राष्ट्रदुत

#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.





cuisine to Jaipur in an exclusive pop-up

An Immersive Experience

he evening unfolded with ■ a sense of ceremony, as each dish was presented with precision and artistry. The plating was nothing short of a 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 dish. Guests were also guided on how to savour each preparation to fully appreciate the nuanced flavours and tex-

tured a delightful medley of creative dishes. The culinary sojourn opened with an amuse-bouche of blue cheese naan paired with a comforting Indian Accent shorba, setting the tone for an inventive dining experience. Standouts included *tofu medu vadai* with Madras gunpowder and sambar cream, where the velvety sambar cream balanced the crispness of the medu vadai. and arbi galawat with crispy

Inventive take on Indian flavours

M idway 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

The desserts were the evening's crowning glory. The daulat ki chaat with rose petal chikki and roasted almonds was a cloud-like indulgence. while the *doda burfi* treacle

tart with vanilla bean ice cream offered a sophisticated take on Indian sweets. As guests savoured these

the 15th anniversary of Indian

Accent, the event showcased a

tasting menu that masterfully

blended traditional Indian

flavours with modern tech

niques, leaving Jaipur's food

sevai and barberry chutney, a

dish that reimagined the tra-

ditional 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 cui-

sine 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-vegetari-

an highlights included the

duck shaami with crispy sevai

and barberry chutney, a dish

that married rich textures

with subtle sweetness, and the

meetha achaar pork ribs with

dried mango and sour apple,

which combined tangy, sweet,

and smoky flavours in a har-

mony that lingered on the

palate. While Kanvakumari

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 ingredi-

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 memorable glimpse into the globa 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

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



He is a prolific writer and a well



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 lead-

#UNDAUNTED BY STRIFE

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 commanded great respect from politicians as well as civil servants. She was astute and extremely wellinformed about all matters of

directly working with her, were scared, if not outright petrified in political affairs meeting, she commenced speaking, suggesting that we take a particular course of action to deal with a certain situanational concern in the country. tion. It was not a very large nation-

the Cabinet proclaimed agreement with her, in the most appeasing manner. I felt a bit uncomfortable Once during my initial days at a that the PM was not being sufficiently informed with critical inputs just because it might be contrary to her views. Everybody in the main issue for fear of being seen in



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.

each one had parroted, "Yes

before the session concluded. After this incident, Mrs. Gandhi started trusting my opinion as I continued giving honest, wellthought through and an informed view of things. She could make out if a person was speaking from conviction or just filling in the blanks. had to brief her almost every

Everyone once again parroted, "Yes

madam, ves madam, ves madam,

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 salwar kameez. Sudha, my wife, would often

SAVE THE DATE

marvel at Mrs. Gandhi's 'porce-

lainesque' 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.

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.

SUDHARMA

CHAMELI WALA MARKET MI ROAD **OPPOSITE GPO**

ON: **24.11.2024** AT: **05:00 PM**

he smiled knowingly and after a few moments said, "Wali, tum nahin jaante ho usko." (You don't know the man.) She repeated this phrase a couple of times adding that "He calls me mummy, mummy but in that party gathering, he said this about me, and at that gettogether, he said that about me," referring to various derogatory remarks that she believed Abdullah had said about her in social circles.

just like anyone who loves plants would do in their office or home. The conversation on most occasions, of course, related to serious national issues of the day. I began feeling less awed by her persona as time went by. I like to believe that there was a mutual respect and regard that developed from her side

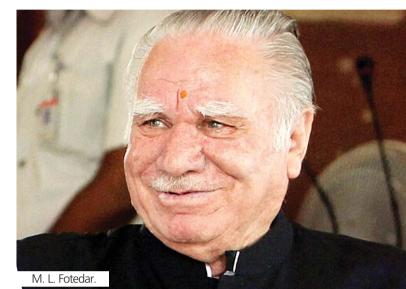
That reminds me of another interesting anecdote. Back in 1983-84, Farookh Abdullah was the Chief Minister of Jammu and Kashmir. It was well-known within her inner circle that she did not like the man. Abdullah was well aware that she disliked him and was quite unhappy about it. I was approached by some senior officials from Kashmir, who, I also happened to be friends They told me that Abdullah was

unhappy about the breakdown of his relationship with Mrs. Gandhi, he wanted to mend fences and make up with her. Could something be arranged to give him an opportunity for making amends? This was obviously a delicate matter. Firstly, Mrs. Gandhi did not like civil servants getting involved in her political opinion making. But Mir Nasrullah, the man who had approached me on Abdullah's behalf, was a very good friend of mine, so, I could not ignore the request. When I had the next opportunity with Mrs. Gandhi. I summoned the courage, and with some trepidation, conveyed the message from Abdullah. Short of giving up his CM's position, Abdullah was willing to go to any lengths to mend fences with her and improve the hitherto said relationship. I clarified that it was not my place to be involved in political matters, but if

she wished to respond. I would dis-

cretely assist to initiate talks. She smiled knowingly and after a few moments said. "Wali. tum nahin jaante ho usko." (You don't know the man.) She repeated this phrase a couple of times adding that "He calls me mummy, mummy but in that party gathering, he said this about me, and at that gettogether, he said that about me, referring to various derogatory remarks that she believed Abdullah had said about her in social circles. To my own amusement, I had difficulties in keeping a straight face She then said, "Wali, tumhe pata hai?" (Do you know?) naming a well-known lady. "wo uski girlfriend hai." (She is his girlfriend.) That was how well-informed she was about political and personal indiscretions, and did not miss a beat on what was going on out there. She remembered every indiscretion, particularly if it was something against her personally. I got the clear message that she was not prepared for any truce with Abdullah and let the matter drop. Other than this rare occasion, our interactions were strictly about administrative matters Desnite her hectic schedule Mrs Gandhi maintained her community bonds, and attended most family functions. My daughter had an interaction with Mrs. Gandhi at a common relative's wedding and was totally enamoured by her. Mrs. Gandhi was sitting alone, so, Charu went over to say hello and was received with warmth. Charu complimented Mrs. Gandhi who





was looking stunningly beautiful in silver-gold tanchoi saree. My laughter gushed over her, saying, "Everyone's eyes are on you," to which she replied, "Not on me, but on you." I think Charu almost fainted in delight and became a life-long fan of Mrs. Gandhi. That is the quality she had when she wanted to be charming and could really be sweet, but beware those who, even unwittingly, crossed her path.

To Chaturvedi's utter surprise. he received an urgent message from M. L. Fotedar from the PM's office, summoning him to Delhi.

Raiasthan matters with you. Please come and meet her on choubees 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

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

'people say lots of things" and that was the end of the matter. When this story was related to "Madam wants to discuss some me, I was reminded 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 soothsaver stops and warns Caesar. 'Beware the ides of March." On the

about the *guru's* predictions. Mrs.

Gandhi just laughed it off, saying,

fateful day, and much later in the play, Caesar asks the Soothsayer, which he replies, "Ay, Caeser but not gone." Subsequently, Caesar is

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assassinated and the soothsayer's predictions, indeed, come true. I nave never believed in soothsavers 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 his tory had come to an end, most violently, but little did I know that much worse was vet 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 The following couplet comments on the transition from one season to another, and is an apt commentary as I witnessed the changing reality.

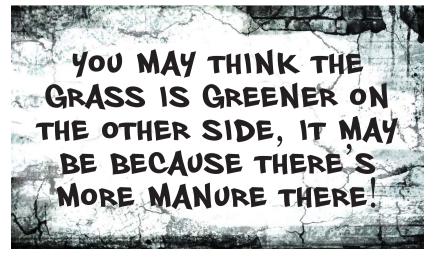
कब रिवज़ाँ आई. कब बहार गई होश किसको यहाँ, नहीं मालूम।

To be continued.

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THE WALL



BABY BLUES



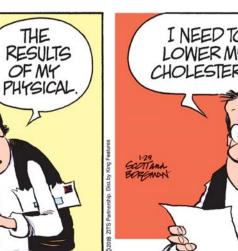


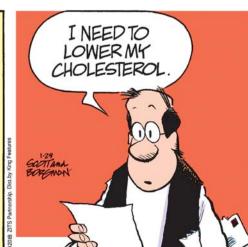


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By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman