

‘Yes, this throwing technique is fun. It has a nice artistry to it. One can’t figure it out on suddenly seeing it and will think it’s made by using a tool. I never used any of that, simply threw it with my hands. Pure handwork—what do you say?’

‘In the beginning, my hands used to get sore. They would pain badly. So I used to wear gloves. But I had to throw those away while working. Later, I did everything with bare hands.’

‘This throwing method is your own excogitation isn’t it?’

‘What excogitation? Actually, while doing this work, the method emerged on its own. All of a sudden. However, the reality helped too. I had to work cheap, with little wherewithal. I couldn’t burden anyone with the costs. So if you want to talk about excogitation—your term is rather heavy, *hey*—then, to a large extent, the reason behind this excogitation is that lack of funds, that empty pocket.’

‘You know what a rather rewarding aspect of this technique is? That rough surface. That is close to my heart. It creates a fine texture.’

‘Rough surface has its advantages. Two advantages. Firstly, a polished face or body is quite unnatural. And secondly, this roughness generates a great texture, which gives the sculpture toughness and binds the entire work. When light and shadow come into play, it also provides emphasis to specific areas.’

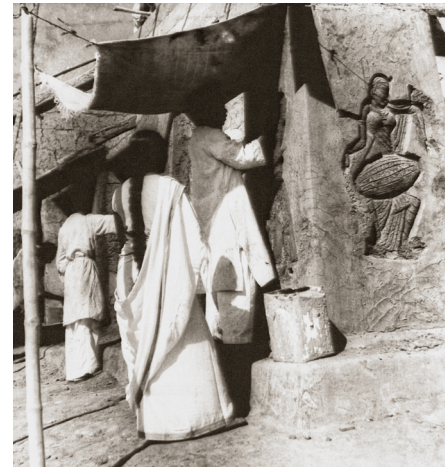
‘However, I must also tell you that this roughness comes on its own. It’s not deliberately imposed. It emerges from within the process itself. And in throwing, this happens rather easily.’

‘To tell you the truth, there’s no separate thing called technique.’

‘An artist’s ideas feel restless and want to rush out. They carve out their own path. That path is called technique by other people.’

‘Have you seen how roads are carved out? The path emerges on the onslaught of pickaxe, spade and axe. At some places, dynamite blows the earth away to create the path. Whether in water or on land, it’s the same thing. Water trapped under stones in a mountain constantly bangs its head to come out. It splashes its way out by pushing gigantic rocks. At times it runs, at other times, it suddenly halts with a start. And then, with the help of the current’s screws, it drills a hole into the rocks to gush forth. You must have seen waterfalls. Water cascades down from the tenth or twentieth floor. The path has so many facets. These automatically emerge, propelled by an inner need and an outer reality. It’s not just a matter of planning or measurement. And do they emerge out of some sort of contrivance? Ramachandra! Never. Workmanship is devoid of life. You can tell by just looking at it. It’s dead.’

‘One needs fire within. Look at Van Gogh. “Technique” has been taken to its utmost point by that very fire. Look at the extent it has covered without caring a bit for the traditional path of the West.’



Ramkinkar at work along with the students