

## #FINE DINING

### AN INVENTIVE CULINARY SOJOURN

Indian Accent's 15th-anniversary pop-up at Saffron, Jaipur Marriott, treated guests to a tasting menu that redefined Indian cuisine. With artful plating, innovative flavours, and immersive storytelling, the dining experience was elevated further by live *ghazals* and impeccable hospitality. A masterclass in tradition and creativity, it left Jaipur's food enthusiasts spellbound.



Arbi Galawat with crispy Sevai and Barberry Chutney.



**Tusharika Singh**  
Freelance Writer  
and City Blogger



Tofu Medu Vadai.

Indian Accent, New Delhi's globally celebrated restaurant, brought its inventive take on Indian cuisine to Jaipur in an exclusive pop-up at Saffron, Jaipur Marriott

Hotel, this weekend. Marking the 15th anniversary of Indian Accent, the event showcased a tasting menu that masterfully blended traditional Indian flavours with modern techniques, leaving Jaipur's food enthusiasts in awe.

#### An Immersive Experience

The evening unfolded with a sense of ceremony, as each dish was presented with precision and artistry. The plating was nothing short of a visual treat, carefully arranged compositions that looked like edible art, urging diners to pause and admire before taking the first bite. Adding to the immersive experience, Indian Accent's staff introduced each course with intriguing anecdotes about its creation, offering insight into the inspiration and technique behind the dish. Guests were also guided on how to savour each preparation to fully appreciate the nuanced flavours and textures.

*sevai and barberry chutney*, a dish that reimagined the traditional galawat with finesse. The *chaats* from the streets of Delhi, like miniature *raj kachori* and bite-sized *samosa*, were reimagined in delicate, artful portions, packing bold flavours into tiny, exquisite bites. The *ker sangar paneer* with *Rajasthani papad kadhi* paid homage to the local cuisine while adding an Indian Accent twist, and the beet and peanut butter chop, *kasundi* cream, and beetroot crisps offered a vibrant, flavour-packed punch. Non-vegetarian highlights included the *duck shaami* with crispy *sevai* and *barberry chutney*, a dish that married rich textures with subtle sweetness, and the *metha achar* pork ribs with dried mango and sour apple, which combined tangy, sweet, and smoky flavours in a harmony that lingered on the palate. While *Kanyakumari* crab with Telicherry pepper was originally planned, it was excluded from the menu due to the unavailability of high-quality crabs, reflecting the restaurant's commitment to using only the finest ingredients.

#### Inventive take on Indian flavours

Midway through the courses, diners were served the Indian Accent *kulfi sorbet* in a miniature pressure cooker, a refreshing palate cleanser that prepared them for the next round of indulgence. The creaminess of the *dal* and *kulcha* found a perfect companion in the subtly spiced *wasabi cucumber raita*, showcasing Indian Accent's knack for inventive pairings.

tart with vanilla bean ice cream offered a sophisticated take on Indian sweets. As guests savoured these extraordinary dishes, the ambiance was elevated by the soulful strains of live *ghazals* and classic Bollywood melodies. The music, paired with the culinary artistry, created an atmosphere of refined nostalgia, leaving diners immersed in the experience. For Jaipur's food connoisseurs, the event was a memorable glimpse into the global standards of fine dining, where storytelling, technique, and tradition converged seamlessly on the plate.



Ker Sangar Paneer with Rajasthani Papad Kadhi.



Daulat Ki Chaat.

# An Iron Hand with a Velvet Glove

PART:3

MMK Wali says that Mrs. Gandhi had a vast web of informal informers and a complex system of getting feedback and information from multiple sources. She was sometimes poker-faced and led people to think, mystically think that she believed everything she was being told. In fact, opposite was true. She never took anything at face value. She was quite a fair-minded person. She could always get each story cross-checked by several courses to get a balanced picture. In order to reach a decision, her sources of information were spread far and wide and any passing comment made about her was reported back to her. She was quite unforgiving and made sure any person who transgressed this, transgressed her, would never be spared. Once, out of favour, it was usually impossible to mend fences with Mrs. Gandhi. She had little or no tolerance for any kind of personal criticism.

-Editor, Arbit



**Ajay Singha**  
He is a prolific writer and a well-known organizer of literary events



**Dr. Charu Wali Khanna**  
Besides being MMK Wali's daughter, she is also a close witness to the trials and triumphs of his life. In addition, she is a leading human rights lawyer and counsel for the Union of India in the Supreme Court.

had regular and close interaction with Mrs. Gandhi during my tenure as Home Secretary, and came to greatly admire and respect her. She was gifted with a sharp and incisive intellect and commanded a great respect from politicians as well as civil servants. She was astute and extremely well-informed about all matters of national concern in the country. She did not suffer fools lightly and I

## #UNDAUNTED BY STRIFE

quickly figured out that people, directly working with her, were scared, if not outright petrified in her presence. Once during my initial days at a political affairs meeting, she commenced speaking, suggesting that we take a particular course of action to deal with a certain situation. It was not a very large national issue but a fairly contentious one.

All the ministers and members of the Cabinet proclaimed agreement with her, in the most appeasing manner. I felt a bit uncomfortable that the PM was not being sufficiently informed with critical inputs just because it might be contrary to her views. Everybody in the room was tip-toeing around the main issue for fear of being seen in disagreement with the PM. After

each one had parroted, "Yes Madam," I summoned the courage and asked, "Madam, I would like to add something." As I started, it became apparent that I may suggest something contrary to the Prime Minister's opinion. P. C. Alexander, the Principal Secretary to the Prime Minister, pulled at my coat, signalling me to be quiet. I got the hint that he wanted me to keep my mouth shut. I couldn't just stop talking abruptly, so, I more or less, wound up what I intended saying. But being the sharp woman that she was, Mrs. Gandhi had got the gist of what I intended to put across and said, "I think you are right, Wali." The whole mood in the room changed and I could hear my colleagues breathe a sigh of relief. Everyone once again parroted, "Yes madam, yes madam, yes madam," before the session concluded. After this incident, Mrs. Gandhi started trusting my opinion as I continued giving honest, well-thought through and an informed view of things. She could make out if a person was speaking from conviction or just filling in the blanks. I had to brief her almost every other day and noticed that she was

always immaculately dressed in a formal saree. She started asking me to attend meetings at her residence, where I got to see the more homely side of Mrs. Gandhi. On these occasions, she was most elegantly, though less formally dressed, stylish and very graceful. Sometimes, she would wear a *kashmiri phiran*, a *lehenga* or a *saltuk kameez*. Sudha, my wife, would often

marvel at Mrs. Gandhi's 'porcelain-like' complexion and delicate good looks. Indeed a remarkable synthesis of iron-strength on the inside and feminine beauty outside, one could say that she truly ruled "with an iron hand and a velvet glove." On one occasion, I remember her spontaneously cleaning the leaves of a houseplant on her desk, with some cotton wool as she spoke,

### SAVE THE DATE

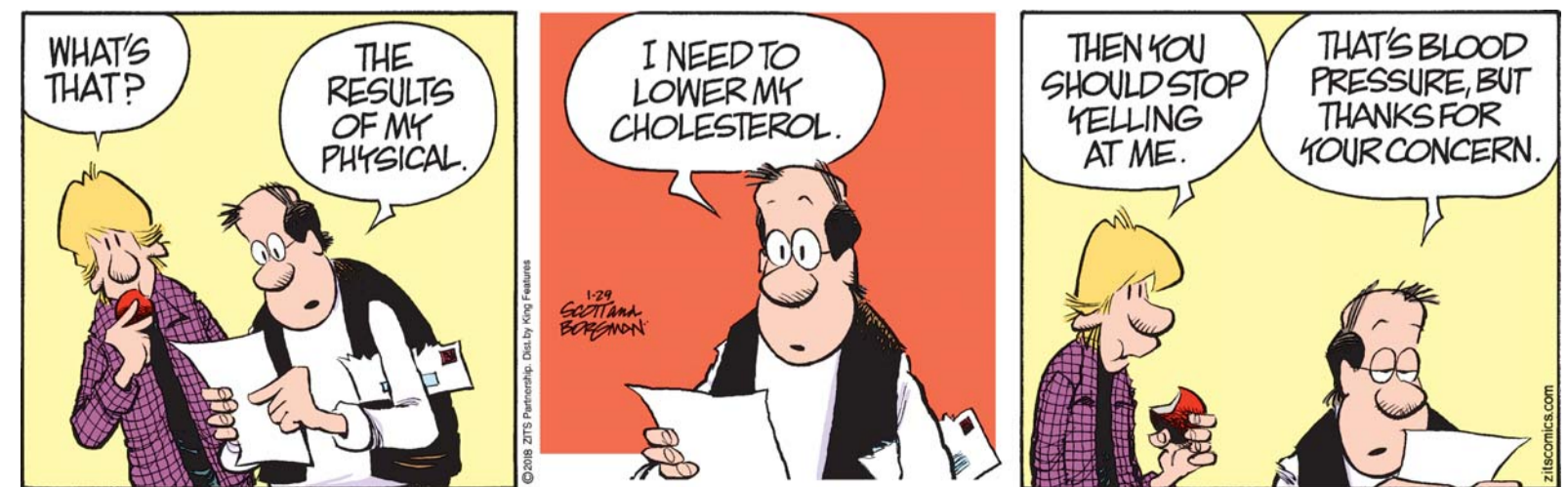
RASHTRADOOT CORDIALLY INVITES YOU TO AN INTERACTIVE TALK SESSION ABOUT THE LIFE AND TIMES OF M.M.K. WALI WITH THE AUTHORS AJAY SINGHA AND CHARU WALI KHANNA AT RASHTRADOOT.  
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By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

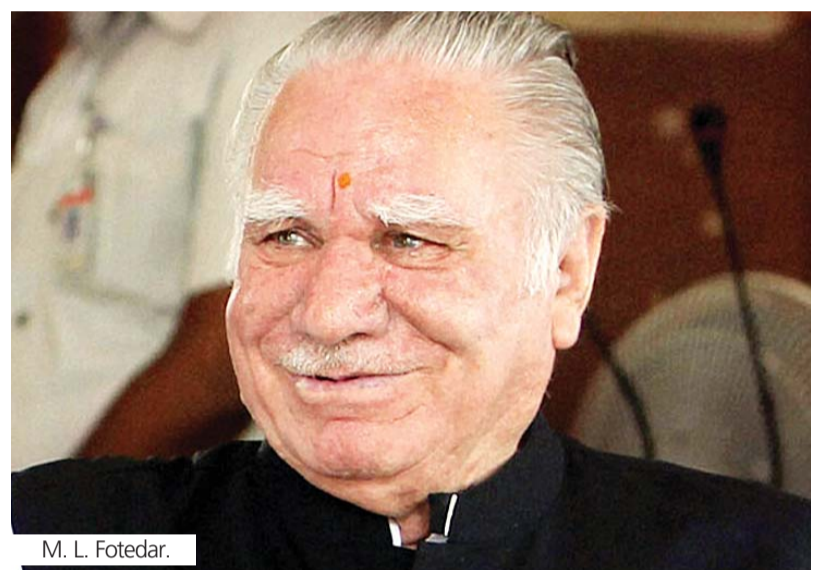
## BABY BLUES



## ZITS



By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman



was looking stunningly beautiful in a silver-gold tanchoi saree. My daughter gushed over her, saying, "Everyone's eyes are on you," to which she replied, "Not on me, but on you."

and Mrs. Gandhi kept getting postponed. He finally managed to meet Mrs. Gandhi on the 29th. By this time, Chaturvedi was becoming increasingly worried as most of the predictions of the *New York guru* had apparently come true. He felt that it was his very important duty to convey the message of the *guru* to the Prime Minister. He met Mrs. Gandhi on the 29th and finally plucked up the courage to tell her about the *guru's* predictions. Mrs. Gandhi just laughed it off, saying, "people say lots of things" and that was the end of the matter.

assassinated and the soothsayer's predictions, indeed, came true. I have never believed in soothsayers and *gurus* but the *New York Guru's* predictions, much like the soothsayer in Julius Caesar, had come true. An important era in India's history had come to an end, most violently, but little did I know that much worse was yet to follow, setting off a trial of bloodshed and hatred. Subsequently, an Air India Flight 182, Kanishka, from Montreal to Delhi was bombed, killing all 329 on board. Much later, General A. S. Vaidya, the 13th Army chief, who had supervised Operation Blue Star, was shot dead in Pune.

"Madam wants to discuss some Rajasthan matters with you. Please come and meet her on *chowbees tarikh*, the 24th of October." Fotedar told him that he better be there as the matter was extremely urgent. Chaturvedi took the next plane back to India and reached Delhi on the 23rd of October, informing Fotedar that he was back and ready to meet the PM. Due to a series of complications, the proposed meeting between him

When this story was related to me, I was reminded of Shakespeare's play *Julius Caesar*, which I had read as a student and also taught during my brief stint as a teacher. In the first Act, Scene II, a soothsayer stops and warns Caesar, "Beware the ides of March." On the fateful day and much later in the play, Caesar asks the Soothsayer, "The ides of March are here!" to which he replies, "Ay, Caesar but not gone." Subsequently, Caesar is

The following couplet comments on the transition from one season to another, and is an apt commentary as I witnessed the changing reality.  
कब दिक्काँ आई, कब बहार गई  
होगा किन्को यहाँ, नहीं मानूँगा।  
-राज  
To be continued...  
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Nehru with his daughter, Indira.

## THE WALL

