

सिंह

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"All art is quite useless."

Oscar Wilde coined this phrase and it has stayed with me, constantly keeping me aware of the purpose of my art.

I grew up in Rajasthan, and my first drawing classes were taken by a wonderful soul who was also the incharge of the anatomy hall of the R.N.T Medical College, Udaipur, where I spent my childhood. I drew and painted landscapes and imaginary locations surrounded by jars of human insides and occasional dissections being conducted by medical students.

The five years of studies in Architecture at NIT Nagpur added tools for analytical understanding of events and the world they occur in. A diploma in animation while pursuing my BArch came along to aid in storytelling, not just to others but also to myself. NID Ahmedabad was quite pivotal in taking a long hard look at the mental frameworks of observation and understanding I had formed. Furthermore, masters in Automobile Design, besides letting me work on a few Yacht design projects, Railway Engines and Trains; allowed development of a unique visual language. Where every stroke matters. Every acceleration of the curve and tightness of the overall form became innate. Sense of the world in 3-dimensions, which was a gift from architecture; exploded into mad lines filling that volume by the time I finished my masters.

Last few years, while working on projects which involve me to understand user psychology and human behaviour.... I have used all that was absorbed from this universe, to create my own language. It spreads across words, sounds, pictures, colours and experiences. These, here, are the waypoints, markers if you may, of a journey I have been on. Different works may speak to different people. Wherever they may be on their personal journeys. These paintings are the meeting ground of their and my paths.

Art, unlike design, in it's true form should not try or aim at sending a message to the viewer. It should be a whole in itself. Art has no meaning because meaning limits what it can achieve. Meaning arrives from what has been observed by the viewer through the course of life. All the works of this exhibit were made to unravel the mysteries which I find myself mentally and structurally in. The interconnectedness of this universe, the mind and what constructs it, and individuality or the lack of it in the larger concept of consciousness. Every stroke on the canvas should add to the painting, making it fuller. It should not be a preconceived idea, the colours of which are being filled on to the canvas. The hardest moment is the decision of stopping a painting ( a canvas, an event in life or a thought) . Is it complete enough? That is what has defined me.

**Tarun Sharma**

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+91 9818 620 978

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The illusion of choice.  
Wanderlust.

A ship embarks, to reach shores beyond all that can be  
perceived. At the helm is the self.  
Absorbing, unraveling layers.  
Held captive and used as a tool is the mind. Contained  
within, chained to self.  
Whispering through each void explored, each rise and  
fall of the waves that carry, is the universe; loosening  
the chains.

From dawn to dusk, nothing in sight.  
A moment frozen.  
Till the first shore appears on the horizon. What joy!  
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The excitement replaced by an affirmative nod on each  
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Overpowered by the waves of never ending layers,  
the ship enters the abyss.  
All the realms merge.  
A loss of self.

An awakening.  
There is no ship, just those who think it is.  
The layers unravel, the universe presents itself in each  
moment.

An Escape.

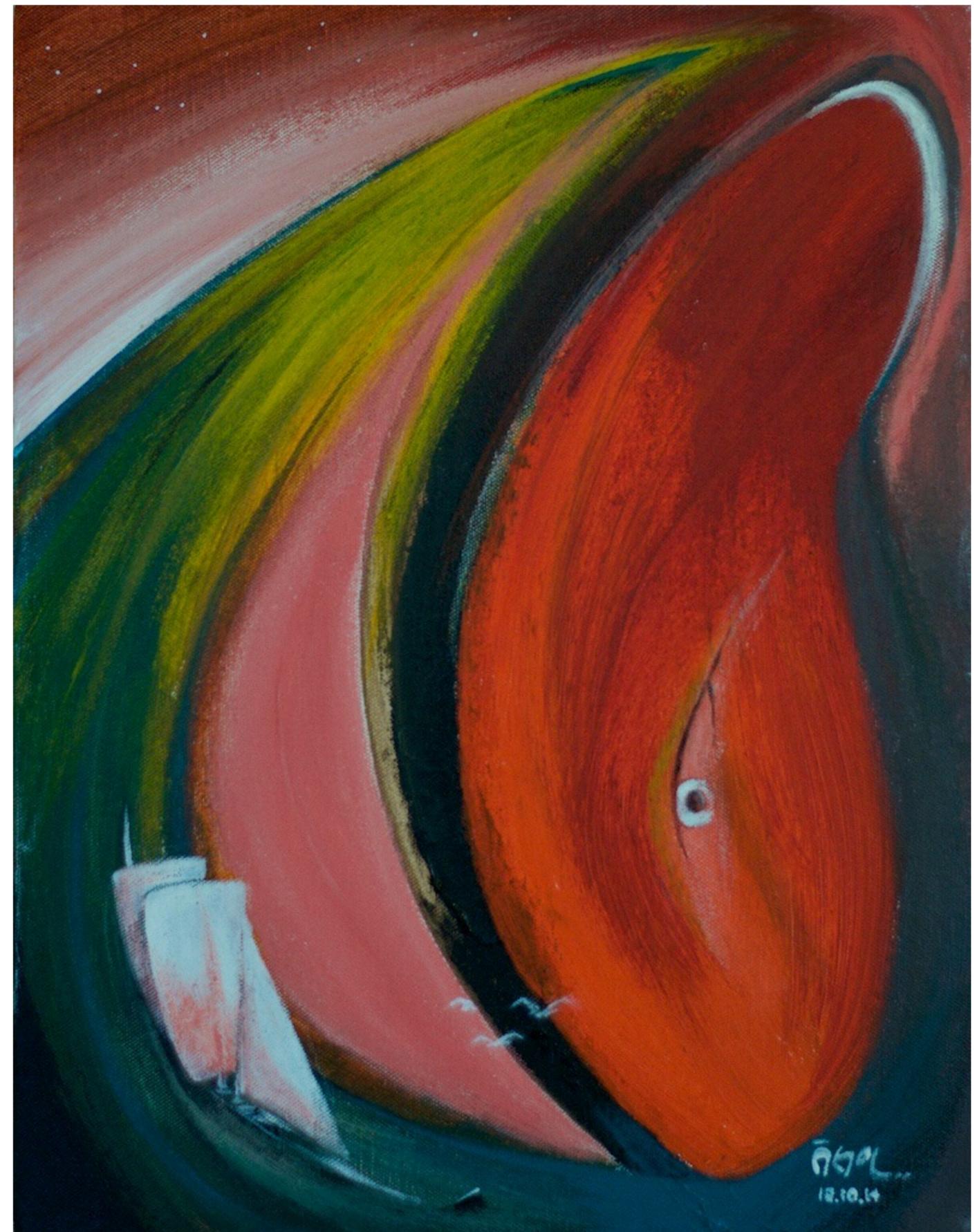
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An emergence of the untold, unsaid truth.  
A way to transcend.

The universe has been talking.  
Amongst it all, begins another quest.  
To talk back.  
To create layers.  
To reassimilate self.

## The Sea

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18" x 15"  
acrylic on canvas



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## Beyond

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36" x 60"  
acrylic on canvas



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## Self

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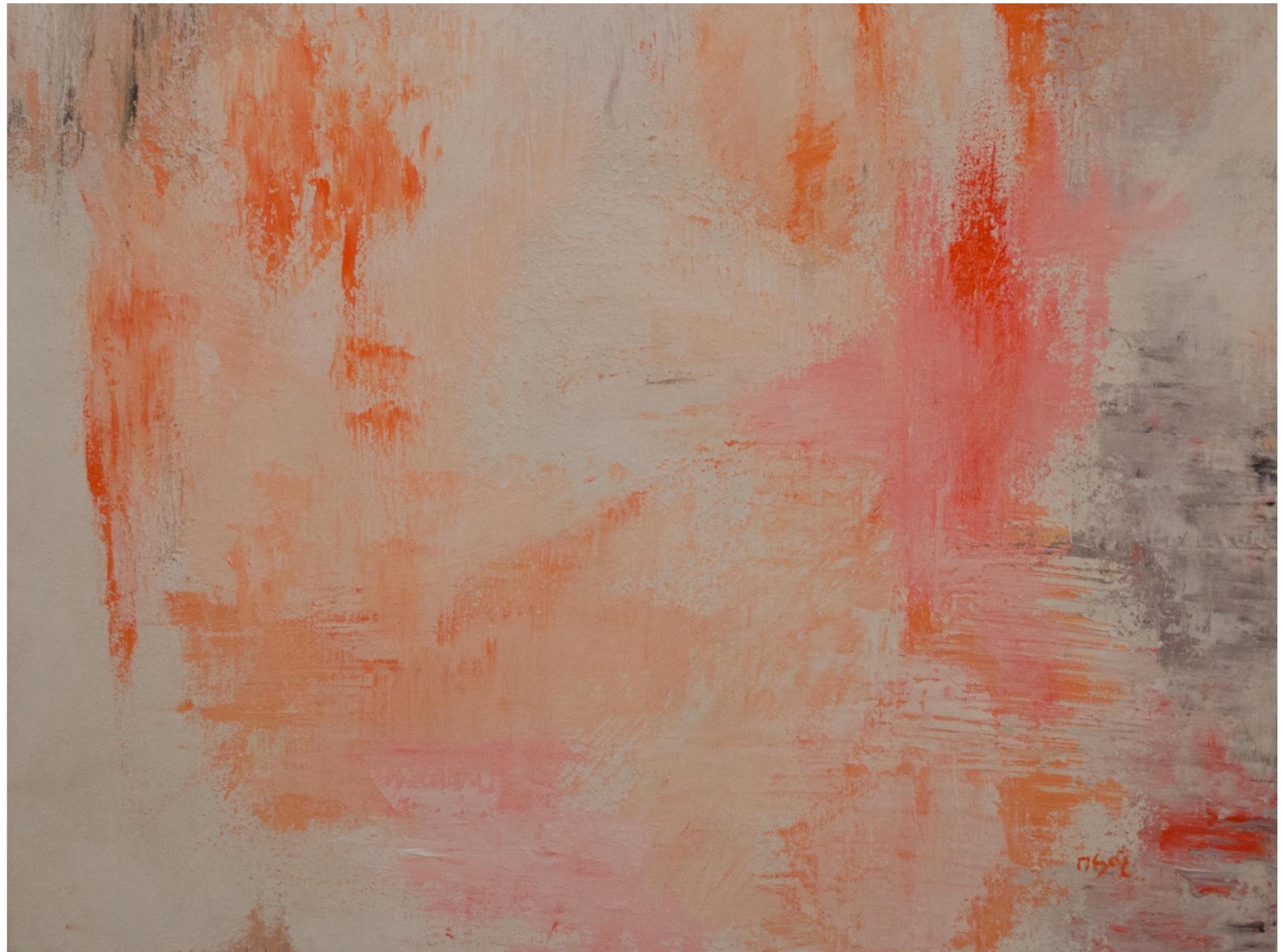
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## Whispers

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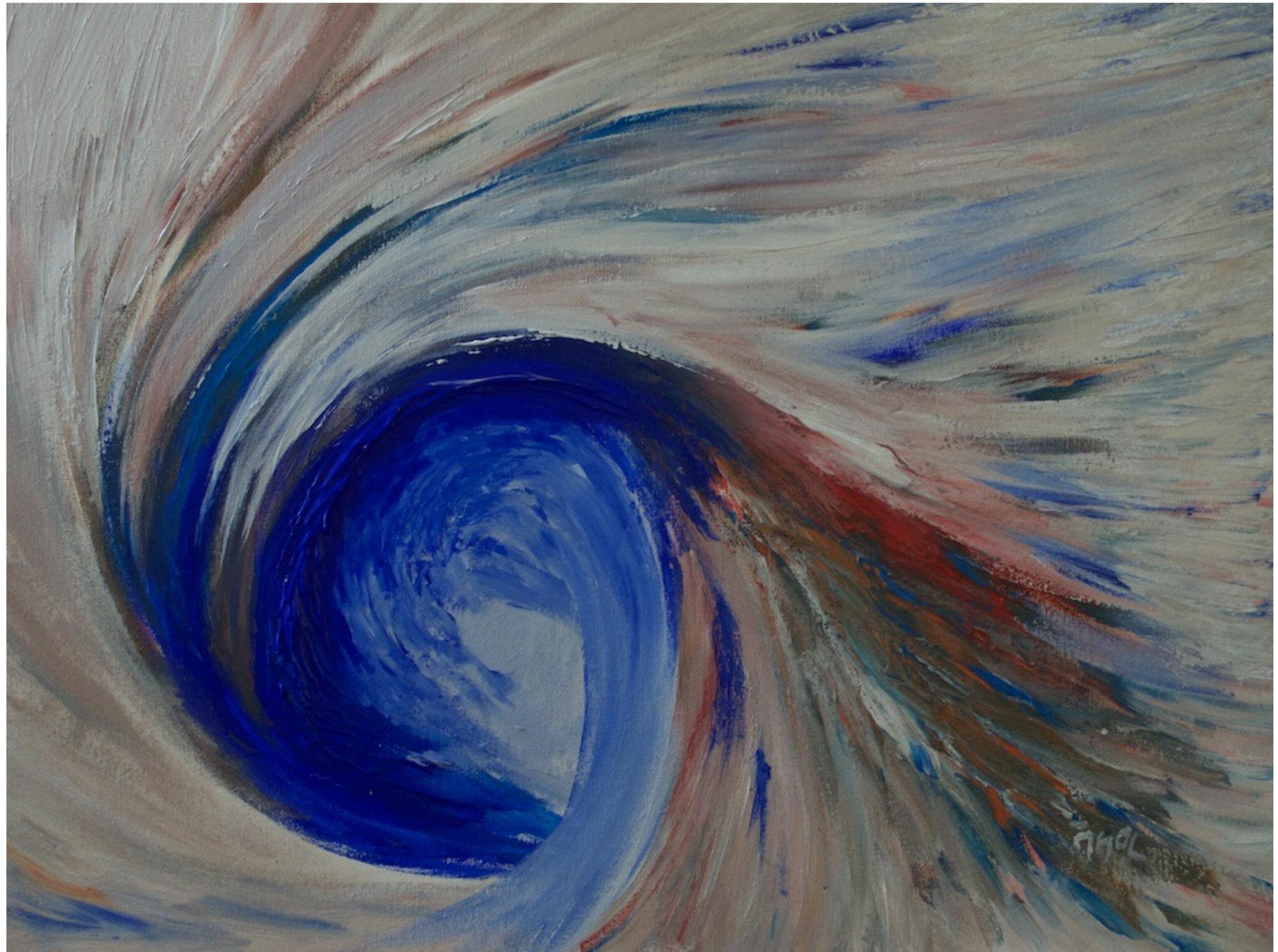
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## Void

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## Rise & Fall

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36" x 36" - 2  
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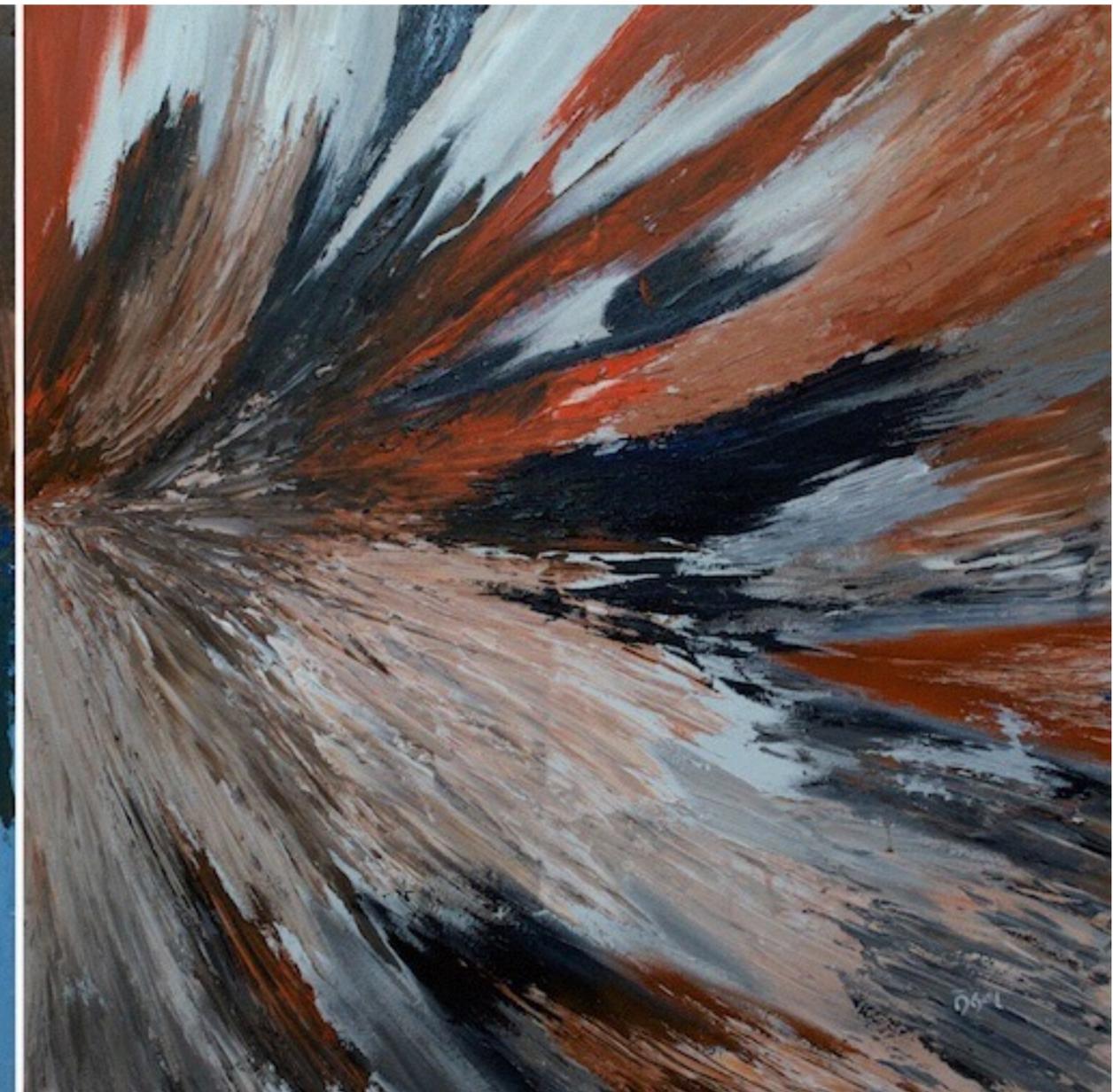
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## Dawn & Dusk

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## Shores

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acrylic on canvas



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## Abyss

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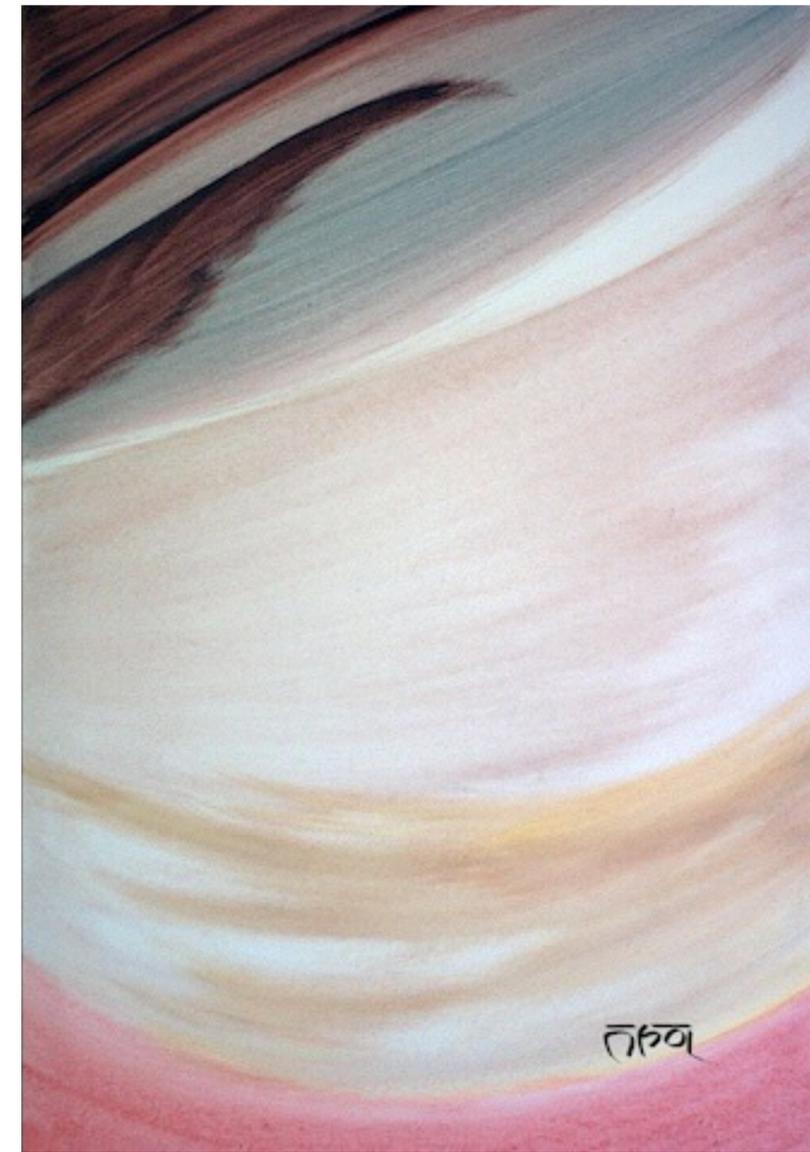
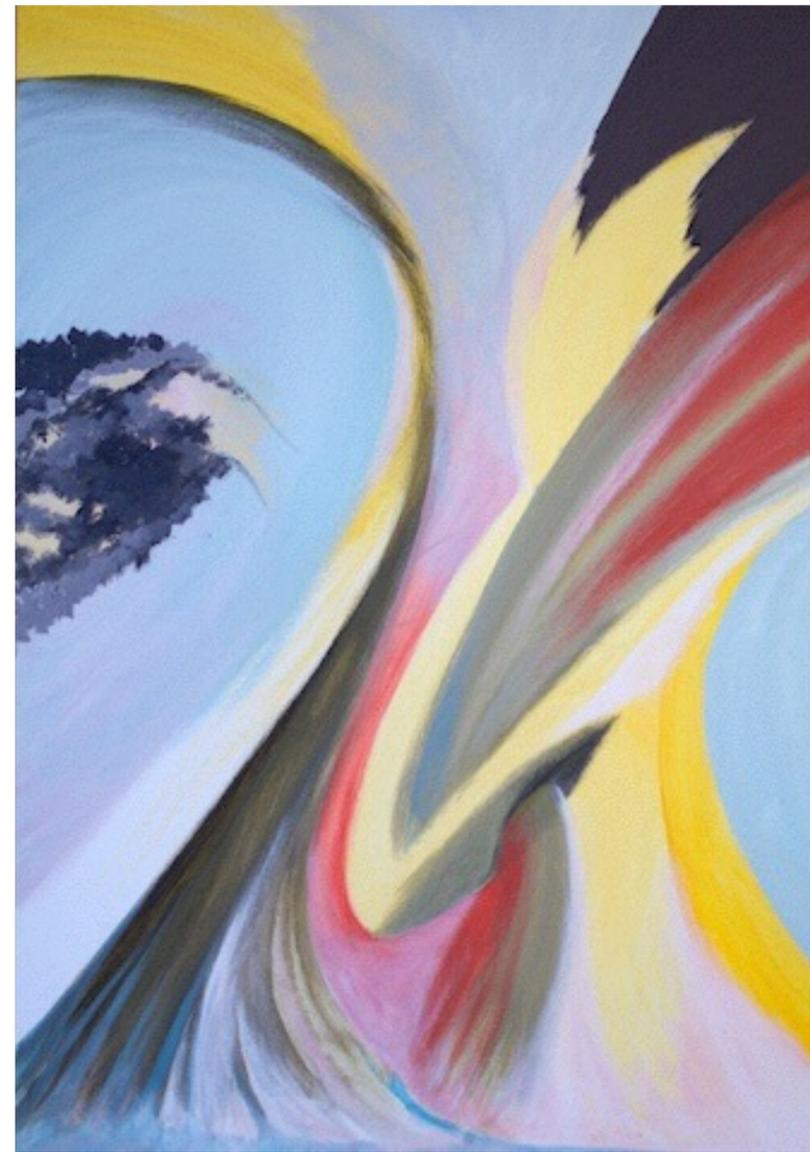
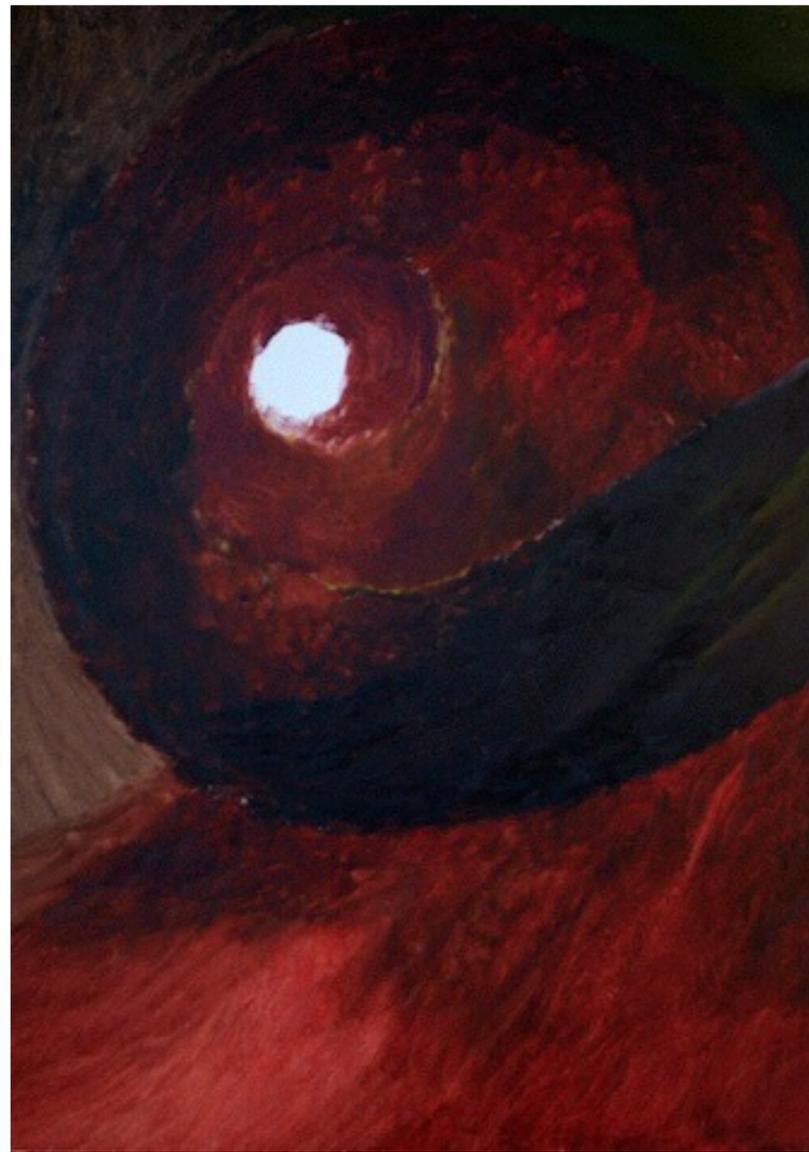
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## Realms

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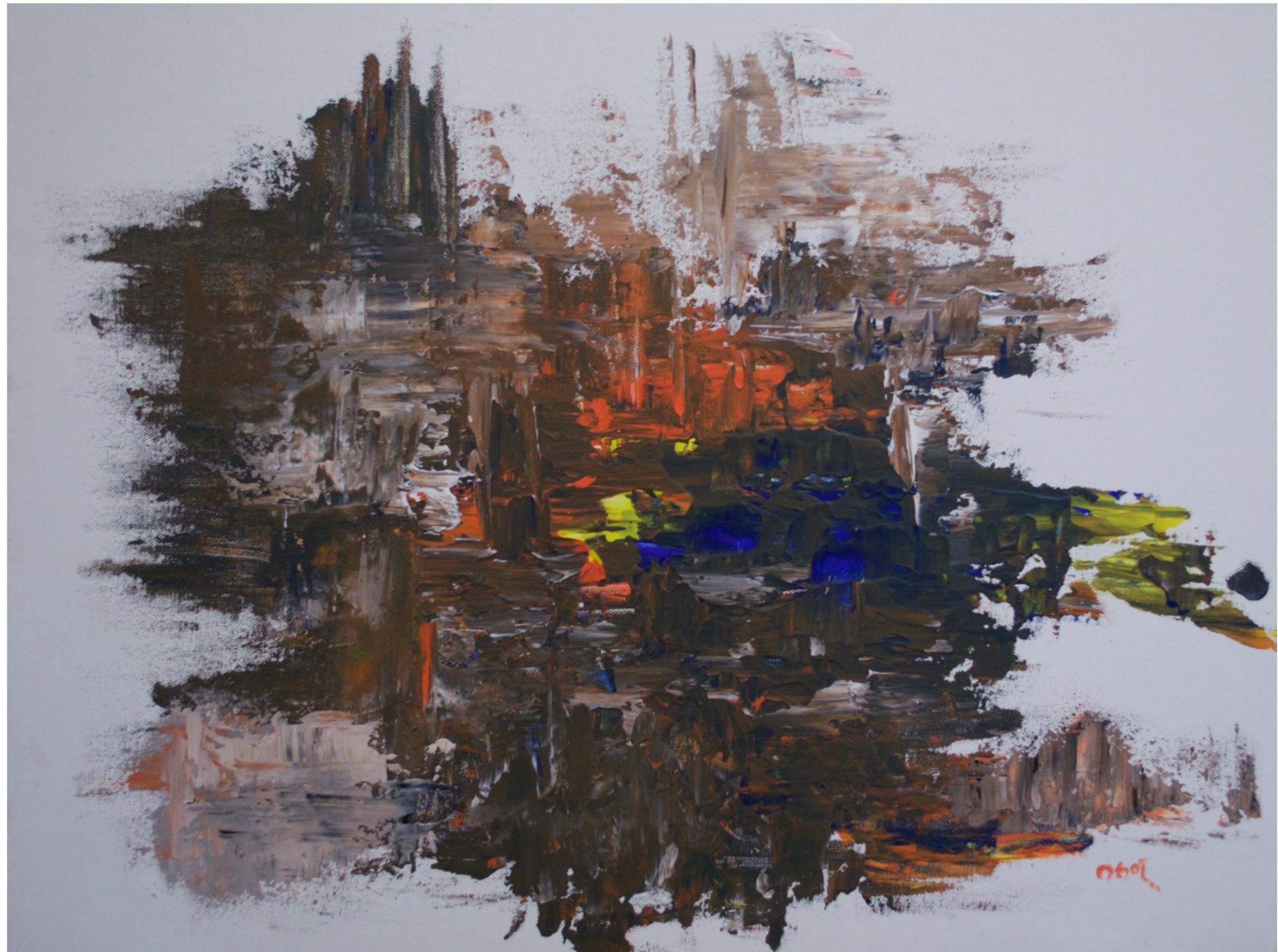
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## Awakening

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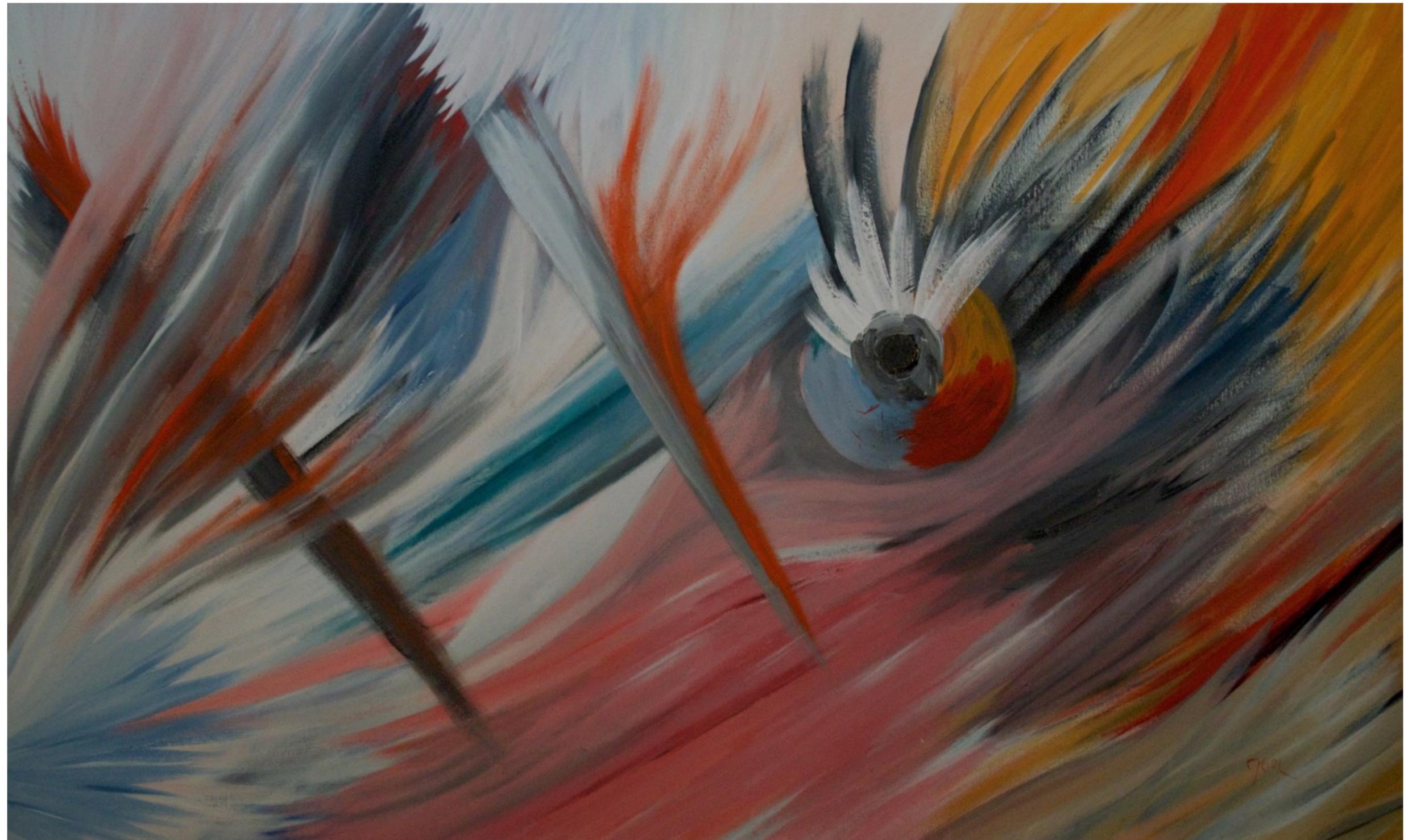
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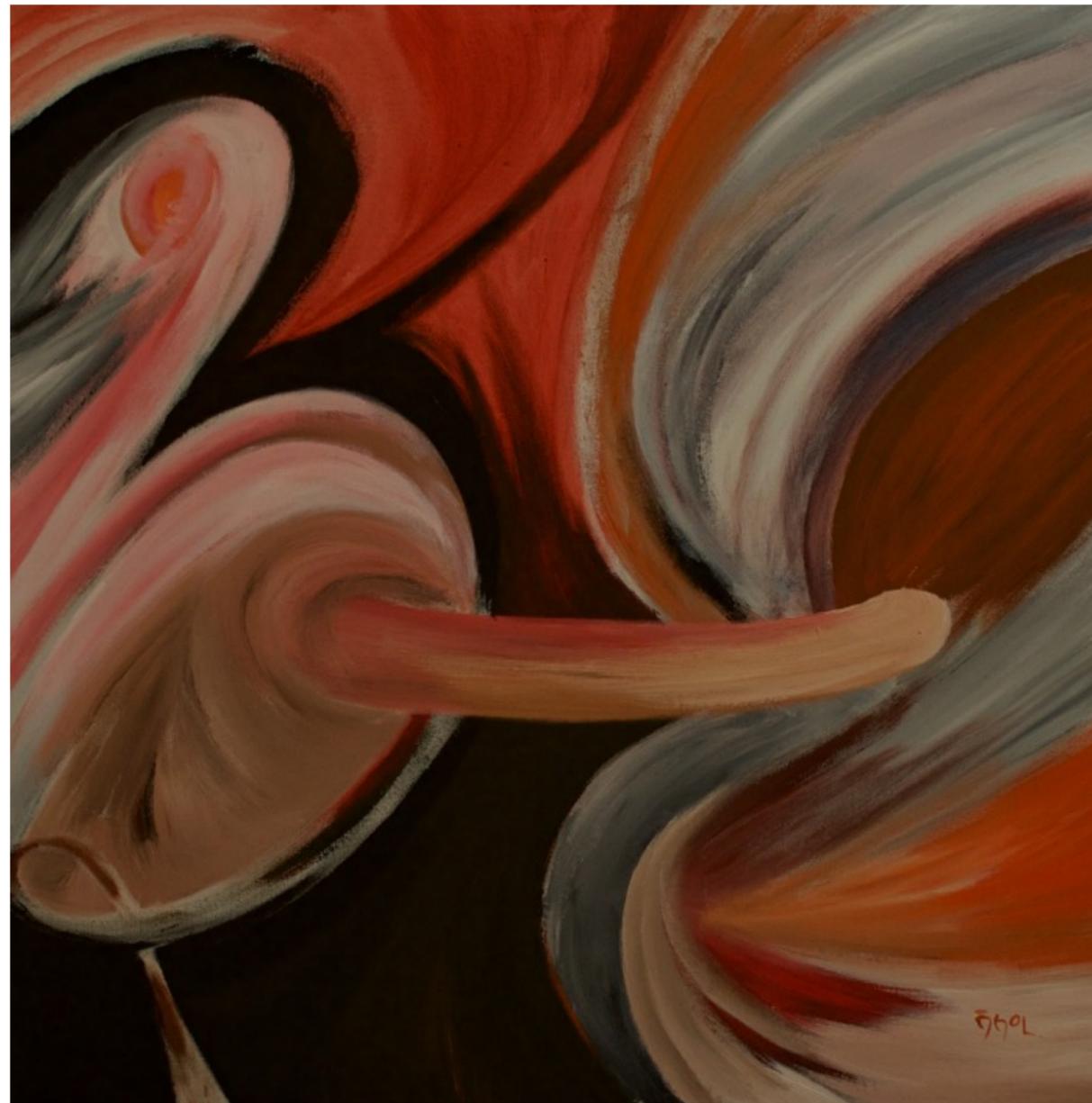
An Escape.

Unbound from the ship, the humans who dwell within and the one who commands, the mind takes flight.  
A leap of faith.  
There are no choices.  
The layers dissolve.  
An emergence of the untold, unsaid truth.  
A way to transcend.

The universe has been talking.  
Amongst it all, begins another quest.  
To talk back.  
To create layers.  
To reassimilate self.

## Humans & Human

36" x 36" - 2  
acrylic on canvas



So much to experience.  
The illusion of choice.  
Wanderlust.

A ship embarks, to reach shores beyond all that can be perceived. At the helm is the self.  
Absorbing, unraveling layers.  
Held captive and used as a tool is the mind. Contained within, chained to self.  
Whispering through each void explored, each rise and fall of the waves that carry, is the universe; loosening the chains.

From dawn to dusk, nothing in sight.  
A moment frozen.  
Till the first shore appears on the horizon. What joy!  
So much to explore.

Soon, shores come and go, transience of them sinks in.  
The excitement replaced by an affirmative nod on each drop of anchor.  
Overpowered by the waves of never ending layers, the ship enters the abyss.  
All the realms merge.  
A loss of self.

An awakening.  
There is no ship, just those who think it is.  
The layers unravel, the universe presents itself in each moment.

An Escape.

Unbound from the ship, the humans who dwell within and the one who commands, the mind takes flight.  
A leap of faith.  
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To talk back.  
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To reassimilate self.

## Flight

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24" x 36"  
acrylic on canvas



So much to experience.  
The illusion of choice.  
Wanderlust.

A ship embarks, to reach shores beyond all that can be  
perceived. At the helm is the self.  
Absorbing, unraveling layers.  
Held captive and used as a tool is the mind. Contained  
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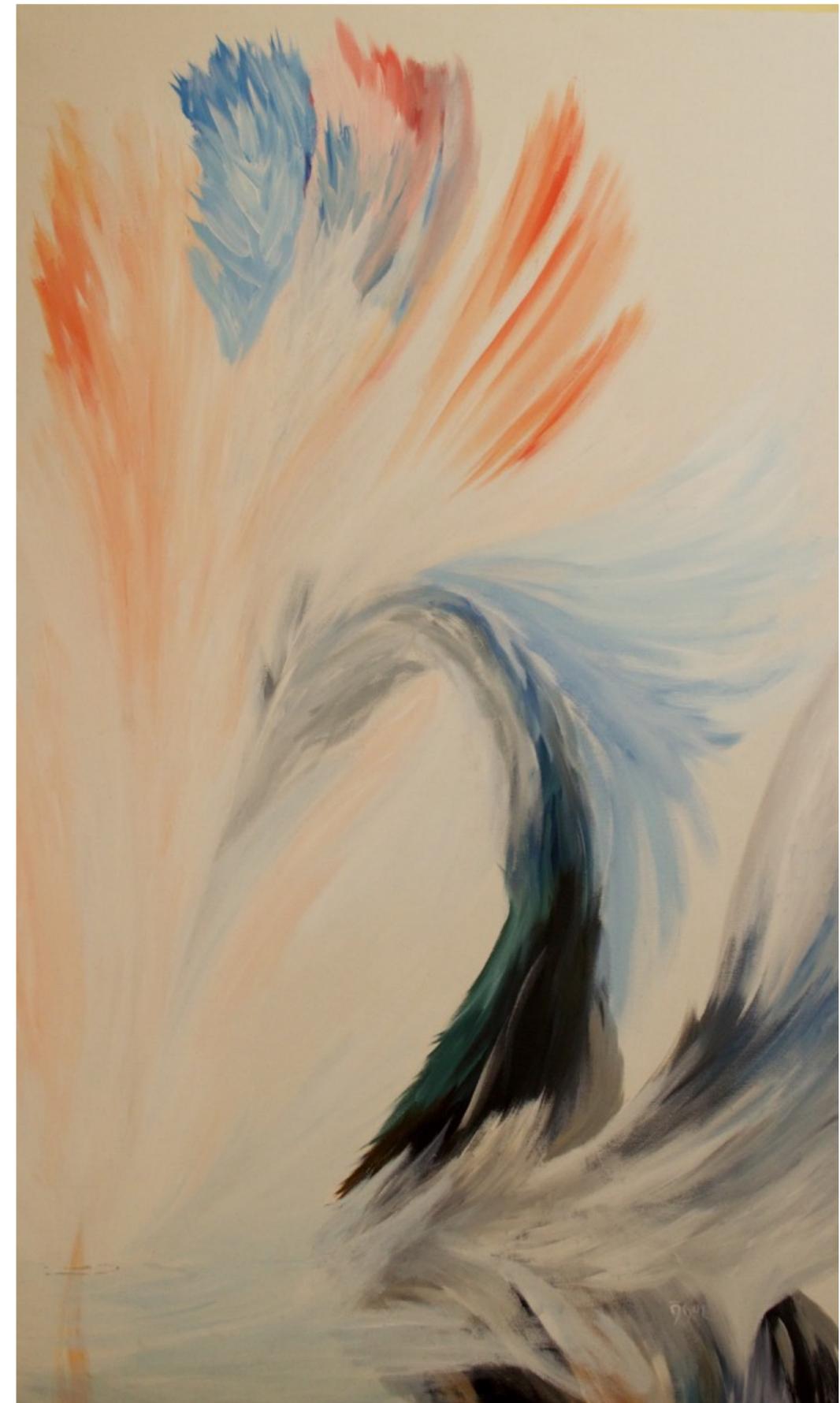
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A way to transcend.

The universe has been talking.  
Amongst it all, begins another quest.  
To talk back.  
To create layers.  
To reassimilate self.

## Transcend

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36" x 36"  
acrylic on canvas



So much to experience.  
The illusion of choice.  
Wanderlust.

A ship embarks, to reach shores beyond all that can be  
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## Transcend

36" x 36"  
acrylic on canvas





Exhibit at **Cercles**,  
T-2 hauz Khas Village.  
19-25 Dec. 2015