

Reflections

A short Animation Film | Project III

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Guide
Prof. Nina Sabnani

Declaration by the student

I declare that this written submission represents my ideas in my own words and where others' ideas or words have been included, I have adequately cited and referenced the original sources. I also declare that I have adhered to all principles of academic honesty and integrity and have not misrepresented or fabricated or falsified any idea/ data/ fact/ source in my submission. I understand that any violation of the above will be cause for disciplinary action by the Institute and can also evoke penal action from the sources which have thus not been properly cited or from whom proper permission has not been taken when needed.

Signature

Name of the Student

Roll Number

Date

The Animation Project 3 entitled "Reflections", by Ashwin Vasudevan (Roll number, 126340011) is approved, in partial fulfilment of requirements of the Masters of Design degree in Animation in Industrial Design Centre of Indian Institute of Technology, Bombay.

.....Project Guide

.....External Examiner

.....Internal Examiner

.....Chair Person

I would like to express my deepest gratitude to my guide Prof. Nina Sabnani for her guidance and support throughout the project. I thank Prof. Sumant Rao, Prof. Shilpa Ranade, Prof. Phani Tetali and Prof. C. P. Narayan for their support.

I thank my family and friends for their encouragement and support during the project.

In this project, I try to illuminate the idea of how we always imagine ourselves different from what we actually might be. These ideas are notions that formed independently by us, some by the feeling of awe and some due to fear.

Haircut, is story about an average guy living in a geometric world, where almost everything is defined by the three basic shape circle, triangle and rectangle. And hair being a part of self that can be easily molded, the type of haircut defines the work you do.

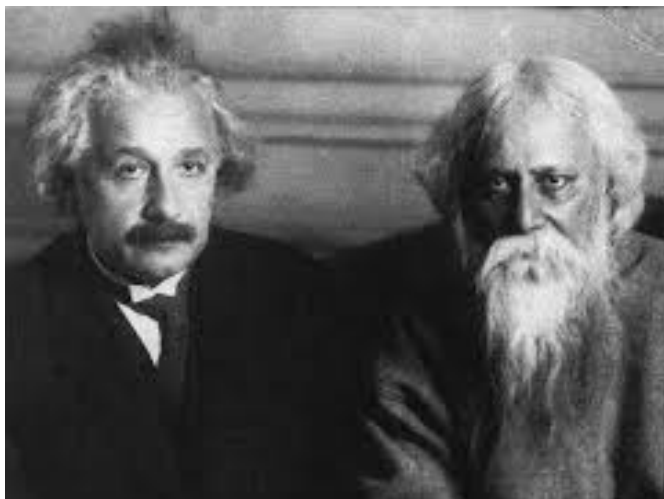
Our protagonist having his basic shape as circle is trying to fit in to a cube and triangle.

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<http://www.wikiart.org/en/rene-magritte/not-to-be-reproduced-1937>



<http://www.brainpickings.org/wp-content/uploads/2012/04/einstein-tagore1.jpg>



<http://www.wikiart.org/en/rene-magritte/the-glass-house-1939>

*"I am not proud, but I am happy, and happiness blinds,
I think, more than pride."
- Edmond Dantes, The Count of Monte Cristo*

Human self-reflection

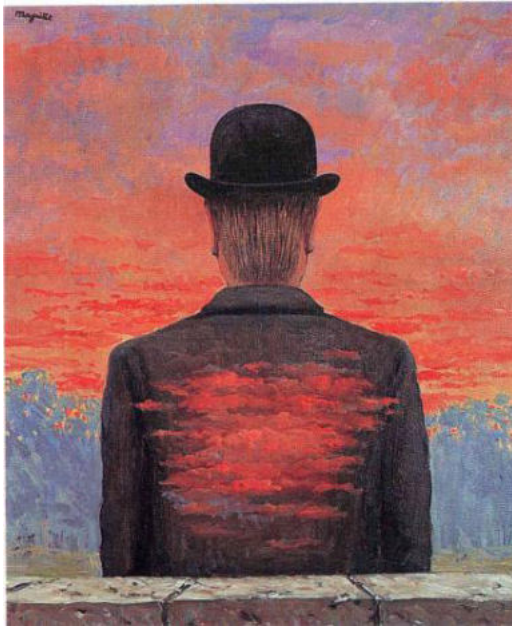
Humans are set apart from other inhabitants of this planet purely due to our capacity to introspect and the willingness to learn more about ourselves and what is around us. Living in the present is the most instinctive and innate habits that we have. Yet our faculties to interpret past and understand future muffles our ability to enjoy the present as it should be.

On July 14, 1930, Albert Einstein was the host to the Indian philosopher Rabindranath Tagore. This gave way to to very stimulating conversation.

"EINSTEIN: There are two different conceptions about the nature of the universe: (1) The world as a unity dependent on humanity. (2) The world as a reality independent of the human factor.

TAGORE: When our universe is in harmony with Man, the eternal, we know it as Truth, we feel it as beauty.

EINSTEIN: This is the purely human conception of the universe.



<http://www.wikiart.org/en/rene-magritte/the-poet-recompensed-1956>

TAGORE: There can be no other conception. This world is a human world — the scientific view of it is also that of the scientific man. There is some standard of reason and enjoyment which gives it Truth, the standard of the Eternal Man whose experiences are through our experiences."

This conversation made me think; Science is always considered as a rational reality, where everything is has been researched and verified. And these verification is also done by ourselves. So, Science like most language cannot be understood by someone or some being that does not have the knowledge. That is to say science even to its greatness and vastness will remain a human perspective.

Truth is majority and fact exists irrespective of it. Science is a broad view and a fairly objective view, but from an individual perspective its much different as his experience is purely subjective to him. And most people are not looking to get the greater picture or to understand the working of the universe. All they are trying, is to be happy.

From my previous project about bonds, I for myself came to a conclusion that how we interact with the bonds we have is by the way of seeing our reflection that is projected to us by looking at a certain object, place or person. Very few are the times when we can see things as isolated as possible. I am still revolving around the bonds concept is because we operate in a society and go through our daily routine whose result has no immediate output. Hence, to do the things we do without an instant gratification requires a lot of effort and

belief.

Yet we have adjusted to the idea that there will be a future output. That is an expectation(reflection) of us that we have of ourselves for the future. That is not a real thing, it is a future image, a reflection of ourselves that we like. And that is how we take from smallest to the biggest decisions that we take boils down to our reflection. Where we think we live is the reality, that we it is a common platform and it will be the same everywhere. But fact is everybody's reality is different. we have unconscious understanding of this, that is one the quintessential reason that we look for support in all walks of life as it scary to realize that we are looking at the world different from everyone else.

When we are engaged in the social phenomena of bonding with people, we start to consciously realize that the difference in reality and still we remain in an illusion that there is only one true reality. Hence, the reflection we have for ourselves keeps changing depending on the people around us, it's our pursuit to live the common reality where we are happy and our happiness is verified by everyone

Rene Magritte, a surrealist painter elucidates these concepts in his paintings like "Son of Man", "Not to be reproduced", "Decalcomania" and as such.

There is one particular movie that had affected my notion of self was Falsche Bewegung (1975), the protagonist of the movie starts on a journey alone, and during which he find friends and a girlfriend.

And they travel together and grow closer. He slowly realises that his destination is not the same as the rest. He enjoyed their company and time together, but he decides to leave. Everyone tries to persuade him not to, but he does not budge. In the end, when he reaches his destination he thinks to himself, he would have been happy and with people he loves but if had he will not have seen the majestic view of the alps. And it was bitter-sweet to him. He still does not know if it was the wrong move.

Poincaré and Einstein

Einstein's paper of relativity was published three months after Henri Poincaré short.

Difference between the two :

Poincaré : Observer independent, Absolute event. "A little reflection is sufficient to understand that all these affirmations have by themselves no meaning. They can have one only as the result of a convention." He argued that scientists have to set the constancy of the speed of light to give physical theories the simplest form. Space-time is considered a united entity.

Einstein : Observer Dependent, relative to reference. And can be verified. Space and time separated.

This is an example to show, even in the understating of objectivity, subjectivity takes precedence.

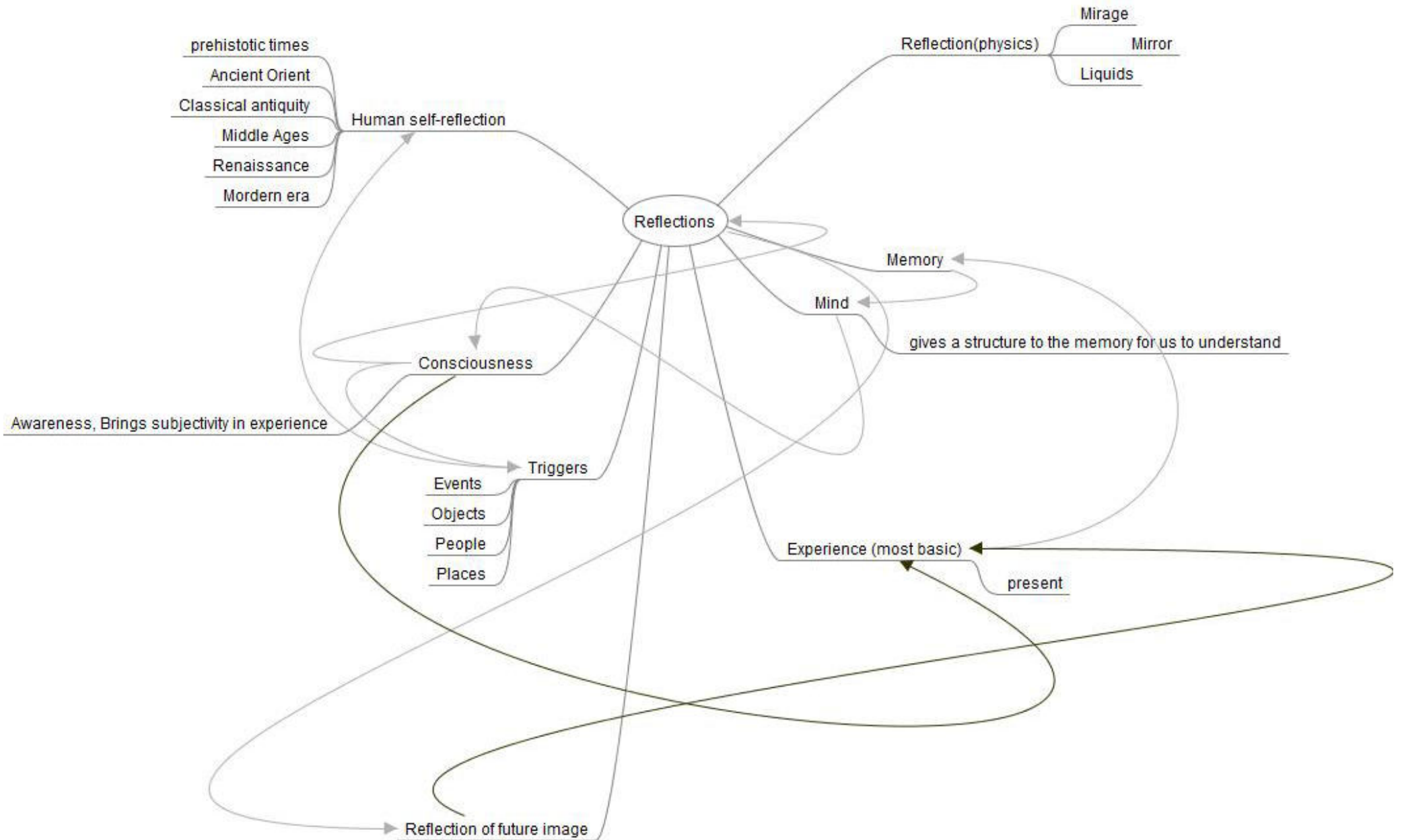
As an individual, if there is no subjectivity in experience, then it would hold no importance. In other words if an event, place, object or person are boring that is to say that it does not stimulate or verify our existence, then that event, place, object or person will hold no meaning to us.

The Noble Eightfold Path is one of the principal teachings of the Buddha. This path is the way to end the suffering of self and the achievement of self-awakening. It is used to develop objective understanding of the true nature of phenomena (or reality) without greed, hatred, and delusion. This is a path self-reflection.

Right View
Right Thought
Right Speech
Right Action
Right Effort
Right Mindfulness
Right Concentration

This path leads to happiness, not because the right things are done. But "Right" in this context means a certain objectivity. A "Right" that is universal, true for everyone.

And from layman's perspective all of this doesn't matter nor does he has the luxury of contemplating this, for some they just don't want to think.



Self-reflection is done by everyone, regardless of their need of understanding the process. A perfect example to elucidate it in our daily life is fame/sophistication. We see these people daily on television and around us who are easily accepted by people, they influence us by giving us standard to keep up. And we look onto ourselves and somehow we try to imitate them thinking that we might also gain more happiness.

Praeesse(being before)

*War,
Victory,
Compete,
Success,
Alcohol,
Drugs,
Lust,
Love,
Sex,
Fame,
We relish ,
The touch,
The smell,
The sound,
For that moment,
Fleeting as the thunderclap,
Grand and the insignificance.
Vanish.*

*Clumsily,
We sit.
Ready,
Again to run,
to that shadow,*

*knowing not,
where it lie.
That moment,
To feel ourselves,
Just as we are,
Regardless of,
What we were,
What we should be,
What we are.
Irrespective of reference,
One's isolated sphere,
Undeniably Ours,*

Present.

So the conclusion that I drew from this research, happiness is when we live in the moment, the time when the objectivity and subjectivity becomes one. Reflection is always an image outside of us, and when go about the daily life we are always stressed about our past image and working towards a future image. And when we reach that future image of ourselves, it passes by unnoticed as we now have a new one. And that is our pursuit of happiness.

Concept 1: She and the sea

Story:

A girl around the age of 7-8yrs of age wakes up in the soft green bushes and all around are cocunut trees. She gets up and walks out onto a beautiful sea shore. It was a place of eternal sunsent, sky radiating red, orange and blue. The sea slowy crawls up and down the shore as if the slik sliding on glass.

She walks up to the sea mesmerised. Her attention is quietly is grabbed by the silky feeling of the water. As she looked down at the receding water,rushing by her legs. This gave her immense pleasure and joy. She felt as if she were flying across the land by just standing there. She starts walking across the sea shore immersed in the feeling of moment. She walks slowly and grows slowly, one step at a time as if afraid to fall in that place of eternal sunset.

She come to halt noticing the sea shell on the floor. She seems to have grown to age of 15 with really pretty hair. To her everything in that place so beautiful, it seemed as if the place was crafted to perfection for infinite joy. She notices her reflection on the water as she is about to pick up the shell. It was as if the sea shell was adorning the hair of her reflection and it looked absolutly stunning. She takes the sea shell and places it on her hair and looks back at her reflection but it was no longer there. The water had receded back to the sea, she quickly runs after the water. She get to next wave and checks her reflection, but now some-

thing seems to have changed it was not what she saw before. The wave recedes again. She looks around to see a lot beautiful sea shells, leaves and other things. She starts collecting them and adorns herself with them. And kept running after the water to see her reflection, every time something had changed in the reflection and she could never tell what or why, just that it didn't feel right. She got so immersed, that the place she was in did not matter. And these things seems to stick to her effortlessly on her hands, legs and body. And as she grows older it merged with her.

Now she is 20, still picking up the thing from the shore and running to where the water is. She had collected quite a lot and looked exhausted from carrying the weight and running around. She trips and falls hard; screams. The rock had cut her leg and such pain was unknown to her. She sits there crying. After a while she calms down and looks up to notice that she is back where she started from the place where she woke up. The sunset, the sea or the sand did not give her the same feeling as before. All she knew that it used be breath taking. The water slowly crawls up to her, she sees the reflection and thinks back to what she used to look like. Unable to remember anything, she starts pulling off all what she had put on. Screaming in agony as they had merged with her. When she was done she stares hard at her reflection, and the water slowly slips away. And she keeps staring.

Concept 2: Ballons

Of what I know.

I seem to know a lot,
read a lot,
understood a lot.
of the lot I know,
I seemed to make no use of it at all.

It is the people around me,
that find it useful.
some say I am an engineer,
some say artist,
say philosopher,
and a nobody.

As who i am around changes,
i am ever changing,
but who am I to myself?

That I am yet to know.

Story:

In a world not different from us, people went on with their lives as we do. Work, War, Love and society ,cycles that eternally progress, just the same. But there in one thing that is different, everyone in this world has a balloon. this balloon is a part of them. It's not that they are born with, but it inflates as they grow up. there are different colours and shapes, spheres, cubes, cylinders, cones, tetrahedron, etc.

it so happens that the people in this world can

only see their balloon but not of others.

It's a busy Wednesday afternoon, everybody is working hard to finish up work before they leave for home from work. Our protagonist Oumi is sitting at his desk busily going about his work. Oumi always had grey spherical balloon. Documents flow in to his 'IN' tray and he would use his almighty stamp on in it then put it in the ever diminishing 'OUT' tray. Where it comes from and where it goes he never cared to know, but only that if broke the flow he will be in trouble. what kind ? he did not care.

With a closer look on these documents, all it had was a large square and Oumi would use his stamp to put a smaller square underneath it. and he would do this day in and day out. he seemed to have come to terms with this monotonous routine. and at the end of the day he would go back sheepishly and just to came back again to repeat the same thing.

One evening after work, Oumi was watching television. He came across this show of triangles and was captivated. It had been so long that he had felt this way, where all he wanted was for that moment to last. But as morning came, he had to get up and go to work. which he did, but he had never known his legs to be this heavy as if its sinking into the ground. He stood in front of his mirror scanning his reflection to see why he feels so bleak inside. But he got nothing, then he took his balloon and tried changing the shape. It held for a second before popping back to its original shape . He sat there at his desk, doing his routine work. as the time slowly passes he slows down. his gery

balloon suddenly has a yellow glow, with the intensity of a match stick on a moonless night. Oumi walks out, knowing he will never be back to this again.

Days pass by, all Oumi did was to draw the triangle that mesmerised him and he was enjoying every moment of it. He was not getting it, what he drew had little roundness to it. For Oumi, it did not matter. The light in his balloon slowly grew brighter day by day.

Oumi decides with all his might that this is something needs even he fails, he has to try. It seemed to him that he might lose something irreplaceable if he did not try at all.

With all the his might he goes for an interview. Stunned silence hits as he gets through. But this joy was something that he never knew.

As Oumi, sat there and happily drew his triangles. he still felt something was missing. As he examined his triangle holding it up. Oumi notices a faint silhouette of a circle, he was filled with awe. the circle was just the shadow of his balloon. Quickly takes a paper and brimming with excitement draws a circle, somehow it looked complete . he gets up shy as he was, hauls everyone.

In that room filled with Cubes, Squares and Triangles. Oumi found himself.

Final Story

Concept 3: The haircut

Story:

Everything has a beat, regardless of we know it or not.

And everyone has their own beat. And that beat is in sync with what is around them. We are the most content when we follow our beat (by saying this I do not mean that our beat is predefined).

So, the world I am going to tell you about is where you can identify the type of beat by type of haircut.

There is a lot of types: round, cone, cube, pyramid etc.

Once upon a time, on a busy Friday.

The first rays of sun penetrated the dark blanket of the night, the birds sing praises for it. And slowly and surely the soft hum of night began to fade into the loud roar of the day.

With the blaring beat of the digital clock, a hand reached out sheepishly and silenced it.

Owner of the hand was a guy with a square haircut. This guy slowly crawls out of the bed and goes about his daily routine.

Freshen up,
Get ready,
Breakfast,
and heads out.

This is pretty much the routine that is universal, almost like a religious ritual. They reach their respective office, things here not much different either. Everyone does their own work but yet they all seem to be silently following the same beat.

In the office of cubicles, the beat of the work filled the air. And in that chorus, there was one solo off beat. This was coming from our protagonist Niraj, who was trying his best to keep up with the beat. But always falling short. It was like this before, but now it seems to have gotten worse. Niraj had circle hair which he never liked. It just didn't feel right to him. He decides to take a break.

Niraj had always tried to fit in, but never had people given him any space. They walk as if he was a piece of forgotten furniture. And today was no different, Niraj quietly took his coffee and lingered for a while before he went back to his cubicle. He is sure, if he works better he will be accepted by the people around. With some determination, he starts his work.

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBB !!

As soon as he touches the key his computer gives a loud noise. His screen turns completely red and the words " YOU ARE FIRED" is written in bold. It was not much of a shock to him, he left. In this world of material, power or ambition, if any person's choice is mismatched. That person becomes secluded as he stands outside the society's understanding (defies commonsense). But still Niraj always believed that he would be happy, if he can change the way he is.

On his way back, he stops notices his reflection on a ad box. His hair seems to be in a mess. He just kept staring at it. He shifts his attention the poster, where he sees an ad for round head. With a sense of repulsion he walks to the next poster. It was of the cube heads, saddened he heads to the next one.

That was new. he had not tried it before, triangle heads.

The idea excited him, and he rushes to where he get that hair cut "barber shop".

The barber shop's wall was filled with lots of certificate.

The barber gives a Niraj a warm welcome. Niraj walks up to the barber and asks for a triangle haircut. The barber looks at him stunned for a while and replied that a round haircut would suit him.

Niraj insists on a triangular haircut.

Barber in the agreed, Niraj became really ecstatic. After the haircut was done, it seemed like it fit him perfectly.

The barber comes up next to him. And hands him a framed certificate, it contained the name of the "Barber Shop", date of haircut, type of haircut and signed by the person who cut it.

Now to the world he was branded to be of the triangles.

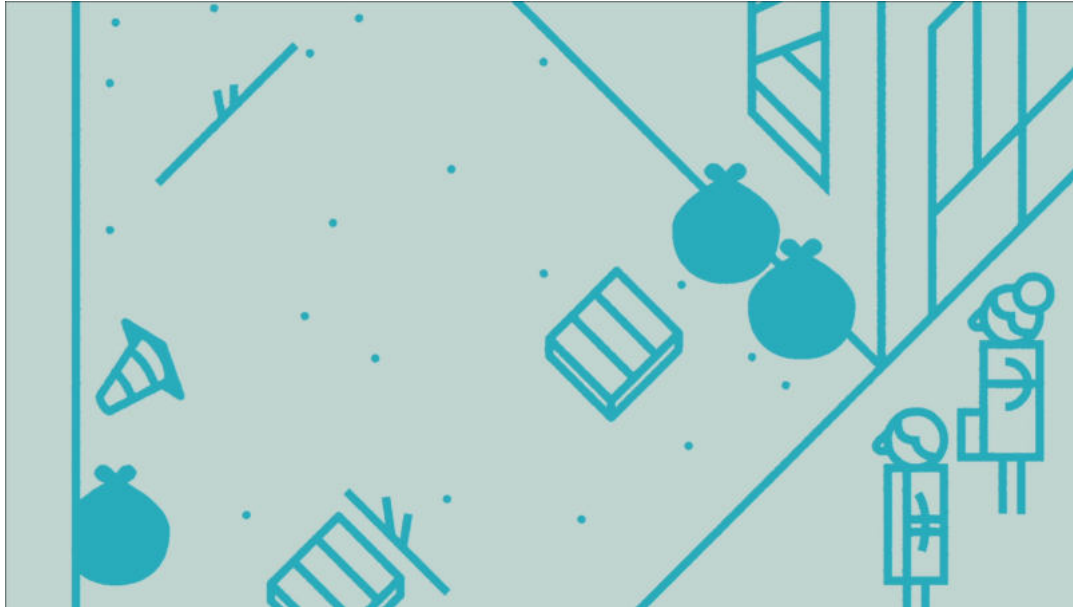
Niraj's joy knew no bounds. Happily he headed to his new office.

As he sat in new office, letting the place envelope him with sounds.

It was hsis new beginning.

Buzzzzz

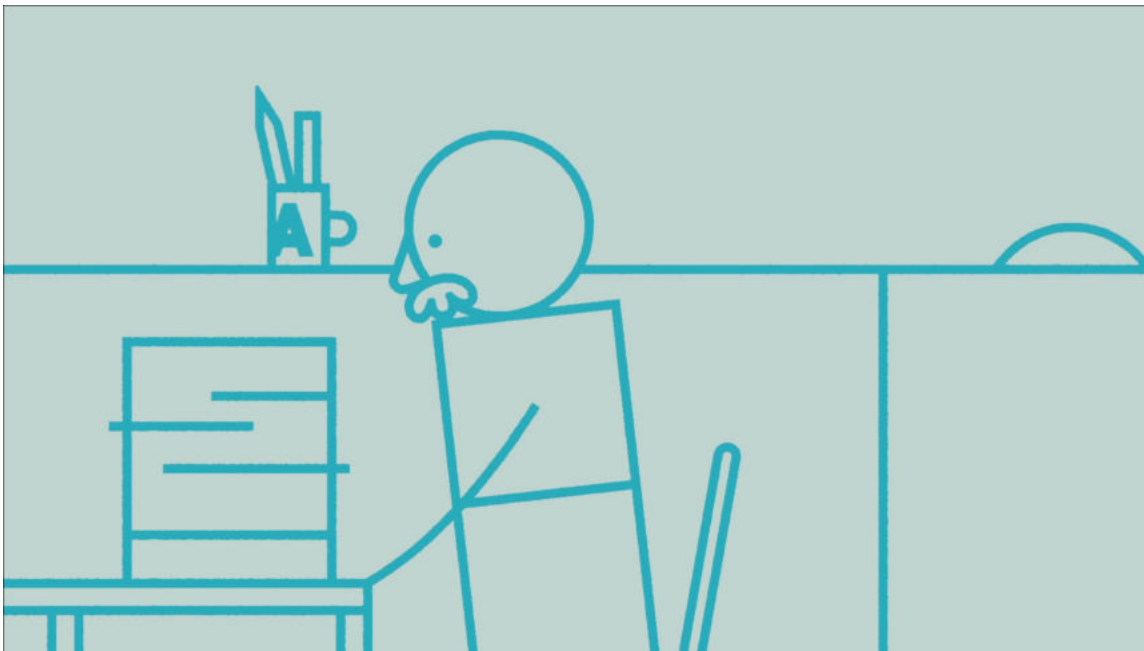
Cut to the real world,



Beats

A movie about a in monotony.

Shapes

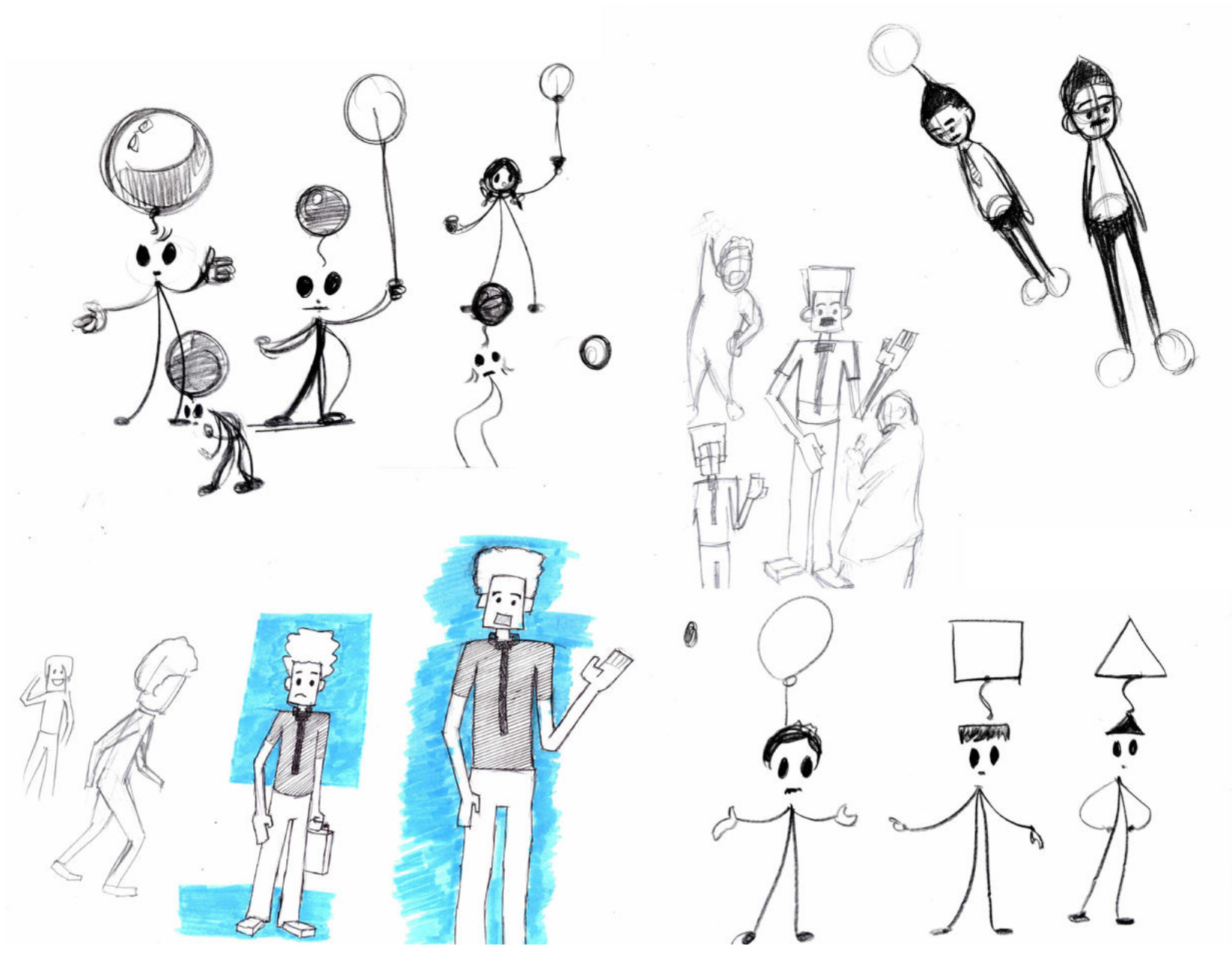


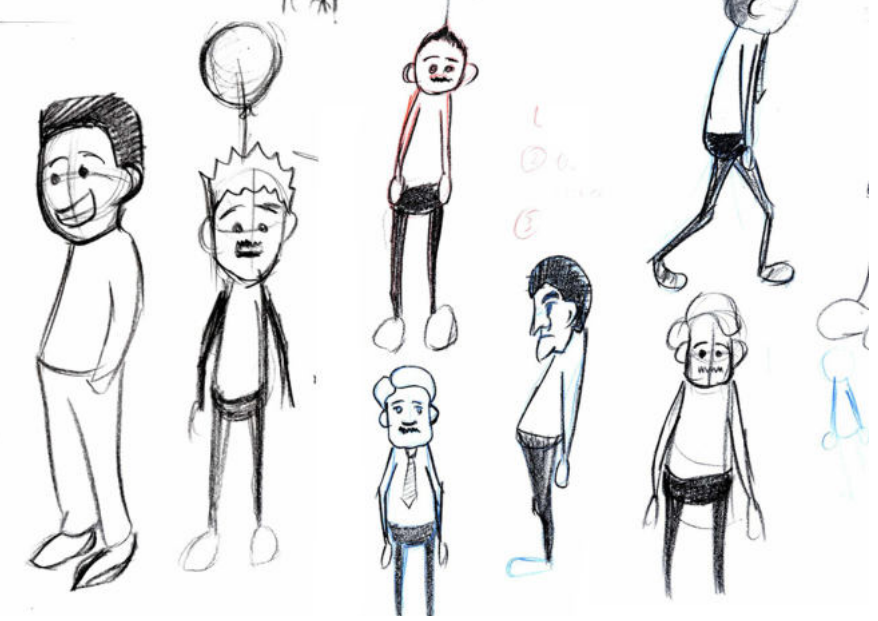
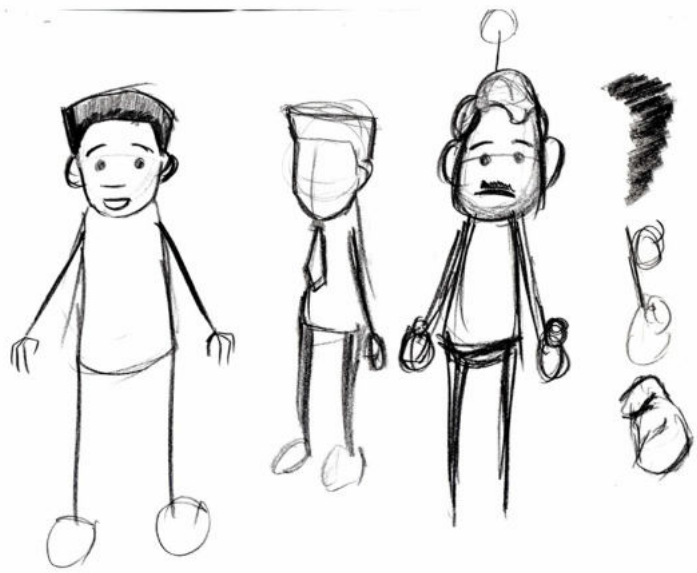
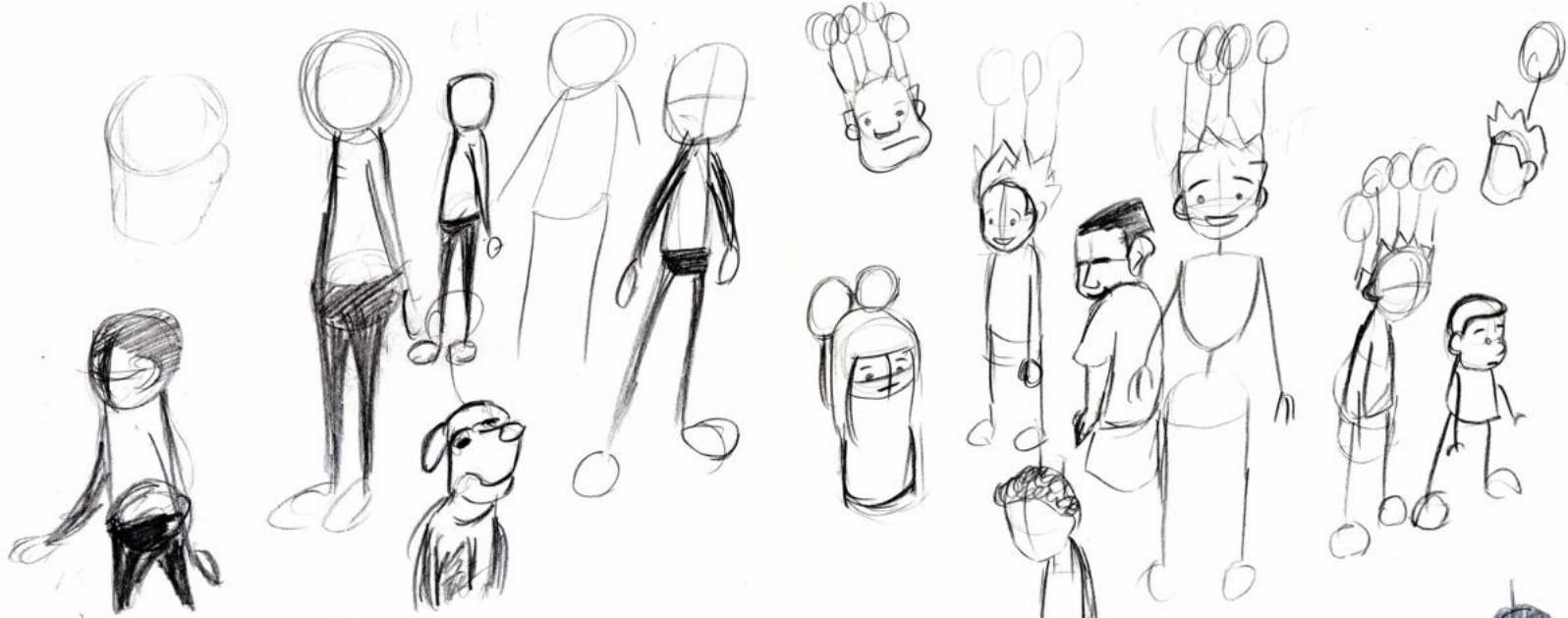
An RCA flim about design in genral, i loved the simplistic nature of the charecter.



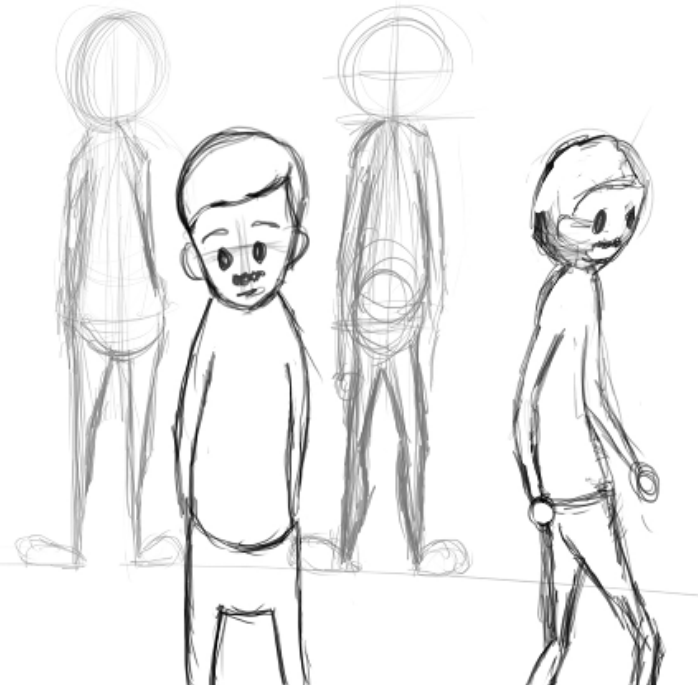
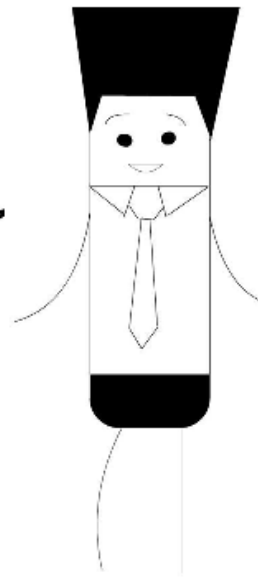
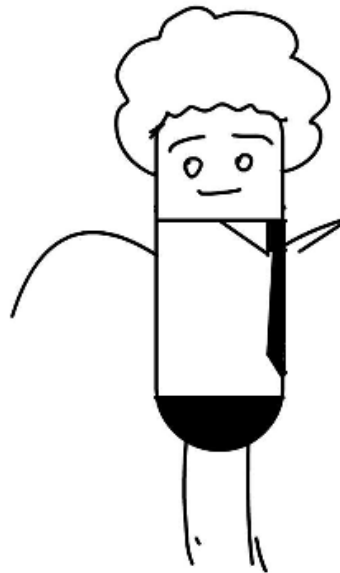
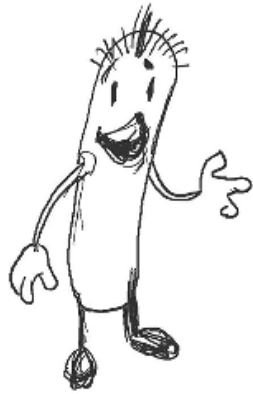
Oliver Jeffers

He is an illustrator, who does very simple drawings and uses bright colours.

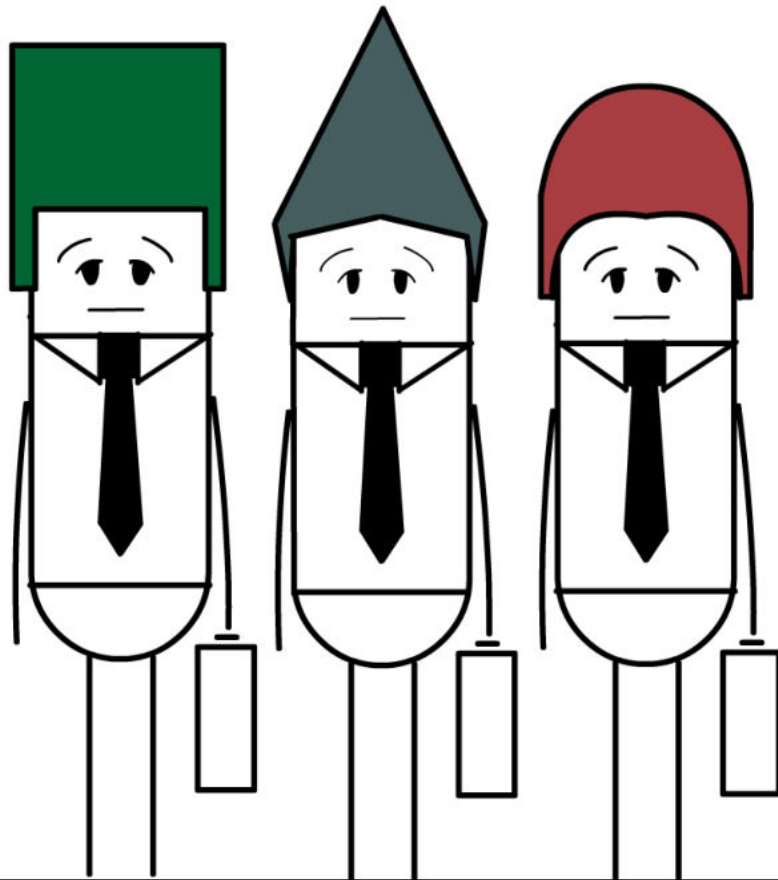




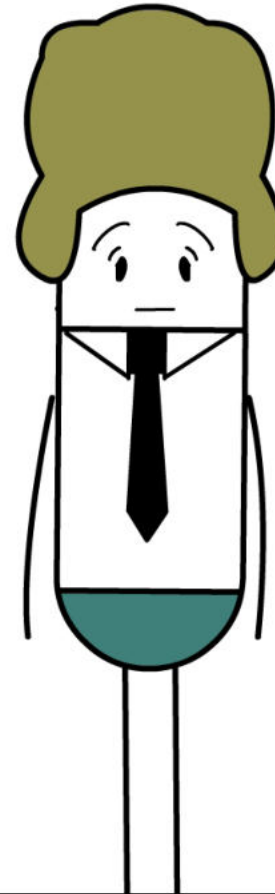




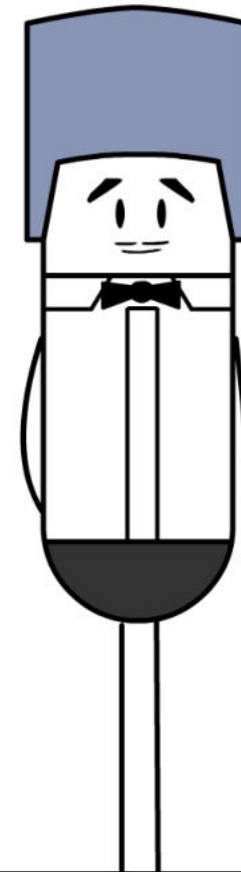
People



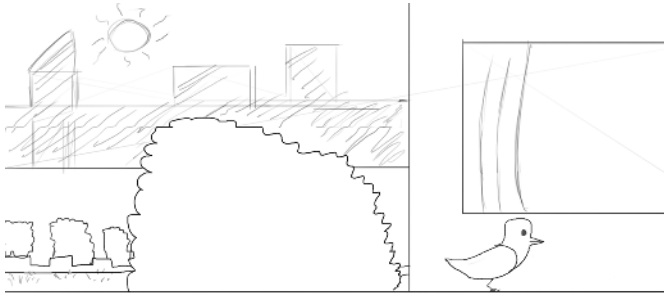
Niraj



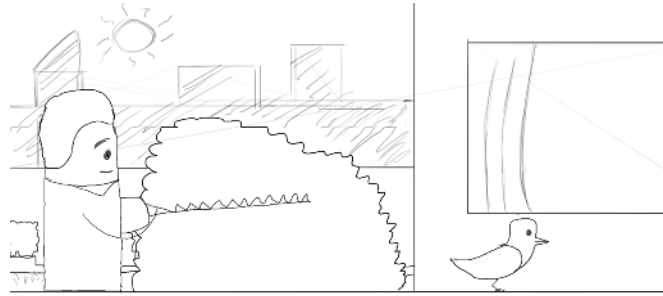
Barber



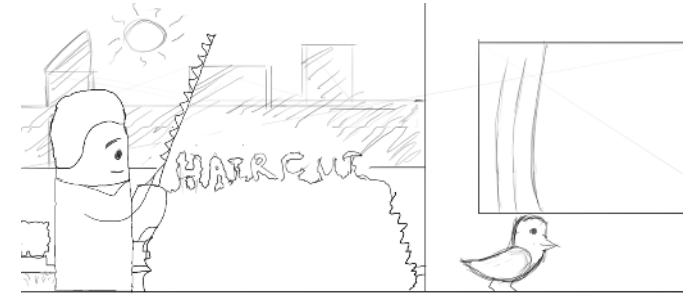
Storyboard



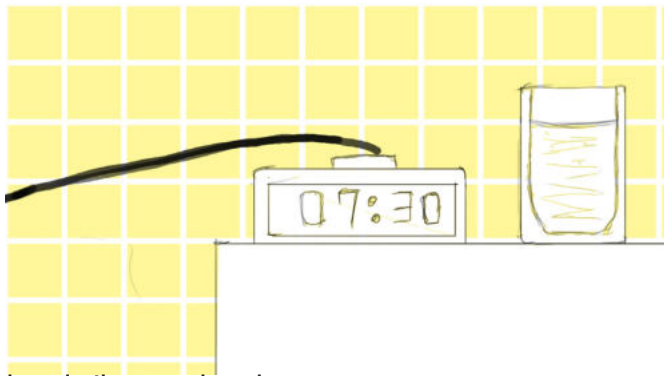
Morning comes.



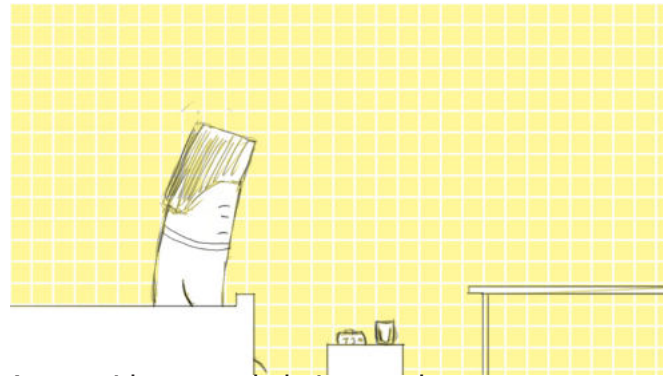
Gardener cutting hedges



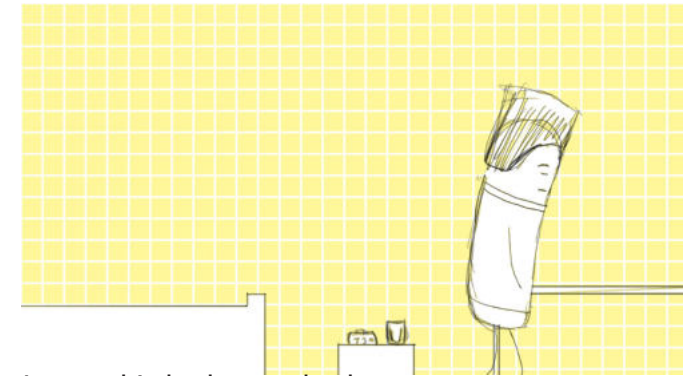
Title of the movie "Haircut" shows up.



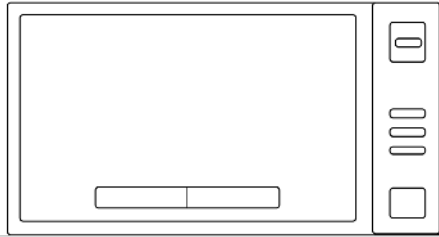
hand silences the alarm



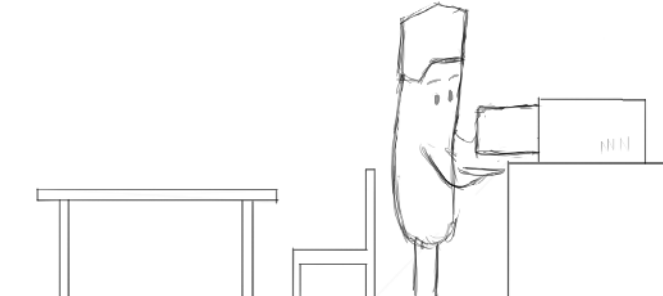
A guy with rectangle haircut wakes up.



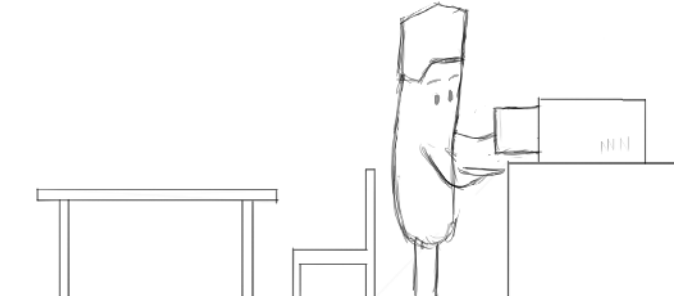
Leaves his bedroom slowly



A bread toasting inside the microwave.



The same guy is opening a microwave



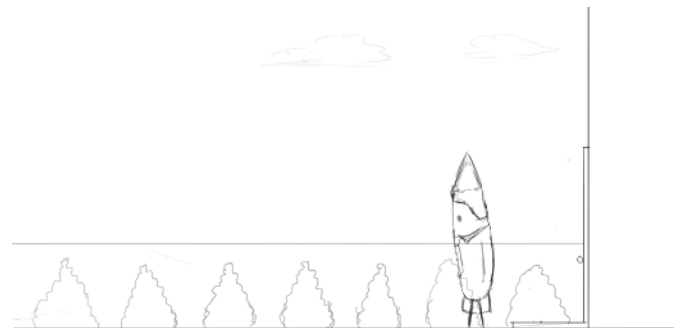
Closes the microwave door.(Jump cut)



The guy closes door and turns around.



Cut to a guy with round hair cut

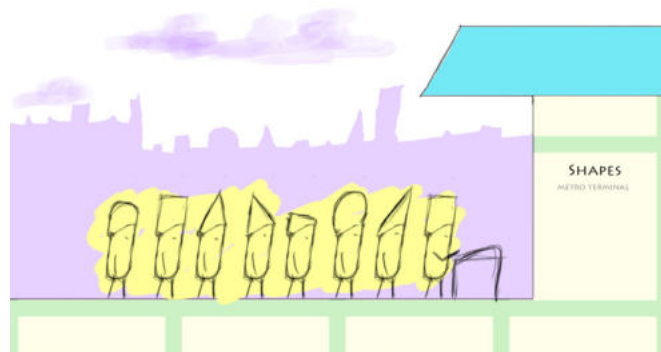


Cut to a guy with triangle hair cut

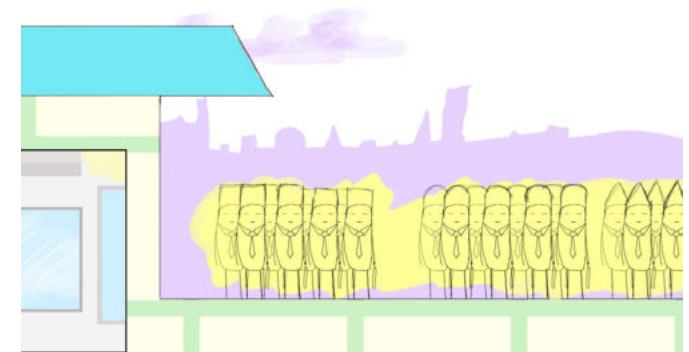
Storyboard



This shot is from a train window



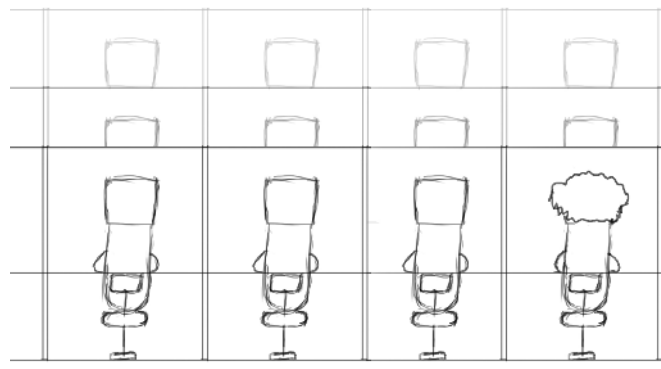
People entering the train station



Ram walks away filled with sadness



Camera dollies with the train



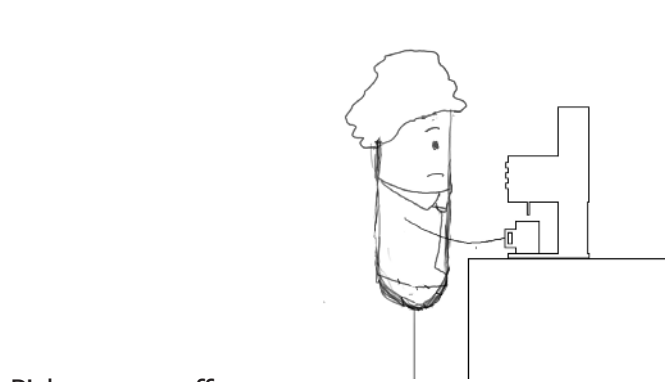
Transition to office



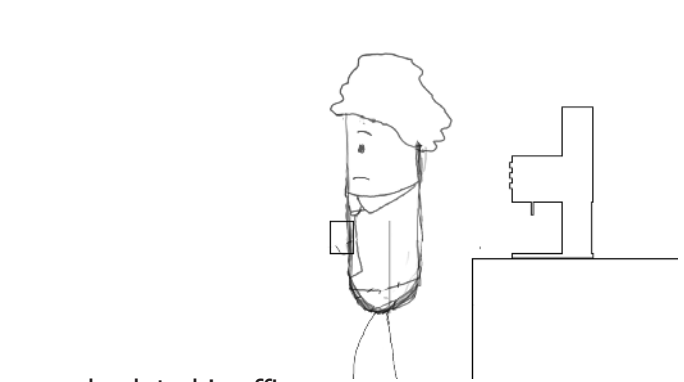
Niraj is not able to keep up



he gets up



Pickes up a coffee



goes back to his office



with some determination he types again

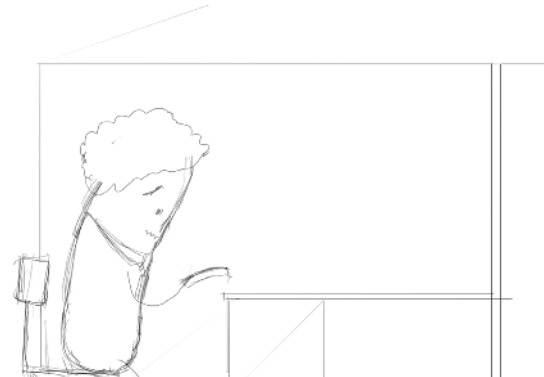


the computer flashes red



computer displays

You are fired!



Niraj quietly looks at it



He walks out of the place



he notices something

CLOTHES



a store of clothes

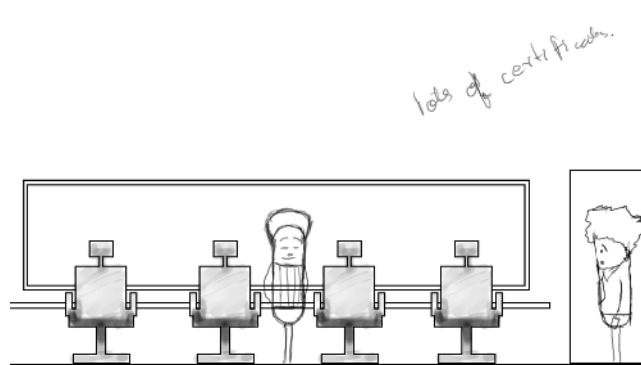


Niraj looked grand to himself in the reflection

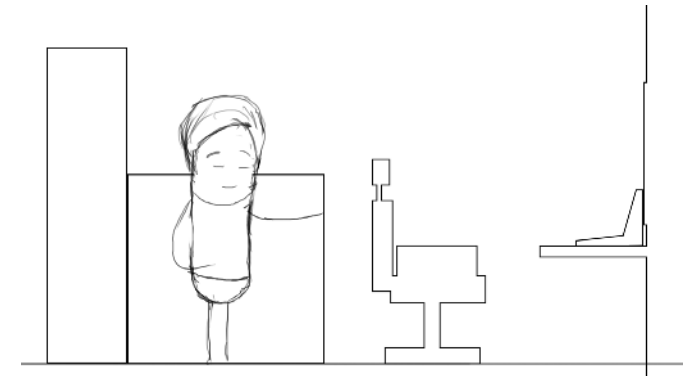
Storyboard



but reality hits



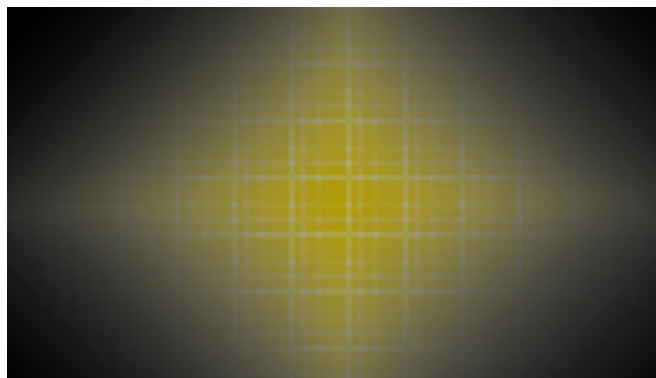
He enters a barber shop



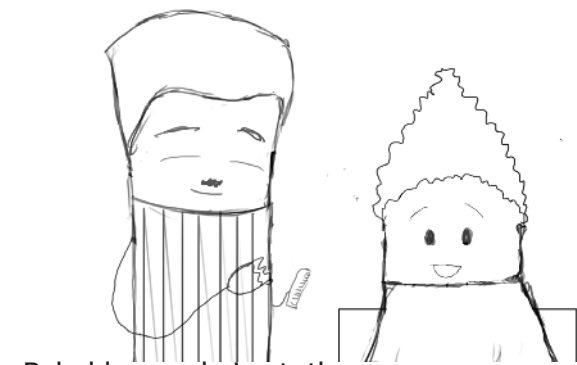
receives a warm welcome



he asks for a triangular haircut



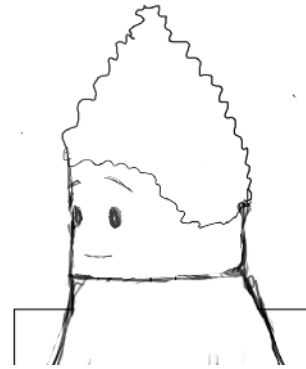
eyes closed



Behold , new haircut. thus new me



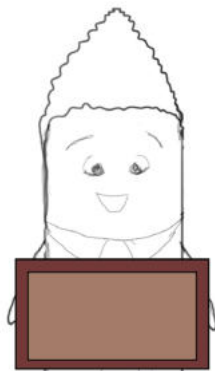
zoom in : Nirajs eye



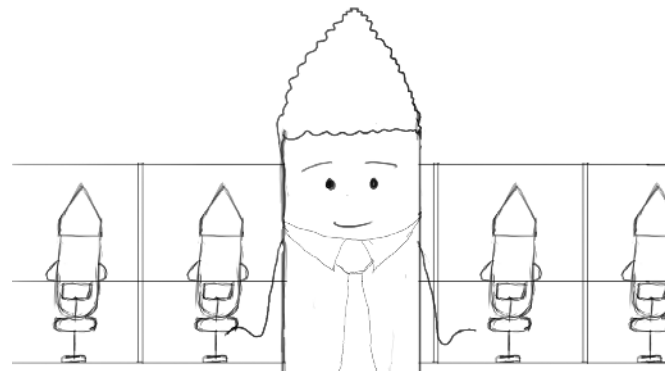
looks sideways



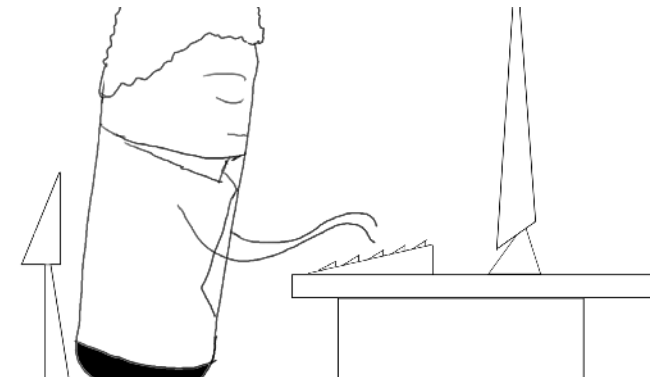
the barber walks in with a certificate



Niraj is estatic.

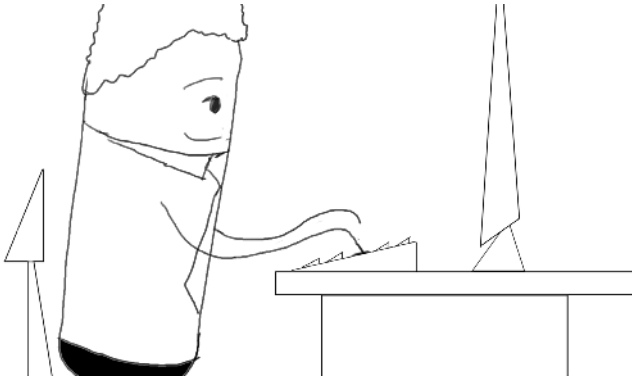


A new beginning, a new place

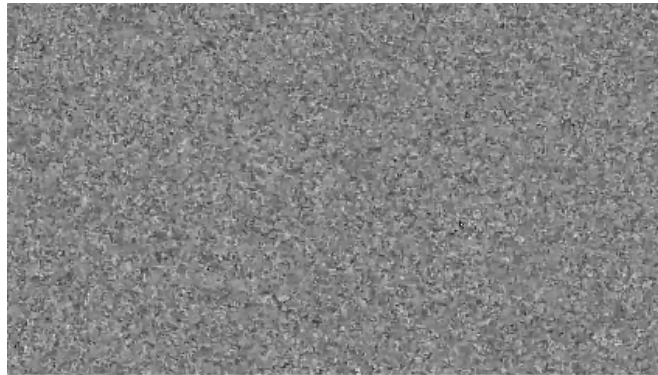


He soaks in the new beat of the place.

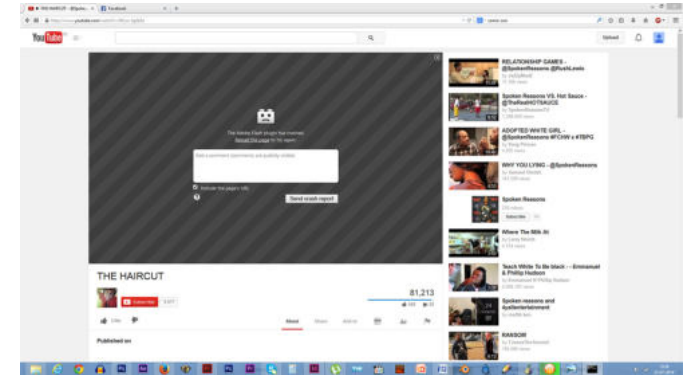
Storyboard



And he starts to work with complete self confidence.



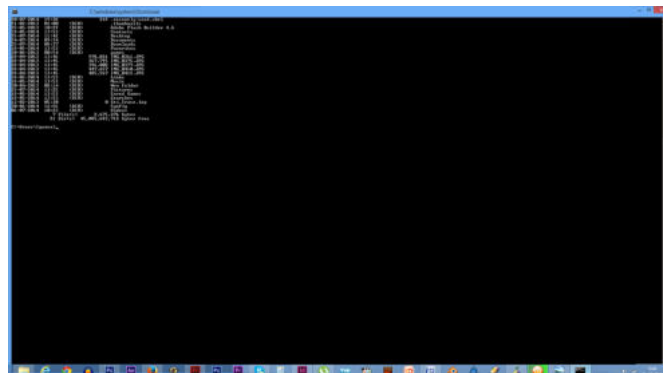
TV noise



the flash player crashes



the persons watching copies the link and shares it on Facebook

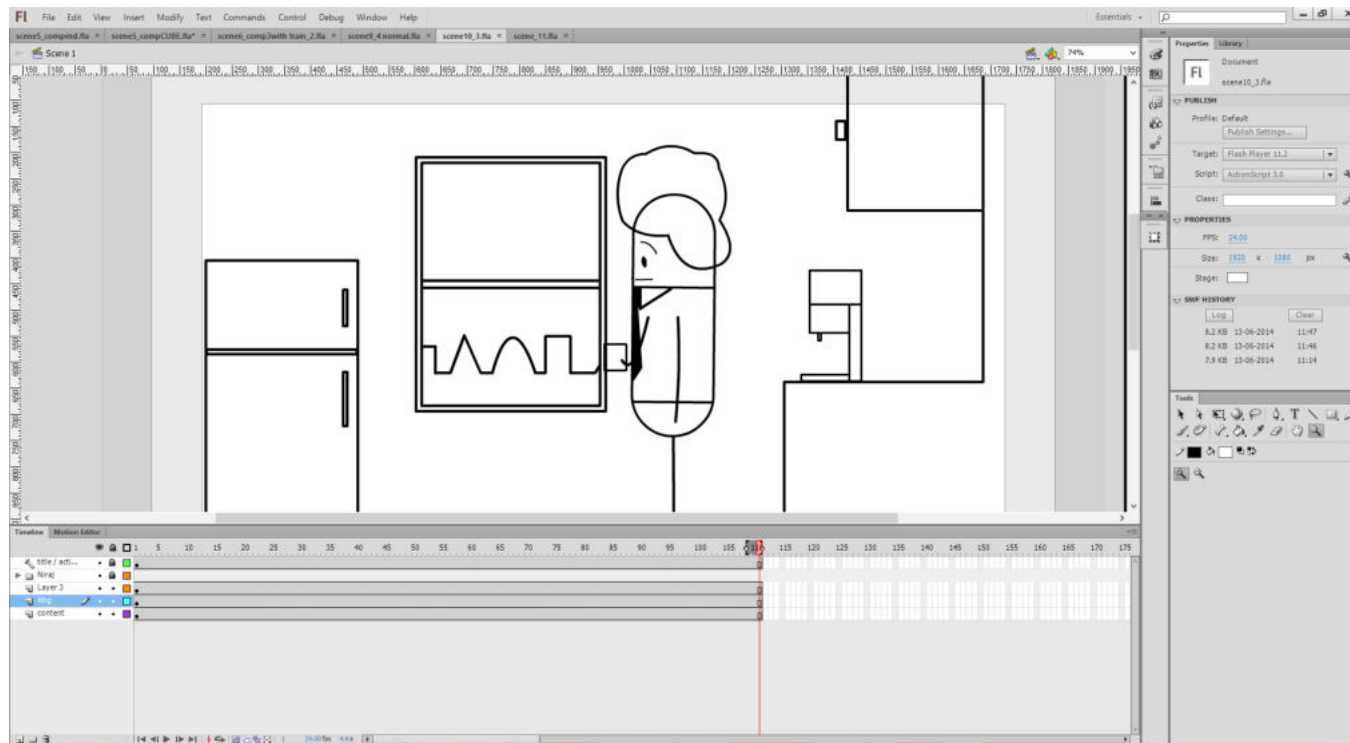


he gets back to work



the person in question is sitting in his cubical.

The End



Animation:

My movie has simplistic characters with a line as hands and legs. The only place where there is volume is in the body and hair. So based on this I made a library which contains just the essential parts like the body for different characters.

To animate a scene, I would first complete the final layout of the background. After this, the body of the character is placed in the layout, and then the leg are drawn separately. The body of the character has three circles for the body and one circle for the leg and half a circle for the hair.

The next step is to key frame the body according to its movement. When that is finalised I would add the hand leg animation.

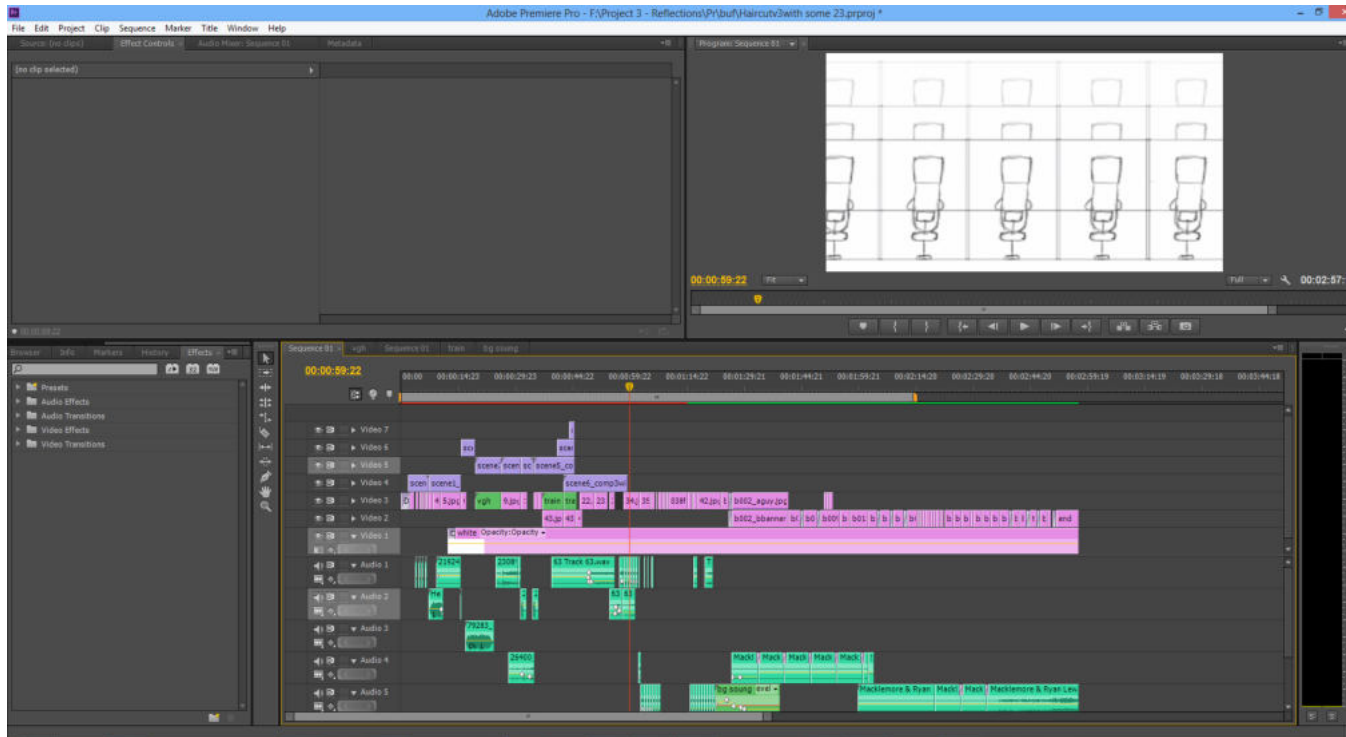
Colour:

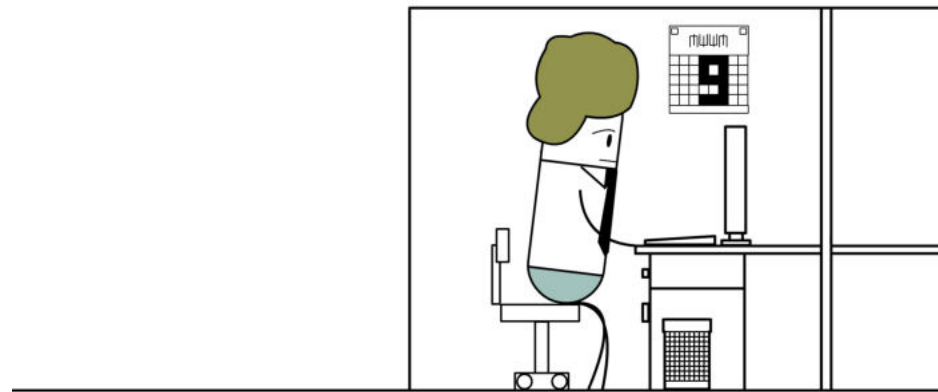
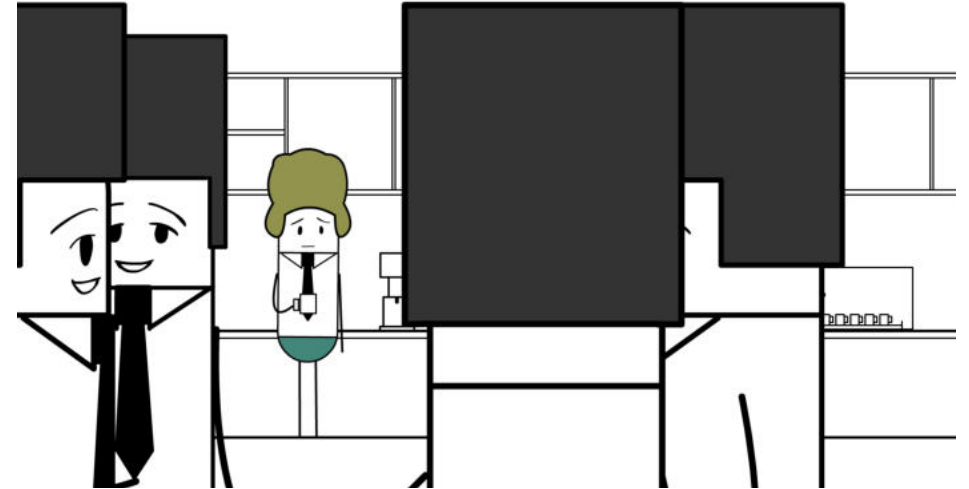
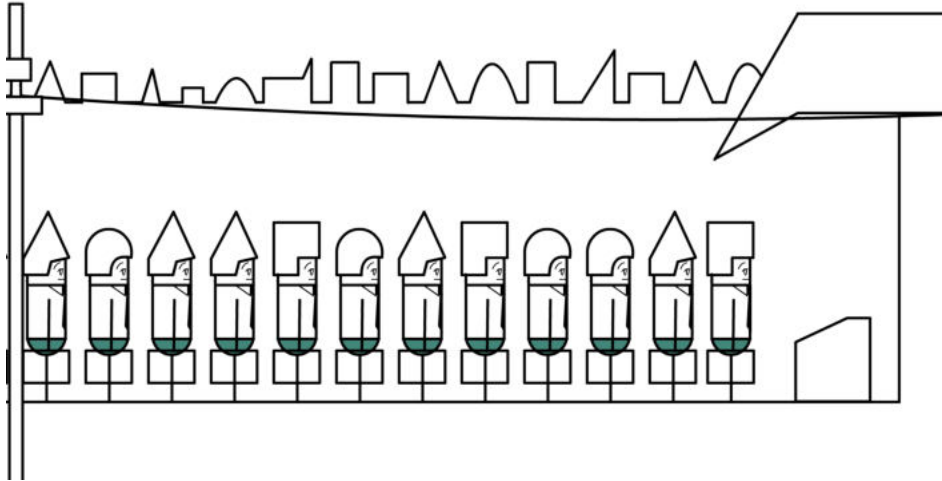
All the characters and layout were coloured directly in Adobe Flash.

Final compositing:

Most of the transitions from scene to scene is camera pan or zoom. This essentially is done while editing the finished scenes. I had pretty much a clear idea of the type and speed of pan/zoom required for every scene. So I ended up animating these scenes in Adobe Flash itself.

The final editing and mixing with sound is done in Adobe premiere.





http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Human_self-reflection

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<http://www20.csueastbay.edu/class/departments/philosophy/reflections/2008/contents/moni-thain.html>

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