

KHIRKEE VOICE

SUMMER EDITION

ISSUE #9

12 PAGES

VOICES FROM THE MARGINS

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Partying and its
Publics

3



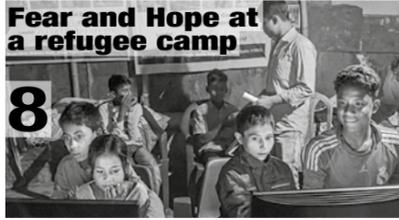
Strange Sightings
around town

5



Fear and Hope at
a refugee camp

8



Tips to
Reduce Waste

11



SEASONAL REPORT

JUNE - SEPTEMBER 2019

ABIDJAN, IVORY COAST



MOSTLY SUNNY WITH
OCCASIONAL T-STORMS

DELHI, INDIA



HOT AND DRY IN JUNE,
GETS HOT HUMID AFTER JULY

KABUL, AFGHANISTAN



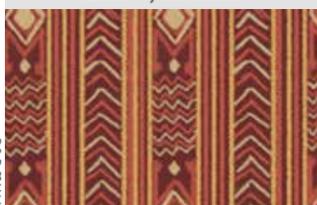
WARM, DRY AND
OCCASIONALLY OVERCAST

KINSHASA, CONGO



WARM, CLOUDY & HUMID WITH
T-STORMS, SUNNY BY JULY

LAGOS, NIGERIA



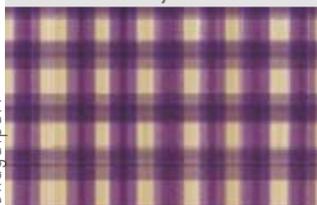
WARM & CLOUDY WITH T-STORMS
AND OCCASIONAL RAIN

MOGADISHU, SOMALIA



WARM, SUNNY WITH OCCASIONAL
CLOUDS & SHOWERS

PATNA, INDIA



SUNNY, HOT &
RAINY BY JULY

MEETING THE OTHER

PHOTOGRAPHS: EKTA CHAUHAN



Chaudhary Puran Singh
with his family in their ancestral home
This story is part of a collaboration
with the Citizen's Archive of India

Nestled in the tight lanes of Khirkee Extension is a settlement that most prefer to walk around. **Ekta Chauhan** discovers the hidden lives and realities of a still hopeful community.

I grew up in Khirkee village and was very proud of the community. I loved the sense of belonging and familiarity. The fact that I knew each street, each family, each corner. But there was one street I did not know. Even though the street was in the middle of the village, I never crossed it. While growing up, I was given specific instructions by my grandparents not to use that street. I got used to going around that street and the habit somehow became a part of me. This street belongs to the *Chamar* or *Jatav* community.

I ventured out into "that" street on a chilly December evening. My father put me in touch with a young lawyer from the community who also works for youth empowerment. As I entered the narrow street, the world around me suddenly changed. While Khirkee village is at best a middle to low income community, this "mohalla" seemed to lag behind the rest of us by eons. Some of the streets were so narrow that sunlight never penetrates them.

Houses were much smaller, mostly just one or two tiny rooms with the street being used to wash utensils and dry laundry. I was taken to the home of Chaudhary Puran, one of the oldest members of the community. Having already done some interviews for the archival project, I knew that most of the elderly were home after dark, especially in the winters, making the evenings a suitable time to interact with them. But as I reached his house, I was informed by his daughter-in-law that he was not back from work yet. An 85 year old still working? As I asked further, I was told that while he had retired as a gardener for the central government, he still continues to take up small private assignments. I was impressed by the dedication of this man even before meeting him.

While I waited for him in what could be called a kitchen in a lawn, I was surrounded by his grandkids, all intrigued by the stranger in their home. Puran baba finally arrived and I greeted him. He insisted that I sit on the only chair in the house,

saying that he was used to sitting on the hard wooden *takht* anyways. As we started talking, I could not help but notice his hands. They were the hands of a hardworking man with the lines and cracks of labour clearly visible.

Throughout our conversation, Puran baba was agitated. His tone changed whenever I inquired about his community's social status. This was probably the first time that someone was interested in his story, that he was being heard. Years of pent up emotions and anger started to flow; and justifiably so. He shared stories of how rampant untouchability was in the village and how even after its abolition by law, none of the upper castes accepted them as equals even today. Old social prejudices continue to affect their daily lives. Social prejudices translates into economic handicaps. The community have never owned any economic assets or farmland, historically having been completely dependent on daily wage work in the fields of others. Post the 1970s,

while most upper caste members of the village made a fortune either by selling their land or renting it out, *Jatav* families continue to have their small homes as their sole assets. According to Puran baba, the only asset and hope new generations have is education and good jobs. While the community is a beneficiary of reservation policy of the government (they are classified as Scheduled Castes), Puran baba and others tell a different story. According to them, despite their education, they do not have adequate job opportunities. He points to his two granddaughters and a grandson, all of them have completed graduation years ago but have not been able to find any suitable jobs. I could see the helplessness and frustration in their eyes.

While the upper castes of the village take pride in their surnames, families in this neighbourhood are ashamed of theirs. Most of them have adopted caste neutral last names to mask their identity. Shame is perhaps the only → 2

TRADITIONAL PATTERNS AND WEAVES: ARU BOSE

MEETING THE OTHER / FROM PAGE 1

thing children of the *Jatav* community inherit; shame associated with their very existence. *Jatavs*, along with other so called lower castes, have historically performed all the manual labour that has enabled the lifestyle of the upper castes. If it wasn't for their disposal and skinning of dead animals, the streets would have been full of animal corpses. If *Jatav* women did not pick up human waste from each house of the village, the "purity" of those very households would have been compromised. It was perhaps just easier to associ-

ate shame with their profession, than to dignify labour and give it its due. In describing the social prejudices that his community have faced for years, Puraan Baba kept asking, "aren't we humans?" (*kya hum insan nahi hai?*). Those few words continue to haunt me. I almost felt like apologising on the behalf of my community, my status and my privilege. As I walked back, I wanted to knock on each house on the lane and apologise. Just a few interactions had opened my eyes to my own privilege.

I have been to almost every upper caste house in the village and am related to most of them through family ties, but have probably never been treated with the respect and joy that I found in the home of an "untouchable"; a home I was not supposed to enter. They didn't have many material comforts to offer me: no tea and snacks served in glass cutlery, no plush sofas to sit on. What they did offer me in abundance was their time, respect and acceptance.

Puraan Baba on his wooden *takht*



On the midnight of March 29, I sat in the waiting area of St. Stephens hospital near Kashmere Gate bus station, with my *mausi* and *mausaji*, waiting for my *mama* and cousin brother to arrive to relieve our shift. She had been in coma for two days. Last time I spoke to her was right after the surgery, she asked me- "where am I, is the surgery over?". I told her it was successful and she is back in the ICU. Soon she would be all right I consoled her. She asked me to press her feet and head as she complained of a headache. I did so reluctantly. I was awkward, uncomfortable and passive aggressive for having to express love to her when she hardly ever did. That was our last conversation.

Mama and my cousin arrived

and rest of us were about to leave so I could catch some sleep before returning the next day. Just as we were leaving, I heard the announcement, "*Rajni's family please to rush to the ICU.*" My heart was in my mouth, I immediately knew something was wrong. In that instant, I knew she wouldn't make it. We rushed to the ICU, where the doctor broke into a monotone, "they are monitoring her condition but they have put her on ventilator. She has had a heart attack and it's likely she will have another one, in which case, they would not be able to save her." It felt like I was in a morose scene from one of those Bollywood films I always made fun of, but in that second I felt it in my bones. He rushed back to the ICU, her condition was deteriorating. I knew this was really the end. He

comes right back, she had had a second heart attack. As I hear him speak, I start to walk in the opposite direction, to the other side of the ICU. I vanished into the other side of the hospital. I broke the news to some comrades. Tears took over me and I cried hysterically, for I don't know how long, sitting alone on the hospital floor, till I receive a phone call from my *mausi*- worried that I have disappeared. I cut her call and return to the ICU. Everyone stood right there, *mausi* walks towards me, pulls me gently, but I am reluctant to go inside. She says, "you will have to... see her one last time."

The nurse comes with the death certificate and asks, who is going to sign? That moment reminded me of the many occasions where she had signed on my report card, or the cheques she wrote for me. I

took the pen from her hands and put my initials on her death certificate.

I remember vividly slipping into a trance for the next few months. Everything I did was mechanical. From her last rites, organising her belongings, attending condolence meetings, finishing paper work, managing people's anxiety, grief and anger; my body took over in a strange sort of a way.

My mother, the renowned Dalit Feminist and Activist, Rajni Tilak passed away on March 30th, 2018. It has been a year and I still do not know how to live without her. Coping with her absence has been one of the hardest things life has thrown at me. Grief has taught me like nothing else has in the past 31 years. After several breakdowns, I started having conversations with

people about my mother's death and above all, about grief. This was the only way for me to cope by listening and sharing other peoples' experience of grief. Hearing these narratives has helped me create a scale to build a larger discussion on grief and resilience. It provides a vocabulary to acknowledge and accept a range of emotions one may or may not experience. It is an attempt to help have a better sense of physicality and emotions when we are in grief.

To appreciate people while they are with us, appreciate life, build deep meaningful connections and to love. Every day, treat the people in our lives as if it were their last day. True happiness is in the expression of compassion and love we have for ourselves and our family, friends, lovers, strangers, environment, politics and society.

GRIEF SCALE

An attempt to create a visual vocabulary for emotional and physical awareness around Grief
Text & Conceptualisation by **Jyotsna Siddharth**, Illustrations by **@that_thing_i_do**

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| B | R | R | I | C | N | G | F | B | B | X | T | R | R | O | L | P | T | N | N | I | H | T | T | N | A | A | A | S | O | A | R | I | O | S |
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Here are some simple steps that will help you cope with the many manifestations of Grief. Start by asking, "What do I do today?"

| | | | | | | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|----------------------|--------------------|----------------------|--------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| cry a river | punch a pillow | scream out loud | inhale exhale | phone a friend | stay hydrated | take a long bath | sip some tea |
| eat fresh fruits | read good books | listen to music | keep a journal | grow a garden | draw and paint | get a haircut | go somewhere new |
| bake a cake | exercise daily | pursue a passion | take a nap | cherish memories | adopt a pet | watch cat videos | seek help |

Editorial

REFLECTING ON THE MARGINS

As this seemingly endless election season draws to a close, we find ourselves in a rare moment of pause and reflection. A time to think not only about what could have been, but also about what can be next. At Khirkee Voice as well, we have been thinking a lot about what we have been doing, and what we hope to do as we go forward.

In our view, Khirkee has always presented itself as a microcosm of the larger city- a tight bundle of all the complexity, chaos, division and animosity, social and class schisms, and also the passing camaraderie that make up the larger city. It is also the site where the people that make up the many margins of our society reside. In our complex and highly fractured society, these margins represent a vast diversity of communities, groups and individuals who fight everyday to have their voices heard, to have themselves be recognized as equals- as human even. In attempting to paint a more nuanced picture of this neighborhood through this project, we thought it was important to focus on these margins to bring in some detail and add some color. In starting to tell these erased histories and realities, we hope to open the dialogue to all those who feel like they have been relegated to the margins- of life, society, family, acceptance.

Across this issue are instances of unheard voices, faces and lives, represented through documentation, art, rebellion and empathy. The margins also belong to those of us who find it difficult to express feelings and emotions. In what we hope is a only a first attempt at addressing the dark recesses of our inner selves, the Grief Chart in these pages gives us the tools to manage the unbearable grief of losing a loved one. The collective frustration of women across our cities' public spaces finds voice in our centre-spread, where the tables are turned satirically on the objectifier. A daughter of the village walks into a forbidden street to discover stories that have been hidden in plain sight, for generations.

As we await news of the direction our country has chosen, we chose to look forward, regardless, with hope. While planning new events and subsequent issues, we are eager to hear from our readers about their questions, concerns, thoughts and creative inclinations. If you are driven to engage with the diverse publics of your community, we want to hear from you, to build a network of engaged citizens who are eager to reimagine our cities and neighborhoods as a creative collective.

Puran Baba's kitchen and yard space, his family have lived in Khirkee Village for generations

MALINI KOCHUPILLAI



Khirkee 17 perform for a rapt crowd at the Antarrashtriya Khirkee Festival in 2014

Music and its Publics

Why partying is critical to an inclusive community

VIDISHA SAINI

Celebration is an important characteristic of a strong community. It is important for people to get to know each other's diversity, so things are not unfamiliar. Khirkee is a site where people of various regions and cultures come together, they experience not only the coming together of food and clothing habits, but also cultural sounds and celebration practices. Translation also becomes an important part of such a space, where not just day-to-day conversation, but media like films etc are also translated. Swati Janu, a community architect had started "Phone Recharge Ki Dukaan", where she would recharge people's phone and transfer them songs and other media in exchange for the favorite media on their phones. She would also do film screenings on the street and started a green screen studio space in a shopfront in Khirkee, this was later the stage for the Khirkee Talk Show in collaboration with Khirkee Voice. In this participatory study, she found dubbed films and other transcultural exchange of media.

Music and party culture, as commodified in the urban upper class context of Delhi, has its roots in various Black and indigenous communities. Techno has its roots in 1980's Detroit, emerging by melding various black styles of music including Chicago House, disco, funk, electro and jazz. The Sound System culture comes from the 40s in Jamaica. Disco is celebrated by latino, black, and LGBT communities in the 60s in America. While some of these venues disregard and censor music produced in Hindi or

other Indian languages, the music of various other origins and regions is celebrated. This exoticising is how European artists made remixes of Acid House or Disco tracks by Indian artists. An artist of Indian origin has to think twice before playing a Bollywood track at these venues, while if a European does it, it is celebrated. Many of these urban spaces have racial and class profiling, while what is being consumed inside is the culture of the very communities they are isolating.

of another "Occupy movement". However, public spaces have always been used to facilitate the coming together of diverse communities. Consider the Block parties in US and UK, where entire city blocks would be blocked and reclaimed by the public to make space for celebrations. Diverse members of city blocks come together and set up flea markets, food stalls, games, films, dance and music.

Khirkee also has its own home-grown artists like Khirkee 17. While street hiphop gets appropri-



G Man and his crew spinning in '80s Bronx (Photo by Henry Chalfant)

At the moment, there are important global movements in the music & nightlife community towards creating "inclusive" spaces, but the usage of these words is yet to find real meaning in terms of accountability. A few emerging, non-male collectives are challenging sexism in the music and nightlife industry. There is growing capital around such collectives and they are engaging with each other towards bringing in positive cultural impact towards equitable futures.

Not only is music important in a celebration, the food, the visuals, clothes and the site is important as well. Gatherings at public spaces are heavily policed for fear

ated by classist film makers in Bollywood, the real "gully boys" still struggle as workers elsewhere. In the recent past, Khirkee has seen its own participatory celebrations, like the Antarrashtriya Khirkee Festival (organized by Astha Chauhan and Malini Kochupillai), making it an important site of dialogue about diversity, culture and class and inclusion. The setting up of simple tools and shared spaces would empower people to express themselves through a shared medium of music, and help them gain an appreciation for the various cultures and stories of the places these sounds travel from.

FOR THE CITIZEN'S ARCHIVE PROJECT, EKTA CHAUHAN



EXCLUSIVE SERIES

FORCED INTO THE OCEAN

9th installment of an Artist's rendition of his great grandmothers forced migration.



Annihilation

TEXT + ARTWORK

ANDREW ANANDA VOOGEL

She walked gently around the path, her feet barely touching the ground. Her body lightly glistening from the haldi that had been rubbed along the surface of her skin. The lights glared down on her eyes and she closed them. The only thing keeping Mala in her body was the weight of the heavy gold jewelry that had been secured to her wrists, ankles and neck. As the ceremony took place, a sense of total annihilation swept through her body. She had been reaching deep into the pit of her stomach to find some courage, some strength, something that could stop what was about to happen. As she searched and searched, she could not find anything that would keep her from this fate. It was her wedding day and the dread of what was about to happen echoed through every corner of her soul.

Six months had passed since she had escaped her sister's village during the coup d'état. Her father, Lifta'

Man Polo had arranged for Mala to stay with some distant friends after the civil unrest subsided and things were becoming safe again. However, her working visa had come up to its completion and the government began sending out officials to check up on everyone's papers. At this point, she had been given two options, leave back to Guyana to face the fate she fled from, or stay and be married. The fate that faced her in her own country was much worse. She had dodged the draft on the eve of her eighteenth birthday. Since the Burnham run government and military would have lead Mala to a certain and violent early death, she knew she couldn't go back to her home, though she desperately wanted to. She had spent the last six months working on the farm of her father's friends. Every morning, she woke up early and milked the cows and churned butter for the family. The rest of the day she spent looking af-

ter their five children. Mala would have loved to stay on that farm. She enjoyed taking care of the children and learning how to work with animals. But on the day that the government officers came, she knew that her days may be numbered. They had arranged everything and told her that she must marry. She didn't want to seem ungrateful, but to her none of this made any sense. The family had been so kind in taking her in, so she did not understand why they had pushed her towards this sad affair. She felt chills go down her spine and she came back to her body.

At that very moment, she was circling around a small fire, committing herself to seven lifetimes of dutiful servitude to a man that she did not know, nor love. The man, overweight and much older than her came from a powerful family in Paramaribo. A family of doctors and engineers and politicians. Though, when she had asked what



he did, there had been no reply. He was the eldest son of the family, but had yet to marry. Mala looked at him as they rotated around the fire. He was overweight and his odor putrid. To her, he looked like a villain, like the kind she had seen stumbling out of the rum shops late at night in her village in Guyana. She knew nothing about him, but she could tell by the way his sweaty palms grasped her hand he was not a good man. She shut her eyes and plummeted deeper into herself. She thought of the vines and tree branches that used to support her as she traversed from tree to tree in her neighbor's mango grove. Hesitatingly, her feet shuffled forward, dragged by the undercurrent of her own destiny. Each step she took, she could feel her soul pulling itself back. Near the end of the seventh rotation around the flames, Mala was hardly present. She felt as if she no longer existed and was viewing the whole event from some far off galaxy, far enough away from the eventuality of this particular moment in time. As a nineteen-year old girl, she had a different notion of love, something that made her heart burst when she would read about it in the old British novels when she was back at school in Guyana. Now, she was in another country, treading a knife's edge. Feeling the sharp end of what had become a magically enchanted life

on the run. The rhythm of drums felt more like the rhythm of a court marshal or a death sentence, than the sound of something meant to be joyous. Her father had not come. Only her mother had come to deliver a red wedding sari, not staying for the sad sentencing of her middle daughter. As her eyes searched through the blurry scenes that surrounded her, she saw only strangers. Her heart was pounding and the adrenalin was pumping through her veins and she began to understand what was happening. She wanted to run back in time, through the jungle, back through the route her father had smuggled her across, back to Guyana and find a different fate that didn't lead to this. But the momentum of her own timeline had already taken place and lead her to this particular point. Mala knew there was no going back and she began to come to grips with the nature of her own alienation. As she completed the seventh circle, her eyes pulled themselves open and she saw the cheering of all the aunties that had gathered for the celebration and all the smiles from the uncles that were drinking away in the various darkened corners. The numbness began to fade and the pain of the present began to pierce through her body. The union was completed and Mala no longer belonged to herself.

MAHAVIR SINGH BISHT

Rising from the margins



MAHAVIR SINGH BISHT
TRANSLATED BY VEDIKA SINGHANIA

I looked closely at the walls inside Rekha's house. The front wall, painted blue, adorned with four butterflies arranged in a row. An old TV set was placed on a small, shabby cabinet. A pile of books was lying disheveled in a corner. A framed photo of Ambedkar was hung on one of the walls. He held the Constitution of India in one hand and pointed towards infinity with the other. The entire house was approximately 50 yards. But Rekha's personality overshadowed the house largely. A variety of sources narrate mighty praises of her works. They say that Rekha is familiar with the narrow alleys of Madanpur Khadar. She believes in providing constitutional rights to every child, woman or underprivileged persons and fights for it relentlessly. It aroused my curiosity and I had headed out to find her inspiration and motive.

Rekha entered the room. She said that the child she had accompanied earlier didn't have any document to prove his identity. Rekha took on his responsibility and signed an undertaking affidavit. I set up my camera and started the interview. I enquired about her engagement in the social sector and her zeal to fight the authorities everyday. She told me that she hails from a small village near Raebareli. Her father wanted to provide her with a quality education so they moved to Delhi. Initially, they lived near Nehru Place. Later, the authorities removed the temporary shanty and relocated them to Madanpur Khadar. There were barely two schools in the area then. Government schools came in much later.

Her father didn't foresee this. He was a daily wage earner and couldn't afford to send his children to a private school. Fortunately, there was an NGO working towards educating underprivileged children. Rekha told me that she was a scholar and had a good grasp on complex topics. In her growing years, apart from textual knowledge, she was becoming aware

of her social surroundings. She started to see the deep social disparities around her. The teacher at the non-profit would emphasize on the wholesome growth of the child. She says, "She would ask us all kinds of questions and encourage us to reason and ask questions as well." They formed a collective of kids from the community, who would identify and raise crucial community issues like situation of electricity, water and other issues ailing their neighbourhood and would meet the local leader to resolve them. It was then that she realised that her neighbourhood is backward compared to other parts of the city. They merely escaped the rural village and landed at an urban village. They had to struggle even for basic amenities. People would queue up for ration and water on a daily basis. Children are still deprived of education, and crime is always on the rise. Without education and jobs, teens and youth loiter around or indulge in criminal activities. Amidst all this, she decided to take up social work, just like her teacher at the NGO.

For the next thirty minutes, we had a detailed discussion about all the other issues in Madanpur Khadar and how to counter and fight them. I thought, there is hope and courage because of people like her. Rekha invited me for a youth empowerment event that was going to take place in the next hour. I immediately said 'yes'.

Her courage and words reminded me of 'Bheshaj Didi'. A few months back I had a chance to visit Jharkhand on an assignment. I had to go remote areas to report on the situation of water sanitation. These areas were in the periphery of the capital city of Ranchi. After driving for a few hours, we reached village 'Bundu', a tribal majority area. We met a water sanitation worker. She was a frail, 25-years-old woman. I asked her name. In her broken Hindi she replied, "My name is Bheshaj." I asked what it meant. "Medicine," she said. "We all have strange names here, anyway, you won't remember them." I vividly remember her words. In cities we

are almost entirely disconnected from these disparities and realities. We have foggy memories of our villages, if any. These people at the bottom of the pyramid are displaced again and again and pushed to the fringes and margins. Bheshaj showed me an empty room, which was supposed to be a classroom. There was a gaping hole on one corner of the roof, where you could see a bunch of bats staring at you.

I reached the event with Rekha. In a part full of mud, you could see a raised tent with carpet on the floor with some chairs. There were some guests on the stage. It was a certificate ceremony. The meritorious students were to be felicitated for their achievements. Children started to gather and Rekha went to see them. It seems everyone knows her. I started making photos. It was hot. I could see clouds in the sky. The event started. As soon as the guests started the speeches, you could see the excitement on everyone's faces. The overall energy of the event was exhilarating. There was a breeze and you could see the dust rising. Before anyone realised, the wind became stronger and there was a dust storm. The poles supporting the tent started rocking wildly. The tent fell. There was a mini stampede. Luckily, nobody was hurt. The organisers asked everyone to go home safely. I bid goodbye to Rekha and everyone.

It was around 7-8 pm. I had to shop for an emergency torch in Palika Bazar. I got down at Janpath and started walking towards the market. There was a water dispenser near the inner circle of Connaught Place. The government has installed display screens, free Wi-Fi and water dispensers around this posh locality. To my surprise, I saw a hand appearing out of a small window of the water dispenser. I could see a 19-20 year-old young boy forcing himself out of this hole. It was an absurd and scary visual. Before, I could understand what was happening, a bunch of coins fell from his pocket, he jumped out and disappeared into the dark.

- ← *Jungle Composition I, Archival Pigment Print, 2019*
- ↙ *Painting Composition III, Oil on Paper, 2015*
- ↘ *Apartheid Composition I, Ink on Paper, 2017*

BECHUANALAND PROTECTORATE. 1281

The Resident Commissioner has power to order, in case of emergency, that all movement of cattle from any place to any other place within the Territory be forthwith stopped.

5. Equines.—Horses and mules are very liable to contract the disease of horse-sickness in the Territory. Consequently there are comparatively speaking few of these animals in the Protectorate, viz.—Horses 3,889, Mules 137, Donkeys 18,138.

The farming community and native breeder here, however, realized the value of inoculation against this disease.

6. Forest Resources.—Certain northern districts of the territory are well wooded, and smaller timber is plentiful in the south.

7. Co-operative Societies.—The formation, registration, and management of co-operative agricultural societies within the Territory are governed by Proclamation No. 2 of 1910.

8. Bush Fires.—Useful legislation was passed in 1927 (Proclamation No. 27) enabling the Administration and settlers in any declared area of the Francistown district to co-operate in combating bush and grass fires.

§ 14. Mines.

1. Gold and Silver.—The only portion of the territory in which gold mining has so far been carried on is the Tati district. This has been done on a small scale for years.

The output of gold and silver for the last four years has been as follows:—

| Year. | Gold. | | Silver. | |
|-------|-----------------|----------|----------------|----------|
| | Quantity. | Value. | Quantity. | Value. |
| 1945 | Fine Oz. 11,299 | £ 95,063 | Fine Oz. 1,256 | £ 19,333 |
| 1946 | 9,739 | 83,902 | 1,701 | 33,195 |
| 1947 | 7,381 | 63,623 | 1,086 | 19,843 |
| 1948 | 1,507 | 12,994 | 233 | 4,311 |

Mining Proclamation, 1932. The Mines and Minerals Proclamation, No. 33 of 1932, promulgated on the 14th August, 1932, for the first time introduced legislation providing for prospecting and mining within the Territory with the exception of the land known as the Tati district, which is specially excluded.

Under the proclamation land is divided into:

- Crown land, and land not held under mineral concession.
- Land held under mineral concession, i.e., land situated in a native reserve granted by the chief and the tribe with the approval of the Secretary of State, for the purpose of prospecting and mining.
- Private land.

On Crown land, in respect of which the proclamation has been applied, prospecting is allowed either:

- Under an exclusive right conferred by means of a Crown grant.
- Under prospecting permit, provided the land has been declared open to prospecting.

2277-41



A radio channel that gets tuned in automatically with the sighting of a woman. Plays the most obnoxious songs from the playlist- 'Misogynistic Melodies', 'Stalk n Shame Sing Along Singles' and 'Best of...We will, We will objectify you'.

ROWDY RADIO

WHISTLING THRUSH

Found singly or in pairs, this bold species is often found close to female habitation (like girls college), trying out its varied but loud, screechy tunes just to grab attention. His cacophonous compositions will creep you out, damage your ear drums and send shivers down your spine.



HORN

Comes Vrooming on his bullet to bully the Ladies. Trespasses territory, honks obscenities and shamelessly parades Phallic symbols on other people's property.



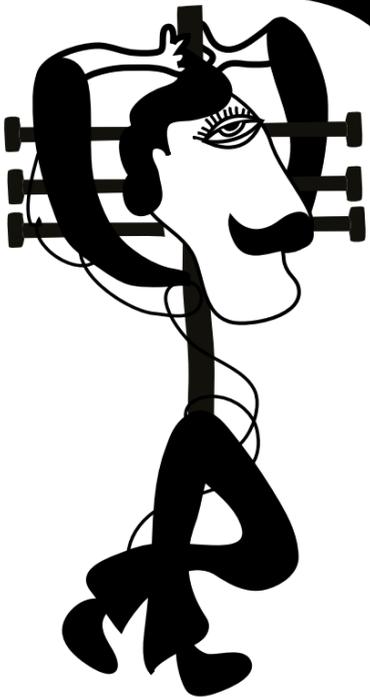
ADAM TAUNTING

Since time immemorial, men have occupied public spaces like they own them. Women, on the other hand, have always had difficulty navigating through these spaces because the male gaze not only restricts their movement but also shrinks their spaces. A woman is often teased, touched, grabbed, groped, catcalled, harassed and objectified. This sexual harassment, in spite of being a serious offence that women face on a daily basis, is taken lightly and is referred to as 'Eve Teasing'- a term that trivialises the entire issue. But what happens when the gaze is reversed. How does the female gaze see the men who tease them and what objects do they become? Here's presenting Adam Taunting- Men as objects!

Text & Illustrations by Pooja Dhingra

PESTERING POLE

A fixture with a fixed gaze drilled deep into every street. Erected illegally, it stands as a permanent annoyance, an eye sore, an encroachment responsible for shrinking public spaces further.



OGGLING OGRE

A monster with massive eyes an insatiable appetite for female flesh; likes to roam around aimlessly with his googly eyes, googling for women to ogle at for a full body scan.



A comical, full-on, unfunny, crap of his everytime woman wa His verbal clogs public space them dirty, unbearable and inaccessible to women.

POTTYM

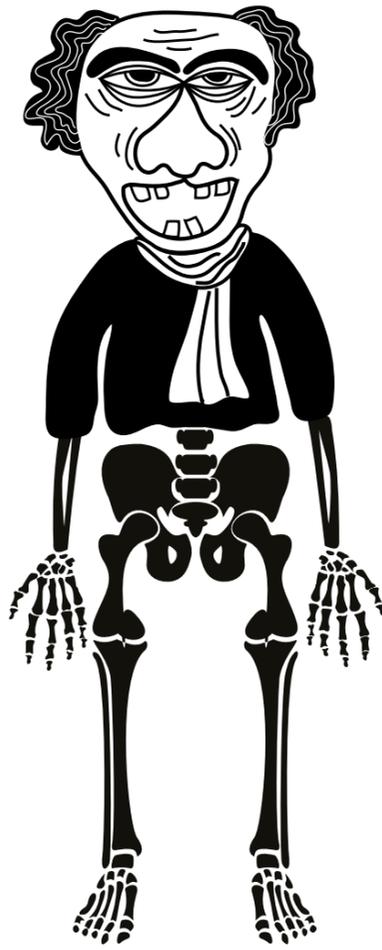
Y HELMET

tories,
ks his
500cc
her
e's
perty.



RAUNCHY RELIC

Lifeless limbs in skeletal suit
magically appear from six under feet to
shamelessly tease and torment women both
young and old despite being an ancient
uncle from the Jurassic age.



SNEAKY SLINKY

A spring toy that can
expand, collapse, bend, arch,
stretch, fold, recoil, extend, over
extend...basically go to any extent
to land close to you...
touch you, feel you,
pinch you, poke you
and treat
you like a
toy!



CHADDHI BUDDIES

A classic
display of
machismo is witnessed
when differently abled
scrotums unite.
Their collective
strength along with
their inflated
 chests and chaddhis
 instigate them
 to intimidate the
 womankind.

FREAKY FOUNTAIN

He lives with the false notion that
his jizz sprays are as delightful to the public
as the magical fountains of the garden of
paradise. This feckless fountain needs to remember
that his sticky spurts are not only unwelcome
and upsetting, but are also
a punishable
offence.

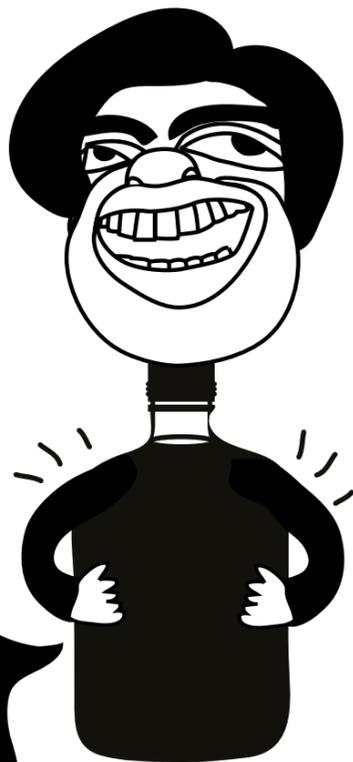


mode
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ushable
comes out
mouth
he sees a
lk past him.
diarrhoea
es leaving
and

OUTH

PRICKLY PERV!

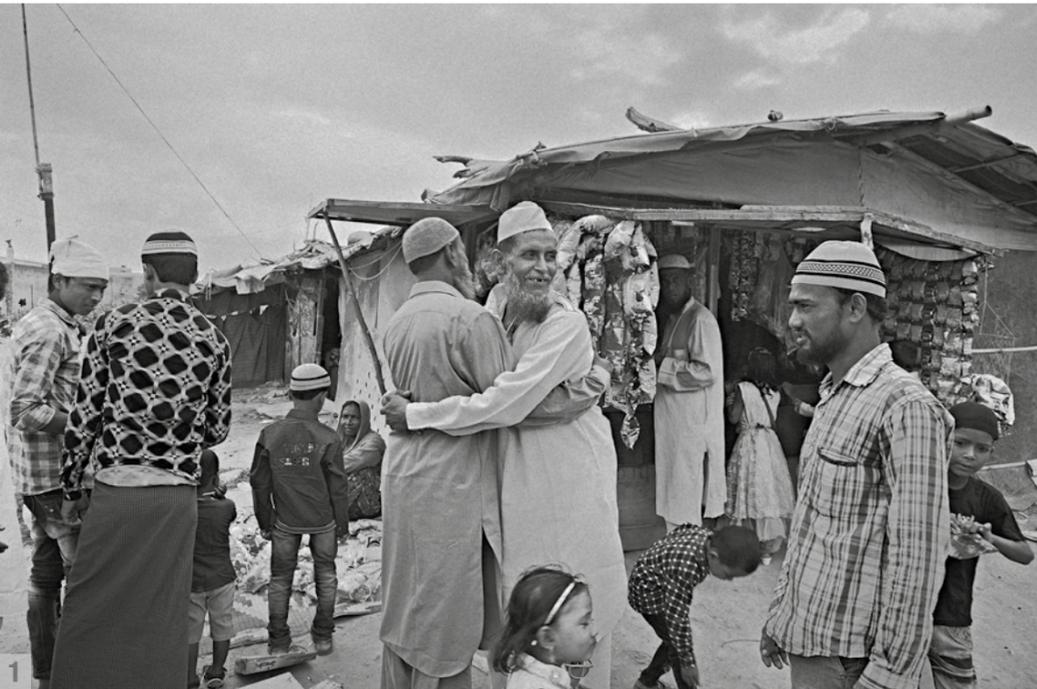
An invasive weed that
pricks, pokes, pinches and
clings on to your clothing.
Found in abundance
in crowded places.
and causes
great
discomfort
and
sometimes
injury.



BOOZY BABBLER

The one whose
body is 72.8%
alcohol and 200%
bullshit. A lethal
combination that causes
dopamine induced
daring leading to
yappity yap and a
whole lotta crap.

@post_for_the_patriarchy



UNSETTLED IDENTITIES

Rohingyas are described as ‘one of the most persecuted minorities in the world’ by Amnesty International. In 1982, the government of Myanmar, a predominately Buddhist country, delegitimized the citizenship of the Muslim-majority Rohingya community on ethnic and religious grounds. Between 2010 and 2012, around 200 Rohingya families arrived in India and settled in refugee camps in New Delhi. Thousands of Rohingyas, for years, have been fleeing to Bangladesh to escape persecution. But Bangladesh considers them as ‘illegal foreigners’ and refuses to allow their resettlement within its borders.

There are around 900 Rohingya refugees in camps in and around Shaheen Bagh, Madanpur Khadar, Okhla and Vikaspuri. I had seen these camps from a distance-travelling to a friend’s house near Madanpur Khadar. I would often want to stop and talk to the young Rohingya men standing and chatting with each other near street-side tea stalls, curious to know about their lives. My grandparents

fled Lahore in 1947 during the violent partition of the Indian sub-continent. I grew up hearing stories about all that they had left behind, how difficult it was for them to re-build their lives in New Delhi, and how they believe that a part of them still lives and breathes in Lahore. Whenever I saw the Rohingya men, I used to wonder if they too had similar experiences and stories to share.

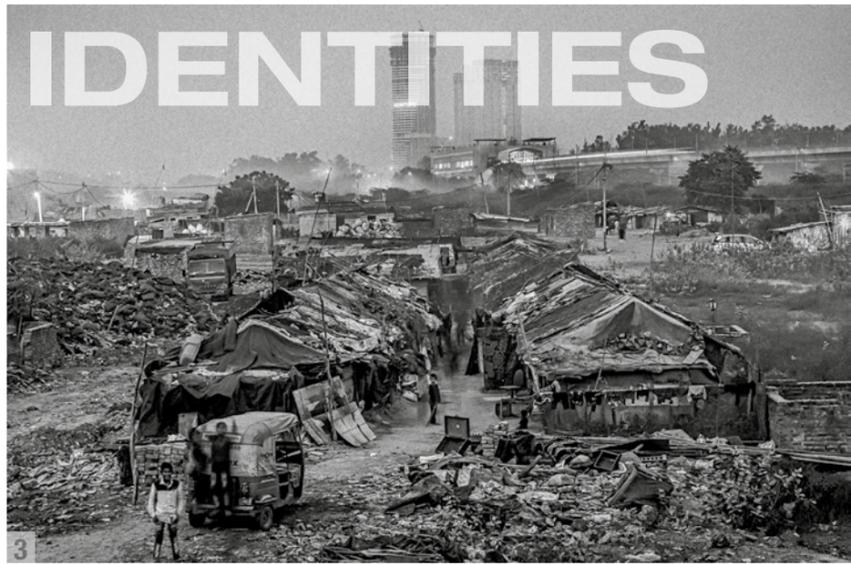
Dil Mohammad, one of the leaders of Rohingya Refugee camp, is responsible towards families living in Shaheen Bagh. He speaks often about his own fears, and that of his communities- and talks of the nostalgia they all feel. They feel bound together with everything they have and continue to face. He told me that the recently imposed verification processes have brought back memories of the process which was conducted by the Burmese Government just before they were driven out of their homes.

“People are scared. They think that after this verification, we will be sent back. Our relatives who still live in Rakhine state, whose names are noted in verification forms,

could be in danger”- Mohammad Usman is the second leader of the Shaheen Bagh refugee camp. Every morning these men gather around cups of tea, listening to the latest news on the conditions of Rohingyas in neighboring countries- only adding to their restlessness and distress.

Most of them work as daily wage labours or cooks or ragpickers- often needing to rely on contractors and middlemen who deny them their wages. Mohammad Faruq says “They hire us, but they pay half of the promised wages or don’t pay at all, they take advantage of us not having any choice and discriminate against us”.

This photo project, and my engagement with the Rohingya community of Delhi, has become about pursuing the question of identity- both inside and outside the definitions of nationality and communalism. The Rohingya became pertinent to me because they embody precisely this state of the material and immaterial loss associated with leaving behind ancestral heritage, on communal and ethnic grounds.



TEXT & PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANUJ ARORA

1. Dil Mohammad, leader of a Rohingya refugee camp, greets his friend with a hug on Eid al-adha near Shaheen Bagh, New Delhi. August 22nd, 2018
2. Mohammad Faruq, a daily wage worker in Khajoori Khas, spends time with his children. October 9th, 2018
3. The Rohingya refugee camp near Shaheen Bagh, New Delhi. Rohingya refugee camps across Delhi lack basic amenities like potable water and sanitation. Despite these unhealthy living conditions, most Rohingya prefer living here over the life they had back in Myanmar. November 6th, 2018
4. Children learn to operate computers in evening classes at a makeshift camp near Shaheen Bagh. October 22nd, 2018
5. Rashid (centre) with his friends. He drives an autoriksha around Shaheen Bagh New Delhi. November 15th, 2018
6. Mohammad Ismail and his family on a video call with their daughter, who is at a camp in Bangladesh. October 18th, 2018
7. Children make merry in their makeshift home in the makeshift Camp at Shaheen Bagh, New Delhi. October 9th, 2018



ORBIS

Act Three of a play in Four Acts Written by Steven S. George

Satya gazes at the broken clock in his room, where people are lying on the floor like sacks of potatoes in a godown. Unable to sleep, he carefully gets up and crosses over them, walking as if on stilts. He pulls out a *bidi* from his pocket, lights it and looks at the empty streets from his *Khirkee*. Exhaling deeply, he looks up to see a smoke-ring, and through that ring he sees the moon.

Anjan: See! See! My ring would touch the moon tonight.

Jamun: Look at my ring it's so big that it would absorb you entirely.

Satya: I wish my ring reaches the mango tree and gets absorbed into it..

Anjan: Satya. Let's steal the mango and get over it.

Satya: That's not my intention. I am patient for the mango and the daughter.

Anjan: Yeah yeah. The Thakur will come out and say Noble man Satya take this mango as a reward for your patience and calmness.

Jamun: Pervert! Go get your bat and ball into practice!

Anjan: Let him dream! Even the leftovers of the Thakur's dogs are better than our entire meal.

Satya: What do you mean?

Anjan: Smoke the last puff and let's leave.

Rameshwar and Chandraprakash, two boys from the same village are looking at the Sarpanch Thakur's house.

Rameshwar: These mangoes just make my day. I love the mango owner as well.

Chandraprakash: Yes he is one of the finest men in our village. Every young man aspires to be like him one day.

Rameshwar: Not him you stupid. Her! Look at her long hair, her face would be so much sweeter than this mango. I just want her.

Chandraprakash: She will go to the city to study next year and here you are unable to get through inter exams since three years.

Rameshwar: Love sees no boundary. And she and I belong to the same caste. I would write a love letter to her.

Chandraprakash: Do you know how to write?

Rameshwar: That you will do for me.

Both men sit to write her a letter. Suddenly Thakur saheb enters the garden and the two run away, the letter drops onto the grounds, unnoticed.

Thakur: Who were those lads?

Chamanlal: Don't know saheb.

Thakur: I am seeing a decreasing number of mangoes in this tree, all these people are hungry for my mangoes.

Chamanlal: We can fence our gardens.

Thakur: Are you saying that people are not afraid of me anymore, that Thakur's garden will require security? What is that? A letter?

Picking up the forgotten letter,

Thakur proceeds to read it:

"Dear Saraswati, I am madly in love with you and your mango tree. I am the one who steals mangoes from your garden and now I want to steal your heart as well. Then I will become the owner of the mango tree.

Your loving,
Mango Thief."

Thakur: RUBBISH!!! BAS-TARD!!!

Chamanlal: Saheb we will find out who this is.

Thakur: No need. Call Saraswati right away. Also, call all the men in the house, I will catch hold of these assholes.

Chamanlal: Okay saheb.

Thakur: What rubbish is this?

Saraswati: Father I don't know what you are talking about.

Thakur: This letter! Who is this jackass?

Saraswati: Show it to me father.

Thakur: NO! No need. It is addressed to you!

Saraswati: But father I am totally unaware about it.

Thakur: Enough! You are going to the city straight away. This is not why we sent you to school.

Saraswati: But father I did not...

Thakur: Enough! I have said my word! Go inside.

All of you come along with us, and call Ramu and Chandu as well. They know all the young men in the village.

The three friends are gathered around the small pond on the out-

skirts of the village.

Anjan and Jamun: Let's see who wins the race.

Satya: I am out of it.

Anjan: You are not joining us in our activities?

Satya: Are we friends only because of these activities?

Jamun: We are friends because of our caste. Leave all these things, look! there are women bathing in the pond!

Anjan, Jamun and Satya are enjoying the scene. Suddenly Thakur and his men rush up to them and start beating them up without warning.

Thakur: Shameless untouchable bastards!

Rameshwar: It is one of them, sarpanch saheb.

Chandraprakash: We heard them speaking about mangoes the other day.

Thakur (choking Jamun's neck): Who wants to have the mangoes from my garden?

Chandraprakash: Speak you assholes! Filthy people!

Rameshwar: Which one of you wrote that letter?

Thakur: Which of you is literate?

Satya: I am.

Everyone thrashes Satya, Anjan and Jamun. Dragged in mud and paraded around the village square.

Thakur: These untouchables have forgotten their place! They forgot that they have been historically kept out of the villages. Today this boy has the strength to steal

mangoes from my garden, Sarpanch's garden! Tomorrow they will enter the temples too! Is this what we want in our village?

Rameshwar and Chandraprakash: No! NO!

Thakur: This boy crossed all the boundaries our ancestors have made by saying that he wants to own my mango tree and marry my daughter.. We need to teach them a hard lesson so that even their next ten generations don't dare to dream of anything except for toiling.

Rameshwar and Chandraprakash: We must parade them naked in the village.

Thakur: No we need to kill them!

Rameshwar and Chandraprakash got scared on hearing this. Anjan, Jamun and Satya are counting their last breaths. Satya hears the sounds of a train passing by the village. Satya gathers all his strength, pushes Rameshwar and Chandraprakash and starts running.

Satya: AAAAAAAAAAAHHH-HH!!!

It was the first time anybody in Khirkee had heard Satya scream. Tears streamed down from his eyes, all his strength and vitality drained. The incident with Ashfaque had brought back a rush of long buried memories. Satya couldn't help but think about what might have lead Ashfaque to run from his own country- and what might happen to him now?



AN ONGOING JOURNEY ACROSS NEIGHBORING BORDERS

MURWARID PAIWAND

In Afghanistan, my sister got us admitted to a school for older women. She wanted us to complete our education as quickly as possible, and at this school we could complete 2 years of studies within a span of 1 year. I was demoted to 2nd grade as I had no knowledge of Pashto. I could not read, write or speak the language, so the Principal only agreed to admit me to 2nd grade. The beginning period in this school was pleasant, as we had regular teachers and I was able to grasp and learn a lot of new things. Everything was fine till 5th standard. Suddenly, due to some issues (which we could not understand), the teachers left the school, leaving us very confused.

To fulfill my thirst for learning, I joined English & Computer classes at a local institute. I was in the 9th grade by then, but the situation of teachers in the school

had not improved and I could not attend school regularly. There were days when we would wake up early morning, ready to attend our classes, only to find no teachers in the school. Students would get bored and sleep in the classes, while others would just be loitering around and gossiping the whole time. In this kind of environment, I decided, that without any kind of learning, there was no real point in going to school, and would often attend only once or twice a week- except for the English and Computers classes, for which I was going regularly to the institute. In the meantime, one of my sisters got married and me and my family got busy with the celebrations.

After 9th grade, suddenly there was a change, teachers started appearing again. There was this particular instructor, who sympathised with the fact that we had had no teachers in previous classes and would help students. Her name

was Nilofar. I went to her with my queries. I told her that I wish to pursue a career in the medical field. She encouraged me and suggested FMIC hospital. They offer scholarships to study in Karachi, Pakistan, to female students who want to pursue a career in the medical field. I collected a lot of information about this opportunity with the help of my friends. I would discuss everything with my Ms. Nilofar, who would guide and help me with a lot of information and encouragement. I started preparing for the entrance test, which was two months away.

Alas, once again, the situation in Afghanistan started to worsen, compelling us to leave our home, hopes and dreams behind and move to yet another new place. This time it was India. Unfortunately, I could not give my exams and am currently staying as a refugee in India.

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INTRODUCING THE DALIT FEMINISM ARCHIVE

JYOTSNA SIDDHARTH &
KIRTHI JAYAKUMAR

Dalit Feminism Archive, earlier known as Dalit Women Archive, is an initiative to strengthen Dalit Feminist discourse in South Asia. By making the achievements of Dalit women visible through writings and profiles, it aims to strengthen feminist movements and narratives. It contributes to the long-standing debate of the

invisibilisation of Dalit womens' narratives in the 'mainstream' feminist movement. The materials collected in the archive focus on the contributions of Dalit women in various fields dating back to 18th Century, bringing to the forefront their assertions, achievements and contributions to the history of the feminist movement. It aims to correct the notion that Dalit Feminism is yet to arrive by stressing upon the fact that it has always existed.

Several archives have been documenting the history of Dalits, including Dalit Women in India. However there is a lack of an archive that captures the history of marginalisation within the minorities. Hence, apart from documenting material on Dalit Women, Dalit Feminism Archive wishes to assimilate and contribute to the past, and present, of Dalit men, queer and other ethnic and religious minorities cornered because of caste, class and gender strictures. It is

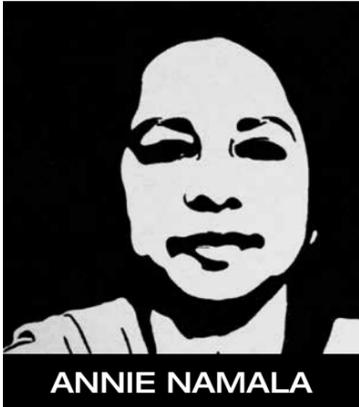
only then that Dalit Feminist discourse can be encompassing of the horizontal and vertical discourse of what Dalit Feminism means.

Dalit Women Archive, was changed to Dalit Feminism Archive upon realisation that the photographs of Dalit Women and their material alone will not spur the right debate on Dalit Feminism. In order to create a broader discussion, it would require us to join hands with other social identities.

At present, the archive is col-

laborating with two collaborators, Kirthi Jayakumar and Karuna D'souza to create the first set of digital Dalit Women's profiles on instagram (@dalitfeminismarchive). In future, the archive will continue to build through writings, letters and other materials to strengthen Dalit Feminist discourse.

Presented here is a small selection of the archives, which aim to create a visual presence of the many women working tirelessly towards more equitable futures.



ANNIE NAMALA

Annie Namala is a social activist who has been working for dalit rights. She is the director of Centre for Social Equity and Inclusion. She is a vocal voice in the fight of the untouchable movement. She was appointed as a member of the National Advisory Council for the implementation of the RTE act in 2010. Annie Namala has also worked with Solidarity Group for Children Against Discrimination and Exclusion (SGCADE).



PHOOLAN DEVI

Phoolan Devi (10 August 1963 – 26 July 2001), was a bandit who later became a Member of Parliament. Born into a poor family in rural Uttar Pradesh, Phoolan endured poverty, child marriage and had an abusive marriage before taking to a life of crime. Driven by adverse circumstances and brutal rape, Phoolan Devi and her gang gained widespread notoreity for killing as many as 22 Rajput men to exact revenge for the assault on her and other gang members.

Phoolan spent eleven years in jail while the various charges against her were tried in court. In 1994, the Mulayam Singh Yadav government withdrew all charges against her, and Phoolan was released. She then stood for election to parliament as a candidate of the Samajwadi Party and was twice elected to the Lok Sabha as the member from Mirzapur.

Mayawati has been a powerful politician in the indian political landscape for a long time, having spent four separate terms as Chief Minister of Uttar Pradesh. She is the national president of the Bahujan Samaj Party (BSP), which focuses on a platform of social change for Bahujans, more commonly known as Other Backward Classes, Muslim, Scheduled Castes and Scheduled Tribes. Mayawati's rise from humble beginnings has been called a "miracle of democracy" by P. V. Narasimha Rao, former Prime Minister of India. She was the first female Scheduled Caste Chief Minister in India. Millions of Dalits view her as an icon, and refer to her as Behen-ji (sister).



MAYAWATI

Sujatha Surepally is an activist and academician. She currently works as the Principal of the University College of Arts, Social Science and Commerce with the Satavahana University, Karimangar. She has been teaching Sociology for over 13 years. She has been a regular columnist with Telugu dailies and edits a quarterly namely Desi Disha. Her interests are in active participation in the struggles against caste and gender disparity as well as Adivasis rights, environmental issues, natural resources and Telengana. She hold a Masters in Sociology and has done her Ph.D on Dalit Women's Empowerment.



SUJATHA SUREPALLY



ASHA KOTWAL

Asha Kowtal is an activist and expert in the field of Dalit women's rights. She is currently the General Secretary of the Dalit Women's Rights movement in India, called the All India Dalit Mahila Adhikar Manch (AIDMAM), which is part of the National Campaign on Dalit Human Rights. She is also a convenor and part of the steering committee of WinG-India, a network advancing leadership of women from the north-eastern part of India, and involving Dalit and tribal communities in governance at all levels with the aim of challenging exploitative structures and enabling a society with gender equality.



URMILA PAWAR

A well acclaimed dalit feminist and historian, Urmila Pawar belongs to the Mahar community of Maharashtra, and grew up in an underprivileged family. Pawar was acutely aware of her caste identity even as a child, and resolved to grow up to become an activist for dalit and feminist struggles. Her short stories are often an outspoken critique of savarna exploitation. Her short story 'Kavach' has been included in the syllabus for SNTD Women's University and her documentation with Meenakshi Moon on the participation of dalit women was a major contribution to the construction of dalit history from a feminist perspective.

Meira Kumar is a five-time Member of Parliament who was the United Progressive Alliance nominee for President of India in the 2017 election. She was elected unopposed as the first woman Speaker of Lok Sabha and served from 2009 to 2014. Prior to being a member of the 15th Lok Sabha, she had been elected earlier to the 8th, 11th, 12th and 14th Lok Sabha. She served as a Cabinet Minister in the Ministry of Social Justice and Empowerment of Manmohan Singh's Congress led Government (2004–2009).

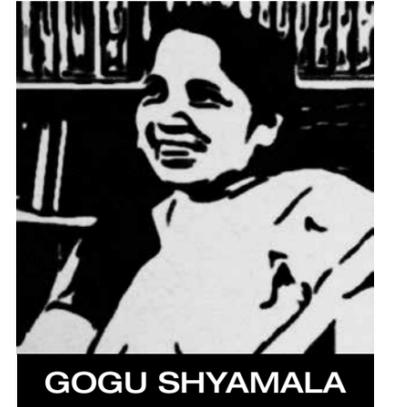


MEIRA KUMAR

Rajni Tilak (27 May 1958 - 30 March 2018) was one of the most prominent Indian Dalit rights activists and a leading voice of Dalit feminism and writing. She served as the Executive Director of the Centre for Alternative Dalit Media, co-founded the National Association of Dalit Organisations, and served as President of the Dalit Lekhak Sangh. In the 80s, Tilak started a union with Bharthiya Dalit Panthers in Delhi. They opened a Dalit theatre group called Ahahwan and started a students' awareness programme by establishing a youth study circle. She was associated with multiple organisations, such as NACDAOR, CADAM, NFDW, Rashtriya Dalit Mahila Andolan (RDMA), among others.



RAJNI TILAK



GOGU SHYAMALA

Gogu Shyamala is a Telugu-language writer and women's activist and a prominent Dalit activist. Born in 1969 in Peddemul village in Ranga Reddy district, Gogu's parents are agricultural workers. She was the leader of a vetti (unpaid labour) team that worked for the local landlord. She has stated that her brother Ramachandra was forced into agricultural labour, but she was the only one of her three siblings who obtained higher education. Despite financial constraints, she obtained a Bachelor of Arts from the Bhim Rao Ambedkar Open University.



SUJATA GIDLA

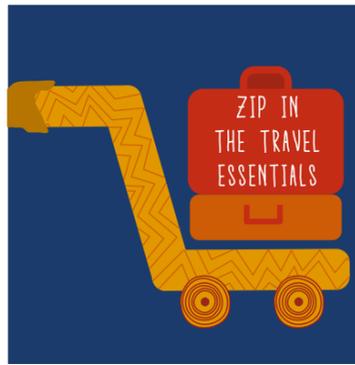
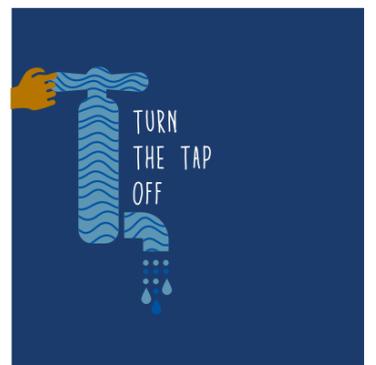
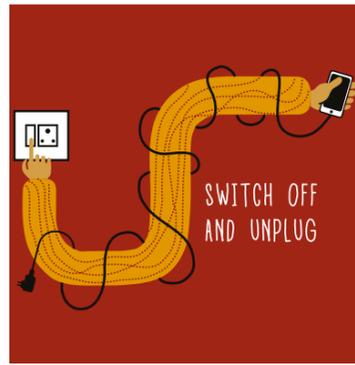
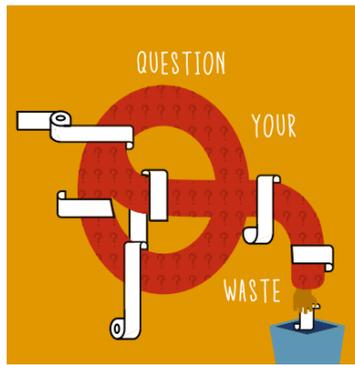
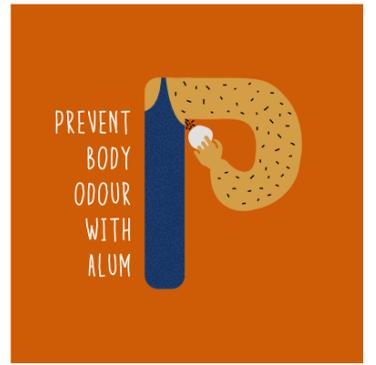
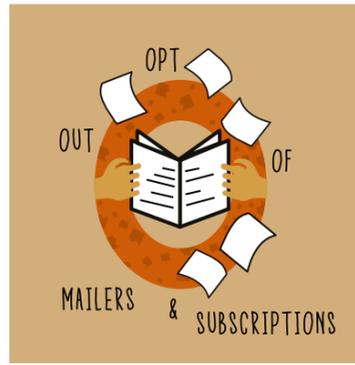
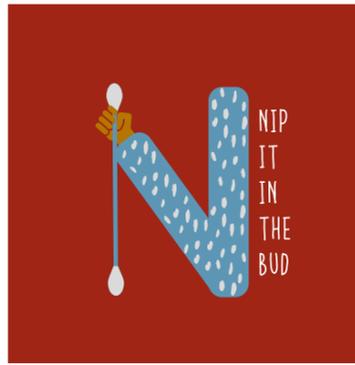
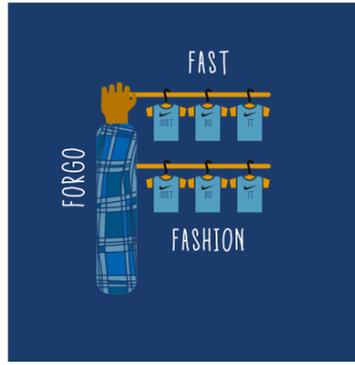
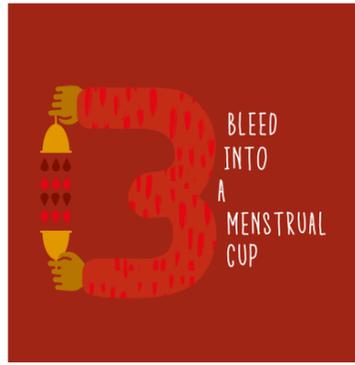
Sujatha Gidla is an Indian-American author. She is known for her book *Ants Among Elephants: An Untouchable Family and the Making of Modern India*. She was born in Andhra Pradesh and moved to the United States in 1990, when she was 26 years old. She now lives in New York and works as a conductor on the New York City Subway. Gidla previously worked as a software application designer at the Bank of New York, but was laid off in the global financial crisis and recession in 2009. She says that she then wanted to do a manual job. She became the first Indian woman to be employed as a conductor on the New York City Subway – one of the busiest mass transit systems in the world.

CUT THE CRAP

26 WAYS TO RECLAIM OUR PLANET
BY POOJA DHINGRA

Cut The Crap is a series of 26 simple methods to reduce, reuse and recycle waste using the 26 letters of the alphabet.

Bothered by the waste generated by my neighborhood, the complete failure of the Indian government's Clean India campaign and most importantly, the plight of the waste pickers, made me take up the task of creating awareness through this simple series. My waste management journey started two years back when I decided to first cut down my own waste. I was also trying to convince others around me to do the same but I realized that I was either too shy (with strangers) or too aggressive (with friends and family). That's when design became my middle path—a tool which helped me give simple solutions to a massive problem.



LOCAL BUSINESS WOMAN TASTES SUCCESS

Roohan Singla is a self made entrepreneur who has created a thriving business out of her home in Khirkee Extension. She spoke with **Mahavir Singh Bisht** about the success of **Ketoroo Bakes** a specialised Ketogenic Bakery.

Mahavir: How long have you lived in Khirkee? What has been your experience?

R: I've been a Khirkee resident on and off for many years now. From the beginning, I felt comfortable in the neighborhood, rents were relatively low, and the landlords and neighbors mostly non-interfering. People have this notion that Khirkee is unsafe, that there is crime and prostitution here, but I always thought it was very safe and accessible.

M: What drove you to start your own business and how did you go about it?

R: I have always had an entrepreneurial bent of mind. I have started a couple of other enterprises with friends before, but none have been this successful. The idea for Ketoroo Bakes came from my own need for a healthier diet and lifestyle. I have always been overweight, but never unhealthy, until I started having trouble swallowing grains. It turned out that I was gluten intolerant. I did some research and learned about the Ketogenic diet- a diet rich in proteins and healthy fats, but low in carbohydrates and grains. I switched to the diet and almost immediately noticed my weight

dropping, and my energy levels improving. I was hooked! However, I was unable to find good sources for this food on online platforms. I decided to do something about it, and started this business.

M: What were some of the challenges you faced?

R: It was very challenging in the beginning. After I started a partnership with Zomato, my page went up and the first order came soon after. I panicked! I could not afford to disappoint my first client! A friend helped me prepare the order- a portion of crackers and garlic bread, which the client loved! After that, the orders kept coming in, everyone was loving the food, and recommending it to their friends and neighbors. My housekeeper and I were standing on our feet for eight straight hours those first few days. Slowly things started getting streamlined, I moved to a larger place, which has made operations smoother.

M: How has being in Khirkee helped your business?

R: It has really helped that I have had a good rapport with my landlords- I don't think there are many places in Delhi where landlords would be accommodating of small businesses

running out of a home. Khirkee is also great as there are all kinds of services available within easy reach.

M: How has the business progressed upto now?

R: Things have been going great! My food is helping customers lose weight, and giving healthy options to young children who are gluten intolerant. It also fights & prevent diabetes. The KetoRoo Bakes Bread Loaf has been recommended by diabetologists at Ganga Ram Hospital, especially for pregnant mothers who need to lower blood sugar levels! We started a website and generate most of our revenues from there. In the future I want to slowly get into only pre baked goods for retailers.

M: Do you have any advise for other young entrepreneurs like yourself?

R: I am doing something I am passionate about and am good at. It compliments the way I live. Things happened organically. Maybe the time was right, but it was also a lot of hard work and perseverance, which is what is most important. With new online markets there is no stopping young entrepreneurs. I would advise that you follow your gut and find your USP, even if it's a small business idea.



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