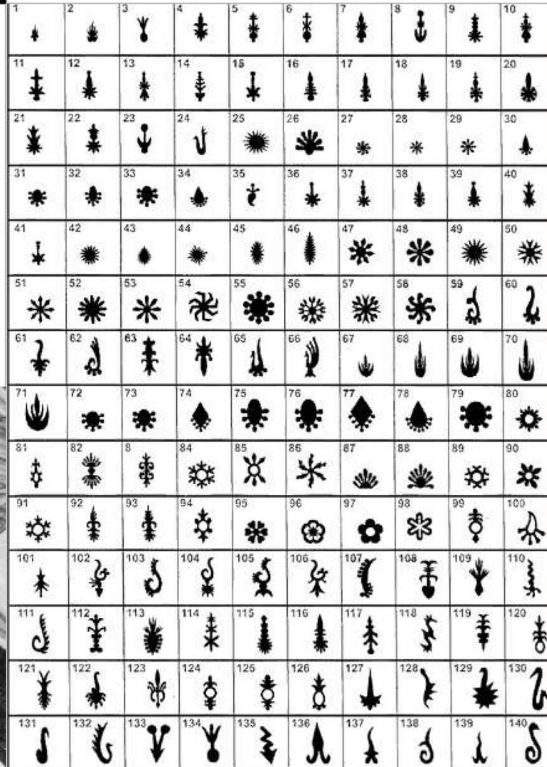




#1  
everything i do is for the woman i will be at age 80. really, the point of it all is to be a cool old lady with stories to tell. it is an important experience, for me right now, to see the city at this present moment in time and history. i may not remember it all, but in the year 2000-god-knows-what, when i've already lived most of my life, i would be happy to have stories to tell about how it was to live in delhi in the years 2015, 2034, 2055,

to still faintly remember the way to my friends' old houses, what it was like to sit in a circle and read and laugh, what it was like to be young and in love and hope that we see each other and the city age together, and all the times i lied and made slight transgressions.



when i started to wear kurtas, i would look in the mirror and see someone that looks like my mother. (i do look like my mother.) a few months ago, when i wore a sari for the first time, i looked in the mirror and for a second, very truly, felt like i was looking at the reflection of my mother. this is not building up to be a narrative about having a complicated relationship with my mother: i think it's pretty sweet that i sometimes look like the cool old(er) lady who raised me.



#2  
i had a professor who would wear very big and different coloured bindis every day. some friends of mine wear a tiny black bindi every day. as an observer, i ask: how do people decide their bindi status? at what point does one think that it is time to graduate to a bigger bindi? when you turn 30? 50? when you start a phd? when you finish your phd? i would love to hear other people's inputs on this.