







I love clay. In it I feel seeds of growth that I can nurture with my hands. Pots are like babies and pottery a bliss. Every pot is a projection of my self but it has a language that is beyond the grammar of written words. It is like a conversation that happens between clay and my fingers, the former almost commanding the latter how to move in a certain rhythm and create the form. Once this channel of communication gets established, one begins to understand a little bit of the language of the material and enjoy it. When that happens for me, the mind stabilizes. Restlessness fades away. The world ceases to exist. Calm spreads. I hear music in a deafening silence and see colors in clay. It is challenging yet simple, it is primordial yet playful, it is formless but creates the form and it is full of surprises.

The charm about pot-making is that they suggest something beyond themselves. It is actually not just an activity but a basic

self-reflective urge. It is an extension of inner being, a reflection of thoughts, a space for meditation. Pottery is peace. Truly, the gains of pot-making are invisible and intangible. It teaches a lot many things like focus, concentration, detachment, patience, devotion, balance... The gains are in terms of larger human values.

Slowly and gradually as I understand these thoughts and their deeper meanings, my process too becomes less forceful about my notion of perfection, symmetry or form. Pottery becomes a way of life and I begin to enjoy it more, without exhibitionism, pretence or ego; I feel free.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Shashi', written in a cursive, flowing style.

November 27th, 2009  
IDC, IIT Bombay

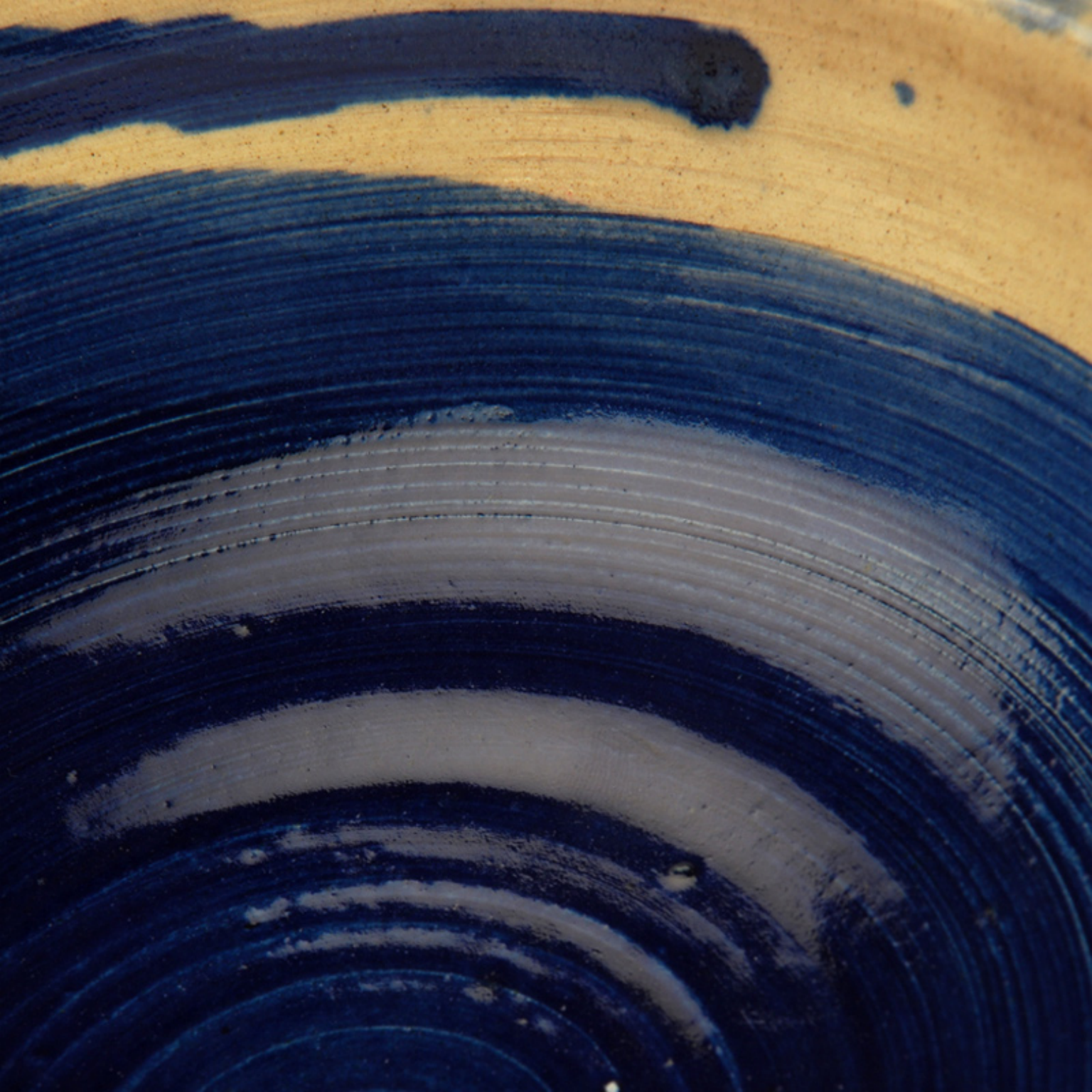






































































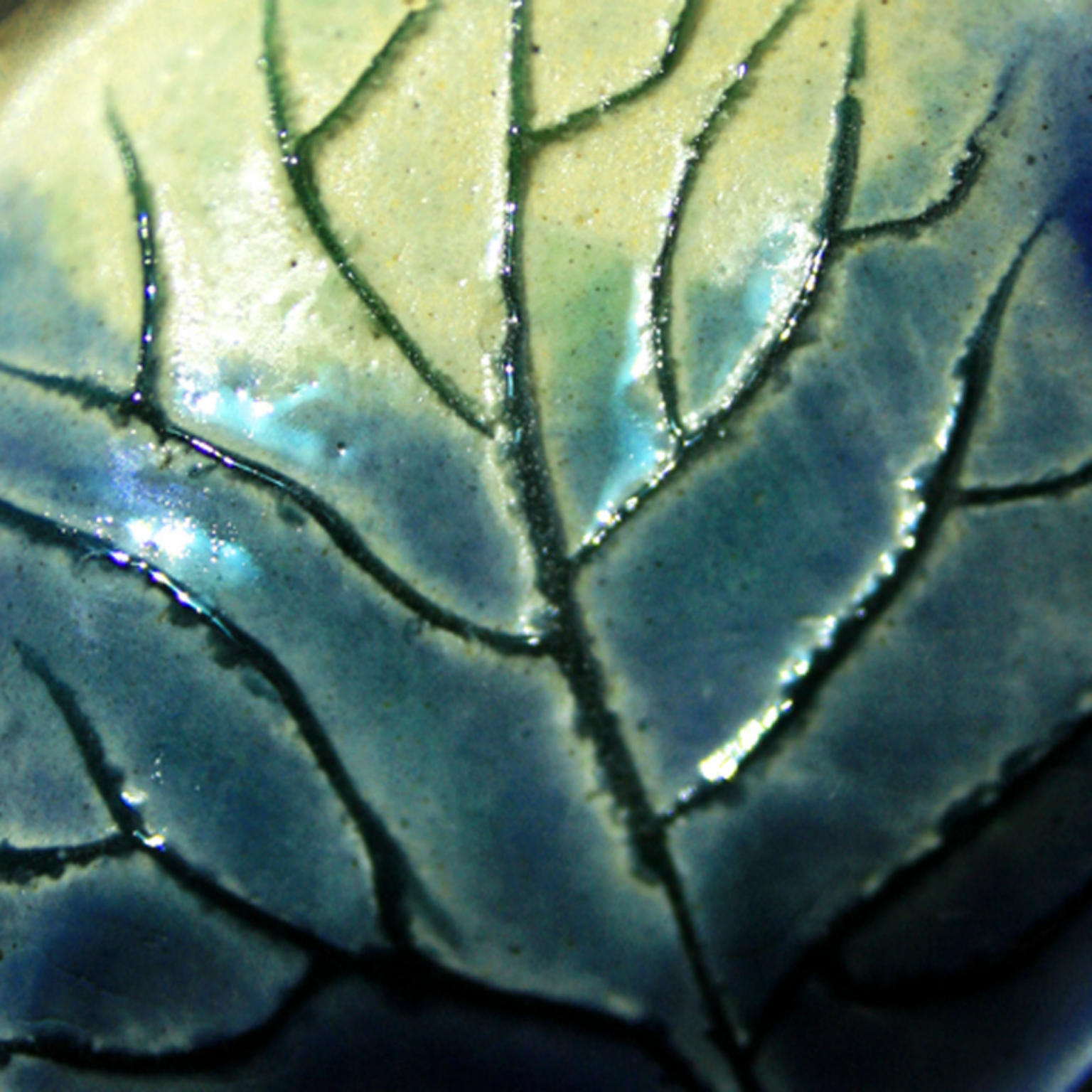














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