



Art Multi-disciplines

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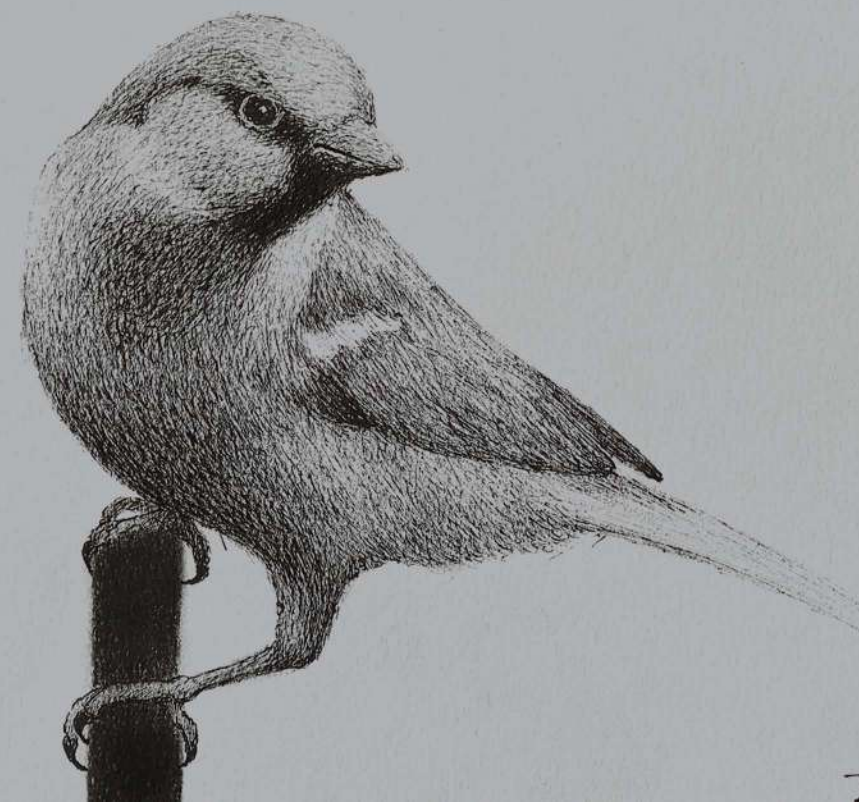


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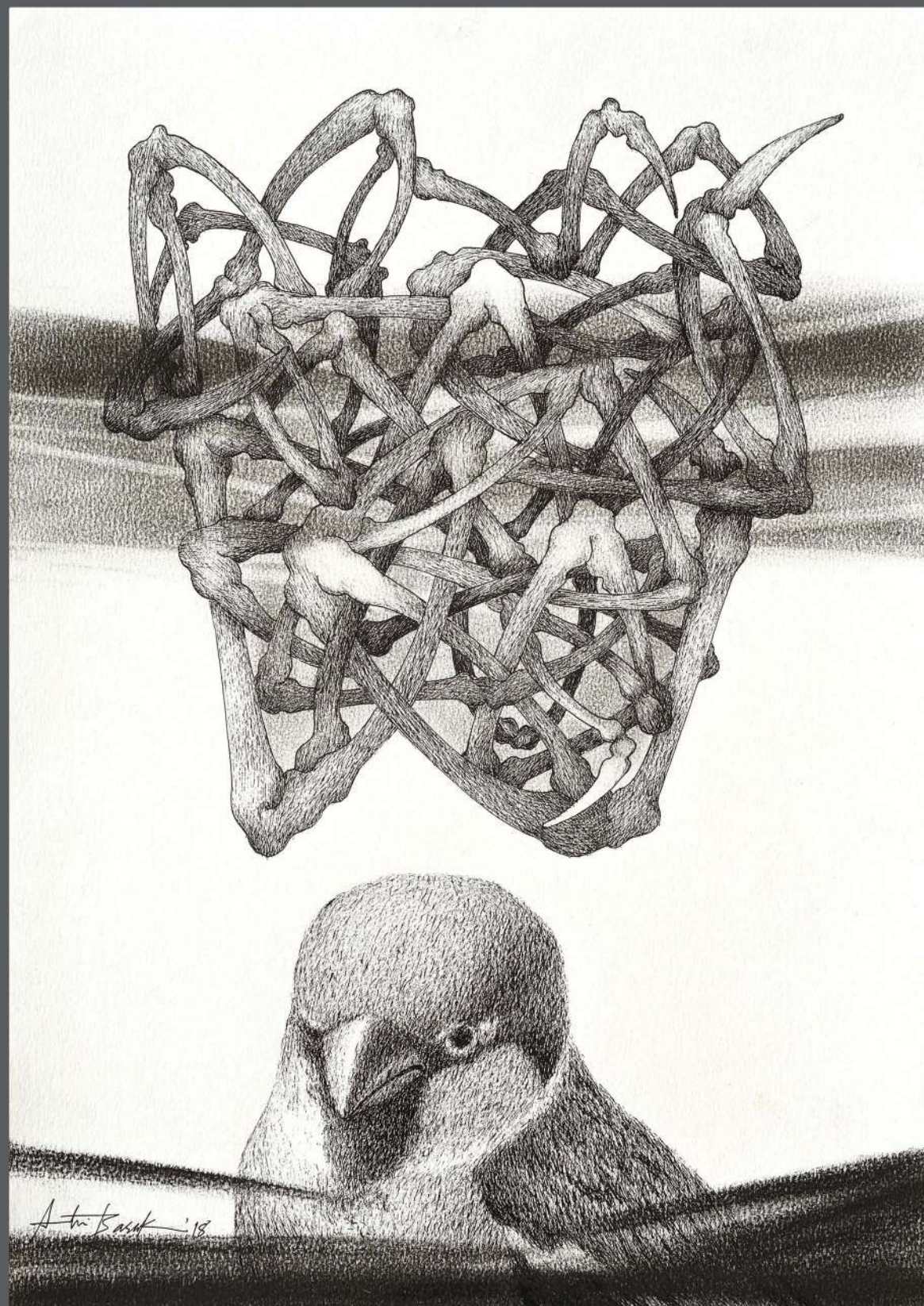
P R E S E N T S

A PART/APART ATIN BASAK

Curated by Ayan Mukherjee



Atin Basak '18



Untitled, 14X18.5inch, Soft pastel, pen on paper

DESIGNED BY SAUMIK CHAKRABORTY
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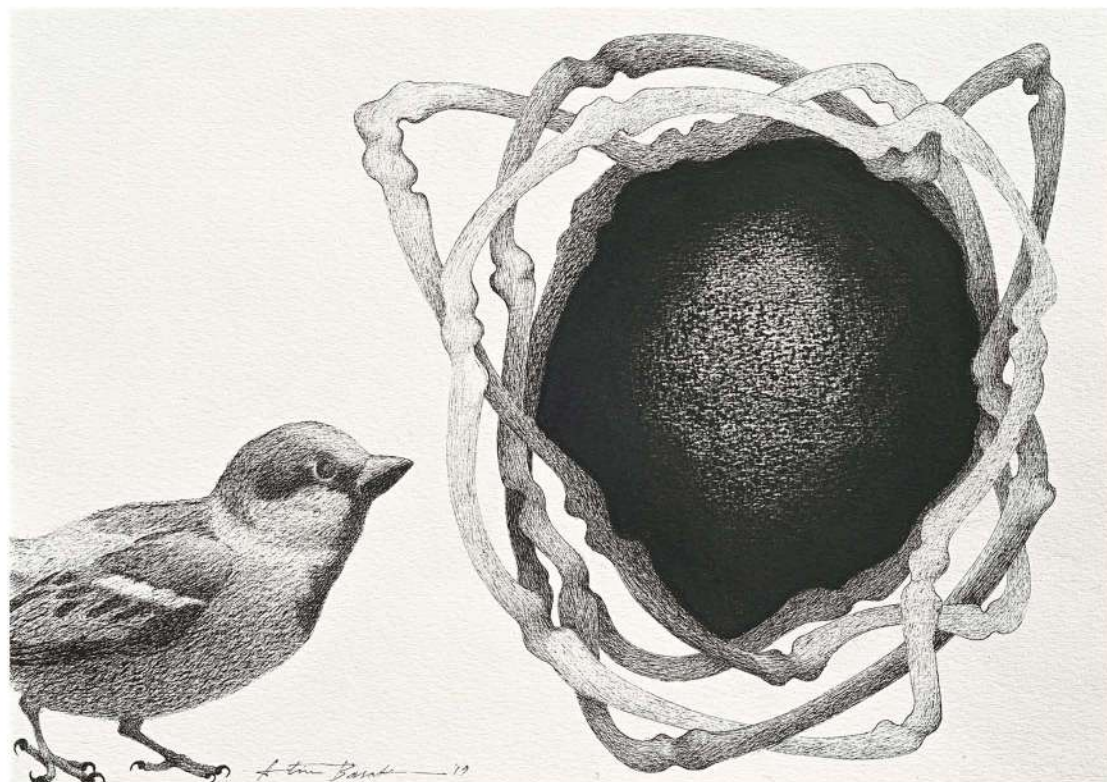
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A T I N B A S A K

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November 2019



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A PART / APART

ATIN BASAK

Curated by **Ayan Mukherjee**.

It's about organising a future by annihilating the unrealised practicality of the existing reality. It's about making merry and creating history overlooking a world walking towards dissolution. A world filled with innovative ideas and thoughts waiting to stretch its arms towards perfection fall flat every time when we search kindness and wisdom in it. Thus, carelessly proving it to be eloquently imperfect. A Part / Apart, the exhibition tries its best to talk and question this suppressed reality which we are all proud and euphoric.

A lost world filled with nostalgia, gone by times loaded with memories, visuals which had always been cerebral, unuttered aching's and a heart filled with reminiscence that's what I relate to when I see those bold horizontal strokes of charcoal and pastels running through the images of Crows and Sparrows making them look meagre and grievously inconsequential in the drawings on paper (mediums being Dry Pastel, Charcoal, Ink and Graphite) by AtinBasak. They are numb yet they tend to express profoundly, somehow symbolising the materiality of the present times very perceptibly.

We human beings are apotheosis gaining the sovereignty of being the greatest living creature on this planet with our inventions, creations fructifications keeping technology as our perennial partner and saviour as well in many ways. We have touched the Moon yet on a separate aspect we tend to invalidate the fact that just like we are citizens of this planet we call Earth; and we avidly call it our own, the same way these cramped and tender creatures like Sparrows, Crows and even Pigeons who are literally struggling for their existence are also an elemental part of the Earth family. We graduate our existence overlooking the fact that they are touching extinction.

It's like awarding them with the line of John Denver...ALREADY I'M SO LONESOME, I COULD DIE...

Validity cries out loud???

Where did the nests of those chirping sparrows vanish...?

When did the ever friendly bird that helped so much in clearing the junks of the city we call 'CROW' become so lazy that they prefer not showing up much...

Why are those pigeon nests on top of that old Fort getting emptier steadily?

A huge terrace filled with Crows, a lazy afternoon calling those Pigeons back home or the sudden chirping of a group of sparrows while the Sun bids us adieu are subjects to discover and research for the current generation. A surreal feeling of questioning oneself raises here which we somehow realise but we are too busy in formalising an uncertain future of which even we human beings may not be a part of...

Atin Basak's works in this exhibition strikingly raises these Questions to all of us. May be he sees himself in all those feeble creatures he had revealed in his works as he understands that in today's world technology apparently connects distant people and again ends up creating distance between people. He respects and accepts that technology is the necessity of the hour, further he appeals may be in futility that there's an unseen enemy which the former had given birth resides in our society whose constant interference is a bona fide curse to the environment and a good enough reason for the decline of a large number of amphibian population.

Ayan Mukherjee

Curator

Kolkata.



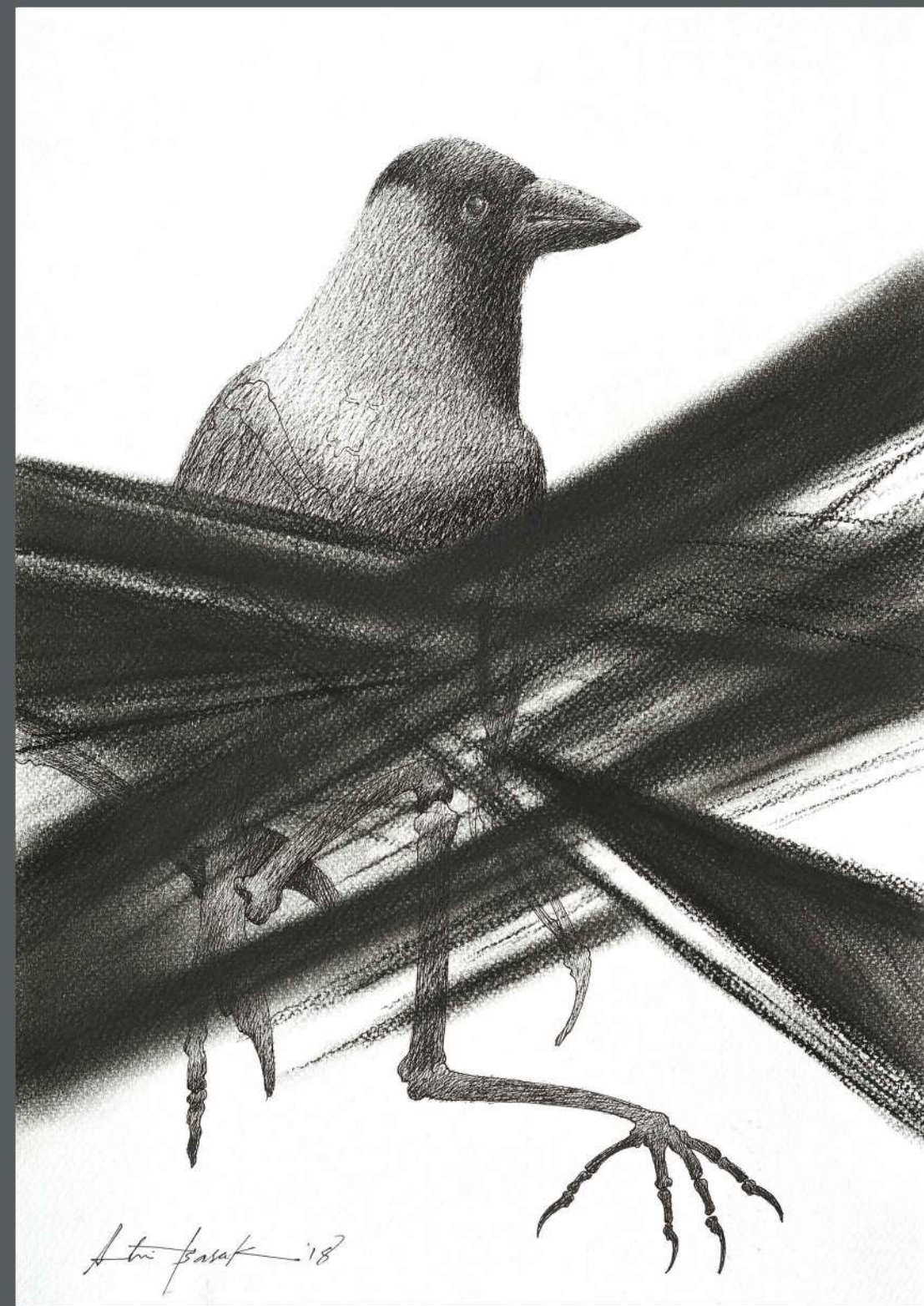
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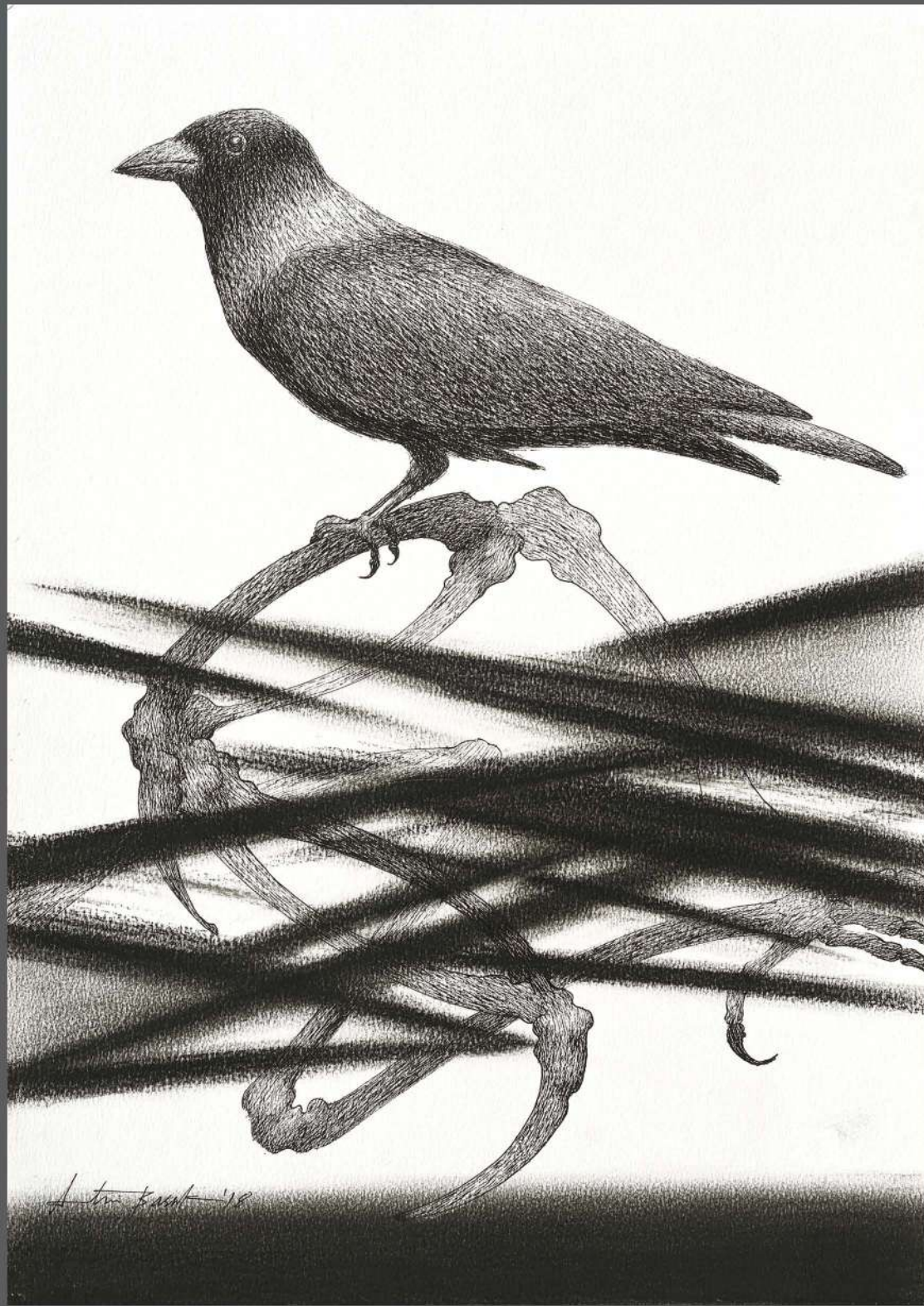
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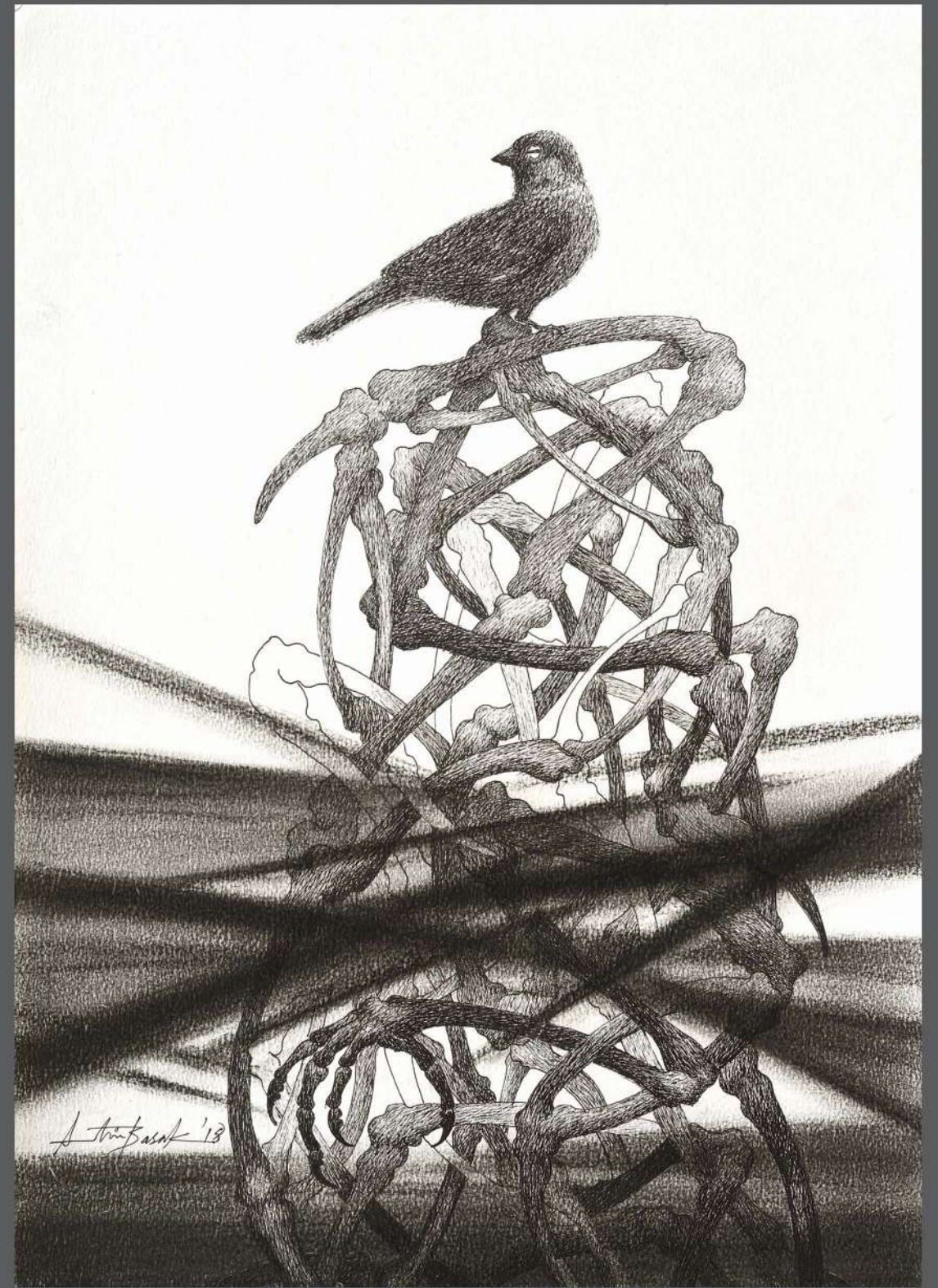
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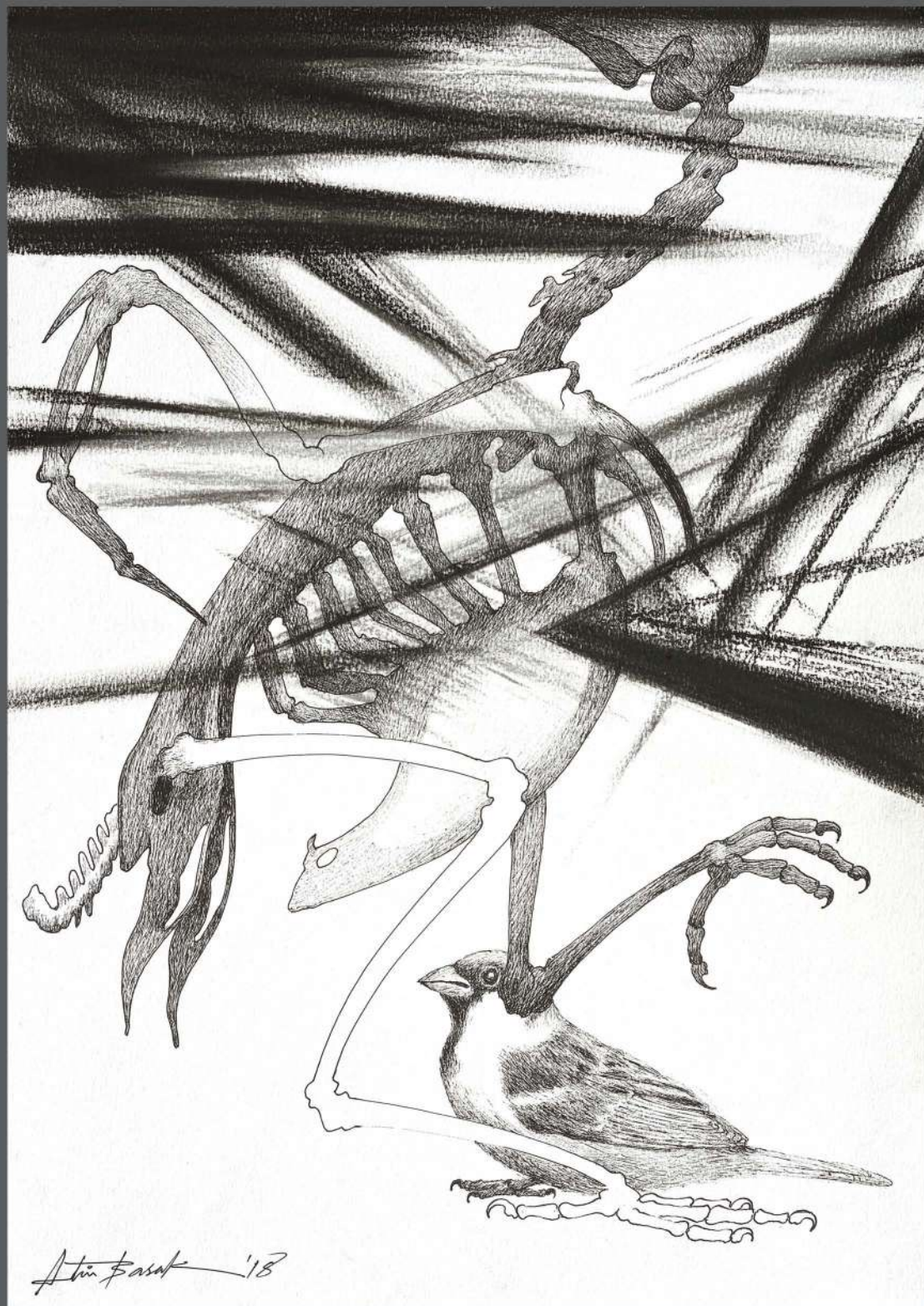
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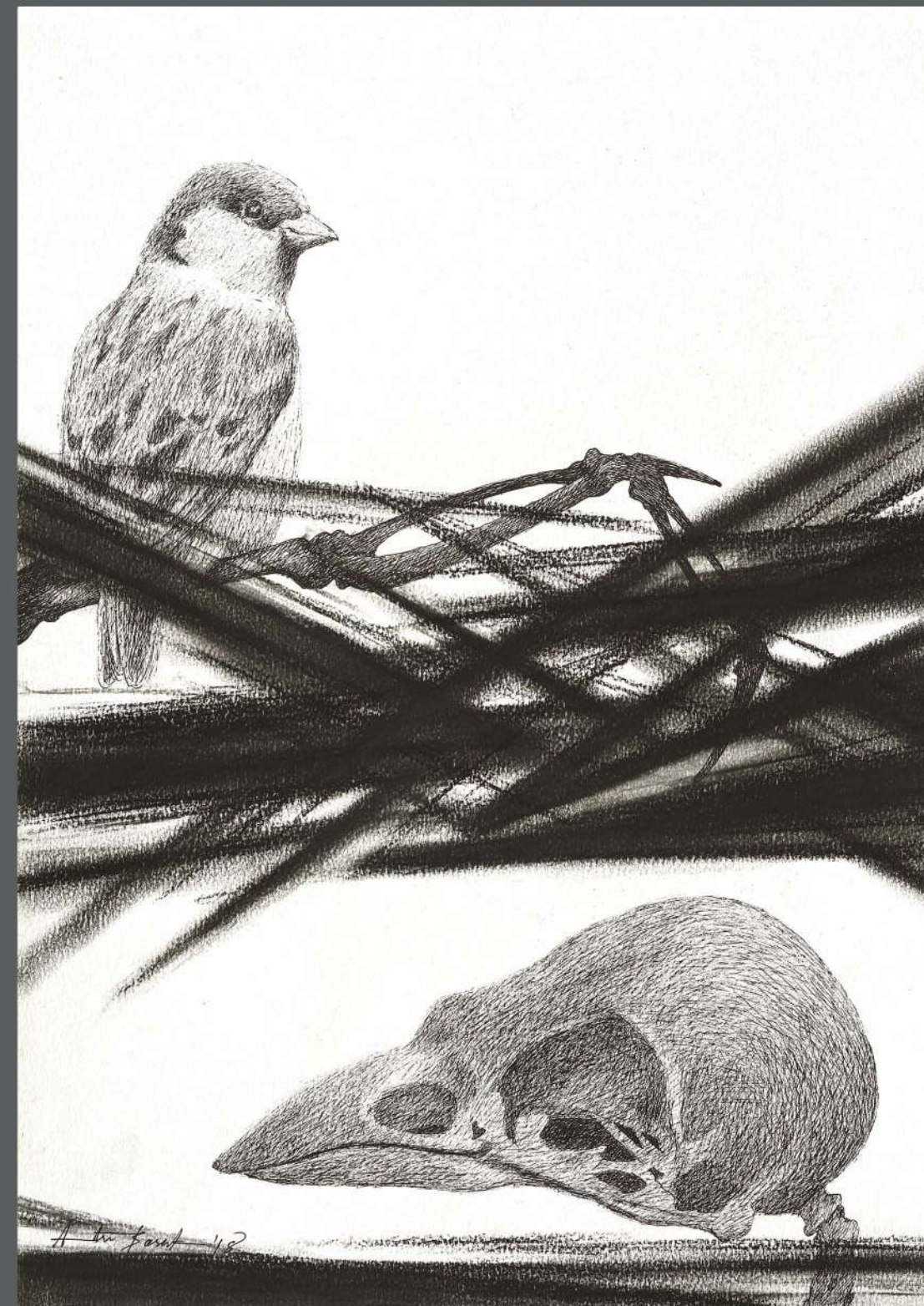
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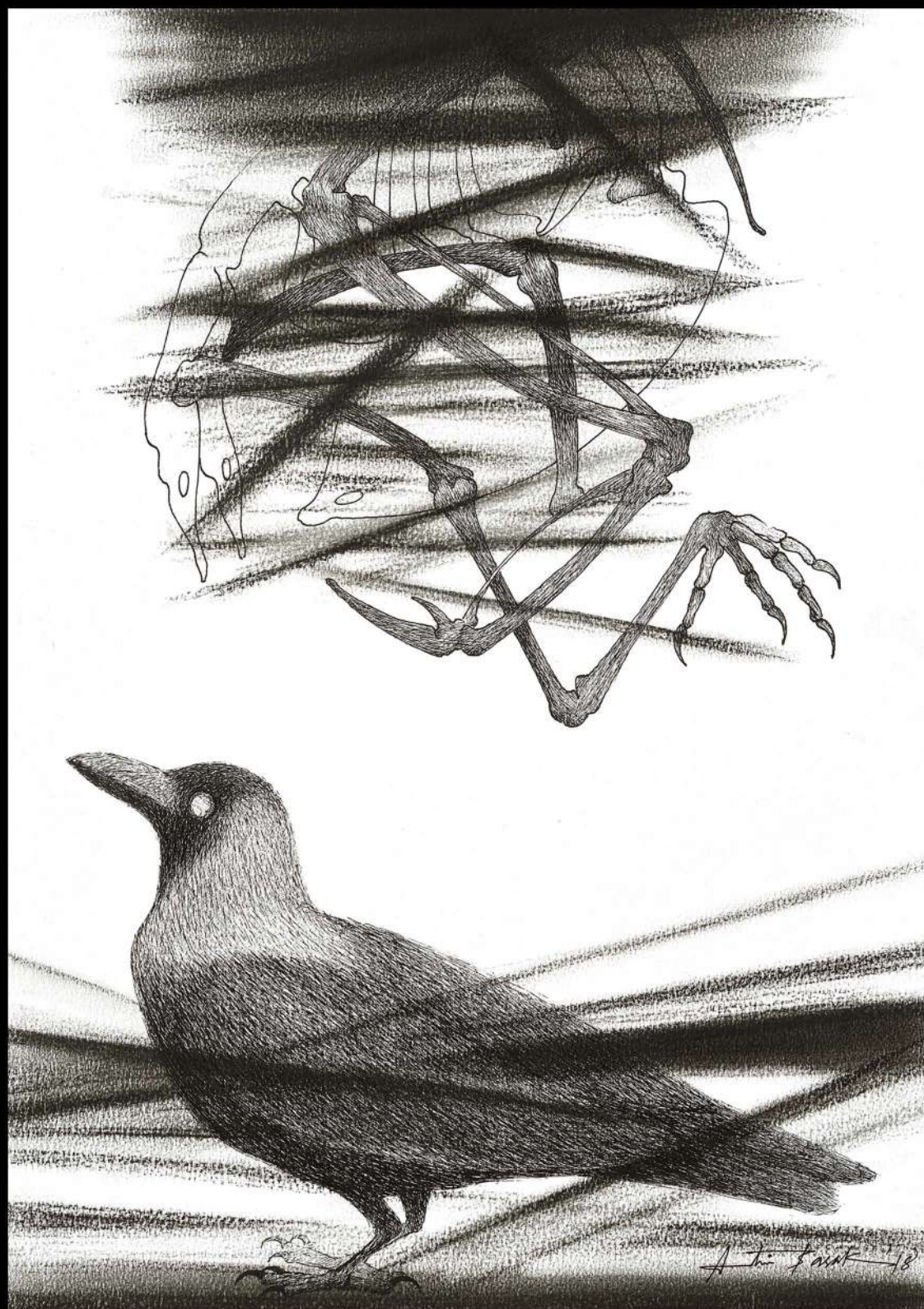
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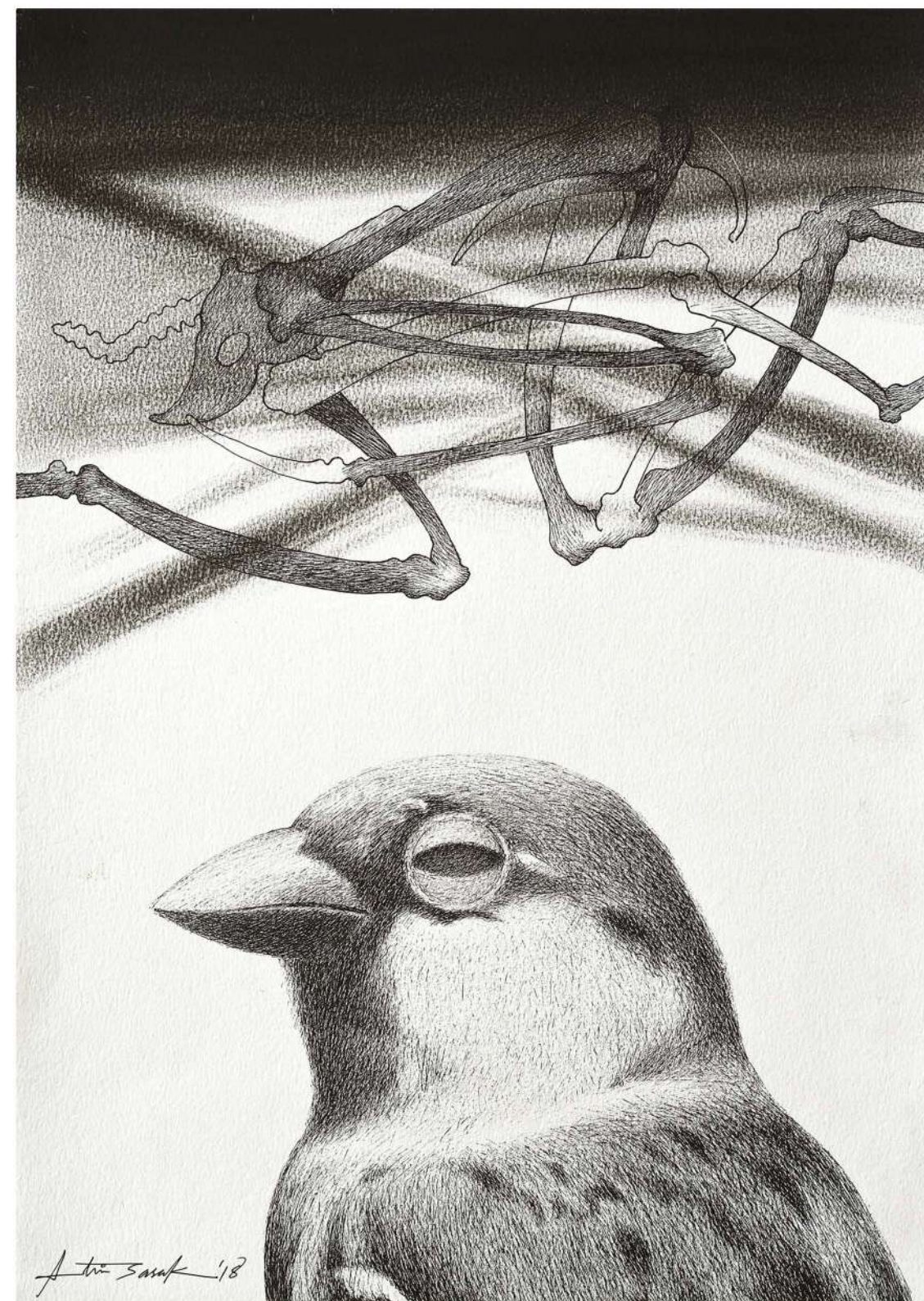
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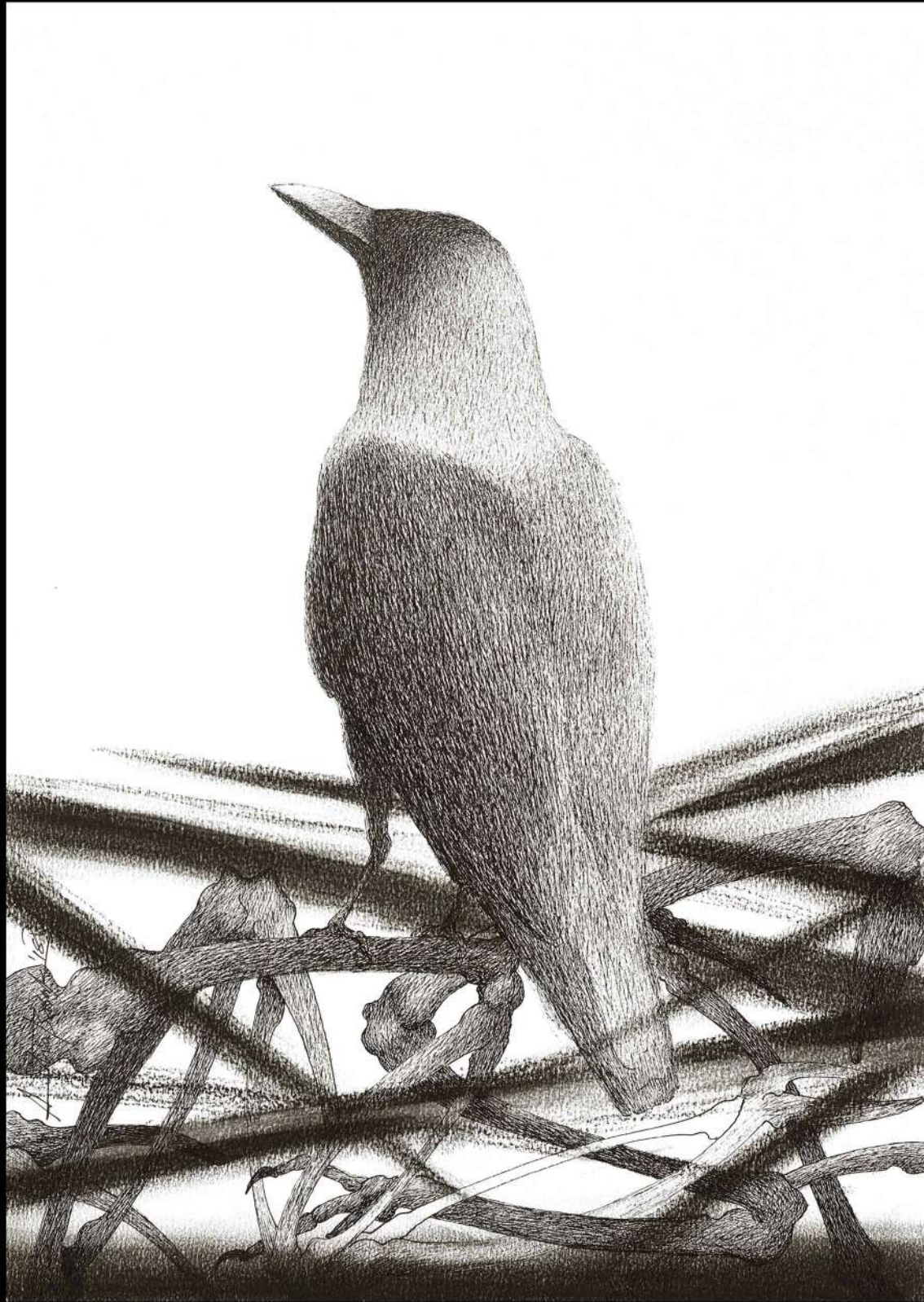
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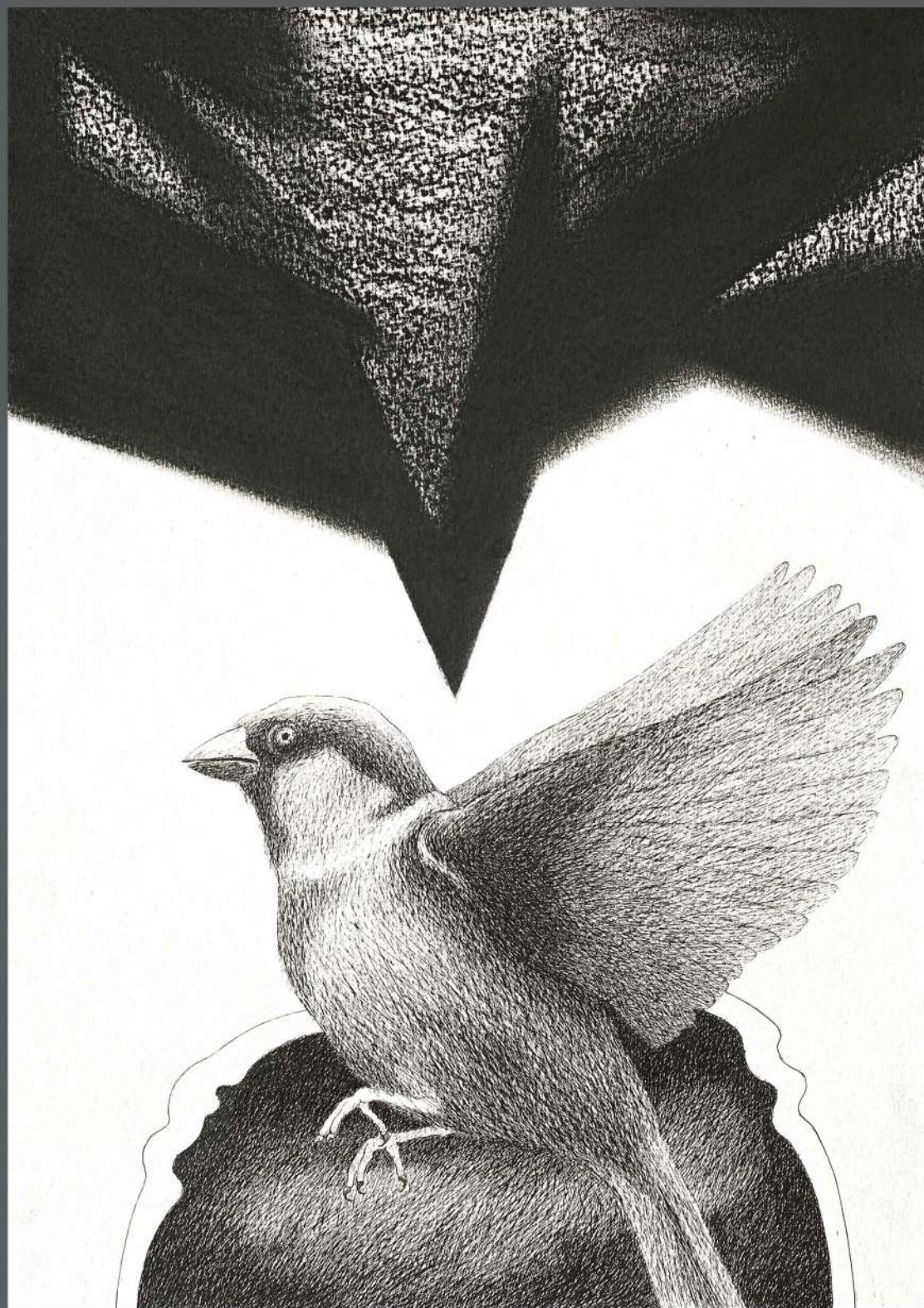


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“ the buried part, the region that is still unexplored because there are as yet no words to enable us to get there . . . buried by silence.”—Italo Calvino

Since the desire of imagery is to remind us, by approximation, of those meanings for which the image stands, and since, apart from this, imagery is unnecessary for thought, we must be more familiar with the image than with which it clarifies. In A Part/Apart the linear elements run back and forth between these two masses, and occasionally establish distant satellite areas at the end of their sweep. The viewer steps into them as if in half remembrance, unanchored on to the textures in a vast middle of broken vectors. In a long career spanning almost four decades Atin Basak's recent and early work have remained rigorously evocative; his subsequent drawings were full of figural imagery-with intermittent spells of non-figurative breaks. Here is another language which resists anything else as much as it can: our poetic language. As the years passed, his paintings as well as his drawings became stark, bare, reclusive and minimal- like white coils of a rigorous, iron disciplined art practice going back to the realms of drawing, painting and layered application that only matches the starkness of a mausoleum with its imitation grotto of a chapel in tension on the same plane that has a subliminal effect, with no element appearing to overlap or underline any other.

Here a linear density is reminiscent of the anxious scrawls that seem to be both forming and yet so tormenting and eating away at the withdrawn figures whose forms are emerging and dissolving in mist and light and dynamism that constitute an internal landscape which is the source of an extraordinary vitality. These remain chanced encounters for us; the dignity that once existed within the interface is now scattered across the silence of these forms. The substance of a wakeful nightmare materializing image and reality, dream and component made by flat paint and beguiling the viewer into a seemingly no-win game of illusion and recognition of many beginnings and no end, we witness that the painter has employed a subjective apparatus not as a passive spectator but as a critical insider who controls the 'plot' through the very media of realism which he employs to realize them. The intricate illusionist lines in the background of his work is an expression of those positive universal waves which we are surrounded with and how through this phenomena."Then practice losing farther, losing faster: places, and names, and where it was you meant to travel. None of these will bring disaster."(-Elizabeth Bishop). The present series can variously be interpreted as referring to psychological alienation as if he developed these ideas in isolation, and far from excluding content, the works are intended to provide a screen on to which the viewer projects his own experience. The bareness of the image forces the viewer to consider the idea behind the non- event of the painted space. From the mid 90s to the present his personality expressed through his etchings, paintings, and sculptures has presented a challenging half-mocking conundrum to the viewer.

At times Basak's protagonists sniff politely the receding air in a pensive guise for us to be sure; live image of an inner self to make sense of, we must not despair but recognized one that deeply stirred him. As we go from painting to painting, we are learning to "read" Basak that reinforces our impression of a veiled narrative- the story of contained terror goes more subjective. Outlines wobbled, ink spread; circles becoming ovals-He shifts to and forth simultaneously from large to relatively small formats, working with closer to the surface with a sense of intimacy in small and a sense of distance and space in large works that adds a sense of monumentality and markers used instinctively to stimulate the surface. To conjure up experience through the shape and weight of lines and rhythms of his earlier drawings are eloquent. other oppositions as different it may be from an external tactile mould , modeling in chiaroscuro acts like a mould that has been internalized, in which the light penetrates the mass unequally. "And, vaster, some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent. I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster."

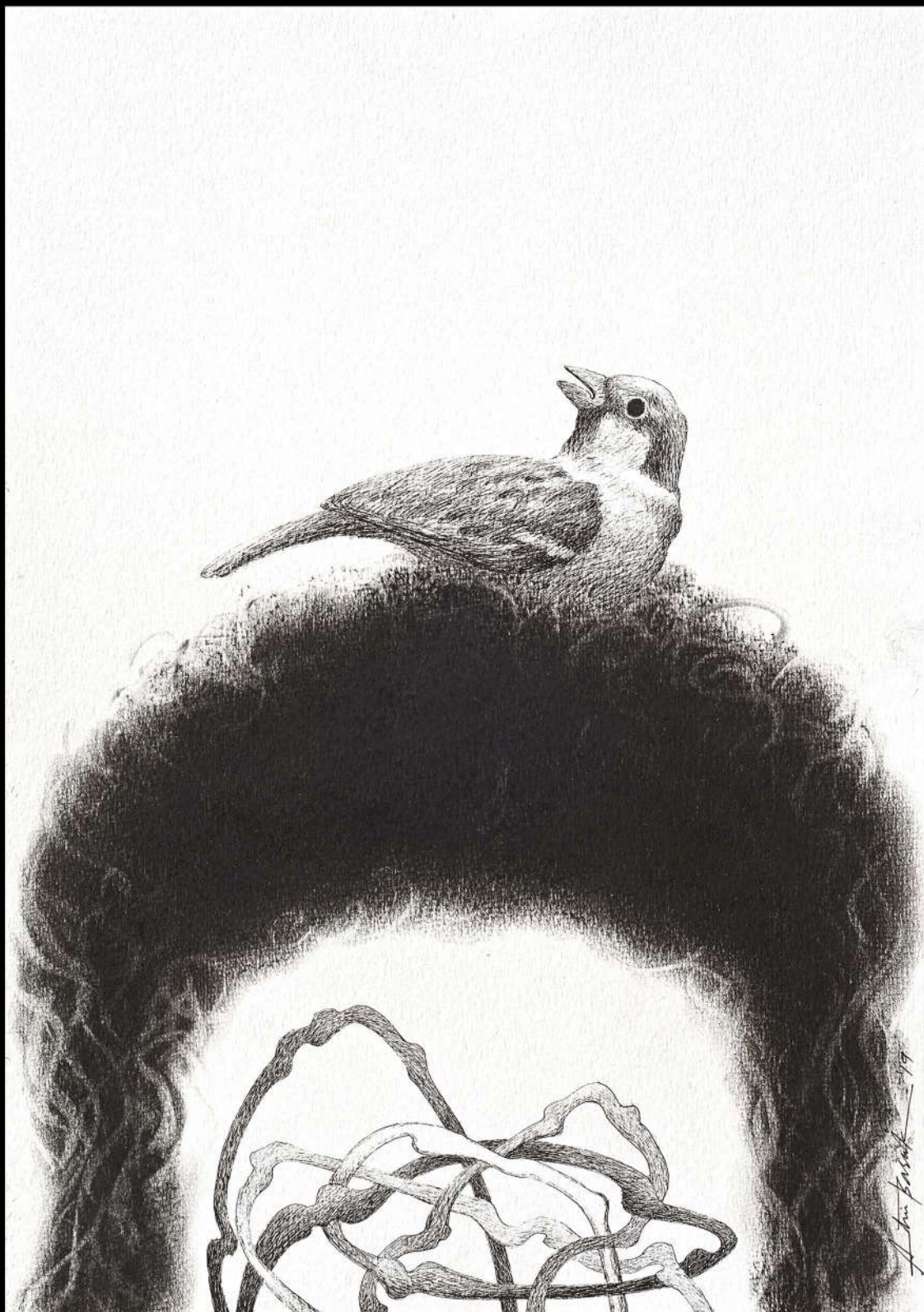
The figures waiting, inured to their own vulnerability, appear suspended in zones of unspoken dialogue, whose nature we can only speculate upon with symmetry of form and dialogue between markers in juxtaposition producing a subliminal text. It clarifies his visual text, not only the metaphor is only drawn out also orchestrated. This is perhaps the stillness of the forms of his earliest work, now rendered to suggest a separation between his subjects in an active world. Above all, even if there is a promise of

this one." Here the existential meets the topical and the present moment are fleeting, the lights announce as they pass by seemed quite so fleeting and scripts them over with incised linear scrawls and sweep of the lines evoking painterly traditions. We already know Basak's dedication to printmaking for more than two decades represents a singular contribution to our cultural life that is surely without very few equals. His works are generated by meditation on mind and matter, arising and passing away, constantly moving and changing phenomenon, impermanence which is the universal reality and truth. "I choose printmaking as an optional subject during my student days. Since then I am still in Print Making and experimenting with different aspects of this medium for last 20 years. Perhaps I enjoy the challenge of this indirect method which developed a true love for this medium. A surprising element is always active which attracted me from the beginning. As it is a very technique oriented process the visual which I conceive in my thought processes, a challenge, a surprising pleasure every time a discovery, when it is revealed—a destiny" he once said in an interview. The protagonists in his painted space have their own story to tell almost arresting; one face seems shadowed with reverie. Considered a hieratic he animates his protagonists with varied layers of slips and glazes. "Lithography and Intaglio are my favourite media of expression. During the first decade of my career of Print Making, I was passionate with lithography, almost all my works were in lithographic process. I was suffering from spondylitis since 1998. I am concentrating on Intaglio process specially alapoupee method of intaglio (A method where several colours at one time from a single plate by applying each colour with a separate pad)."

Speaking of relinquishment and of various postures in his work link to this energy and how this elevates us from a common physical state of being to the metaphoric modes of life. Even his early work despite the human effort, act as homage to a 'paved down simplicity' of the construction and grid. The diagram that joins the matrices is never an optical effect, but an unbridled manual power, a spectacle that forces the eye to confront this manual power as if it were a foreign power exudes with cerebral potency and deep, primal energy- figurative markers celebrating and filling up the space that they navigate. The intricate illusionist lines in the background of his work is an expression of those positive universal waves which we are surrounded with and how through this phenomena Basak can elevate himself to a transcend state of mind. The whole process of his work represents a physical engagement with technical aspect and the psychological meditative aspect which always elevates and eventually gives a feeling of catharsis, purification of soul. On the other there is something to observe in these works, even if it is not what we may commonly think, and even if seeing what we commonly see may blind us to another truth, a 'more true' truth that is none-the-less there, though its mode of being there may not resemble anything like a fixed contemporary presence. There is a turning, a barely perceptible displacement that joins all the articulations and penetrates all the points welded together by the imitated discourse. In other terms, in another language, Basak's repertoire translates the minimal hypothesis of a logic of the subconscious, that our psychic symptoms causes, origins even that the dreams do not cheat with metaphor, and so it pays to be meticulous and rigorous.

When Basak distinguishes between two matrices, that of the spectacle and that of the sensation, and declares that the first must be renounced to reach the second, it is kind of declaration for splendour in life. In search for the unity of rhythm only at a point where rhythm itself plunges into the chaos of the even, where the differences of level are perpetually mixed. There are some pathways, that already delineate a contour that belongs to his figures, seeming to reintroduce a kind of tactile mould that simply serve to establish the different modalities of construction; for on the other hand, there is a third contour, which no longer belongs to either the structure, but is raised to the status of an autonomous element, as much a surface or volume as it is a line which is like a single act which prevents the unlimited expansion of movement through a double spatial effect that confines the structure locally and fixes it, in such a way it enhanced or accelerated. He varies staccato rhythms with fluid ones. "All night dark wings flopping in my heart. Each an ambition bird." (-Anne Sexton). There is an attempt to utilize aspects of the language and thought of each that has evolved out of a desire to develop a language that welds together figures and deep space- a tightly web of interlocking shapes.

Nanak Ganguly



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