

Pramod Babu, The Artist

The relationship between earth and sky is rooted in their longing for each other. How can man resist being infatuated by

the numerous forms the sky displays before him!

Abstract shapes and alluring hues kindled the consciousness of Pramod Babu. While giving concrete forms to these

abstracts, the form of Naga – the Serpent – raised its hood from the depths of his childhood. Its coiled, taut body,

slithering movements and haunting rhythm make regular appearances in Pramod Babu's works. Naga is, at its core, a

rhythmic line — sometimes twisted, sometimes straight; at times fat, at times fragile. By interpreting this Naga as a line,

one can create unique line-forms. Even if one does not get entangled in their complexities and observe merely as a distant

observer, these lines have the power to exude seductive friendliness. A line is but a series of dots. These dots, like droplets,

give birth to infinite oceans — with unfathomable breadths and depths. The captivating line forms are not merely there for

the sake of drawing, they seem to encapsulate a spectrum of sensations — life itself. These lines don't depend on colours

to enchant the observer just as the long black tresses of an attractive girl are beautiful without flowers too. They don't

need ornamentations; their true beauty lies in being free. Similar is the case with Pramod Babu's lines. They weave such a

complex hypnotic web that for a moment or two one forgets to analyse them on aesthetic parameters; even forgetting

which colours they have been painted upon with. While the observer searches for a formula to fit these lines into, they

magically enchant his consciousness and entangle him, forever.

The turbulence in our mind, the unrest in our thoughts, the expanse of our melancholy; all these can be expressed on a

canvas by abstract cloud forms. It's not by chance that poet Kalidasa chose these clouds as messengers for his beloved.

Clouds enthralled Pramod Babu too. Lost almost meditatively in their infinite forms, he used them as notes of his visual

harmony. They render a unique character to his works. Clouds are tranquil yet never still; impermanence is their core

quality. Pramod Babu's paintings thus drape them in a variety of shapes, shades and textures. Sky symbolizes glorious

heights; it characterizes infinite expanses. The speciality of Pramod Babu's works is their ability to portray these qualities

visually. The apparent expansion and contraction of cloud forms in his works is an aesthetic delight! One form balances

another as if they were destined to be together till the end of time. They hold each other with the passion and longing of

the sky leaping to embrace the earth at horizon. Through the brilliant use of texture, every form seems to retain its

individuality even as it merges seamlessly into another. This texture, at times, has the softness of silk and at others the

roughness of sand. It depicts a deep chasm somewhere while exhibits the subtle layers of sand dunes somewhere else. The

textures interplay as if various facets of Pramod Babu's consciousness are overlapping randomly. Never to be individually

inspected again, but still infinitely independent.

The colours used to adorn the forms are so inconceivable that one wonders what to name them. Sometimes they roar

while sometimes they chime from the depths of the heart. Although each colour has independent existence and meaning,

together they transform into a cohesive emotional expression. Colours bring completeness to the shape, form and texture.

Pramod Babu's colours have a unique language of their own. His colours are never solitary. Multiple layers bestow them

with a splendid lustre. Each colour seems to be humbled by the bequest of others. Colours provide the balance and rhythm

to Pramod Babu's visual music. They transform it from sound to symphony. Most striking is the use of black. While

containing all the darkness in itself, it pulls out the other colours to light. It exists emphatically but never in excess. Every

colour is incomprehensible yet attractive, abstract yet aware of the tangible, mysterious yet a key to look beyond apparent

meaning; capable of pulling the observer back for another glimpse over and over again!

Whatever the medium, whatever the form, the emotional expanse of a painting is very vast. Although impossible to fit in

one's field of vision, Pramod Babu captures it effortlessly on a canvas. To witness colours interweave and merge while

retaining these subtle qualities is a magical treat for the eyes. Although the invoked sensation settles straight in the heart,

the hide & seek between contentment and desire carries on.

It is impossible to measure different attributes of Pramod Babu's artwork using a single yardstick. Its rhythm and balance

are ceaseless; letting one glance all around yet entrap the eyesight somewhere. As one's eyes traverse each shape, they

sense the changes in texture and yearn to feel their touch. The pleasant blending of colours and a delicately unifying bond

transports the observer into a different dimension. A part of the observer tries with all its might to free itself from this

bond, while another part desires to be tied, again and again. Pramod Babu's paintings are capable of pleasing the eyes and

satisfying the soul simultaneously.

Paintings have their own language. Intelligent eyes are not enough to appreciate them – they cannot comprehend the

visual script. Only a heart can feel it. Only a heart can naturally feel the arrhythmia in beats and the surge of sensation on

witnessing an artwork; no duality remains. We forget our own existence. We no longer stand before the artwork but

unknowingly become a part of it. In that moment, the process of finding meaning in the painting halts. The colours, lines

and texture of the painting come together to enchant our being and we become the painting. This is how one appreciates

art, falls in love with it, and becomes one with it. The artist ceases to exist; worldly parameters of size and shape cease to

exist. What remain are only the artwork and the aesthetic bliss it emanates. Every painting is not capable of captivating the

heart so thoroughly. These rare paintings draw us into them to a point where distance disappears; like Krishna's flute

enchanting Radha. In that space, rhythm becomes life. There's no Krishna, nor his flute; just pure rhythm and its melodious

ecstasy. Pramod Babu's paintings have similar effect on the observer. They are first etched into his heart, nurtured by his

experience and eventually expressed with the spontaneity of a child. There is no insistence in them, no obstinacy.

Stubbornness cannot accept humility; it is excessive and forced. His paintings are reflections of his personality expressed

through the tip of his brush. The paintings are hung on the walls of his heart, what we see are their mirror images. Artists

primarily paint for themselves and later exhibit them for the connoisseurs – a window to their hearts. Pramod Babu has

been doing exactly this for decades now. A compilation of his works is presented here for everyone to observe and

appreciate; connoisseurs and amateurs alike.

The anxiety in the calls of a cow for her calf, the excitement of the calf as it runs to its mother, the passion in the meeting

of skies and earth at the horizon; all this come together in Pramod Babu's paintings to be etched deep in the our hearts

and remain there forever.