Recipe

I began collecting leftover food from the plates of my classmates in discarded plastic glasses in the dining hall at my university campus during MFA. Simultaneously, a few exchanges with my classmates were jotted down, somehow ‘evidences of my projected guilt’ (probably felt by most as a cultural value one is brought up with in an Indian household). The leftover food was composted in ‘Matkas’, turning this guilt into matter.

The exchanges were playful, most of my classmates being aware of my habit of not wanting to waste food. A few of them were: ‘Main apne paapo ka pashchataap kar raha hoon’ (I am undergoing penance for my sins) ‘Idhar ka khana acha nahi hai, isliye zyaada phikta hai’ (The food here is not good and so it gets wasted more) ‘Nimbu, achaar aur hari mirch sabse taken for granted hote hain. Sabse zyaada yehi phikte hain’ (Lemon, pickle and green chillies are most taken for granted and therefore wasted)

The works are symbolic of value and the constant intermingling of permanence and impermanence.

15 of 30 works exist. The remaining are now part of the project: Burial.

*Recipe* | Clay and graphite on handmade recycled paper, impression of wasted food on handmade recycled paper, exchange with classmate | 5 x 8 Inches each | 2019

Recipe (detail view) | Clay and graphite on handmade recycled paper, impression of wasted food on handmade recycled paper, exchange with classmate | 5 x 8 Inches each | 2019