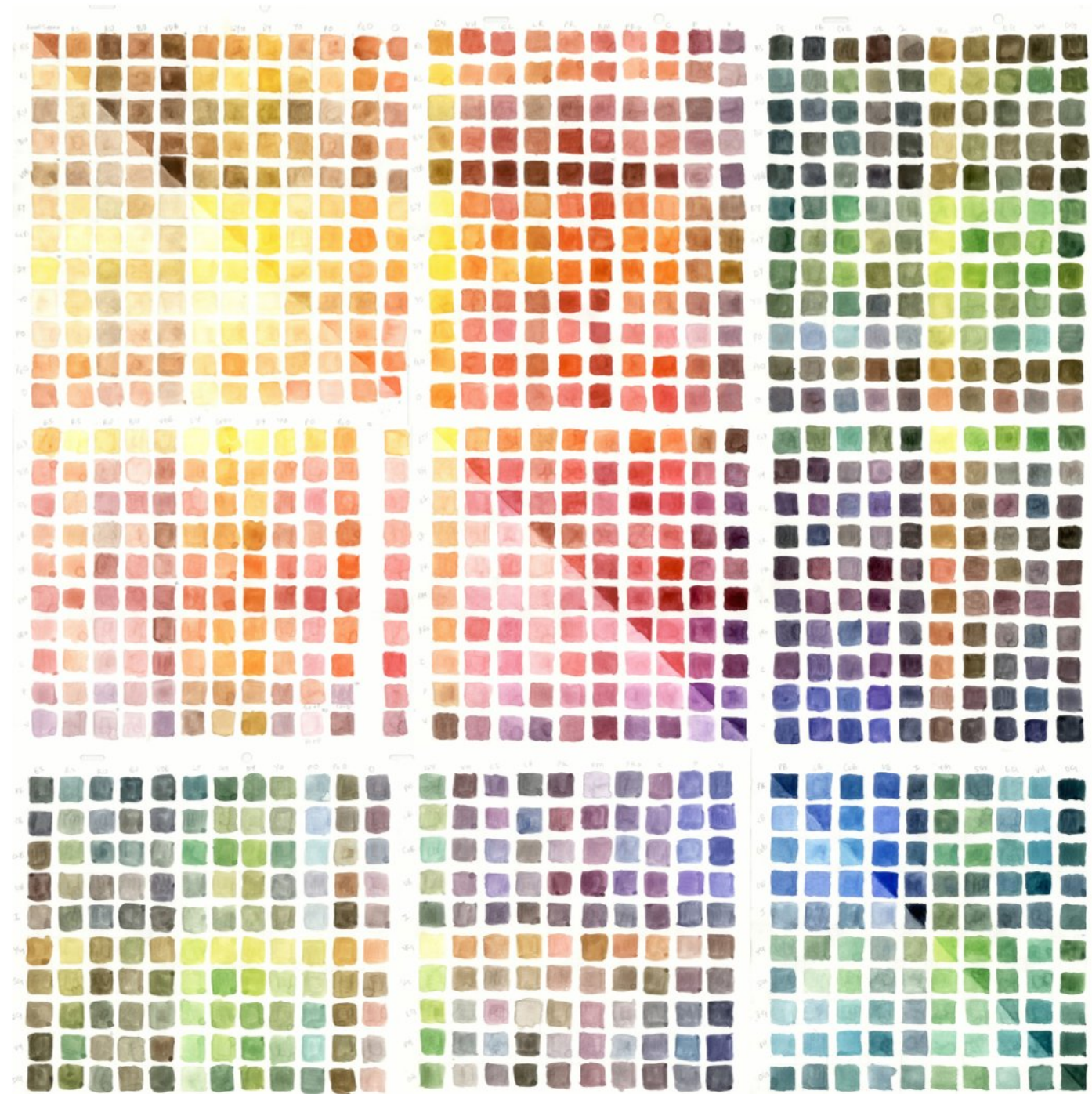
I had 32 shades of colours from three brands: Koi (Sakura), Mission Gold and Camlin.

Colours were divided into eight groups.

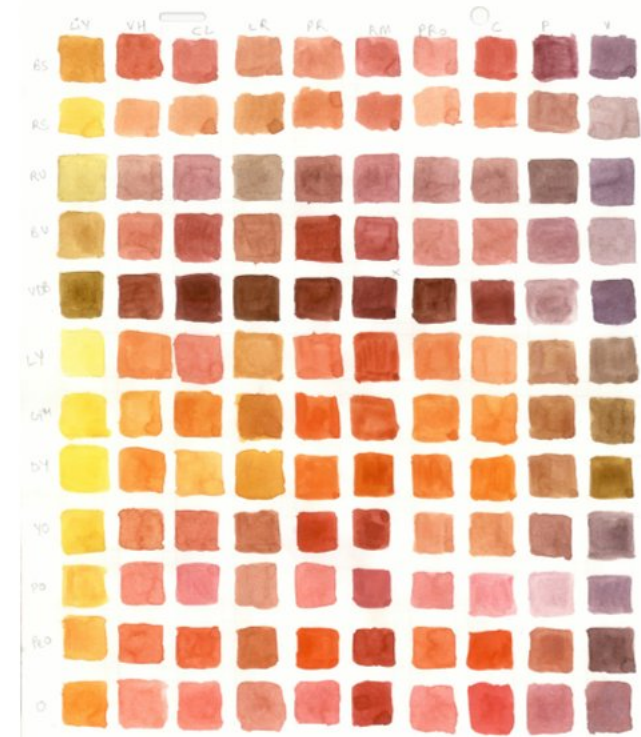
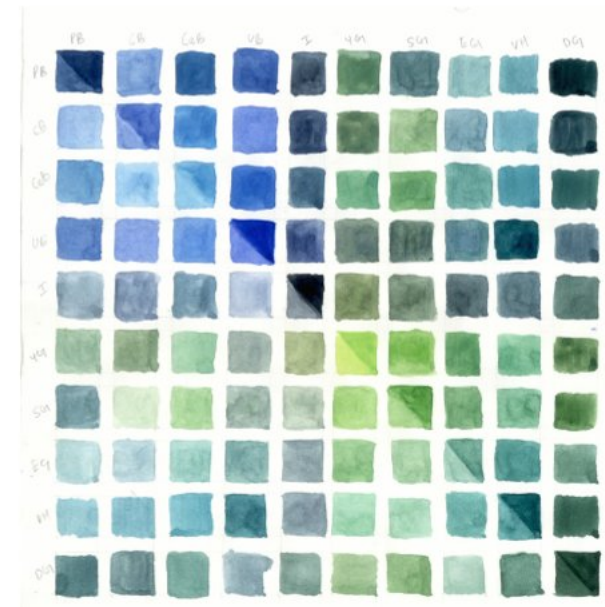
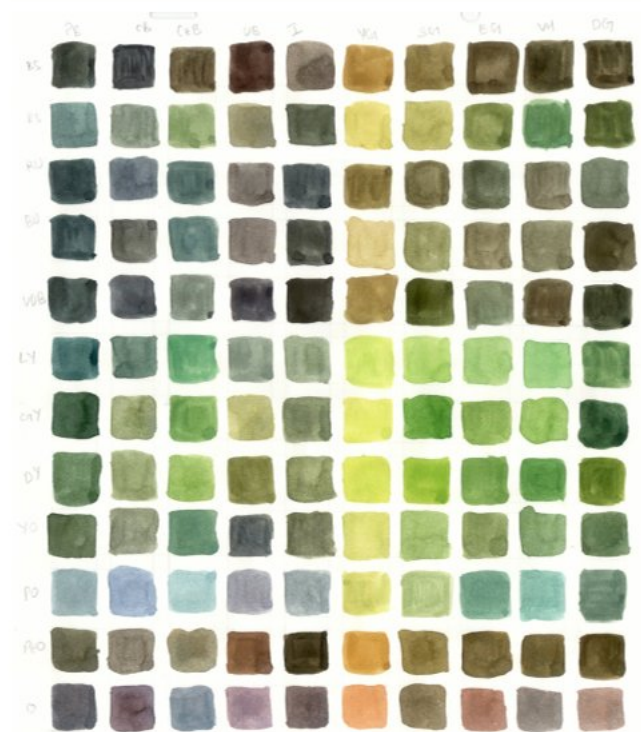
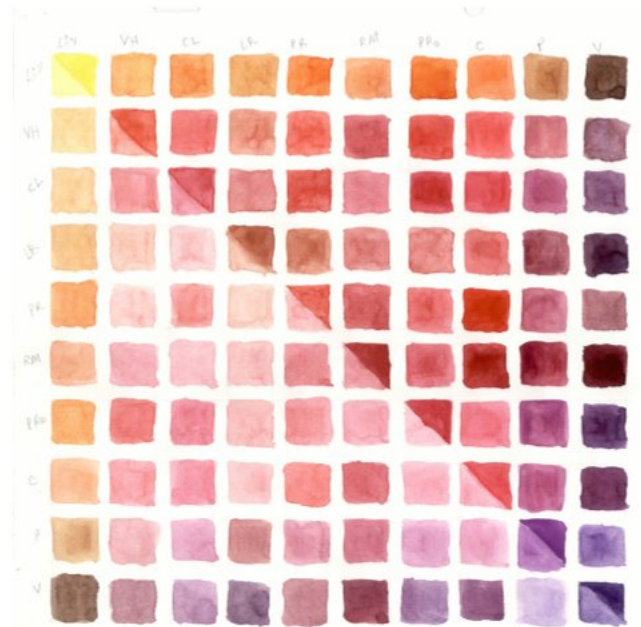
A matrix of 32x32 was made by listing out colours on columns and rows. Part above the diagonal represents shades produced by mixing darker tones of the colours and part below is shades produced by mixing lighter tones.

Group I: Yellow 8 Lemon Yellow 9 Gambodge Hue 10 Deep Yellow 11 Yellow Ochre 15 Light Yellow	Group III: Red 16 Vermillion Hue 17 Crimson Lake 18 Light Red 19 Permanent Red 20 Rose Madder 21 Permanent Rose 22 Carmine	Group V: Green 30 Yellow Green 31 Sap Green 32 Emerald green 33 Viridian Hue 34 Deep green	Group VII: Brown 3 Burnt Sienna 4 Raw Sienna 5 Raw Umber 6 Burnt Umber 7 Van Dyke Brown
Group II: Orange 12 Pale Orange 13 Permanent Orange 14 Orange	Group IV: Blue 25 Prussian Blue 26 Cobalt Blue 27 Cerulean Blue 27 Ultramarine Blue 29 Indigo	Group VI: Violet 23 Purple 24 Bright Clear Violet	Group VIII: Neutral 1 Chinese white 2 Ivory Black

32x32 colour mixing chart:



Some blocks of the colour chart:



The colour chart in details can be seen in this [link](#).

While making each section in this chart, I realised and could feel the intrinsic energy that colours possess and their power of affecting us, emotionally, psychologically. The yellow section had a lighter mood to it whereas the green brown section had a calmness attached to it. I was retrieving and reminiscing my exposure to those colours in the outside world and it was quite a journey to go through so many of them.

I now have a better sense of colours that can be produced by my palette and if I have to create a new colour, I can look up to the closest one in my chart and can get closer to a way of making it.

A surprising thing I noticed was two “greens” giving very different results on mixing with the same other colour. That is, even colours grouped similarly are very different and we can have no intuition on what they will create when mixed simply based on their ‘label’. I think how a colour is actually made from raw materials plays a very important role rather than its apparent colour.

Put another way, the word that gets associated with a colour doesn’t say much about it. A colour saying orange can produce much different shades on mixing than another colour also having ‘orange’ in its name (check out the colours of Pale Orange in the chart, marked PO). Or two blues (such as Cerulean Blue-CeB and Ultramarine Blue-UB) which are most of the time placed side by side in a colour box give quite different results when mixed with the same other colour!

And also hue of a colour also plays an important role such as in Leaf Green which stands out as almost being in yellow group in the chart.

I also stumbled upon the entire violet-purple spectrum. In this range I could never have guessed the nuances that I now see and I was almost sort of colour blind to all these beautiful shades.

I made slight mistakes in making the chart, like interchanging of blocks and alignment problems and forgot light yellow which I included after oranges. I did not control mixing of two colours, I wanted to keep it at 50% of both but I was not very specific and I am sure it dwindled quite a lot. So each block is actually only a representation of all the possible colour shades between the two original colours.

4. Character personality study:

I had formed certain impressions about the people I met and the place. I created an arrangement of colours that depicted these from my perspective. It is like an emotional map of someone's personality using colours.

This is a visual representation of what I understood and absorbed of the people I met. This was useful in understanding my own feelings and outlook towards the subject and in identifying some defining characteristics which helped me in creating characters for animation.



Rekha seemed to be very much into her own world and a very delicate person, who was happy and a bit reserved but very energetic with her friends. Her mother seemed very determined and focussed and very outspoken. Behind her strong words and expressions I could sense her anger and intense pain.

Her father seemed a very complex person, but I could see his care and the way he seemed hurt.

Brother did not talk much and was very aloof(not in the second visit). He seemed very curious.

Father:



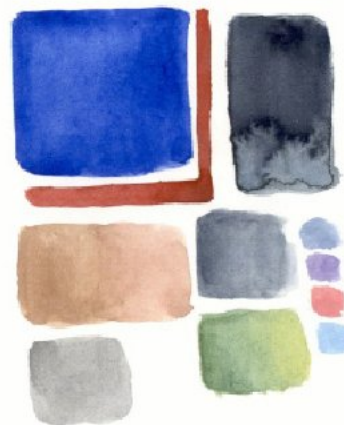
Brother:



Rekha's friend could understand everything we were talking about and still was smiling and playing with Rekha. She was very protective of her.

Phaltan as a place is very colourful and had huge blue skies. A lot of space and energy. People in Mangalwarpeth were very friendly and colour palette for their house had a lot of blue.

Friend:



Phaltan:



4 Style explorations

I wanted to have a watercolour and a fluid feel to the film. I experimented with a lot of visual styles. Some of them are shown below.



Considering the aspect of animation, I decided to use cutout animation of watercolour sketches and a mix of 2D hand drawn animation.

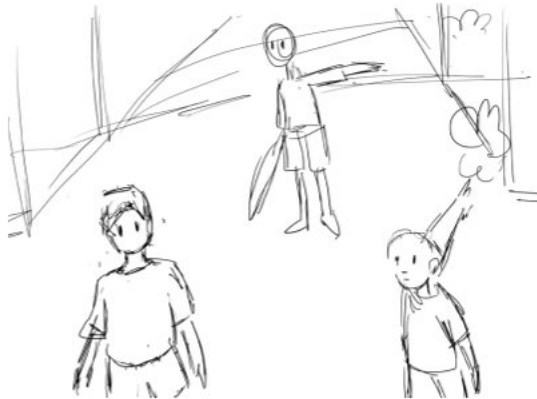


5 Storyboard

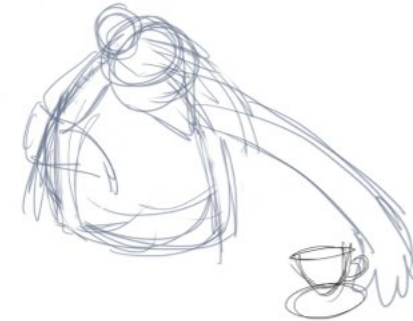
The film is about Rekha's mother narrating her experience as we see visuals of their home and village and my mindspace.



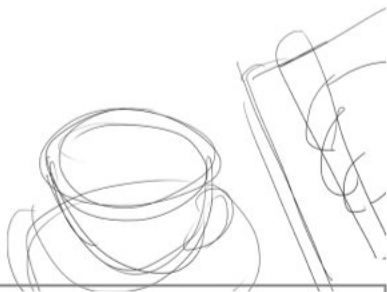
The camera approaches kids playing in a village, some scenes of the village are seen



The kids look at the camera, surprised/amused, then point towards right. Village sounds in background.



Cut to a home and a lady serving tea to the camera



Zoom into the tea cup, as a sketchbook and pen is kept besides it



Kids pile from a door towards the left of the camera, they are peeping towards the sketchbook



The lady(Mother) starts talking about how that day she couldn't find Rekha..



..and that Rekha can only communicate if someone uses sign language. We see Rekha talking to her friend in sign language.



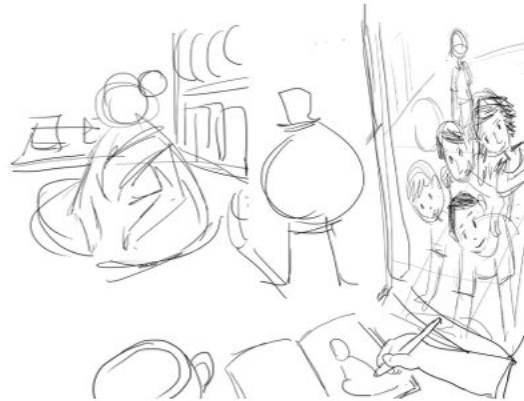
Mother continues saying, sometimes it pains here and so much that she cannot drink water



'She is like this in normal condition only for few days, otherwise she is always in pain..'



'For one/two years we used to lock both doors and sleep'(Long shot of the house which pans towards right)



'We used to let her do as she wants'(Kids piled up at the door run away as the camera pans towards them)



Mother continuing to say she would have taken the case much ahead if she was literate. Stream of elements from the house seen.



Elements from the house as Mother continues talking



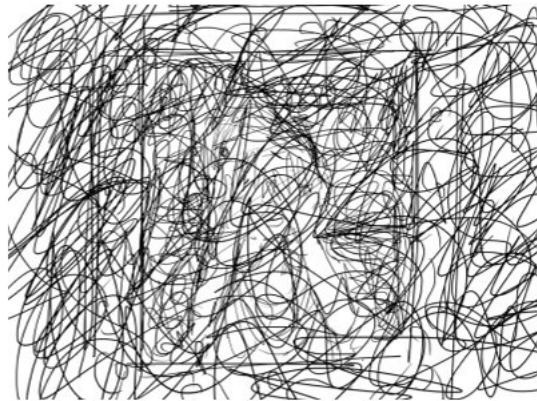
Zoom into a mirror as Mother is saying, 'Many have seen and went but nobody felt the need to help her'



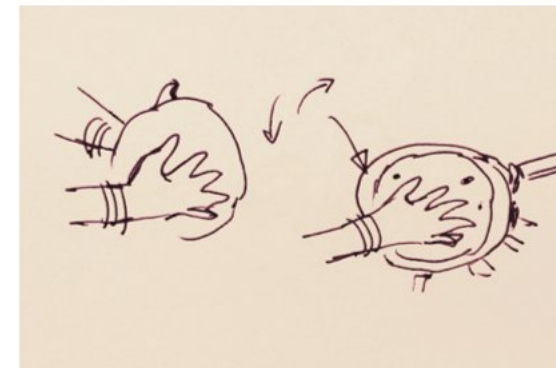
Through the mirror we enter a surreal mindscape where we see a girl very alone and alienated



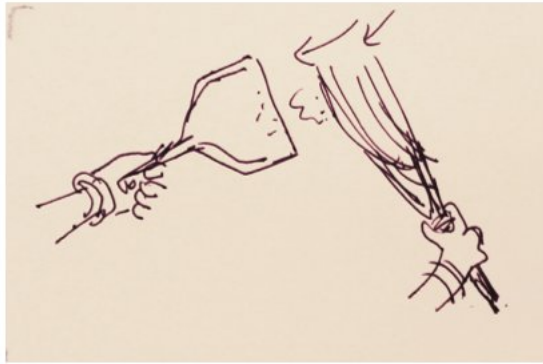
There is chaos and confusion and inability to face and express



Sense of panic builds up as the loneliness and discomfort mounts up, ending in a long pause, both in audio and video.



Mother starts talking again, in a continuous banter about how she has done a lot, according to whatever was needed..



Some days it is work, some days it is taking care of her, in continuous cycles



All of this is neverending, short visuals of mother's hands doing various chores



After the incident, she is not at peace and neither is the family. Mother is seen very tired and exhausted.



Cut to Rekha's father who is looking at Mother in a very perplexed emotion



Rekha's friend is stunned and looking on, Rekha is engrossed in her video game



Mother continues to talk about how some people asked her to take the case back



And that she would take it ahead even if she is alone. We show her body language in this scene



She continues that she has seen her daughter's pain and its her pain as well



She bursts into saying, 'They fear me now, don't they!' As she starts to speak about the locality and the boys there...mean-while Rekha is playing and giggling



Moher's narration on how boys used to mis-behave in their locality....



And now they are ashamed in front of her. We show clips of the village...



..Slowly coming towards their home.. mother is talking about all this happening because of this complaint



Mother stops talking and looks at Rekha and then gets up and leaves..



Rekha and her friend continue their play, there is no sound in the background.



They laugh and talk in sign language, all very silent.. as the scene fades out.

Transcript of Mother's Dialogue in English:

I asked everyone around, they said she didn't come at all
She can tell her address only when we talk in sign language

She was beaten and hence it pains here, in this part
Sometimes it pains a lot,
so much she doesn't even drink water

The way you see her now, she is like this for few days,
other days she is always sick

For a year or two, she used to lock both doors and sleep
Then we used to think if we say don't lock the doors,
it would trouble her more.
So we used to adjust the way she wanted

If I had even the basic education,
I would have taken this much ahead
Because then I would have got information in this

I am illiterate
How do I get information?

Some people say, this woman is illiterate,
but she did a lot for her daughter.
I might be illiterate, but my mind works.

Many people come to see and go, but they never felt to think,
'what will happen to the girl, what will her future be, future costs,
we should help her.'
No one has done this.

I have gone through a lot
I have taken the burden of all

In these two-three years
In last five six months...
One day go to work, one day stay at home
Do whatever she needs
Hospital, medicine,
All this goes on
After the incident
She is not in peace
and does not let us be in peace

Many people said,
why do you bother with the case?
What has happened cannot be reverted,
whatever they did, take the case back now

I said, even if no one is with me
I will take this incident forward.
Why?

Because today it is my daughter.
She is handicapped,

what if tomorrow they do the same with a healthy girl?
What will you do?

And her pain is my pain,

I have seen with my own eyes
I have heard
Whatever our case result comes, that is it

Today it is her, tomorrow let there be no one

They fear me now, don't they?
They never feared this area,
boys from there
Now they hang their heads in shame.
If they see me coming,
they do not look me in the eye.

Otherwise they used to whistle by, on their bikes,
if ladies were walking by the road,
they used to race their bikes, say something.
No one raised a voice.

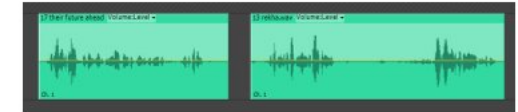
When I did this case, her case,
now these people, don't do all these things.

Because of whom did this happen?

Because of me, right?

6 Film structure and process

1. Edited soundtrack of the mother's interview in Adobe Premiere Pro
2. Storyboard: Visualised the animation part
3. Animatic: Made a rough flow of the visuals on the audio
4. Drew the characters on paper using watercolours
5. Cut and rigged the characters in Adobe Photoshop and Adobe After Effects
6. Animated the action of the characters in Adobe After Effects and exported with Alpha Channel
7. Drew outlines over this animation in Adobe Photoshop
8. Painted backgrounds in watercolours
9. Composed together character animations onto background to give the final scene which gets placed into the Animatic in Premiere Pro

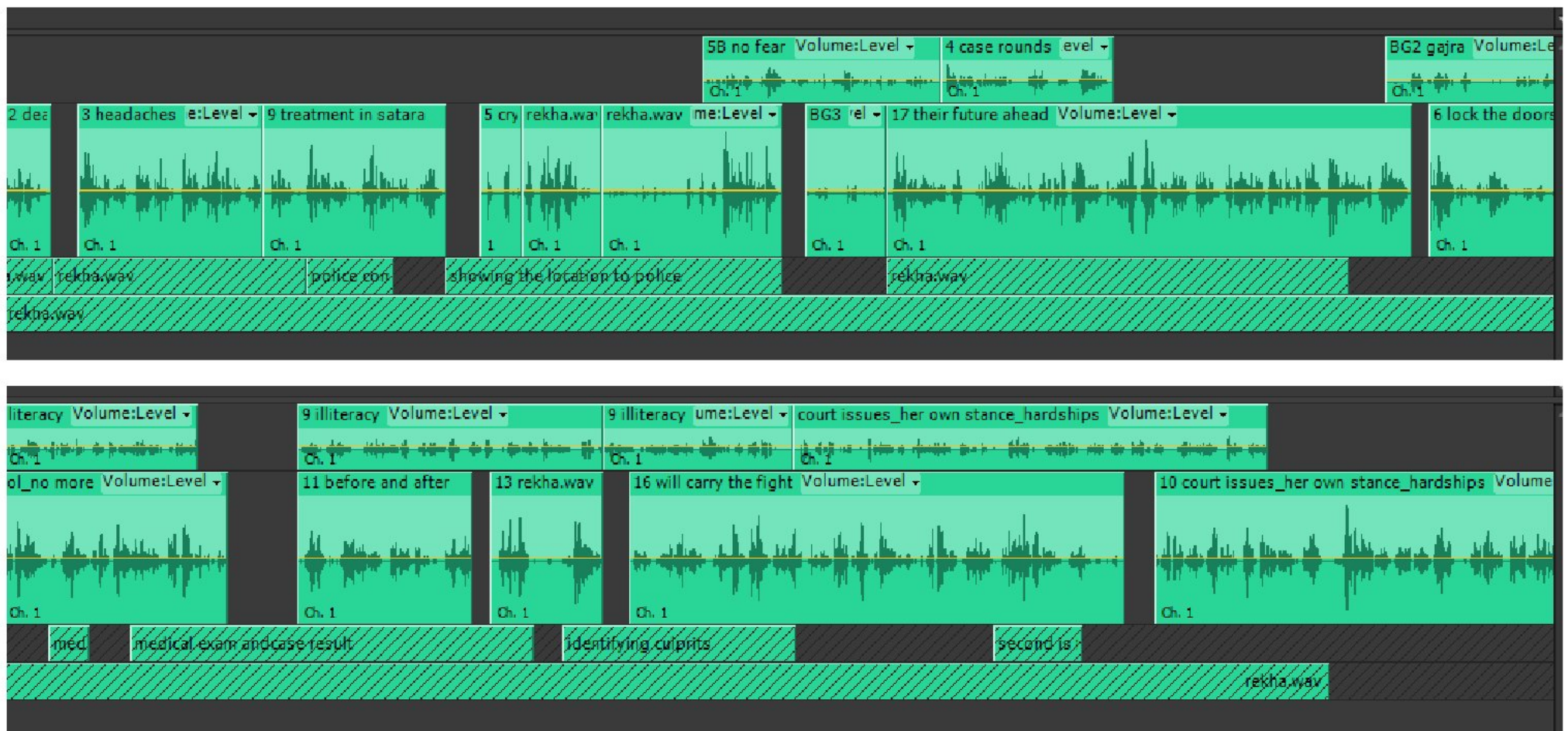


1. Editing soundtrack

The interview sound recording was of more than an hour. I trimmed the recording to under four minutes.

I categorised the content of what Rekha's mother was saying and arranged it in different ways and finalised one such that it forms a whole coherent piece.

Many versions of decreasing duration were formed, starting from upto 9 minutes reducing it to 3 minutes 26 seconds. I had to make sure the transitions do not feel abrupt and there is an overall sense and direction maintained in the audio. Since audio is the back bone of this film, it was very important to get it to flow in the right way. Including appropriate pauses and background sounds was done to make the space come alive.



2 & 3. Storyboard and Animatic: Made a rough visual flow on the audio track. Many versions of animatic were made to see which one fits with the audio without causing distraction and at the same time helps convey the mood.

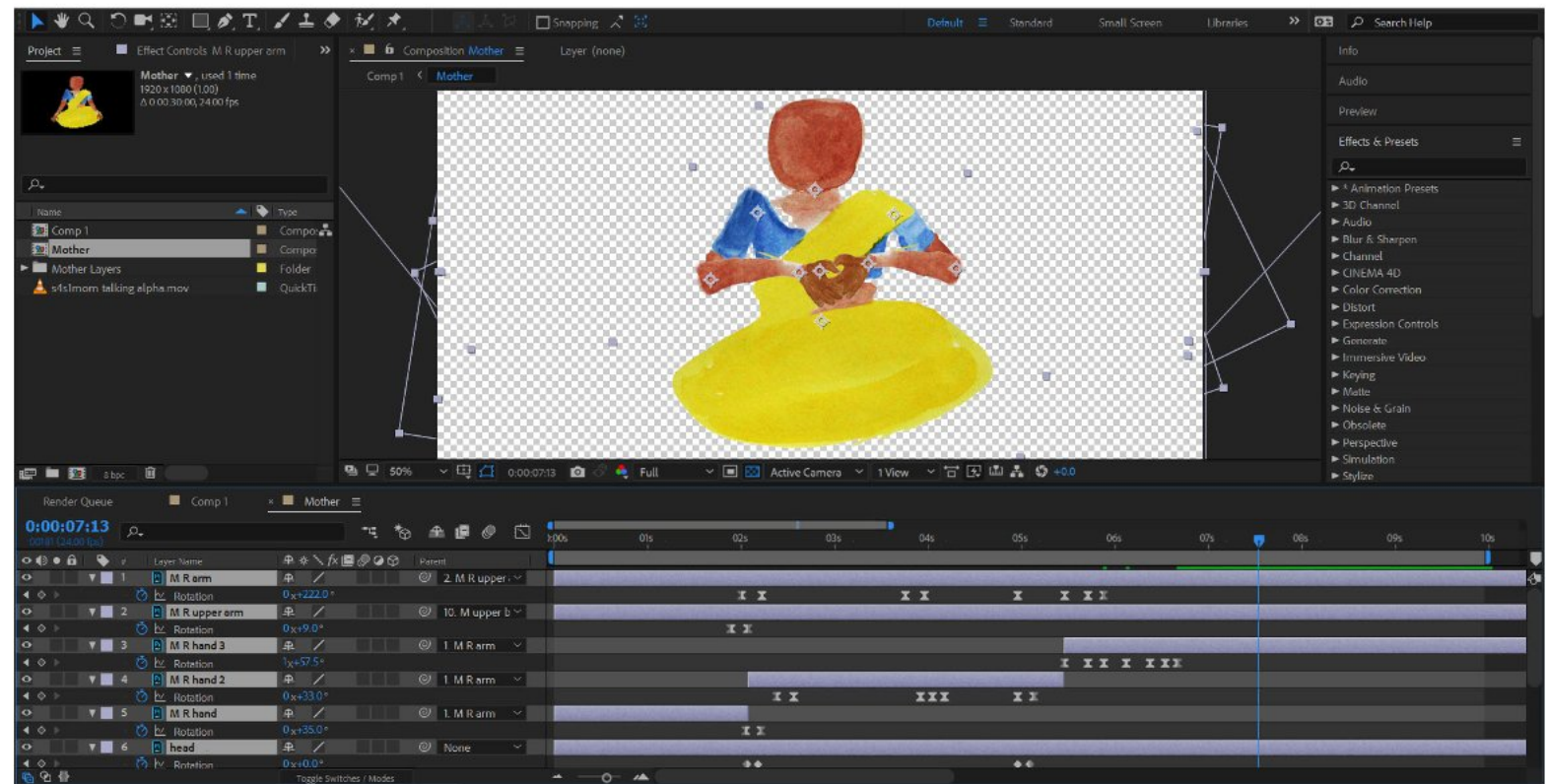
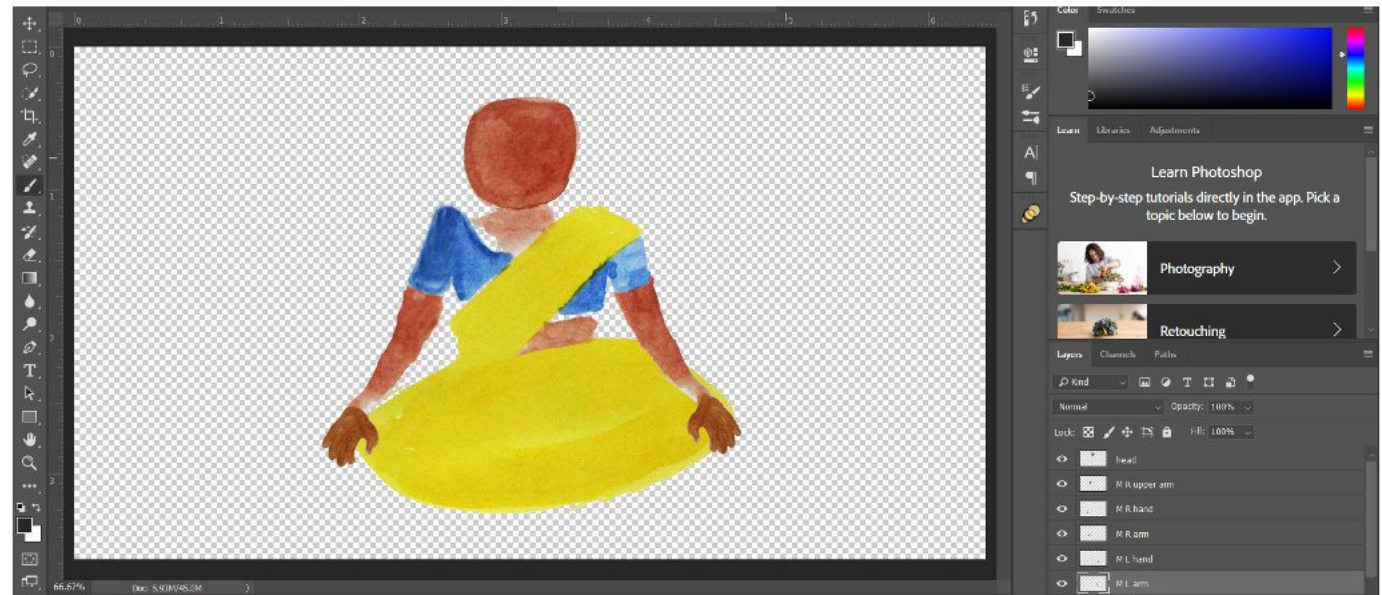


4. Drew the characters in watercolour



5. Cleaned the character outlines and cut the parts such as hands, neck, head in Photoshop

Rigged the parts together in After Effects and the character was animated.



6. The animation is exported with a transparent background



7. Outlines are drawn over the animation in Photoshop





Characters after animation and outlining:

8. Background for the scene is painted



9. Characters are put on the background and the scene is rendered. It replaces the corresponding scene in the animatic.



7 Conclusion

Working on this film has been a terrific journey for me. Working on a topic which is real and having to understand in depth so many aspects of different studies such as social studies, film-making, animation, drawing was an exhilarating experience.

While my interactions with Rekha and her family I did not have a perceived role of somebody studying them, but I was a person who was listening. Which made me perplexed towards my role and relation to them. I had a long phase of questioning my way of lifestyle and if what I was doing is even going to help them or was I mocking them in any way. It was a very shattering time with no sense emerging in what I was continuing to do. Through time and introspection I was able to garner my self back and to understand this to be a journey for me.

To understand a concept from theory right up to seeing it played out in the real world was a very new experience for me. I could see their world being made of various different parallel streams and I could understand how the history that I share with them, of women education, of fighting against caste discrimination, has moulded their reality and mine as well.

It was difficult for to me get this intense experience and to create it in an animated version, because I did not understand how to filter out such an intricate reality.

I had a very tough time to establish my role as an artist and as an animator and to understand or hope that what I am doing here is of some use. To blend my skills with a poignant reality was a sphere where I never imagined I would work, though I always wanted to. Before this project

my idea of art and animation was about expressing my feelings, my outlook and views. To understand a huge sphere that is outside of me and to internalise it to be able to animate was a very tough journey for me. It helped me really see other people through a lens that was not coloured by my own background. I could see so many parallel streams in the concept of an identity of a person and similarly in the construction of an animated film. I had to study every field in detail so as to be able to use it properly and at the same time to identify clearly and keep my feeling towards all of this untainted. To master these different spheres in animation ahead is my future goal.

Animation management and planning has been a weak spot for me. I did not work in a time efficient manner, partly because I was not confident of many things and I could not commit to anything short of complete understanding as the film was no longer mine or about me. I tried my best with huge breaks taken to come out of the emotional intensity of this project. I have learned a lot through this project and I hope to do better in future. I hope I have added some understanding to the reader/viewer and I hope I could give something back to Rekha's family through this film.

8 References

1. Caroline Leaf's 'The Street' and 'Two Sisters'.
2. Georges Schwizgebel's 'Jeu'.
3. Photographs by Aparna Olwe
4. Annihilation of Caste and other written works by Dr. B.R. Ambedkar