

Initial thoughts

Punggol is a place called home for me.

In the last 7 years, I have seen it grow and take shape. Roads have been paved, buildings erected, people moved in. This small 'ulu' town has grown abundantly in recent years. With new BTOs, new couples, new borns, new malls, new schools, an upcoming SIT campus and Digital District, the country is shifting forward and towards this place.

I then realised Punggol is not only a place called home for me.

Not only have the local life been pouring in, but migrant life as well. Punggol is home to ten thousands of migrant construction workers who work tirelessly on all these building projects that we see, whom Punggol would not be without.

This project intends to appreciate/embrace this phenomenal ecosystem of migrant and local population coexistence in Singapore, through this little portrait of Punggol.

If Punggol sthe future, who is building it? Where would we be without them?



The idea of the 'hands' came about when I was actually scrubbing the floors of my toilet at home when I realised the impact of manual hand labour on the labourer. It strains your forearm and it give you a sense of discomfort thinking that your hands are still dirty after soaping them I realised this is the common factor to every migrant worker's job.

It just struck me that their scope of job is such a toil and sacrifice even though they are hired for the job.

The hand is actually such an important and precious part of us that we protect, whereas for them, it is a tool and a ricebowl.

On one hand, it talks which On the other, This makes it such a powerful symbol of our life.