

I love Delhi. I put up with the meanness, the weather, the air, and I've never known anything better. But I absolutely hate how none of this love is reciprocated. The city abandons me the moment the sun goes down. I've seen the nights, I've seen movies, I've lived through those movies. It breathes like a fantasy, how the city sings at night in All We Imagine as Light. I would trade my pen clip collection of 10 years (and growing) if it allowed me to live in this city without the debilitating pit in my stomach.

I'm going to be 20 soon. I don't want to begrudgingly spend my 20s, eventually my 30s, my whole life in a city that hates me so much that it can't stand my presence on my own terms. I don't want to leave this city just so I get to experience being a normal 20 year old. Not a 20 year old girl, but a regular 20 year old person. The way things are unfolding, I'm scared there's no other alternative. I'd have to sacrifice half an experience here to build half of a new experience elsewhere, in a land unfamiliar to me, which has no connection to my childhood or where I'm from, or the trees that made the ribs of my childhood(Darwish, Journal of an Ordinary Grief). I could learn everything there is to learn about every single chapel and palace in Paris but I'd never feel the connect with them that I feel with a random unnamed fort in Green Park. I could build fresh, new memories there but they'd be built on a wobbly foundation of heaps of money with no real roots.

hello send fun fonts (pls) or anything at all (pretty pls) to put in here, or not, at @delhizine on insta orrr mail me at littlestskumquat@gmail.com or find me frolicking somewhere and say hi orrrrr find us at delhizine.github.io

I shouldn't have to do all that just to exist.

A while ago, when I was alone in an auto, the auto bhaiya kept making small talk. i would love to carry the conversation forward but anything could go awry and it would be blamed on me. Why was I so welcoming? Why was I so friendly? The position of wanting to talk to them but feeling queasy if I do, queasy if I don't keeps slapping me in the face throughout the day.

Maybe I'm being overly cautious - but is it really my fault? I do everything considered 'safe', whatever the fuck that means, and still get catcalled on my way home. I would be having the worst day ever but I see a cat and suddenly the day is a little better. I bend a little to take a photo of it and men behind me on a bike yell expletives. I get it all on video. It's an adorable video of a cat till you turn the volume up. It's a horror movie now.

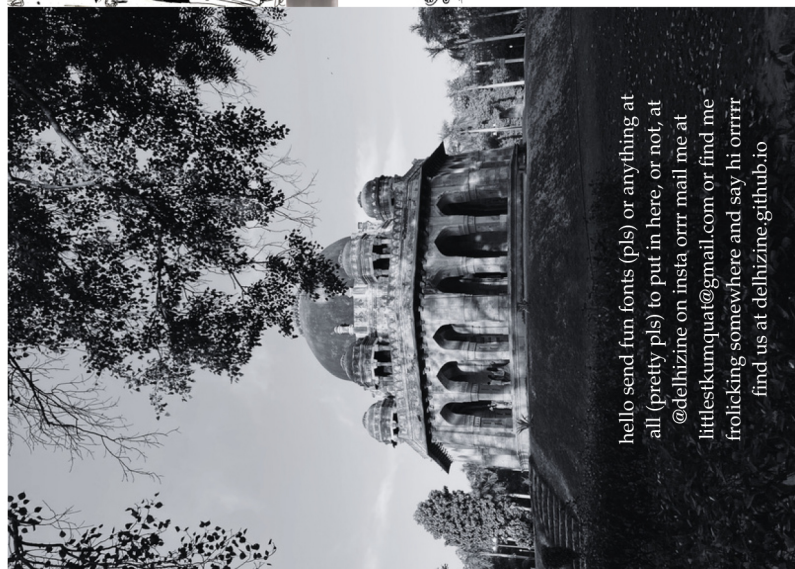
I told a friend that the auto bhaiya is too talkative and he said "arre unse boat kariti na, it's very fun I love it". Yet another experience I'll have to shelve for now, probably to gather dust until I'm braver, or the world is kinder.

HORZINE AROUND

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What I like about delhi
people watching



tightest hugs and thank yous to all my friends who recognised my incompetence in drawing and helped make the cover, i love each of you deeply.

i texted them to draw whatever their favourite thing about delhi is. use the space below to draw whatever that is for you. it could be a turn in the road, a tree, absolutely anything at all. the city is your oyster.

i'd love to see whatever you draw. PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE SEND IT TO MEEEEEE at @delhizine on insta

What is your
packing list?

(bakri's packing list)

spare phone cover grip paranoia what's that

i have a tough phone case that i use above rajiv chowk because im paranoid about someone stealing it from me/dropping it but if im below rajiv chowk and above gurgaon i am chill so i use a clear case filled with niche stickers so cool people see me and say wow he is so cool

imagine you're in a metro with someone on the same route as you and they see you change the covers that's so fun to observe

Did You Know?

Qutub Minar is world's tallest brick minaret



GABRIOLA OOO GABRIOLAAA call me milg man i love gabriola oh how i love gabriola. it's a perfect typeface. My introduction to gabriola was in 5th grade when i was making a ppt on 'Teeth' for the class. 2 things i love very much, Teeth and Gabriela.

The coolest thing about Gabriela is that you don't realise how cool it is until you notice how many things around you have been in gabriola all along. i was watching the Helvetica movie and someone said that what's best about Helvetica is that it doesn't aggressively tell you HEY LOOK AT ME IM A FONT. i dont agree with that as a characteristic for a good font because a good one will make you look at it, stand there, *realllyyyy* look at it and take a photo and add it to the fonts folder in your gallery to scroll through and giggle at later. Gabriela does this so subtly, as opposed to the unfairly hated Brush Script(more on that later!). My absolute favourite gabriola use has been, and in all probability will always be, the 'Did You Know' boards plastered around bus stops. They recently covered those up temporarily with the campaign posters and it made me come to terms with how I've taken the ordinary as granted.

Thank you Jan van de Velde the Elder for your services. I now know that Qutub Minar is the tallest brick minaret in the world.