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# M. Etch

The  Newsletter

New Delhi

Volume I, No. 1

September, 2017



Photo Credits: Mahi Goyal

## The Etymology of *Miranda House*

Founded in 1948 by Sir Maurice Gwyer, who felt that there was a great need for having a residential University College for Women in Delhi, Miranda House *houses* an interesting story in its name.

The then Principal, Miss V. Thakurdas, wrote in the 1952 issue of the college magazine, "Sir Maurice once warned me that many would question as to why he had called this college Miranda House. In answer, I was to give any one of the following three reasons:

1. People thought that Carmen Miranda was his favourite actress.
2. His daughter's name is Miranda.
3. Miranda, isolated from the world on that uninhabited fairy island and so fondly reared up and schooled by her father, the only human being she had seen, when she meets a man for the first time takes him for a "Thing Divine" and exclaims in amazement, "How beauteous Mankind is O brave

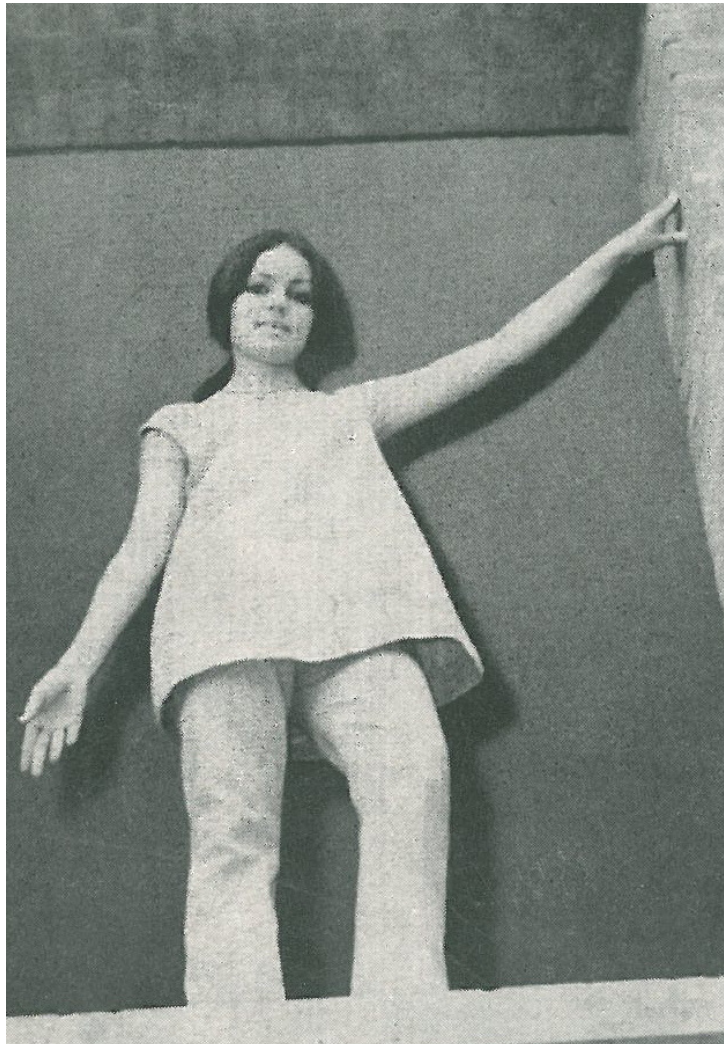
new world that hath such people in it".

'Miranda could be a good example for your young ladies in Miranda House', said Sir Maurice."

*And what do you think was Miranda Gwyer's response to this felicity bestowed on her by her father?*

Writing a congratulatory letter in January 1988 on being invited to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of the college, she wrote: "It is a great pleasure, as well as a privilege to be invited to send birthday greetings to my namesake who, I note incidentally, is now exactly half my age...how touched and proud I have always been that my father should have chosen my name for his new women's college..."

*Which is your favourite version?*

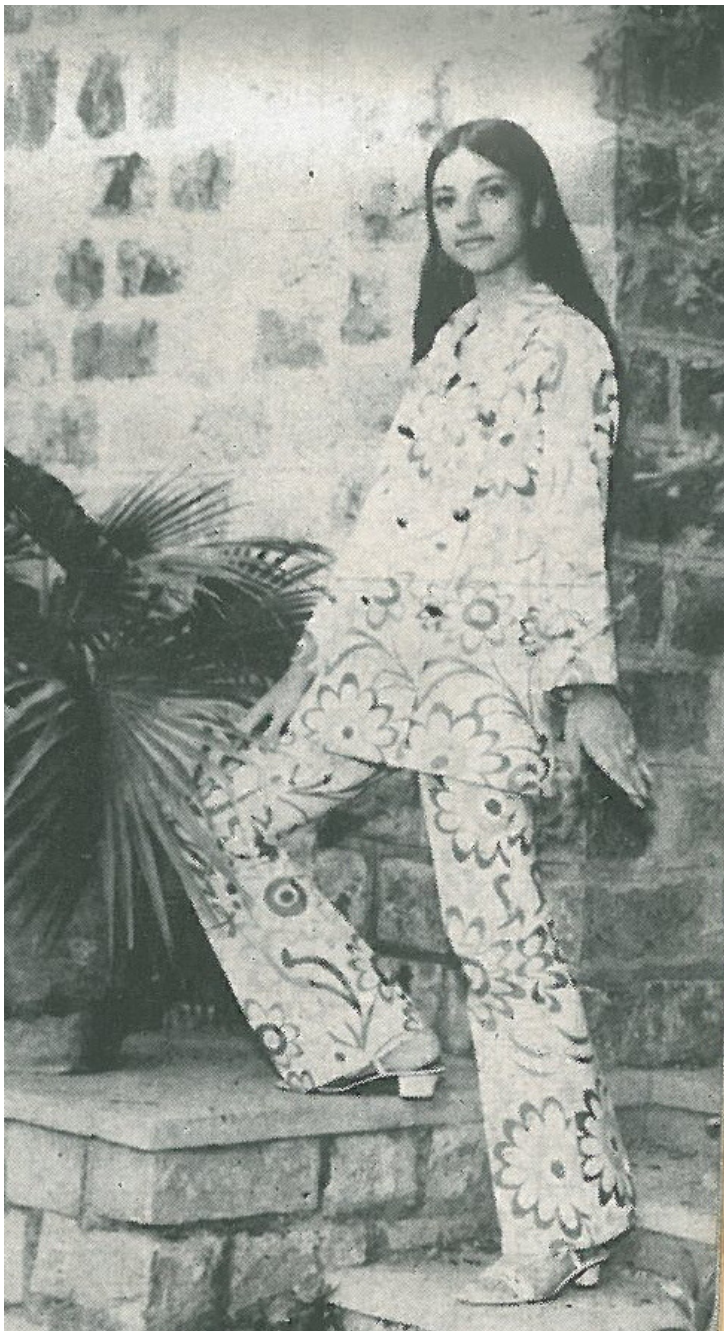


## RADIVI

- Sita Ramaswamy (Miranda House Magazine 1970-1971)

This is a boutique of the College. The name Radivi derives from the first syllables of the names of those who own and run it: Rano, Dipika and Vineeta. The boutique designs modern costumes and sells them to the Mirandians at a moderate price. The idea of starting such a boutique arose when it was found that all boutiques situated in different parts of the Capital sell things too expensive. Of course, the start was very modest. In the beginning, the boutique made only kurtas.

The response from the Mirandians was so enthusiastic that soon Radivi began making handbags, pants, suits, lungis, gowns and other casual wear. Today, Radivi breaks conventions. It designs fabrics with a new look and elegance in a wide spectrum of colours. Most of the designs are exclusive. There is already a good demand for the Radivi-designed costumes among Mirandians. It is planned to organise a series of exhibitions of clothes designed by Radivi.



## Talking Books With Anuja Chauhan

Vandana Lohia and Swareena Gurung  
BA (H) English; Year III

*An alumnus of Miranda House, writer Anuja Chauhan visited the college on the 25th of September to talk to students about her life as a writer and her latest book, **Baaz**. Here she talks about her books, writing process and life at MH.*

**Vandana:** After Zoya, Jinni, Debjani and Bonu, why did you pick a male protagonist for *Baaz*?

**Anuja:** I don't really pick my protagonists on the basis of gender. For me, it's about who the most interesting person in the book is and who has the biggest shift in character graph. In *Baaz*, Ishaan is clearly the person whose character graph moves from one place to another and that is the most compelling person to write about. It's not like I sat down to write the book thinking that Ishaan will be the main character but as the book kept going, he took over the narrative. I kept going back and forth between Ishaan and Tinka but it just ended up becoming his narrative because he's the one who really changes amidst all those characters.

**Vandana:** So these two characters have extremely diverse opinions on nationalism - Ishaan, who's a soldier and Tehmina, a pacifist. How far would you agree with Ishaan's definition of nationalism?

**Anuja:** I think, to a certain point, when Ishaan is in the thick of what he's doing, that is how he has to think. I don't think he has any other option, you know, given the situation he is in - he's right in the thick of the war - and in that very narrow definition of duty and patriotism, he is doing the right thing. Hers (Tehmina's) is a wider perspective, and for that, you need to have that amount of liberalism at heart. So, I think both Ishaan and Tinka are correct and both have their place.

**Swareena:** You've maintained that categorising books into genres like 'chick-lit' is unfair to the author. Why is that so?

**Anuja:** I think it's unfair because nobody likes a label being thrust on them. Labels are odious. They're an attempt to demystify you, put you into a box and say "this is your *aukaat*. You're a chick lit writer; you write about shopping for shoes, finding a boy and don't write about anything else." People don't know much about you but they want to put a label on you and take the power away from you - and that is what I resist. I don't like having any labels;

a book is a good book or a bad book. *Utna hi label kaafi hai.*

**Swareena:** Your first novel *The Zoya Factor*, was published in 2008. Since then, you've produced five books; can you shed light on your creative process?

**Anuja:** All of my books are around 100,000 words and I make it a point to write a minimum of 1000 words every day which involves a whole lot of blood, sweat, and tears. I try to get the feel of the character and the period in which I'm writing and for that, I often go back to that era and adopt certain characteristics. Like when I was writing *Baaz*, my standard drink changed to shandy - a mix of beer and Fanta - because that is what the ladies in the cantonment used to drink in the '70s. I love getting into the character and going back in time and it really helps my creative process.

**Vandana:** Let's talk about the dreaded writer's block...

**Anuja:** I think a writer's block is a refusal to admit that you have taken a wrong path somewhere along the story. The only way to overcome this is to go back and delete your words, which is absolutely heart breaking because like I said, it involves a lot of your blood, sweat, and tears. Stephen King calls it killing off your darlings - it breaks your heart, but it has to be done to let the story move forward. But these dead babies can be put in a recycle bin, and can be revived for other stories and pieces!

**Swareena:** To wrap up, a few parting words for Miranda House?

**Anuja:** I think MH is a great college. I just remember having so much pride in the brand and always having a chip on my shoulder for being in one of the best women's colleges. But I think these rankings are just notions in your heads and the most important thing is to make the most of your college years - do every possible thing that you can, and not just take notes and go for lectures because I feel that Delhi University is much more than just that. It's important to get as much as you can out of everything!

## Events in September

September 1, 2017: **Gorkhaland: Development, Governance and the Identity Issue**

Timing: 10:30- 11:30

Venue: Students' Activity Centre

Organiser: English Literary Society

September 5, 2017: **Women Entrepreneurship Summit**

Timing: 10:00 -17:00 pm

Venue: Seminar Hall

Organiser: Enactus

September 7, 2017: **'Winter is Coming': Snow, Rain and War in Mughal South Asia.**

Timing: 11:45am -13:00 pm

Venue: Seminar Hall

Organiser: History Society

September 11, 2017: **Universal Brotherhood Day**

Timing: 09:00 am -16:00 pm

Venue: Seminar Hall

Organiser: Vivekananda Study Circle

September 13, 2017: **Screening of Documentary film, *Nibhritochari***

Timing: 11:00am -13:00 pm

Venue: Seminar Hall

Organiser: Celluloid, The Film Society

### *A Death in the Gunj: Movie Discussion*

By Jeevanjot Kaur Nagpal

BA (H) English; Year III

*What does it mean to be 'man enough' or 'womanly enough'? Who gets to lay down the 'rules' and 'principles' of masculinity and femininity? Are they disjunct labels or is there a fine line between them?*

We are left grappling with these questions as we are drawn into the world of McCluskiegunj of 1978-79. It's almost as if we are uninvited guests on this vacation, being a voyeur to the secrets of friends and family members and silently eavesdropping on their everyday conversations. The movie is not plot-driven; its force lies in the complexities of its characters. As the frame zooms in and zooms out, we are left oscillating between a sense of familiarity with these convoluted characters and a sense of mysteriousness. Their eyes and their 'unnoticeable' gestures take us on a journey into their hearts.

However, the heart of the movie is Shutu, a 23-year-old vulnerable and emasculated young man who finds it hard to cope with the cacophonous, egotistical world of the adults and spends most of his time with his 8-year-old niece Tani. He is the family's minion, running errands for everyone so much so that even Tani imbibes a tendency of commanding him. We are led to empathise with this sensitive young man whom we often see grieving over his father's death.

In one of the scenes, Mimi even says to Shutu, "You're so pretty, you could've been a girl." Doesn't that echo a bunch of such colloquialisms we all are accustomed to hear? (Take for instance all those times boys are told not to cry like girls.) Almost forty years down the line, aren't we living in a similar universe?

Scuffling with their own emotional turmoils and heart breaks, the friends unite to engage in "harmless" fun at the expense of this "imbecile kid", the melancholy, angst and hurt in whose eyes goes unnoticed and he is left even more scarred with their bullying. Does he have any choice but to whimper into the wall at night? Constantly being told to "man up" and shoulder responsibilities, Shutu relentlessly hides in an escapist bubble, not wanting to talk to his widowed mother and own up his duties. This innocent complicity of the inhabitants of Bakshi residence in Shutu's eventual descent into madness reminds one of the French author Honoré De Balzac's question (in his novel, *Pere Goriot*), "Do we not all like to prove our strength at the expense of another person?"

In Shutu's brief romance with Mimi and in his desire to ride Vikram's bike, we sense his urge to be loved and to establish his manliness. However, in his seduction scene, his clenched knuckles and the imbalanced chair make it clear that the power equation is not what he may like to believe in. Ultimately, this virulent masculinity proves to be too much of a burden for him. And towards the end, as Mimi discards him and Tani deserts him, he can take the pressure no more. Though death is there in the title itself and we can see it coming but when it does come, it hits us hard. We feel like shouting out to Shutu that one day, it's all going to be okay. (Though it's hard to say when will arrive that day when we will no longer be told to be man or woman enough and when mental illnesses will cease to be a taboo.) Ironically, while Shutu fails to man up in life, he does man up in death as he shoots himself with a shotgun. As the credits roll and we see the ambassador winding around endless roads, with Shutu's deadly eyes staring out of the backseat, we are left with a haunting sense of loss.

### *On Nationalism: A Book Discussion*

By Nargis Digra

BA (H) English; Year III

*On Nationalism* is a brilliant book containing three essays written by Romila Thapar, A.G. Noorani, and Sadanand Menon. The book speaks of the most debated issue in current times- Indian Nationalism. It exposes and questions the aggressive and threatening nature of Hindutva-based nationalism which is being excessively promoted in our country. This 'trend' of nationalism is a great example of how facts can be cherry-picked and narratives distorted for one's own benefit.

Unlike the illogical justifications we are given for the lynching and crimes in the name of nationalism, it offers historical, legal and cultural perspectives. This book poses significant questions like- What is nationalism? What is pseudo-nationalism? Who is an anti-national? What is patriotism? Why does the law of sedition continue to exist on the statute book of an independent country? What sort of India do we want?

The book has a beautifully written foreword which sets the argument in motion. The first essay in the collection is by renowned Historian Romila Thapar, who brilliantly exposes all that is wrong with the Hindutva ideologies. She challenges them at every step with historical evidence. One such example is the recent demonisation of Muslim rulers. She debunks the idea by drawing our attention to the peaceful cultural exchange during Mughal era. In her essay, she warns against reducing Nationalism merely to waving flags or shouting slogans. She makes the readers think what exactly is wrong with the idea of India just as a Hindu nation.

The second essay is by A.G. Noorani. It is a case study of Sedition in India, from the days of British rule to present day. Noorani provides the readers with an interesting take on 'sedition' and 'Indian Nationalism'. He criticises the act of forcing slogans on Indian citizens. "No one has the right to prescribe what sort of slogans and statements are properly nationalistic and which aren't," he

says.

The third essay in the book is by Sadanand Menon. According to him, nationalism constructs itself around two visible axes- 'political' and 'cultural'. She brings to light the aggressive turn towards cultural nationalism by pointing to the assaults on members of minority religions and Dalits, growing resentment of those with different racial features, etc. He also discusses the growing intolerance in all spheres of cultural life.

The book is a real eye-opener. It tells us that we live in 'troubled and troubling times'. It attempts to answer certain questions but leaves us with more pressing questions- Do we really need this extreme and aggressive version of nationalism? Do we need to justify/prove our love for our country to anyone? Is it all right to lynch people based on their eating preferences? Is it just 'love for the country' or a sham disguising something big and dangerous?

**The Phoenix Arcane**

By Saumya Mittal  
BA (H) English; Year III

The phoenix burns herself, a bird arcane.  
Wedlock endangers her brilliant plumage,  
Look, she rises from the ashes again.

Alas! there lies a guised serpent – her bane.  
Despairing, cursing the trap she couldn't  
gauge,  
The phoenix burns herself, a bird arcane.

To stop her protest the serpent does feign,  
Guileless, she's fooled, falls back into the  
cage.  
Look, she rises from the ashes again.

To give her beloved issue free reign,  
She'll char all foes; beware her fiery rage.  
The phoenix burns herself, a bird arcane.

Dauntless she plods on, taking on all pain.  
Fearless through war that all around does  
wage,  
Look, she rises from the ashes again.

It was a long fight, the serpent's now slain;  
The offspring prosper, her tears they  
assuage.  
The phoenix burns herself, a bird arcane,  
Look, she rises from the ashes again.

**From Africa with Love**

By Saanika Jha  
BA (H) English; Year III

Mothers ask you to run along  
People ask you to run to the garden and  
fetch  
Your watch tells you to run for money  
Your vibe tells you to run and hide  
Your umbrella stops you from running  
into the running rain  
Flamingos run by themselves

A pianist runs on the slavish white keys of  
a piano  
The ivory turns to porcelain between  
Africa and the city

**A Magic Wand in the Sky**

By Mahi Goyal  
BA (H) English; Year III

I found myself glum and wry.  
Looked up to see a magic wand in the sky.  
'All the answers are here' came flashing by.  
I chose the spells to dispel my cries.  
'Obliviate' for bad memories pass by.  
'Expelliarmus' for evil spirits defy.  
'Accio' for splendid thoughts supply.  
'Alohomora' for doors to demystify.  
'Lumos' to lighten up my life.

**Sedition**

By Hritvika  
BA (H) English; Year I

Your laws – I learned them  
Night unto night,  
Tear after tear, had them etched –  
A rigidity, a block to progress,  
And my hot blood still froze  
At the knife-point of morality.  
What morality? Your principles,  
Your beliefs, your comfort –  
What morality? Is there one  
For me – my own?  
None but revolt – ugly  
And horrendous in all eyes –  
For freedom is an illusion ;  
All I knew was oppression,  
Passive suppression, and exile.  
No place in your kingdom  
For dreamers of happiness.  
No name for our choice  
But blasphemy – a sedition.  
Shall I take the path, then?  
I shall be hanged in all cases.

**Limerick**

By Himani Anand  
BA (H) English; Year III

Mister Apple loved wearing a tie  
Mister Apple was a bit shy  
His Ma said, fight a manly battle  
Its prize being a tiny rattle  
Lest he be turned into an apple pie.

**Enchanting Spring**

By Karabi Barman  
BA (H) English; Year III

You came by without the slightest noise,  
Brought with you laughter and joys,  
Trees danced and the birds flew  
And it was all because of you,  
The earth was green and the sky bright  
blue,  
The soft breeze blew without giving a clue;  
Hey Spring, what shall I do today?  
Cry because you are away,  
Or smile because you are on your way?

I wait for you as the days pass by  
Reminiscing about the happy moments  
with a sigh,  
But of course, it was my own mistake  
Which has caused my heart to break!  
I waited for the rains upcoming  
Quite ignoring my dear Spring!  
Ripe mangoes of the summer were in my  
mind,  
And now I realize, I was totally blind!  
Hey Spring! What do I do today?  
Weep because you are away,  
Or smile because you made me so happy  
and gay?

Of course the rains of summer did come  
by,  
Yet I felt there was no happiness within  
me!  
When the heavy showers and drinks left me  
dry,  
Then realization dawned upon me  
How badly I must have hurt thee!  
Hey Spring! Tell me what to do today?  
Shall I cry because you are away  
Or smile because you came by my way?

Deep regret for the past fills my heart  
As I still await for you to come along!  
So that there can be a new beginning  
Which makes our relationship strong!  
Hey Spring, what shall I do today?  
Cry because you are away  
Or be happy that you came by my way?

**Self-Other (Atma Par)****Original short-short story in Bangla by Banaphul**

Translated into English by Sunwrita Dastigar

BA (H) English; Year I

**After a morning** of hard labour, in the afternoon, I spread out a mattress in the south-facing veranda and lay down. A light slumber had just settled in – when something fell splat, right on top of my face. Getting up in a hurry, I saw a featherless fledgling, ugly and deformed. No fur – no wings – just a queer, repulsive, hideous figure. Angry and disgusted, I threw it hastily onto the courtyard. A cat seemed to have been waiting there— it instantly caught the bird in its mouth and ambled away. The grief-stricken cries of the *shalik* birds continued to afflict the air all around. I tossed and turned for a while, and fell asleep again.

Four or five years had passed after that.

All of a sudden one day, in our house, my own child, my most beloved only son Sachin suddenly died from a snake bite.

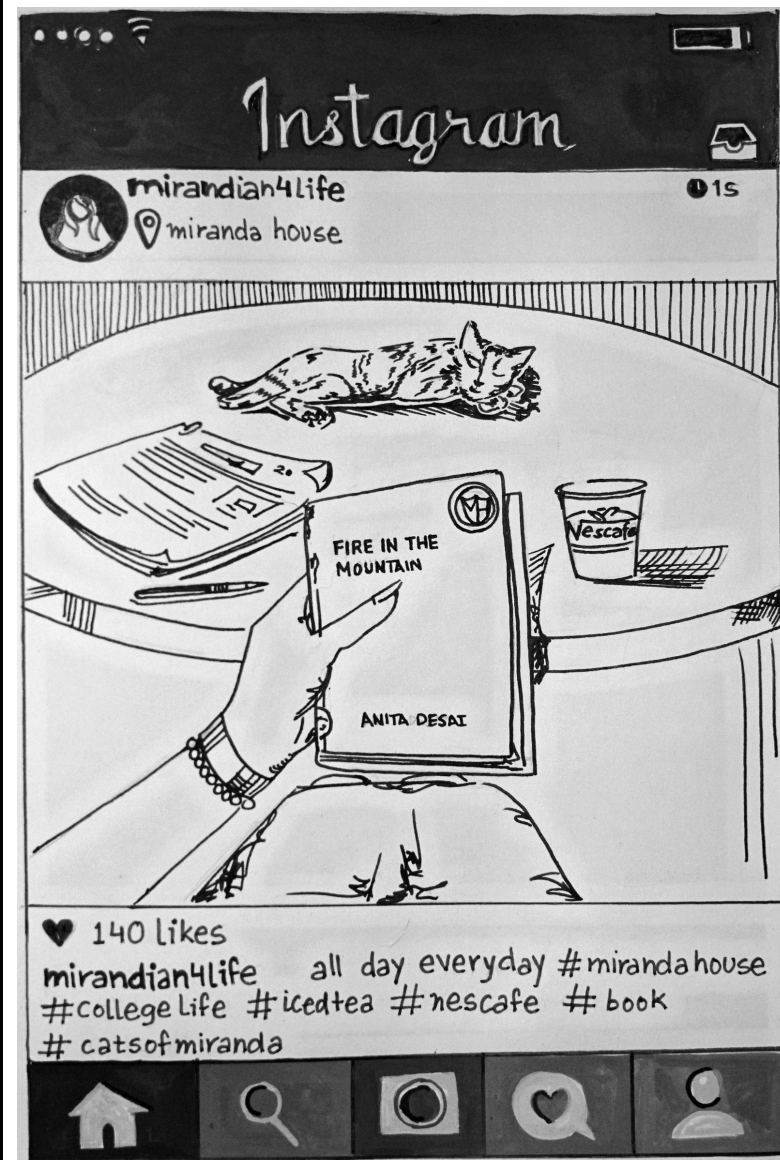
Doctors – *kaviraj* – physicians – *ojhas* and witch doctors, none could save him. Sachin had left us forever for all life.

In our house, in the aggrieved laments and heart rending wails, a tumultuous emptiness resounded.

Inside, my wife lay fainted, utterly unconscious. Someone bustled about like a rabbit, busily taking care of her. Coming outside, I saw the final arrangements being made to take my darling boy away, who was stretched out on a rope-woven cot. Then, after such a long time – I don't know why – I suddenly remembered that tiny little fledgling bird.

The still silence of that fateful afternoon, four or five years ago, that poor baby bird puny and helpless in the jaws of the cat, and surrounding it all, the agonised cries of the mother birds.

Suddenly, as if by an unknown omen, I shuddered.

**Life in Miranda House**

Illustrated by:

Sakshee Singh

BA (H) Geography; Year III

**Quizzine**

By Shailee D. Rajak

BA (H) English; Year III

**Answer the following ten questions to get a group of (circled) letters. Unscramble the letters to answer the main question:**

1. There are only two women in my life: an adventuress named, Irene Adler and my landlady, Mrs. Hudson. Who Am I?

Ans. \_\_\_\_\_ ( ) \_\_\_\_\_

2. Where is the following line from “I am the Shade/ Through the dolent city, I flee/ Through the eternal woe, I take flight.” ?

Ans. \_\_\_\_\_ ( ) ( )

3. Name the classic: “What’s in a name? That which we call a rose by any other way would smell as sweet.”

Ans. \_\_\_\_ ( ) \_\_\_\_\_

4. Sylvia Plath published what novel on mental illness under the pseudonym ‘Victoria Lucas’?

Ans. \_\_\_\_ ( ) \_\_\_\_\_

5. Name the writer: “Who painted the lion, tell me who?”

Ans. \_\_ ( ) \_\_\_\_\_

6. With whom does Leo Tolstoy’s character Anna Karenina start an illicit affair?

Ans. \_\_\_\_\_ ( ) \_\_\_\_\_

7. Complete the title: ‘James and the Giant \_\_\_\_\_’

Ans. \_ ( ) \_\_\_\_\_

8. Name the Tintin comic character whose famous catchphrase is, ‘Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles!’

Ans. \_\_\_\_\_ ( ) \_\_\_\_\_

9. This author founded the international NGO ‘Lumos’- a children’s charity foundation. Name his/her famous book series.

Ans. \_\_\_\_\_ ( ) ( ) \_\_\_\_\_

10. What is missing from this line by Keats: ‘\_\_\_\_\_ is truth, truth \_\_\_\_\_ - that is all.’

Ans. ( ) \_\_\_\_\_ ( ) \_\_\_\_\_

**Main Hint: One of the most famous lines on existential crisis in the history of literature: \_\_\_\_\_**

***Do we matter?***

By Soumya Duggal  
BA (H) English; Year III

***“Being alive is essentially a very lonely proposition.”***

I take quick steps on a familiar street, troubled by that same old agony. The sun is setting fast now. Street lights glare down, honking cars and bikes obstruct my way and swarms of mosquitoes cloud my vision. Food stalls on either side are fast being overpowered by customers like a scrap of bread is attacked by rodents from various corners of the kitchen when the light is out at night. There is hustle, there is bustle but I am alone, so alone, in my thoughts.

The activity around, in its indifference to me, has now unified into a force that interrogates me like a common criminal. It asks me, “What do you matter?” Ah, that same old question. And I do not know. Where does

one derive one’s worth? Is it in how I look or talk?

In learning, thinking, and knowledge? Do I exist in the glow of my mother’s heart or in the brightness of a lover’s eye? Is that proof that I am? And yet I may not be what they perceive of me. Inside I shall forever be alone. Is it through my art, through the poetry that rings in my heart and flows through my pen or the images that colour my imagination and find momentum in the strokes of my brush? And I may give myself entirely to my art while it might still leave me out of its loving embrace. I implore the trees that are swinging just now and the birds catching the wind to share my

emptiness because I do not question their permanent existence or the purpose of their being. I might then be only as they do, with neither gratitude towards nor fear of the creator. I could then be at ease, unthinking, only serving the task of being, and cease without question or anxiety. But will that inertia be life?

I have reached the end of my journey tonight and will one day reach the end of the other journey-life. But will it be only an end or a destination? Will I, when I no longer am, be as though I never was? Can I exist only in the nothingness of it all?

***Malleable***

By Shubhangi Yadav  
BA (H) English; Year III

Many little girls, inspired by Barbies, tend to be in love with the colour pink. But as they grow up and mature, the colour of strawberry ice-cream is left behind, seen as belonging to childhood. She never quite outgrew it. Maybe it was the child in her that adored it so or it was the result of her bubbly, ever cheerful personality.

On their first date, she wore pink, a cute little dress fluttering in the wind as they had a picnic in the park. He, handsome and charming, wore blue, same as the colour of his eyes. And from then on purple became her favourite colour, a little bit of him and a

little bit of her, all mixed together.

They were a perfect couple and theirs was a love like no other. It was the stuff fairy tales are made of. Well, till it wasn't- till it all changed. He grew too (b)old for her adolescent fantasies of romance. Suddenly, he felt he needed more than just words to express his "love" to her. So one fine day, he made his "feelings" vocal, using more than just his tongue to do the talking. She cried, he said sorry a million times. He even took her out on a date to apologise and said that it would never happen again. Tried to reach out and console her, to promise that

he meant it, but she flinched away scared of his very touch now. His fist clenched involuntarily. Scared and furious; she scared and him furious. But eventually, just like red turns to dirty blue, her mind changed too and she forgave him. She stayed, still lost in the illusion of love, their perfect romance. But it's only a matter of time before a wolf bares its fangs. And so it happened. Again. And again. And finally, when she was bent and broken, inside and out, he smirked maliciously, caressed the freshly blossoming bruise on her neck with the back of his hand and said "What are you crying for? Isn't purple your favourite colour?"

***Just Miranda Things!***

By Jeevanjot Nagpal  
BA (H) English; Year III



Quiz Answers: 1.Sherl(o)ck Holmes 2.Infer(n)(o) 3.Rom(e)o and Juliet 4.The (B)ell Jar 5.Ge(o)ffrey Chaucer 6.Count V(r)onsky 7.P(e)ach 8.Captain Hadd(o)ck 9.Harry Po(t)(t)er 10.(B)eau(t)y, Letters collected: o n o e b o r e o t t b t  
Main Answer: To Be Or Not To Be

## So Long, *Graphiti*!

Swareena Gurung  
BA (H) English; Year III

While discussing possible names for the newsletter a few days back, I was ambushed by the fact that *Graphiti* is no longer in circulation. Albeit an unremarkable weekly supplement of *The Telegraph*, the boarding-school girl in me secretly; no, rather publicly, mourned its passing. For many a year, it was *Graphiti* that gave me access to the fashionable parties in Tollygunge Club, and convinced me that the solution to all my skin-problems was *multani mitti* with a dash of lime juice. I eagerly anticipated the Derek O' Brien quizzes that were always placed in the first few pages, an entire magazine away from a style section which slowly turned into a favourite. My earliest recipe clippings were also taken from this magazine; delicacies like mango *kulfi* and *gondhoraj payesh*. Young as I was, I took a sardonic pleasure in religiously reading the agony column aptly called 'Survival Strategies,' in which talks of extra-marital affairs and sex problems were all too common. Every Sunday, I read *Graphiti* from cover to cover. Somehow, in my memory, the back cover always featured an advertisement for a bio-oil complete with an image of a balding scalp alongside one with lush hair.

Having lived in a Convent school in West-Bengal for nine years, I grew up with *The Telegraph*. More accurately, I began with its children's' weekly supplement *Telekids*, progressed onto the *Graphiti* and then graduated to reading the black and white print of the newspaper itself.

On Wednesdays, *Telekids* added colour to the gloomy marble walls of the junior corridor. It had all sorts of stories, puzzles, and invited photo and joke entries from other children like me. Perhaps my biggest regret is the fact that most of my humble attempts at drawing turned out as mere squiggles and no masterpiece of mine made its way to the 'Art' section. I did, however, submit numerous jokes, particularly after a senior morphed into a celebrity in my eyes after having her joke featured in the 'Smile :)' section. Accepting that I cannot draw is one thing, but when my jokes never materialised onto the crisp pages of *Telekids*, I took my vengeance by getting them featured in another newspaper, *The Bengal Post* (one that I'd never read). This particular supplement did indeed arouse the worst in me at times. For instance, in my version of the cardinal sins, writing on library books and communal newspapers comes first. So when I found that some over-enthusiastic student had already inked her way through the maze on page 5, before my index finger could carefully travel through it without leaving the slightest trace, I cursed her! I wished that she'd lose her library book and consequently be exposed to the wrath of the librarian. Gradually, the novelty of this supplement faded as I grew older, but I never did grow out of my fondness for the quizzes and the weekly stories.

Every morning, *The Telegraph* was on the notice-board of the Senior Common Room, and of the many students that buzzed around

it, I was a regular. Television was a treat which came once a week; so when Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie got married, I was notified of it through a green box on page two. I read voraciously about politics, viral outbreaks, EPL results, and the Saradha scams of the world, solely owing to the fact that *The Telegraph* was my pinhole into the outside world. I followed the same sequence daily, starting with international news on page two and ending by taking a mental note of the day's gold rate, lest I should win a lottery and afford a bar or two.

The entertainment supplement *T2*, only made its way to my hilly town when I'd reached Class 9 and was swiftly locked up by the librarian before it could see the light of day. Tollywood tattle about Rituparna Sengupta and Raima Sen apparently didn't quite befit the model convent education. Little did she know that those that were used as 'book-shelf liners' were just as fascinating if only a little outdated.

When I was little, my father worked as the manager of a tea-estate; a world where traces of European customs still persist. Every morning, an aged bearer insisted on meticulously ironing every page of the newspaper and presenting it to my father on a tray. My fascination with newspapers began then. Soon, crossword answers like 'sagacity', 'beignet', and 'balustrade,' made their way into my vocabulary. The world came to me through the newspaper, albeit not on a tray.

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## Editorial

This issue of *M.Etch* is a humble attempt at filling the void that has been created by the absence of student-run newsletters in most colleges. The name *M.Etch* is a play on our college acronym, and hopefully, conveys its purpose of providing Mirandians with a platform to share their words.

While this issue has largely been born out of the Department of English, we are open to submissions from all students. We are hungry for your stories and poems, eager to know your opinions and extremely accommodating of creative ideas. We hope that subsequent issues will strike up numerous discussions and bring students of various departments closer.

Our next issue will be circulated in October. With the University and College elections coming up on 12 September, we invite pieces based on the theme of 'Suffrage'. Any work beyond this theme will also be taken into consideration.

Please email your entries to [mhnewsletter2017@gmail.com](mailto:mhnewsletter2017@gmail.com). We request you to restrict longer articles to 350-400 words. In case you have any comments or queries related to this issue, please email them to us. Hope to hear from you!

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