

The artistic process may be likened to a running stream – never standing still, and though changing its shape, to go with the lie of the land through which it passes, yet remaining faithful to its source a stream of course may be unluckily blocked and so end up being sluggish, muddy. In a similar vein, an art work may become stagnant, overly self-conscious. Sangeeta Gupta’s artistic “stream” is in a state of vigor, it advances by virtue of its own inertia – quite inevitably and naturally; the press of the current throwing up fresh, striking mutations and so in a fresh media, that is, oil on canvas. She handles this last skillfully, with due assurance. Then, moreover, the line in her compositions is charged with tingling rhythms such as delight and tickle the viewer’s eyes. The pupa duo, for instance, is imaginatively recreative. Thus also the deep plunging cleavage of haven. This whole new genre is cast in the mould of austerity, of holding back, and even so its touch with the felt, vitalizing base experience is palpable. Indeed each work subtly lights up a moot issue or a state of being. It is thereby dual: abstractly worked, while at the same time being concrete or earthy – answering to reality. In sum, as earlier, the occasions of artistic stimulation as evocation in this exposition are not exceptional; on the contrary.

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