

12, 2023
October 12 to December
Somerville, no view from
Anthony Greeney,
explicit by Farhad Mirza at
from something larger, an
something by rebranding it
on the occasion of work
written by Sara Ahmad

participate from Marks &
she asked us to buy her a
bed as a gift. This year,
while she was making the
one jumping into her phone
of Mirza's, on account of
apartment. She is terrified
herself in the company
dead and my aunt lives by
My grandparents are now

Me // You Can Street Home
Others: know how to find a
and my little
Rainbow Centre. For years
longer allowed to go to
When I was 12 I was no

food in her chest freezer.
from England that she
Dairy Milk Funit and Nut
visited her we brought
broken hip. Whenever we
and she survived with a
They pulled my aunt out
the streets with her clothes
allowing to call for help.
Cornell-looking

xx
real banking for a 20-year
happened again and I had a
the exact same thing
The next summer
employee and smiled at all
of us.

it would
it would
but I
wonder
that
we
in minutes My cousin said
the roads would be flooded
around as stood up since
came down everyone
rumbled. When the rain
darkness; at desert the sky

Mehran I always wondered
When driving past Hotel
head.
He handed in
his
sideways.
my course.
seat of a
ched

became tabbed under trees
her as she slept. She
wall burst and collapsed on
years ago a high retaining
Hill Park and one day many
grandparents in a
ground-floor apartment in
My aunt lived with my
x

x
plane wearing a blue shirt.
saw Iman Khan get on the
from London to Karachi I
non-stop 9 hour PIA flight
When I was 7 and on the
x
mehran, that is a mirror.
small expression and said

I returned to
by a phlebotomist.
I wanted to be stung
counties and of the
tablets and I
The first
while the
everyone for
to be put to bed and
the sick in her hands. I had

they're thrown in jitters before
people getting copies of
Rainbow Centre; just
there a weeks at
sorting through
look on the responsibility of
of them came home and I
me. I waited until the three

fabric across the aisle from
restored to the other wall of
dead bats, my mother
on the shelf, piled up like
had unrolled all the fabrics
chickens. When the salesman
still asked to see some
partaining power but she
foreignness lost her some
way my mother's

petrol
we got
few days
I had
sals. I had
stretch far
owned a large but
commode in the
French Beach. My uncle
up on cars and went to
When I was 7 we all packed

Soon my father and
I forget wanted to wear short
and I told my mother I no
at with great interest
a man in a parky looking
On one day I noticed
fill through me.
Being an accessory to the
illicit piracy trade sent a
filling around him timidly.

cooked their heads at me
Sometimes they
and fanned it across their
the table with some things
unrolled the fabrics across
watched as the salesman
importers. My mother and I
our shopping trip so as not
that I was mute throughout

brother's fingers.
to steal a chip from my
penetrated our lunch scene
unpunctured. A swan
partially by open
an
rescue
his die
f

this own in a Chinese
man sitting in the dark on
a hand-held camera by a
these were in fact filmed on
Hearst Linkages. A third of
Wanda
Twelve
Kill Bill
Dolla
Tennis
William

x
fathers for my special
to Hyderabad Market to buy
My mother would take me
father he was stupid.
listened to this and told my
super coin. My mother
forge a radical new type of
top of the bottom one and

turned to my
for a
fuel station,
cars and
in Pakistan. We
uncle who were
the I take District with my
When I was 20 we went to

My Man on
Rock,
Mystic
The Matrix
Friday, Darsheel, Bad
Bance Almighty, Freely,
Furrows, Cold Mountain,
Samurai, The Last and the
Bourne Identity, Pirates of
the Caribbean, The Last

Sometimes you could place
watch them flatten into foil.
on the train tracks and
brothers would place basas
was a child, he and his
In Dalmia, when my father
x
waist.

Sightseeing

When I was 32, me, my father, my little brothers and three cousins went to Frere Hall as enthusiastic tourists. We were shown around by a very friendly man who pointed out the fading artwork and cracked jokes about the dust balls that bred until they became rats. We left to wander the gardens but became distressed by the extreme level of humidity, abandoned our plans to see the illegal animals sold at Empress Market, and drove to a Ginsoy on Tariq Road. When my father found a free parking spot, a man who owned a pizza shop came running out with his arms raised above his head. He said the spot was reserved for his delivery drivers. My father scoffed because there was no evidence to indicate the bay was privately owned, yet when he tried to walk away, a sudden surge of people surrounded him, and my father became small and alone in the middle of the crowd. We knew that the crowd was not violent but they could decide to deflate our tyres while we ate manchurian. My father, angry and humiliated, climbed back into the car, his legs spindling.

At Ginsoy we were very hungry and decided on our order quickly, but I became flustered when I was elected to relay it to the waiter. Halfway through our meal the electricity went out and we ate in darkness; at dessert the sky rumbled. When the rain came down everyone around us stood up since the roads would be flooded in minutes. My cousin said we needed to avoid Shahrah-e-Faisal because it would be a nightmare but I didn't know what difference it would make, we would have to float our way home anyway. We divided ourselves into two cars and sat on the roads for four hours, occasionally raised by the water and carried forward. The glut of stormwater drains across the city were grinning and gridded, emptying into the Arabian Sea, nut spittle and plastic converging at the choke point.

x

When I was 20 we went to the Lake District with my aunt and uncle who were visiting from Pakistan. We went in two cars and stopped at a fuel station, where I got out for a Snickers. I returned to my uncle looking sheepish,

holding a spluttering pipe, his diesel rental full of petrol. After we were rescued we arrived in Windermere and ate fish and chips in the rain, barricaded by open umbrellas. A swan penetrated our lunch scene to steal a chip from my brother's fingers.

x

When I was 7 we all packed up our cars and went to French Beach. My uncle was a commodore in the Navy and owned a large hut on a secluded stretch far away from the locals. I had eaten something a few days before and when we got there I threw it up, my grandmother catching all the sick in her hands. I had to be put to bed and everyone forgot about me while they had fun outside. The floor of the hut was trailed with wet sand and I couldn't taste any of the picnic. I wished to be stung by a bluebottle.

I returned to French Beach some years later and from the rolling seat of a camel I watched my cousin fall off a horse, sideways, close to the sea. He landed nicely on his head.

x

When driving past Hotel Mehran I always wondered what sort of people stayed in that Joseph Cornell-looking motherfucker. Google tells me unmarried couples are unwelcome but you can give reception the run-around with a fake nikah nama. In this way you could have intercourse but also participate in their buffet, which has mixed reviews.

x

When I was 12 I was no longer allowed to go to Rainbow Centre. For years me, my father and my little brothers would go from shop to shop to buy *The Others*, *Rush Hour 2*, *Catch Me If You Can*, *Sweet Home Alabama*, *The Ring*,

Minority Report, *The Bourne Identity*, *Pirates of the Caribbean*, *The Last Samurai*, *The Fast and the Furious*, *Cold Mountain*, *Bruce Almighty*, *Freaky Friday*, *Daredevil*, *Bad Boys 2*, *The Matrix Reloaded*, *Hulk*, *Mystic River*, *School of Rock*, *Mean Girls*, *Troy*, *Man on Fire*, *Van Helsing*, *The Day*

After Tomorrow, *The Terminal*, *Shrek 2*, *Million Dollar Baby*, *Shark Tale*, *Kill Bill: Vol 2*, *Ocean's Twelve*, *Hellboy*, *Secret Window*, *Taking Lives*, *I Heart Huckabees*. A third of these were in fact filmed on a hand-held camera by a man sitting in the dark on his own in a Chinese cinema, quite some distance from the screen, the sound filling around him tinnily. Being an accessory to the illicit piracy trade sent a trill through me.

One day I noticed a man in a bakery looking at me with great interest and I told my mother I no longer wanted to wear short skirts. Soon my father and brothers started going to Rainbow Centre without me. I waited until the three of them came home and I took on the responsibility of sorting through their haul, organising it by genre. Now there are no bootlegs at Rainbow Centre; just people getting copies of their wedding videos before they're drowned in jitter, the remnants splintering.

x

My aunt lived with my grandparents in a ground-floor apartment in Hill Park and one day many years ago a high retaining wall burst and collapsed on her as she slept. She became trapped under trees and soil and my grandmother ran out into the streets with her clothes billowing to call for help. They pulled my aunt out and she survived with a broken hip. Whenever we visited her we brought Dairy Milk Fruit and Nut from England that she would hide under boxes of food in her chest freezer. Me and my brothers would find it and eat it anyway.

My grandparents are now dead and my aunt lives by herself in the crumbly apartment. She is terrified of lizards, on account of one jumping into her blouse while she was making the bed as a teenager. This year, she asked us to buy her a bathrobe from Marks & Spencer, which she wishes

to tie cosily around her waist.

x

In Dalmia, when my father was a child, he and his brothers would place paisas on the train tracks and watch them flatten into foil. Sometimes you could place a different denomination on top of the bottom one and forge a radical new type of super coin. My mother listened to this and told my father he was stupid.

x

My mother would take me to Hyderi Market to buy fabrics for my special occasion clothes, whatever my age. It was important that I was mute throughout our shopping trip so as not to give away that we were imposters. My mother and I watched as the salesman unrolled the fabrics across the table with some thuds and fanned it across their arms. Sometimes they cocked their heads at me and asked in English, is it nice? The jig was up. In this way my mother's foreignness lost her some bargaining power but she still asked to see some chikan. When the salesman had unrolled all the fabrics on the shelf, piled up like dead bats, my mother gestured to the other wall of fabric across the aisle from us—what about those? He looked at my mother with a small expression and said madam, that is a mirror.

x

When I was 7 and on the non-stop 9 hour PIA flight from London to Karachi I saw Imran Khan get on the plane wearing a blue shirt. He walked through economy with an eager employee and smiled at all of us.

The next summer the exact same thing happened again and I had a real hankering for a Sprite.

xx

written by Sara Ahmad on the occasion of *make something by separating it from something larger*, an exhibit by Farhad Mirza at Anthony Greaney, Somerville, on view from October 15 to December 15, 2023