



# PARADISE LOST

AN AYAN MUKHERJEE CURATION

Feat. SAUMIK CHAKRABORTY

# PARADISE LOST

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Design: Saumik Chakraborty

## PARADISE LOST

The combat of a labor of life attempting adamantly to live....as my mind frequently travelled into a ghastly world of un-naturalism when presence lost control of its existence and paved itself towards a torrid and shadowy space where green had been sold for construction of a junkyard. A fear of an approaching storm, stormed my mind by whispering the awaiting despair into my ears. Suddenly, a day ran back, the sky screamed departure. My head rested on a burnt pillow and I saw crows flying in my scary sleep, they searched for water all around dying of thirst. My meandering mind cried out for rain as I couldn't find the room for an ideal bath.

I could identify dead all around yet the bodies continued breathing. Birds killed each other with joy and jubilation. It seemed I was dragging myself into a slaughtered world called PARADISE LOST. These junctures of morbidity and freak came to me like wretched moments in my conscious and subconscious as I, along with my community of sufferers were trying to breathe with Coronavirus (COVID-19) as our ill-wishers.

The idea of contextualizing my journey, filled with paranoia into an expo where the display would be the tool towards sharing and expressing was inevitable from the moment I gathered a certain amount of legitimacy towards coming back to life. I craved long for a substantial dialogue of the cerebrals along with a psychic discourse while exploring the convenient language and practice of art making by an art practitioner with whom I could share and address my experiences. In turn it could formulate the narrative of the show.

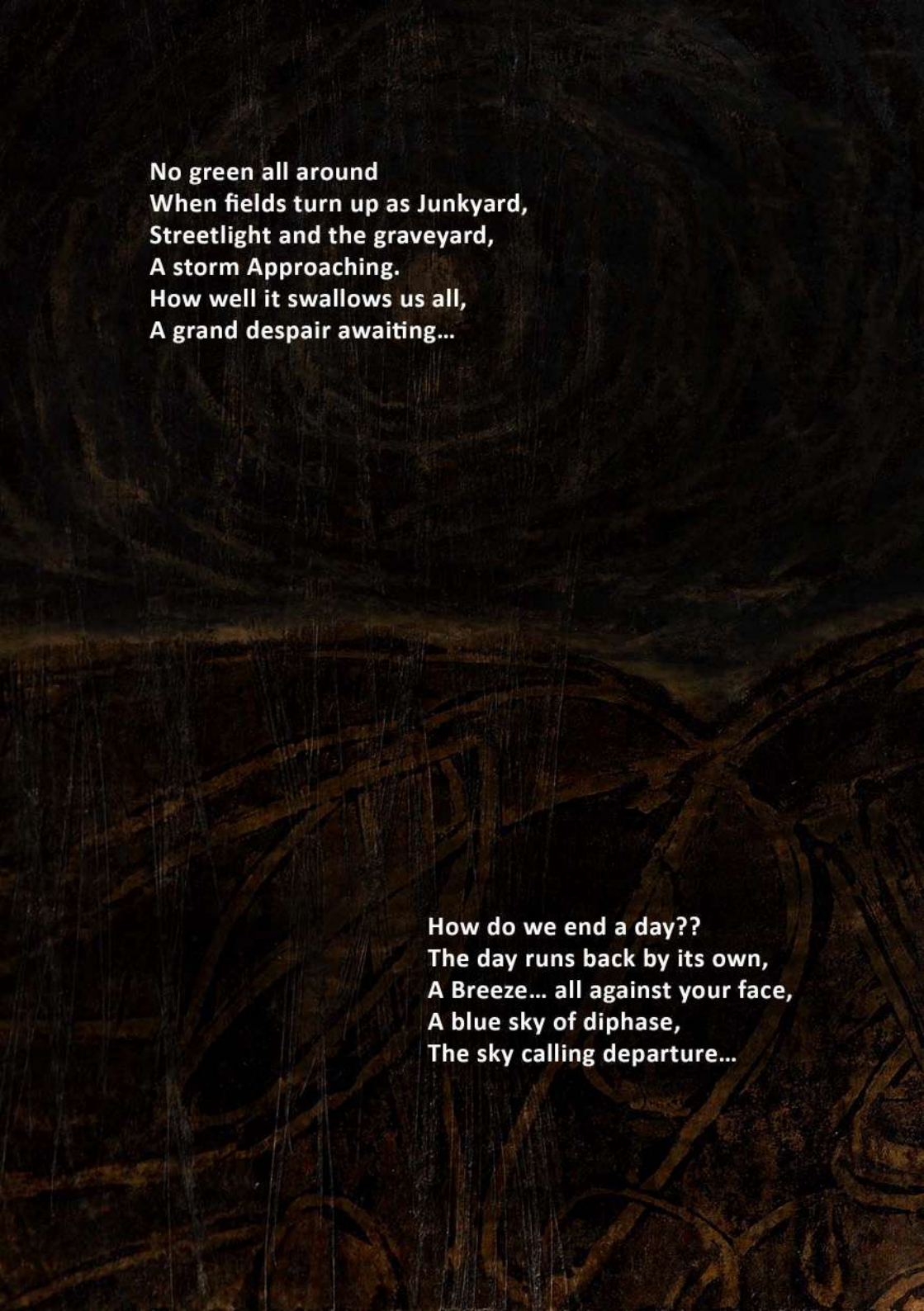
Saumik Chakraborty with his visual recital of the metaphoric which he chronicles through the melancholic nature and sensitivity of his compositions became an ideal fit to structure the journey. I thought the way he laments, screams, cries in anxiety and despair, gets frustrated with the mental trauma he experiences due to the living socio-political affairs, yet rebelling back with banter, irony and chutzpah could aptly converse with the agony and morbidity I had experienced and was anxious to symbolize visually.

'PARADISE LOST', is the journey of interchange, communion and dialectics, I had with Saumik not only in person but more essentially at a psychological sphere.

Ayan Mukherjee  
Curator

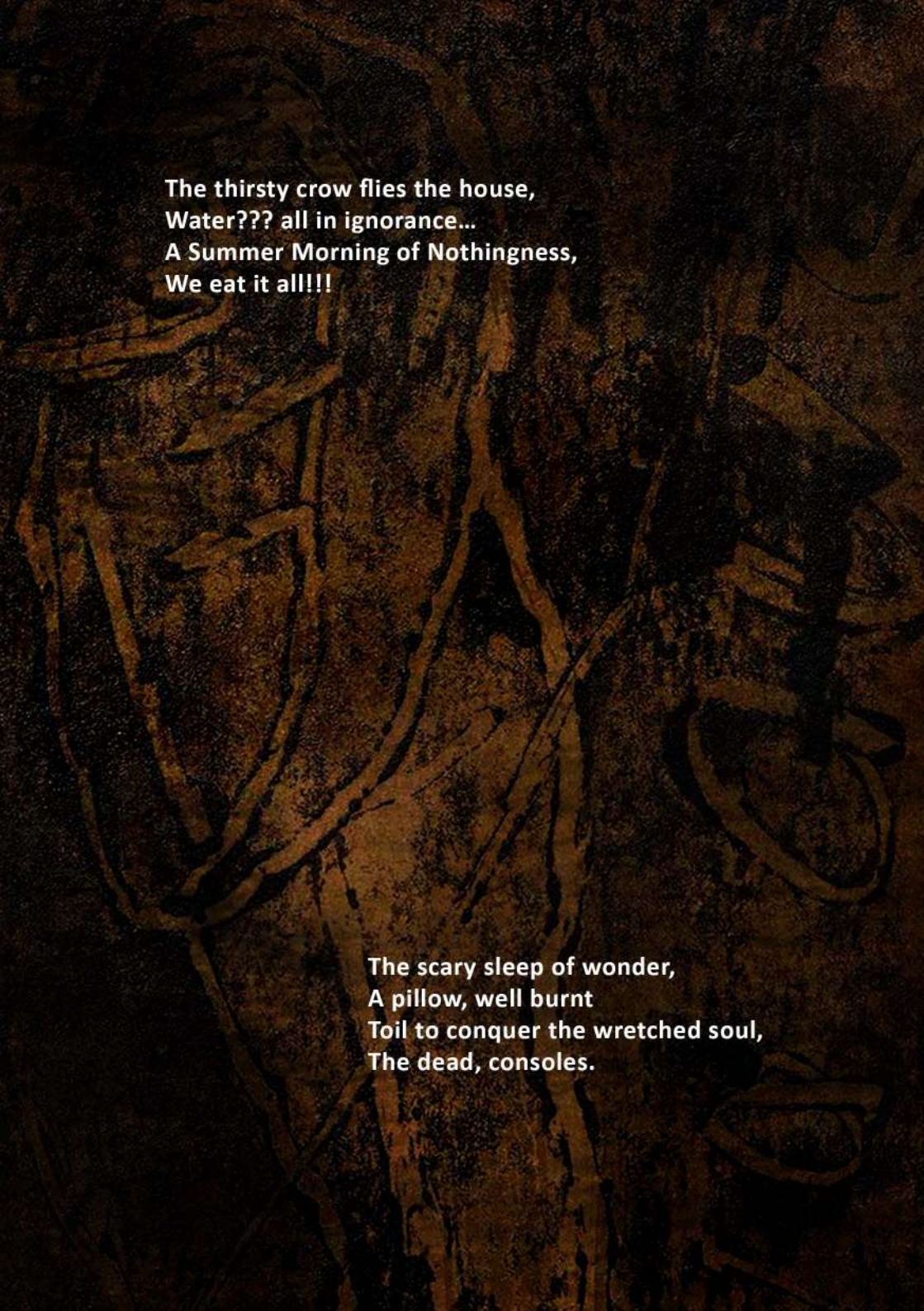
PARADISE  
LOST

CONCEIVED AND CURATED BY AYAN MUKHERJEE



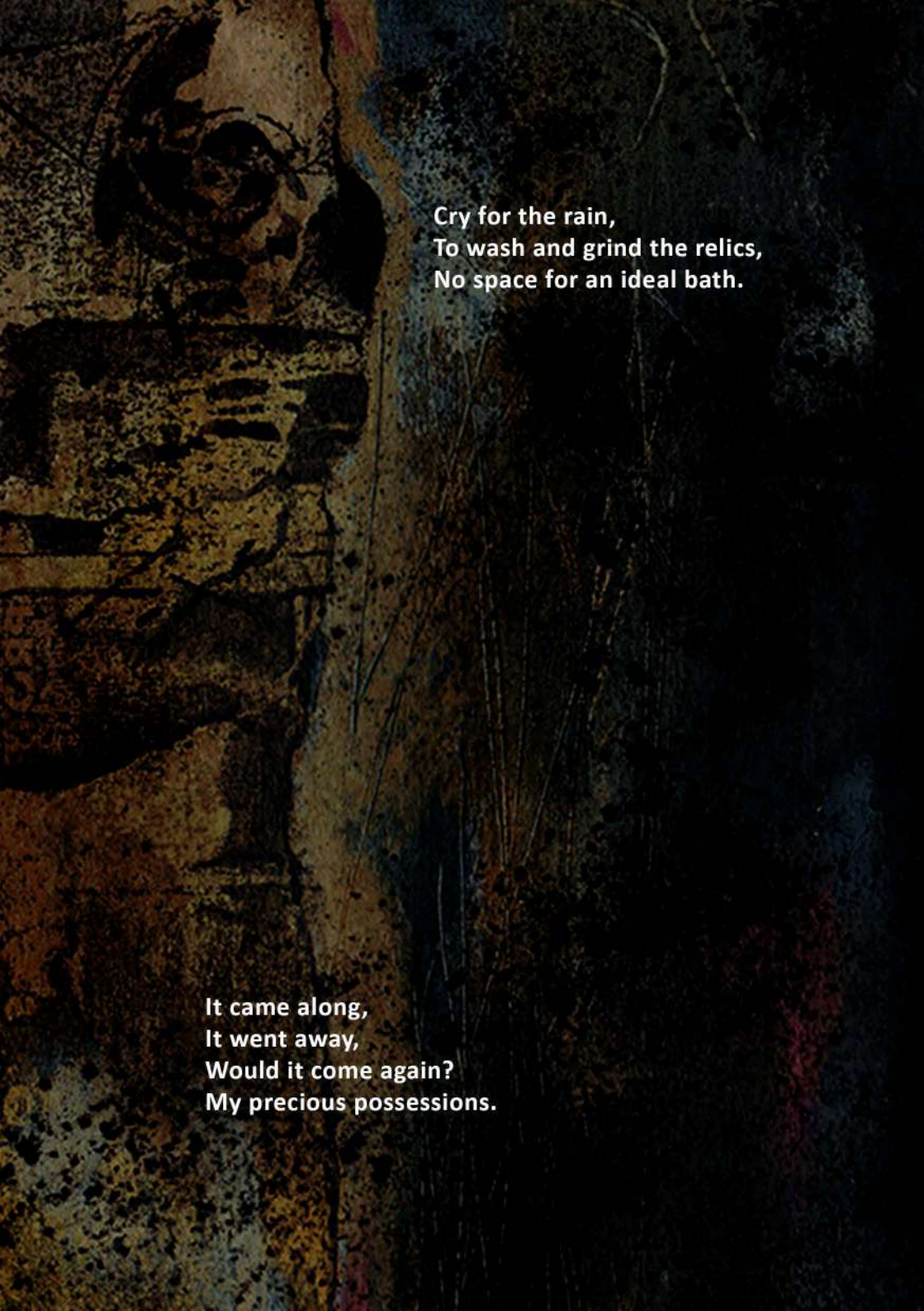
No green all around  
When fields turn up as Junkyard,  
Streetlight and the graveyard,  
A storm Approaching.  
How well it swallows us all,  
A grand despair awaiting...

How do we end a day??  
The day runs back by its own,  
A Breeze... all against your face,  
A blue sky of diphase,  
The sky calling departure...



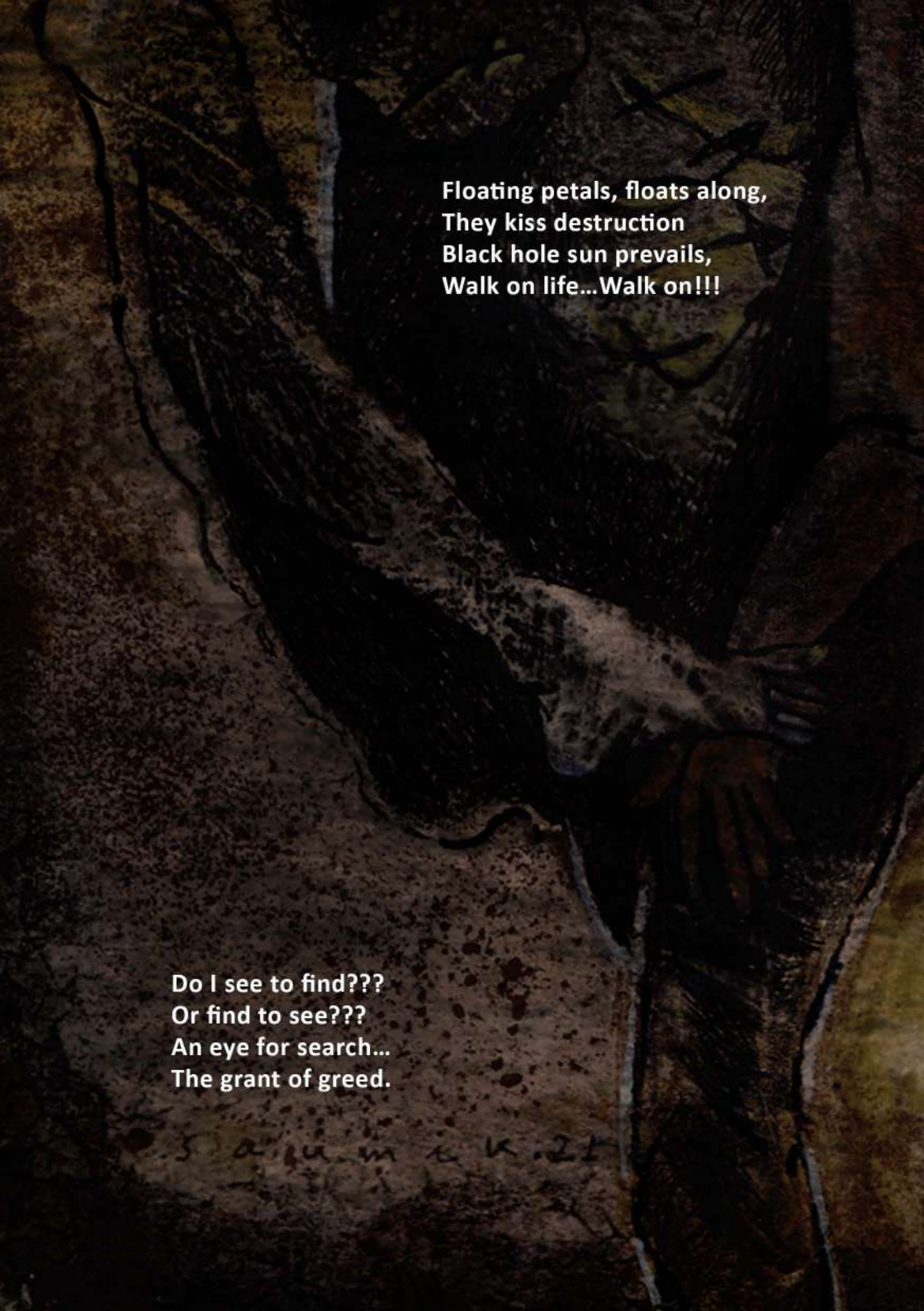
The thirsty crow flies the house,  
Water??? all in ignorance...  
A Summer Morning of Nothingness,  
We eat it all!!!

The scary sleep of wonder,  
A pillow, well burnt  
Toil to conquer the wretched soul,  
The dead, consoles.



Cry for the rain,  
To wash and grind the relics,  
No space for an ideal bath.

It came along,  
It went away,  
Would it come again?  
My precious possessions.

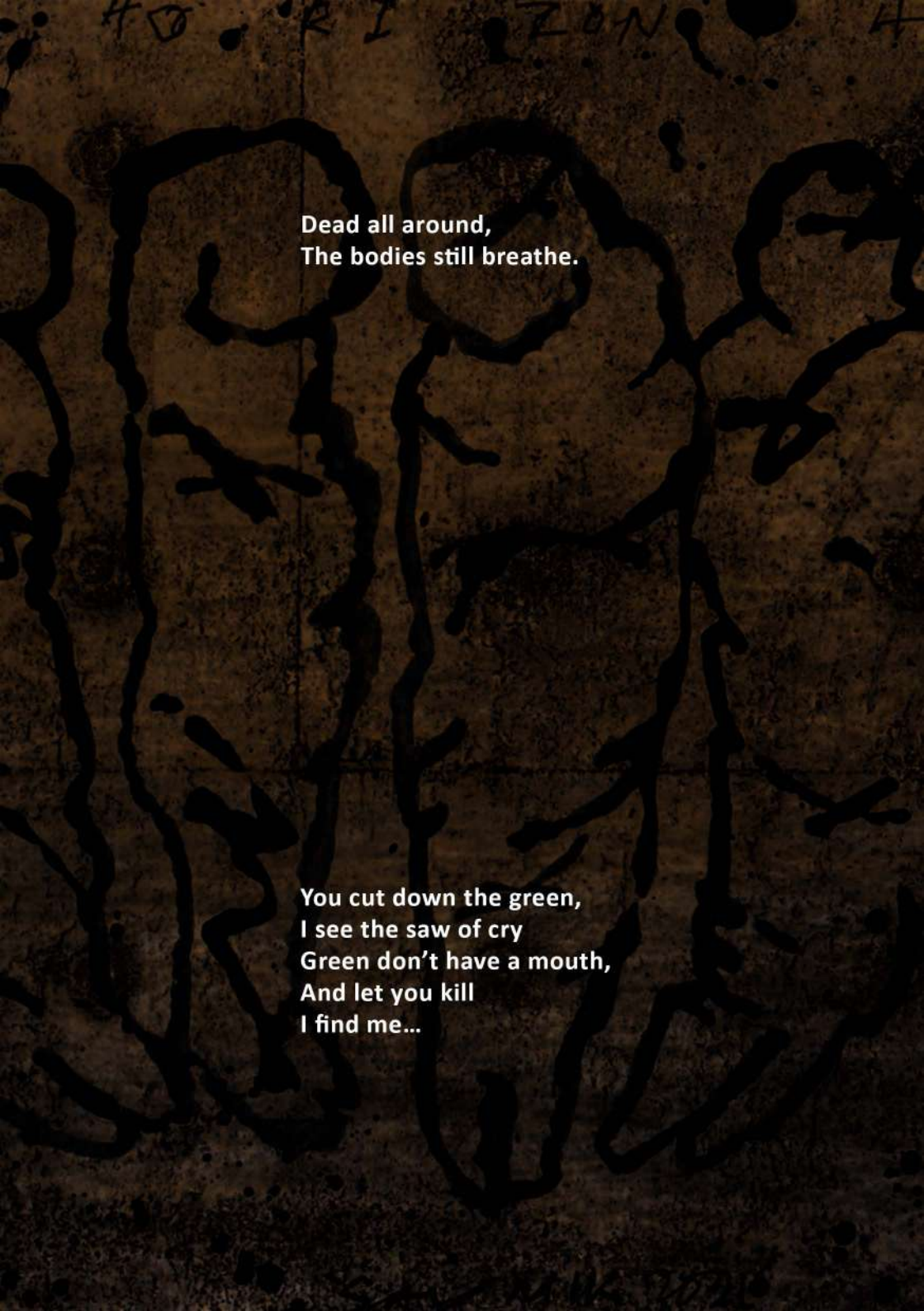


Floating petals, floats along,  
They kiss destruction  
Black hole sun prevails,  
Walk on life...Walk on!!!

Do I see to find???  
Or find to see???  
An eye for search...  
The grant of greed.

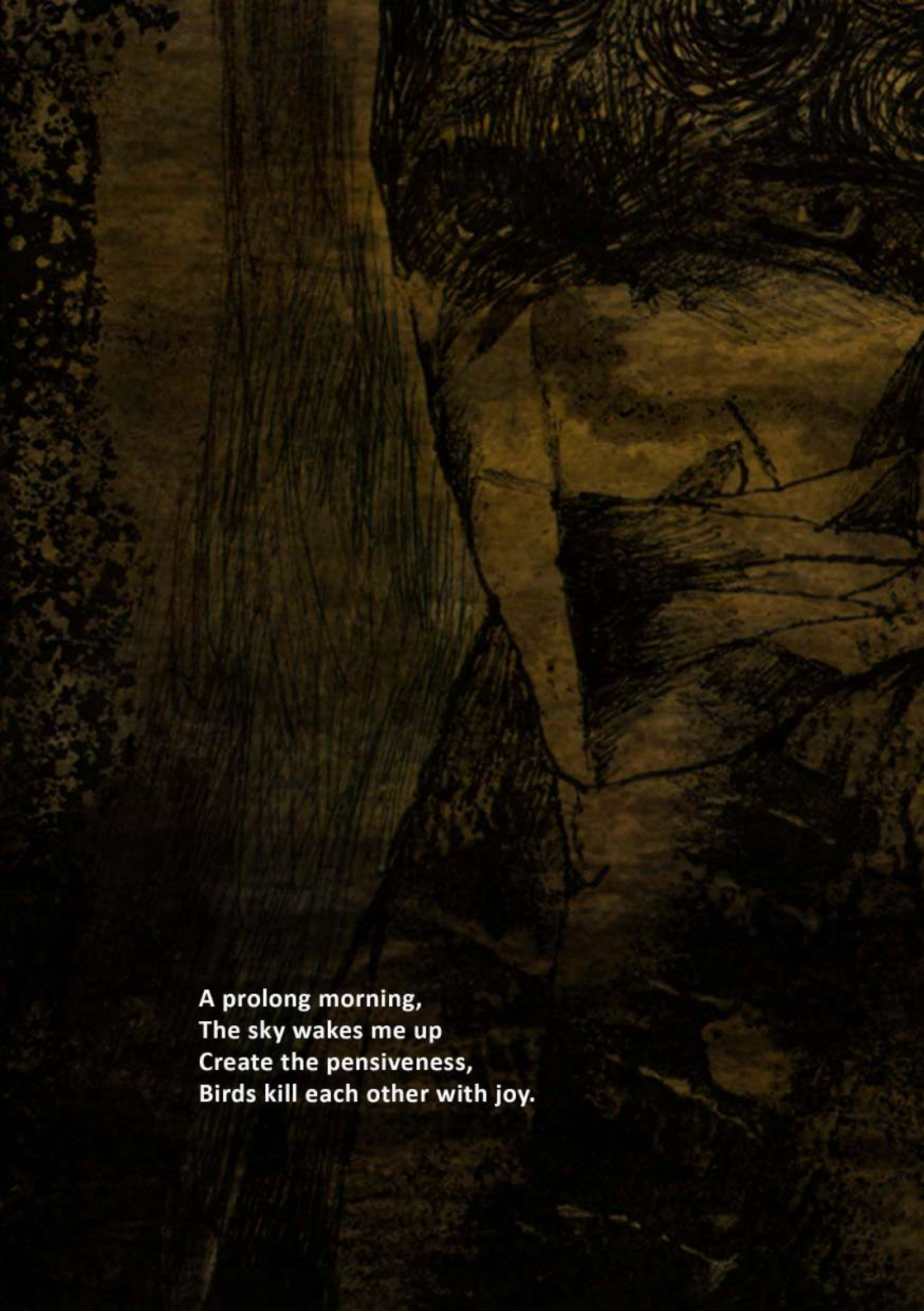
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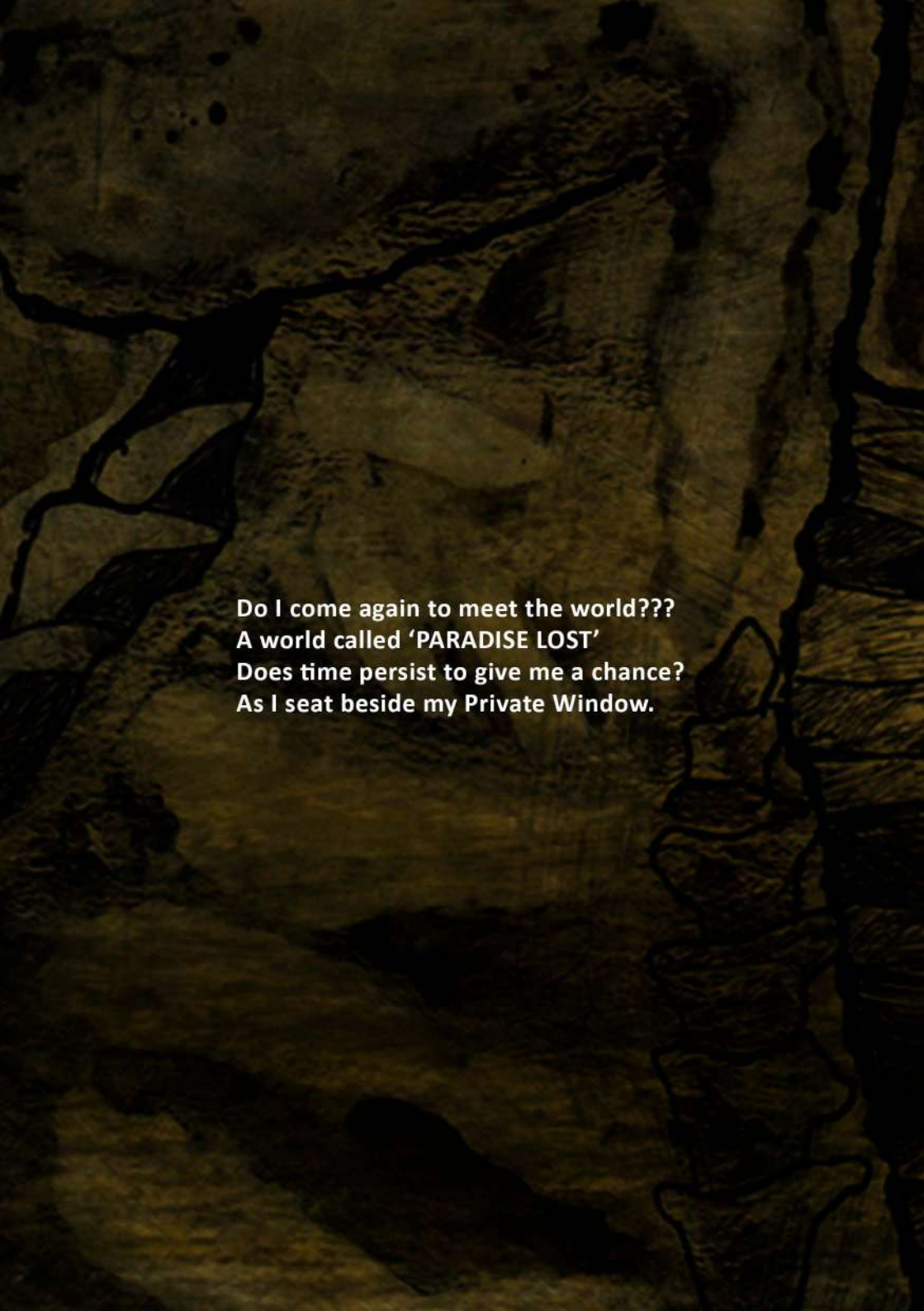


Dead all around,  
The bodies still breathe.

You cut down the green,  
I see the saw of cry  
Green don't have a mouth,  
And let you kill  
I find me...

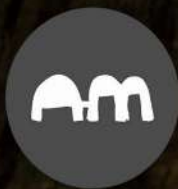


A prolong morning,  
The sky wakes me up  
Create the pensiveness,  
Birds kill each other with joy.



Do I come again to meet the world???  
A world called 'PARADISE LOST'  
Does time persist to give me a chance?  
As I seat beside my Private Window.





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