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Distributed by I B H Books & Magazines Distributors Ltd. After the rains, that unmistakable smell of wet earth – *mann vasanai*, as we say in Tamil – is like an old, weathered hand reaching out from the depths of the earth to meet us. In that gesture of reaching up, it carries with it a deep-rooted sense of knowing. We see that gesture in a young sapling or an ancient tree, and are reminded, time and again, that it is the soil beneath our feet that makes us stand tall.

And, so, our theme this issue is simply that – Soil – with all the images, metaphors and symbolism it carries: the politics of caste, identity and belonging; the artfulness (and earthworm-y quality) of constant restructuring and relevance; the power and influence of privilege and perceived dominance; and even those sensory filaments of memory and nostalgia unconsciously (and consciously) conditioned with dollops of prejudice.

Vincent Adaikalraj



Publisher's note

Editor's note

Science textbooks in middle school will tell you about the different layers of soil and the different kinds of soil, and record books will carry intricate drawings with careful pencil shading, and, maybe, if you are lucky, a field trip will happen to understand it all better. And yet, between school and what is now scarily called adulting, what we understand about the various nuances ingrained in this ground beneath our feet inexplicably floats on the surface like oil in water.

This issue was a revelation in so many ways. Our original vision was to look at ways in which the idea and ideology of soil can be interpreted, but where it took us instead was to examine our own ideas and ideologies; roots buried so deep that it took a lot of spadework to even realise that the premise where we began was flawed; our lens was narrow, our world-view sensitive but not sensitised, and our understanding mostly dust-filled like textbooks and record books in the attic.

For me, this issue and its collection of compelling perspectives were also stories that were filled with hope. Not the kind born out of despair, but one born out of beauty, of the need to create and express and dialogue and build spaces that inform rather than explain by virtue of its existence, like soil itself, delighting more in its presence than in its action, and trusting more in its effect than in the promise of consequence, reacting always to the connections it makes.

Like words. Colours. Thoughts. ldeas. Expression.

Innumerable and inexhaustible, like non-judgemental, accepting, tolerant grains of sand. Lessons learnt much? Yes. But also, strangely, lessons discarded much.



Praveena Shivram praveena@artsillustrated.in



With the intention of creating the universe, Bara Dev (the Supreme God), floating on a lotus leaf, rubbed the dirt off his body and created a blue crow. He ordered it to fetch some mud. Flying for several days in search of mud, the crow sat on what he thought was an island, but was actually a snake, whose poisonous breath turned the crow black, as we see it today. The crow asked the snake for help in finding mud. The snake directed him to Kekramal Shatri (crab warrior).

Kekramal was resting with his head in the sky, body in water and hind legs in the netherworld. He held the crow in his claws and took him to the netherworld, the abode of the Kenchua (earthworm) king. Mud was food to the Kenchua. So, on hearing about the request, the king swallowed all the mud to save it for his subjects and refused to give any of it to the crow. Kekramal squeezed the head of Kenchua with his claws to disgorge seven lumps. The squeezing of his neck left a ring that can still be seen on all earthworms. The crow then rolled the mud into three balls, held one in its beak, two in its claws, and took them to Bara Dev.

Bara Dev flattened the mud balls across water to form a floating layer of crust. However, Sutaikeeda (dung

Cover Artist

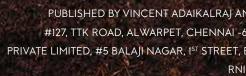


Bhajju Shyam

beetle) cracked and crumbled it. In anger, Bara Dev tossed the Sutaikeeda into the water. Sutaikeeda, along with Jalharin Mata (water goddess), emerged from the water and divided the earth into Khands (divisions), each invested with its own special qualities. Some full of minerals, some fertile, some with red clay and some filled with sand.

The Great Khand was still unstable. To secure it for eternity, the four corners were pinned down by four snakes. On this now-stabilised earth, Bara Dev created trees, rivulets and mountains. With the remaining mud, he created man and woman and breathed life into them. Meanwhile, Jalharin Mata created samaya (time), the moon, and the sun. Bara Dev and Jalharin Mata beheld with joy the creation of life and disappeared.

For this issue of Arts Illustrated I have depicted The Great *Khand* with 14 divisions. The back cover represents everything below the ground and underwater. The front cover is the Shrishti (universe) above ground. The earthworm runs across both, since it is one animal that lives in water, underground and above it. It also links back to the mythological story of the creation of this planet.



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