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Developing new approaches for people-centred development

JOCKIN ARPUTHAM

Jockin Arputham became a community organizer in the 1960s when the slum where he lived, Janata colony, was threatened with demolition. When Janata was bulldozed, despite official assurances that this would not happen, he realized that slum dwellers would never be able to stop forced evictions and influence government policies unless they were organized. He founded India's National Slum Dwellers Federation and, working with Mahila Milan (a federation of savings groups formed by women slum and pavement dwellers) and SPARC (a Mumbai-based NGO), has offered city and state governments all over India partnerships for slum redevelopment. He also helped found Slum/Shack Dwellers International (SDI), through which federations of slum and shack dwellers in more than 20 countries support each other and learn from each other. In 2000, he received the Ramon Magsaysay Foundation Award for International Understanding. This text is drawn primarily from five tape-recorded interviews of Jockin undertaken by David Satterthwaite during 2004 and 2005. Jockin also reviewed and corrected the draft of this paper.

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ABSTRACT Jockin Arputham founded the National Slum Dwellers Federation in India and is president of Slum/Shack Dwellers International (SDI). This paper describes Jockin's life and work and the many different methods he has used to fight eviction and get government support for people-centred development over the last 40 years. This includes the long fight to protect Janata colony in Mumbai from eviction, working with Bangladeshi refugees, and the formation of the federation of slum dwellers, first in Mumbai and then for all of India.

KEYWORDS community organizations / evictions / federations / grassroots

I. INTRODUCTION

This is an autobiographical account of the early life and work of Jockin Arputham, concentrating on how he came to be a grassroots organizer in Mumbai in the 1960s and early 1970s as he strove to defend from eviction the settlement in which he lived and then to found, first, the Bombay Slum Dwellers Federation and later, the National Slum Dwellers Federation. This account is drawn primarily from taped interviews with Jockin. Incorporated into this story of his life is an account of how he developed new approaches to be used by slum federations to address the needs of members, including new tools and methods – for instance, slum dweller-led documentation and mapping and many housing initiatives; and public toilet blocks designed and implemented by slum dwellers. It ends with an account of the unique partnership that the National Slum Dwellers Federation came to develop with the Indian NGO, SPARC, during the period 1984–1986 and with Mahila Milan, the savings cooperatives formed by women “slum” and pavement dwellers.

II. JOCKIN'S EARLY LIFE

“I was born in 1946 in Kolar Gold Fields and my early life was with my family, living there, close to Bangalore. My father worked in the Kolar Gold Fields and rose to become chief engineer before he retired.⁽¹⁾ (He had worked well with the British: what was termed ‘butlering for the British’.) During my early years, my family was relatively well off. My father had retired but we had a 100-acre farm, a British car

(an Aston) and were well off enough for me to have a tea-boy to carry my books when I went to school. I went to St Mary's School, which was run by Catholic nuns and priests and with the teaching being in English.

At the age of 16 I left home and went to work in Bangalore, and took employment with an uncle. By this time, my family was facing financial difficulties and my father was suffering from alcoholism. We had lost our land in a political fight and there were nine children; I have five sisters and three brothers. The house was still ours but there was little income coming in.

My first job was working with a carpenter and this paid three rupees 50 paise a week. I felt desperate. My family needed the money but this weekly wage was less than the amounts my father used to give to children when he went to church. I actually tried to commit suicide by taking poison, after writing a suicide note. But it did not work and I woke in the middle of the night, having vomited. I did not know what to do: I could not die; I could not go back to my family. So I changed jobs to one that paid better (two rupees a day). I became a good carpenter and also worked as a petrol pump attendant, but this meant hardly sleeping at all. My uncle told me I was a rogue, so I went to live on the streets.

After six months in Bangalore, I was getting a good income: 15 rupees a day. I walked everywhere with my carpentry tools. But the money was much needed by my family and for two and a half years, my income was feeding the whole family. They waited for my money to come. I had to continue doing several jobs – petrol pump attendant, working in a medical dispensary, and carpentry. I worked from seven in the morning until 11 at night.

Earlier, I had tried out being a priest and had gone to a seminary but my father insisted that I leave. He sat outside the seminary shouting, with a whisky bottle. I also made a nuisance of myself at the seminary by questioning what they did."

III. WORKING IN JANATA

The move to Mumbai. "In 1963, after I had been working for a year, one of my uncles came from Mumbai (then known as Bombay) for the funeral of one of my aunts. He was very impressive. He had come by airplane (in 1963 this was still very unusual); he smoked proper cigarettes and showed us a 20-rupee note, which we had not seen before. He appeared to have lots of money and to be very successful. He said to me: Why not come to Bombay?

So I went to Bombay by train but found that the 'rich' uncle did not have much money and that he lived in a slum that was much worse than anything I had seen in Bangalore. Houses here were made of cardboard. This was Chenbur/Janata colony and it would be my home until it was demolished in 1976. I also call it my university because of how much I learnt while living there. The uncle told me that he was in the import-export business, but I found that he actually made his

1. This was owned and managed by British interests and was one of the largest private gold mines in India.

money from smuggling. I saw my uncle going smuggling every night – he lived just by the railway. I was devastated. I left his shack and went to sleep in an open space, just next to the settlement. Should I go home? But I had fought with my family. I went back to earning a living from carpentry and to sleeping outside. There was a local restaurant where I could wash. To find a place to sleep, I would look for a house where there were clothes or saris drying outside – and go and sleep there, wrapped in these clothes. I made sure that I was up and away before the household woke up. I became an expert builder and repairer of huts and also a small contractor. The colony was close to the Bhabha Atomic Research Centre (BARC), and at that time they needed a lot of work done. I took on a variety of jobs there – digging pits, removing wastes, building. I never rented a room to live in until after my marriage in 1975.”

Setting up the school. “I would finish my work as a carpenter and contractor around 3.30 in the afternoon. One day, I started chatting to some of the kids who were there, playing on the street. Most were 7–10 year-olds. I asked them their names. Then I suggested that they sing. This was a way of interacting with them, of building a relationship with them. So I started collecting groups of children of different ages; some of five or six, some who were older. They would sing popular songs – whatever they could sing. Initially, there were 10–15 kids who were the core group. On that first day of singing, the group had grown to a small crowd by six o’clock. The next day the same group was there. The third day, some older kids joined in.

Then it was Friday and so I thought of what we could do for the next day, Saturday. I asked the children who had gathered to sing: What could you bring tomorrow? Nothing, they replied. I suggested that they could bring anything to use as an instrument or drum – a plate, a glass, a tin can or oil box – these were from food parcels that charities distributed that were common at that time. I also announced that, tomorrow, we will have a competition, so you have to bring your instruments.

On the following day, Saturday, I arrived a little late and already there was a crowd of children, waiting impatiently. That day we began by everyone introducing themselves to each other and making a record of who was there – making the singing groups more formal. More than 200 children had gathered, so I started organizing them into groups – You two sing together, you work with each other. By five o’clock that evening, a huge circle had formed. There were Hindi songs, Tamil songs, popular songs. Many women had come to listen and they also joined in the singing. Some would also dance.

The singing sessions soon expanded – 200 kids, 300 kids, up to 1,000 or more kids. As the numbers grew, some of the children had already started organizing the crowd. So the singing sessions became a big event and a kind of school in this large open space.

Many mothers would come and watch and some started saying to me: Do something for the children. So we started a school that was in addition to the singing – doing coaching classes (for Standards four to seven).⁽²⁾ We organized this in an open space by the church.

2. In India, children start school in Standard one at the age of six. Standards four to seven are middle school, and Standards 11 and 12 are senior secondary school or junior college.

There was a washing place close by; also a community hall. After singing, I asked the kids about their schools. Most were going to school but we decided to start our own school; so I told them that they had to bring a slate to write on, when they came to the singing. We began with ABC, with the first year Standards two to four, but during the next 15 days, the school expanded and we were doing work up to Standard seven. There were different groups and different classes. Some older children helped with the teaching, others with the management. We had singing from three to four o'clock, school from four to six or six-thirty, and then singing six-thirty to seven-thirty. We also began to do exercises as part of the school.

The number of children coming grew. Lots of volunteer teachers came to help and some were up to Standard seven or nine. Other volunteers came to help with the administration. Soon there were 50 or more volunteers helping. We attracted so many children; after a month we had up to 3,000 children.⁽³⁾

There was no fee for the school and people contributed what they could. After a month, we managed to get milk powder from the church (there was a lot of milk powder available through aid agencies), so we bought the water and every school pupil got a glass of milk after school.

During the monsoon, it was impossible to keep the school going outside so we managed to find a shed and began to meet there. But we could manage only 60–70 kids inside. There were lots of complaints from the children who could not get in, so we moved some garbage and put up another structure. This was my first land encroachment. Over the next two and a half years, we expanded and more structures were built and in the end, we had three. At first I was a teacher, but then I became headmaster and then the principal and I ran the school for three years. Some of the volunteer teachers came from the Tata Institute that, later, was to provide us with more help."

The garbage picnic. "Six months after starting the school we organized our first demonstration. One of the problems in Janata was that there was no municipal service to collect garbage. So lots of garbage had been dumped in the place where we had the school and there were serious problems with mosquitoes. One Saturday, we decided to meet and to think about how to clear the garbage. The next day, Sunday evening, when talking with the children, I said that we were going on a picnic the next day, before they went to their formal schools. All the children had to bring a newspaper and their school bag. The point of the picnic was for each child to collect a kilo of garbage, pack it in the newspaper, put it into their bag and then walk to Chenbur, some 3.5 kilometres away and dump this garbage in front of the municipal office.

We all assembled at six o'clock the next morning and began this huge procession of children, shouting, singing, drumming. The police thought that the children were going on a picnic so they saw no need to stop us and they helped guide us on the march. We arrived at the municipal council's offices, dumped all the garbage there (the offices were not open at this time) and were all back at Janata

3. Note that, at this time, Jockin was still only 20 years old, and he himself had not completed secondary school. So this huge school in the open was, in effect, started and organized by the children and youth themselves.

by nine o'clock. The municipal council was furious. They arrived at work and found the whole municipal compound was blocked and stinking with garbage. So they came to see us. But we showed them the garbage problem in our settlement and began a negotiation. We said that we would organize the garbage collection if the municipality would provide the truck to collect it regularly. This one incident changed my whole life."

Developing a local organization; from singing and community action to a social centre. "The next Saturday the kids asked: What are we going to do tomorrow? Then a discussion began about what to do next. We decided to clean a public toilet that was nearby. This toilet was very dirty and smelly – it probably had not been cleaned in 15 years. So on Sunday, we all worked together to clean this toilet and whitewash its walls. Some people contributed tea, others contributed lime so we could paint the toilet as well as cleaning it. Then working together on some initiative became a regular Sunday event. People from different parts of the settlement would ask us to help them do things, and we would then organize to do it. So every Sunday we called a camp. We had agreed what to do the previous day – cleaning a toilet, clearing a road, making a new road, collecting garbage. Teachers and children would discuss what we should do the night before and agree what it should be and what everyone should bring and when to start. We often started early, before it got too hot: Should we do this – yes, yes. Don't worry about breakfast, about soap, we will find this. It's going to be hot so let's start at eight o'clock. Should the young children come – yes, yes everyone can come. All the kids were involved in the planning and a role was found for everyone. For instance, the younger ones could distribute water to those who were working. After finishing the planning, we would have tea and bread. This was my dinner. By this time, it was generally ten o'clock at night. The tea and bread were all donated by local shops. We also received other donations. There were 300 shops in Janata and many used to donate things to us.

The night before we started, I would visit the site, often with other people from our organization. We would chat to the residents so they would know that the children would be coming and would need some breakfast – so families there would say, we will give this. Often, other local people provided donations. And by visiting the site, I would have an idea of how to organize the work the next morning. I learnt to do many things without money. To work with all this creativity among the inhabitants. Lots of things that needed to be done could be done without funding. Many people asked for water connections, so we said that we would help but they would have to collect money to cover the costs.

So we became an organization of young people – and we decided to call ourselves a social welfare centre. We had a hut with a small board and a curtain. This was the first place I had had to sleep since leaving my uncle's place. After 15 days, I learnt that the term 'social welfare centre' was actually a term for a gambling club. When I was walking around Bombay, I found so many 'social welfare centres'. So we renamed it NSK, which were the initials of a famous South

Indian comedian N S Krishnan. He was a radical comedian and actor, also a member of the Communist Party of India who had been to Russia and had many political jokes such as: 'Don't write sugar on your hand and expect it to be sweet when you lick it.'⁽⁴⁾ Most other societies or organizations were named after politicians – but we named ours after a comedian that we all liked.

Some people were opposed to the name because the comedian was from South India (which suggested that we only worked with people from South India) or because they did not feel it was politically correct. But by then, our centre was very well known. When you asked kids where they were going – they would say to NSK: Where are you sleeping? NSK. So I talked to lots of people about what we should rename it. Eventually, we decided to rename it National Service Kendra (Kendra meaning a centre) so it would keep the same initials and still be NSK. This also meant that more people would come and work with us.

After two years, the Tata Institute for Social Services, which was close by (and which trained social workers), became interested in our work. One of the priests, Patrick de Souza, came to say mass in Janata and saw what we were doing. He then brought his students. Some of them volunteered to help with the teaching. We built a temporary shed and named it in honour of Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan (a famous Pakistani political leader and follower of Mahatma Gandhi⁽⁵⁾) when the school was inaugurated in 1964. The contacts with the Tata Institute became strong as I was invited to teach there, and many students from the Institute came to see what we were doing. Well-known committed activists too – Nalini from Kerala,⁽⁶⁾ Fr Eton from Calcutta.

We were also contacted by a French organization called Service Civil International that had first come to India to help after the Bihar earthquake (in 1935),⁽⁷⁾ and whose help Mahatma Gandhi had requested in response to earthquakes. They began to work with us in Janata. By this time, we were a very successful young people's organization. Very little money was needed and what little we did need we received from donations; the priests also helped. In 1969, I was still without my own home and was having a bath at the public tap each day."

Water connections and catalyzing change. "After a year, I had become known as a leader or agitator for the settlement. We would write to the authorities asking them for something or saying that we were making a water connection or planning something else, and we would put in the letter: If you do not respond in 10 days we will assume that we have your approval.

One Saturday, we installed a connection to the water pipe – that was illegal. On Monday, the municipal corporation staff came with the police to remove the connection. At our school that evening, everyone was sad, what small faces – oh the water connection has been removed! So we reinstalled it that night and to prevent it from being cut off again, the next morning we had school organized around the water connection. We surrounded the connection with 200 to 300 kids, all of whom were studying and loudly saying their ABCs, which made it difficult for the corporation and the police to

4. Jockin explained that this was a commentary on people who write plans for what they should do but without the money to do it. So this is like writing "sugar" on your hand and expecting it to taste sweet when you lick it.

5. For more details of this person, see http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Khan_Abdul_Ghaffar_Khan.

6. Nalini helped set up the Programme for Community Organization, an NGO to work with fishing communities in Thiruvananthapuram.

7. Service Civil International is a voluntary service organization and peace movement founded in 1920, with 37 branches and groups worldwide.

cut the connection. The officials said that there is an illegal water connection and I say: No, what do you mean? Look at all the children who are studying. That same evening, I trained the kids to play with the police and the municipal officials. One technique was bouncing tennis balls just beside them. At that time, the police wore very baggy shorts. So you could bounce tennis balls beside them, with the tennis balls then bouncing right up their legs. We also trained the young children to run up to the police and grab hold of their legs – but not do this in a violent way. Holding onto their legs saying to the policeman ‘very nice’ and calling them uncle. It is very difficult for the police to do anything with young children holding onto their legs. Very difficult for the police to act when the children and also women are opposing them like this.”

IV. THE FIGHT TO SAVE JANATA

1967–1969: mobilizing to avoid eviction. “In 1967/68, the Bhabha Atomic Energy Commission gave notice to the people living in Janata colony that they should vacate their land, to allow this authority to expand. I got involved in a kind of community association mobilizing against this. I went round, talking to all the different community organizations – cultural, religious, political – and bringing them together. There were 70,000 people in total in the colony. So we got all the community organizations involved and formed an action committee. We got all the Tamil Nadu political parties to agree to work together and to weld all these parties into one.⁽⁸⁾ The Atomic Energy Commission was seeking to evict us all without compensation.

My work was to bring together everyone to oppose this; a central committee formed with representatives from many different groups – Tamil groups, different churches, political parties. We formed an all-party committee with a mandate being no eviction, no negotiation. We organized a huge demonstration – all gathering on Saturday evening, 50,000 people walking around the settlement twice, with lots of noise and shouting, giving a strong message to the police and to the municipal corporation that we were large and well organized so they could not think of evicting us.

It was unfortunate that the Atomic Energy Commission came to the site near Janata – and it came long after Janata had been established. At first, it was the India Kennedy reactor. Then it became a small research centre. The Canadians were sponsoring the reactor.

The management of the Atomic Energy Centre treated us like shit; they demanded that we get out. They would not negotiate with us, they would not recognize us. They would not recognize me, even though I had been undertaking work at the centre – but for this I was not dealing with senior staff. This is a very prestigious institution and the senior staff would not talk to us. But whatever I was doing inside the centre, I was collecting information. When I met the centre’s chairman, I showed him that I had been working there.

The threat of eviction for Janata colony was present when I first arrived there in 1963, but it was only in 1967 that the first public notice to us

8. A high proportion of residents in Janata are from Tamil Nadu.

to move was made. For two years we did not fight but built up the strength of the community, in preparation.

It was important to demonstrate that we were a permanent settlement, to be able to fight the eviction order and also use the courts to do this. It took six months to work out a memorandum that described how the settlement was formed, so we could fight the eviction by two means, by protests and through the courts. The colony had been formed in 1947/48–1950. Three-hundred-square-foot plots had been allocated and everyone paid rent (two rupees, 50 paise) to the municipality. This proved that Janata was a permanent settlement, not a temporary one. This also meant that we had a much stronger case with which to fight the planned eviction in the courts. We also documented what was in the colony – the telephones, electric meters, shops, ration shops, flour mills.⁽⁹⁾ We found the original landlords. Janata colony came into existence through a resettlement programme. When they were originally settled in 1947, it was nine kilometres away from Bombay. We began the memorandum with the statement – the gift of freedom in 1947,⁽¹⁰⁾ and we were evicted when we got independence. People in Janata colony were from all over the city. Many were moved from Air-conditioned Market. When I first came to Janata, there was no municipal bus, only the state bus service, because it was still not seen as part of Bombay. We had to lobby to get the municipal bus service to come to Janata.

At this time, there were two main places in Bombay that the authorities wanted to clear – Janata and Dharavi. They could not enter Janata colony unseen – at this time, it had clear space around it, so it was possible to see the authorities coming. So we could have the kerosene bottles ready. Even the Shiv Sena could not enter Janata colony as it was a predominantly South Indian population.

During this time, documenting how Janata was formed, I must have met more than 150 Parsi *babas* (respected older men from the Parsi community⁽¹¹⁾). All in person. They supplied information and books and helped us a lot. Between 1938 and 1950, they had been the only philanthropists in Bombay.

For three months, I went with Shirish Patel⁽¹²⁾ to the Asiatic library. I took Murthy with me (who now works with Jockin at SPARC). This was before the evictions. We collected information from the old people – then stored it. Then when the Parsi *babas* told me something, I would check it with other people. I would sit with the beggars, collecting their stories. Provide them with food. This was not research or ideology. Shirish Patel's father was a municipal commissioner for a short period and was being briefed about Janata colony and about what should be done. From that time, as soon as he got news, he would come to tell me. He would bring food, chapatti, chutney, we would sit and eat together. I introduced Shirish Patel to all the bootleggers and pickpockets. We used to sit and watch what happened. We finally found the municipal commissioner who had arranged the land occupation of Janata colony – who was retired and living in Goa at this time, so we could give evidence that the land was acquired by the municipality for public purpose – and Janata colony was thus on land officially provided by the municipality.

9. The careful documentation by their inhabitants of homes, households and businesses in "informal settlements" or slums later became one of the most widely used techniques by the National Slum Dwellers Federation and its partners, both in negotiating with the authorities and in strengthening their own organization.

10. India finally gained independence in 1947, after a long struggle against British colonial rule.

11. Mumbai has long been a place with a high concentration of Parsis.

12. Shirish Patel is a well-known engineer with his own firm, who works in Mumbai and was one of the team that planned New Bombay.

NEW APPROACHES FOR PEOPLE-CENTRED DEVELOPMENT

After we developed the memorandum (1967), we also brought in the chief minister of Tamil Nadu, who backed us against the eviction. A K Gopalan (at that time leader of the opposition in India's parliament) also supported us, so we were mobilizing support from some powerful people for our struggle. We even managed to get great political rivals to agree to support us.

By 1970, I was travelling all over Mumbai, visiting other slum communities (many of which were threatened with eviction). I got a driver from the NGO BUILD (see later for more details) and he became a good friend of mine, as he drove me from slum to slum.¹³

1971–1972: working with Bangladesh refugees. “When the Bangladesh war started,¹⁴ huge refugee flows were coming to Calcutta. Fr Patrick d'Souza, who was director of CARITAS (also still at the Tata Institute), asked me to help. Fr Eton who was with St Xavier's College in Calcutta also asked for help.

This was a new opportunity. So with 300 rupees in my pocket, I went to Calcutta (now called Kolkata). I was put in charge of the housing sector in a huge refugee camp at Salt Lake City. There were around 120,000 people there. We had to get the drainage system working but with so much sand it was difficult to dig and to maintain ditches. How could you build these? We had bamboo and lots of empty sacks from the provisions that were delivered there (for instance, for the wheat provided by the USA). There were also lots of refugees in need of some paid work. So we mobilized many people to fill the bags with sand, and used bamboo mats and sticks to create the drainage system. The Americans named this construction system after me – Jockin drainage, Jockin platform. This got lots of people working – who were pleased to work for two rupees and for supplies of wheat and sugar. We soon had 10,000–15,000 people working on the drainage and also building houses, using bamboo, bamboo mats and gunny sacks. I was called *pagala baba* – mad boss.

This was also when I met Mother Teresa,¹⁵ since her nuns were running the biggest hospital, and she would come each morning – say a prayer and wash patients.

Then I was asked to help with problems closer to the India–Bangladesh border. Refugees were streaming across the border, all trying to avoid the army. They would hide in the jute fields when the army came by – often holding their hands over the mouths of their babies to stop them making a noise as the soldiers searched for them. Babies often died. I arranged for people to be waiting in the jute fields to help the refugees. I also helped them, and often had to carry babies who were crossing the border and walking the two kilometres to get to safety. I was there for nine months and we built a big organization to help the refugees – for instance, we had 34 vehicles and a budget of 15–20 million rupees. But suddenly, I was given 48 hours notice to leave by the new Bangladesh government, so I moved back to Calcutta.

There were so many deaths. Refugee camps always have mass graves. There is generally plenty of money too, with few questions asked about how you spend it. I then spent much time working with various international agencies – Care, Bread for the World, Caritas. We helped

13. This contact with other slum communities led to the formation of the Bombay Slum Dwellers Federation in 1969.

14. This war was started when what was then East Pakistan sought independence.

15. Mother Teresa was a Catholic nun who founded the Missionaries of Charity and was later to be awarded the Nobel Peace prize.

the refugees set up their own pharmacies in the camps, every 200 yards. There were plenty of pharmacists among the refugees.

One of the events that got a lot of publicity at this time was a man who apparently died and then came back to life. Edward Kennedy⁽¹⁶⁾ was coming to visit the refugee camps, so Mother Teresa agreed that we had to clean things up and this also meant clearing dead bodies. There were 16 or so dead bodies, so my staff had to organize for them to be buried. It is frightening to do this at night. We had all the bodies in the back of a truck and we were driving to a site to bury them when we suddenly heard this loud noise, a kind of screaming, coming from the back of the truck. Very frightening. At first, we drove on, but the screaming continued. After another half a kilometre, we got to the dump site. We all got out of the truck and were going to start the truck dumping (raising the back so the bodies tipped out) – but the noise continued. So I got up onto the truck, found the bag from where the noise was coming, cut it open and there was a man alive, saying ‘baba, baba’ as soon as the bag was opened. So we got him out and then dumped the bodies and came back. But this turned into a big story, as the person who was alive claimed that he had died. There were press everywhere.

Then I went to Delhi and had lots of meetings, talking to relief agencies, doing briefings for ambassadors. I also visited St Xaviers in Madras (Chennai).”

1973–1976: the fight to save Janata colony. “I came back to Mumbai in 1973, as things were getting hot around the eviction of Janata. At this time, the NGO BUILD (Bombay Urban Industrial League for Development) approached me and sought to support me.⁽¹⁷⁾ They also provided me with many international contacts – in Sri Lanka, the Philippines and South Korea – that I was later to visit. BUILD received support from both the Catholic and the Protestant churches (within the World Council of Churches) and support from the Catholic Mission Conference.

Fr Nyan Goshi from Japan formed this group. BUILD has 20–30 people working in Janata. After 1972, a famous left-leaning study group began to meet regularly – and this included three well-known professionals: Jai Sen,⁽¹⁸⁾ S K Das and Kirtee Shah.⁽¹⁹⁾ BUILD existed for 10 years, largely because of Janata colony – and it suited all the religious groups.

BUILD got a lot of international attention. S K Das was a planner and advisor to it; Shirish Patel and S K Das were also writing about Janata in *Economic and Political Weekly*.⁽²⁰⁾ So I gave them all the details of the internal activities, the local economy, the pickpockets, the gambling, lots of stories. I had a secret office at that time. S K Das became an activist and was very articulate – a good talker and good planner. S K and Nita Bhatt designed housing in Bandra, called the Jafar Baba colony. This was an innovative colony where housing was developed for only 7,000 rupees per unit. Everyone in BUILD was Karl Marx’s brother.

Malcolm Buck was the ideologue for BUILD and church intellectuals. I attended lots of their discussions. Sunita Patel was also there, with

16. The US politician and brother of John and Robert Kennedy.

17. BUILD is an NGO that was founded in 1973 and sponsored by different Christian churches.

18. Later to found the NGO, Unnayan, in Calcutta and work with the National Campaign for Housing Rights.

19. Later to found the Ahmedabad Study Action Group and to become President of Habitat International Coalition.

20. *Economic and Political Weekly* is a very well-known and widely read national weekly journal.

lots of others. I was the only beggar, all the others were from well-to-do families, good booze, good money. So they would say: Today we will reflect about this. They would ask me to start the meeting off. They told me that I should have a strong ideological background. They would come and pick me up to go to their meetings. After six months, I asked to debate with them: What have we achieved? After almost six months, I had had enough; this ideology flowing up and nothing getting done.

In 1973, with the Atomic Energy Commission pushing hard for the demolition of Janata, I went to see the head of the commission, Homi J Bhabha. He was very rude – called us dirty, ugly fellows and told us that this was such an important project that not even God could stop this eviction. He refused to talk to us. No question of negotiation. So within a week, we organized so much political action and lots of demonstrations to get the attention of the municipal government. We also used the courts. Two days before the demolition was due to take place, we got a stay order from the courts. I went to Homi Bhabha and gave him the stay order and he got very angry. But the basis for the stay order was that the Atomic Energy Commission had not followed the due process of law to serve us with notice. At this time, the regulations governing evictions, including the serving of notice, were strict.

The court declaration in our favour was a big victory, but we knew that this was a temporary success. We never went to court thinking that we would get justice. The Atomic Energy Commission went to court three days later to claim that they had followed the regulations – but the judge ruled that they had failed to serve notices to each individual household who would be forced to move.

So when the municipal employees came the next week to serve notice of the eviction, we had a plan to foil them. We knew when the municipal staff would come and which block would be visited first – so we made sure that everyone knew that they either had to be out of their house when the municipal officials came or locked inside, ignoring any visitors, pretending that the house was empty. We were helped in this by sympathetic municipal employees. This meant another delay, as the municipal officials had to go back to their offices and report that the house had been locked so it had not been possible to serve the notice. They then had to request permission to paste up the notice. But before a pasting order was possible, the house has to be visited three more times. We also took photos of all the locked houses to make sure we had proof of this. These were the kinds of strategies that can make the legal proceedings drag on. Another legal means of getting a delay was through one group in Janata saying that they would accept the notice – and then setting up an enquiry where you could present evidence against the eviction, and argue and also go to appeal.

Half the municipal employees connived with us. We also sent threatening notes to the families of municipal employees, especially to employees' wives. So women would persuade their husbands not to work against us. It was easy to get all this organized because there were hundreds of young people like me who were unemployed – so

each was assigned activities and we were supported with food and tea from local donations.

When the eviction orders had finally all been served, we went to the citizens' court and won. So the Atomic Energy Commission took it to a higher court and won. We took it to an even higher court and won. Eventually, it made its way to the Supreme Court. We had to hire two very well-known lawyers to help us. Soli Sorabjee (later the attorney general) and Panwallaker. These were very expensive: 7,000 rupees for 10 minutes. Before the Supreme Court met, I managed to get in touch with two judges. I had to go to Lucknow to meet Justice Puntwallah, and this was the first time I had been on an airplane. I took five *mullahs* with me, all of whom were known to the judge. He said that he agreed with us all but that he could not do anything and could not appear on the day that the judgement was made.

We won the case. Sanjay Gandhi⁽²¹⁾ is reported to have said: 'You are fools that you cannot get rid of this man'. I went to have dinner with Justice Krishnagar, who said that justice is so expensive that the poor cannot afford it. He also told me that it was too late to stop the eviction because the prime minister, Indira Gandhi, was personally interested and all the people would have to move on technical grounds.

In 1974, 23 of us went to Delhi to try to talk to the prime minister and to get political support for stopping the eviction. I spent 29 days squatting in parliament in Delhi, waiting to talk to her. We had managed to get an appointment to meet her but the appointment kept being postponed. When we first arrived in Delhi, we went to meet various political parties. We met with the late Dr Kurian, vice-president of the parliament and a member of the Communist Party. I also met Jayaprakash Narayan, one of the radical progressive leaders and he gave us his support.⁽²²⁾

In the end, only five of us could stay on in Delhi because we had no money, no food, no place to sleep. Every day we met with the press, but the appointment with the prime minister kept being postponed. We never kept quiet. We went to long meetings with all the different political parties (including the Congress Party that was in power) and their leaders. Remember that the Janata party that opposed Mrs Gandhi took its name from our fight. We had various slogans – 'Janata Bomb versus Atomic Bomb'. Sometimes we went to the gallery to watch the parliament. Two or three of us were in effect squatting in the parliament.

Despite the many postponements, I decided that I was not going back to Mumbai until I had a meeting with the prime minister. Finally, after many postponements and delays, we got a meeting with Mrs Gandhi. The meeting lasted for around 20 minutes and included five or six parliamentarians. At first, she would not look at me eye to eye. All the time she was talking to someone else, even though we were sitting in front of her. But finally, she did state that there would be no demolition of Janata colony before talking to our action committee. I asked for this statement to be put in writing and was asked: What do you mean by this? I stressed that this was a major issue and that it was also in the courts at that time. Finally, she agreed to give me the

21. The eldest son of the prime minister, Indira Gandhi, who also led the vast eviction/slum demolition programme in Delhi.

22. Jayaprakash Narayan was one of the political leaders who led the opposition to Mrs Gandhi's government and to the Emergency.

letter, but I sat in reception until the letter was written and signed. I could not leave without it.

Then the next day, I took the train back to Mumbai, with the letter signed by the prime minister. But at Balzar station, around three hours out of Mumbai, some of the key leaders were waiting for us and told us that the police were waiting in Mumbai to arrest us. So all of us planned where to get off the train, when to pull the emergency chain and jump off. None of us were on the train when it arrived in Mumbai. But it was still difficult to get back into Janata. I used to have a hideout – one of the drainage pipes where I kept my bedding and a pillow.

The next morning, everyone in Janata was expecting a huge demonstration, so we organized this. But to escape arrest, I surrounded myself with hundreds of women so the police could not get near me. No woman would allow the police to get near me. We had this demonstration that lasted for several hours, just by a temple. We arranged a public address system with microphones. Then I went to meet the new chief minister (when I went to Delhi, there was one chief minister; by the time I came back, there was another one). The chief minister told me very nicely: Sit down, let me tell you that your position is very bad. I was called by Madam (Mrs Gandhi) at 2.30 in the morning. She said – see that Janata is demolished before I come to Mumbai. This even though I was holding a letter signed by Mrs Gandhi saying that nothing would be done before the officials talked to us. This was when we started court proceedings again.

Many times I was saved from arrest by hiding in the middle of a group of women, and I could walk with them for 1,000 yards without being seen. You could not do this in many parts of the world. Because I am small and at that time was very skinny, it was easy for me to be under the legs of women, and they would stand around me. If they moved, I moved. Any woman – you only have to tap her on the leg and she will adjust and hide you under her clothes. I often walked like this, hidden from the police. One of the times I went to the high court, there were lots of police waiting to arrest me. But I had got inside the court without the police seeing me, because I had entered surrounded by a group of women who had hidden me. I also got a white coat off one of the court staff and put it on. I also used to go and hide in the judge's rooms.

On 31 January 1974, I got married. My friend Murti was in Bycalla (an area of Mumbai with many pavement dwellers) – and when a girl walked past, he teased her. This girl was trying to get a passport, to be able to go to the Gulf. At this time, I was also trying to get a passport. My friend was helping us both try to get passports. International Social Development Organization was going to arrange a ticket for me to go to Papua New Guinea to talk to community activists there. Through this we met. Our marriage was arranged through my cousin. A special dinner was arranged. Our marriage was a big event and had 11–12 priests who officiated at it. I was told that I had to wear shoes for my marriage, but it was very difficult to find shoes that fitted my small feet; in the end, I got children's shoes but these were very painful. My father came for the marriage.

On the day of the marriage, a film crew from the Voice of America were making a film about family planning. I stood with my wife for half an hour and then went and worked with the film crew and was busy till the evening. Friends in Janata bought us things we would need for our household – two plates, two glasses, kitchen equipment, stove, bed sheets. I sat with the gifts of money, but by the time all the food had been paid for, there was not much left. My wife was not happy with the lack of money, and I still had no home – and we had a big quarrel after 15 days. The second month after the marriage, a small hut was arranged where we could stay

We began playing militant games. We told the police that we had bombs and that we would blow up buildings if the demolition took place. When 20 of us went to meet the police commissioner, we told him that we would use bombs if you demolish us. The hope was that they would see us as too well organized and troublesome to do the eviction.”

In and out of jail. “After 1967, I was put in jail (the lock up) so many times – and usually kept there for three or four hours. I was arrested some 67 times. As they kept arresting me, I changed my strategy and organized the women. One day in 1974, I was going somewhere when I was suddenly arrested and put in the local police station. After an hour, more than 10,000 people had come to demonstrate. Some of the women opened their blouses at the police, which embarrassed them; the women then got the key to the police station, unlocked it, let me out and then locked the police in the police station. More police arrived and things were very tense. The police asked me to try to control the crowd because I was now free. So I stood up and said that I was no longer under arrest. After that, the police became friendly and some even told me that: You are doing a good job. After that, until the Emergency,⁽²³⁾ when they got an order to arrest me, they did not actually arrest me but would come and get a signature. I was arrested many times without actually being arrested. Much later, after the fall of Mrs Gandhi’s government in 1977, the state government’s home department withdrew 35 cases against me – for instance, for being out of India, hiding, running away and so on.

On 16 June 1975, they were trying to organize a demolition and I was there trying to stop it. There was a South Korean film crew there dressed as Muslims in *burkhas*. When I was arrested, they filmed it.

The staff from BUILD would close the office and come to the police station whenever I got arrested. Everyone would come. In 1976, a legal expert from London, Arnan Grover, first appeared in India. He had met S K Das in London and S K had sent him to Mumbai. I was in hiding in my settlement at this time. I was holding a meeting in my settlement and the police heard that I was holding a meeting – so they came to arrest me. So I introduced the police to the people in the meeting and told them that Jockin had just left with such and such a lady – and I introduced Mr Arnan to them, saying he was a legal expert from London. He cried a whole night, saying: Why did you introduce me to the police? So I said: If you have this kind of fear, why did you come? All these people, these experts, thought that they

23. On 25 June 1975, Mrs Gandhi declared a National Emergency, after being found guilty of violating electoral laws, which also led to the arrest of many leaders and the suspension of civil rights. This Emergency was revoked on 18 January 1977 and, when elections were held, Mrs Gandhi’s party was defeated.

were coming to teach us – but we already had our own techniques that worked very well.”

Blocking phones, using ambulances as automatic handbill distributors. “The experts wanted to teach us how to distribute handbills. But we had already distributed hundreds of thousands of handbills. We had training camps in two locations. One was a *bangle*, where we could have 300 people. Another in St Pius college. We could keep organized and in touch with each other with the phones but our phone bill was very low because we discovered how we could use the public phone for free – by inserting a railway ticket into the receiver. This meant we could make all our phone calls to all the members of parliament. We also learnt how to block the phones of ministers. In the Maharashtra assembly, there were questions asked as to how 30 ministers could have their phones cut at one time. We had designed this in Janata colony, with 100 people assigned one day to go to all the minister’s houses. Blocking their phones takes just a simple wire and two stones. It made it sound as if the phone was permanently engaged. We could block all 30 ministers’ phones at the same time – simply knowing where they were and shorting out their connections.

During the Emergency, we had to distribute material very carefully, because passing out handbills was illegal. Supported by BUILD, we developed and printed handbills. During the Emergency, a slum eviction law ordinance had been passed and we needed to demonstrate against it. We had to have a huge demonstration. Shekar⁽²⁴⁾ joined this demonstration as a 10-year old. Before the demonstration, we had a two-day training programme.

So people would go into all the railway stations in Mumbai at the same time with handbills, rolled up inside chapattis. With one person located in each compartment of a train, just before the train left, everyone would throw up the handbills. I would be on the public phone – checking to see who was OK, who had escaped, who had been arrested. We had people with bicycles and rickshaws standing by.

We also used ambulances to distribute handbills. You take 5–10 kilos of handbills, wet them and then put them on top of an ambulance. As the ambulance drives around the city, so the bills at the top dry and blow off. We also used to go to buses and open the emergency gate. The minute the door is open, handbills are blown everywhere, so everyone gets a handbill.”

May 1976 and the demolition of Janata colony. “On 14 May 1976, Mrs Gandhi’s government declared the Emergency. This was a few days before the start of the UN Conference on Human Settlements (Habitat) in Vancouver, Canada, to which I had been invited. But I said that if I am in the lock up or if the demolition takes place, I cannot come. Lots of people came through India on their way to this conference to visit us in Janata – which made me realize how many groups were active in fighting demolitions.

In the evening, they arrested 23 of us. They threw me into a police van. The British Broadcasting Corporation (BBC) got news of my arrest and announced over the radio that Jockin and his gang had been

24. Shekar works closely with Jockin at the National Slum Dwellers Federation.

arrested. This probably saved my life. A new deputy commissioner of police had been brought in from the outside to organize my arrest because the local police would warn me if an arrest was about to take place. This deputy commissioner asked me how it was possible that the BBC had reported on my arrest so quickly. He had to let me go.

I had to go to court the next day. The magistrate at the court laughed at the police and said: Look at this boy, how can he be causing such a big police force so much trouble? He freed me for 1,000 rupees bail. The police then pressed another charge and took me back to the same judge later that day. The judge shouted at them: What is this; is this man really an international criminal? So the judge said 5,000 rupees bail this time. At that time, we had a very dangerous law. The police then booked me on this and produced me again in the same court to the same judge at 3.30 pm. The police and the judge argued for an hour. Then the judge said: Look at all the women, they all look like poor people; look at this man, he does not have proper clothes, he has not shaved for two months. The judge ruled that I should be given police protection, served by three people from outside the district, that would also ensure that I did not get involved in any agitation. This meant that I was to be given complete police protection for me and my family. From that day onward, I had a jeep and police officers to protect me. I could go all round the city, working, using the jeep, with the protection of the police.

On the morning of 17 May 1976, the first demolition in Janata started – with thousands of police and municipal workers. But since I was protected by this court judgement, they could not arrest me. I could go there and help ensure that the demolition would go smoothly, make sure people got their houses, food, allotment, etc. It was not possible to stop it. I saw what had happened about two months previously in Delhi, under the direction of Sanjay Gandhi. Turkman Gate was bulldozed while the inhabitants were there, and many people were shot.²⁵ It was clear that the state was prepared to do this in Mumbai too; so we had no choice.

The eviction took place over 45 days, and so I was busy working on this – with the move to the alternative site, with ensuring that everyone got resettled (and not just those who had documents and proof they had been living in Janata colony). Everyone got a site at Cheetah camp. Toilets, schools, police station, health centre, water standpipes – had been built and had been waiting 10 years to be used. One of the reasons that the authorities wanted to get the eviction done was that the monsoons begin at the end of June and it is often possible to get a court stay to stop evictions during the monsoons.”

V. 1976–1985

“With the Emergency declared, the police told me I had to get out of India. I went to the Philippines, with the help of the World Council of Churches, to help train community leaders. I was sent out with a three-month visa and went via Japan. In the Philippines, I worked with Denis Murphy.²⁶ I started questioning their methodology for community organization and action – there were endless discussions

25. A large Muslim locality at Turkman Gate was bulldozed under the orders of Sanjay Gandhi in 1976. People had been living there for decades; those who resisted the bulldozers were shot at.

26. See Murphy, Denis (1990), “Community organizations in Asia”, *Environment and Urbanization* Vol 2, No 1, April, pages 51–60.

about this and about how to mobilize communities. They had too many rules, too many formulas, very formal reporting (Rajan Singh from BUILD was also there). I used to go to cinemas and sleep there – better than training. Every three months, I had to renew my visa – so I had to go outside the Philippines to do so – for instance to Japan, to Seoul (South Korea), Malaysia (Penang).

I had been smuggled into Korea to work with the Jesuits when I was in hiding.⁽²⁷⁾ I worked with the Korean Gandhian team; also the exiled president and their wife. But I could not use the usual technique of being surrounded by women that I had used in India. The Koreans were worried that some of the key leaders were likely to get caught in a large demonstration. I showed the Koreans how I had managed to move around without the police knowing, by hiding within a group of women – but they were horrified and did not think that this was appropriate.

I was out of India for a year and a half. I returned to India as soon as Mrs Gandhi had lost the election.

In Cheetah camp, the site to where the occupants of Janata had been moved, a home had been allocated to me. I was told that I could train trainers – and discouraged from going to the field: The captain does not go to the field. After 10 months, I left my home in Bandra and went back to Cheetah camp. I took a room there and struggled to make a living – selling saris. Also getting into disagreements with a local NGO – which organized a demonstration on Saturday afternoon, mobilized 200 college students with placards, held it at three o'clock in the afternoon at the municipal office, but the municipal office had closed at two o'clock. I had no job, no income and had two children to support. Jorge Anzorena and Jacques Bugnicourt came to visit.⁽²⁸⁾ Jacques Bugnicourt started supporting a publication I had started, *Voice of Slums*, through the organization that had been set up many years previously, Social Welfare Centre. This also supported various local initiatives, including a community bakery.

After returning to India from the Philippines, I travelled all over India – Karnataka, Tamil Nadu, Maharashtra, Andhra Pradesh, talking about the experience with Janata colony. Again, making many contacts – mostly with chairs of action committees, but also with staff of local NGOs. The Ecumenical Centre in Bangalore provided board and lodging. I also got support for this work from Christian organizations and was I able to organize a meeting of 100 people, including many slum leaders – a five-day workshop. At this workshop, we discussed the idea of forming a national federation. It was here that the National Slum Dwellers Federation was founded.

ActionAid supported a programme for 600 kids through NSK, and this and other support from them helped fund my work. Local NGOs wanted me to work with them to get them money. In 1984, Sheela Patel came to visit me for the first time – and after a period of visits and discussions, she founded the Indian NGO, SPARC, with some colleagues, and I began to work with SPARC.

Bombay had a huge committee of slum leaders, and many other cities followed this example. All slums had action committees that

27. The Jesuits and other church groups were very active, defending people's organizations and trying to stop evictions. Throughout the 1970s and for much of the 1980s, there were massive eviction programmes in Seoul. For more details, see Asian Coalition for Housing Rights (ACHR) (1989), "Evictions in Seoul, South Korea", *Environment and Urbanization* Vol 1, No 1, April, pages 89–94.

28. Jorge Anzorena, a Jesuit priest, met Jockin for the first time in 1976 as part of his work supporting urban poor groups with the Belgian foundation SELAVIP. Jorge Anzorena has travelled around Africa, Asia and Latin America for many years, documenting the urban poor groups he has met and the work they are doing. This was circulated initially as an informal newsletter and later became a much more widely circulated journal, *Selavip News*. It was through *Selavip News* that many informal contacts between different urban poor groups were first established. Jacques Bugnicourt was the founder of ENDA–Tiers Monde, one of the best-known African NGOs (based in Dakar, Senegal), that also developed affiliated offices in many other nations, including some in Asia and Latin America.

were organized mainly to protest, demonstrate, march – make demands for land, water, cleaning of public toilets. Officials were elected or deputed by these organizations. But they had no budgets. For instance, I endlessly pawned my typewriter when there was no money – so this typewriter went back and forth to the pawn shop. It was during these years that I saw a need to change the approach. I was doing all agitation, breaking this and that, being completely militant, but the material benefit to the people was zero. I couldn't even build one toilet. I had not even asked the government if it could build the toilet.⁽²⁹⁾

There was also more interest in our work from other institutions at this point – including the Tata Institute, where there was an interest in doing a survey of slums. I continued travelling around India – to Delhi, Ranchi, Madras, Bangalore, for meetings of federations. We began developing the capacity to do slum enumerations. Now through SPARC and Mahila Milan, we were also seeing the power of savings. We developed the tools that were to become central to the work of the federations – mapping slums, detailed surveys, information collection – all tools for organizing. At this time, every NGO was trying to manipulate or use me, except SPARC.

Jacques Bugnicourt from ENDA-Tiers Monde had invited me to go to Latin America – so I spent some months in Bogotá and also in Mexico in 1982. In February 1982, I was in a settlement in Bogotá for three days taking part in an invasion. The invasion began one night starting around 11 pm and finished the settlement process by 12.30 pm before the police came. I was in charge of laying the water line. I coloured myself and changed my dress. Helped with the invasion. I was in the settlement for three days.

'If we ourselves don't know what we want, lots of people like NGOs and big project wallahs will be very happy to come and dance on our heads.'⁽³⁰⁾

29. From the interview with Lorna Kalaw Tirol in 2000.

30. Quote from the article by Lorna Kalaw Tirol, drawing on interviews with Jockin.

EDITOR'S NOTE

The work of Jockin Arputham and of the National Slum Dwellers Federations and its alliance with the Indian NGO, SPARC, and Mahila Milan (the savings collectives formed by women slum and pavement dwellers) from the mid-1980s has been documented. Below is a list of papers published in *Environment and Urbanization* (arranged in chronological order) and some other sources about the work of this alliance. Jockin and Sheela Patel (from SPARC) have also written two papers about Dharavi's redevelopment, in the October 2007 and April 2008 issues of *Environment and Urbanization* – see below for more details.

For more details of the work of SPARC, Mahila Milan and the National Slum Dwellers Federation, see www.sparcindia.org. See also:

SPARC (1990), "SPARC – developing new NGO lines", *Environment and Urbanization* Vol 2, No 1, April, pages 91–104.

Patel, Sheela (1990), "Street children, hotels boys and children of pavement dwellers and construction workers in Bombay: how they meet their daily needs", *Environment and Urbanization* Vol 2, No 2, October, pages 9–26.

Patel, Sheela and Celine D'Cruz (1993), "The Mahila Milan crisis credit scheme; from a seed to a tree", *Environment and Urbanization* Vol 5, No 1, April, pages 9–17.

Patel, Sheela and Kalpana Sharma (1998), "One David and three Goliaths: avoiding anti-poor solutions to Mumbai's transport problems", *Environment and Urbanization* Vol 10, No 2, October, pages 149–159.

Patel, Sheela, Sundar Burra and Celine D'Cruz (2001), "Shack/Slum Dwellers International (SDI); foundations to treetops", *Environment and Urbanization* Vol 13, No 2, October, pages 45–59.

Patel, Sheela, Celine d'Cruz and Sundar Burra (2002), "Beyond evictions in a global city; people-managed

- resettlement in Mumbai", *Environment and Urbanization* Vol 14, No 1, April, pages 159–172.
- Burra, Sundar, Sheela Patel and Tom Kerr (2003), "Community-designed, built and managed toilet blocks in Indian cities", *Environment and Urbanization* Vol 15, No 2, October, pages 11–32.
- Bapat, Meera and Indu Agarwal (2003), "Our needs, our priorities; women and men from the 'slums' in Mumbai and Pune talk about their needs for water and sanitation", *Environment and Urbanization* Vol 15, No 2, October, pages 71–86.
- Patel, Sheela and Diana Mitlin (2004), "Grassroots-driven development: the alliance of SPARC, the National Slum Dwellers Federation and Mahila Milan", in Diana Mitlin and David Satterthwaite (editors), *Empowering Squatter Citizen; Local Government, Civil Society and Urban Poverty Reduction*, Earthscan Publications, London, pages 216–241.
- Patel, Sheela (2004), "Tools and methods for empowerment developed by slum dwellers federations in India", *Participatory Learning and Action* 50, IIED, London.
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- Patel, Sheela and Jockin Arputham (2007), "An offer of partnership or a promise of conflict in Dharavi, Mumbai?", *Environment and Urbanization* Vol 19, No 2, October, pages 501–508.
- Patel, Sheela and Jockin Arputham (2008), "Plans for Dharavi: negotiating a reconciliation between a state-driven market redevelopment and residents' aspirations", *Environment and Urbanization* Vol 20, No 1, April, pages 243–254.
- blocks in Indian cities", *Environment and Urbanization* Vol 15, No 2, October, pages 11–32.
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