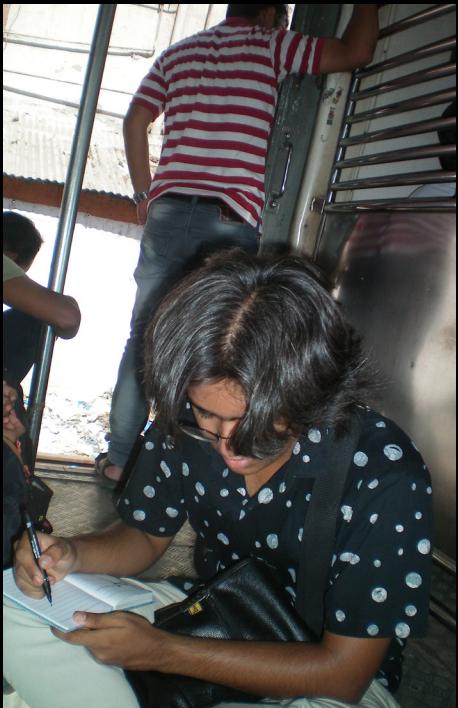
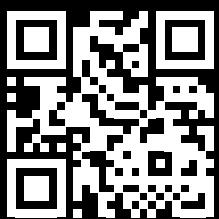
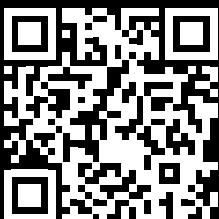
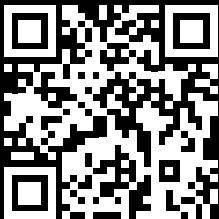


A TRIP THROUGH LANES, ONE AT TIME



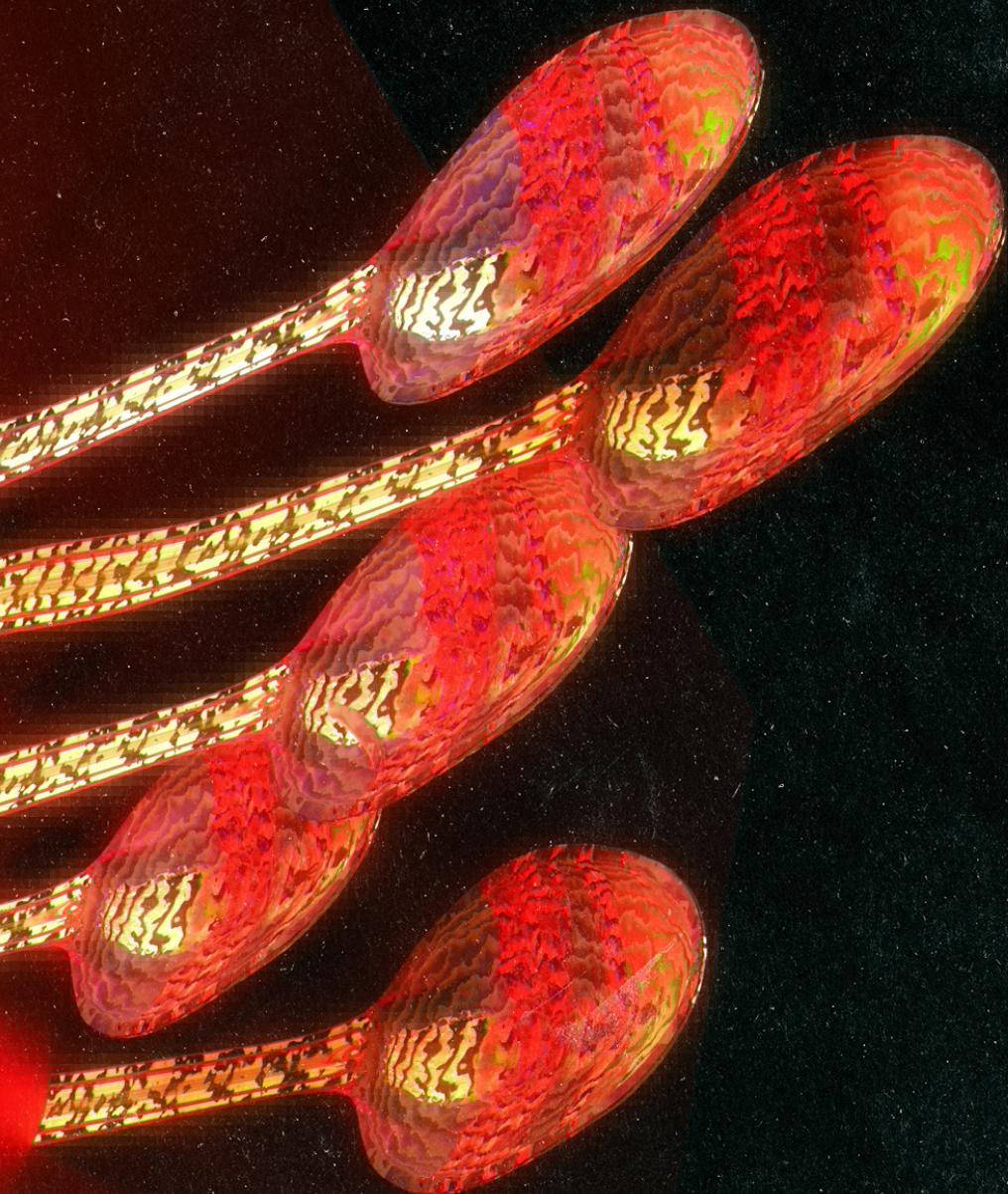


vdk-hbpt-rux 2
growing
one at a time
20/09/2023

I hurriedly gathered all my paper .txt files in my blue plastic folder. Only to count 5 files. Through the entirety of change I've only documented it vaguely 5 times. There's always a lot to pen down, when the tip touches down, the pen starts shaking, dripped with anxiety. This looming pressure on it to move in such beautiful ways each time. Maybe I am nocturnal. Only when it's burning down outside my window do I try to extinguish my thoughts unto letters and mind numbing paragraphs. Preferring lazy 1 time hits rather than "efficient" work, that's how it is sometimes. Inexpressive emotion, infinitely complex models to surround myself with. Each with nuances inexplicably indefinite. I used to search for lyrics I liked to steal lines off for my poems. Rich conversation is my island of peace kept for my raging brains, each could be written down, and some were. She provides a new dimension to all perspectives, she keeps me warm. Words slowly creeping up. I lost identity repeatedly now it's a clear pane of glass in front of my lens. My sensor has been over exposed and it's clear that reality is an unknown blur shining. I ended giving in to the idea of giving up, wasn't a bad idea. Writing about how I can't write leads me to writing. Look around when did you decide to keep reading. This could be beautiful, so don't stop.

Enough about me, what's up with you?

Shattered Glass

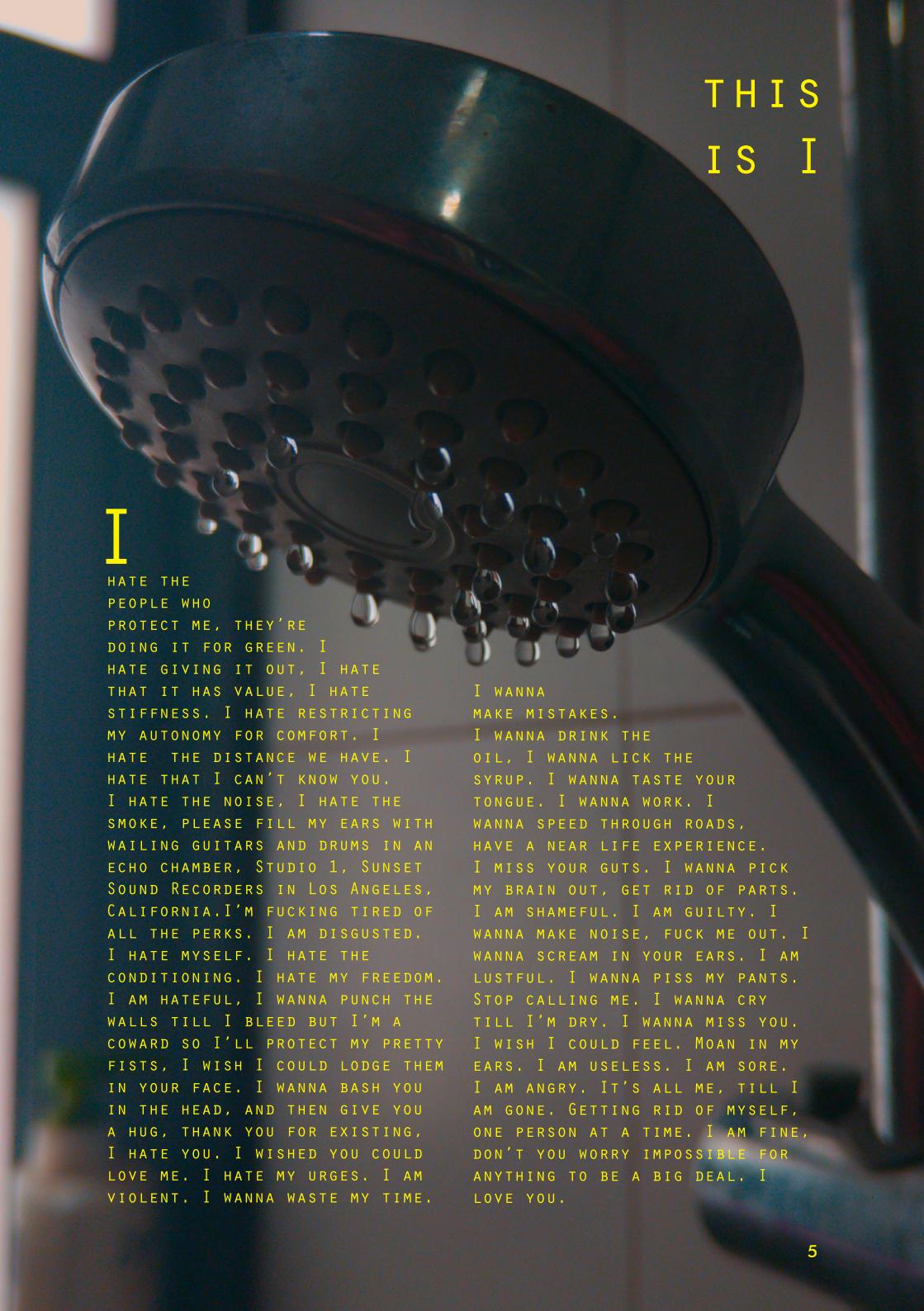


I saw you through frosted glass
A colored silhouette manifested
I saw the lights dance through
To build a bridge we broke the glass
shattered pieces sprawled on wood
saw colors more vividly than I
could've imagined
my eyes sandblasted and I lost form
walking towards you, I couldn't stop
staring blindly
blood seeped through the crevices
as glass pierced my skin
got my eyes open, bridge turned
into fence
There's always an obstacle
But this just might be better for us,
you kn-
and I feel like myself again, with
cuts and bruises
bruises that will heal
cuts that will scar, I let myself slip
scars that wont forget



This is the western toilet in a train station. You might be wondering, why? Why is there a western toilet here, and why you're still reading. To be completely candid with you, I don't know why. All I understand is that I am supposed to use Adobe InDesign today, it's been open for the past hour as I napped on the table. I'm sure something important was being taught. But let's get back to the western toilet. Now obviously you don't actually have a western toilet on the paper that would be quite difficult to imagine. You have an image of a western toilet on the page, but then again, you don't. It's actually a sign with a logo and some typography that says "Western Toilet" in English and Hindi. There might not even be a western toilet behind that door, it could lead to heaven.

The presence of a western toilet should be looked at as a plus point. BUT. In reality the reason of most people avoiding train journeys is the presence of western toilet. Not that it's mentioned that the image was taken in a train. The odour is slapped across your organs as soon as you step into one. My usual long train journeys have been during summer vacations. I do not come under that category of people whose every inter state travel is by flight. No. My grandparents stay in cities which are not even accessible by air transport. So I'm really used to holding in my defecation for 15 hrs because no way can I let my bare buttock be in vicinity of aerosol. And you know which other place now reminds me of western toilets? The entrance to the admin block. So thanks to clg the 1st odour that I associate to my 1st day of college here is that of a washroom.



THIS
IS I

I

HATE THE
PEOPLE WHO
PROTECT ME, THEY'RE
DOING IT FOR GREEN. I
HATE GIVING IT OUT, I HATE
THAT IT HAS VALUE, I HATE
STIFFNESS, I HATE RESTRICTING
MY AUTONOMY FOR COMFORT. I
HATE THE DISTANCE WE HAVE. I
HATE THAT I CAN'T KNOW YOU.
I HATE THE NOISE, I HATE THE
SMOKE, PLEASE FILL MY EARS WITH
WAILING GUITARS AND DRUMS IN AN
ECHO CHAMBER, STUDIO 1, SUNSET
SOUND RECORDERS IN LOS ANGELES,
CALIFORNIA. I'M FUCKING TIRED OF
ALL THE PERKS. I AM DISGUSTED.
I HATE MYSELF. I HATE THE
CONDITIONING. I HATE MY FREEDOM.
I AM HATEFUL, I WANNA PUNCH THE
WALLS TILL I BLEED BUT I'M A
COWARD SO I'LL PROTECT MY PRETTY
FISTS, I WISH I COULD LODGE THEM
IN YOUR FACE. I WANNA BASH YOU
IN THE HEAD, AND THEN GIVE YOU
A HUG, THANK YOU FOR EXISTING,
I HATE YOU. I WISHED YOU COULD
LOVE ME. I HATE MY URGES. I AM
VIOLENT. I WANNA WASTE MY TIME.

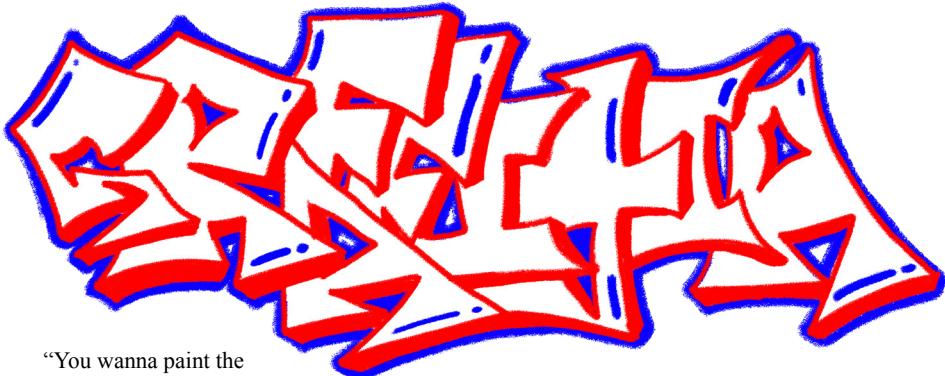
I WANNA
MAKE MISTAKES.
I WANNA DRINK THE
OIL, I WANNA LICK THE
SYRUP. I WANNA TASTE YOUR
TONGUE. I WANNA WORK. I
WANNA SPEED THROUGH ROADS,
HAVE A NEAR LIFE EXPERIENCE.
I MISS YOUR GUTS. I WANNA PICK
MY BRAIN OUT, GET RID OF PARTS.
I AM SHAMEFUL. I AM GUILTY. I
WANNA MAKE NOISE, FUCK ME OUT. I
WANNA SCREAM IN YOUR EARS. I AM
LUSTFUL. I WANNA PISS MY PANTS.
STOP CALLING ME, I WANNA CRY
TILL I'M DRY. I WANNA MISS YOU.
I WISH I COULD FEEL. MOAN IN MY
EARS. I AM USELESS. I AM SORE.
I AM ANGRY. IT'S ALL ME, TILL I
AM GONE. GETTING RID OF MYSELF,
ONE PERSON AT A TIME. I AM FINE,
DON'T YOU WORRY IMPOSSIBLE FOR
ANYTHING TO BE A BIG DEAL. I
LOVE YOU.

BLOODSHOT

YOUR EYES LIGHT UP THE WORLD
BLOODSHOT
ILLUMINATE ME

Back When

When I'm lying down reminiscing about the past, I always remember the past in some vague phases that bleed into each other. Back when I was an arrogant narcissistic asshole. And back when I fought with Arnav so much he hated me. The entire phase is only defined by some memorable moments that took place around that time. I'm sure I did a lot more than curse Arnav back in August 2021, but that's all I remember. Phases come and go in waves and you can never tell when one has started and one has ended. You just feel the waves as they etch themselves in your mind as you try to go back in time. Defining your memories after they take place. So recently I was hit with a thought, the same way I remember how I went out with Rudra every evening in DC after he broke up, what would I remember right now as? What would define this phase and how many things will I forget, all the truly mundane debris washed away in waves. You only remember some truly transformational shit, and everything else is forgotten about. Which is why I love reading and writing journal entries, in a way it takes me back to that time, what stupid thing I was worried about back when I traveled in a bus, visiting my hometown after a year. Back when life is rich and beautiful, and every movement carried infinity.



“You wanna paint the town up?” He asked, eyes gleaming like lacquer. “Sure, get your hoodie, we’ll drop by mine to get the paints” said Ride. He put on the old dirty sweatshirt, grabbed his wired red in ear’s with duct tape across the wire, screen broken phone with a colorful off brand color case and the keys. KWG got on the e.v. with Ride, both wearing helmets protecting their identity. They zoomed past to Ride’s, gathering all they needed, 2 cans of spray paint, semi reflective tape, sketch pens, half filled journal with tissue paper, didi’s old DSLR bag and her light blue textured hoodie.

Then they started again, riding around town to find a spot to name tag. What did this achieve and what were they going to find at 9:13 PM at night, with a bustling metropolitan city, and then riding around the most securely guarded areas surrounded by dark unsafe slums where they seldom visited. Back and forth, on the black and yellow EV wheezing past the wind there were many places but also many people, many lights and cameras so no action. Finally they stopped at a wall, it was already decorated artfully by previous visitors, probably not at such early hours, but they didn’t care. Ride taped his number plate and took out the sketch pens and journal, and Kwg started making little designs, drawing and re iterating on the same designs and motifs until something just clicked. It was silent but vehicles kept zooming by alerting them that they were not alone. A bunch of smokers near the slums, scared of being stopped, almost called it off. Until something

did click, the smokers left but the bike was far, Kwg just started spraying on the wall, it was quick, a high rush of adrenaline as Ride flashed the wall recording the whole ordeal. Why were they doing this? **SPECTRUM** he was done, he hurriedly opened the zip and put away the can.

“Someone stopped” said Ride. Kwg’s eyes dilated, rushing beats against the rustling road. A punjabi guard lookalike stopped near Ride’s bike, “Do you guys have spray paint?” The man asked with a smile, he seemed friendly Kwg said “no” Ride said “I have a brown one?”, then “no”. “Fuck” were they in trouble? Kwg sat on the bike, “My daughter likes to play with spray paint” the man said. Ride wasn’t going to deal with this, the man was playing or trying to get them. He pulled on the handle and they zoomed past, a light flashed behind them. Kwg almost thought they were being chased but there was no one behind them as they went. Entering a guarded area with the tape on the bike. They hurriedly got the tape off in the middle of an unlit road, one on the front one on the back, and again got back on the road. Flying past people and cars they reached Kwg’s house, he got off to go to his house. Enough thrill for today. He felt like a superhero.

“Rapp snitches, telling on their business, sit in the court and be their own star witness

Do you see the perpetrator? Yeah I’m right here”



she

green everything
i hate these green texts
they're all right and i feel wrong
no dancing dots or marks of blue
i hate looking left it's all empty
i look everywhere to look back
you're always online
when were you last seen
i wish i could read red
flags that would tell you weren't right
if conversation wasn't a fight
without you, i'd be alright
i never could read you anyway
my eyes wouldn't be green
if i'd see yours truly
and in yours i'd see mine
but then i open my eyes red
stayed up till my phone died

when you left me unseen
got my eyes open
on scene there's more colours
than just green and blue
fuck you



Message



HAGS No. 10974-5

I stay voided, it's a grey void
I watch films and I think about me
They make them for me I think
Me in the celluloid, it's you and me
Grainy crystals shine through
I hear the beach, and the sand and the sea
Can you hear it too?
Does anyone get what I'm not getting
Could she ever see the grey I feel
Blooming flowers on the film
Strings play in the guileless field
The meeting place we decided
So we could do whatever we wanted
Could you please remove this vestigial organ
It is your fault, my imperfection has surfaced
You love me don't you?
You like being around me, you have it too
Speak what I'm reciting inside my head
Can I get your name, who are you?
And then she walks away from my image
Callusing my heart, I open my eyes
There's a lot more colours than I can count
The world is a lot bigger than 35

Love Yourself

You ought to stop searching in order to truly get what you are trying to find. As time passed and it did, I couldn't find anyone who I would like and would be willing to like me back. I was really trying to find that one person. Who, for a long time, I thought would make me feel, more complete, because I couldn't do that by myself. And in every person I tried to find glimpses of this entity, that could perhaps fill mine. Fortunately I didn't find anyone who would take such a leap of faith for me. I am very grateful for all those times I couldn't handle being alone by myself in my own skin, and then learning to do that without anyone else. I could say now that the pursuit has only left me with who I am, I was always only running behind myself. You must stop looking outside, you're looking in the wrong place. What you truly want could only come from you and what you're trying to find will only be found if you are ready to be found yourself and you must be worth of being considered your own treasure. You can only love someone else if you love yourself. Look at yourself, and say "I love you"





I am back in the blessed Mumbai local, after a long time. It doesn't feel so unfamiliar anymore, it doesn't feel so rushed anymore. Waiting for the train to slowly creep in and announce its entry, bag on the front and one hand on the handle, leaning on the metal rails. Swaying side to side looking forward to meeting my destination. Kurla to Ghatkopar to Vikhroli to Thane. Arrays of railings and hands gleaming burning my eyeballs. As I reminisce about the past journeys I start tearing up. I miss them, booking the ticket for me and telling me which terminal to wait on,

smiling and jumping off the train. Goofing around in the empty full coach day and night. The local moves pretty fast but feels static without them. The crazy explorations and times eying the small window to the outside world. I won't be looking for a purple graduation t shirt today, and I won't have a big man to protect me. No noodles to spill on the platform with. Kurla to Thane feels pretty empty today.



“We can’t be direct so we just end up saying the weirdest things” My Dinner with Andre

“I could always live in my art, but never in my life” My Dinner with Andre

“Always create something that makes the audience wonder how you created it”

Parth joshi, 1/7/23

“If you ask me to show you God, I will point to the sun, or a tree, or a worm. But if you say, “You mean, then, that God is the sun, the tree, the worm, and all other things?” -I shall have to say that you have missed the point entirely” Alan Watts

“The brain can only assume its proper behavior when consciousness is doing what it is designed for: not writhing and whirling to get out of the present experience, but being effortlessly aware of it” Alan Watts

“At some point you go so far you become the references”
Prt Jsh

“kya aatma sach hai ya nahi? Gurujii?”
“Mujhe nahi pata” From Ship of Theseus by Anand Gandhi

“The average person thinks they’re smarter than the average person.”
some random comment on a Vsauce Video

“I thought that I was living my life, but

in fact I haven’t been a human being, I’ve been a performer.” My Dinner With Andre

“Art’s everything we hope life would be, a lot of times.” Frank Ocean

“I suppose in the end, the whole of life becomes an act of letting go, but what always hurts the most is not taking a moment to say goodbye.” The life of Pi

“Doubt is useful, it keeps faith a living thing. After all, you cannot know the strength of your faith until it is tested.”
The life of Pi

“I got you a gift. Alphabets. It’s amazing how we imagine that just these few alphabets will someday arrange themselves in a way that everything will suddenly make perfect sense. A permutation of known words suddenly bringing forward a previously unknown meaning.” Ship of Theseus

“Try to make it sound like you wrote it that way on purpose.” Arthur Howitzer Jr. The French Dispatch

“All artists sell all their work. It’s what makes you an artist. Selling it. If you don’t wish to sell it, don’t paint it. Question is, What’s your price?”
Julian Cadazio The French Dispatch

“What a loss to spend that much time with someone, only to find out that she’s a stranger.” Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind

"Boys, you must strive to find your own voice. Because the longer you wait to begin, the less likely you are to find it at all. Thoreau said, "Most men lead lives of quiet desperation. Don't be resigned to that. Break out!" Dead poets society

"We rip out so much of ourselves to be cured of things faster than we should that we go bankrupt by the age of thirty and have less to offer each time we start with someone new. But to make yourself feel nothing so as not to feel anything - what a waste!" Call me by your name

"When you least expect it, nature has cunning ways of finding our weakest spot." Call me by your name

"A handsome young knight is madly in love with a princess, and she too is in love with him, though she seems not to be entirely aware of it. Despite the friendship that blossoms between them, or perhaps because of that very friendship, the young knight finds himself so humbled and speechless that he is totally unable to bring up the subject of his love. Until one day he asks the princess point-blank: Is it better to speak or to die?" Call me By your name

"Just because she likes the same bizzaro crap you do doesn't mean she's your soul mate." 500 days of summer

"Do you ever do this, you think back on all the times you've had with someone and you just replay it in your head over and over again and you look for those first signs of trouble?" 500 days of summer

"If somebody gave me this card, Mr.

Vance, I would eat it. It's these cards, and the movies and the pop songs, they're to blame for all the lies and the heartache, everything. We're responsible. *I'm responsible.* I think we do a bad thing here. People should be able to say how they feel, how they really feel, not you know, some words that some stranger put in their mouths. Words like "love" ... that don't mean anything. Sorry, I'm sorry. I, uh... I quit. I'm... There's enough bullshit in the world without my help." 500 days of summer

"I'm a champion, so I turned tragedy to triumph. Make music that's fire, spit my soul through the wire" Kanye West

"Nothing in life is promised except death" Kanye West

"I was never really good at anything except for the ability to learn." Kanye West

"I ain't play the hand I was dealt, I changed my cards" Kanye West

Fail Harder
Be Yourself
Zoom Out
Don't elude what's needed
Let Go

Take Control
You Don't Know Until You Know
Change is inevitable
Change can only be asked for
Choose your feelings

Feel your feelings
Have no regrets
Document everything
Live in the moment
Be grateful
Don't settle
Perfect your work
Never forget

Moving In

We moved in without a door
You build them yourself
So there's a big window on the wall
Where the door would be
The more I live here, it makes itself mine
You make it home
Telling you all my secrets
To hear what I've been hiding in them
Aching to return every day
Every night
The door stays open, and wind blows through
Cooling me down, chilling my spine
We sketch a little blueprint
Our nice little door
We won't be frozen to death
A tree house in the garden
Time swings under the tree
The blueprint is vivid
I don't need a door
You keep me warm



I Reconcile Awaitingly

I didn't know who but it felt like I missed someone, maybe I missed someplace, in time. That person felt very close to me, when I tried to filter all the close ones, it wasn't them. Maybe it wasn't someone that existed right now but there's an itch in my heart about this person, I needed to talk with them. Catch up, but it felt so intangible.

When you try to restore a broken bond, all the memories flood back filling up your mind to the brim. You don't realize how much the wall of your current memories was stopping the old flood from washing over. It took one conversation for me, something that took place unintentionally, yet with gratitude I flowed through it. The walls cracked and in a few nights my eyes were flowing, to my chin and on my t-shirt. I was with someone when that happened. "Man, are you okay?" "Yeah, I just didn't realize how much you hold back sometimes"

I was so afraid to show her my true self & feelings, ironic because that's all I did, even before I had identity. I was hiding because I had a fear of rejection, rejection that would hurt, and all the feelings up to the brim would have to go back, the wall would take strength to rebuild. My mind was unstill, so I did what I felt like.

I didn't get rejected, but I still missed someone. "You only realize the depth of your emotions after they have passed", this is my interpreta-

tion of that. I realized the depth of a big stretch long ago in the past few days.

I missed myself, it was him I needed to catch up with. Who was I when I felt everything, every smile and every argument and every lunch and every library, every hug and every text, every unsaid conversation, and every drop. I hated you, but I'm gentle now. I missed myself who loved unconditionally and conditionally, insecure and stupid, but helpful and kind, it all made sense to me later. Later is now, I had shades of me that I pushed back along with every emotion I felt. You detach from your feelings to change, they come rushing back along with your shades. It takes one conversation.

"But most of all we at war with ourselves"





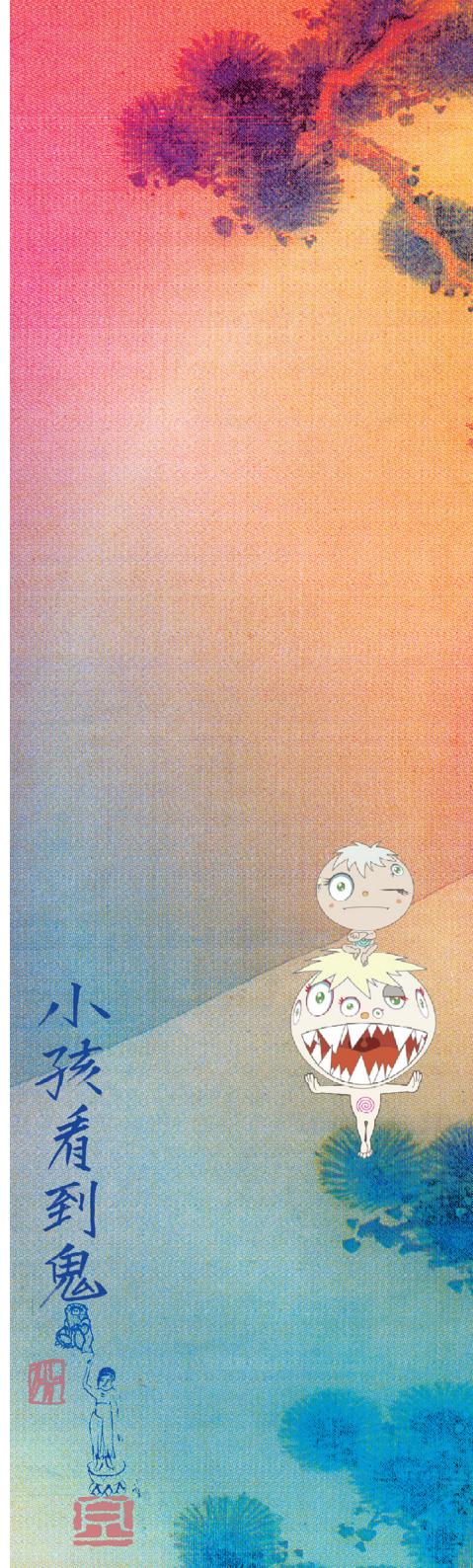
Stronger

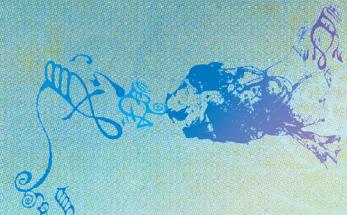
I WAS THE PERSON IN THE GROUP WHO WOULD COMPLAIN ABOUT ANY SMALL INCONVENIENCE. DO YOU WAIL OUT LOUD IF THE INSIDE OF YOUR SHOES GET WET. I COULDN'T STOP COMPLAINING. MORE FROWNS ON MY FACE THAN SMILES, AND THE ISSUES I HAD WERE QUITE INSIGNIFICANT. I WAS CODDLED WITH FOOD AND MONEY, VIDEOGAMES AND PARTIES AND MY FRIENDS WERE ALL THE SAME. CHASING ONE HIGH AFTER THE OTHER IN A NEVER ENDING RACE. SO AS IT GOES REALITY SLAPPED ME RIGHT ACROSS AND I FELL OFF MY HIGH HORSE. I CONSEQUENTLY FAILED 2 COURSES IN THE FIRST YEAR, DESERVED. BEING CONFRONTED BY A TOUGH SITUATION, I SHOULD'VE WORKED HARDER. I CHOSE TO ACQUIRE THE ELDEN RING. AFTER MONTHS OF LIVING WITH ANXIETY I TOLD MY PARENTS, THEY TOLD ME TO DEAL WITH IT, NICELY. I CHOSE TO SAVE PRINCESS ZELDA. SMACK! ANOTHER LOUD SLAP ACROSS THE OTHER CHEEK, I FAILED MY BACKLOGS, I HAD 3 DAYS TO FINISH THE ENTIRE COURSE WORK. IN THREE DAYS I CRAFTED THE BEST WORK I HAD IN MY FIRST YEAR, ROUGH AROUND THE EDGES

BUT I LEARNED MY LESSON. TOUGH SITUATIONS ARE LEARNING EXPERIENCES, AND UNLIKE THE 160 HOURS I PUT INTO BREATH OF THE WILD, THOSE THREE DAYS WERE TRANSFORMATIONAL. EVERY LONG WALK, EVERY BURNING AFTERNOON, EVERY LOCAL TRAIN RIDE, EVERY STORMY RAINFALL, EVERY CONFRONTATION, EVERY COLD APPROACH, EVERY SMELLY BATHROOM, EVERY CONGESTED BUS RIDE, EVERY BREAK UP, EVERY FIGHT, EVERY GUT WRENCHING PUNCH, EVERY MUSCLE TEAR, EVERY LOST ITEM, EVERY TIME YOU MISS HOME, EVERY SUICIDAL THOUGHT, EVERY BAD POSTER, EVERY EMPTY STOMACH, EVERY TIME YOU WALK THROUGH THE RAIN WITH BLISTERS ON YOUR FEET IS A LEARNING EXPERIENCE, IT'S A TEST IN YOUR LIFE AND YOU MUST NOT COMPLAIN. GET INTO UNCOMFORTABLE SITUATIONS, HAVE A NEAR LIFE EXPERIENCE.

"THAT-THAT-THAT-THAT DON'T KILL ME, CAN ONLY MAKE ME STRONGER"

I am not an artist
I am not a writer
I am not a designer
I am not a programmer
All I was ever good at
Was learning
I don't know what I like
I don't have to
Here
Now I'm freeeeeeeee
eeeeeeeeeeee
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Bibliography

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Aryan Verulkar. Photographs. 10 06 23 AV. Covers

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A TRIP THROUGH LANES, ONE AT TIME

