

In-formed clay

I believe it is still the heyday of science and its handmaiden technology. Science seeks to establish impersonal principles bringing all things into the grasp of intellect, and these principles are constantly modified by transmutation of the physical objects of its study and the perceiving mind itself.

The artist, for his part, knows that he can only declare the individual and unique vision which is an unfolding and therefore unpredictable part of the same universal order. His messages are ever those of an imperfect impersonality aware of some concealed supreme perfection, while the ones of science can only be concerned with an abstract energy.

And so we have the arts...among them the longest lasting, being the pots. The potters, making and making it new, combining forms and function into the well wrought urns, those thing of beauty.

As I ponder over the human story, over the pits of *Mohenjodaro* and *Harrappa*, and indeed everywhere over the surface of the Earth, it has been shards; shards – the tell-tales of pots with which the human lot has been indissolubly bound. Pots as forms are moments of self reflection and, perhaps, prayer; they are the reminders of the refreshing river of time in which humanity, and indeed all life is creature.

What I say above is a far cry from Rahul Kumar's pots. But I have in mind the invisible anima which makes artists desperate to carry out acts of art. So, it is better to observe the single specimens of art works in the widest spaces possible, for only then does the deeper orgasm of life meaning flash out like lightening.

Rahul, like all artists, wills to give great cause for wonder; wishes to explore an unknown, but this depends on loads of a rich imagination. Technique is much but it is far from being all. Rahul has both. Yes he observes nature closely, almost like a scientist observes plants, grasses – the textures of stones, shells, bark, the sounds and movement of water, etc. Thus subtle inflections inform his humble clay. Inflections that may well be immortal, because being of the visionary mind. And so, they are the source of true delight. He seeks new ways of suggesting the interwoven rhythms of something far more deeply interfused which binds together the pattern of a shell, the thrust and swell of the sea, the slant of water upon a leaf, the flight of a bird, and a feather's fall upon a mossy stone.

All in all, here is sufficient imaginative creation, that of fresh inventive strokes, and they disclosing a mysterious world of forms derived from things seen and built upon together into fine designs shot through with interwoven, geometrical rhythms, beauty and much variety of surface textures, hues that enrich designs as add up to a classic coherence.

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