

THE VEIL OF MEMORY:



ILLUMINATING CARE

What role do objects play in
preserving, communicating, and triggering
moments of care and empathy?



I've had to support both my parents physically
during the last stage of their lives.

My bangles took the strain and are slightly bent.

I don't know if it's a considerable
misshape for others to notice.



But for me, I can see it.

I can get it fixed easily, but I would never do that.

For me, those bangles are us.

Broken and misshaped since their passing.

Not noticeable till you mention it.



During the entirety of my daughter's schooling,

I was the one that dropped her off.

That heavy traffic, the cacophony,

the sounds of car horns beeping.

As I got lost in my plans

and to-do lists,

and thought about what

I needed to do that day,

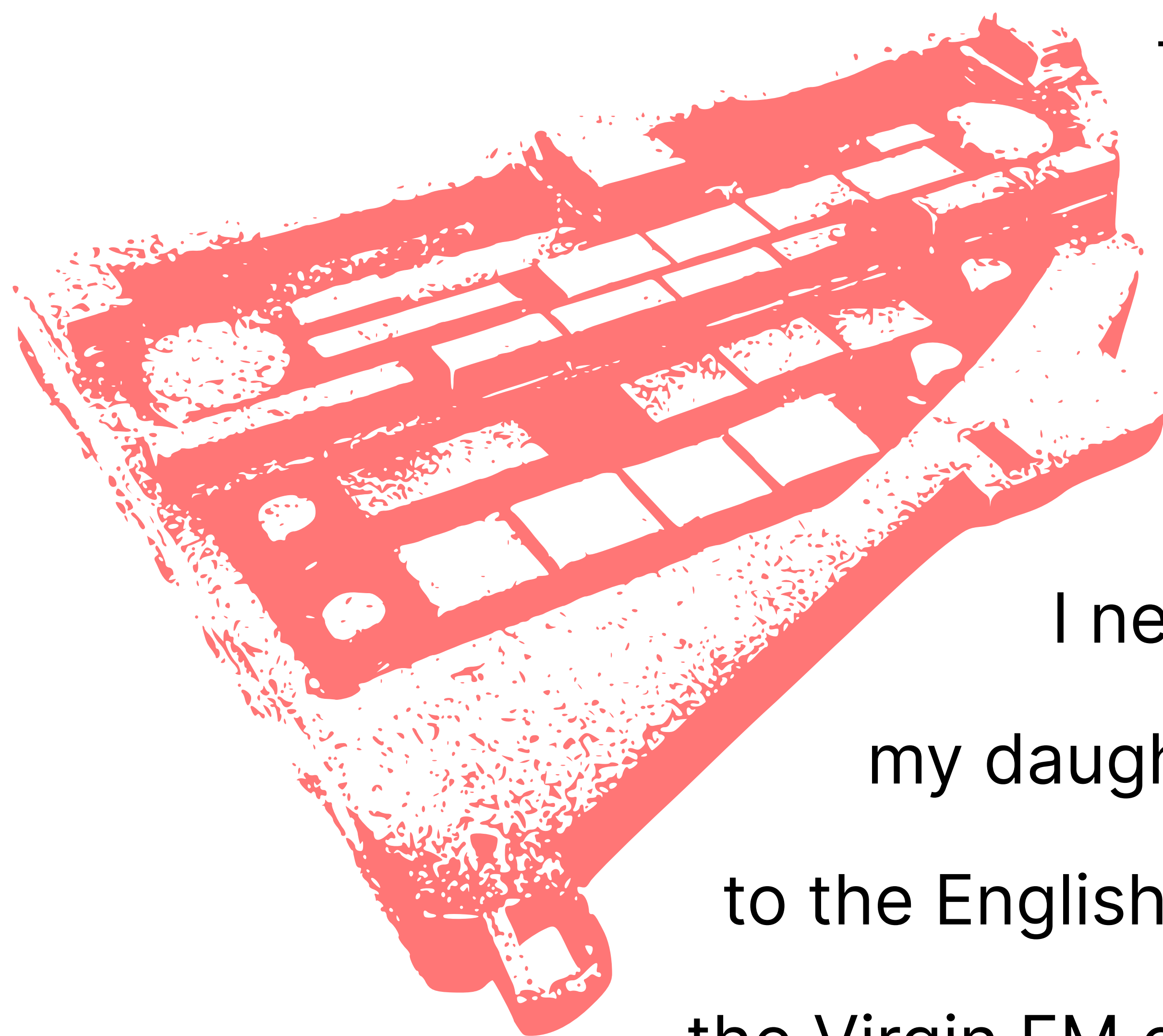
my daughter, as usual, would be listening

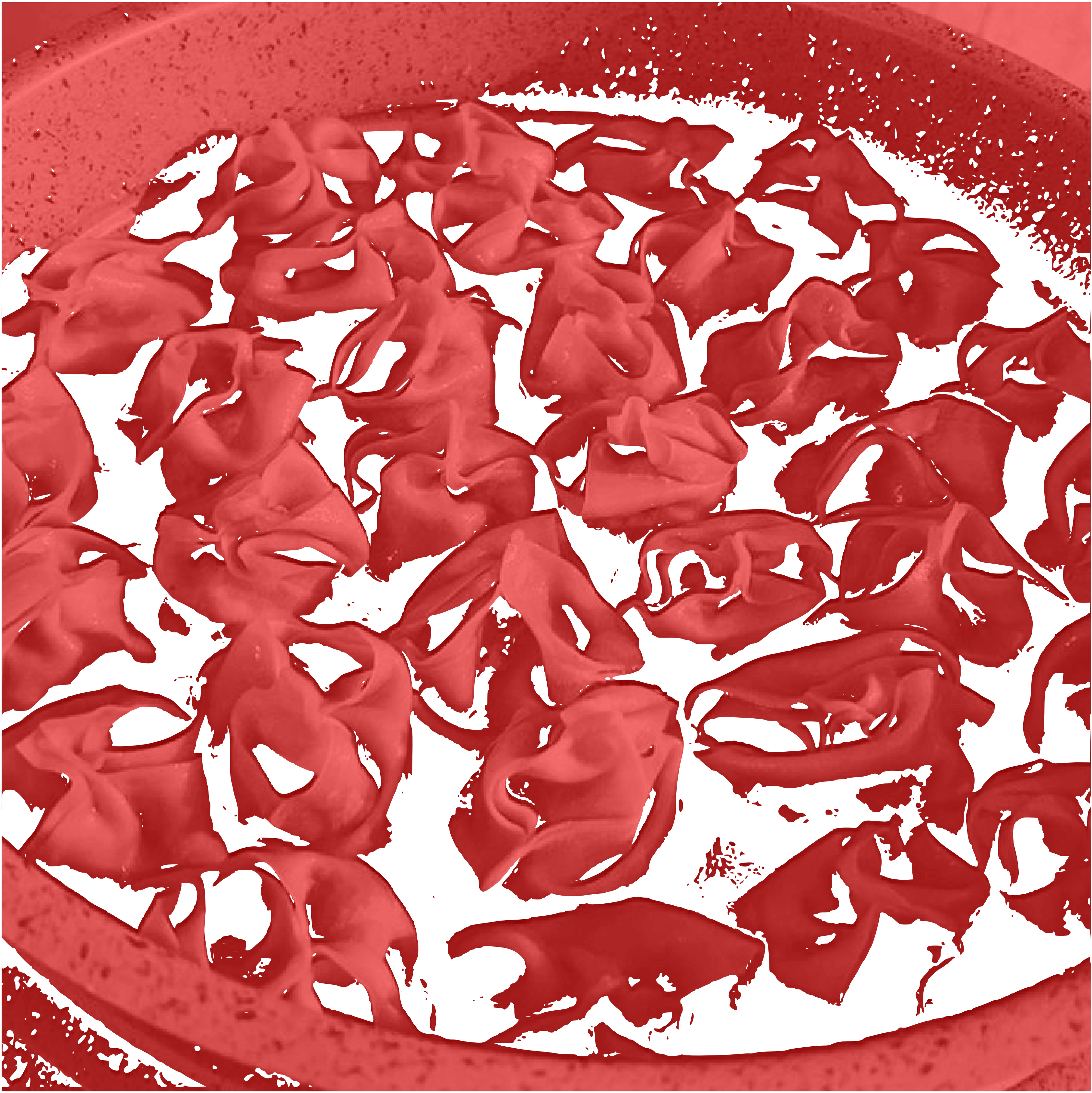
to the English music channel;

the Virgin FM channel on the radio.

Actually, I only listened to that channel

when she was in the car.





In my early childhood,
every time we visited.

my grandparents would
prepare manti for us

When we stayed with them
during the holidays,
we would also make manti
together as a family.

When I got married, my mum would

prepare manti for me
every time I visited the family home.

For me manti is a kind of object

that I associate with care.

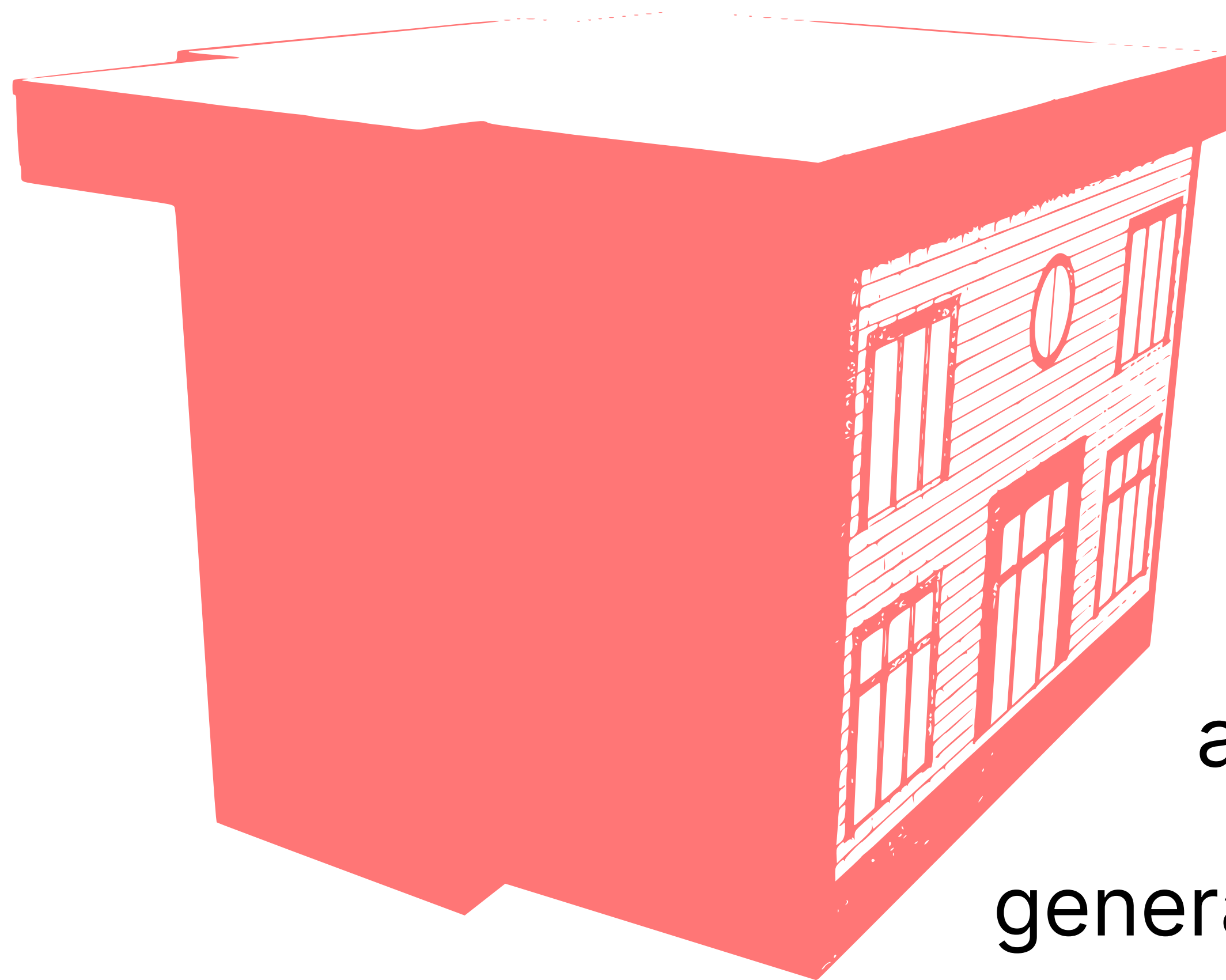
I also dedicate this dish to

those to whom I want to show my care





This house is more
than just a structure.

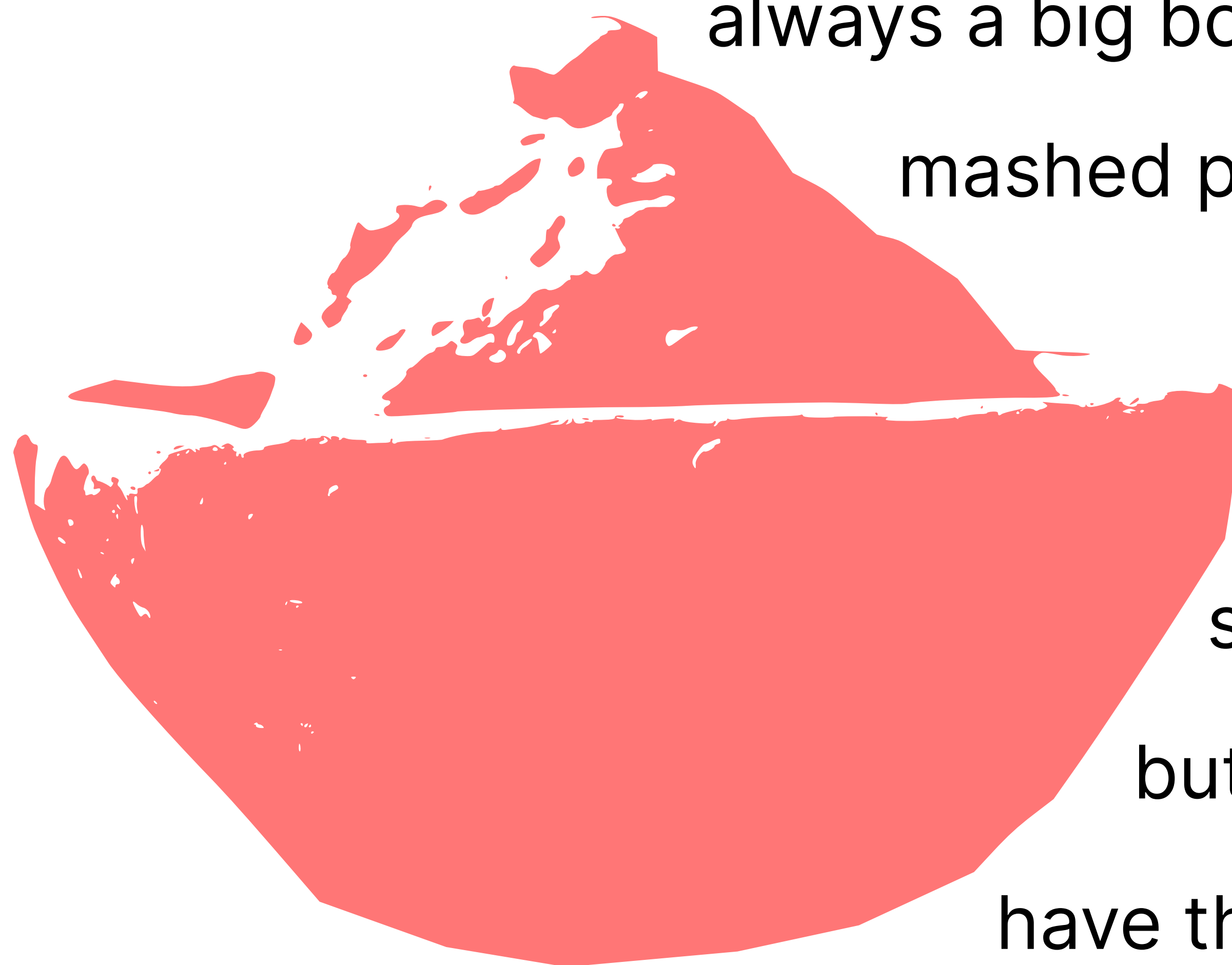


It has grown
alongside us,
built with love
and care,
a place where
generations

come together.



We had them every meal,
always a big bowl of
mashed potatoes.

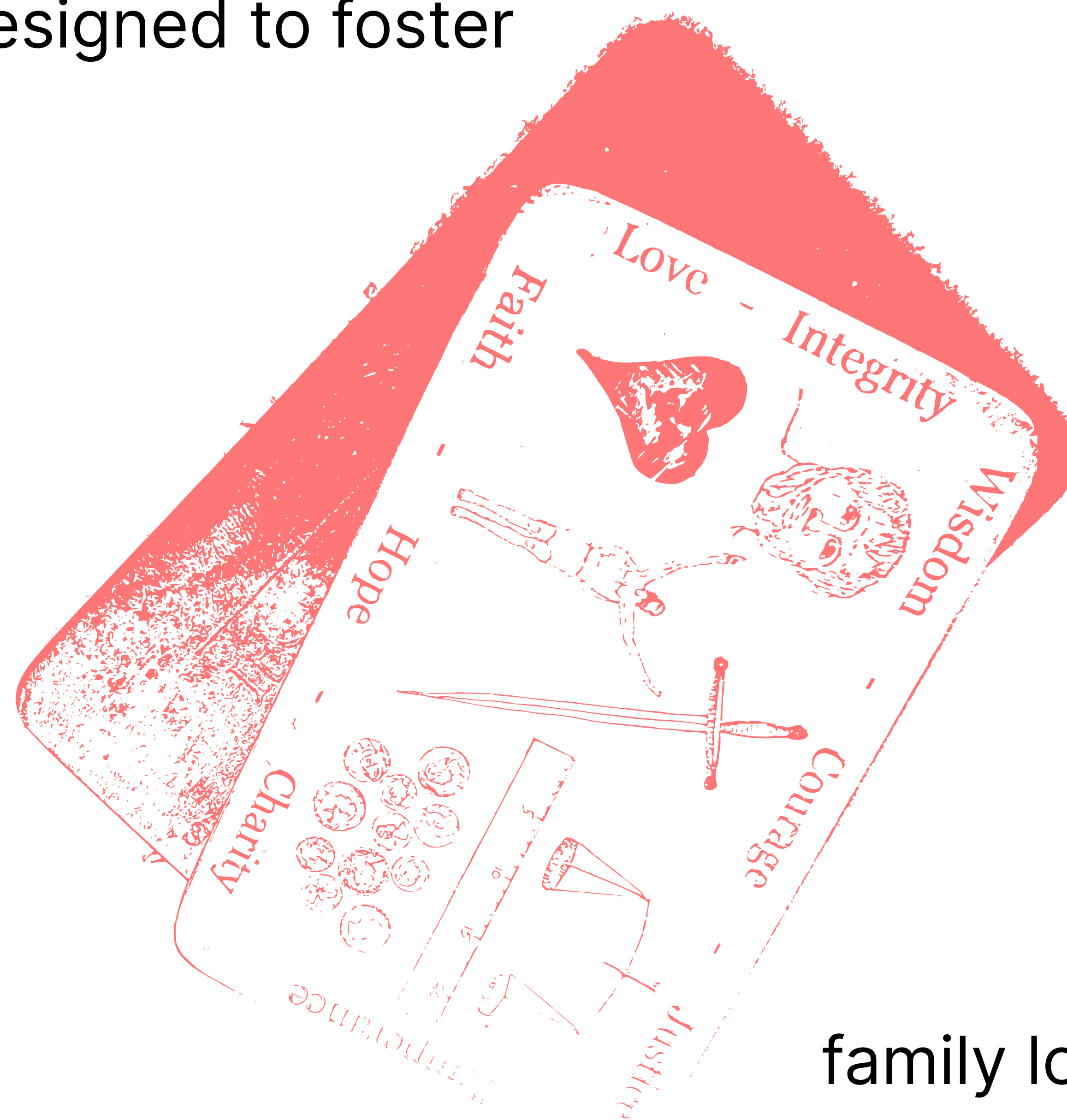


Now it's different,
we only make them for
special occasions,

but we used to
have them every night
growing up.



It was a loving
and caring and
thoughtful thing
designed to foster



family love

and unity

but also

controlling

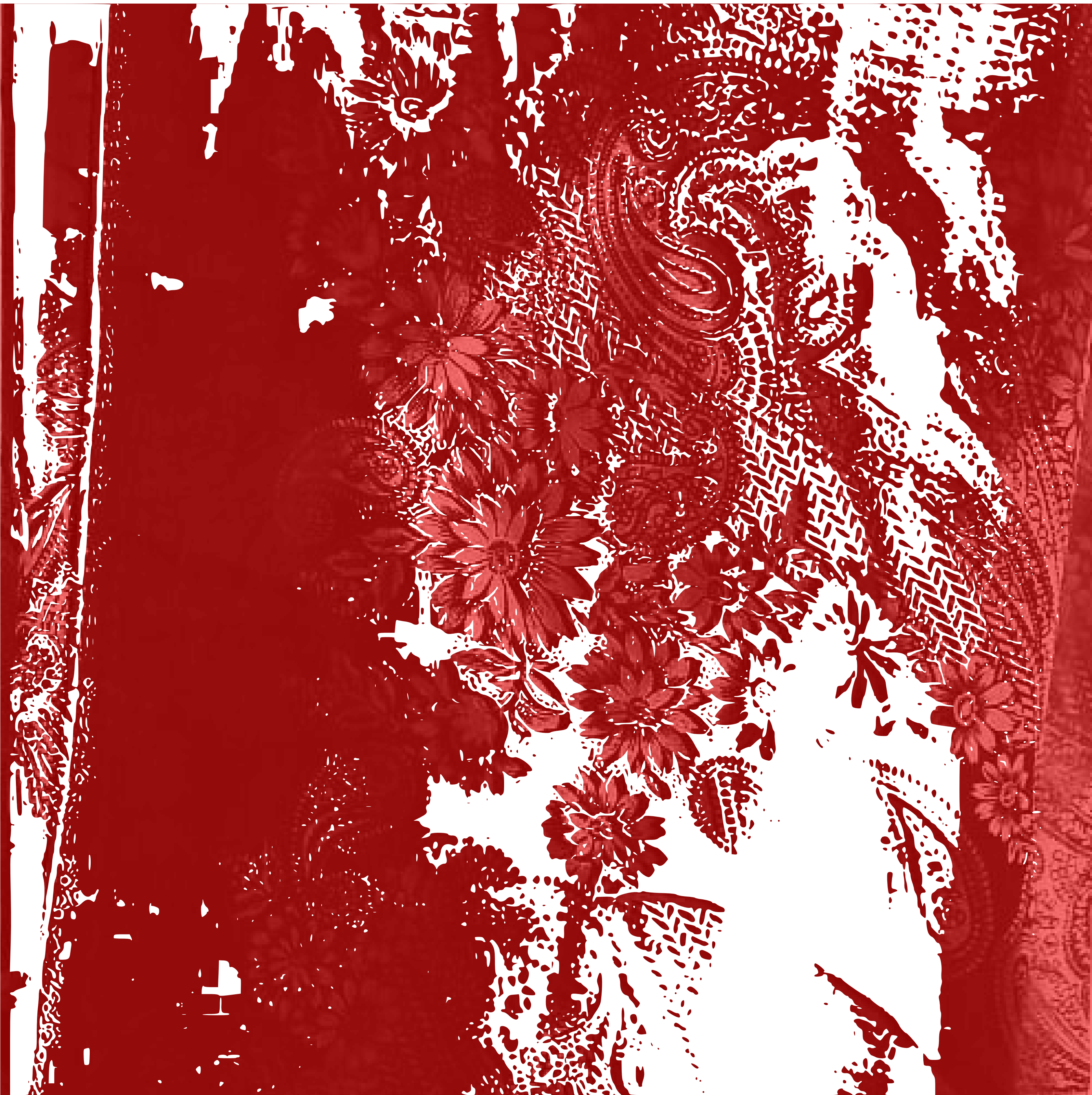


My daughter often asks,
'Papa, why do wear
a tattered t-shirt
when you have
better ones?'

I smile and repeat
my father's words:

'Because it gives
me comfort'.





One day, years later,
the saree arrived
in the mail.



I can't remember why
I wanted to wear it so badly—
only that now,
I don't think I can wear it.

Sundays too my father got up early

*and put his clothes on in the
then with cracked hands*

*the blueblack cold,
that ached*



*from labour in the weekday weather made
banked fires blaze. No one ever thanked him.*

