

INDIAN

NEW DELHI, VOLUME-II, ISSUE-IV, JAN-FEB, 2016 ₹200

CREATIVE MINDS

THE BI - MONTHLY ON ART & CULTURE

Sanjay Bhattacharyya

■ India Art Fair ■ Rabindranath Tagore ■ Jeram Patel ■ Arpita Singh ■ Prabuddha Dasgupta ■ R.D. Burman ■ Jai Zharotia ■ G. Reghu ■ Pradosh Swain ■ Avijit Roy ■ Nawal Kishore ■ Pratik Sharma ■ Ila Panda Centre for Arts ■ Art Bengaluru ■ Water Colour Biennale ■ Show by Birla Academy of Art ■ Bajirao Mastani ■ Show by Galerie Sara Arakkal ■ Restoration of Art ■ Story by Mridula Garg

Sanjay Bhattacharyya
2003



Pratik Sharma in front of his works

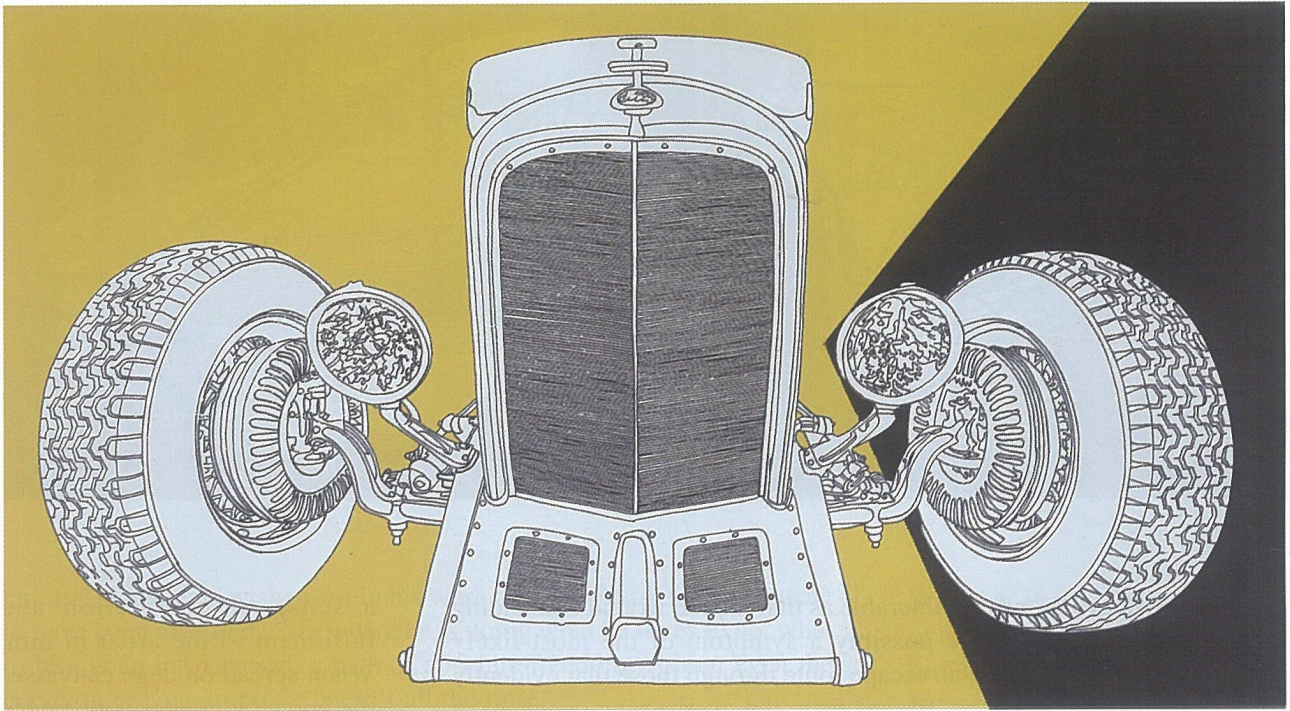
■ PREVIEW ■

PRATIK SHARMA

by Bhoomika Jain

Art has incessantly been an upsurge in the direction of fulfilling a subtle space towards the ultimate acquisition of a freedom of an unknown level. Freedom of an order not visible

upon the surface. Man may be freer more than ever before vis-a-vis his counterparts of a generation in the past. But for all we know, that may still be a sham! The progress of human race may seem towards freedom of all kinds. Yet man is, perhaps in bondage as much as he had been earlier. Bondage of a different order maybe...self-created embankments that he may wish strongly to break free from but is helpless. The work



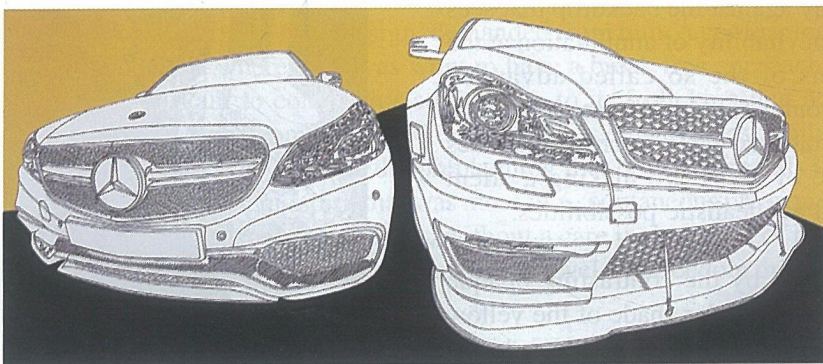
of Pratik Sharma left me wondering towards such a subtle manifestation of the unconscious propulsions of the spirit inside, that seeks freedom and unwittingly finds an outlet through his dabbling with those momentum and freedom oriented objects named cars .

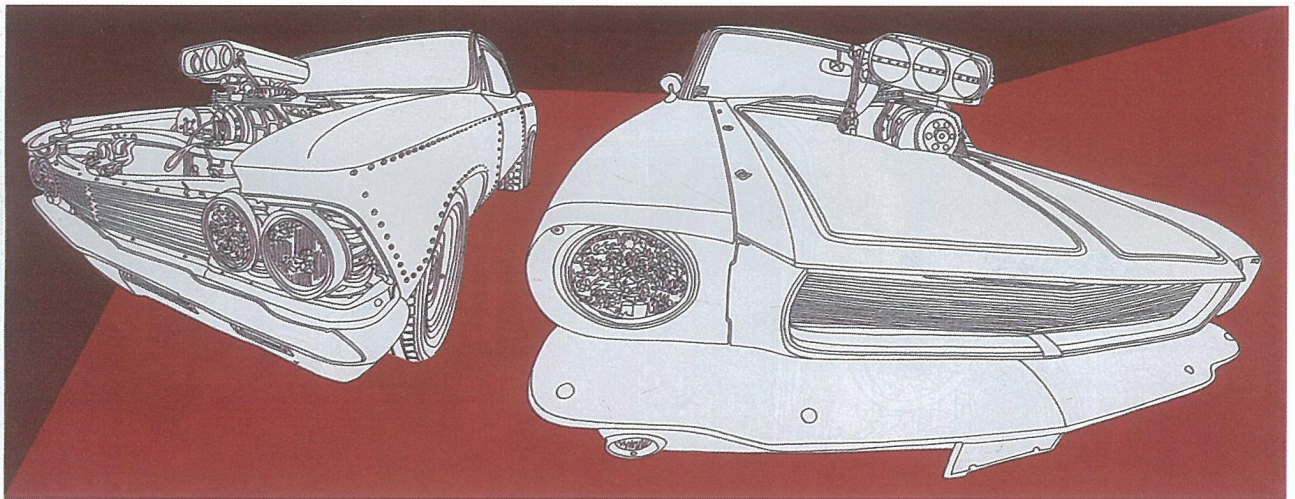
In Pratik Sharma's memorabilia of pen and ink motorscapes, one comes across cars and motor bikes of different types imparted with a personality of their own, generally always in a strong perspective and realistic style of depiction making different statements in different stances and poses that seem like an expression of his frolicking with an urge to freedom.

When there is utter spontaneity, utter conviction to do justice to what comes most naturally and in-spite of oneself, it may have got a bit to do with something deep-seated within oneself. Very early during his childhood he found himself gravitating towards cars. He would not just be indulging in drawing them ceaselessly but ended up having a teeming

collection of 200 plus toy cars to his fascinated self that would give him a joy that still survives whenever he ends up opening his chest of treasure. It is a child that he finds he caters to in the sustenance of that kinship, that when he bumps into occasionally he rejoices himself in it.

We view lives laden with cravings and hankering, urges and wants, necessities-sometimes the indispensable ones. We can do without a lot of things we apparently feel the need of, but one thing, the absence of which surreptitiously nibbles at the essence of joy is the need for freedom! The word has wide ramifications: Our Constitution lays down the basic tenets of 'Freedom' very efficiently though! While that list, we may find superficially fulfilled, however as one scraps the scab, the realization of the role the subtle absence of it plays can be a drastically emancipating





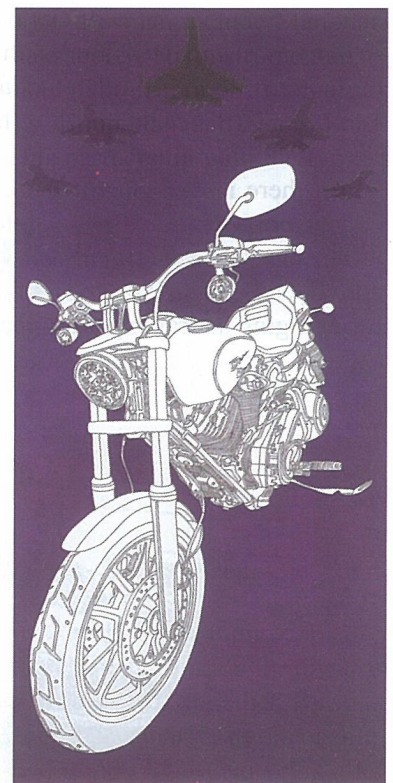
exploration, leaving one as vulnerable as that hidden wound demanding a healing! Pratik's cars are possibly a symptom of the most likely probability of man seeking an escape route through those that evidently are metaphors for an escape. Escape from the overbearing penchant of life that humans become an innocent or ignorant casualty to.

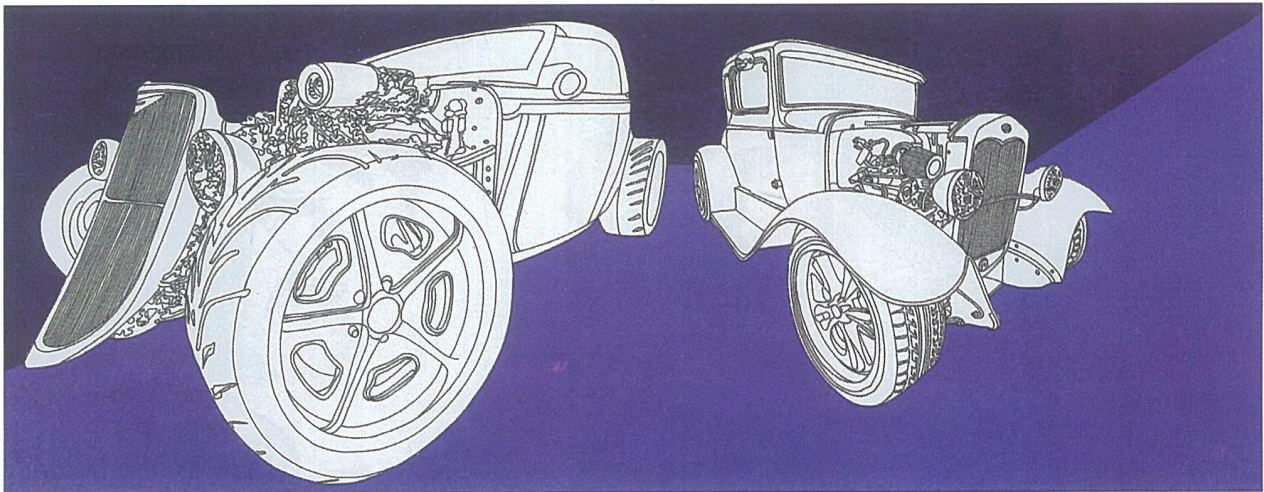
Automobiles very naturally can be equated with convenience, mobility, speed, thrill adventure etc. that incidentally have a characteristic spirit of freedom. To have the independence of a self-driven vehicle is a great leap in a quality of liberty being added though now a-taken- forgranted available resource. It started all the way back from the invention of wheel, when man found new dimensions of mobility. It is of course a different matter altogether or rather ironical that just about a blind folded over-indulgence into the intoxication derived out of them has converted some of the over populated countries like ours nearly into gas chambers.

It leaves one to wonder if the irrepressible fascination for these as one's regular motifs could somewhere be suggestive of that innate need of freedom, of liberty, of a releasing of that, that has somehow remained in clutches. Or could also be indicative of a losing oneself into the semblance of that which made a promise but a fake one for that matter. And in the event of having laid all one's eggs in one basket mankind somewhere lost its track to real happiness, hoping for the authentic from the inauthentic! The glossy, the lustrous, the glamorous and boastful big cars of Pratik making a statement of style. The almost quixotic Harley Davidson standing sleek rather ironically against the backdrop that sees fighter jets emerging, announcing the inevitability of annihilation at the hands of the ruthless manifestations of the so called advanced civilization! The bulky ostentatious frontal facades of cars in neutral colours intentionally incongruously juxtaposed against ochres and blues stretching to the horizon over a base of black are making a silent declaration of the absurdities projected as idealistic possibilities.

Pratik unwittingly finds himself intrigued by the contrasting opaque colours and the impact they create. That particular shade of the yellow being the one he was strongly hankering for, that when it arrives dawns

a sense of completion and fulfilment to the artist in him. When spread on huge canvasses the impact it creates is just what he somehow was looking for bestowing the car an uplifted, superimposed effect, enabling him the ability to convert the two dimensional into his well-intended three dimensional being. With no political or





cultural statements wished-for in his work as such, Pratik feels fortunate to have been awarded a life where he is doing what he loves to do, what to him is an intoxication, a path of absolute freedom without even the coercion to have to prove oneself all the time.

He identifies himself with the spirit of a car who may have at times seen so many stories around itself and as if preserves that accumulation into the eyes of those unusually huge headlights that Pratik draws with all the meticulous surge of those elaborate lines as if enfolding a whole civilization within its expanse. As the car goes with us everywhere, the head lights incorporate the entire journey: a whole civilization thus in the head lights. And to that extend he looks upon them as heroic: aptly in that context entitling them 'Motorscapes- Heroes'.

Cars having in- corporated so many stories, to him are thus conceived as heroes from the past. To recall the fond memory of the Ford that his grandfather had and the imaginative bonding that he experiences is quite interesting in itself. Had the Ford not 'gone for good' he feels the being would by now have had a pool of three generations panorama to its credit. The connections at such points appear very innocently imaginative that lead one to understand the haven that human mind is capable of creating to seek a sense of child-like joy that life otherwise may be too callous to allow.

Though having specialised into Product Design from Raffles Design Institute, Singapore, he couldn't help but find the need to break out from the constriction he felt 'Design' demanded from him. A confirming to the boundaries, whereas he was wont to have a break free approach, he found it difficult to confine his spirit given to its frolicking that he was exposed to, right from childhood on free spaces of canvasses, while in his parent's studios. With all the preplanning that design demands it felt, him going against his spirit that was more of a spontaneous physique given to taking unsuspecting plunges, without a care in the world of the next moment's outcome. Art sure demands that level of a freedom driven spirit.

We wish Pratik a strengthening of that very spirit that should help him leap further and continue to have his journey as fulfilling as it is; as inventive as it is; as offbeat as it is; with his rules of being into art world remaining as much his own as they always had been. ■

Pratik Sharma is going to have his 2nd solo show at Jehangir Art Gallery, Mumbai, from 22nd to 28th February 2016, the show will then continue at Gallery Beyond, Kala Ghoda, Mumbai from 3rd to 24th March 2016 and from 30th March to 4th April 2016 he will be showing at the New York Art Fair.

**Contact
+91 98204 95655**



Bhoomika Jain is a Gurgaon based artist, art critic, poet and writer.