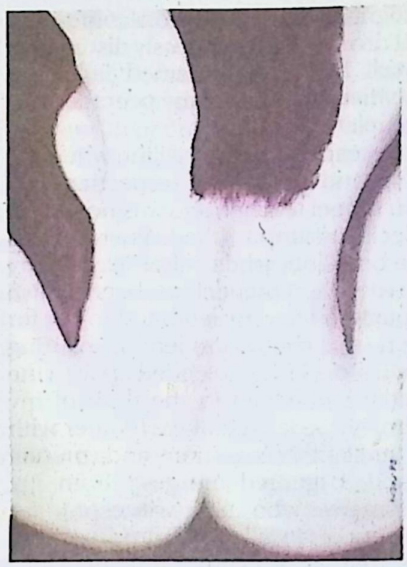
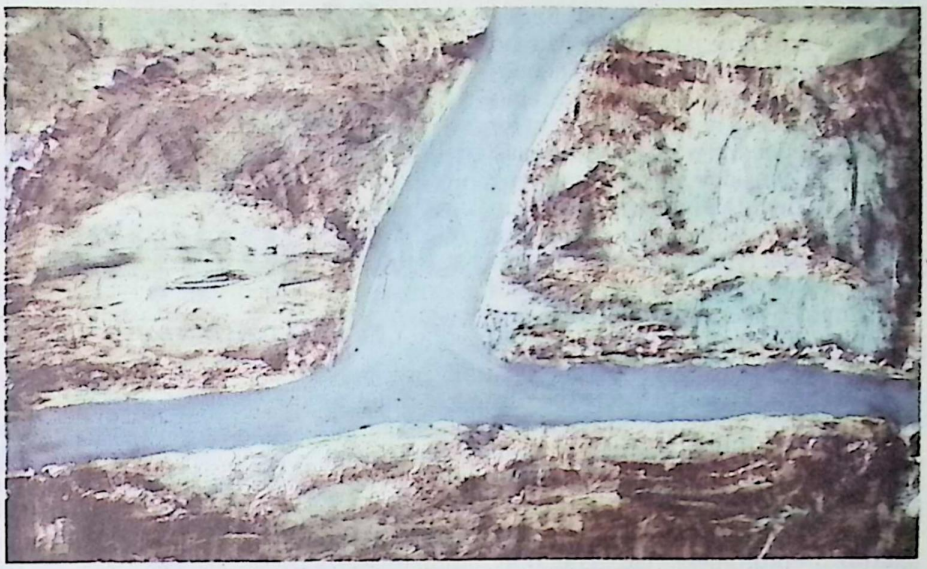








One aspect that will never escape the attention of any active pair of eyes is that Monir has tried it all the landscape, the abstraction and the human form. He is out there to disprove the widespread notion that style goes hand in hand with the subject matter explored. Style for him is all about the spirit of things, which he exteriorises with the acumen of a keen observer.

This artist kind of transports all subjects to the back alley (or the forefront) of his unconscious. The method can only be dubbed as the transformation of the seen to the imagined. And one should announce it out loud that it happens only to great artists. It happened to Rabinthranath, Ram Kinkor and to SM Sultan, Zainul and Kamrul et al. And let us acknowledge that this very fact hardly ever dawns on a mediocre mind.

This 50 plus artist began his life as a hawker on the footpath and has so far shown the world not only how to transform images but also how one can make use of the surface of the paper in use. His surfaces have always been torn out of discarded calendars or cropped from cardboards etc. and impassionedly treated with printing ink. The magic lies in how he furnishes those workable surfaces with his signature enduring images.

Shahinur Rahman, who penned a smallish preface to the rather unremarkable two-leaf brochure from the last solo, says that Monir's is a self-discovered aesthetics born out of labour and love. He also testifies how like a truly possessed artist Monir took to art equipped with spoon, surgical tools, and knives. The signs of those can easily be detected in all the extrusions that culminate into his imagery. However, one must also add that that is not all one gets to observe, one also notices that the artist travels further from his craft leaving behind the mere marks of creation in most of his work to enter the domain of vision. ■