

SHUVAPRASANNA

VISION : REALITY & BEYOND

CHITROTPALA MUKHERJEE

Foreword by
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FOREWORD

Shuvaprasanna is a product of the seventies as they were lived and experienced in Calcutta, not in the sense however that his works *represent* that decade in any way. In the clash of cultures and ideologies that marked that period, memories of traditions were raked up and stirred in a manner that proved to be finally destructive of the traditions, in some cases reducing them to facile caricatures, as with the Bengal Renaissance, Bengali humanism, revolutionary violence, and parliamentary democracy; in other cases, denuding them of their purity and dignity, as with the arts. What Shuvaprasanna gathers from the post-seventies wasteland is the sense of a crumbling space with an accumulation of signs of decay and exhaustion, and signs of a difficult life emerging out of a cityscape left in a shambles; the two sets/series of signs confronting each other



Illusion, Oil on canvas, 115 x 77 cm 1973. Collection : Dr R Krätel, Geneva

quite often in a kind of neutral, indifferent, distanced space; the tension held in leash. As a matter of fact, Shuvaprasanna exercises a control that often verges on the clinical and the sanitized; keeping violence out of the spectacle.

A kind of shadowy history embodied by culture heroes like Rammohun Roy, Vidyasagar, Tagore and Satyajit Ray peopling a cityscape that does not quite care for them is only a more realistic and direct variation of time represented in terms of a dissolving/disintegrating clock looming over an infant on a floating carpet, or the three phallic hills forming a rock mass, with a womb with a bird at its core, flanked by the blindfolded naked boy and naked girl; or even the oft-reproduced triad of the phoenix-like primeval bird rising on gossamer legs from/above a ribbed fish, floating in a sea blue band, cut off from the flower at the base, the vertical rise through shades of blue articulating history.

As long as one does not read thematic development necessarily in terms of artistic development, it may be a rewarding experience to see a continuity/process through the sequence of groupings that the author of this monograph chronologizes. The process has an emancipatory direction, not necessarily unbroken and undeflected, from the sheer bind and tightness of the warped, distended, crowded bodies of the 'Lament' series, to a clearing of the space to accommodate the faceless fantasies of 'Illusion' and 'Wrapped' and 'Time' that provide neomythical counters to capture the void in the space, presences to evoke an absence that is charged with a mysterious emanation — best in evidence in the 'Illusion' in which a pair of feet jutting out of a shroud, a piece of naked reality and a glimpse of the absence, draw in a whole host of elements, dreamlike but no less real for that — a flower precariously balanced on the winding sheet, butterflies hovering above, all in a blue space

lightening towards the top and darkening below, framed within vertically drawn dry blood-red margins, containing a water pot held in a rope in one, and a pair of groping hands reaching out to help in the other.

The dreamscape gradually gives way, in Shuva's works, to more 'objective' views of birds, particularly the crows, and city scenes with ragpickers, shacks, roof terraces, statues, and tramcars, sharp and clear and often shiny — and fleshly. Absence still looms large, and may be more sinister, in the setting of houses, bending and curving under some unknown pressure, may be the pressure of the void itself. The void is the ruling spirit of the 'Metropolis' and the 'Middletones'. Houses can be more faceless than blindfolded human faces in Shuva's paintings, and the crows that exude a magical charm when they appear by themselves in acute close-up, the silky sheen of their wings almost erotically charged, can again, in context, underscore the moral desolation of the city articulated ever so physically. The cult/culture figure icons (the only one that was somewhat celebratory of the whole lot, that of Ray receiving the insignia of the French Legion of Honour, in a formal/institutional stairspace that seems to dissolve into the wild fields of the first two films of Ray's Apu Trilogy, a dissolution of constructed form into nature, was ironically burnt to extinction earlier this year, in a fire, the city taking its revenge!) give way later still to the more traditional icons recast in wrappage/enwrapment — a return in a sense to the earlier craftsmanship of forms getting invested with iconicity, with, in this case, a simultaneous reversal of the iconic turned mechanical and constrained, and thus the iconic made iconoclastic. One of the new elements in the later Shuvaprasanna is the streaks of illumination, the fleeting intrusions of a glow or a delicate lightening of the gloom, often with an early morning haze, and occasionally a flush of light flooding in, the luminosity taking over the idiom of dream.



Illusion, Oil on paper, 44 x 58 cm 1973. Collection : Private, Germany



Illusion, Charcoal drawing, 70 x 65 cm 1998

It is part of Shuvaprasanna's distinction that at different stages of his creativity, he has improvised image worlds to explore particular readings/interpretations of his reality. But though these image worlds have changed and evolved, and his technical idioms have been recast and renewed more than once (as the author has shown), he has retained what may be described as his mastery over the dreamscaping of the flotsam and jetsam of a sloppily developing and meandering city, its feverish culture, and its terrifying poverty; the dreamscape holding together the disparate and sharp contradictions in an uneasy tension, and raising superambient icons.

SAMIK BANDYOPADHYAY

PREFACE

Friends who know that I am writing this book or have skimmed through the drafts of the first few chapters have asked me why I am writing it. I find this a difficult question to answer. The difficulty perhaps lies in the fact that I find it virtually impossible to identify one particular reason to like or for that matter, dislike my subject, Shuvaprasanna Bhattacharya's work.

As a matter of fact, my regard for Shuva and my curiosity about him is not just as an artist who paints for himself, but also as an institution builder and art teacher. Someone who has not only created 'good art' but also made it a viable way of life for those who have the passion. Shuva's creative spirit does not stem from a deeply private, isolated individualism. Shuva has found the right balance of being an accomplished creative artist in his own right and an inspiring teacher and communicator.

For an art taxonomist Shuva's work has its problems. It is very difficult to attach a convenient label to his art and place the work in a convenient category. From his early days as a painter in Calcutta of the sixties Shuva has almost consciously avoided being labelled. Yet he has drawn inspiration from the same set of influences as others of his genre. Like many other painters who lived in Calcutta in the sixties politics and political upheaval have been strong influences. Yet Shuva's political anxieties, beliefs, and their creative expression have found their own niche. While his political awareness would hardly be called doctrinaire, his art has remained free of the homogenizing clichés of the 'movement'.

Shuva's forte like that of many other good artists lies in finding what T S Eliot would describe as an 'objective correlative' for his emotions and observations — the ability to translate subjective perception into art. He does this with a certain lightness of touch which does not overwhelm the viewer and yet does not detract from the core seriousness of his subjects.



Man and Space, Oil on canvas, 90 x 85 cm 1971



Illusion, Oil on canvas, 86 x 86 cm 1974

Shuva has had a fair bit of exposure to the West and it is possible to find traces of this influence in his work. Yet, he remains, in both spirit and style, quintessentially Calcuttan. Calcutta, the city he grew up in and where he lives today, is his driving passion. A large part of his work is about the nuances of this city and his intensely personal perception of the city's different facets.

In the course of this book I plan to explore the various facets of Shuvaprasanna's oeuvre.

This book would not have happened but for Vijay Lakshmi's enthusiastic interest. She, on behalf of Art Indus, took the initiative to see to its publication.

I wish to thank my family for their encouragement and constructive criticism; Shuvaprasanna for his patience and generosity; all collectors and galleries for permitting me to access their collections for this publication.

Finally, I would like to thank Samik Bandyopadhyay for reading the text carefully and for his insightful comments.

Religion in the broader sense has been the staple of Indian culture and creativity as it has been in many ancient cultures. The temple was the centre of visual and performing arts. Jewel-like murals embellished the interiors of caves, temples, and even latter day churches. The themes and scenes painted were from the Mahabharata, Ramayana, or the life of the Buddha. Kathakali, the Odissi, and Bharatanatyam were performed in the temple courtyard. Miniatures extolled the Leela of Lord Krishna and Meera's bhajans exquisitely expressed Radha's longings. Religion was a part of everyday living. The temples of the south have sculptures that are colossal in scale and represent a prolific celebration of life. Islamic and Mughal architecture displays a similar grandeur and delicacy.

Bengal cannot claim such a past. Bengal's temples are made of terracotta, and not stone. Its scale is different, its expression gentle. Calcutta's existence goes back only three hundred years. The Bengali psyche is steeped in a gentle melancholy. Life here and now is but a fleeting interlude between birth and death. A longing to cross the river of life ferried by the great Boatman runs like leitmotif through all its literature, poetry, and music — be it the bhatiali, the baul, or the kirtan. It was on this fragile and gentle psyche that the twentieth century impacted.

The twentieth century was something of the beginning of the end. At first slowly, and then picking up speed, it hurtled along, destroying beliefs, faiths and values that were once considered universal and indestructible. There were changes in science, in technology, but most of all in human consciousness. This was a worldwide phenomenon, a bewildering experience difficult to internalize. Religion lost its hold in the minds of men and politics began to take centrestage.

In India, the turn of the century emergence of the Congress, the Hindu Mela and the agitation over the proposed partition of Bengal were the first signs of the shift. By the twenties, Bengali nationalism asserted itself against the Gandhian agenda and led directly to left politics. Marxism and leftist ideology took root and manifested itself in revolutionary

movements. The Tebhaga movement of 1946-47 was the first organized agrarian movement. Later, the Naxalite movement, which peaked in the sixties and seventies, would be the most violent.

The forties can be considered a watershed, a point of time when things change so deeply and fundamentally that there is no going back. The declaration of war by Germany in 1939, India's participation in a war, willy-nilly, that was not her own, and the extension of that war to the Eastern Front, where the heat was felt most palpably by Calcutta, created untold pressures. But the rawest experience was yet to come. By early 1943, news of food shortages in the rural areas was trickling in, and in no time at all, it grew into a famine of devastating proportions. Men and women were dying like flies in the streets of Calcutta. No sensitive mind could ignore what it saw. Writers, poets, the intellectuals gave expression to their anguish. A spate of writing, some of the best in our literature, was produced at this time. So also in art. The works of Zainul Abedin and Chittoprasad are some of the most poignant examples of the work born of this collective trauma. Even artists who were not primarily concerned with socio-political issues were drawn into it.

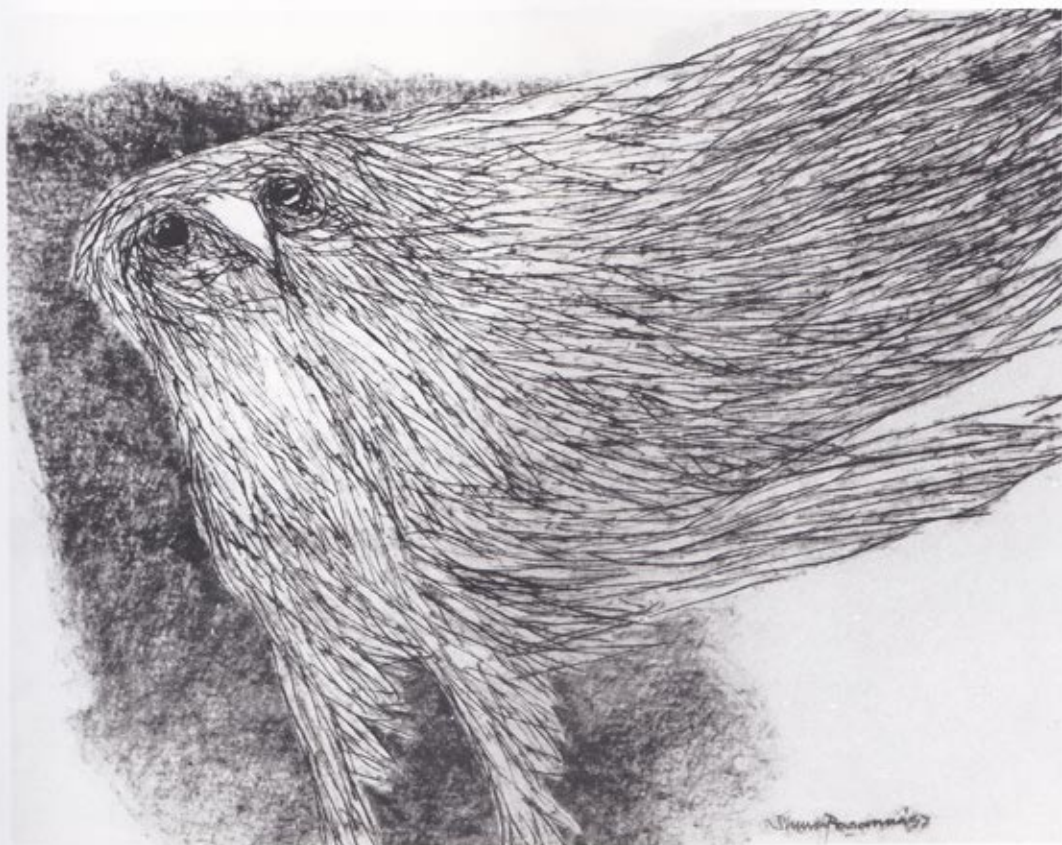
As if this was not enough, the Partition came in 1947, bringing with it a fresh spate of communal riots. The relentless succession of these catastrophic events was instrumental in shaping the Bengali mind. It cast a dark and permanent patina on the Bengali ethos.

By the sixties the 'wounds' had healed a little. But by the seventies, the Naxalite movement peaked, soon to be followed by the liberation of Bangladesh. The political upheaval, the devastation, the influx of refugees, the *déjà vu* brought the skeletons carefully put away in Calcutta's cupboard tumbling out again. It brought in its wake untold suffering, stench, squalor, violence and anarchy. Calcutta truly became the 'City of Dreadful Night.'

Of the generation of artists who were coming into maturity in the 1960s Neville Tuli writes, 'They would carry the burdens of a powerful heritage, merging the orthodoxy of the British academic discipline, the Bengal

School, Santiniketan and modern Western Art. To this they would add the dark inspirational quality unique to Calcutta: an aggressive heaviness to life, full of vibrant contradictions which no creative mind can escape. Surrealism is a daily ritual. Each artist is tempted to absorb the mayhem, to imbibe a socio-political comment in their art, to be at peace with anarchy.'

Shuvaprasanna did not experience these events directly, but he could not escape the long shadow cast by them. He, too, had inherited the times.



Owl, Charcoal Drawing, 65 x 75 cm 1998

BEGINNINGS

Shuvaprasanna Bhattacharya was born in Calcutta on 20 October 1947. North Calcutta was the stronghold of Bengali culture. Shuvaprasanna's family hails from Bhatpara known for its tradition of scholarly learning and conservative values. His father, Gour Hari Bhattacharya, was a deeply spiritual man. He had once approached Sarodamoni (Sri Ramakrishna's wife) to give him *diksha* so that he could enter the monastic life. She dissuaded him and sent him to serve the people in a more useful way. And so he did by becoming a doctor. His two sons, too, followed in his footsteps and took up medicine.

Shuvaprasanna, the youngest, preferred to sketch his father's patients while they waited for him in his chamber in College Street. He was barely four years old. This led to his drawing of portraits of famous people — the first Indian President, Dr Rajendra Prasad, President Voroshilov of USSR, and JK Galbraith, the then American Ambassador to India. We see Shuvaprasanna as a bright-eyed little boy, looking very pleased with himself, posing with these luminaries. His pictures were published in the newspapers. He became a celebrity overnight. Impressed by his prowess a local club invited him across to draw portraits of their members. Shuvaprasanna did so with success and was rewarded with an excellent meal. He was also asked to name his price. Shyly, the little boy asked for a baby goat! He brought it home proudly to the



With Dr Rajendra Prasad,
President of India, 1958



With President Voroshilov of USSR, 1957



With JK Galbraith,
American Ambassador to India, 1959

consternation of his family. It was housed in the garage. One fine day while he was away at school it was given away!

It may be mentioned that his easy skill at portraiture came in very handy when he was struggling to eke out a living. At the open air art fairs (Muktamela) he would churn out instant portraits for a princely sum of Rs 2 each!

What was accepted and even encouraged in a gifted child could not be considered as a serious career option — that had been preordained. Painting for a living was unheard of in those days and it was certainly not accepted in this conservative family with lofty ideals.

Shuva had passed out of the Hindu School and was determined to pursue the call of his Muse. This led to the first major confrontation with his father but Shuva dug in his heels and had to leave the security of his father's house to fend for himself. It is to Shuva's credit that he harbours no resentment nor does he dramatize the difficult times he had at this juncture in his life. Perhaps a part of the credit is due to his upbringing.

A few years later when things had thawed between him and his father, he came back to his father's house and established a studio on the mezzanine floor of his father's garage. Though space was limited it became a centre of 'adda' and artistic activity. Shuva has very warm memories of this period. It was much later (around 1983) that he set up his private studio and home gallery, a place of extreme peace and beauty, in 37 D College Row, next to his father's house.

In 1969 Shuva started a group called Arts and Artists in a rented room in 1 Gauribari Lane, north Calcutta, with seven artists, three of whom were women. Although the group lasted for just a year he looks back on this period with nostalgia.

It was a prevalent practice for artists to work in groups. This was due to several reasons: a paucity of funds to hold individual exhibitions was one of them. It was also important to have a common credo, a forum to discuss and exchange ideas. Group activity goes back to the Young Artists' Union (1931), but the most well-known group was the Calcutta Group (1943). Political turmoil and the devastation of the famine made them conscious of the need to forge a new language to express what was taking place. Prodosh Dasgupta, Paritosh Sen, Rathin Moitra, and Nirod Majumdar were eminent members of the Group.

Society of Contemporary Artists was founded in 1960 by young artists like Nikhil Biswas, Anilbaran Saha, Shyamal Dutta Ray, Prakash Karmakar,



Abdul Gaffar Khan, Charcoal Sketch, 1967



Jamini Roy, Charcoal Sketch, 1972

Bijon Chaudhury, Arun Bose, and Sanat Kar. Within two years the society split; Nikhil, Prakash, and Bijon left to form a new group, the Calcutta Painters. Shuva worked with SOCA, particularly when he started working with graphics around 1976 and made extensive use of their intaglio machine. He was associated with the Calcutta Painters from 1970 to 1976, and again after a break of three years. This was the time when he started his own College of Visual Arts. He had several exhibitions with the group, the last being in 1990, when the Birla Academy mounted an exhibition to celebrate 25 years of the group's existence.

Just as equanimity of mind and a degree of asceticism were values he inherited from his background, his upbringing also gave him his other major trait. Art being a taboo subject, he was unable to communicate with anybody in the family, to share his aspirations and hopes. He therefore, turned to the outside world for nurture and exchange of ideas.

Shuvaprasanna is a man of immense energy and boundless appetite for life. To him interaction with people from all walks of life is the very breath of life. He cannot survive without encounters with people. They kindle and set off the spark of his creative imagination. Unlike many creative people who prefer to walk a solitary path, Shuva thrives on human contact. For this he will extend himself to the fullest and not hesitate to share what he has. He organized Shishu Utsavs and Sit and Draw competitions for children in Mahajati Sadan under the encouragement of Sri Prafulla Sen, then Chief Minister of West Bengal. Shuvaprasanna was himself less than fifteen years of age. We see this trait surfacing again and again in his life.

It was around this time too that he saw an exhibition of Kaethe Kollwitz, mounted at the University Institute, Calcutta. Kollwitz's exhibition consisted of lithographs, relief sculptures and drawings. Kollwitz born

in 1867 was one of the most powerful and remarkable painters of Germany. She lost her son in the First World War and her grandson in the Second. Her work represents in its purest and most poignant form the elements of social protest, that mark much of German Expressionist art. 'I should like to exert influences in these times when human beings are so perplexed and in need of help,' she said. Shuvaprasanna was stunned by her compassion and searing intensity. Many years later when he went to Germany he picked up an used stamp from the streets of Stuttgart and by one of life's inexplicable coincidences it turned out to be a Kollwitz commemorative. He has kept it amongst his valued possessions till today. Germany would play a big role in his life and work.

Shuva graduated from The Indian College of Art and Draughtsmanship, Rabindra Bharati University in 1969. In spite of his personal problems he enjoyed his stint at the college. Unfortunately, there were no major influences or teachers that he admired. The year that he left the college, Bikash Bhattacharya joined Indian Art College as a teacher. Shuva recalls that although he did not study under him, he found him extremely talented and positive — the nearest to a role model he could think of.

By the time Shuva started painting and exhibiting works a number of Calcutta painters were already well ensconced into their personal styles and statements : Somnath Hore, Bijon Chaudhury, Prakash Karmakar, Bikash Bhattacharya, Ganesh Pyne, Jogen Choudhury, A Ramachandran, who later shifted to Delhi. Calcutta in the sixties was throwing up luminaries who became major figures in the cultural firmament. Poets like Shakti Chattopadhyay, Shankha Ghose, Alokernjan Dasgupta, and Sunil Ganguly. The stage had Sombhu Mitra, Utpal Dutt, Badal Sircar. Satyajit Ray was already an international figure but Mrinal Sen was establishing himself as a radical filmmaker. Ritwik Ghatak's erratic genius

was erupting on the scene.

Winds of change were blowing in the West too. The 1960s were the era of the Beat generation, the Dharma Bums and the meteoric rise of the Beatles, student protests in France and the US. Some of it came wafting into the Indian scene. Pete Seeger strummed his guitar and sang, 'Where have all the flowers gone?' to rapt audiences in the Park Circus Maidan in Calcutta, a popular site of political rallies. Allen Ginsberg was well settled in Calcutta smoking pot and writing poetry.

These were heady times because youth was on their side. There was energy, commitment, fire and idealism. Politics was still respected and taken seriously. Poets, painters, writers, art critics and creative minds met in euphemistically named coffee houses (New York Soda Fountain!) and talked fast and furious over cups and cups of tea. They were grappling with themselves trying to come to terms with their personal insecurities and the complete breakdown of all known norms and values of life. They were set to make a dent and to stamp the times with their own brand of idealism, some of it perhaps misplaced and exaggerated — even a good frame was considered to be dishonest!

But along with the core seriousness there was also a sense of fun and camaraderie and sense of sharing. They exchanged jokes and views, organized open-air art fairs where they sold their works for a pittance. Money had not entered the world of art, the paradigm had not shifted completely. Nobody believed that they could survive on their work alone.

Shuvaprasanna started his oeuvre with the Lament series in 1970/71. As Asok Mitra said, 'there is nothing pretty about them; they are grim and perhaps given to a little overstatement, even if I may say so, Mrinal Sen's *Calcutta 71* was. But they leave little doubt in the viewer's mind that



Detail of *Mute Silence*, 1971

the painter felt committed.' Mrinal Sen had chosen a particular canvas from this series for his film *Calcutta 71*. As Sen said later, 'I almost felt that it was made for me.' Shuvaprasanna is, however, very clear that he was not subscribing to any radical political view. He says, 'As I look at it, being born is a crisis. Living involves a cramped, humiliating, stifling, huddling together, a lack of oxygen, a lack of green.' The sense of claustrophobia expressed in the words 'stifling', 'huddling', 'cramped' comes back in his choice of imagery.

BRIDGING THE GAP

Shuvaprasanna is a gifted entrepreneur and organizer — a fact that he shies away from. If he has an idea he works at it till he takes it to its logical conclusion. Other than his childhood forays into the area of organized activity, we see this first in his creation of the College of Visual Arts.

Shuva had had his academic training at the Indian College of Art, Rabindra Bharati University. Though he learnt his craft there, he had found it wanting in its teaching methods and its curriculum. The emphasis was on technical perfection and continuation of the British tradition. Shuva felt that this could be bettered. He felt the need for creative freedom. The thought of providing such an environment played on his mind from then but it was not until 1976 that he could translate it into reality.

In the meanwhile, he was very busy organizing art melas, designing book covers, illustrating books, and painting. Book illustrations, which he did on a regular basis, were more for a living but he enjoyed doing them nonetheless. Apart from a brief stint as an art teacher in St Paul's School, Calcutta, Shuva has not held regular employment.

Exhibitions came thick and fast. He participated in group shows with the group Art and Artists — which he had started in 1969; with Calcutta Painters in Bombay and Calcutta in 1970; 'Epar Bangla Opar Bangla' mounted by the Birla Academy in the same year. He had solo exhibitions in Calcutta under the aegis of the Birla Academy in 1972 and Triveni Kala Sangam, New Delhi in 1973.

In spite of his busy schedule, the thought of starting a school with a

conducive atmosphere of learning based on the atelier concept had not left him. As he had left the Calcutta Painters he could now concentrate all his energies in starting his own school. In 1976 he gave it shape and his own Visual College of Art was created. The College offered an evening course spanning over five years. Students of other colleges could also enrol and work in the evenings. The college was started in a rented room in Chowringhee Mansions on top of a well-known landmark then — the USIS Library. Shuvaprasanna by this time was a well-known name and he had 24 students to begin with, which grew in numbers every year. The following year he shifted the College to a larger premises in College Street. Shuvaprasanna had bridged the gap between dream and reality.

It was in 1973 that Shuvaprasanna had his first exposure to the West. Dr Rudi Kratel, a Director of the World Health Organization, Geneva, was visiting India. He came to Calcutta and was shown some of Shuva's works by Dr Ashok Ganguly (the Chairman of Hindustan Lever Ltd.), who had some of Shuva's paintings in his own collection. Kratel not only purchased two of his paintings — *Fallen* and *Mute Silence* — but also offered him his first exhibition abroad. Something in the paintings, perhaps the stark reality and the compassion, touched a chord in Kratel, brought up on German Expressionist art. He owned a gallery in Geneva, Les Hirondelles, and Shuva had his first solo exhibition in Geneva in 1974. Almost all his paintings were sold out. Needless to say, the money from the sales helped.

Shuva had never been abroad and the visit brought a mixture of trepidation and exhilaration. The kindness of his hosts put him at ease. He became a member of CIRCA — International Centre for Research

and Cooperation in the Arts — a centre started by Corbusier's sister, Jacqueline Generet, to encourage young talent — artists, poets, writers, architects — cutting across the barriers of nationality. The association was exhilarating. He visited museums, galleries and looked at time-honoured works of the greatest names in the world of art. It was a time of encounters and learning and exchange of ideas. He was 27 years old.

From Les Hirondelles, one thing led to another and he had a one-man exhibition in Gallery Denberg, Geneva. The following year, 1975, he had another one-man exhibition in Gallery Atlantis, Aix-en-Provence, in the South of France. Here he was commissioned to do a mural. The same year saw him participating in a group show in Gallery Stuttgart. From now on exhibitions abroad became a matter of routine. He had a number of shows in Europe, mostly in Germany, Switzerland, and France. Later he would be showing in New York, London, Singapore, Bangladesh, and Japan.

The mid-seventies were bloom-time for Shuvaprasanna, not only in his professional life but in his personal life as well. A young student Shipra Ghose had come to him with a letter from a common acquaintance. Shuva was quite used to coaching students but something about Shipra was different — the innocence, the grace. For Shuva it was love at first sight. He almost proposed to her on the first day. Shipra was slower — she took a week, an agonizing week for Shuva to make up her mind! They later married and now have a lovely daughter — Jonaki.

During his visits to Germany he came across an artists' commune in Dortmund, on the banks of the river Ham in Westphalia. Fourteen

artists were living and working together, on a plot of land developed by them, holding workshops and exhibitions. This impressed and excited Shuva. The seed of a dream was planted in his mind. And as is typical of Shuva, he would not rest till he turned it into reality.

In 1976 he had started his College of Visual Arts introducing an entirely new style in art education. To encourage independent thought and bring out individual talents, he allowed the students to experiment and seek their own *métier*. To broaden their outlook and upgrade their level of awareness seminars and open discussions were held. Eminent intellectuals from different spheres — sculptor Prodosh Dasgupta, Sibnarayan Ray, Mrinal Sen — took part. Visitors from all over the world who came to Calcutta met and addressed his students. Slide shows were held regularly.

Now the idea of the commune had seized his imagination and he was determined to develop the College into a full-blown commune. The College functioned side-by-side till 1990 when it was dismantled.

So we see him in 1983/84 running from pillar to post raising funds, trying to acquire a piece of land. Finance was hard to come by. In 1984 Shuva pooled his resources and finally acquired a piece of land near the Calcutta Airport. It was a two and half bigha plot — nearly an acre which gave it its name. The late eminent author, Santosh Kumar Ghose, called it Arts Acre. The legendary maestro Pandit Ravi Shankar laid the foundation stone. The plot was arid and barren and Chintamani Kar remarked that it would take the genie from Alladin's Lamp to turn it into a green village — and that's precisely what it became.

Arts Acre had teething problems and some adverse publicity. It was through dogged determination that Shuva saw it through. But just as there were many detractors there were many supporters too. Intellectuals like Sibnarayan Ray, Mrinal Sen, M J Akbar lent their active support as did Ashok Krishna Dutt, Asok Mitra, Amlan Dutta, Chintamani Kar, Dibyendu Palit, and the late Arany Bannerjee.

A large studio, a gallery, workshops for painters, potters and sculptors were built. Storage space, a little shop for the artefacts produced, and a display area where visitors could walk in and pick up what they wanted were provided for. There was a publication division which brought out portfolios and journals like *Art Today*. Art-related equipment, accessories and facilities such as canvas framing, photoprocessing were also available on the premises. A number of residential cottages for artists were constructed.

In 1986 the renowned German author Guenter Grass was visiting India. He went to Shuva's College of Visual Arts and a friendship grew between him and Shuva. On 11 January 1987, under the chairmanship of Annada Sankar Roy, Guenter Grass inaugurated Arts Acre. As a matter of fact, the gallery was launched with an exhibition of Grass's etchings and drawings.

The idea behind this creative community was not only to free the artist from the pressures of earning a living and allow him or her to flourish, but to bring art to common people. Like Kala Bhavan, Santiniketan, its approach was holistic. Pottery, terracotta, ceramics and other crafts were introduced so that art could step out of the confines of the museums and galleries and reach out to common people. Every winter a mela

would be arranged where people bought paintings, pottery, handicraft and other artefacts at a nominal price. Gradually the fair became an attractive annual event.

Artists from different parts of the world — USA, England, France, Germany — came to work here. There were exchange programmes between artists from London and Washington.

One of the major gains of this period was Shuva's friendship with Guenter Grass. Grass was a man of formidable intellect, who had seen the world but he had a gentle and humane side. He was as skilled with the brush as with words. Shuva was awed by him. But their common interests brought them close and their friendship became a lasting one. Whenever Shuva is in Germany he visits Grass.



Guenter Grass in Munich, Germany, 1988



Grass with Rat, Potato, Fish and Pipe, Charcoal drawing, 70 x 65 cm 1986. Collection : Private, Germany

Shuva has been painting for over three decades. Over this period he has been in search of an imagery and idiom to express his perception of a world in throes of decay and decline. This is in keeping with the mainstream tradition of Calcutta painters. In the process Shuva has painted several series centred on different images using varying techniques and styles. His use of imagery delves into the mysteries of life as he perceives it; such mysteries never lend themselves to clear-cut meanings. Similarly Shuva's personal myths are open to subjective interpretations by a viewer. Once he has exhausted the artistic possibilities of one image he has moved onto the next. The transition from one set of images to another is not always a deliberate one; the choices are sometimes happy and occasionally not so apt. The following chronology (based on his exhibitions) gives an overview of broad thematic progressions:

1971	<i>Lament</i>	1985	<i>Amphibious</i>
1972	<i>Touch</i>	1985-86	<i>Floating, Black and White</i>
1975	<i>Lament, Dream, Illusion</i>	1992	<i>Bird, Wing of No End, Crow, Fish, Signal</i>
1977-78	<i>Time/Clock</i>	1993-97	<i>Metropolis: Portraits of Calcutta, Middletone</i>
1979	<i>Abode, Childish</i>	1999	<i>Crows, Illusion, Icons</i>
1981	<i>Wrapped</i>		
1983	<i>Amphibious, Bird, Antique</i>		

He begins with the Lament series in the expressionist tradition. It features miserable, bloated, distorted human figures in postures of extreme helplessness and pain. The series had for its theme emaciated human figures, children, men, and women with babies scrounging for scraps in dustbins with equally emaciated dogs and cats. This was the reality of



Black and White, Charcoal drawing, 65 x 55 cm 1984.
Collection : Mr A Mazumdar, Calcutta



Black and White with Red, Charcoal drawing, 65 x 55 cm 1987.
Collection : Mrs M Khaitan, Calcutta



Black and White with Red, Charcoal drawing, 65 x 55 cm 1987.
Collection : Private, Munich, Germany



Black and White, Charcoal drawing, 65 x 55 cm 1987

the times as were the ragpickers and scavengers of *East Canal Road* which he did in 1989. In the major body of his work he has moved away from figuration, although they reappear in the 1985-86 series *Floating*, and *Black and White*. *Black and White* is a series done in charcoal depicting upwardly stretching headless human groups. The series stands out for its tension. Here, as elsewhere where human figures are used, they have been pared down to the point of semi-abstraction, more symbolic than real. For instance, in the series *Metamorphosis*, in which he did about seven paintings, we have obelisk-like formations with barely suggested human forms strewn in a desert-like landscape. These fossilized formations seem to suggest lives lived like sighs from the past. This landscape of desolation pitted with emptiness is dominated by desiccated human forms, and has appeared before in an earlier painting. Human heads do appear but they are always eyeless or blindfolded as if to have eyes would mean recognition as human beings. The masses that Shuva paints are subhuman victims with no control over their lives. In the village Pat tradition the Patua paints in the iris in exchange of something valuable. Shuva withholds the eyes for to give them eyes would mean giving them humanity of which they are deprived. It is his birds that have the eyes — all-knowing, all-seeing, clever, canny, crafty, wise, wicked, menacing, ancient — survivors all in the battlefield of life.

From 1976 to about 1979 Shuvaprasanna did a number of canvases — almost 40-42 featuring clocks, a series called *Time*. Though Salvador Dali immediately springs to mind Shuva's clocks are used more as an objective correlative to provide startling insights into time. Time has always been compared to a river flowing smoothly. Cosmic time has its own rhythm where seasons follow one after the other, day follows night, and the cycle remains unbroken — and there is man-made time, where man instead of being the master is the slave. While in Germany Shuva was struck by the German obsession with time; he felt that they were in

the stranglehold of time where every second was crucial. He wrote about this and illustrated it with a picture of a man composed entirely of clocks. Through the broken face of the clock its hands askew, Shuva manages to suggest that the times are out of joint, forcing the viewer to look at time from a new perspective. We see a bird picking the clock clean like a bone. Sometimes time has a more benevolent face as in the painting of the floating child with the clock hovering above it almost like a guardian angel. One painting that stands out in the series is the surrealist landscape consisting of a man and woman separated by a hillock that houses a bird. The bird appears to be newly born emerging into a world pregnant with threat and menace. Above the scene a clock shines like a distorted moon. The entire effect is one of brooding tension.

In 1981 Shuvaprasanna did a series called *Wrapped*. The series began casually, almost as a joke. He had been going to Salt Lake to oversee some work. He had noticed the statue of Karl Marx, all wrapped up, waiting to be installed in some park. Salt Lake was not as built-up as today, and the sight of the statue in the midst of elephant grass and open skies was almost surrealistic. He did a painting of this. The imagery appealed to him and seemed to express his sense of claustrophobia in relation to living. So we have a series where torsos, heads, limbs, entire bodies are wrapped tightly like mummies, restricting movement, restricting freedom. The desire to restrict and control, to imprison and be imprisoned, seems to be expressed in this series.

Birds form an important part of Shuva's visual vocabulary. He has drawn owls, vultures, and undefinable avian — flamingo-like birds with wounded eyes, long necks entwining, or pelican-beaked, larger than life birds that are slightly threatening. To Shuvaprasanna the bird is a kind of creature that he can transpose human emotions on. As he writes:



Time, Oil on canvas, 101 x 90 cm 1978. Collection : Birlas, Calcutta

*All these alien winged creatures or perhaps familiar
human faces
Slanderous, avaricious, or free of greed
Crippled by care and confusion, despairing
Or blissfully uncaring —
Defeated or victorious, enraged tyrant
Obsequious, hypocritical or worthy of trust...*



Aves, Charcoal drawing, 63 x 43 cm 1988.
Collection : Private, Munich, Germany



Aves, Charcoal drawing, 63 x 43 cm 1988.
Collection : Private, Munich, Germany

His series *Amphibious* was shown in Victor Bannerjee's Art Gallery in 1983. The series shows sinuous flamingo-like creatures, flapping their wings, craning their long necks. There is something of the victim about them — you see it in their eyes. They are amphibians, creatures that move in land and water but are of neither water nor land, at home nowhere. They are victims of the violent forces that govern our existence. The entwining necks and flapping wings bring to mind a death-dance — only death can bring freedom and liberation.

From this stage his bird imagery has evolved to the next — his birds seem to have suffered long enough to have become victors. They appear to rise out of a long hibernation, in complete control of the malevolence and disorder of life. The landscape is barren and bereft of life; there is not a leaf that stirs nor any sign of human existence. Only a reptile crawls into its hole in the pitted ground. The birds are no longer birds but harbingers of death and foreboding, the archetypal survivor in an apocalyptic landscape:

*So the east, least-living object extant
Wondered over his deathless greatness
Lonelier than ever.*

— Ted Hughes

Max Ernst's paintings of owls originally inspired Shuva's series on owls. However, one senses the influence of Jibanananda Das as well. Painting and poetry were like the weft and woof of the Bengali mindset and many of the artists themselves wrote poetry, as did Shuva and Jogen Chaudhury. Shuva along with Shakti Chattopadhyay edited a volume of contemporary poetry and illustrations called *Anarchy and the Blue*. Jibanananda was the true voice of Bengal, speaking of its sensibilities, its creatures, the owl, the kite ('cheel') with an unprecedented sensitivity and evocation. Through his paintings of owls Shuva assays to touch the same chords of our sensory perception that words cannot describe. Although his finished paintings have an air of alienation and grimness,

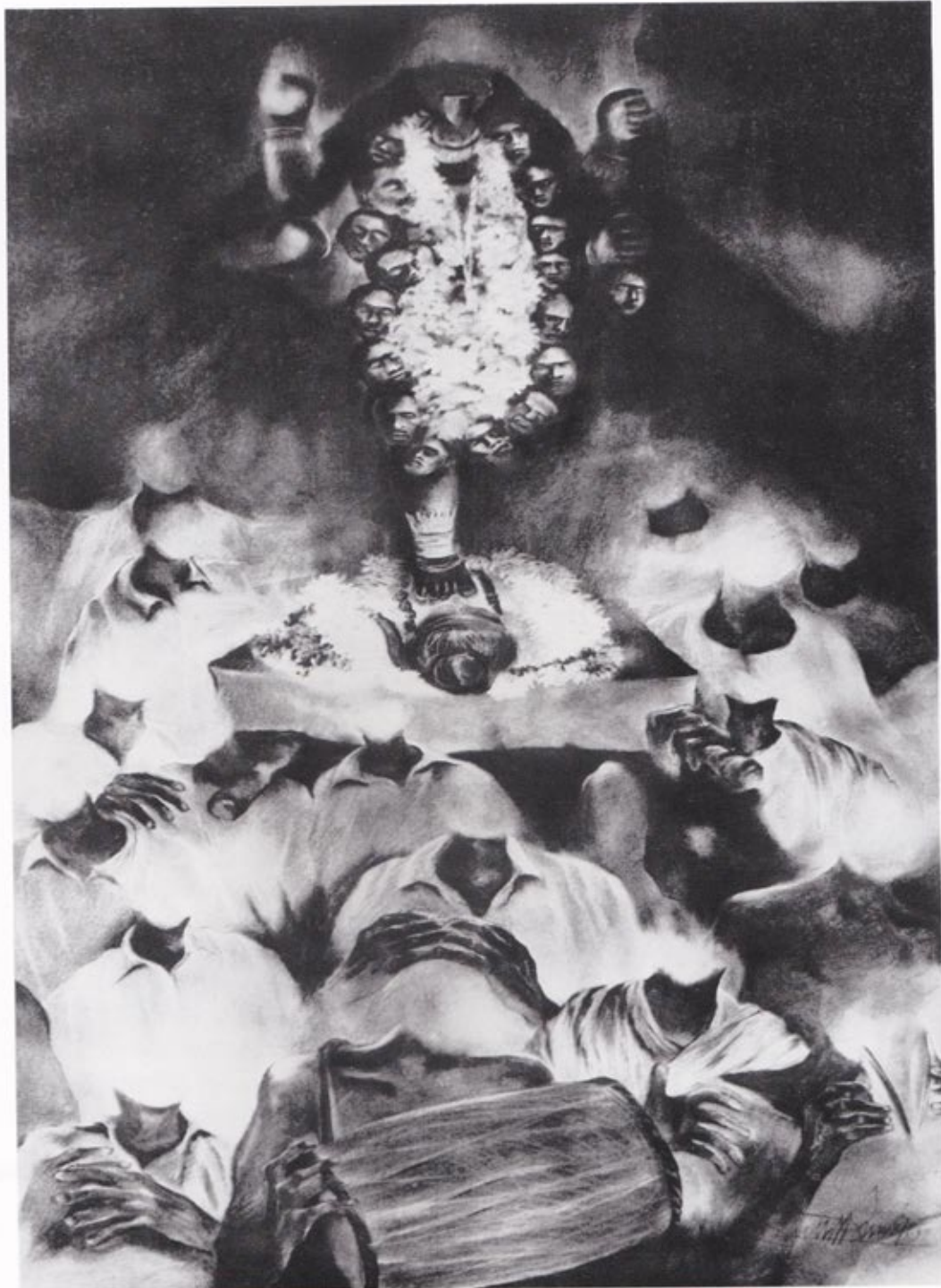


Crows, Charcoal drawing, 70 x 65 cm 1998. Collection : Mrs Shampa Das, Calcutta

Rudyard Kipling sounds almost prophetic. What he wrote is unpleasant and true, but it is a portrait no Calcuttan will accept. Except perhaps New York or Paris, no other city has inspired so much love, so much hate, and so much passion. Calcutta is not a city but a persona that permeates the psyche of every Calcuttan. The umbilical link remains unsevered. Shuvaprasanna is no exception. Ralf Oestreich, speaking of Shuvaprasanna's work, says, 'He is an Indian by conviction, a Bengali by passion and a Calcuttan out of his love for the city!' This is very true. We see him painting Calcutta in various levels at various times. In his



Street dog, Charcoal drawing, 70 x 65 cm 1998



Disciple, Charcoal with Acrylic, 167 x 100 cm 1988. Collection : RPG, Calcutta

own words, 'This city has nothing, and yet it has a lot. Here is everything you need to live and everything you need in order to die. I do not try to dream any special dream about any other place.' And again, 'I am curious about the times I live in the city, the environment. My paintings are built on these. In the heart of Calcutta, I find innumerable themes, subjects. I have painted its buildings, its pollution, its traffic, its intellectuals, even its ravages and I have painted its birds.'

In 1989, he did a series on Calcutta, called *Calcutta Black and White* — perhaps the only overt series taking a satirical dig at Calcutta. In one of the series, Calcutta is depicted as a nude woman — eyeless as all Shuva's figures are. A number of Calcutta's renowned poets, Tagore, Jibanananda, Samar Sen, Bishnu Dey, Sudhin Datta, Shakti Chattopadhyay, Sunil Ganguly are shown in the foreground with the Ochterlony Monument seen faintly like a phallic symbol against the backdrop of the city. Kallolini Kolkata looks ravaged, exploited and it is only from her stance and her unseen gaze that we know that she will endure.

There are a number of canvases in his series *Metropolis*: 'Tagore Tagore Tagore,' showing a statue with a crow sitting on his head — the great poet reduced to a cheap effigy and put up at every other city park or sold at Rs 2 a piece at the very gates of Santiniketan! 'Died in Calcutta on 28th July 1881' shows Vidyasagar's decapitated head lying at the base of his statue with the mournful widows looking on. In 'Curzon Park' the rats grow fat and playful under Sir Hariram Goenka's statue — he who dreamed once of Calcutta's industrial prosperity. There are Rammohun Roy, Madhusudan Dutta et al. These were the dreamers and the doers, who shaped Bengal and gave it its ethical and aesthetic fibre. Today they are forgotten, emblems of a lost world. This, as stated earlier, is perhaps the only slightly literal and narrative series. But where Calcutta really comes into its own is on the canvases of the *Abode* (1979-80) and *Middletone* (1993-94) series.



Illusion, Oil on canvas, 90 x 90 cm 1976. Collection : Mr Bimal Poddar

The rooftop or terrace — the *chbād* in Bengali — has an existence of its own. In any middleclass *para* or neighbourhood the *chbād* is in itself an institution. It has a utility value — you dry your clothes, you water your potted plants, you take an evening stroll, but there are times, when the *chbād* is deserted, especially in the afternoons, when the afternoon ennui takes over. The crows, the ever-present birds of Calcutta, congregate and confabulate on the *chbād*. At night, when the world has gone to sleep, the *chbād* comes alive. The houses literally stand cheek by jowl and memories and ghosts rise and whisper. The hard lines of the buildings melt and merge. The Abodes, where the humans are merely visitors, come into their own. They are witnesses to this paltry drama of human existence — men may come and men may go, but they stand there watching and waiting and sometimes exhausted by life tottering. Shuvaprasanna has excelled in his depiction of the city's secret existence. The transparent way of painting the Abodes shows that they are not really buildings but 'ideas of dwellings, that manifest uneasiness and anxiety.' In one of his 1992 canvases you see the vast Calcutta skyline as you would from a balcony in a high-rise apartment, narrow lanes wind through the clustered houses, empty shells, palely lit windows and doors and above the skyline human bodies crowding in larger than life, reminiscent of Arnold's 'ignorant armies clash[ing] by night.'

Shuvaprasanna's paintings never reach the realm of pure abstraction, there is always an element of recognizable reality. His houses and rooftops, despite the liberty he takes in their depiction, portray a mood and do not turn into pure forms. Shuvaprasanna does not believe in total verisimilitude but he is not comfortable with total abstraction either.

Shuvaprasanna's journeys into his inner landscape are not, however, unrelieved. Whenever Shuva has felt weighed down by what he's painting he has turned away and worked instead with more soothing

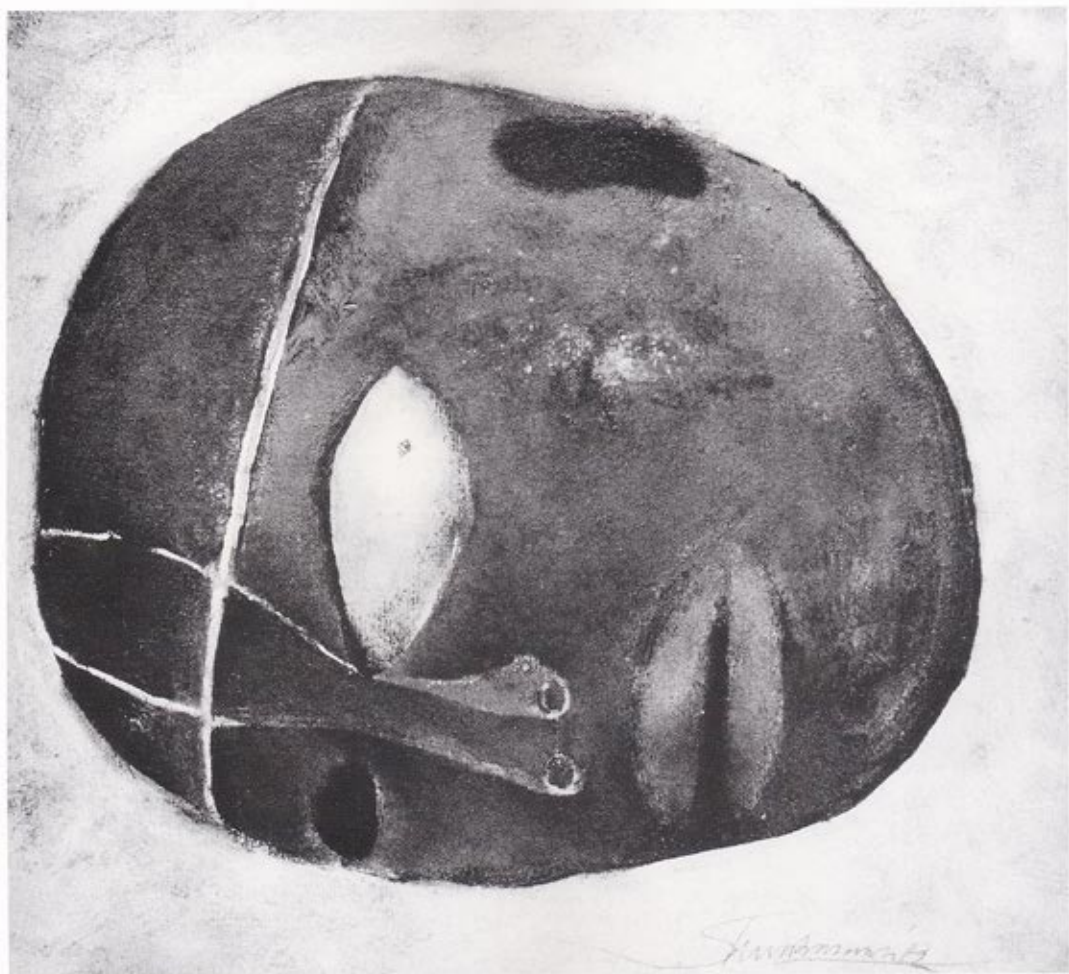
subjects — still life, flowers, butterflies. His colours too have become softer, colours like mauve, violet, and blue. Shuva's works include many paintings with vases of flowers; he calls them Illusions. The flower is a symbol of life; in its budding, blooming, and withering it mirrors the cycle of life. Although some of his flowers look luscious there are others which have a desiccated look as if life has withered away. He uses cross-hatching to achieve this effect.

The human condition, alienation, the ephemeral nature of life, the constant presence of death has been the staple of all sensitive minds, filtered differently though they are. So it is with Shuvaprasanna. But he also has the capacity to dream. To dream, to fantasize, to escape is the other polarity of his mind. The two elements run like point and counterpoint in a musical composition and maintain the tension of his work. Just as the awareness of death is a constant so is life. Asok Mitra speaking of this says, 'He sought to come back to rejuvenating life, to hands that touch and soothe, still life, flowers, butterflies; through the use of colours like mauve and violet that knit the canvases into a certain reassurance and serenity.'

Life emerged from the 'primordial soup.' Life is floating around us everywhere. Flowers, butterflies, birds, men, women are drawn together by this inner urge — life, procreation, sexuality. Shuva's flowers are not real flowers. Looking closely you see them as enticements for creation with strong sexual connotation — the thick petals, the stamen, the yellow pollen. And also the scratches of imperfection achieved by cross-hatching.

Shuva has not taken to pure abstraction nor is he rigidly 'symbolic'. His symbolism arises out of his perception, his inner eye. 'I do not believe in the specific individualities of objects. My objects are objects in an environment liberated from the stricter definition of words, they acquire a freedom from relevance.' He feels that everything exists in relation to something else. The meaning of a painting would emerge from the

gesture or relation of one object to another. The same hand could be raised in supplication, hunger or a desire to kill. To quote, 'I am always fascinated by life around me — an outstretched hand trying to reach out, unusually shaped flowers. All these and more. An outstretched hand, for instance, may convey a hunger for affection or a desire to kill depending on how it is placed. The gesture of a figure or other living being, the texture and the colour of the background, everything assumes



The Holy Stone, Oil on canvas, 38 x 35 cm 1982

a significant meaning with symbolic overtones.' So we see his hands tenderly caressing a breast or touching a garland of bakul or helplessly hovering near a shrouded body.

Within the context of Indian art icons and iconography have a long history. Iconography has evolved as a system over centuries, the artist seeking to perfect the image. The image of the Buddha for instance has undergone changes and refinements over centuries. Devi or Shakti, Siva's consort, the female form of power in her many avatars, has been worshipped, painted, sculpted, and sung about for centuries. In modern times these icons have been appropriated by artists to give expression to their perception of new and complex realities.

We have seen Shuva searching for a suitable imagery for his perception of life. His clear-sighted recognition of the pervading angst is counter-balanced by his innate belief in the eternal verities of life that cannot be dimmed. He seems to sense them in the stars in the firmament, in the vast skies that fill our senses with awe.

In 1997 Shuva started working on the *Devi* series which he called *Icons*. While he was working on the series he received a copy of the *Chandi*, a seminal book of chants and mantras in praise of the Goddess from the Ramakrishna Mission. This was an inspiration and an added fillip. He did paintings of *Durga*, *Kali*, *Maheswari*, *Kartikeya*, *Sitala* and later *Lakshmi* and *Saraswati* based on the description of the ancient poets. These were first displayed in the Art Today exhibition in November 1998. He later added Krishna to his repertoire which was displayed in Art Indus Gallery. The Krishna series which he calls the *Golden Flute* is different in mood and execution. The predominant colour is blue — a mixture of prussian, cobalt and ultramarine occasionally touched with green and mauve to enhance the blue and bring in the tone of peacock feathers indelibly associated with Lord Krishna.

The form of Shuva's icons is simple. The body consists of a cylindrical

structure resembling an earthenware pitcher; the head is severed from the trunk but held together by a garland-like string. The composition is stark, bereft of unnecessary decoration or embellishment. It is finely balanced and exhibits a kind of primitive power. More colour has entered the canvas but the red, the green and the blue is mixed with black to give it a heaviness and density, an essential feature of all Shuva's works. Only the upper part of the composition is dominated by blazing yellow or variations of it to suggest a fiery strength. This is heightened by a touch of gold or silver. With their linear sharpness, and knife-like quality, Shuva's goddesses also have certain elements reminiscent of his earlier works — the darkness emanating from the mouth of the pitcher brings to mind the pitted holes of his apocalyptic landscapes. The simultaneous existence of the real and the mortal with something ethereal that we can sometimes sense or grope towards is the hallmark of his work.

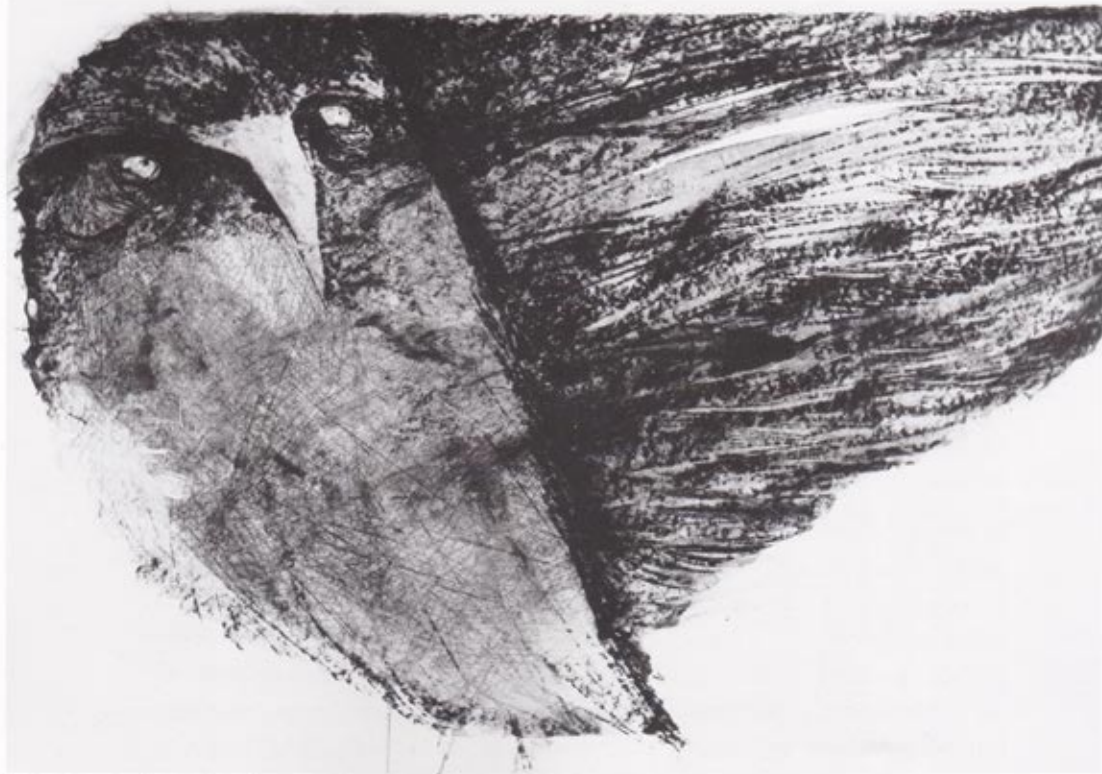
Speaking of icons brings us back to Shuva's earlier use of images like the kumbha or pot, leaves, flowers frequently used in pujas or rituals. In one of his most memorable paintings, *Illusions* (1978), we have a composition with these elements placed around a shrouded foreshortened body, with only the feet exposed and butterflies hovering over it. Object-related abstraction or symbolism is an integral aspect of our religious practice. The kumbha, for instance, was not just a pot of water but stood for a number of ideas such as the fullness of life or even the female principle. With the changed circumstances of modern life, sensibilities and sensitivities have changed and emphases have shifted. The artist has, however, access to an inherited system of symbols which he can tap into for expressive and artistic purposes. Shuva's draughtsmanship is beyond question. He has had two exhibitions of only drawings. He has a large number of drawings, mostly of birds, animal and human forms, faces, hands, and limbs. Initially he used pen and waterproof ink. He later shifted to charcoal and conte. In the series *Black and White* he used only charcoal treating it with wax.

In his early years Shuva worked mostly in oil and has a sizeable number of canvases. But through experimentation he stumbled onto the method of pasting tracing paper on board, covering it with white lac and then applying transparent oil colours, the paper gave a special texture and was particularly suited to certain subjects. With the birds for instance he applied both oil and water. The oil would break. The flow of the oil on the underlying paper would give the impression of the quivering thinness of the bird's skin. He later used rice paper to give a variation to the texture.

In the Art College the emphasis was on technique and the tradition of using impressionistic palette was strictly adhered to. Black was generally avoided. Shuva, as we have seen, loved black. Besides, artists in those times perforce used a lot of black, Chinese ink, charcoal, because many of them painted on newsprint. Canvas was hard and expensive to come by! Black is his favourite colour. He says, 'I favour certain colours, blues, browns, burnt sienna or burnt amber. And black. I see black as a union of many colours, a colour that has absorbed all the rest. Black has many dimensions, it is never flat. It can have a blue aura or even a red one. In my thoughts, I associate Kali, the goddess of darkness, *kalo* (black) and Calcutta together.'

In all the phases of his development he has worked in more than one medium. He has used oil, acrylic, charcoal, and ink. He started working in acrylic in 1985-86. He likes the texture and freshness of colour, the fluidity of watercolour and the pigmentation of oil that acrylic gives. From 1990 onwards he has worked mainly in acrylic, finishing his works with a transparent oil.

Most of his exhibitions have displayed his drawings and graphics. Printmaking had started in Santiniketan — woodcut, linocuts — but it became popular in the late fifties. Somnath Hore learnt and then taught graphics, heading the faculty at the Delhi Polytechnic. Shuva learnt to



The Bird, Mixed Media, 78 x 59 cm 1992. Collection : Ravi and Amada Kidwai, Calcutta

work with graphics when he was associated with the Society of Contemporary Arts. He used the Society's intaglio machine along with Laloo Prasad Shaw and Suhas Roy. He later acquired an intaglio machine of his own. The unpredictable nervous energy of the lines in graphics hold a special appeal for Shuva — the lines seem to have a will of their own and the final form is never predictable. Besides, graphics had gained popularity in Europe because of the convenience with which it could be reproduced. Shuva found it particularly useful because he could carry his work to Europe and sell his prints.

He started his career painting portraits and later did a number of commissioned works. He has also done murals, frescoes, and terracotta sculptures.

THE ELUSIVE IDEAL

In the course of writing this, certain issues have surfaced. There has been a protracted debate on the language of art and ethnocentricity in art. Fortunately this war of words between tradition and modernism, the occident and the orient has reached some sort of truce, though it has not been laid to rest. Such important issues cannot be resolved easily but we can now talk about an artist without necessarily opening the lid.

Upto the 1980s there was little money in art, there were very few galleries to display the work. Artists painted because they either enjoyed doing so or could not help doing so. Very few ever imagined that they could earn their living on their work alone. The entry of money, international auction houses, corporate sponsorship, mushrooming of galleries, media attention have had their positive effects. The artists are now basking in the limelight that they have deserved for long. The flipside is that it has unleashed market forces and created artificial demands and notions of taste. The dynamics of this process is a different issue altogether that needs to be analysed separately.

What is it that we expect from an artist? To quote Professor Gombrich: 'How is it possible to preserve sanity if you are treated as an oracle revealing the secret essence of our troubled times in words and images the true import of which you yourself cannot yet fathom? Considering the situation in which modern criticism has placed the artist one can only be grateful for the amount of serious work that is still produced in our much maligned age.' This very succinctly sums up the dilemma of the artist today.

The changed situation in the art market has created a 'star system' whereby artists are rated by their position in the 'saleability chart.' The media, the art critic, the auctioneer, and the collector have created a hierarchy which leads to a degree of insecurity amongst artists. Is it necessary to



Detail of *Childish*, Oil on canvas, 67 x 59 cm 1979. Collection : Lalit Kala Akademi, New Delhi

rate an artist? To quote Gombrich again: 'A good racehorse one supposes is one that wins races, a good chess player one who can beat his opponents, we can tell a watchmaker from his skill in making or repairing watches, and a good linguist his testable mastery of foreign languages, but how can we tell what is a good work of art and who is a great artist?' However, if one were impelled to assess an artist, one would look at his ability to create in the viewer a process whereby he tries to fathom the unfathomable mysteries of the artist's symbolic world, and in trying to do so brings to it his own personal perceptions, his own realities. Shuva has succeeded in creating for his viewers a wealth of associations. The creative process does not end with the artist; the viewer enhances and prolongs the life of a work of art. After all we still admire Botticelli's 'Birth of Venus,' Leonardo's 'Mona Lisa,' or the cave paintings in Ellora.

For Shuva himself the search continues for that elusive ideal of artistic perfection where dream and reality, mystery and meaning merge. For him every success is but an initiation, a rite of passage into the next.



PLATES

Shun-Parommi 57







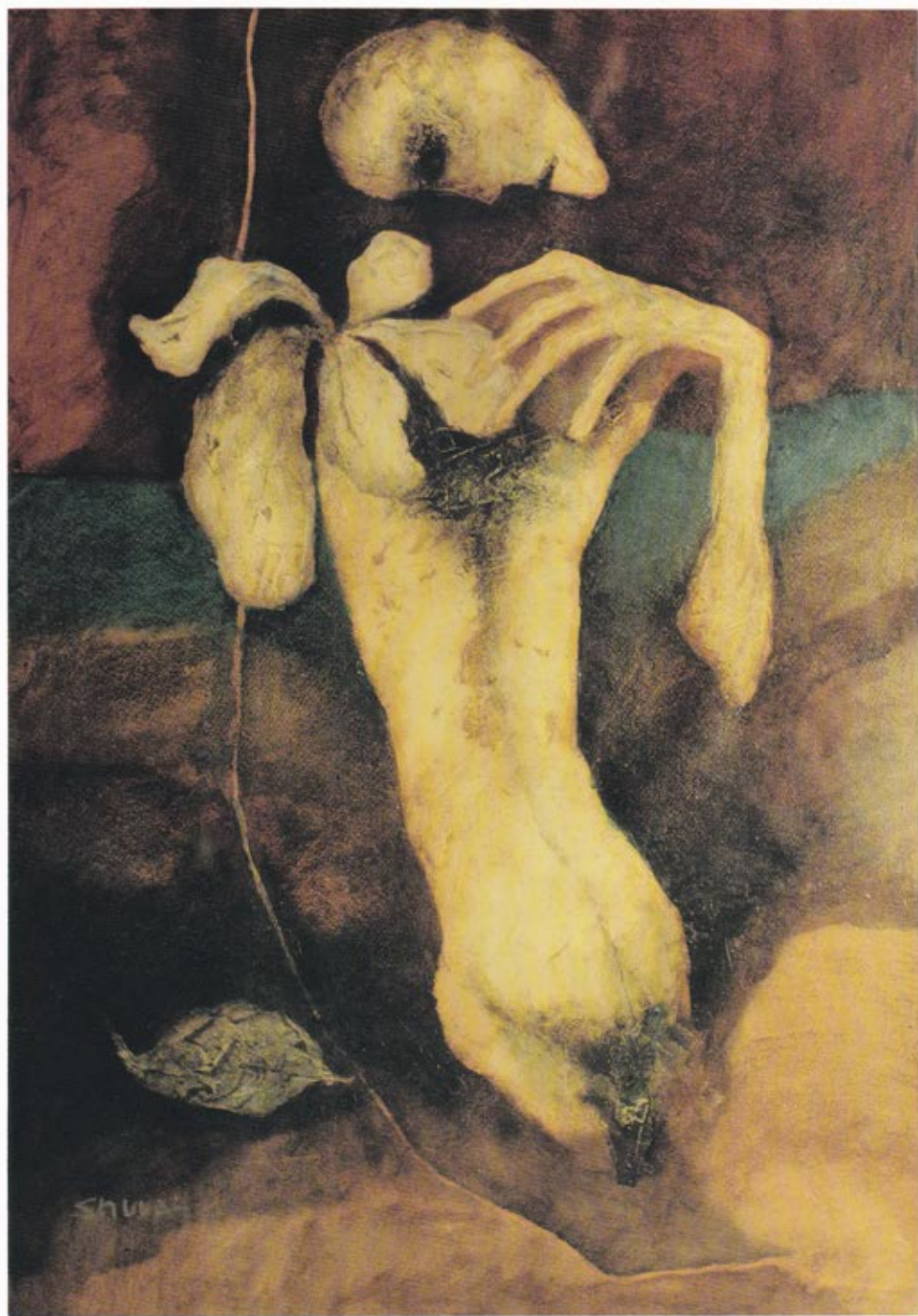




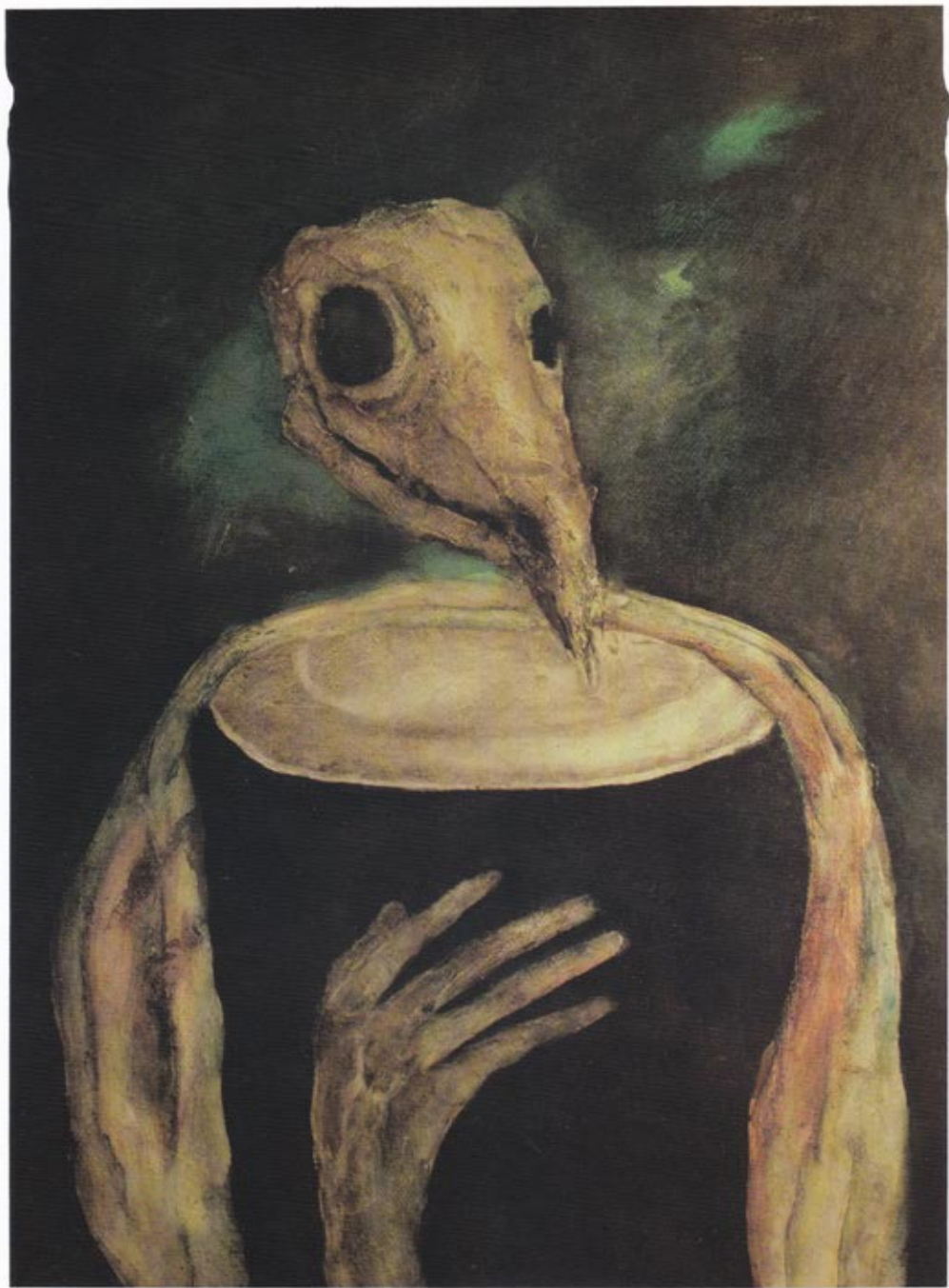




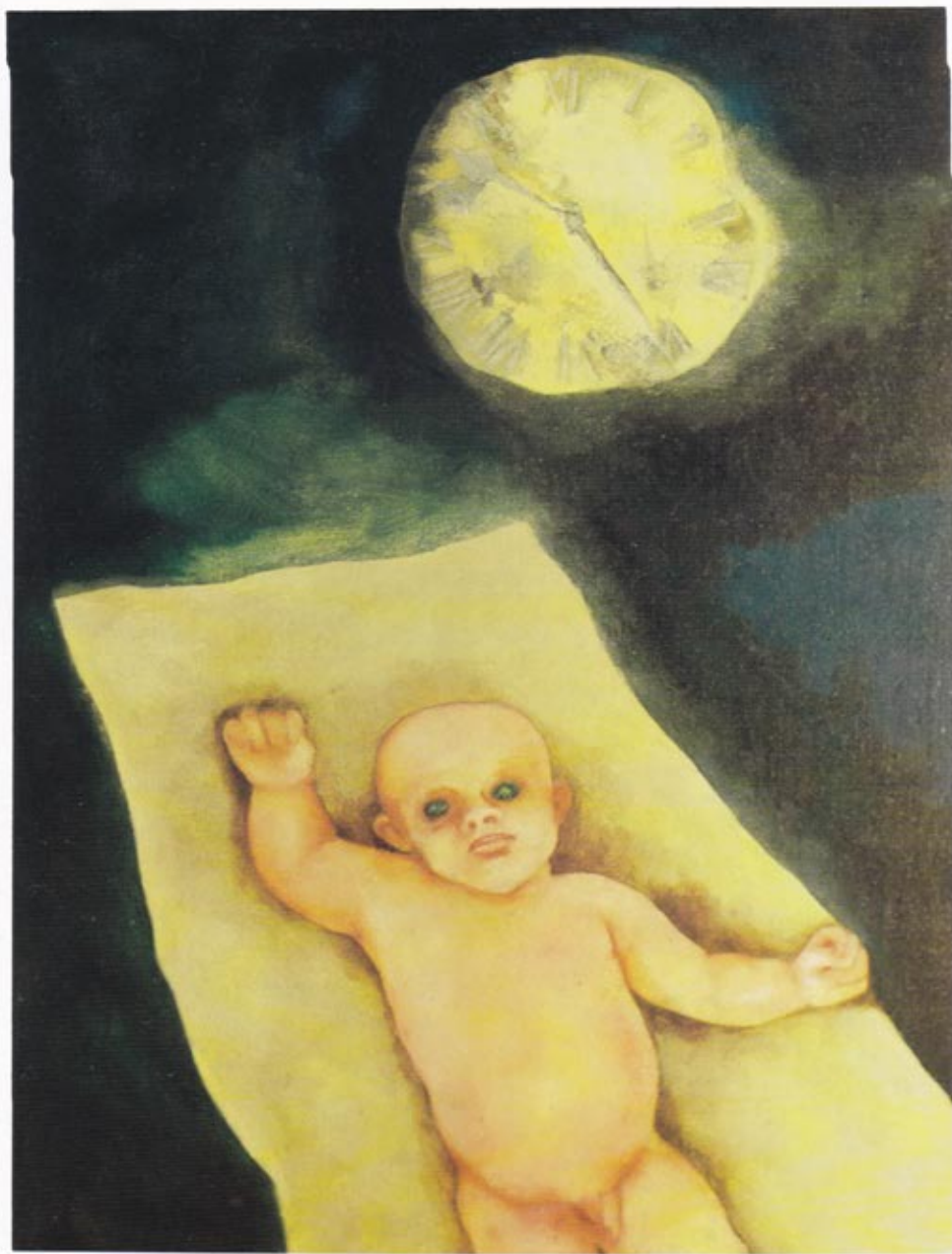








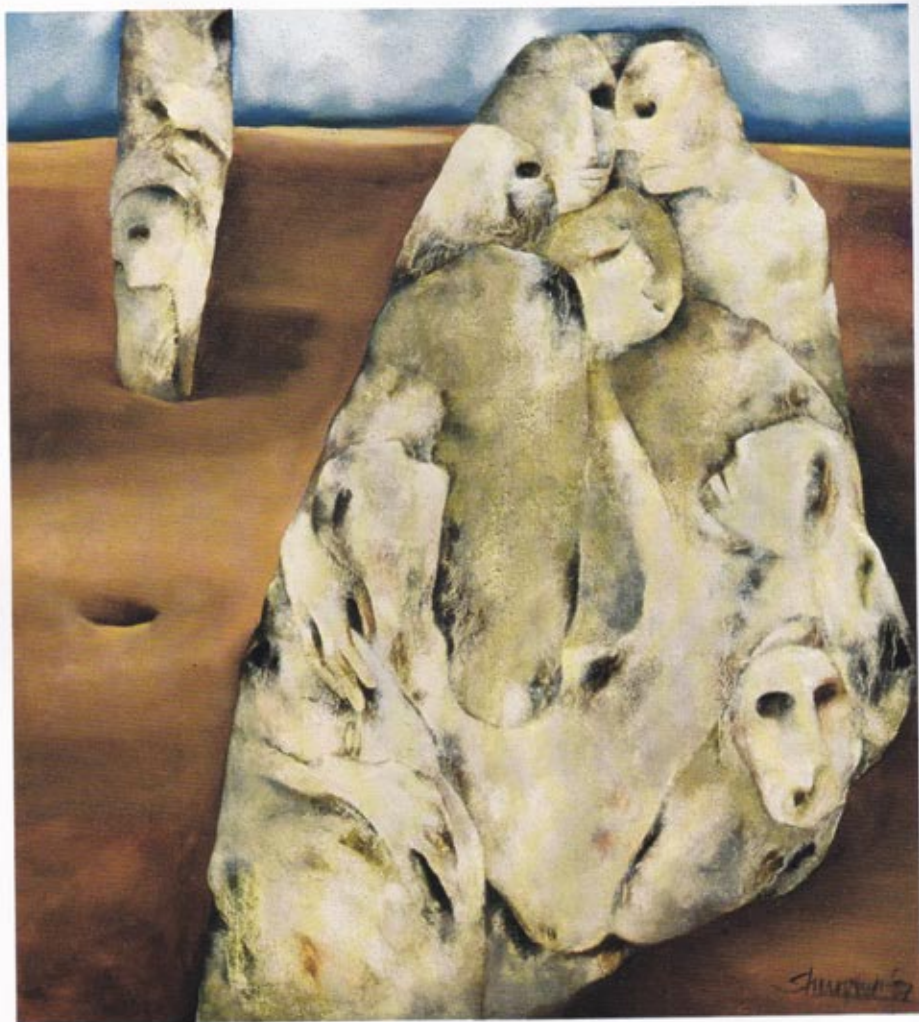




































Stambranos





