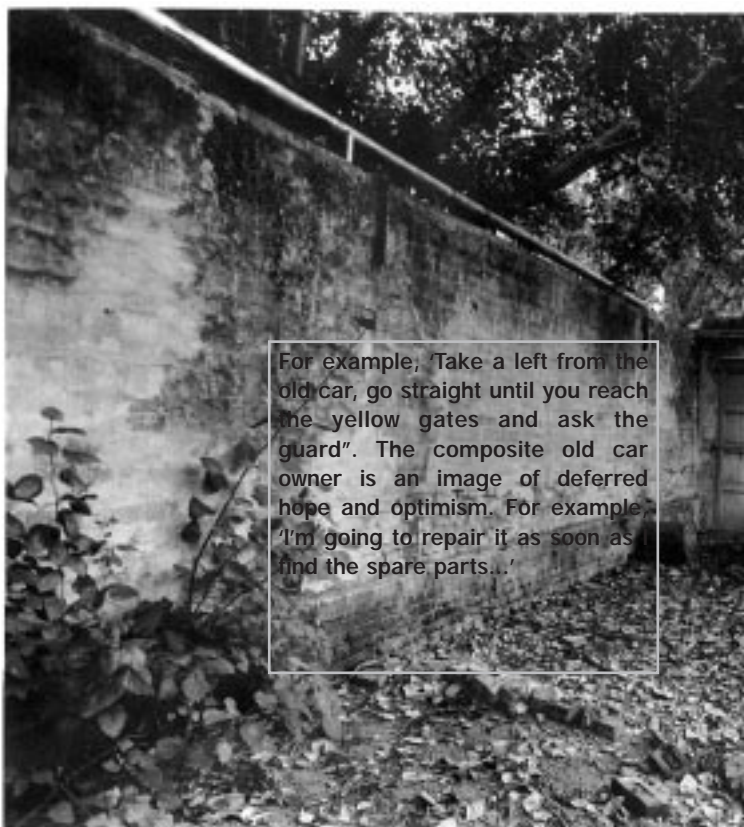


# Old Scar

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The composite old car is a landmark.



For example, 'Take a left from the old car, go straight until you reach the yellow gates and ask the guard'. The composite old car owner is an image of deferred hope and optimism. For example, 'I'm going to repair it as soon as I find the spare parts...'

Old cars live in the imagination of their owners,



and the owners can live in an imagination like this:



Sometimes they are institutions, and their collective memory amounts to scrap; the old car abandoned to its fate in a forgotten corner, its best hope a whimsical bureaucrat or manager who may set an entire department in its service to restore its original circumstance. This does not happen too often.



This can translate into the belief that the old car is immortal, and that peeling paint, rusty engine, torn bonnet and a family of rats living under the back seat are merely illusory indications of decay – the essential grandeur of its conception and design having survived so many years, it no longer requires a full set of wheels to prop it up.

For the old car owner, the car is a legend; and the person who has not junked it is participating in an epic debate between things that are useless and things that are useful, between preserving memory and letting memories grow old, between accusations and a stubborn refusal to defend oneself outside the realm of the absurd, between "Fix the car!" and "As soon as I can find the spare parts..."

In this way, for the old car owner, the old car is a legend: the everyday familiarity of its rust disguises treasure. The more it decays and crumples, the greater its value in a future that becomes, irresolvably, equidistant from its past. The end is a transcendence of obsolescence – so much so that the very presence of the old car in a doorless garage is an argument for it to remain in there.

One of the changes that a person grows up to is the subtle transformation of money into currency, streets into traffic, homes into houses. An inverse process infects the old car owner. Not a romantic man, he has romance thrust upon him by the sheer weight of this possession. He must defend and abandon in the same breath.

