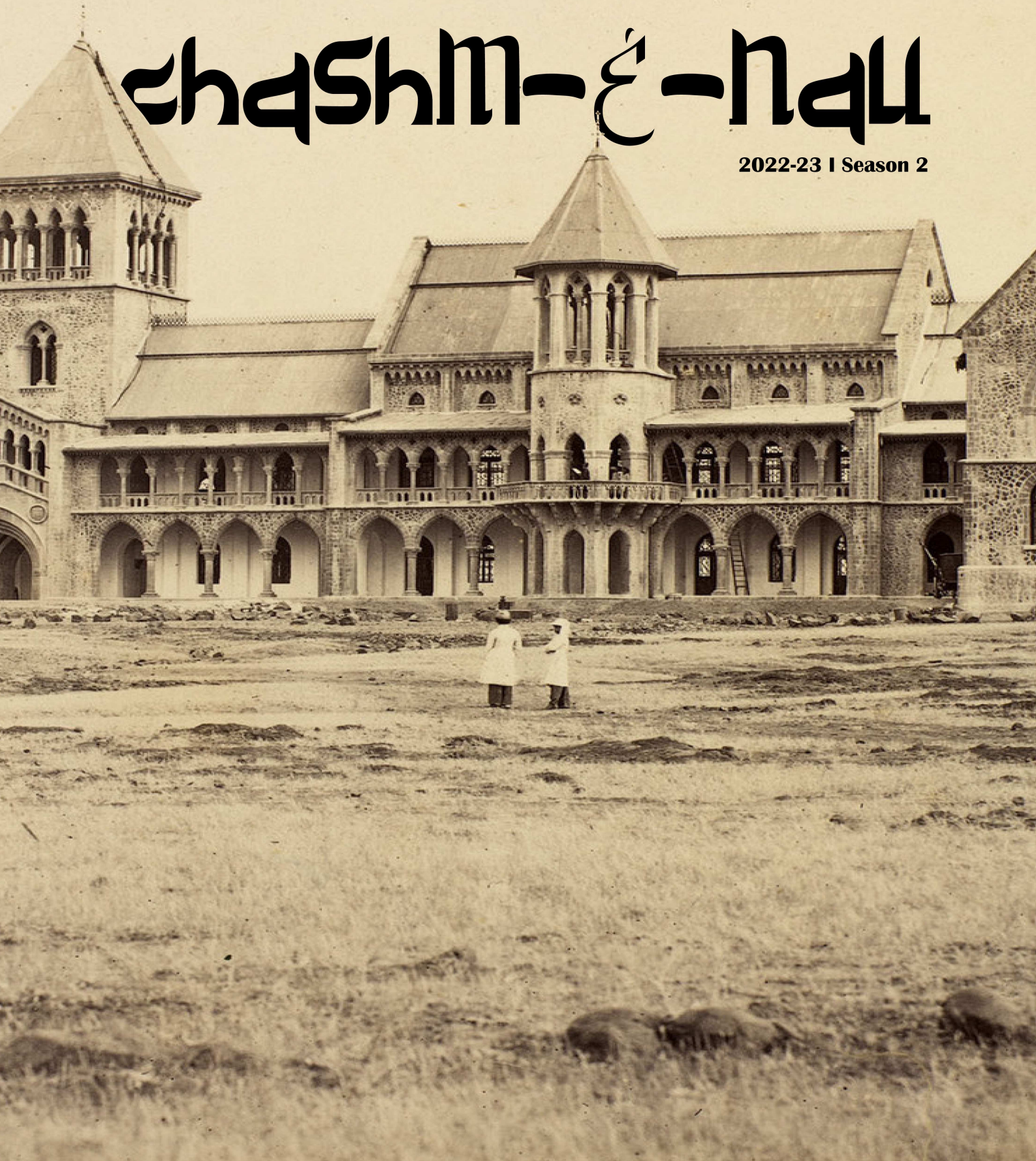


Chashm-e-Nau

2022-23 | Season 2



**DECCAN COLLAGE POST GRADUATE & RESEARCH INSTITUTE
ANNUAL MAGAZINE : A STUDENT INTIATIVE**

چشم-ع-نؤ
CHASHM-É-NAU

चष्म-ए-नौ

चश्म-ए-नौ



From The Desk of Vice Chancellor

I'm delighted and proud to place before you the second issue of the e-magazine Chashm-e-nau In your hands. The issue represents the creativity of the students represented in the symbolic printed form-interactive narrative, poetry, short story, artwork, photography- from students of all the Departments of the university. The various contributions fill you with a sense of meaningful participation of the students in this seat of learning and enthuse the spirit of all, young and old. I wish to thank the team for having brought out the issue, that's such an enjoyable read. We can't wait for the next issue. Warm wishes to the editorial team and the contributors!

Message From The Chief Editorial Committee

An institution rests primarily on two axes.

First axis, is that of present, the current or the 'now'. Second axis, is various versions of older forms of that institution that existed through various segments of time. The institution's history thus, then becomes a piercing third axis which cuts across the first two, intersecting at several junctions which one deems as watershed or monumental feats.

We would like to bring the attention of our readers, to the few of such injunctions that have been remembered by Deccan College (here, we use the term Deccan College to denote the 'people', flesh and blood of what makes a set of buildings a seat of learning) in its collective memory.

The year 2021 marked 200 years of Deccan College, a feat that is shared only by a select institutions in the country.



Over the course of time, Deccan College has changed with its time. It has stood the test of time, despite facing challenges and roadblocks. The strength to endure these, mainly came from the people who make this space alive and breathing- students, scholars, professors, non-teaching staff as well as the alumni.

The magazine is an assortment of ideas, expressed through various mediums such as photographs, poetry, conversations and artworks. It showcases the diverse milieu of Deccan College and one such manifestation of the same is the vibrant linguistic range in which we have received submissions.

The second edition of chasm-e-nau, is an attempt to bring to light the people and the very spirit of Deccan College to its readers. As the name suggests, we have made an effort to bring to our readers a fresh and 'new' perspectives and we hope the 'newness' is multiplied with every reading of the magazine.

On behalf of the Chief Editorial Team, we, Srushti Avinash Sharma and Rajat Hussendra Sethiya, present to you, the second edition of The Deccan College Magazine, a student-led initiative, chasm-e-nau (2022-23).

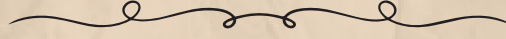


Happy Reading!



ham musāfir yūñhī masrūf-e-safar jā.eñge
be-nishāñ ho ga.e jab shahr to ghar
jā.eñge

Faiz Ahmed Faiz



*With Warm Regards,
Chief Editorial Team*

- Dr. Abhijit Dandekar (Department of AIHC & Archeology)
- Nilesh Jadhav (Gents Hostel Rector)
- Noorjahan Pathan (Ladies Hostel Warden)
- Dr. Pankaj Goyel (Gents Hostel Rector)
- Dr. Shubhangi Kardile (Department of Linguistics)
- Dr. Vrushali Bhosale (Department of Sanskrit and Lexicography)
- Srushti Avinash Sharma (Student Representative)
- Rajat Hussendra Sethiya (Student Representative)

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गुप्तगु

*In conversation
with
Dr. Abhijit Dandekar*



Tell us, in brief, about your journey as a student.

Dr. Abhijit Dandekar: So I did my graduation in Life Sciences from Ramnarain Ruia College, Mumbai. To tell the truth, though I did my graduation, I was never a studious student. We had one of the topics of Human Evolution in our curriculum, and that made me interested in Anthropology, and I wanted to study Human Evolution. So one of my friends told me that there was a course in Anthropology at Pune University. However the admissions were closed by then. I was unaware of the provisional admission procedure.

One of my friends told me about Deccan College and that there was something similar to Anthropology– it was archaeology. And you

could study archaeology, you could take admission there as well. Even at Pune University they recommended Deccan College. So I came here in and around August 1992, still unaware of how to spell 'archaeology'. That was the first thing I learnt here— the spelling of archaeology. When I came here, the session had already started; so I came somewhere in the middle. So the basics were already being told to the students. I came from a science background and the first class we had was that of Prof. Gauri Lad who was talking about socio-economic history or political history... I don't quite remember now. And everything was Greek-Latin to me! I was scared that I had fought with my parents and come here, and I don't understand anything. Now it was too late for me to cancel my admission, go back, and accept the defeat; being a boy of 19-20 years. So I stuck on somehow. Prehistory was out of bounds. We had a teacher like K. Paddayya, whom you don't understand if you have no idea of archaeology. To understand K. Paddayya you need to understand archaeology, only then can you understand Dr. Paddayya. Other teachers also— I remember one teacher telling me when I was showing her— when they took us to the museum, there was a tray and some stone tools were kept and I showed it to her and she told me she was not sure if it could be called a stone tool. It was difficult to tell. That was the end of prehistory for me. I was scared. Somehow I used to give my term-end exams. There was a different pattern back then.

After the exams I was taken to the excavations. My first excavation was at Padri where professor Shinde excavated. And that is when I realized that this is what I liked— the field work, the archaeology excavations. And then I got really interested in archaeology. Luckily I got good seniors who cleared my doubts and I got interested in studies again. That is how it started. I completed my post graduation in 1994.

Being from a science background, we had two groups– one was prehistory, the other was general archaeology. For prehistory you could choose world prehistory, evolution, bio-archaeology etc; and the other group had architecture, iconography, epigraphy, numismatics... so it was pre-decided.

It was a tradition that all science people would go to prehistory. Though I didn't understand any prehistory, it was a kind of peer pressure. So you know the curator of Maratha History Museum, Doctor Girish Mandke, he happened to be a senior there. Okay, so doing his PhD, he took my class and guided me to do general archaeology. So I did general archaeology. And thanks to him, I did my Epigraphy and Numismatics. And thanks to that, I got my job here. So anyway, I completed my MA and immediately after that I went to Dr. Mishra– he was the Director– and then he sent me to Aligarh. There was going to be a World Archaeology Congress in Delhi in 1994 and Doctor Makhanlal was the secretary of that conference. And so he sent me to Dr. Makhanal. Dr. Makhanal used to work in Aligarh University and stayed in Aligarh. So I stayed with him, worked there. From there I went to Balakal Excavations and there my topic was decided, that I would work on early historic pottery. So I worked on early historic pottery. So that was my PhD topic. So from 1995 till 2002 I got my degree. In and around 2000-2001, I submitted it, and that is in brief my journey as a student. In 2003, I joined here as a research associate in epigraphy, palaeography, and numismatics.

So what has sustained your interest here from 1992 to present?

AD: Many reasons. The culture was essentially Marathi upper caste per class— Marathi culture. I didn't know anybody who was not Maharashtrian. There were Gujaratis. Some North Indians. It was very limited and I had a very romantic idea of the Northeast, okay. I wanted to go and work there, but I had never encountered the Northeastern. When I came here, for the first time in my life, I was exposed to real people from all over the country. You know, people coming from Meghalaya, Nagaland. Then you had students coming from Kerala, Tamil Nadu, from everywhere. They were all rooted in their own cultures. So initially it was difficult for me to get along with them. Then slowly after I went to excavations, spent more and more time in the hostel, they became real buddies for life. One thing I learned here was that we didn't have anyone else. So all my romantic ideas, they got a kind of closure here. I met the real people.

That's what sustained me here for so many years, the people and then of course the subjects here. Then we got interested in excavations, we would wait somehow till Diwali. After Diwali, when exams were over, we immediately would pack our bags and we would be setting up camps in Balathal, and we would come back in March. So 4-5 months every year in the field, excavating day in and day out and staying in the intense weather without any electricity, just using lanterns or Petromax at the most. It was a different life. But it was a very endearing life. And the villagers over there— unsolicited, pure love— you would get from them. The entire village would come together to see a swath. The villagers would be crying, we would be crying, and we still have that work. I mean, every time I go to Balathal— it has been 20 years— now I meet them, I have food with them. They still remember us. Anything. So you get a human to

human bond– that's what fascinated me. That's what kept me going till today, and the entire approach of this institute. Everyone needs to think. You need to understand about this institute is that the USP is informality. The atmosphere is informal. There are teachers who go by the book, but during our times we would not. Hardly anybody went by the book. We would play with our teacher– like there was Dr. P.K. Thomas, who established this Department of Archaeozoology, was an excellent volleyball player. And every evening we would play volleyball here. Not only the students but teachers, the Registrar. Everybody would play. Everybody would come together, right from the Director to the peon to the sweeper, everybody. So this was though we had differences, and people have always fought and things like that, it was very thick. And that is how, you know, this institute worked. So my teachers never treated me as a student. I could argue with my teachers. I could disagree with my teachers. I could complain to my teachers. I mean, I was one of the kind of leaders over here.

So anytime any problem happened either in the hostel or in the mess, I would go to the Director immediately with a morcha and all. The Director was my guide, Professor Mishra. But he treated me as a student and he knew that I was not fighting with Mishra. But I was not arguing with him. I was arguing with the chair, the Director's chair. So he didn't take it personally.

There was kind of a Gurukul system over here. Students studying here, being appointed as teachers, professors, HoDs, etc. So my efforts are to continue with that tradition. Now things have changed. But I try to be as informal as possible, you know, and impart whatever knowledge, information, that I have... you know in whichever domain, whether you have a formal class, don't have a formal, doesn't

make any difference. Initially when we stayed in the camp for 24 hours, you know, for months together, it was the best way to learn archaeology from your teachers. They would talk about their own experiences. Then you could be together already in the field, so you could correlate everything together. So yeah, this is a different college— spending time, and not only with teachers, actually with other staff also. For example, I remember a very fond friend, a senior person who was a retired army officer, Mr. Bhatavdekar. He would read a lot. And not only him, Gawade, Chandrakant Shendge, Waman Kawde, they had really worked in the field, but not only merely staff. So you could tell Bhatavdekar to excavate; he would excavate beautifully. These people have really worked in the field so they knew how to excavate a skeleton, how to maintain a trench, everything. They may not know how to maintain a logbook. They may not know the details of antiquities, but excavation they knew. We actually learned from them. So the environment was like that only, it was not hierarchical.

And actually, you fall in love in this place. So it's a golden trap, actually. You know, every year we say that the admission time is monsoon time, so Deccan College kind of sets the trap— beautiful buildings, all greenery, lush green, nice atmosphere, good cooling environment. Students get stuck. And this, I mean, this can sound very superstitious— but this place has a mind of its own. If it wants you to be here, you will be here. Go wherever you want. You cannot leave this place if it doesn't want you to. You can try as hard as you want. You won't be able to stay away.

What was an impressionable event that made you stay here?

AD: It was meeting the people here. I mean one of my best friends is from Mumbai. Another best friend is a professor of linguistics in a Central University. I can say with pride and with affection that in every state of this country I have a home. And literally from Kashmir to Kanyakumari, from Nagaland, Mizoram to Gujarat, MH—anywhere I can go, at least one house is there. So that's the thing. I mean you really understand the ethos of this culture. I won't say one country, culture. You really understand this. Boundaries are fake and artificial. There are man-made boundaries and across... you know, not only the region but religion also. When we were here, we didn't need money. I could live here with 50 paise in my pocket for months. If you didn't have money to give in the canteen, it was okay because there was Mama, he would give chai free of cost to us. Every day we would have only one thing, either wada, or bhaji, or idli, missal or something. He understood. But we did all sorts of things here, there was an enjoyable life. This might sound very loaded, but most of us had siblings, so there was already a training of sharing. And you would barge into anybody's room at any time. Somebody had an iron, so it would go all around the hostel; sharing things— this we don't see now. We made friends for life. Made life partners over here. So whatever I am today, is because of this institute. Good, bad. It has both sides. You stay in some kind of cocoon over here and you don't know what's happening outside. I mean it's like that, and growing up— it's such a relative term that we had no contact with the outside world. It is kind of a time warp. Everybody stayed here for seven years, eight years, ten years... so the relative growth could be the same. One day I realized that I've grown up and I've spent so much time because you know, the Chandrama that you see, the tapri that you see... so this Chandra, the tapri that you see, used to be huge. Every day we would

be at Chandrama, okay, and the tree which you see near to it, that tree was Bodhi tree. We would be sitting there for hours together. So there they had kids working, and they did work (till they were) young boys, and that's when I realized I have spent so many years in this place. So that happens. I mean you don't realize how many years you have spent in this place. So it's like that, if you remember in the movie Rang De Basanti, Aamir Khan tells that inside the college you feel very confident, outside there is no identity. Same thing, same thing happens to any university and maybe JNU, DU– the students are spending a lot of time, not many years as students. Then that's what happens. That's the flip side. You start your life late.

So as you mentioned so many people, but I want you to be specific for this one. Who has played a very pivotal role in your journey as a scholar and a professor here?

AD: Teachers. Prof. Mishra– I won't say he taught me actively, but I kind of invited subconsciously. I realized that now, many times– the things how he would have reacted– or how he would have taken any action. And then I see his example. There was Professor VK Bhattacharya. Earlier he was a professor of anthropology at Delhi University. If he had wandered, I wouldn't have finished my PhD. And then there was Professor MS Mate. So these three teachers, I would say. Of course others are there. Professor Rajguru for example. He was not directly involved, as some subjects differed. Actually I met Professor Mate not as a student but when I became a faculty here. I met Professor Mate because Martin retired before I joined as a student. But somehow I got in touch with Dr. Mate and so have learned so many things. I mean, if you see my research papers, you see an

accurate part of it. You tell the reader what you want to tell in the first two paragraphs, he doesn't have to search for it. Then you make your argument afterwards, but you tell the reader what the paper is about. So that's what I learned from him. I follow that. Professor Mishra was very humane. He enjoyed life and his approach towards people was absolutely humane. They followed hierarchy wherever it was necessary, but not always.

What are the commonalities from the time you were a student here, and when you became a teacher?

AD: Not going by the hierarchy, being friendly with the students, fighting with students alike. So that's a tradition that you know has not changed, at least for me. It must have changed for others. So that value I've kept. Another thing that was difficult to maintain especially after I became the Registrar, was the relationship dynamics I had with people here. Though I am a teacher here, I would still like to think that I'm a senior student. That's the ethos of this college. When we did our first alumni meet in the college, sometime in 2006-07, we felicitated only one teacher because Professor Dhavalikar had received Padma Shri. So we felicitated him; we felicitated all the non teaching staff, the peons, the sweepers, the drivers, because they have played an equally important part in our lives here. They still maintain those relationships. That's what I like to have.

So what are your non-academic interests?

AD: Music, classical music. Indian classical music, Indian folk music,

Indian film music. But mostly till 70s-80s max, not after that. If it is AR Rahman, Vishal Bhardwaj- I would still listen to them. This Neha Khanvilkar. They are very good now. Also mostly old film songs. Indian classical, of course, instrumental as well as vocal. That is one of my interests. Literature- Marathi literature, Hindi literature, Urdu Literature, Urdu poetry. So those are my interests.

Films, the ones that are for entertainment, not pretentious, do not claim to be classical movies. For example movies of Govinda. They're absolute entertainment. Gulal was my favorite. Gangs of Wasseypur, of course. I appreciated the Girl with Yellow Boots. That was one of his good movies, Black Friday. Some Japanese movies, some Chinese movies as well. There was an excellent movie, Godfather. I enjoy literature like Kafka, Camus. I like Kafka more than English literature. And then Agatha Christie, of course. For Marathi, Nanda Khare was one of my favorites. Nemade always has an influence on young kids, young boys of 20-25 age, so at that age Nemade was favourite. J. Kulkarni was a favorite in Marathi. Kusumagraj as a poet was favourite. Slowly you outgrow them. Pu. La. Deshpande of course, but you outgrow Pu. La. Deshpande after some time and then you enjoy people like Dilip Chitre, enjoy people like Arun Kulatkar, Shyam Manohar, Milasa Rani.

Are you trained in Indian Classical Music?

AD: I am, kind of, yeah. I learnt tabla for a very long time. Used to play tabla for a living.

How do you do? How do you make a living from Arts?

AD: There was another student, Vikramjit Singh, who was a Manipuri, he played flute. And he used to play flute in five star hotels in Pune. So I would go and accompany him. I used to play at the Pride hotel and Arora Towers. They had restaurants and there we would play. It was also practice– for three hours, it was good practice. You're getting money for practice. What more can you ask for?

Something specific that changed the way you looked at things?

AD: Yeah, I enjoy absurdity. George Orwell– 1984, Animal Farm. I just finished 1984 again– sometime again. It makes sense in current times.

The plays that I enjoyed the most were the plays of Mahesh Elkunchwar. His plays, not only this, Wada Chirebandi, Magna Talyakathi– this trilogy of his dramas, with the third part being Yugant. It's a story of a zamindar in that range, and he kind of creates the values in the first part and breaks them in the last part. So it's a beautiful play experience I'd watched many years back... for 9 hours continuously, and three parts together. So that was an experience. His other plays– Garbo, Sonata– those were very good plays. Those I have enjoyed. In commercial theater, I've not seen for a very long time, like Prashant Damle plays– I've not seen the latest ones. Old ones have seen them, enjoyed them. Then you kind of again outgrow them.

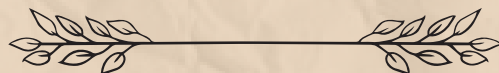
Do you also act?

AD: No, I never got an opportunity. Though I do act when I teach you. That's a role, right? I mean that is one way of looking at it. I

mean a very cheerful person, talking continuously, laughing. No, I'm a very boring person. That's all I do, you put up a face and yeah, you put up a person. But again, rather, I would call it a performance because it all depends upon the response feedback. I don't know what to see in the acting role, but I see that you people are involved in enjoying it, there are questions and answers and dialogue, then I enjoy it. That's a performance, we're as good as you. Otherwise I'm kind of an introvert. Keep to myself, shy. If I am in my own territory, then I am the king.

What is your major take away from your life at Deccan College, that you would like to tell the readers?

AD: This is one of the great places to be in life. Enjoy it with all its flip sides, whatever. Hit the library, make friends, and chill. I won't tell them to study hard and whatever, that they will do anyway. Make your own mistakes. That is one thing I'll tell students. Okay, don't go by others' mistakes. Make your own mistakes. Learn from them. Even if you are excavating— if you have been given a trench, make your own mistakes, you will learn from that. And you will have seniors who will take care of your mistakes. Don't worry. Ask questions and don't believe anybody. Make your own judgment. They could be right, they could be wrong. Verify whatever your teachers tell you. Verify. Hit the library, don't google it at that moment. I mean, I've seen students doing that. Also checking facts on Wikipedia, Google. That's not the way to do it. And there are no shortcuts in life. Even if you take one, you realize that there is a roadblock.



जीवन एक पहेली है

Sucharita Choudhury
AIHC & Archeology

जीवन एक पहेली है...

मौसम ने आज बदली करवटें हैं,
बादल भी छिपकर;
बरसा रहें अपनी आंसू हैं,

यही नीला मैदान आज, परेशान क्यों हैं?
इन पक्षियों की बोलती बंद कैसे हैं?
कही, इंसान खुद कब्र खोद रहा अपनी-
तो कहीं, जीवन की अब परवाह नहीं।

इन पेड़ों के पीछे छुपे हुए,
ये जो बड़ी इमारते हैं -

हाँ, तुम्ही से कहती हूँ,
प्रकृति पर करो घोर अत्याचार नहीं-
तुम्हारे कारण उन नादान -
वनजीवों को मिला मुकाम नहीं,
रोजमर्रा के शोरगुल में, लोगों की भागदौड़ और व्यस्तता...
जीवन से परेशान -

ये जो सन्नाटों ने एक कोने में बसेरा डाला था,
न जाने... आज वो कैसे भागते हुई,

निकल आएं हैं,

न जाने... ये सन्नाटे क्या कहते हैं, दिनभर,
इसके अल्फाज नहीं, ना ही शरीर हैं
हवाओं में बहते हुए, शीरों के बीच रहते हुए,
न जाने... क्या कहने को तड़पते हैं?

आज हम उसकी उन अनकही बातों को सुनें,
हाँ, माना... शरीर नहीं है,
लेकिन उसकी अनदेखी रूह को
महसूस करें—
कहानी तो अभी बोलने ही बैठी थी,
समय बीता, वो लुप्त हुई,
और...

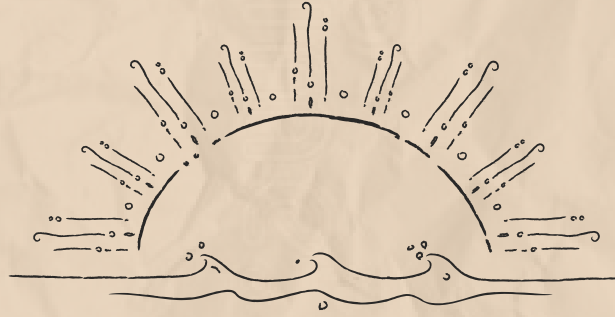
कानों में फिसफिसा गई...
पूरी कथा तो अभी बाकी है मेरे दोस्त!



सुकून

ललित आदित्य
PhD Archeology

ढलते सूरज,
और कल-कल करती नदी के किनारे।
पहली बारिश की बूँदें
धरती की सोंधी खुशबू
तुम, मैं और हमारा एकांत।।



नज़्म

Srushti Sharma
AIHC & Archeology

एक शख्स की याद में
दुनिया को भुला देना तो
ना ही मुमकिन है और ना ही मुनासिब
तो फिर इस इज़हार ए मोहब्बत की
जंग को कैसे जीता जाये?

मैं ना तो तुम्हारे तसव्वुर के
धागों से पिरोई हुई कोई शायरा हूँ
जो तुम्हारे सिरहाने पर सुंदर नज़्म बिछा दूँ
या तुम्हारी खिदमत में एक ग़ज़लो का हार पेश करूँ
मैं ना तो एक फ़नकार हूँ
जो तुम्हारे नाम का एक एक हफ़्
चुन कर गीत लिख उस पर झूम उठूँ

मैं हूँ तो एक बिस्तर के आखिरी कोने
में बिछाया हुआ दिन का पहला ख़्वाब
एक देर से खिली बहार जिसका इंतजार तुम्हें हमेशा से था
आफ़ताब की आग़ोश में वो सूखा कांटा जो कभी फुल होने की
तम्मना में अब सिर्फ़ सूरज को अपना नसीब समझ कोसता हैं

तो,

कैसे करूँ तुमसे इकरार?

जब मेरा दामन शर्म से लिपटा हुआ है
मगर उसकी तफ़्तीश के क़ाबिल
सिर्फ़ और सिर्फ़ तुम हो

जब मेरे हाथों में फ़कत तुम्हारे इस्म की मेहंदी लगी हैं?
जब मेरे ज़ेहन की चीखें सिर्फ़ तुम्हें पुकारती हैं?
जब शब-ए-फ़िराक़ की धुन्ध में एक तुम्हारा चांद खिलता है?

इसलिए
खामोशी की आड़ में
बैठ जाती हूँ,
इस उम्मीद से
कि तुम आओगे,
मेरा हाथ थाम कर,

अपना नाम लिख जाओगे



chahārgāna/ rubai/ quatrain

Srushti Sharma
AIHC & Archeology

I.

On a winter morning, we walked, hum-nafas
Two tombs; one for each of us
A cat crossed our paths, holy, divine, futile
You held my hand and heart, left me be-bas

II.

On a summer afternoon, the heat was sweltering
Down under the shade of amaltas, we sat- unquestioning
How was I to know this was love
As you keep making your way to me, earthshattering

III.

The monsoon arrived with gentle drops of rain
As our hearts fused, so did the intrinsic pain
We tore through the walls of convention, custom,
Your lips never touched wine, but left a stain

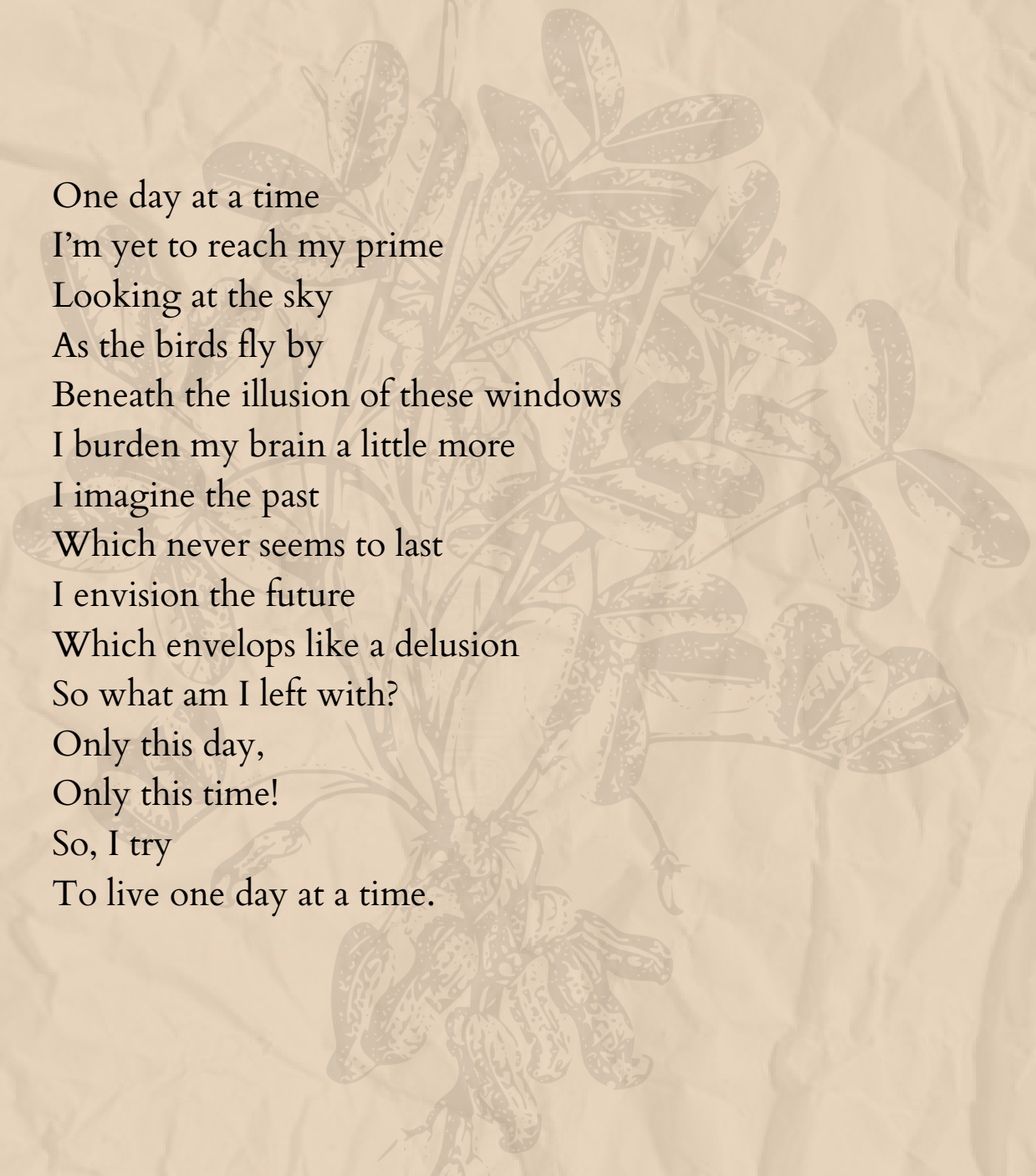
IV.

Spring arrives with Semal, Amaltas, Palash; Bahaar
Love blossoms, ripe, fresh, soon to vanish; guzaar
The world is ending, we need to go our separate ways
They say dreams and wish-making charms are sold everywhere;
bazaar



One Day at A Time

Akanksha Malik Parashar



One day at a time
I'm yet to reach my prime
Looking at the sky
As the birds fly by
Beneath the illusion of these windows
I burden my brain a little more
I imagine the past
Which never seems to last
I envision the future
Which envelops like a delusion
So what am I left with?
Only this day,
Only this time!
So, I try
To live one day at a time.

Just Let Them Be

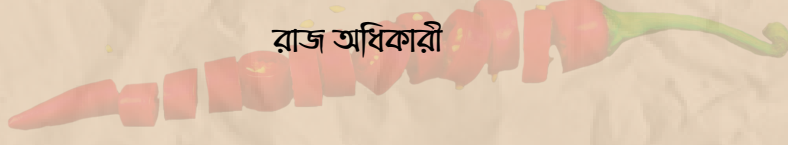
Akanksha Malik Parashar

Childhood leads to adulthood
With infancy and adolescence somewhere in between
Trying to carve a niche for themselves
With whatever they've seen.
So, let them be...
Let them carve out their future's sculpture
It may not be a masterpiece
But,
It will surely lead them to peace



মাছের ঝোল

রাজ অধিকারী



শেষমেশ পলু উচ্চমাধ্যমিক পাশ করেছে। আমরা যখন হাইস্কুলে ঢুকি, পলু তখন ক্লাস এইট-এ। আমরা যখন মাধ্যমিক দেব, পলু তখন মাধ্যমিকে তৃতীয়বার। আমরা যখন কলেজে উঠলাম, পলু দ্বিতীয়বার উচ্চমাধ্যমিক দেবে। এখন আমরা কলেজে থার্ড ইয়ার। পলু উচ্চমাধ্যমিক পাশ করেছে। বেশ একটা অন্তরকম আনন্দ। স্কুলের যে গার্ডকাকুকে পলু বিড়ি শেয়ার করতো, সেই কাকু হাউমাউ করে কাঁদছে। এতবছর পর পলু স্কুল থেকে চলে যাচ্ছে। সবার মন খারাপ। সন্ধ্য জয়েন করা ফিজিষ্ টিচার ও পলু প্রায় সমবয়সী। স্কুলের থেকে পলু এক কাটন বিড়ি ও দশ প্যাকেট চানাচুর গিস্ট করা হয়েছে। হেডমাস্টার স্বয়ং পলুকে ছলছল নয়নে গেট অর্দি এগিয়ে দিয়েছেন।

আমাদের আজ বেশ আনন্দ। পেনোদা খুশিতে সবাইকে এক্সপায়ার্ড প্রীমহীন প্রীমরোল খাওয়াচ্ছে ফ্রীতে। আমি বললাম,

“পলু এতবছর পর পাশ করলো। আমরা চল স্লেমিট্রোট করি!”

“বাকিতে কোনও স্লেমিট্রেশনের খাবার গেলাতে পারবো না আমি।” পেনোদা বুকুর বাঁদিক চেপে জানিয়ে দিল আগেই।

“তোমারে দিতে হইবো না কিম্মু। আমরা বনভোজন করলুম!” কাঠবাঙাল নোলা অভয় দিল।

“বনভোজনটা হবে কোথায়?” বিজয় জিজ্ঞেস করলো।

“কগন? বনভোজন আবার কই হবে, জঙ্গলে গিয়া করলুম!”

“জঙ্গলটা কি অবিনাশের জঙ্গলবুকে পাবো?”

“কগন, ঐ যে বৈকুণ্ঠপুর ফরেস্ট যামু।”

“জঙ্গলটা কি অবিনাশের জঙ্গলবুকে পাবো?”

“কগন, ঐষে বৈকুণ্ঠদুর ফরেস্ট যামু।”

“লোকজন সকালে ইয়ে করতে যায় বৈকুণ্ঠদুরে।” অবিনাশ কুষ্ঠাবোধ না করেই জানায়।

“আমার বাড়িতে কেউ নেই। ছাদে করা যায়।” পাশ করা পোলা দলু দারুণ আইডিয়া দেয়।

“বেশ! তাহলে লিস্ট করে ফেল জলদি। বাজার করতে হবে।” আমি তাড়াহড়ো করি।

“মুরগি কিন্তু খামু না।” নোলা আগে থেকেই স্পষ্ট জানায়।

“কেন? তুই ভেগান হলি নাকি?” অবিনাশ সন্দেহ করে।

“না না, ভেগান হমু কগন! মুরগি খাইলে শালা করোনা হইবো।”

“যত্নব কুসংস্কার! ঠিক আছে তাহলে পাঁঠা খাবো!”

“ভগবান তোরে পাঠাইসে তো পাঠাইসে, পাঠানোর টাইমে পাঁঠা বানায় পাঠাইসে। পাঁঠা শালা মাইনষে খায়? নুংরা জানুয়ার একখান। মেটে ভাইবে খাইতে যাই, শালা পাঁঠার ইয়ে চিবায়া ফেলি।”

“তাহলে কি ঘোড়ার ডিমের অমলেট খাবি হতভাগা!”

“কগন? ডিম খামু কগন? মাছ খামু!”

“দিকনিকে কেউ মাছ খায়!”

“ভাইবা দস্যখ, খরচ বেশি হইবো না।”

কথাটা আমাদের মনে ধরে বেশ। গুঁড়ো দুধ চুরি বাদে রান্না ঘরে আমরা কেউই ঢুকিনা। বাজারদর সম্বন্ধেও আইডিয়া নেই। নোলা যখন খরচ বাঁচাবে বলেছে আমাদের আর পায় কে! শেষমেশ ঠিক হলো আমরা কালো জিরা ফোড়ন দিয়ে ছোট মাছের ঝোল খাবো। অনেক মাছও খাওয়া হবে, আবার পয়সাও বাঁচবে।

বাজারে যাওয়ার কোনও প্লানই ওঠেনা। ঠিক হলো, সবাই নিজের বাড়ি থেকে জিনিস নিয়ে আসবে। আমি নিজের মাদের চাল, হোমিওপ্যাথি ওষুধের শিশিতে লবণ, দু’টো আলু নিয়ে গেলাম। অবিনাশও চাল, হলুদের গুঁড়ো, আলু, পঁয়াজ নিয়ে এলো। বিজয় শুধু চাল ও মাছ দিয়েছে। ও যেহেতু মাছ কিনেছে তাই আর কিছু আনবেনা। নোলার ভাগে পড়েছিল রান্নার দরকারি সমস্ত মশলাপাতি ও সর্ষের তেল। দলু নিজের ছাদ দিয়েছে। রান্নার জন্য গ্যাস ওভেন দিয়েছে। স্বাভাবিকভাবেই ও আর কিছুচ দেবে না।

সবাই তো নিজের মাপ মতো চাল নিয়ে এসেছে। ব্যপারটা হলো, একেকজনের চাল একেকরকম। এতজন ছেলেপুলে ভাত খাবে। তাই আমি একাই লালবাবা চাল নিয়ে এসেছি।

অবিনাশ এনেছে মোটা মোটা চাল। ওর বাবা জেলার, আর কিইবা আশা করা যায়। বড়লোক বিজয় এনেছে বিরিয়ানির সুরু সুরু চাল। তাও এসব মানা যায়! নোলা বগটা গোবিন্দভোগ আতপচাল নিয়ে এসেছে। ছোট মাছ দিয়ে কি পায়ের বানানোর প্ল্যান? কিস্যু করার নেই! যা এসেছে তাই খেতে হবে সবাইকে।

রান্নার দায়িত্ব পলুর ওপরে। ও আদৌ রান্না জানে কিনা আমরা জানি না। তবে আমরা এটা জানি যে পলু এত বছরে অনেক কিছুই জেনেছে। নিশ্চই তার মধ্যে রান্নাটাও হবে। পলু বসেছে রান্নায়। মুখে বিড়ি জ্বলছে। কানে একটা বিড়ি রাখা। প্রথমে চানাচুরও খাচ্ছিলো। অনেক বলেকয়ে সুরিয়ে রেখেছে সেটা। তাও ভাতের মধ্যে কয়েকটা বাদাম মনে হয় পড়েছে।

হেডশেফ পলুর সহকারী নোলা। এটা সেটা এগিয়ে দিচ্ছে।

মাছের ঝোল রান্না হচ্ছে। ঝোল বানানোর জন্যে জল দেওয়া হল। লেফটিস্ট মানুষ পলু। নোলাকে বললো,

“লাল লঙ্কার গুঁড়োটা দে।”

“ক্যান? লঙ্কা যে এমনি কাইটা দিলি!”

“মেলা ফগচফগচ করিস না তো। ঝোলের রঙ লাল হলে দেখতে ভালো লাগে।”

“দেইখা কি লাভ! খাওয়ার সময় মনে হইবো কাঁচা কাঁচা মাছ খাইতেছি। কালকে ইয়েও লাল হইবো।”

“ধুর শালা!”

পলু নিজেই উঠে নিয়ে নিলো লঙ্কার গুঁড়ো। কাঁচাটা বেশ করে ঝাঁকিয়ে পলু লঙ্কার গুঁড়ো ভেতরে ফেলতে গেল। ধোকা হয়েছিল বেচারার সাথে। বোঝেনি ফুঁটো অলরেডি অত বড়ো। একগাদা লঙ্কার গুঁড়ো পড়ে যায় ঝোলে। ভাগ্য ভালো কেউ দেখেনি। পলু ফটাফট ঢাকনা দিয়ে চাপা দিয়ে দেয়। হয়তো নিজেও দেখতে কফট পাচ্ছিলো ছেনেটা।

আমরা খেতে বসলাম। চার রকমের চাল দিয়ে রান্না করা ভাত সবার পাতে পড়লো। মাছের ঝোলের ঢাকনা তুলতেই বাংলার চৌপ্রিশ বছর ভেসে উঠলো চোখের সামনে। এতো লাল মাছের ঝোল দেখে সম্রাট অশোকও কেঁদে ফেলতেন। যাই হোক, কিস্যু করার নেই আর! খেতেই হবে। সবাই ভাত মাখছে। পরদিন সকালে বাথরুমের সিন ভেবে সবার চোখ ছলছল করছে। চোখও

লাল হয়ে গেছে। বিজয়ের চোখ থেকে দু'ফোটা জল ভাতের পাতে গড়িয়ে পড়লো। ও আর লবণ নিলো না।

কিন্তু অদ্ভুত ব্যাপার ঘটলো একটা। আমরা সবাই ভয়ে ভয়ে লালবাবা চাল মিশ্রিত লাল ঝোলের ভাত মুখে দিলাম। একটুকু ঝাল লাগলো না। কি করে সম্ভব! আমরা সবাই ভগবানের কৃপা ভেবে চিবোতে থাকলাম খুশিতে। তখনই ঘটলো সেই বিজীষিকা! আমাদের সবার মুখ থেকে ফেনা বের হতে শুরু করলো। নোলা লাফিয়ে উঠলো,

“ওরে পলু কি কইরা দিলি রে! খাবার বিষ মিশায়া আমাগো মাইরে ফেলাইলি!”

আমরা স্ততিই খুব ভয় পেয়ে যাই। দিকনিক মাথায় ওঠে। কুলকুচি করতে গিয়ে দেখি আরও বেশি ফেনা হচ্ছে। ওই বস্তু খাওয়ার কোনওরকম অভ্যাস নেই আর। কে জানে পলু কি মিশিয়েছে! এদিকে থিদেও পেয়েছে বহু। নিরুপায় হয়ে সেই পেনোদার দোকান।

পেনোদার স্ট্রিমরোল তখন অমৃত! পেনোদা যেন আমাদের মার্ভেল সিনেমায় স্ট্যান লি। কঙ্গামিও রোলেই হিট। প্রাণ ভরে স্ট্রিম রোল খাচ্ছি আমরা। হঠাৎ দেখি নোলার বাবা ছুটতে ছুটতে এলেন পেনোদার দোকানে।

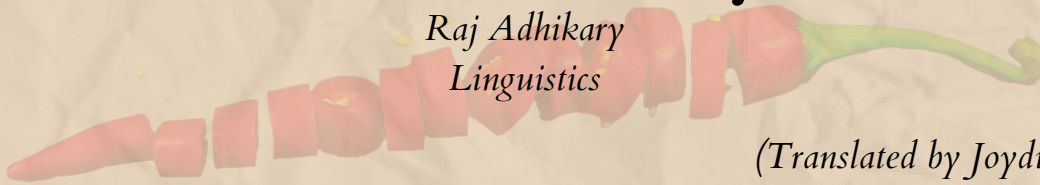
“বাবা! তুমি এইখানে কখন? কি হইসে?” নোলা চিন্তিত হয়ে জিজ্ঞেস করে।

“আরে তুই দিকনিকের লেইগা লঙ্কার গুঁড়ার বদলে লাল গুঁড়া মাজন নিয়া গেসিস। এই নে লঙ্কার গুঁড়ার কোটা!”



Fish Curry

Raj Adhikary
Linguistics



(Translated by Joydip Chatterjee)

Finally, Polu has passed his higher secondary exams. When we entered middle school, Polu was in high school. When we were appearing for our 10th boards for the first time, it was Polu's third time. When we entered college, Polu was appearing for his 12th boards for the second time. Now, we are in our third year of college. Polu has passed his 12th boards. It's a different kind of joy. The guard uncle at school with whom Polu used to share his bidis is crying inconsolably.

Polu is leaving school after so many years. Everyone there is sad. The Physics teacher who has joined recently is the same age as Polu. The school has given Polu a carton of bidis and ten packets of chanachur as a parting gift. The headmaster himself, through tearful eyes, saw off Polu to the main gate.

We are quite happy today. Penoda is his unbound joy in treating all of us to expired, creamless cream rolls at his shop.

“Polu has passed after so many years, let us celebrate this occasion!” I propose.

“I am not giving anything on credit”, says Penoda, clutching the left side of his chest.

“You don’t have to give us anything. We’ll have a picnic”, Nola states.

“Where exactly will we have this picnic?”, asks Bijoy.

“In the jungle of course, where else!”

“And will we find this jungle in the Jungle Book?”

“Why, we’ll go to the Baikunthapur forest!”

“But people go there to do their stuff in the morning”, Abinash says without hesitation.

“There’s no one in our house. We could do it on the roof”-- just-passed Polu puts forth a brilliant idea.

“Right, then let’s make a list. We need to go shopping”, I say with urgency.

“I’m not having chicken”, Nola states clearly.

“Why? Have you turned vegan?”, Abinash queries.

“No no, why would I become a vegan? It’s just that consuming chicken causes corona.”

“Stupid conspiracy theories! Okay then, we’ll have mutton.”

“When God sent you on this earth, he made you a mutton-eating

moron. Who eats goat meat? Dirty animal. I think I'm eating its liver, but it turns out I'm chewing on a different organ altogether."

"So do you propose we eat horse-egg omelets then?"

"No, not eggs. Fish."

"Whoever eats fish on a picnic!?!"

"Think about it, it'll be very cost-effective."

We think about it. None of us ever enters the kitchen, except to steal condensed milk, and thus have no idea about the cost of such things. So when Nola says that it is going to be cost-effective, all of us do find the idea appealing. In the end, we decide that we will have a curry of small fish, seasoned with cumin. Not only will we be able to eat a lot of fish, but it'll save us money as well.

There is no question of going to the market. We decide that we will each get stuff from our homes. I contribute some rice, some salt in a tiny vial of homeopathic medicine, and two potatoes.

Abinash gives some rice, turmeric powder, potatoes, and onions. Bijoy brings only rice and fish— since he has brought the fish, he is not bringing anything else. Nola is to bring the necessary spices and mustard oil. Polu has contributed the roof of their house, and a gas oven for cooking. Naturally, he is not going to contribute anything else.

Everyone has brought rice according to himself, but the thing is, each rice is of a different kind. So many people are going to eat, so I alone have brought Red Label Basmati rice. Abinash has brought coarse, thick rice. His father is a jailor, so what else can we expect from him! Rich kid Bijoy has brought fine Biryani rice. But all that is still acceptable. That stupid Nola has brought Govindbhog rice. Is the plan to make payesh with the small fish? But what can we do— we'll have to make do with whatever has been brought.

Polu has been given the cooking responsibilities. We don't know whether he even knows how to cook. But we know that in all these years, he has learned a lot of things. Surely cooking is also one of them. With a bidi in his mouth, Polu is cooking. He was having chanachur as well, but after a lot of effort, we made him keep that aside. Still, there are probably a few peanuts in the rice. Nola is the sous chef. He is handing things to the head chef.

The fish curry is being cooked. Water has been added to it. Leftist Polu tells Nola, "Pass me the red chili powder."

"Why? Didn't you just add chopped chilies?"

"Don't argue. The curry will look fancier if it's red in color."

"What's the point of looks? It'll feel as if we are eating raw fish. Tomorrow's output will be red as well."

Fed up, Polu gets up himself to get the powder. Giving the container a thorough shake, Polu attempts to pour some red chili powder into the

curry. But the poor guy does not know that the container is already open. Quite a lot of powder gets poured into the curry. Luckily, no one sees him. Quickly, Polu covers the curry. Maybe he doesn't want to see it himself.

Where's my red chili powder?



We sit down to eat. A mixture of four kinds of rice is served to everyone. The moment the lid is removed from the fish curry, we get Vietnam War flashbacks. Even the great Ashoka would have cried seeing this shade of red. But what can one do, we have to eat what we have. We get teary-eyed thinking about the scene in the bathroom the next day. A teardrop falls down Bijoy's face into his plate. He doesn't add any more salt.

But a strange thing happens. We all eat red curry mixed with Red Label rice, but strangely, it's not spicy at all. How is this possible? Praising the Lord, we keep chewing happily. That's when terror strikes. Foam starts forming in all of our mouths.

Nola jumps up. "What have you done Polu? You've poisoned our food and murdered us!"

All of us get really scared. Forget about the picnic. As we rinse our

mouths, even more, foam starts forming. None of us have any desire to consume that curry anymore. Who knows what Polu has mixed? But we are still hungry. Out of options, we head back to Peno-da's shop.

Peno-da's cream rolls taste heavenly now. Penoda himself is the Stan Lee of our Marvel movie. Hit in just a cameo appearance. We are devouring the rolls, when suddenly Nola's father comes running towards us.

"Dad! Why are you here? What happened?" Nola sounds worried.

"Arre you've mistakenly taken red toothpaste powder instead of chili powder. Here, take the chili powder."



किचूरची रणराशिणी

गार्गी गणेश राऊत
भाषाविज्ञान

आधुनिक भारताचा इतिहास हा अधिकतर पुरुष लेखकांनी लिहिलेला असल्यामुळे तो काही वेळा एकतर्फी झालेला जाणवतो. इतिहासाच्या पुस्तकातून स्त्रिया अदृश्य असतात, जणू काही इतिहास घडविण्यामध्ये स्त्रियांचा काही वाटाच नाही. याला छेद देण्यासाठी मी कर्नाटकातील किचूरची राणी चन्नम्मा हिची कथा आपल्यासमोर घेऊन आलेले आहे. मी महाराष्ट्रात राहत असले तरी माझी दृष्टी व्यापक असणे गरजेचे आहे. आचार्य अत्रे नेहमी म्हणायचे महाराष्ट्राला इतिहास आहे अन्य राज्यांना भूगोल आहे. अशा वेळेला अन्य राज्यांचा इतिहास शोधणे हे आपले कर्तव्य आहे, म्हणूनच इतिहासातले एक रत्न अर्थात राणी चन्नम्मा हिच्या शौर्याची कथा घेऊन मी आलेले आहे.

कर्नाटकच्या नैऋत्य भागात आजही १५० वर्षांपूर्वी घडलेल्या एका स्वातंत्र्यलढ्याचे स्मरण केले जाते. लोकगीतांमधून किचूरच्या राणीचा महिमा आपल्या कानावर आजही पडतो.

कोण होती ती राणी?

ती होती किचूरची राणी. आजच्या कर्नाटक राज्यातली राणी!

एकोणिसाव्या शतकाच्या सुरुवातीस मल्ला सरजा नावाचा राजा किचूरवर राज्य करत होता. त्याला रुद्रम्मा व चन्नम्मा अशा दोन राण्या होत्या. त्याची थोरली राणी ही अतिशय अबोल आणि विरक्त होती. तीला राज्यकारभाराची आवड नव्हती. तीच्या उलट राणी चन्नम्माचा स्वभाव होता. राजाची तब्येत दिवसेंदिवस ढासळत आहे याची तीला कल्पना होती. या कारणास्तव ती कायम दक्ष आणि जागरूक होती. आपल्या पतीच्या वतीने ती राज्यकारभाराची धुरा सांभाळत होती, तसेच राजाची सर्व कर्तव्यही पार पाडत होती.

१८१६ मध्ये मल्ला सरजा यांचे निधन झाले. राणी चन्नम्माने राणी रुद्रम्माचा मुलगा, बापूसाहेबांस गादीवर बसवले आणि तिच्या स्वतःच्या मुलास बापूसाहेबांचा अंगरक्षक म्हणून नेमले. परंतु दुर्दैवाने दोन्ही राजकुमारांचे अकाली निधन झाले. राणीवर दुःखाचा डोंगर कोसळला. राणी चन्नम्माने पूर्वीच दूरदृष्टीने बापूसाहेबांस एक मूल दत्तक घेण्याचा सल्ला दिला होता. आता ती स्वतःच राज्यकारभार सांभाळत होती. दत्तक घेतलेले ते लहान मूल सज्ञान होईपर्यंत राज्यकारभाराची धुरा सांभाळणे तीला भागच होते. त्यानंतर राज्यकारभाराची सर्व सूत्रे नव्या राजाकडे सोपवून उरलेले आयुष्य शांतपणे पुखाद्या तीर्थक्षेत्री व्यतीत करण्याची तिची इच्छा होती.

राणी चन्नम्मा ही प्रजाहितदक्ष अशी यशस्वी राज्यकर्ती होती. राणी चन्नम्मा न्यायी व उदार होती. प्रजेप्रती ती प्रेमळ आणि कनवाकू असली तरी तत्त्व आणि आदर्शांवर ती ठाम होती. राजघराण्यातील शोकांतिकांची आणि व्यक्तिगत दुःखांची झळ तीने आपल्या प्रजेस व राज्यास कधीच बसू दिली नाही. कित्तूरमध्ये सर्वत्र सुख, शांती नांदत होती. परंतु काही दुष्ट बुद्धीचे लोक या शांततेचा भंग करण्यासाठी टपूनच बसले होते. त्यातीलच एक म्हणजे थॅकर होय. थॅकर हा ईस्ट इंडिया कंपनीचा अधिकारी होता.

आपले सैन्य घेऊन तो कित्तूरमध्ये आला. त्याने दत्तक वारस नामंजूर केला. त्यानुसार 'बापूसाहेबांच्या मृत्यूपश्चात गादी दत्तक मुलाकडे न जाता, ते संपूर्ण राज्य ईस्ट इंडिया कंपनीच्या अधिपत्याखाली येते' असा आदेश त्याने काढला.

राज्याला हा मोठा धक्का होता. ईस्ट इंडिया कंपनीने अशा पद्धतीने कित्तूरवर मालकी हक्क सांगणे अगदीच अनपेक्षित आणि अन्यायी होते. कित्तूर कधीच कंपनीने जिंकले नव्हते. त्यामुळे कित्तूरच्या अंतर्गत व्यवस्थेत हस्तक्षेप करण्याचे कोणतेही हक्क कंपनीला नव्हते. त्याचबरोबर संपूर्ण राज्य स्वतःच्या ताब्यात घेण्याचे अधिकारही कंपनीला नव्हते.

थॅकरने उद्धटपणे राणीला इंग्रजांच्या छावणीत येऊन भेटण्याचे आदेश पाठविले. संतापलेल्या राणीने त्याच्या आदेशाकडे दुर्लक्ष केले. थॅकरने निर्वाणीचा खलिता धाडला, त्याकडेही राणीने दुर्लक्ष केले. यामुळे संतापलेल्या थॅकरने राजवाड्याच्या दिशेने तोफा वळविल्या आणि राजवाडा जप्त करण्यात आला असल्याचे जाहीर केले.

थॅकरच्या अन्यायी घोषणेचे प्रतिध्वनी अजून पूर्णपणे विरले देखील नव्हते तोच राजवाड्यातून सैन्याचा लोट बाहेर पडला, तो थेट शत्रूसैन्यावर कोसळला. कंपनीचे शेकडो सैनिक धारातीर्थी पडले. त्याचसोबत कंपनीचे दोन अतिशय महत्त्वाचे अधिकारी ब्लॅक व डीपतोन देखील मृत्युमुखी पडले. थॅकरने राजवाड्यात घुसण्याचा एक अखेरचा

प्रयत्न सुरु केला. राणी चन्नम्मा ही स्वतः राजवाड्याच्या छतावरून सैन्याच्या हालचालींवर लक्ष ठेवून होती. तसेच सैन्यास पुढील हालचालींबद्दल आदेश देत होती. राजवाड्यातूनच ती संपूर्ण सैन्यास नियंत्रित करत होती. थॅकरच्या हालचालींवर देखील तिची करडी नजर होती. त्याचे राजवाड्यात घुसण्याचे प्रयत्न पाहताच राणीने तिच्या हाताखालील अधिकाऱ्यांना आदेश दिला. क्षणार्धात बंदुकीतून गोळी सुटली तसा थॅकर घोड्यावरून खाली कोसळला. इतिहासात जेता म्हणून नाव कोरले जाण्याची स्वप्ने पाहणारा गर्विष्ठ थॅकर मृत्युमुखी पडला.

कंपनीच्या सैन्यातील अनेक अधिकाऱ्यांना बंदी बनविण्यात आले. कंपनीचे अनेक सैनिक मृत्युमुखी पडले, तर उरलेल्यांनी पलायन केले. अशा पद्धतीने राणी चन्नम्माने शत्रूवर विजय मिळविला. इंग्रजांच्या केविलवाण्या पराभवाची बातमी ईस्ट इंडिया कंपनीवर जाऊन धडकली. कंपनीच्या वरिष्ठांना जबरदस्त धक्का बसला. एका छोट्याशा राज्याच्या राणीने इंग्रजांना पराभूत करून त्यांचे गर्वहरण केले होते. ईस्ट इंडिया कंपनीच्या वेगवेगळ्या राज्यांतील तुकड्यांचे एकत्रीकरण करण्यात आले. त्यांनी कित्तूरच्या दिशेने कूच केले.

परंतु इंग्रजांनी लगेच राजवाड्यावर हल्ला केला नाही, कारण कंपनीचे अनेक सैनिक तसेच अधिकारी राजवाड्यातील बंदीखान्यात कैद होते. (नंतर याच कैद्यांनी सांगितले की कैदेत असताना देखील त्यांना सौजन्याने व सहानुभूतीने वागविण्यात आले होते). ताबडतोब राजवाड्यावर हल्ला केल्यास आपले बंदिवासातील सहकारी देखील मारले जातील अशी भीती इंग्रजांना होती. त्यामुळे त्यांनी एक विश्वासघातकी खेळी खेळण्याचे ठरविले. जर तुम्ही आमच्या कैद्यांना मुक्त केलेत तर आम्ही तडजोडीने हे भांडण मिटवू असे आश्वासन इंग्रजांनी दिले.

राणी चन्नम्माने त्यांच्या या खोट्या आश्वासनावर विश्वास ठेवून सर्व कैद्यांना मुक्त केले. हे कैदी त्यांच्या तळावर जाऊन पोहोचतात न पोहोचतात तोच इंग्रजांनी राजवाड्यावर हल्ला चढविला. राणीचे सैनिक अत्यंत शौर्याने लढले. परंतु कंपनीकडे अमाप सैन्यबळासोबतच आधुनिक शास्त्रास्त्रे देखील होती. कंपनीच्या सैनिकांना राणीचा सर्व दारुगोळा तसेच युद्ध सामग्रीचे साठे उध्वस्त करण्यात यश आले. हा एक अत्यंत चलाखीने रचलेला घातपाताचा डाव होता. दारुगोळा तसेच युद्ध सामग्रीचे साठे जळून भस्मसात झाल्यामुळे राणीचे सैन्य फार काळ शत्रू सैन्याचा प्रतिकार करू शकले नाही. राणी चन्नम्माला कैद करण्यात आले. १८२९ मध्ये बेलहोंगल किल्यात कैदेतच तीने

अखेरचा श्वास घेतला.

बेळगाव मध्ये चन्नम्माचा चैतन्यदायी पुतळा उभारण्यात आला आहे. राणी चन्नम्मा ही एका लहान राज्याची राणी होती, मात्र ती तिच्या राज्याच्या तसेच प्रजाजनांच्या न्यायासाठी लढली. तीचा अश्वारूढ पुतळा आपल्याला सहाजिकच झाशीच्या राणीची आठवण करून देतो. राणी चन्नम्मा तिच्या तीस वर्षे अगोदर होऊन गेली.



MURDER AT THE MANSION

Akanksha Malik Parashar

(Inspired by novels of Jeffery Archer)

Rose, the newly appointed house keeper, with her observant glare, was now accustomed to the daily routine of Clarke house located at Posh Enclave, Britain. She stood there in the kitchen, looking into oblivion through the window, going over whatever she was supposed to do that day. Accompanied with her was the butler and the old cook, the latter not fancying her.

Rose chose her time well. The bell rang, as it was supposed to, its voice resounding through the mansion. The butler quickened to answer the door, but Rose pitched in eagerly, "I'll answer it, I'm expecting someone". The cook raised an eyebrow and so the butler both surprised by Rose's keenness to do something that hitherto she never volunteered for. Before they could react or say a thing, Rose slipped out with her knife safely tucked in her stocking. She didn't head for the front door though as she knew that her accomplice had rung the bell. He had been instructed to do so at 16:00 hours. She instead, like a cat, sneaked up the mahogany staircase. Emma Clarke, her mistress, would be in the reading room now, going over her letters and replying to them.

Rose rechecked the second floor, glancing around to see if anyone was

there. No, there was none. She carefully removed the 9- inch razor sharp knife she brought along with herself and hid it behind her back. She knocked on the door, “Come in” a sweet melodious voice replied. Rose had failed to understand, even after spending two weeks in the mansion, how such a humble soul, who was pleasant and amiable to even the most impolite, could have enemies that’d want her dead; but now wasn’t the time for empathy. In fifteen minutes, Emma’s evening tea would be brought up and her daughter would arrive with her friends.

She walked in calmly, her face expressionless, her hand tightly wrapped around the knife. Emma paused on her letters and looked up, “Oh Rose, it’s you; I thought my tea had arrived.” Rose was now standing beside Emma’s desk, a little fidgety. “Everything alright?” questioned Emma, wondering what would bring the newly appointed housekeeper to her room at this hour. It wasn’t usual for Rose to feel nervous, she was now so good at her trade that it only took her a matter of seconds to finish off her assigned target and leave. However, today, something didn’t seem right.

“I’m sorry Ma’am”

Without moving an inch, Emma looked closely at her, getting more suspicious of Rose’s demeanor and the untimely appearance.

“Sorry for what?”

Emma’s expression changed so suddenly that Rose felt that she had seen her somewhere before and wondered if Emma was her, but no that couldn’t be possible at all. She came back to her senses.

“Sorry for this”

She pulled back Emma’s hair back with her left hand and swiftly slashed with her right hand.

Her job was done. She went to the restroom, changed and vanished through the door. She didn't bother to see who Emma was writing to, why that even mattered, she had been assigned a task and that was done. Now she has to vanish from the scene. Had she looked at the letter, she would have realized everything, all her doubts, as to why someone like Emma was wanted dead, the sharp resemblance she felt earlier, all of that would have made sense.

The letter read

Dear Emma,

No one has realized that we have switched places. I hope you are having no trouble. I know living as me isn't easy...

The remaining part of the letter was now covered in blood, and no one would know what the person impersonating Emma was writing to the real Emma.

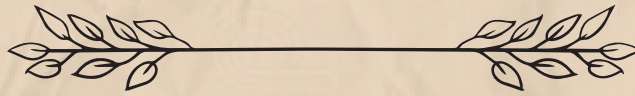
After she had cleaned herself, Rose went straight to the kitchen. It was now 16:15 hours. The bell rang again as the butler asked her, "Didn't you answer the door? And why aren't you in your housekeeper's dress?" "I did answer the door, it was my boyfriend and he had come to pick me up. I'm leaving early today, Madame already knows, I had told her yesterday. My boyfriend would be at the back door now." Rose calmly walked towards the back door, with the elegance of a model, and as she opened the door, there stood her boyfriend cum accomplice. She left with him and no one suspected that this was the last time they would see her.

The butler went to answer the door. It was Emma's daughter Grace, with her friends. In the kitchen, Emma's tea was ready. Mary Ann, the old cook's daughter, was going to take it to her when she bumped into Grace running up the stairs to speak to her mother. The tea cup wobbled causing the tea to spill on the tray.

“Sorry Mary Ann”, shouted Grace, too excited about asking her mother permission for the trip she had planned with her friends.

“Never mind dear” replied Mary Ann and returned to get more tea from the kitchen. Grace, as she ran up the stairs, didn’t know what awaited her.

To be continued....



Koshur Kandur and the Kashmiri breakfast

Faizan Rashid Lone

“It's 6 o'clock in the morning in Pune. Yawar and I haven't slept yet. The reason is partly my dissertation submission next week, partly songs of Mehdi Hasan sahib which echoes in room no—33 of H2, and partly our insomnia. We decide to head towards the college back gate to grab breakfast -tea and Poha (something I am never going to get used to)”.



The breakfast made me realize like any other cultural aspect, the food culture is also an important representative of a region and its people. If I was back home, instead of chai and Poha I would be having the Nun chai (Kashmiri pink tea) and Lavasa.

Kashmir is known for its rich culinary legacy and Kashmiri breads make the case for it as well. Whenever we talk about Kashmiri food it usually resonates with the images of Wazwaan dishes like Rista, Rogan Josh, and yakhni. However, the bread prepared mostly by the bakers

of the streets, locally known as Kandur, also holds an important place in Kashmiri cuisine.

One person in the family has to get in line in the morning at Kandur shops to procure these breads. These breads are typically prepared by kandur in a tandoor. Most of these breads are relished with the morning Nun chai but some taste better with the saffron kehwa. Kashmiri breakfast is incomplete without the Kashmiri bread. Some of these include:

Lavasa: Lavasa is a large, thin unleavened flat bread. Its preparation is somewhat similar to Turkish bread but is thinner and crispier compared to it. It pairs really well with Nun chai. For most Kashmiris, breakfast without Lavasa and Nun Chai is incomplete.

Girda: Girda is one more conventional Kashmiri bread. It's a bit little and round, and its outer layer is denser than naan or chapati. Girda is usually consumed with Kashmiri dishes like Rogan Josh or Harissa.

Sheermal: Sheermal is a sweet saffron-seasoned bread. It's somewhat sweet, frequently embellished with saffron strands on top, and is a well-known decision for breakfast or with some Kashmiri Kehwa.

Baqerkhani: Baqerkhani is a flaky, layered bread popular as a break-time nibble. It's like a baked puff and is made with regular flour and ghee. It is usually paired with some early afternoon chai and tastes amazing with kehwa as well.

Tsot: Tsot is a conventional Kashmiri bread produced using entire wheat flour. It's dainty, unleavened, and normally cooked on an iron frying pan (tava). Contrary to other breads, it is prepared at home and not by kandur.

Kulche: It is a biscuit prepared by kandur. Its shelf life is very high thus is usually stored in a big quantity for the family in winter. So on snowy days, when one doesn't want to go to the Kandur shop, one can pair this with Nun chai or Kehwa for breakfast.

Every Kashmiri who lives outside Kashmir misses bread in the morning, like my friends who would probably miss kanda poha outside Maharashtra (I could never). The Kashmiri breakfast, like any other cuisine in India, is slowly getting replaced by Westernised versions of breakfasts like toasts and omelettes, yet the Kandur and his magic breads are still the household favorite in Kashmir.

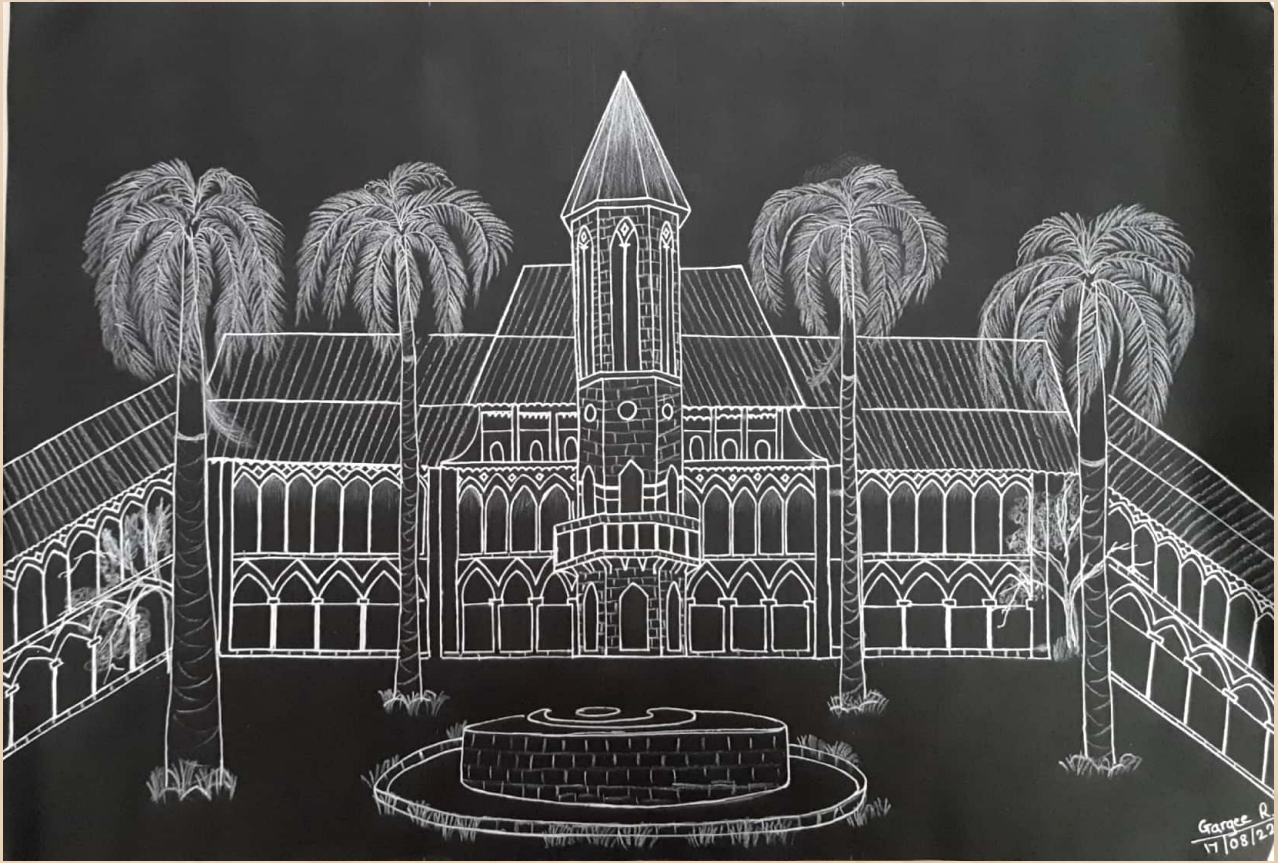


Artworks



Shiva has a name called Tripurantaka. "Tri" means Three, "pura" means cities and "antaka" means destroyer. Tripurantaka means "the one who destroyed the three cities." This painting I used in watercolor. This is a replica of Tanjore Brihadeeswara temple shrine painting.

Replica of Thiripura Hagar wall painting (one form of shiva)
Tamilaruvi pari



My college and my memories

Gargee Raut

Getting admission in Deccan college was more like a dream come true moment of my life so I developed a kind of very close bond with my college. Thus I have tried to illustrate that on the paper as a way to say thank you to my most beloved college for enriching me with knowledge, experiences as well as the memories that I am going to keep revisiting till the last breath of my life.



The innocence of the beauty

Gargee Raut

We are the part and parcel of nature which flourishes us. The real beauty can be seen in nature. Nature always captivates me and becomes the real motivation for my artwork.



Untitled
Supriya Pawar



Untitled
Supriya Pawar



SHOTON OPPO

Untitled
Supriya Pawar

Photography



To the possibilities To the never ending pathways Where
are you going to take me?

Akanksha Malik Parashar



Sunlight and Shadows :
Corners of DC
Bahmisikha Dey

Chashm-E-Nau

Behind The Scenes



Srushti Sharma
AIHC & Archeology

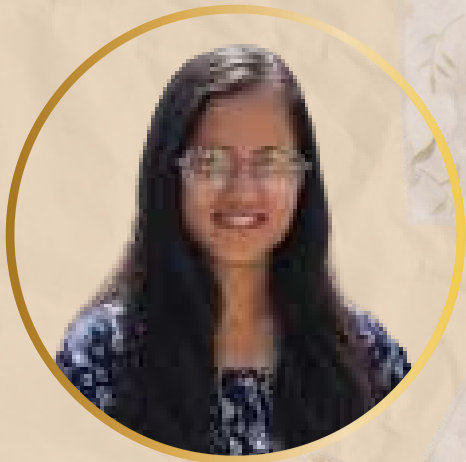
*“hazāroñ saal nargis apnī be-nūrī pe rotī hai
baDī mushkil se hotā hai chaman meñ dīda-
var paidā”*

Dil-e-bufro-khatm, jaan-e-khareedun



Rajat Husendra Sethiya
Linguistics





Sneha Kushwaha
AIHC & Archeology

"I'm a positive person with an intuitive mindset who takes pride in the quality of my work."

"From crunching data to crafting tales, my journey is one of transforming numbers into stories, and stories into insights."



Tejali Shahasane
Linguistics



Supriya Nitin Pawar
AIHC & Archeology

"To be an artist is to believe in life."



Joydip Chatterjee
Linguistics

"Minimal attachment, late closure"



Raj Adhikary
Linguistics

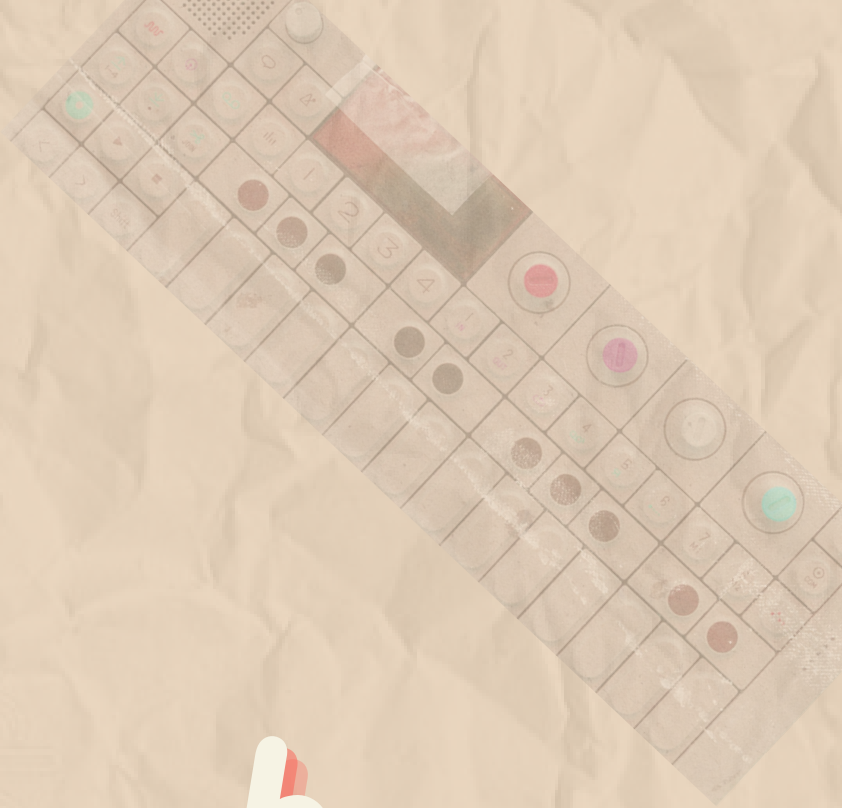
"Essentially urban!"



Riddhi Wagle
Linguistics

ज्याच्याजवळ सावरण्याची शक्ती आहे तो कुणाला
आवरत बसत नाही

- व. पु. काळे



*Thank
you!*

