



**‘Creators and Critics’  
Complexities of functions and obligations**

If men of literature and artists of different arts write on life in totality, it is in a spirit of gratitude to ancient times. It is important to observe that they carry the heritage of aestheticism, music, rhythm and melody, which teach peace, harmony and enormous wisdom in spite of current distrust, prejudice, intolerance and anxiety. They are conscious of the country’s history, inheritance, cultural and civilizational impact and its literary growth where sages, saints, seers and religious gurus contributed immensely in the beginning. The traditions continue. It is also natural in the culture, heritage and evolution of other nations where people carried the torch of light ancestors handed over to them and so it was in literature, and in due course, poetry and other artworks sprang up from the first cry.

Literature of different genres and various art works of nineteenth century demonstrate artistes’ interest in nation’s culture and civilization, and total consciousness of people steeped in Vedic thought and philosophy but open to absorb cultural and philosophic thoughts of secular and universal nature of other religions. For example, when some men of literary art and other aesthetic mind born in the first half of twentieth century in India, who get education abroad or are the product of missionary schools, carry influence of foreign culture, literary traditions and lifestyles, and reflect it in what they write. It is equally pertinent to men of various arts including literature etc. Some of them draw inspiration from not only Indian culture, history and scriptures but also from alien history, heritage, myths and legends. Now, contemporary writers with a few exceptions love to enjoy legends, myths and tales of other countries and the awareness strengthens secular outlook and universal consciousness. Afterward, it becomes rousing source of literary and other arts. Legends carry incredible and bizarre tales but these influence human minds whether he, the artist –the practitioner or lover of art believes or not.

In the same mode of thinking if one reflects on the scientific and technological inventions and innovation man’s intellect brings into operation for the advantage of human beings, at times, it appears so near and yet uncanny. An artist’s mind assimilates all in the jumbled bag of knowledge, and brings out novelty in art that all enjoy, and right away, they admire the insightful and intuitive eyes of the artists. When lover of art goes beyond normal human potential and puts pressure on intellect, he makes artistic journey into unfathomed provinces of understanding and imagination. He creates fantastic, abstruse, mystifying, profound, obscure and frustrating images, wordy chemistry, arranging colours in challenging patterns and melodies ...a few pleasing, some exasperating and yet these appear good to the eyes, ears and sense of perception in entirety.

## **Creation fulfills but never comes never realization**

Literary art or creation of any other aesthetic work –dancing, painting, music etc is a gratifying experience but it never reaches anywhere near realization. One is conscious of joy it gives but after a while, it leads to a bit of protracted disgust, a kind of protest against the unattainable in poetic pleasure. Therefore, another effort to enhance joy is imminent. Now, man is aware of artistic frenzy that besieges other men of artwork but it is different with each individual artist and the lover of poetry or any other literary piece. It is almost similar experience with artists of other genres with rare exceptions.

Whenever, a literary man or an artist of any other art sits to scrawl a word or two, just draws lines on the paper, takes a brush, or moves about slickly with grace, it is casual. However, the thought continues to chase feelings, and eyes catch hold vividly what is outside when images dangle before the eyes and flow down and down through blood veins to the pen. At that time, he has a feeling that it is a haphazard get-together of words, sounds, solicitous reflections, images and similes, which give impression or veneer of varied arts. After a while, everything stabilizes and he feels nearly frozen or deeply philosophical, and wonders as uncertainty invariably chases!

A few minutes later, a creative man possibly, leisurely but steadily composes or arranges words in some form –a piece of literature or a different artwork as experiences, feelings and thoughts merge to assume a tangible shape of a verse or some art. It requires relook and after another pause, a poem or an artistic creation seems to have matured called creation of a moment. Now, it is poetic pleasure or joy of another artwork to the man. He never hopes or expects that he would think in an unusual way without interlude and so, would appeal to the sensibility and knowledge of a critic. He is uncertain of the analysis a poetry lover or a devotee of other art forms holds whereas a critic or a literary connoisseur takes a different approach. It is a way to collect dispersed thoughts in virtually poetic lines he realizes but doubts chase frantically about its real purpose –that is it to give pleasure, irritation and instruction or pass on ethical pleasure or tutoring in an artwork. These functions depend upon the concept whether one believes in moralistic perspective of artwork or not.

## **The subtle working of the mind of a critic**

A critic moves from the social backdrop to the psyche, the inner world of man and the artist of poetry or any literary form or other art form. It is a tiresome journey, a bit monotonous and may look inessential exercise to boast of knowledge on close analysis. At this moment, a critic cannot overlook the philosophic attitude of an artist, which is nearly present in all forms of artwork without even the knowledge of an artist.

As a poet or lover of any artwork, he does not know how exactly he handles indistinct experiences and blurred impressions. Mere imitations at times unquestionably appear to transform into some different literary form or any other artwork. It is not necessary that it enchants or conveys meaning.

He fails to understand how a critic, who is not a witness to what an artist in him experiences or observes and wraps up within, delves deep and evaluates a piece of art. At times, a man simply

forgets the objective and feels the joy of reading and enjoying poetic lines or a piece of literature, paintings, dancing and melodies a little bit. This truth amazes everybody.

Artwork engages and one probes into the meaning. If it is one go, the lines or the artwork says little, is obvious. Later, one thinks over the substance, sensations and sensuousness the art forms generate with hints of myths and history as these speak of social milieu. It is possible that the artist and the critic could fail to arrive at the correct multipart connotations the art form offers. However, this peculiar situation may drive to weird feelings of unease and joy with the concealed message it conveys. It may look good to some and preposterous to others but then, art form needs empathetic attitude brushing aside ethical quality, if one can.

Reflections though vague yet appear relevant and if words, symbols and metaphors, colours or tunes engaged in the construction of an artwork convey straight meaning, it has specific rationale. It affects changes next moment, and does not carry analogous character. Likewise, when one reads words and lines, a textual form or shape of colour scheme, pattern of tunes or movement of steps and bodily rhythm, these convey different background and suggestions, implications and images within the meaning.

At this moment, one is lost in the pleasure of appraisal of the text of not only a verse or the pleasing form or presentation of other art involuntarily and leisurely, but one transforms words, thoughts and experiences into imagery. It also tortures the analyst, for he has to find import in the constitution of lexis –melodies, steps, colour, delicate curvy movements of body the creator generates, who is either dead or lives somewhere, or perhaps nowhere.

A critic is not a god and an artist is also a mortal -a frame of bones and flesh, and possibly, with a reluctant ability and unyielding efforts, tries to clarify what he writes or creates. However, he definitely realizes such apparent limitations, which he feels are likely to give birth to non-expressible or unintended philosophic mind even in artwork.

Here too, he, the artist in man believes that many images in a word or any other form, are definitely but slightly dissimilar but changes are bound to appear during exposition one detects. The involuntary revelation of any meaning or signal focused on vital thought process appears integral.

Present times are inscrutable even as the spirit of contest and conflict grows but it permits intellect to expand with undefined restrictions of time and age. Time creates unease and nervousness that is more often than not a fertile soil for stimulating creation whether invisible or substantial fabrication.

### **At times, language or the creator fails to come up to the creation's demand**

Many a time, an artist realizes that he had given different textual bodies in the shape of words, colours, steps, or melodic expression to the old impressions or experiences that he had protected in the immediate present, now past, which in an emotional form is quite near to imperfection. This aspect was a bit fragile, he appeared to avoid in spite of genuine efforts to guard it.

Effect of lethal ennui it is that governs mind and heart, and so, fails to energize drooping imagination. Therefore, one cannot revive or invigorate earlier experiences in absolute terms and if constraint exists, it is breakdown in reliving experiences.

One consoles 'the self' with the new expression and meaning. An envious critical faculty finds it out soon, and this tendency permits analysis of artworks to survive in fresh expressive frame, and text of the intended artistic genre.

Probably the artist in man holds the view like many that an artist if uses unusual or rare and a little high-flown word or form of expression, it is not a good quality. Poetry of early years and a little after, suffers from this flaw, and because of this, discomfiture to the reader and the critic is quite irritating, one finds and concludes later. It has happened earlier when innovative forms of expression were employed to give vent to inner feelings and influences gathered from outside.

Artwork has different stages, which encompasses initial simplicity in expression with little of abstractions, verbosity in phrase and some involvedness that causes barriers in understanding the real import. Still, an artwork registers its existence and spirit when one tries to read in between the lines. At this stage, the artist goes back to past to re-emphasize that it happens with almost every lover of art form in the beginning, the times and texts of art of any form in modernism, post-modernism stage create difficulties in construction and structure as creator's sub consciousness appears to work in backdrop.

Nevertheless, a lover of art whether poetry, music, dance, painting or any other art with electronic roots realizes that to force a reader to read or speak adoringly of artwork, is an awkward and inelegant suggestion and postulation he feels. Afterward, he stops for a while and afterward ...to think deeply makes thoughts and feelings seep down, and thus, give joy with a huge question mark when the hand of artificial intelligence functions in the background. Now, the phenomenon of deep-fakes giving inscrutable dimensions to human experiential region assaults differently.

### **To what extent an artwork appears valuable and worthwhile**

If a work of art surprises or asks you to read again and deliberate, it is a very good situation in the life of work of art – literary creation –prose, poem, story etc, painting, music or any other fine art.

These views are prevalent and a lover of art would admit preliminary employ of words or text of presentation through colour, canvass, delicate use of feet and toes, fingers, thumb, arms, eyes etc irritated many but artwork flows and carves out its path. However, one feels simple words and text of expressions beautify a work of art come what may. A lyric or a work of art is a flowing torrent of all possible props or crutches, thoughts and emotions that move in soft steps as if it were soothing noiseless breeze walking over calm placid furrows to greet people living in traditional folklore of love, life and undying splendor and food of culture and civilization. That an intuitive mind can imagine such a gentle soporific situation sometime is obvious because it preserves its beauty and history of ancient times.

Many a time, elegiac agitation, moral values and neurotic outlook lead a creative artist to generate esoteric landscape that disregards judgment. It may not appear difficult but

inadvertently, such faults creep in all artists of artwork, one ought to know. It had annoyed some before frequently but one failed to restrict the propensity to indulge in peculiar idioms. Ethical thoughts did enter into literary creation, and thereafter, one could find reasonable moral values in other arts. However, one fails to discern obvious intents of the artist in such works.

A question invariably haunted. What really an art lover wanted to say in lyrics particularly? Why he failed to convey the right feeling and thought? Was it possible in other genres? Was it an experience of inability of other poets and artists to make right use of idiom and text when they thought they had given ultimate finish to a verse? Such questions continue to haunt even if the thought an artist wished to convey through the word or other phrase was apt and straight.

To evaluate a piece of art of different texts is not easy but if a critic is genuine, it also burdens him with the responsibility of objectivity because it happens many a time that a critic is prone to subjective outlook sporadically and it tarnishes work's total impact.

Any work of art appears expression of anxieties of the architect, who wants to be an active participant in the activities of men and society, and thinks well of it.

As a critic, one has to think of lexis and its limits and the contours of different texts other than the word. To what extent it communicates the right thought and feeling is the question. Does the idiom in words or texts of the work of art convey multifaceted meanings? If it is, then, what does the author wishes to say? If distortions crop up in the mind of a critic, it also becomes the duty of a writer to use his props and texts warily.

At this stage, a work of art, a lyric or...sleek and lissome movement of steps engages the critic genially. He indulges in a probe into the cultural heritage and civilization unwittingly that exercise pressure on the author and various other carry-bags of knowledge, wisdom and history in totality of not only of the soil and country in which he takes birth but also about the other lands and people. However, these are true worries and disquiet of a critic and not of author. Nevertheless, it does not absolve a critic of the obligation to be true to art, man and society realistically.

A keen lover could observe it in various exhaustive annotations and appraisals of works of many authors and poets –the literary artists but not artists of other texts, and thus, he felt it is necessary for the critic, a detractor at times, to stick to the principles of locale and history but not at the cost of creative yield. When one speaks of cultural and civilizational influence imbedded within, one keeps in mind the limits, range and congeniality of a creative artist. To what extent, the artist is able to absorb and assimilate varying and erratic influences, is crucial as times change.

At this moment, consciousness of age surfaces with its sense of art, and now, creativity and values enlighten man to live together in workable space, peace and harmony. Not a big demand on man of any culture or heritage he often boasts of and pledges to safeguard, which permits organized and systematic life-flow.

Even if one does not wish, one ought to deliberate on the philosophic and psychosomatic functions of mind and its discernible influence on heart like an ordinary person to enjoy any work of art or literary work.

If heart and mind cause immense strain together and become fountainhead of positive tension, it is fine. Interaction of thoughts and feelings that take birth in man is noticeable if one is shrewd enough to understand. The implication of interface and negotiation with the social, religious and spiritual, and the metaphysical is possible.

Not as an author but also as a critic one is inclined to visit many other unknown areas of artwork while the curiosity to understand varied locales of social, economic and political situation of the country remains alive even as impatience to know about the world exists, and stirs ingenuity to inquire more.

Challenges and conflicts arise if one is ready to face. It makes an optimistic impact. One can realize it as a writer and as a critic as well.

However, many a time, a man experiences that a thin line of segregation or splitting up between the twofold functions haunts, for struggle involving the 'objective and subjective approach' disturbs where the universal and the specific thoughts or philosophy of life and existence intercede at irregular intervals, which again appear quite an expected derivative of inference.

As a critic with total knowledge and wisdom a man's intellect has, and the fund of emotions and feelings a heart carries, he has to be unprejudiced, neutral, and positive but true even if he finds some flaws with little bit of gratifying critical pricks. It is pertinent to the writer as well as the critic and so they need to respect each other areas of functions. It is an ethical obligation one ought to discharge genuinely as a good judge of art.

Thoughts and feelings of love, optimism, expectation, suffering and conflict amidst incongruous situations exist in life and cause apologetic situations the artists of art often reveal. A natural reaction it is one believes and it emerges out of experiences one tries to reorganize when artistic or creative obsession and rage work as stimulants in hours of loneliness. It is good to think over and inquire into the possible implications.

## Observations on Creative Mind and His Art

A man lives at many levels at the same moment. The last three or four decades of the twentieth century were swift in movement, quick in the diffusion of information, and equally absorption was a high point of deviating and ambiguous opinions and crises. It was a time of rapid changes in the psyche of people, where relations began to develop feelings of aloneness even in a crowd as the population increased and more hunger for materialistic joys in life, disturbed man. Man often thought of past and future, and then, abruptly returned to the present. It was an effort to determine the intensity of a criminal and brutal noise without alien sound where generations wept as if in a far-off past that lived on expectation so that it is able to process a history plan.

Identity crises in this age were a big torture but man lived to enjoy. However, in the next moment, he realized it was a march toward a definite goal but journey continued man believed as destination proved elusive. Even he found many traces of inconvenient bruises on heart and mind of sensitive people, and the creative artists continued to speak poignantly of the not very happy phases of life. A little withdrawal would open up new vistas. Ancient culture and heritage tells that it is adhering to certain old codes that grants some authenticity to what a modern man says in any art form.

A man draws material from ancient times, and thus, past is inseparable in spite of the truth that modern trends to reach sky high objectives stay to create turbulence and frustration, and therefore, probing continues. To speak of gods, nymphs and ghosts is least contentious because in such situations, any challenge would face conflict or hostile frustration. A creative artist in any genre has a license to touch subjects of serious concern generally restrained to sentiments of love, patriotism and ethics or religion. Man's longing for more is a perennial craving even if morality fails to sustain.

Moralistic tone does not suit a contemporary man and truly speaking, he does not find any strong basis even in the scriptural teachings of great masters of ancient times or recent past. Strange habits corrode a modern man. He loves to crush feelings, thoughts, relations and values under a massive weight of ego. Even the fragrance of a flower dies in memories and one forgets identity as it flows like a current into the vast ocean to attain enormity of god, and in such detours, he tries to make life evocative.

A small digression makes it clear. Man was certain of changes in life as he grew up and adjusted to conditions prevalent. It surfaced in creative outbursts including other works of art that underlined anxieties of present and apparently rosy future but both appeared cynical. Perhaps, it was visit of a disaster inside born of melancholy and expectation, for here, to fight a battle of survival under threat of nuclear fear, hostility in relations of various regions of the world and unrelenting blasts in disgust and hate with logic of self-perpetuating refusal was a hard truth and it still exists. In this situation of uncertainty, a man made a decision to wipe out the race of man maybe, a question disturbs. What a mental anarchy! He visualized clearly a scenario in the slice of time or scraps of a lyric or some sketches black on white paper, drawings depicting moronic and wrinkly faces or humming some sad tune reminding of tragic folktale or struggling to paint face of existing times. At this point, he tried to scrutinize relevance of it

to existing time despite the terrific changes in emotional response. Later, he felt it inevitable to relate it to past, present and future of man's internal and external world.

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### **Life needs cohesive approach and not disintegration**

Suddenly, a feeling took birth that living at many levels granted no uniqueness or exceptionality but alongside the trust, it was antipathy or severity or repugnance or severity.

Thoughts of ancient times assail at such crisis-ridden moments, for one runs to teachers of humanity, the preceptors and the sages, who lived in austerity but were rich within and taught lessons of peace, harmony and fraternity where man as an image of god perhaps, lived happily. At such moments, a man thinks over and sits silent. It was time when lyrical symphony and assembly of primordial wisdom was the objective even while unified insight worked for the wellbeing of humankind.

It is impossible to define such abrupt predictive imaginings that cause fall of 'the self' in to distress. It creates dreamy sequence, a moment of forced entry into regions where one cannot walk in real life but can foresee a situation where he struggles to write down indefinable experiences that disintegrate as intellect grows hazy with the assault of fresh empirical distractions. It is elegiac anomaly in thoughts, which refuses to submit to poetic dynamism. Here, an artist goes through atrocious and bizarre experiences of cluttered up feelings and thoughts and he tries to know how it occurs.

When ingenious artistic frenzy attacks or say when a creative artiste experiences some uncanny musical pulsations filled with noise - a few harmonious and pleasant notes or at times, he appears to listen to a hymn, and the next moment, he hears a crowd singing different songs emerging out of the conglomeration of words. This mix up looks pleasant and not very pleasing he realizes. He continues with the eccentric artistic experience defying logic. Next moment, he feels he is observing a blank white wall abruptly filled with a variety of colours, which form an eerie painting as many distorted or deformed human faces, ghostly figurines, animals, birds and numerous strange and unimagined forms appear to pop out of the rarefied gathering of colours. Here, another art form originates struggling for possible expression. It is not unnatural or paranormal. Neither superficial nor any simulation it appears to the mind but at that specific moment, it is real.

It appears ghastly but pleasant, ugly but bad in imaginings one could realize. However, such moments come in the mind of artists of assorted arts, who mix up all arts with the force of intellect and so the mind assists in collecting distorted or malformed chunks of feelings at many levels along with bits of thoughts the product of varied experiences. It looks very obscure, awkward, indefinite and beyond understanding. However, such wisdom in enormity appears contiguous to the collective contemporary frame of mind. This proximity on cautious scrutiny would appear as if a systematically created modern chaos where nothing pursues its normal course but loves to act with aberrant approach. Just think of the conduct of men in the present



context. He says he is normal but he is not. He lives in a world of total anarchy and clutter but does not agree.

It is an example of a state of mind of an active artist, a cautious man or lover of art, I would say. It is after meeting or reading the mixed bag of artists of all genres, men of wisdom, intellectuals, academicians, men of religions, supposed men of the spirit etc, leaders and rulers with love for humankind but obsession for power and sadistic quality in abundance.

Now, if creative man stops here, it is the work of critic to start from this point, and theorize on it with new taxonomy. One may prefer to go back to reputed critics who attempted to conjecture seriously on the work of art and the construct of the literary world.

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### **Nostalgic regions of artists and the joy inherent**

One loves to live in nostalgic age, for it gives impetus to live not only meaningfully but also objectively for the welfare of humanity. From the music of nature, they –the ancients, learnt art of life and expressed in words, gestures, hymns, songs melodious, dance, drawings, paintings etc where they displayed sense of extreme joy and unique delight. To demonstrate varied interests, they employed different texts for expression. Life in hermitage was poetical as rhythmic sound of words pleased hearts and minds. An extreme sense of tranquil and harmonious feelings permeated as if divinity and feelings inexplicable inundated not only the external world but also the internal world of man. From here, melody of life imbued in great philosophic thoughts sprang up and one called the outpourings as mighty work of wisdom, the basis of life –the scriptures in musical language. Now, a man thinks of the *Vedas*, the *Upanishads*...and just deliberates on the origin of lyrics. It appears illogical but here, combined or shared knowledge of age stirs and infuses spirit of affinity with whatever is old, and not fully discarded. Perhaps it was voice of those, who sat in meditation, silent with closed eyes, forgetful of world outside even as they penetrated within and found fulcrum of existence. When they opened eyes, it was luminosity outside that filled hearts. Abundance of satisfying ear-filling tunes bestowed ecstatic and divine joy, and from here, lyrics took birth, a sensitive mind just thought and realized it was fantastic. Is it that the source of music and rhythm was somewhere in ancient wisdom –an age of peace? Is it true? Is it nature or fear of man to keep aside thoughts of dissonance, a thoughtful man is inclined to ask?

On in-depth inquiry he realized, and therefore, tried to avoid the dark side of what life is. From here faults on the margins of resolution surfaced, and at this time, whether solicitous or blank, he stood silent in a deliberative frame of mind daring to intrude into the range of nothingness to find the cause of inexplicable. What confusion in abundance it was!

He confronted not a very mystifying question, but it was, to some extent. He was sure that a sensitive man lived in similar mental state at that time. If sages spoke of wisdom, it was within but they thought of some unknown and infinite force and told of its blessings. Listeners were people of all ages –the poor, the rich, the farmers, the workers and the slaves, the wealthy and the kings. When the sages and holy men went out of precincts of hermitages, they felt inner

illuminating fulfillment. It happens with everyone irrespective of the work one does. The outside world opens up and provides feelings of joy, may be in small quantity and quality. It is redundant and tiresome stretching of thought but if one dissects feelings and intellectual parenthesis, some unique light slides down to fortify an unconventional evaluation. From this state of mind one wants to run away to some areas where one envisions a dreamy land of joy infinite –a taste of music and melody, which eclipses the moment one faces truth of existence.

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### **An Encounter with Reality**

To accept reality in changed situation and point of view is not so easy even while one is conscious of the persuasion and connection one observes or visualizes in a pensive or reflective mental situation that creates borders where understanding appears flawed. What originates out of the innate delight of life when one feels inner enlightenment inside? It is time when one emerges out of the saintly refuge in some lonely hermitage. It appears another aspect of reality. It makes difficult to fill the fissures and know the cause of imperfections or blemishes. However, there is prospect of a pacifying approach to begin negotiation between the highly complex world of multiple thought processes and emotional chaos the present situation of existence causes. Is it possible to find sources of creative activity somewhere here where a man can grow and evolve ‘the self’ with grace and aesthetic activity?

It is chaos, a man confronts in the inner-world that remains in his mind. He has to make a choice where to exist in life among the multiple alternatives. The existing system spreads in numerous directions with haze of paths and human beings begin to live with the world of machines to reach objective of life. It appears a wonderful world when you find huge stock of knowledge say information in your mobile even. Here, a man ought to understand the limitations of machine generated information, which is not wisdom or knowledge but information, which could reflect intended prototype of thoughts to impress or shape people to devious and unhealthy style of living where honesty and ancient virtue of man appears jeopardized. It makes life easy but does not inspire man to probe further and work hard or if it does, it is rare and that too, with limitations.

Here, a man of art if feels convenient when takes help of his mobile or computer and extracts requisite information at once, but it rarely gives him impulsion to think further despite claims to the contrary. Intellect has no borders. It travels beyond horizon, and yes, it flies away to the worlds unidentified. This aspect is inquisition where man is doing work and opening doors to the other regions. It makes many things easier but how long man can depend upon second hand information or artificial intellectual ponderings. To know the composition of seed requires intellect of a superman. These doubts arise and are arguable but one doubts if it would lead to any conclusive finale. Not a pessimistic outlook but it could be a reality check an inquisitive man must undergo despite what the psychologists, theorists, scientists or wise men say.

The inner and the outer world is not one but the intellect creates many worlds at various levels even as digital devices are ready to open up new worlds for an inquisitive man. Art of

any kind has infinite range with each man of art. Each artist creates his own world a digital gadget cannot imagine. Human mind is infinite in subjective and objective approach. Objectivity brings him at a specific stage of some attainment and satisfaction whereas subjectivity continues to provoke him further so that it traverses another area of scrutiny and arrives at a definite culmination.

A seed-generated embodied intellect remains indefinable in its range and magnitude and it has distinctive character. Intellect refuses to identify with any other creation –real or pretended. It is not the case with the man-generated machine, which is a man created mechanism for his convenience, and it remains one time operation or treatment. To bring uniqueness, it needs support whereas seed-created embodied being can work on many possibilities, and so art remains different and singular, and is an exclusive property of an artist.

Extraneous factors for improving memory or inputs are possible through a techno-mechanism but one ought to be aware of the limitations. Any new apparatus that assists human intellect or his human needs in facilitating easy negotiation in routine and often identical functions, works within defined parameters - say constraints. It is prone to absorb or add new techno-tasks to a certain limits whereas if embodied intellect works hard, it can generate tremendous potential to enhance its aptitude to learn more and instruct others in a fantastic mode with love, softness and power of geniality. It contributes to the enrichment of life of human beings, and thus, strengthens culture and heritage with not only idealistic ethical standards but also it suggests pragmatic ways of life. This ability is familiar to artists.

In view of different outside interventions, an artist's options are subject to expansion and subtle cultivation, and he knows he has a wide range of choices. Now, he also recognizes the role of ancient gurus and sages, kings of wisdom, who thought of peace and confronted crisis of survival. At this critical moment, they maintained faith in the strength of harmony and peace, which only could develop finer intellectual, philosophical and spiritual powers lying embryonic within. If it was not scriptural outburst in verses or phrases of other genres of arts it was an ordinary lyric taking birth in the heart of a common person, who wanted peace in 'the self' alone, and even in solitary moments, he thought of man and humanity.

A man deliberates over the assumption and hypothesis for long. The deliberations continue to linger on, and there, one finds the source of man's artistic potential, and as such inspired, animated, and creative disposition and wisdom exist somewhere in nature and the natural world of ancient times that traveled silently, and generations continued to absorb and spread it further. This is the case with other arts.

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