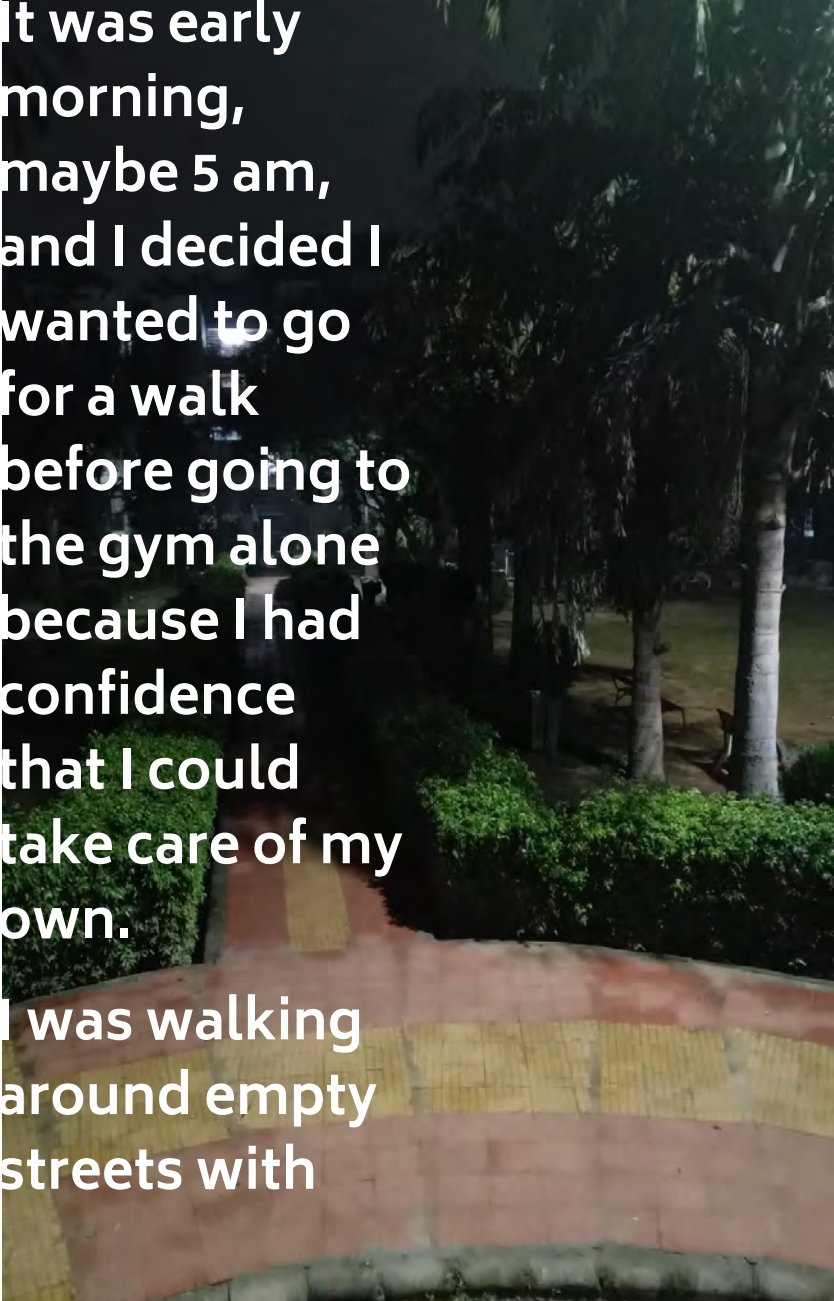


the right time

hadiya text, image
farha image
sabira image
tara image

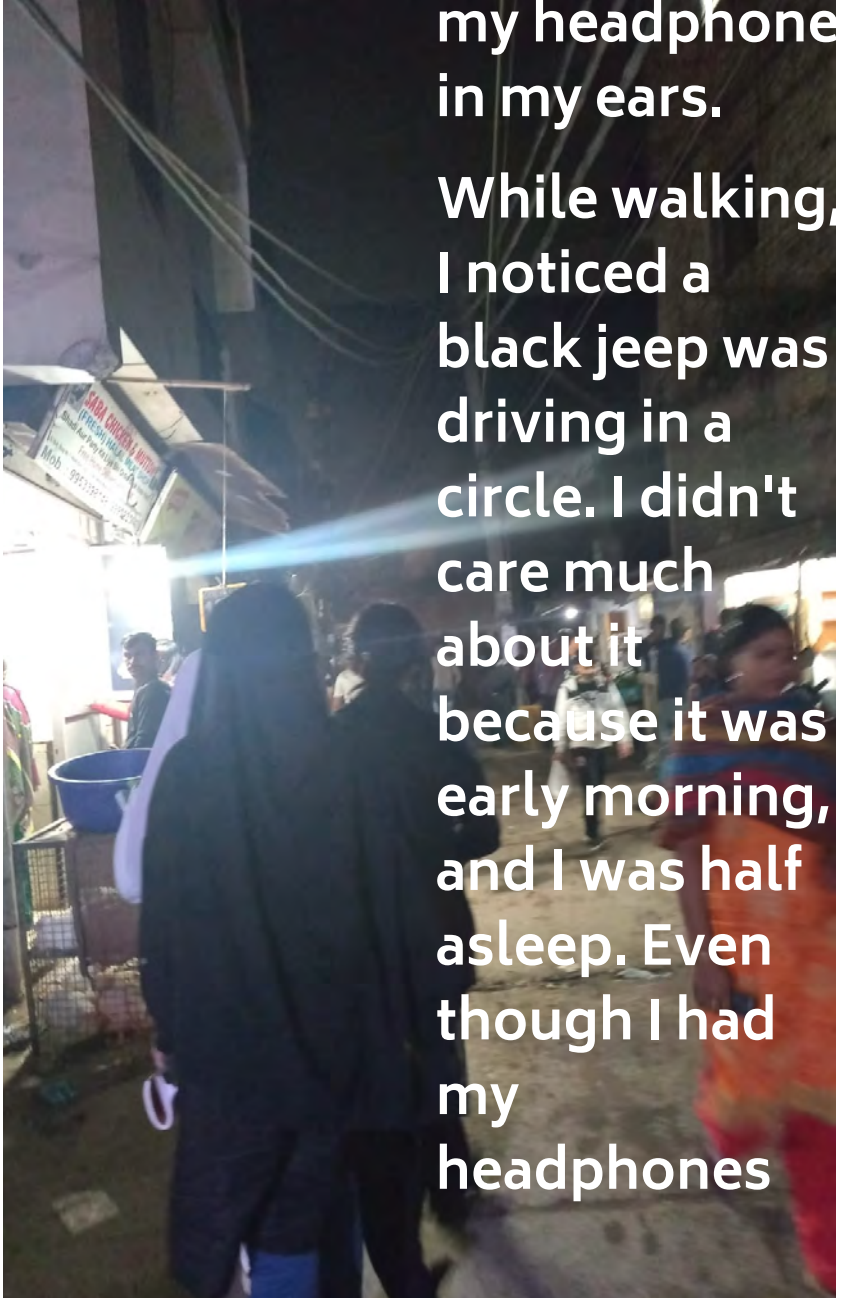
Khufee
collective

Khirkee Collective is a group of local teenagers/young adults who live in Khirki and Hauz Rani. From diverse social and cultural backgrounds, they are involved in creative research/production in and about these localities through direct community engagement. Using traditional, new and hybrid media, the Collective has built a multifaceted archive of these neighbourhoods, inscribing how people have over time developed particular relationships and upheld a deep sense of connection with the built environment itself. These unique matrices and ecosystems of sociality and pragmatic interdependence that underpin economic and psychological survival thrive here, within the ongoing flux and pressure of urban 'development' and regimes of master planning.

A nighttime photograph of a park or garden. In the foreground, there is a paved path made of reddish-brown and yellow tiles. The path leads into a darker area with lush green bushes and tall trees. The scene is dimly lit, with some light reflecting off the path and the foliage. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

It was early
morning,
maybe 5 am,
and I decided I
wanted to go
for a walk
before going to
the gym alone
because I had
confidence
that I could
take care of my
own.

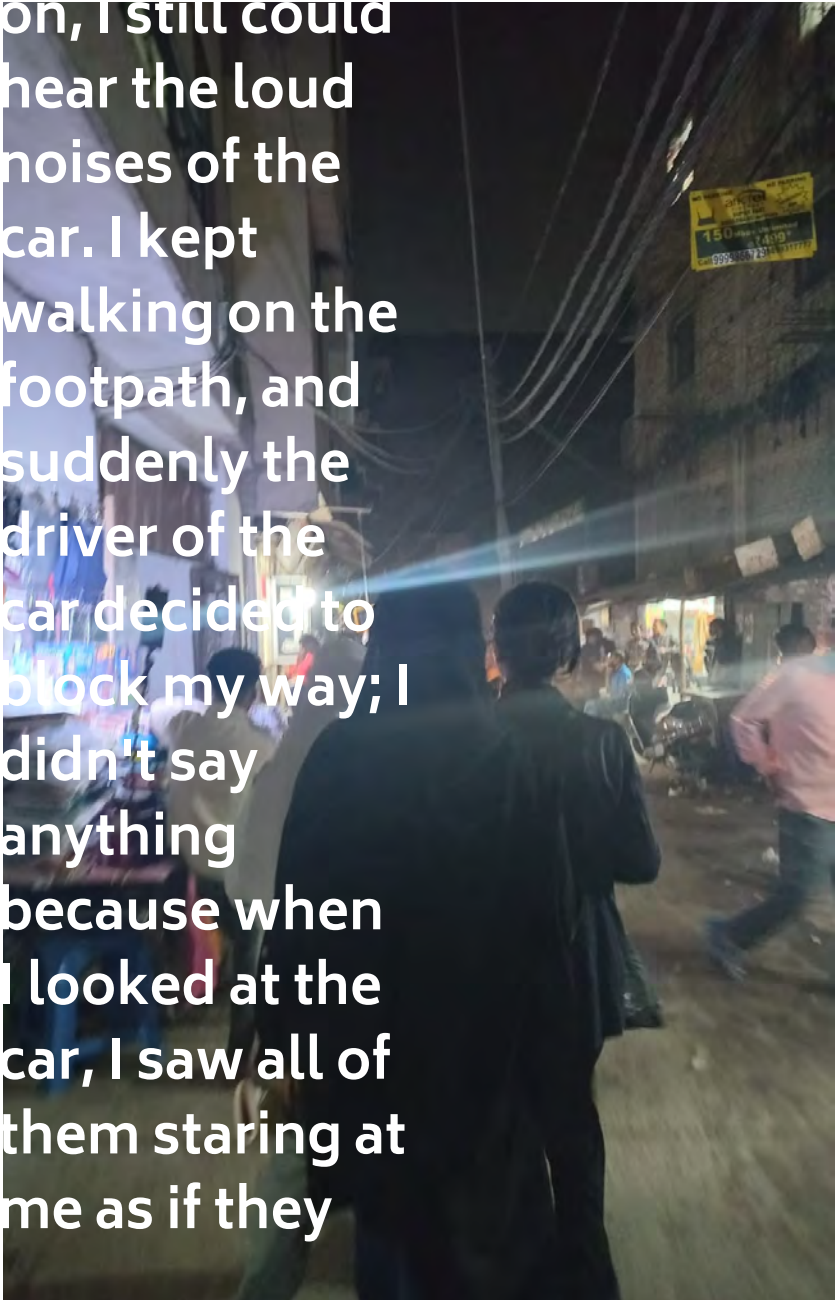
I was walking
around empty
streets with



my headhone
in my ears.

While walking,
I noticed a
black jeep was
driving in a
circle. I didn't
care much
about it
because it was
early morning,
and I was half
asleep. Even
though I had
my
headphones

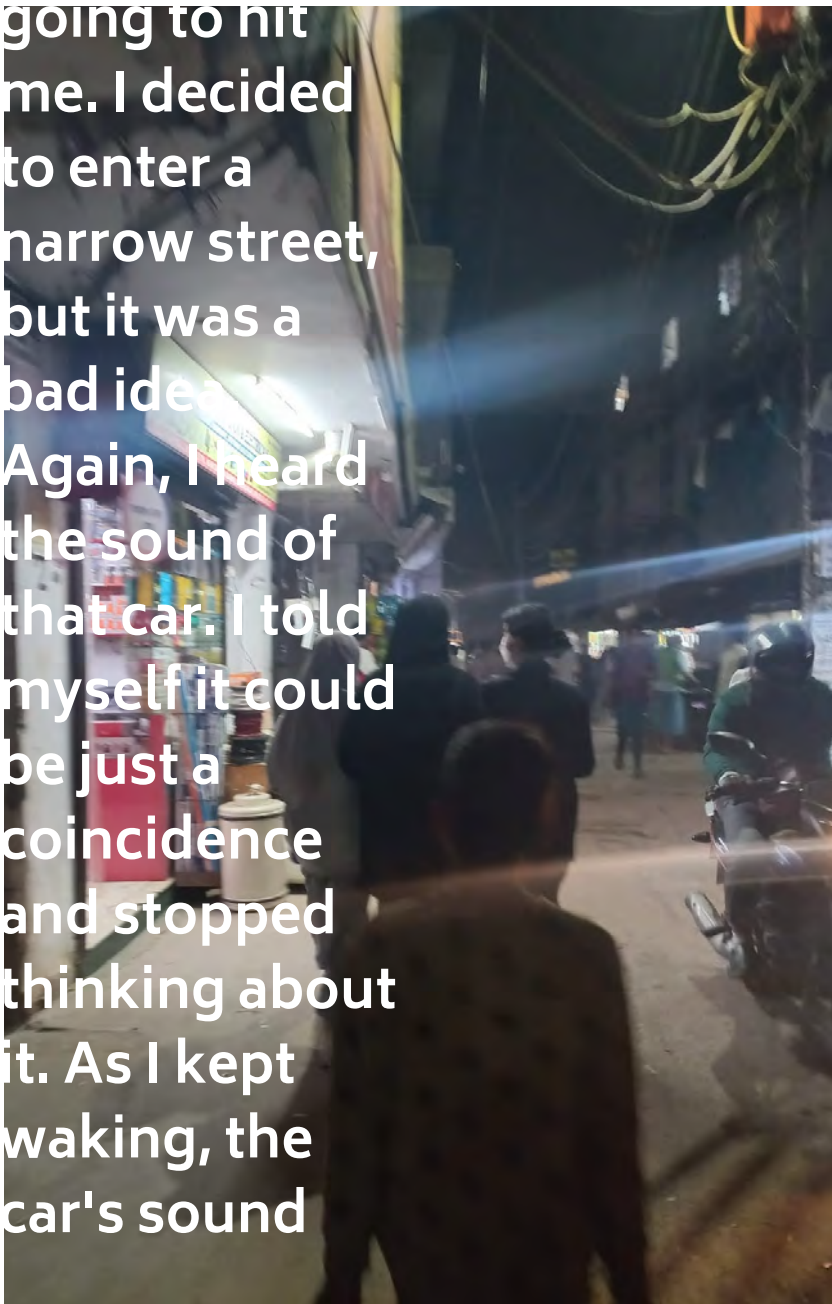
on, I still could
hear the loud
noises of the
car. I kept
walking on the
footpath, and
suddenly the
driver of the
car decided to
block my way; I
didn't say
anything
because when
I looked at the
car, I saw all of
them staring at
me as if they

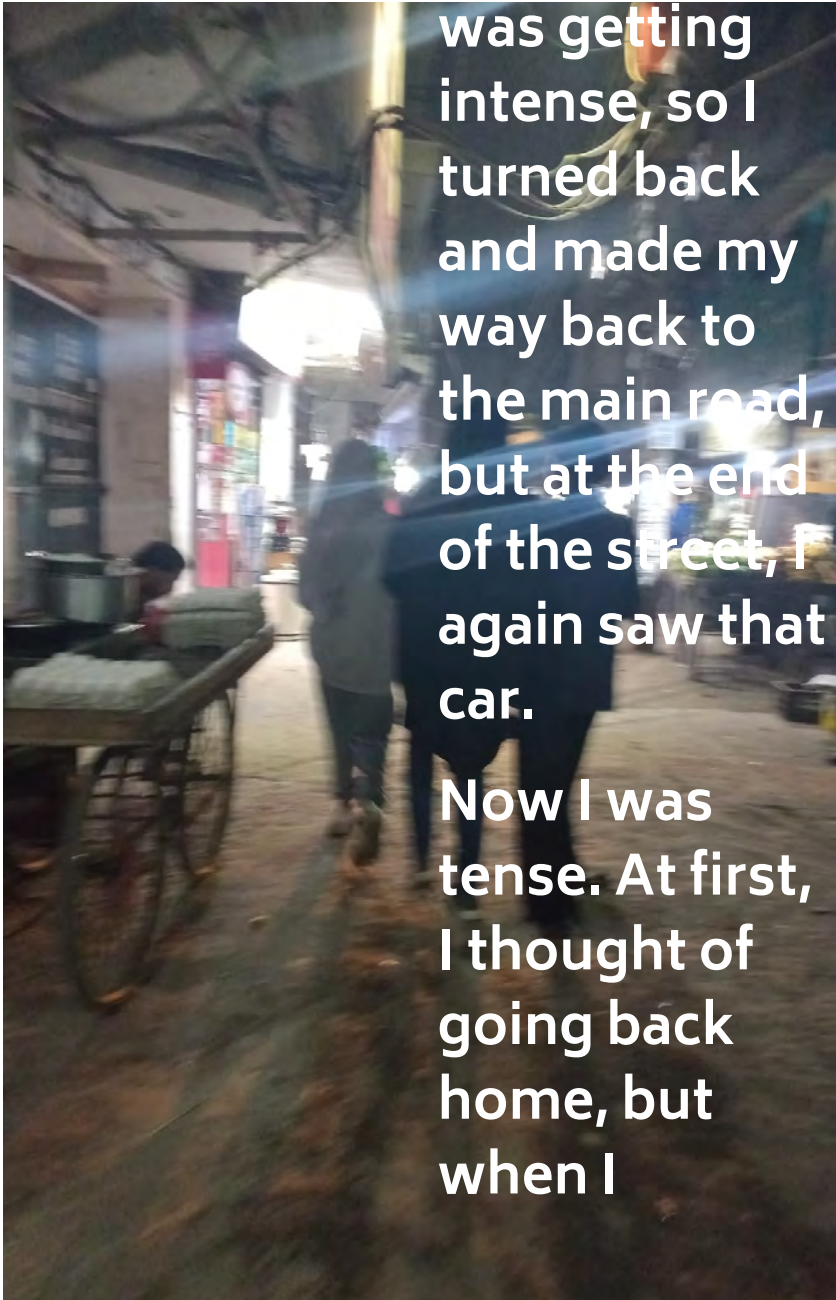




wanted some
kind of
reaction from
me. I
pretended that
I couldn't hear
them horning
because I was
wearing
headphones.
I was scared
because the
car came so
close to me. I
almost
thought it was

going to hit
me. I decided
to enter a
narrow street,
but it was a
bad idea.
Again, I heard
the sound of
that car. I told
myself it could
be just a
coincidence
and stopped
thinking about
it. As I kept
waking, the
car's sound

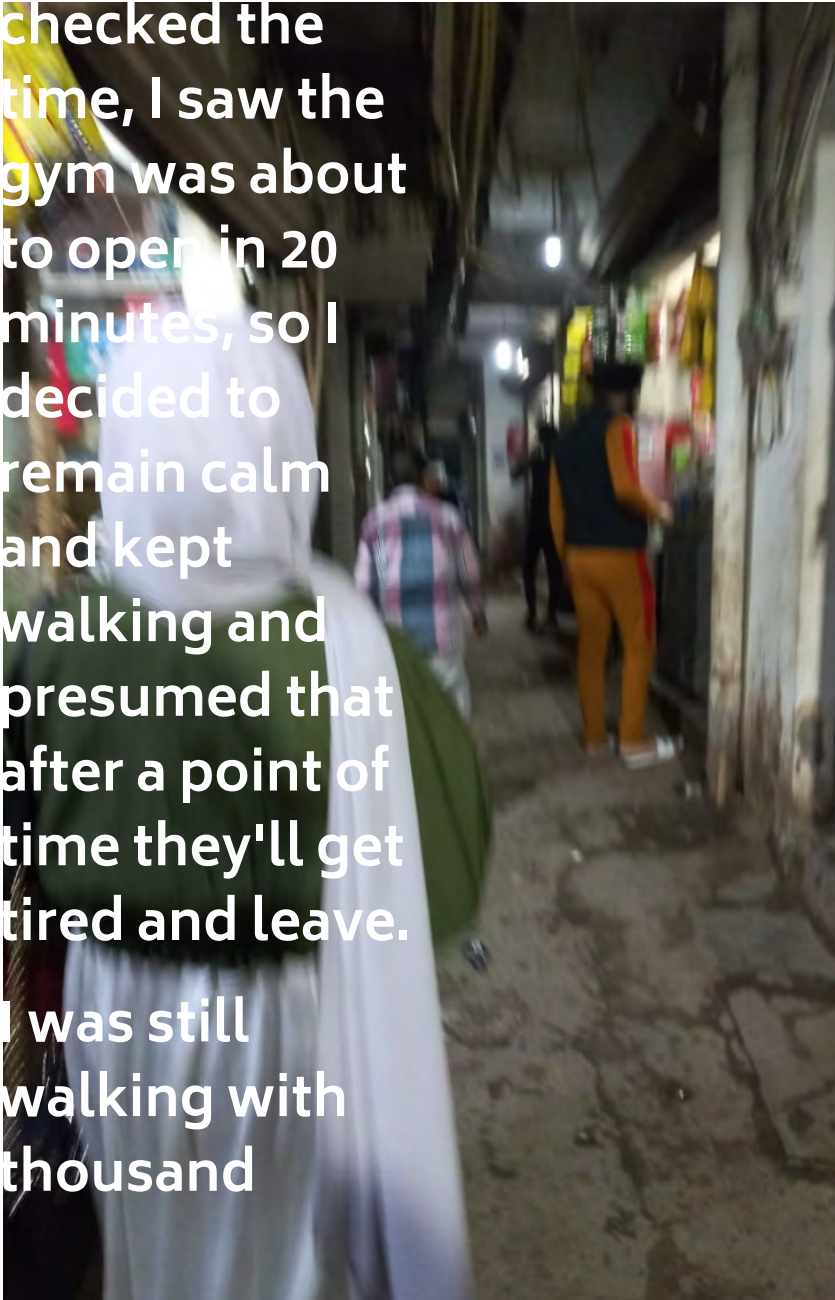


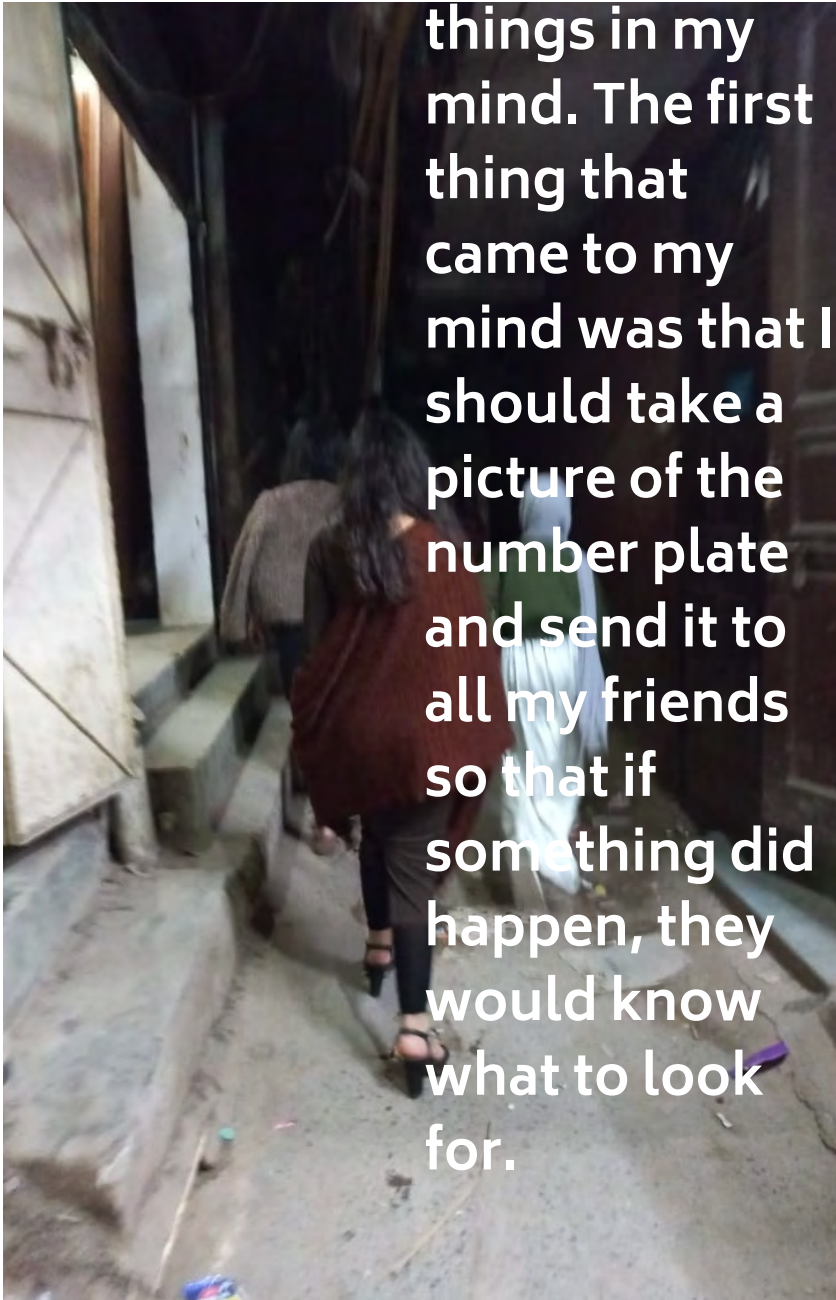


was getting intense, so I turned back and made my way back to the main road, but at the end of the street, I again saw that car.

Now I was tense. At first, I thought of going back home, but when I

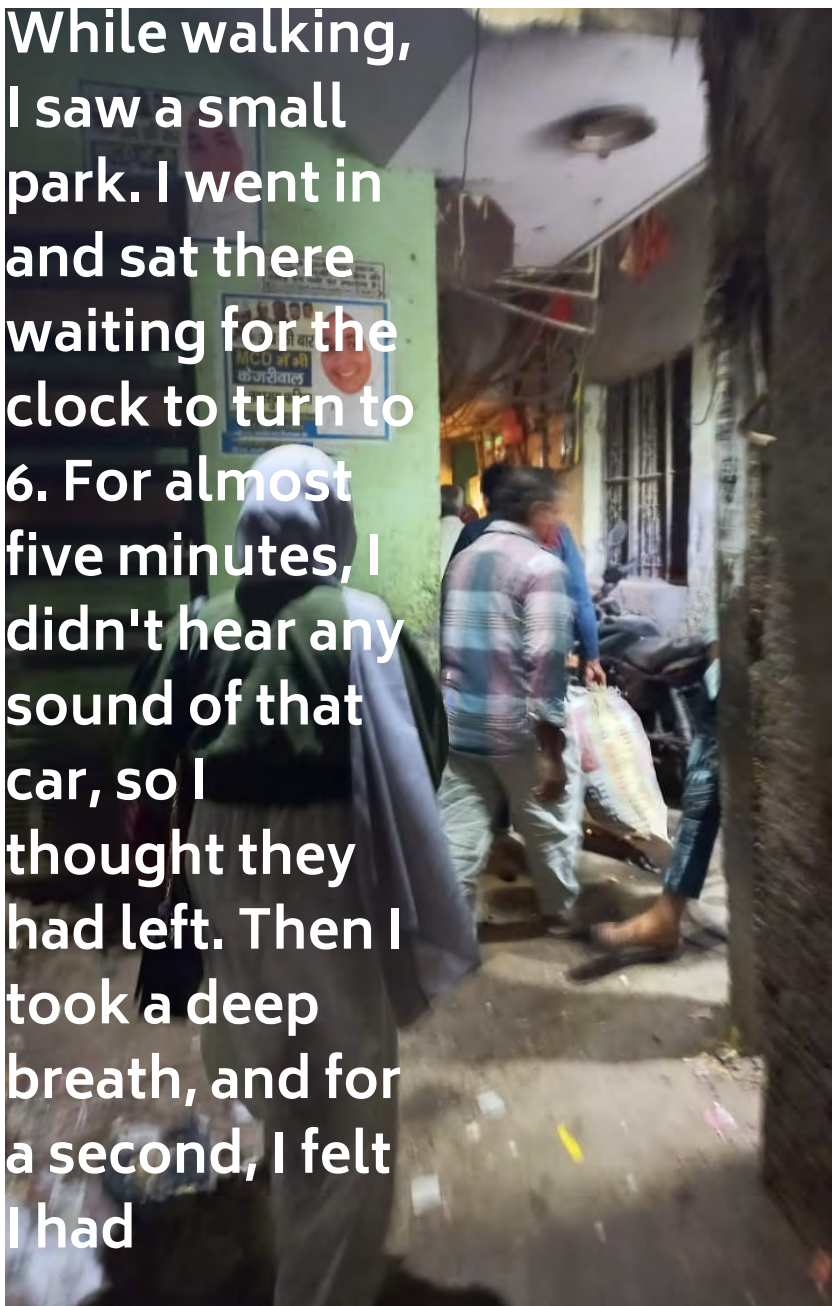
checked the
time, I saw the
gym was about
to open in 20
minutes, so I
decided to
remain calm
and kept
walking and
presumed that
after a point of
time they'll get
tired and leave.
I was still
walking with
thousand

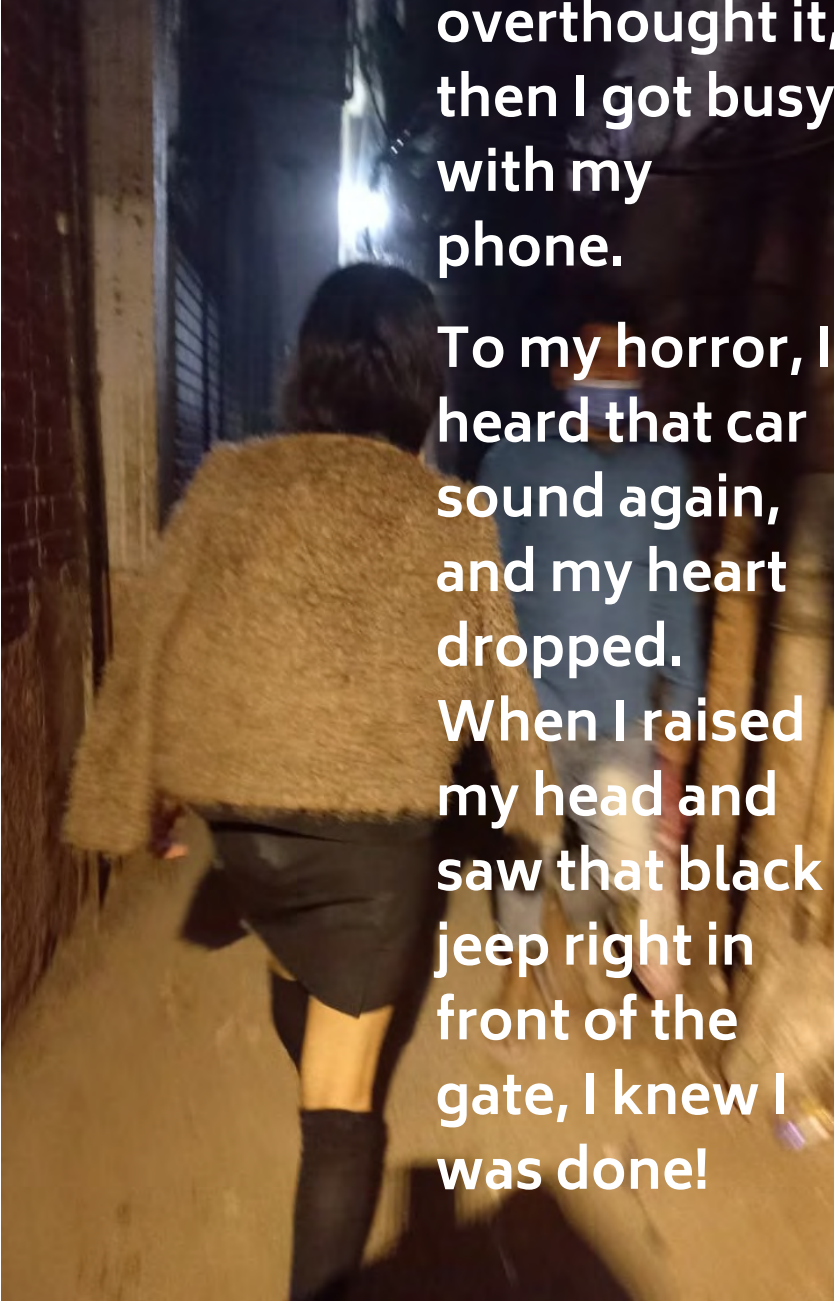




things in my mind. The first thing that came to my mind was that I should take a picture of the number plate and send it to all my friends so that if something did happen, they would know what to look for.

While walking,
I saw a small
park. I went in
and sat there
waiting for the
clock to turn to
6. For almost
five minutes, I
didn't hear any
sound of that
car, so I
thought they
had left. Then I
took a deep
breath, and for
a second, I felt
I had

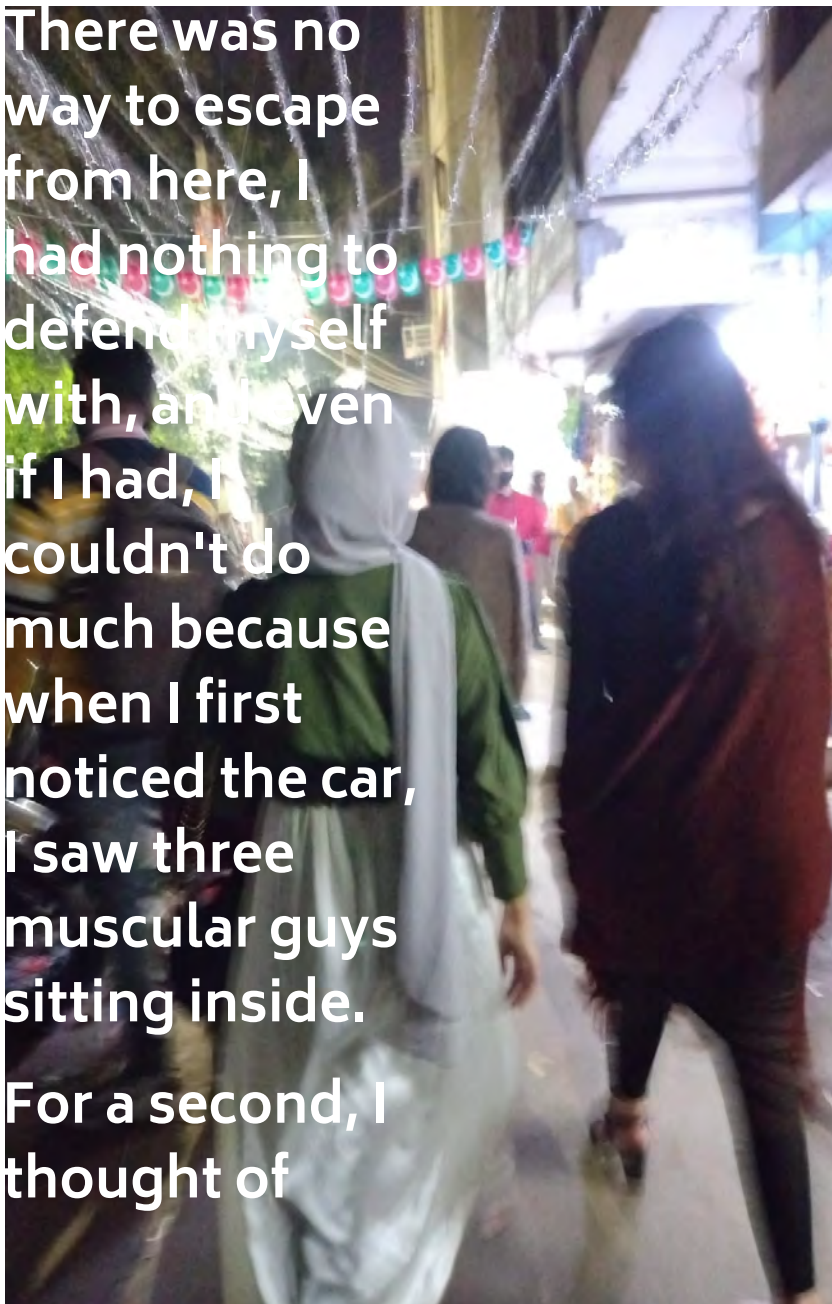


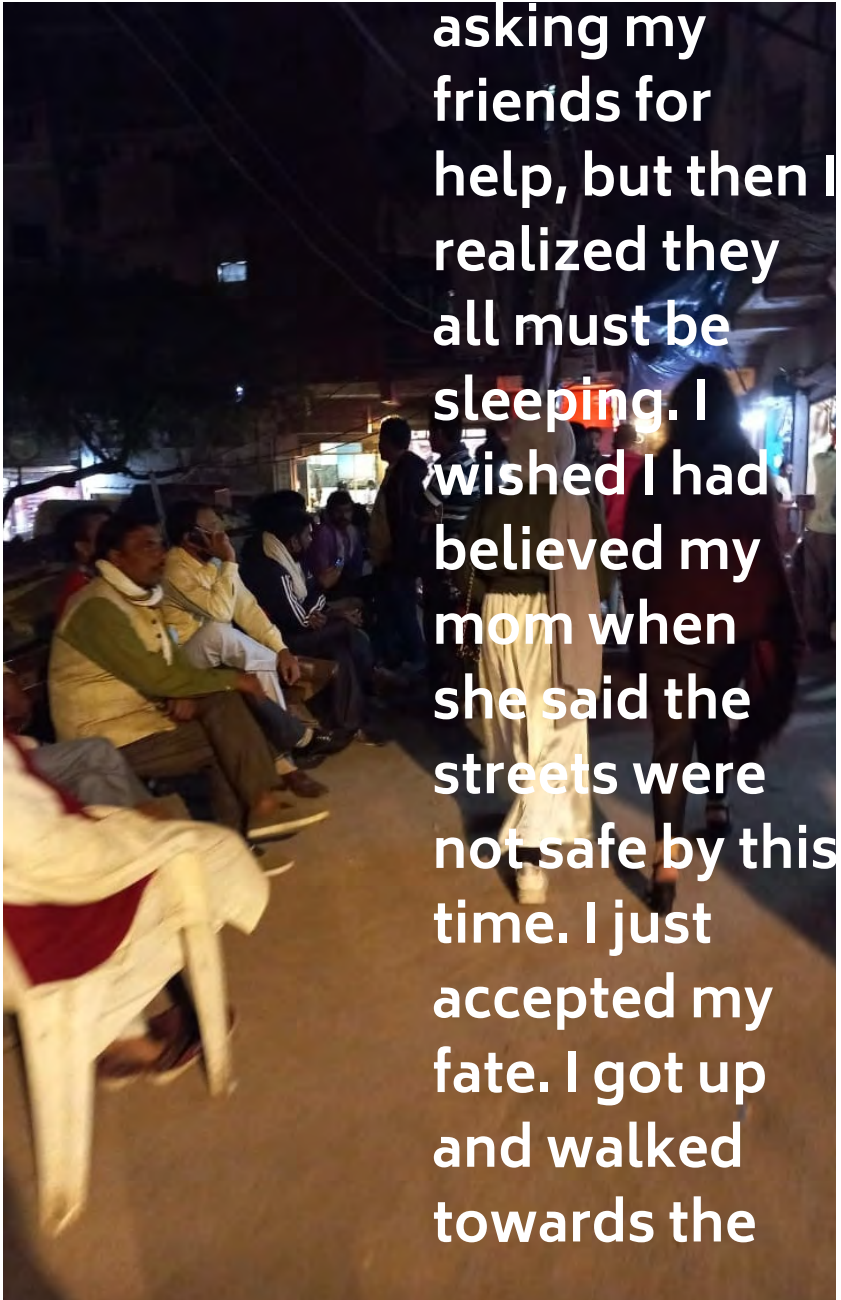
A photograph of a person from behind, walking away in a dark, narrow alleyway at night. The person is wearing a tan, textured jacket and dark shorts. The alleyway is dimly lit, with a bright light source visible in the distance, creating a strong silhouette effect. The walls of the alley are dark and textured.

overthought it,
then I got busy
with my
phone.

To my horror, I
heard that car
sound again,
and my heart
dropped.
When I raised
my head and
saw that black
jeep right in
front of the
gate, I knew I
was done!

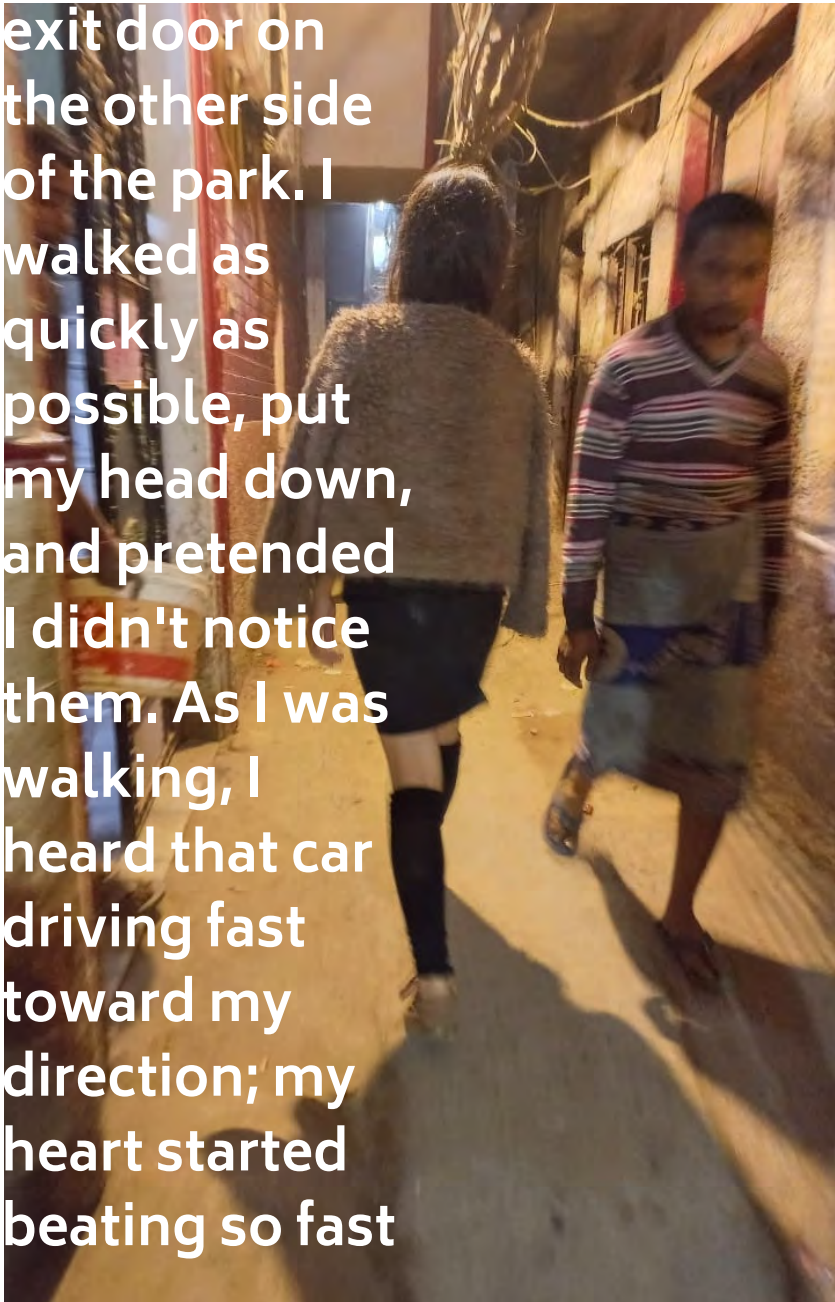
There was no way to escape from here, I had nothing to defend myself with, and even if I had, I couldn't do much because when I first noticed the car, I saw three muscular guys sitting inside. For a second, I thought of

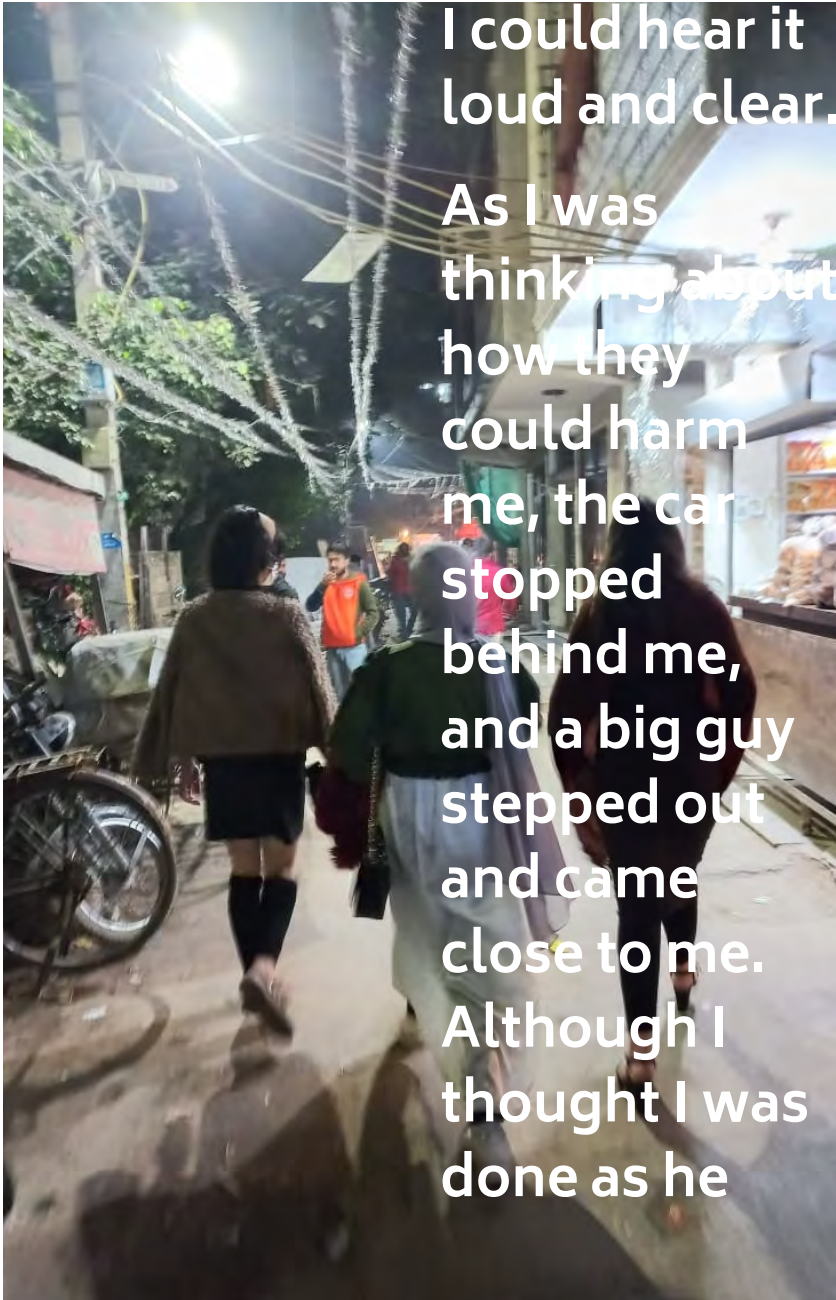




asking my friends for help, but then I realized they all must be sleeping. I wished I had believed my mom when she said the streets were not safe by this time. I just accepted my fate. I got up and walked towards the

exit door on
the other side
of the park. I
walked as
quickly as
possible, put
my head down,
and pretended
I didn't notice
them. As I was
walking, I
heard that car
driving fast
toward my
direction; my
heart started
beating so fast



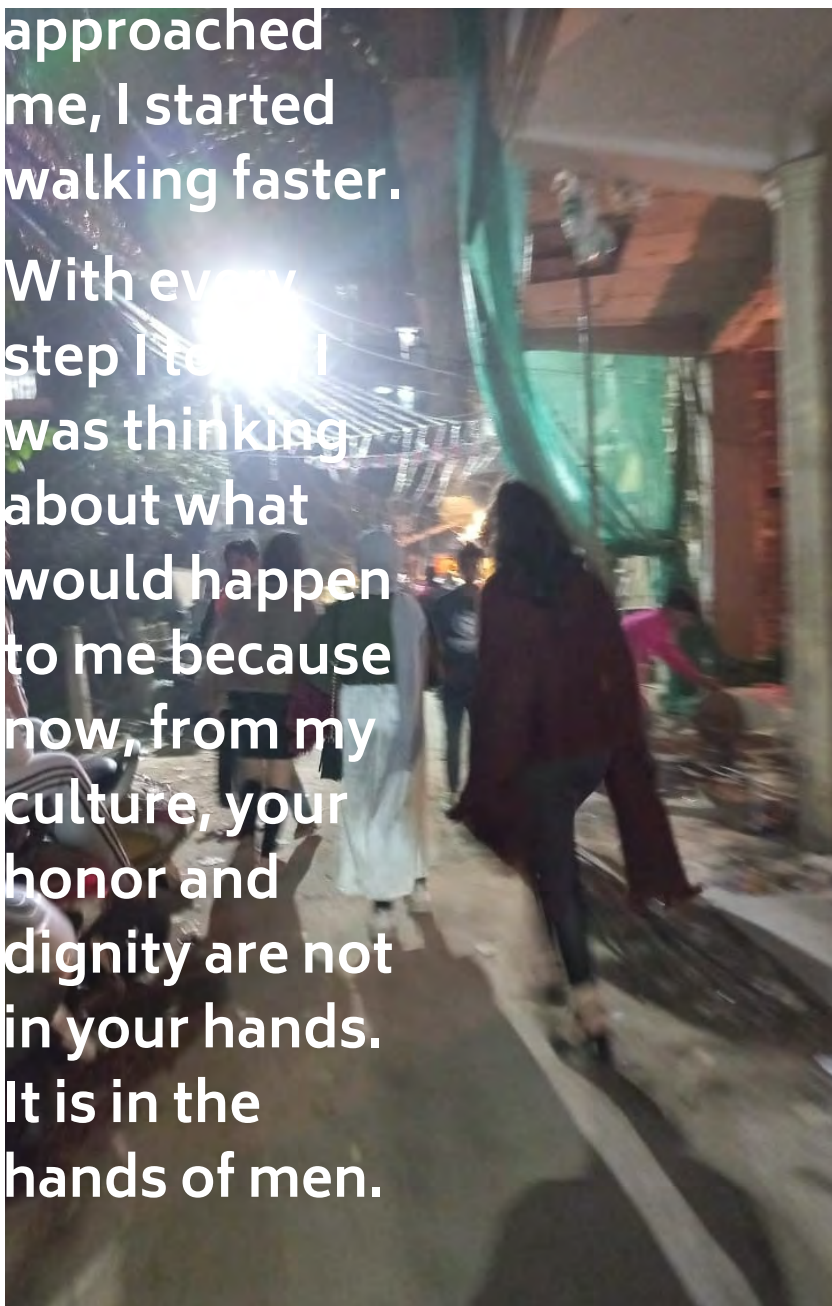


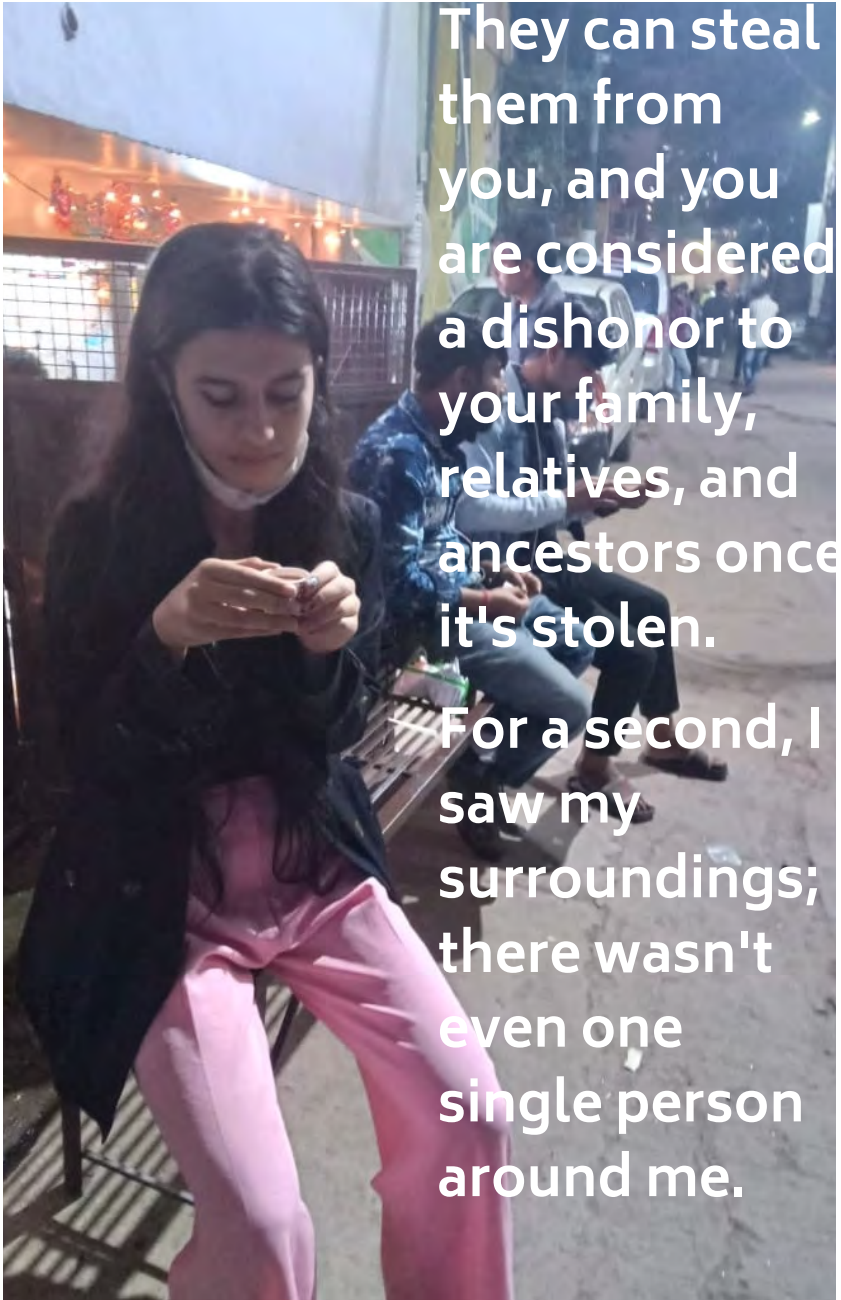
I could hear it
loud and clear.

As I was
thinking about
how they
could harm
me, the car
stopped
behind me,
and a big guy
stepped out
and came
close to me.
Although I
thought I was
done as he

approached
me, I started
walking faster.

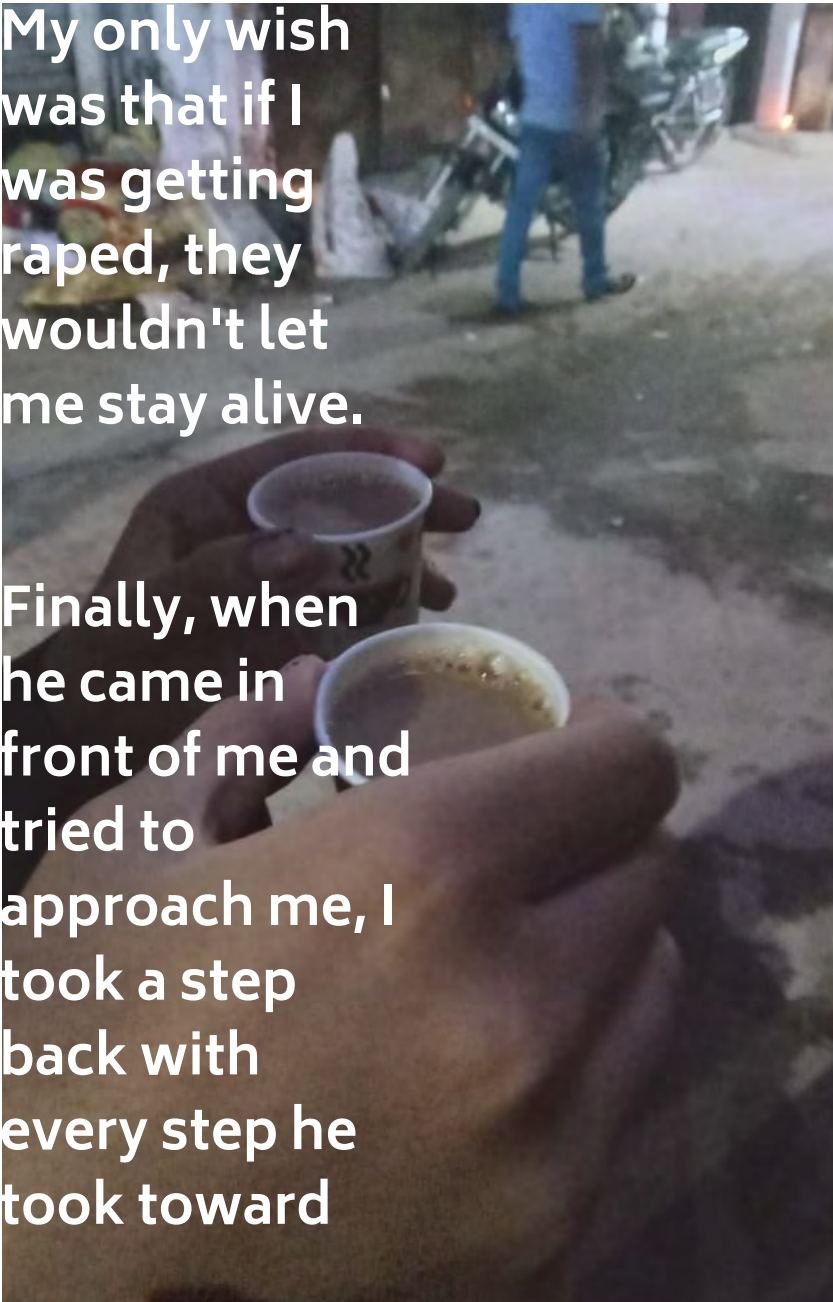
With every
step I took, I
was thinking
about what
would happen
to me because
now, from my
culture, your
honor and
dignity are not
in your hands.
It is in the
hands of men.





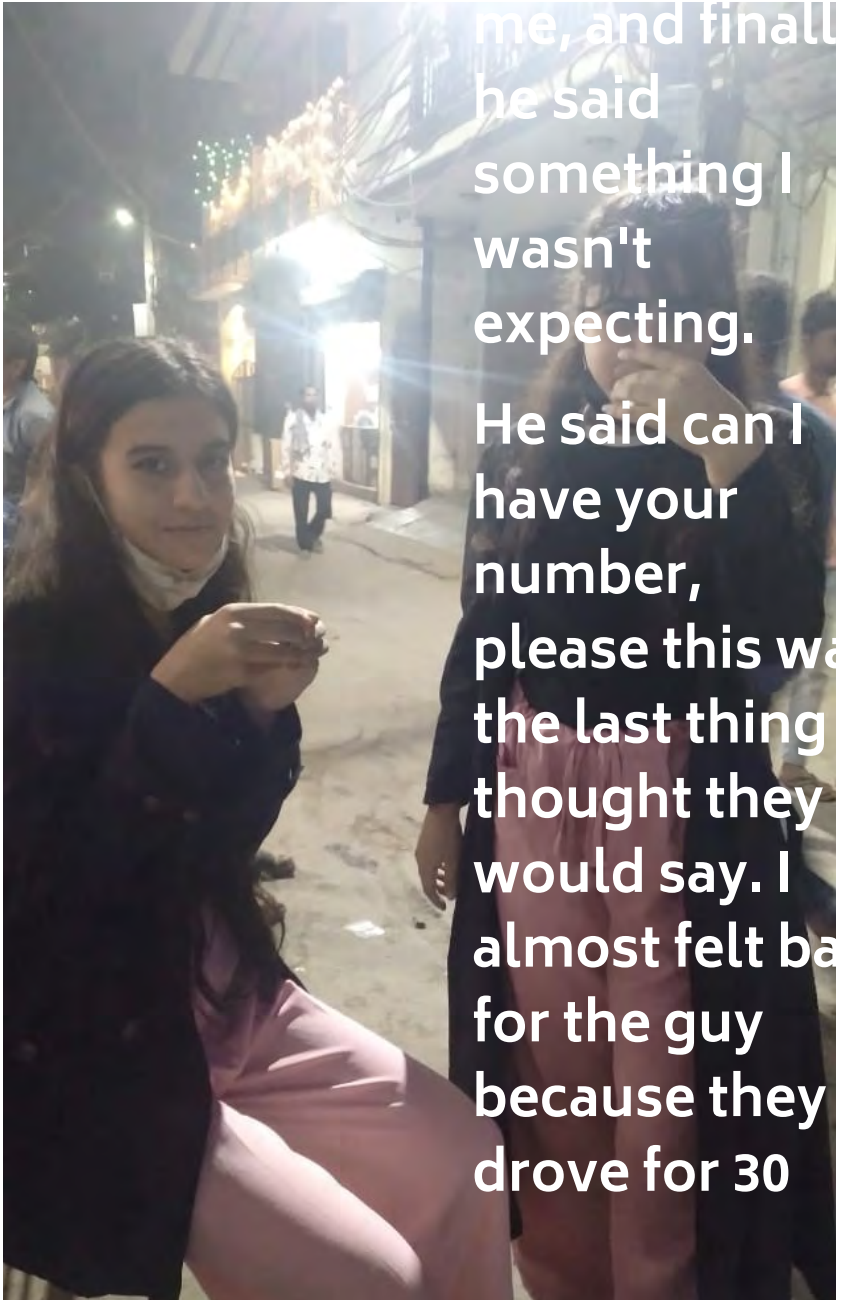
They can steal them from you, and you are considered a dishonor to your family, relatives, and ancestors once it's stolen.

— For a second, I saw my surroundings; there wasn't even one single person around me.

A photograph taken at night in a dimly lit outdoor setting. In the foreground, a person's hands are visible, holding two small, clear plastic cups filled with a dark liquid. The person is wearing a dark long-sleeved shirt. In the background, a person in a blue shirt and jeans is walking away from the camera, and a motorcycle is parked nearby. The ground is paved and there are some blurred lights in the distance.

My only wish
was that if I
was getting
raped, they
wouldn't let
me stay alive.

Finally, when
he came in
front of me and
tried to
approach me, I
took a step
back with
every step he
took toward



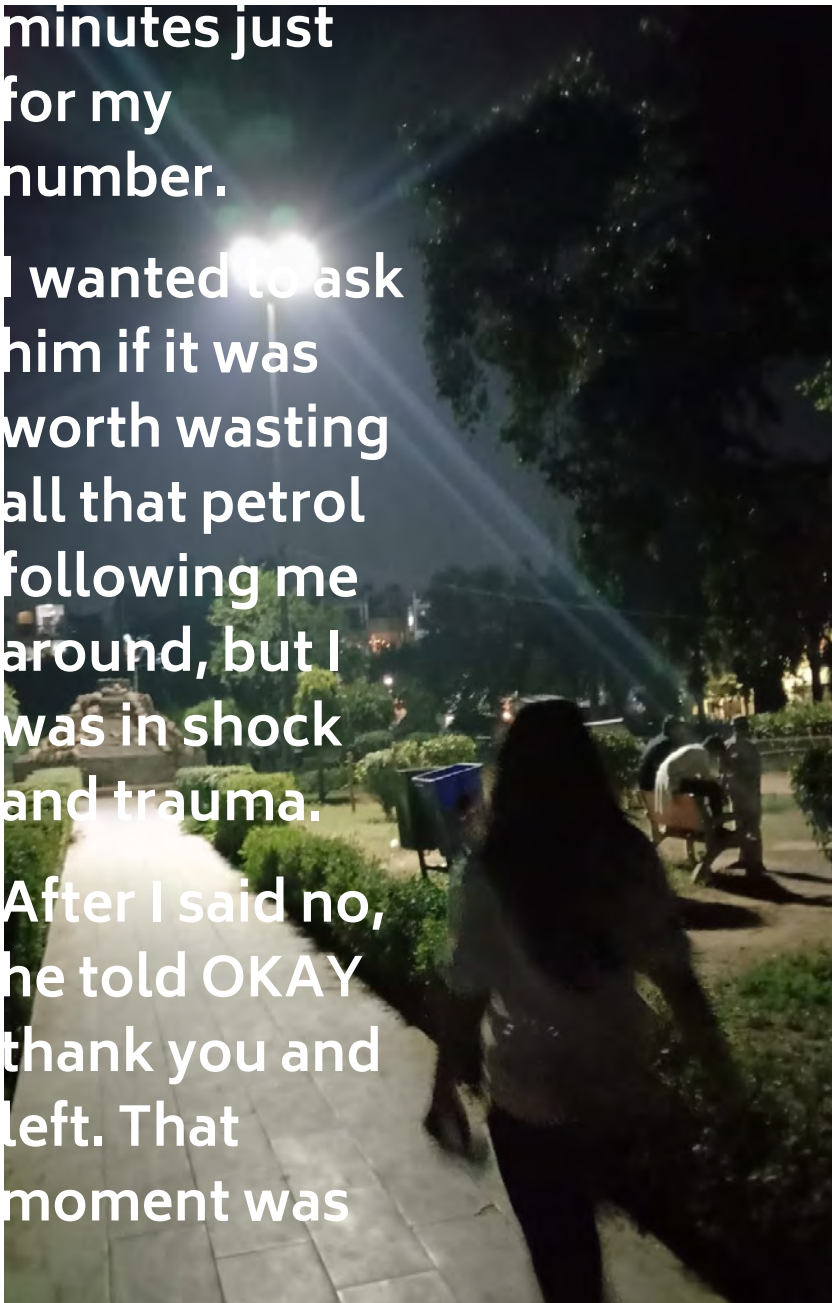
me, and finally
he said
something I
wasn't
expecting.

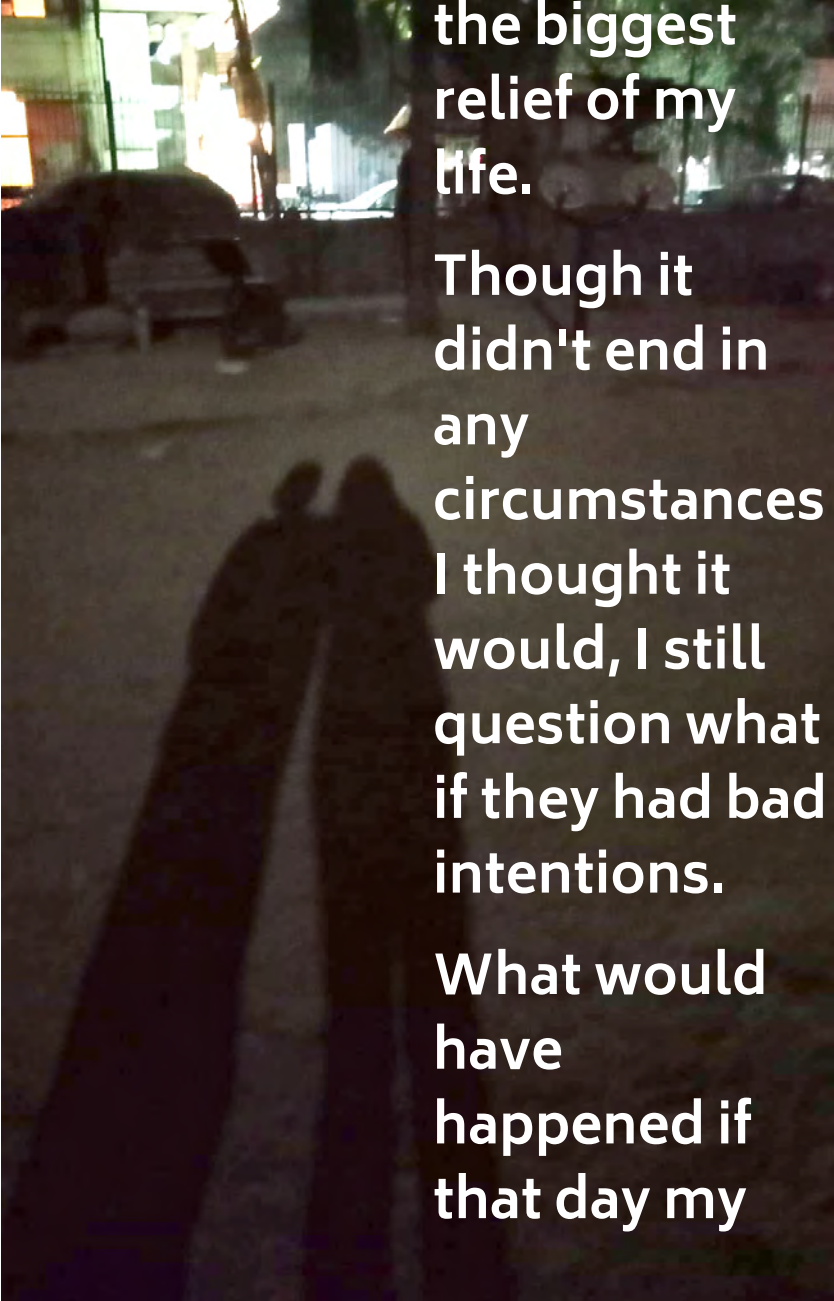
He said can I
have your
number,
please this was
the last thing
I thought they
would say. I
almost felt bad
for the guy
because they
drove for 30

minutes just
for my
number.

I wanted to ask
him if it was
worth wasting
all that petrol
following me
around, but I
was in shock
and trauma.

After I said no,
he told OKAY
thank you and
left. That
moment was





the biggest
relief of my
life.

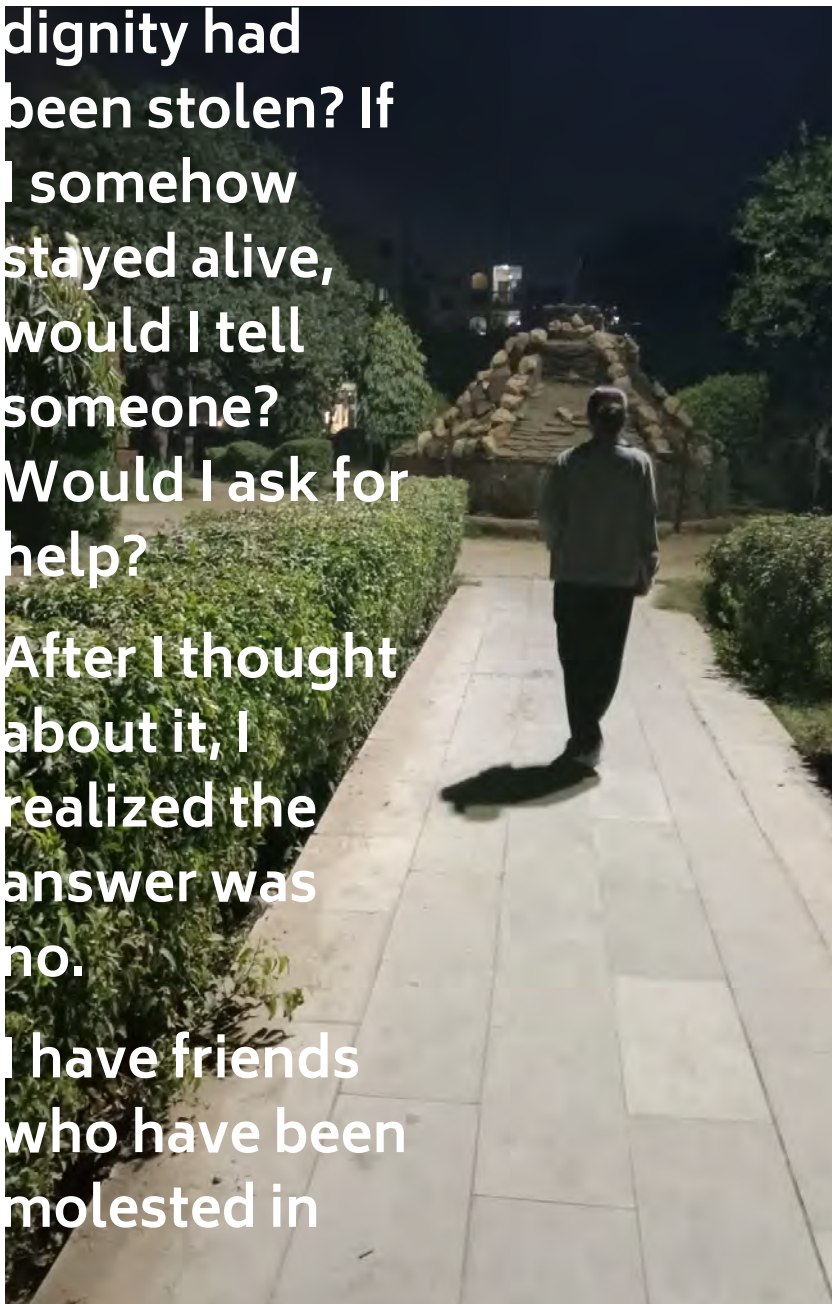
Though it
didn't end in
any
circumstances
I thought it
would, I still
question what
if they had bad
intentions.

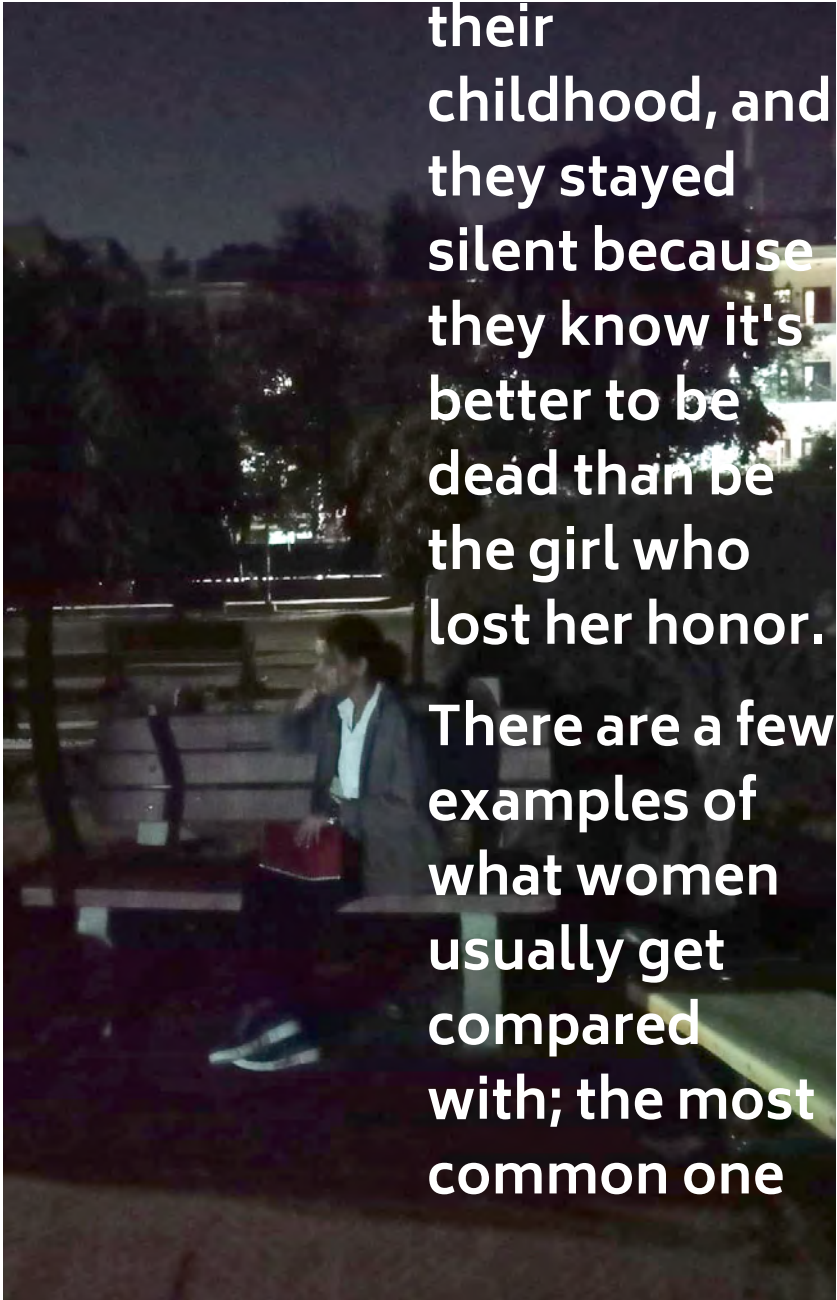
What would
have
happened if
that day my

dignity had
been stolen? If
I somehow
stayed alive,
would I tell
someone?
Would I ask for
help?

After I thought
about it, I
realized the
answer was
no.

I have friends
who have been
molested in

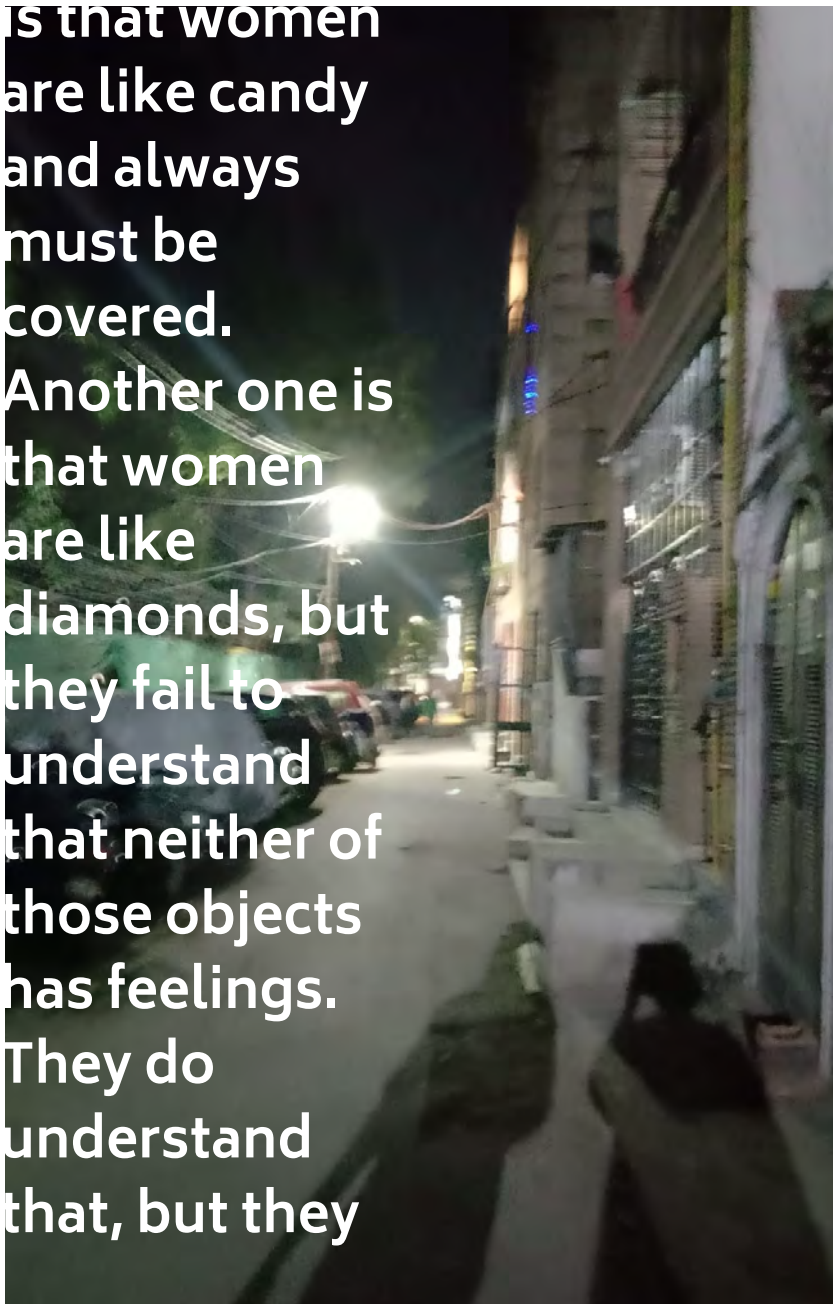





their
childhood, and
they stayed
silent because
they know it's
better to be
dead than be
the girl who
lost her honor.

There are a few
examples of
what women
usually get
compared
with; the most
common one

is that women
are like candy
and always
must be
covered.
Another one is
that women
are like
diamonds, but
they fail to
understand
that neither of
those objects
has feelings.
They do
understand
that, but they



A blurry, vertical, light-colored object, possibly a piece of debris or a small structure, is visible on the left side of the page. It has a rectangular shape with some internal details, but it is out of focus. The background is dark and textured.

still choose to
believe we are
just pieces of
décor, and
they treat us as
such.

But eventually,
I realized
silence has
never been
and never
going to be the
solution.

Khanapados and Khirkee Collective are initiatives by the Delhi-based artist-researcher team **Revue** (Sreejata Roy and Mrityunjay Chatterjee). Centrally focused on socially engaged art, through modes of collaborative, dialogic, relational praxis Revue visualizes and renders projects that invite participants from low-income contexts to individually/collectively narrate their personal experiences of the changing urban milieu through a variety of media and art forms.

Khirkee
collective

new

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