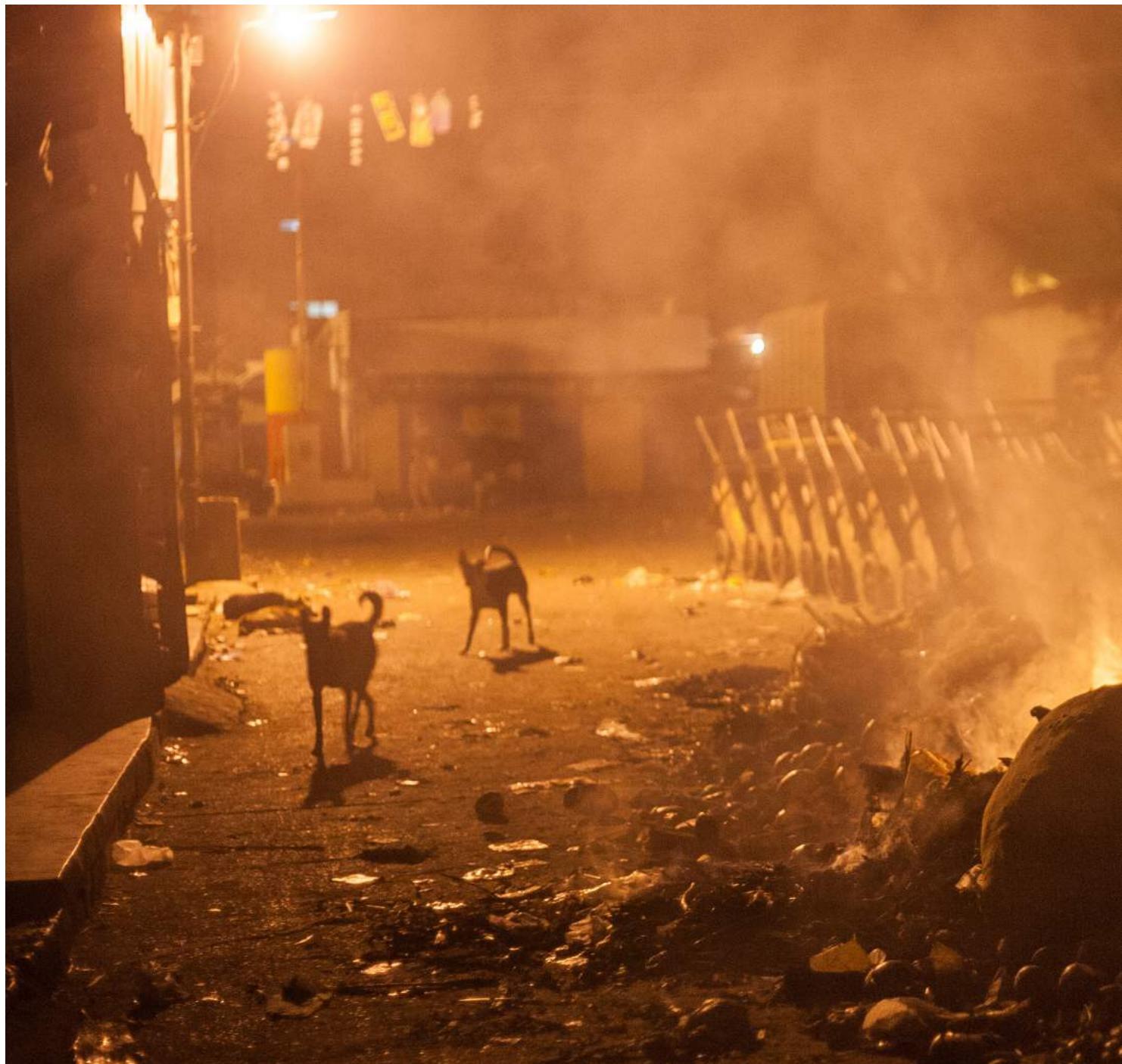




SPACES & SMELLS • Bangalore

VIVEK MUTHURAMALINGAM



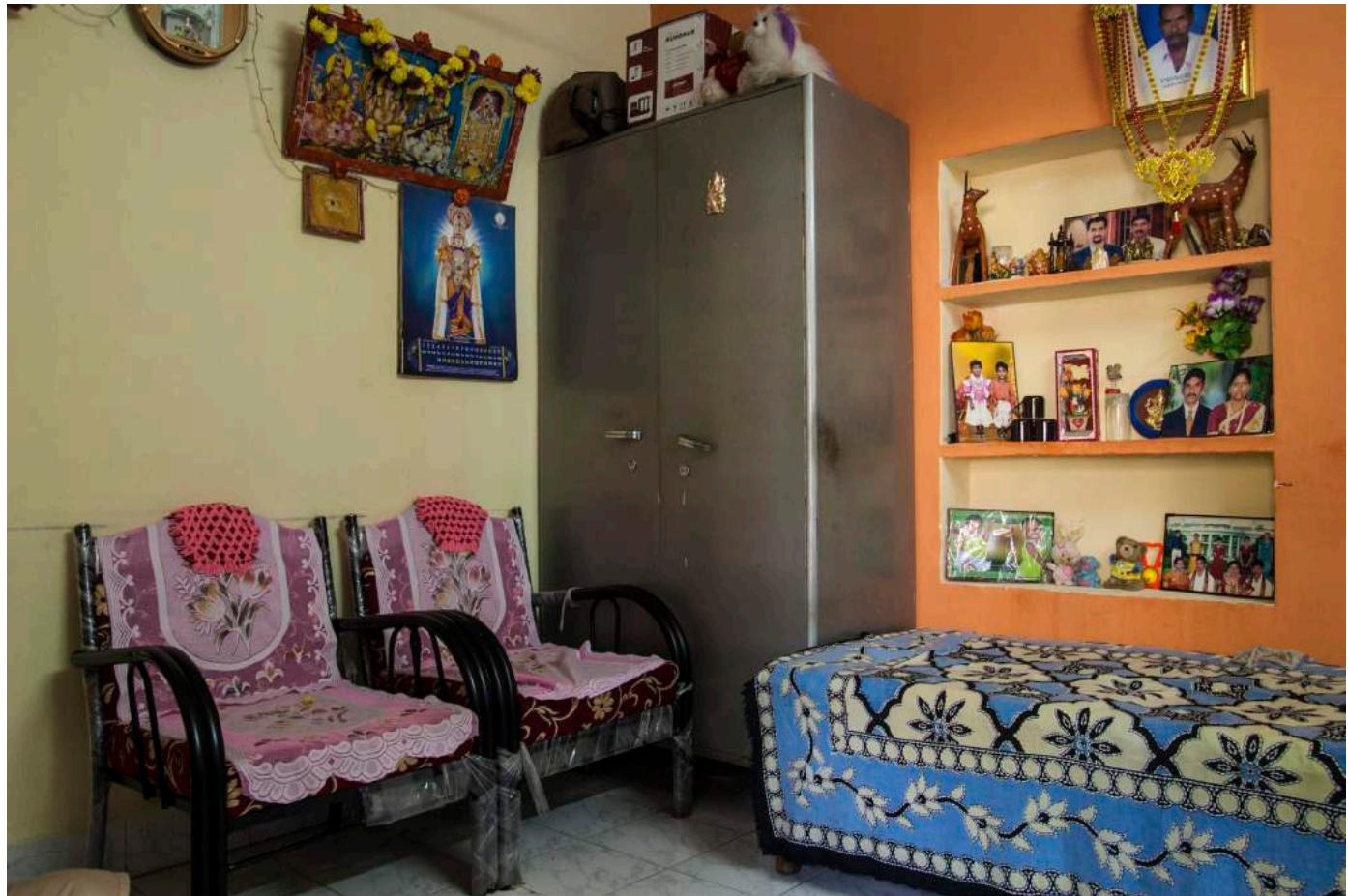






Pramod, Yelahanka New Town

Pramod's mother Vijaya, says she is just about 45 years old and is already a grandmother. She is a Bangalorean and grew up in Chamarajpet. She remembers that it was common in her days to see a jasmine creeper in peoples front yards.



Pramod's mother Vijaya remembers her younger days at Chamarajapet vividly. The Bangalore Karaga was then an important festival in her family and she reminisces about the scent of Jasmine flowers that infused the air wherever the procession went.



The kitchen shares a small puja space that Vijaya decorates during festivals. She enjoys a slightly larger kitchen than most homes of a similar size; a conscious choice because that is where she spends most of her time.





Kyalsanahalli, a temporary landfill near Hennur





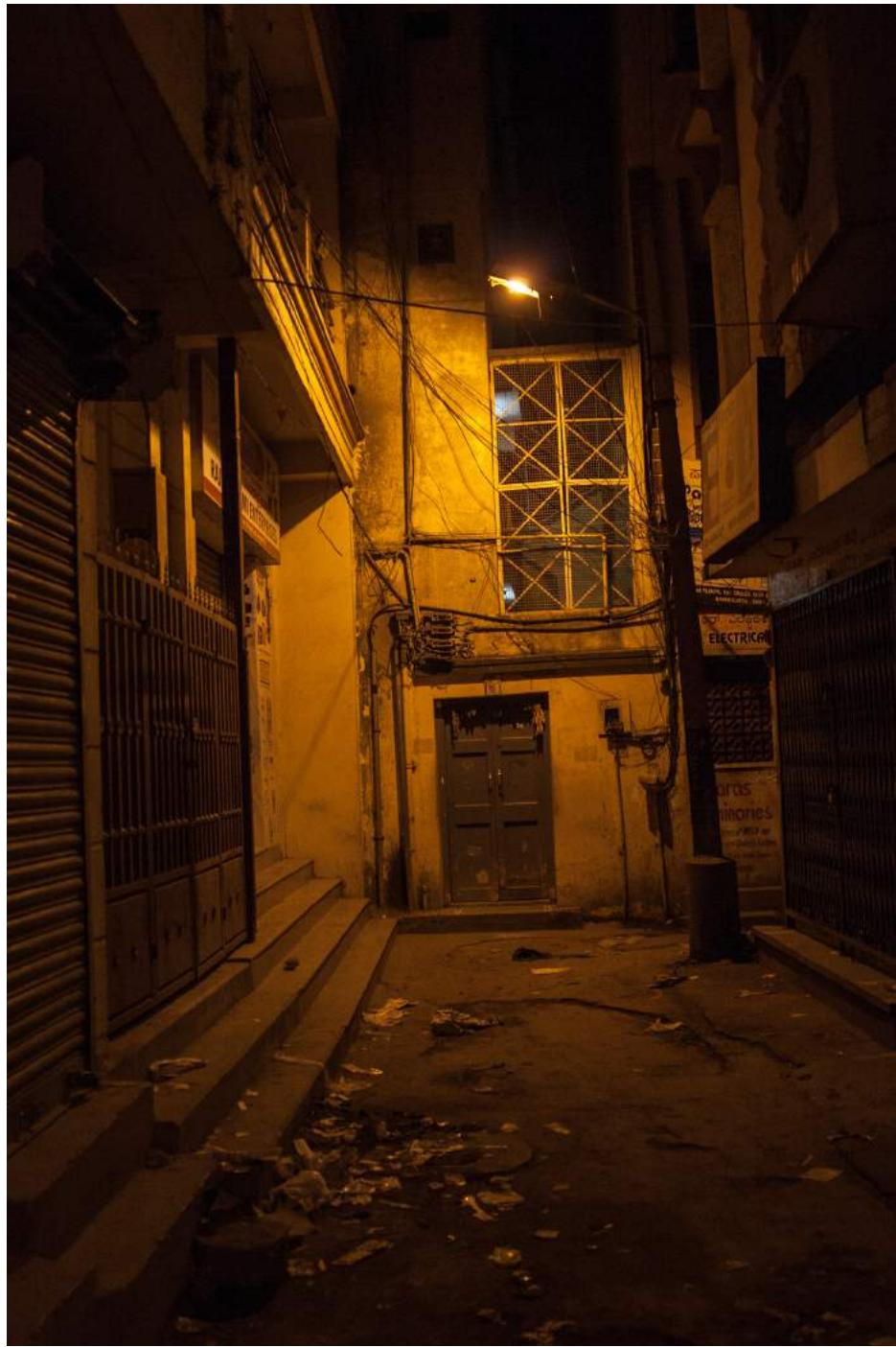
Vijaya, Chikkabommasandra

Since the kids are away at their grandparents place in Thiruvannamalai for Dussera, Vijaya comes back from her job, to an empty home and slips into a mechanical but strangely therapeutic task of removing field beans from their pods. It is almost winter now and the tradition of scattering the bean skins on the road gives off a characteristic scent; it is believed that the more the number of passers-by who step on them, the tastier the curry turns out.





The newly laid road ends in a little foot track that continues to the lake side. Ganja smoking youngsters often occupy the concrete benches overlooking the water, beyond which the stench of human excreta prevents one from exploring the desolateness.



Bylanes of the old markets in Chikpet







Naresh, Thanisandra

Naresh came to Bangalore from Gorakhpur in 1992 and lives with his wife and three children on Thanisandra Road. He makes sofas for a living.



Some of the left over material from his furniture business is fashioned into usable stuff for his home.



Although there isn't a pucca road that leads up to their home they feel comfortable to live in a neighbourhood dominated by migrant labourers from North India. Naresh's wife is extremely religious and does puja at least a few times in the day, when she lights up a bunch of her favourite incense sticks.







Mohan, Veerasagara

Mohan is a cab driver and lives in a community that has houses around a courtyard with a dried well in the centre of it.





Mohan values the fact that he can come back to his parents after work and enjoy his mother's cooking. That, he says, is what keeps him attached to his rustic roots. A recent venture by some of his neighbours to invest in a fish farm close by has brought in new and unpleasant odours around his home.



Unlike the rest of the city, Mohan and his neighbours still enjoy a bit of space in and around their homes. As long as they have a place to stretch after a heavy meal they don't care much about the open drains.



Images of the Mavallipura landfill outside Yelahanka.







Chandrashekhar, Banaswadi

Karthi, the son of the house, works the night shift with an MNC and usually wakes up only in the late afternoon to eat. His mother Shanti then rushes out in her apron at around 3 pm, as soon as she gets the whiff of the first batch of onion pakoras being fried at the Ganesh Sweet House, just a few yards away from their house.





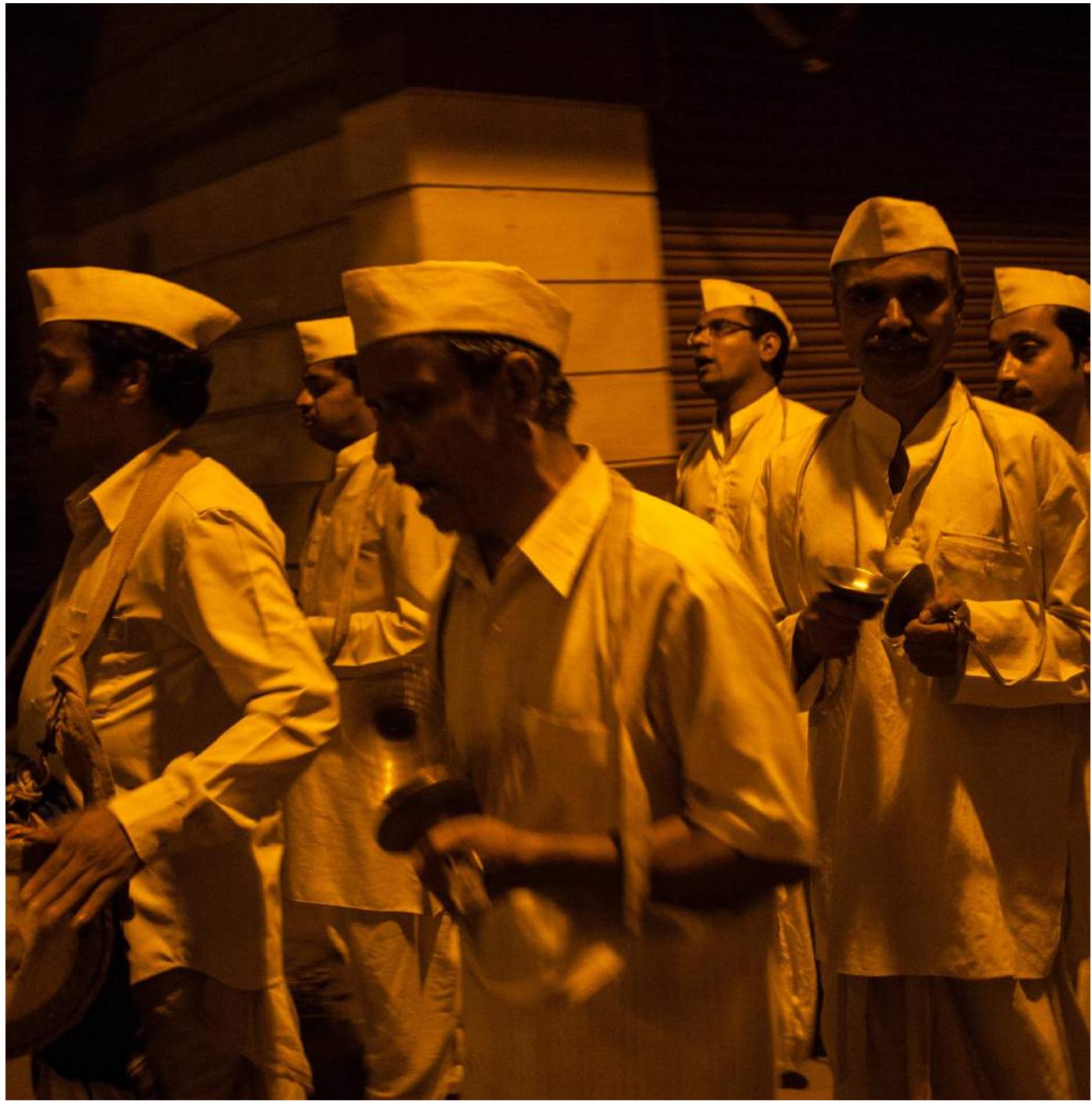
The rosewood cot comes from their ancestral house and belongs to another era. It is probably one of the last reminders of their cottage on Thambuchetty Road, before it made way for a fancy apartment complex.



A hole in the wall, in the bylanes of Ulsoor



The pleasant smelling Vitobha temple area in crowded Chikpet







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