



# HYDERABAD LITERARY FESTIVAL

ఖబర్ Khabar

## HLF KHABAR

Quarterly Newsletter

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- *Failed Masculinities: The Men in Satyajit Ray's Films*
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#### Forthcoming Events

- 23 Sept 2023: Screening of *Life Flows On*, a film dedicated to Global Dementia Challenge, followed by a tête-à-tête with the Director of the film, Vishaal Nityanand.

#### Submission Guidelines

##### About

*Khabar* is HLF's latest initiative to keep in touch with its supporters and reach out to new audiences. Through this online medium, we hope to bridge physical distances and recreate the true spirit of *sahitya*. We look forward to your feedback and your contributions. (Please see [Submission Guidelines](#)).

##### Team

Amita Desai  
A Giridhar Rao  
Jhilam Chattaraj  
Kinnera Murthy  
Kolla Krishna Madhavi  
Laasya Reddy Yeddula  
Suroor Alikhan  
Uma Damodar Sridhar  
T Vijay Kumar

**Khabar Artwork:** Poosapati Parameshwar Raju  
**Masthead Design:** Sadhana Ramchander

## ખેંચાણ ઉમેશ સોલંકી

આજકાલ હું  
ફૂલને ફૂલ નથી કહેતો  
એના શ્વાસનો આકાર કહું છું,  
ચંદ્રને ચંદ્ર નથી કહેતો  
એના સ્પર્શનો ચમત્કાર કહું છું,  
એના કેશને કેશ નથી કહેતો  
ત્રીજા નેત્રના ઉઘડેલા પોપચાના પરિણામની  
કાળી ધૂમ્રસેરો કહું છું,  
એની વાતોમાં, મહાન પ્રેમગીતમાં લપાયેલા  
કોઈ કુંવારા અર્થને શોધું છું,  
સરોવર જેવા એના શરીર પર  
મંદ-મંદ શ્વાસોથી લહેરો બનાવું છું,  
છતાં,  
છતાં, કોઈ પ્રબળ ખેંચાણ  
ખેંચી જાય છે મને  
ખખળી ગયેલી ઝૂંપડીના ખુણામાં પડેલા  
ઘાસતેલિયા દીવાની થરથરતી જ્યોત આડે હાથ ધરવા,  
બાળોતિયા વગરની નિર્દોષતાને  
હૂંફ આપવા,  
ઠંડા પડી ગયેલા લોહીને  
શબ્દોના લાવાથી ગરમ કરવા  
ને તરત પછી  
સામે એની  
બની જાઉં છું હું ઠંડું પડી ગયેલું શરીર  
આજકાલ હું, ઠંડું પડી ગયેલું શરીર પણ બની જાઉં છું.

## પરંપરા ઉમેશ સોલંકી

મારા દેશનું નામ  
ખબર નથી.  
મારા દેશનો ધર્મ  
ખબર નથી.  
મારા દેશની જાતિ  
ખબર નથી.  
હા, મારા દેશની એક પરંપરા છે  
પરંપરા પાછી રૂઢિચુસ્ત છે  
પરંપરાનું નામ  
ખબર નથી.  
પણ  
પરંપરા વિશે આમ કહી શકું:  
પાણીને એની સાથે ફાવતું નથી  
ભૂખને એનું વળગણ છે  
હવાથી એ વિખેરાઈ જાય છે  
વરસાદથી એ ઊભરાઈ જાય છે  
એની ગોદડીમાં, ઠંડી ઠંઠવાઈ જાય છે  
હજી ઉમેરણ કરી શકું:  
બાલ કે વૃદ્ધ  
કિશોર કે યુવાન  
સ્ત્રી કે પુરુષ  
મારા દેશવાસીનાં  
બાલમાં પરંપરા  
આંખમાં પરંપરા  
બેસી ગયેલા ગાલમાં પરંપરા  
ચામમાં પરંપરા  
બહાર આવવા મથી રહેલા હાડમાં પરંપરા  
એના શરીરમાં રક્તવાહિનીઓ નહીં  
પરંપરાવાહિનીઓ છે  
મારો દેશવાસી પરંપરા ખાય છે  
ને પરંપરા કાઢે છે  
મારા દેશમાં પરંપરા જીવે છે  
જન્મે છે ને મરે છે  
તો બસ, મારો દેશવાસી  
મારો આ દેશ જોવા  
તું આવીશને?

## Gravity Umesh Solanki

(Translated from Gujarati by Gopika Jadeja)

These days  
I do not call flowers, flowers:  
I say they are the shape of her breath.  
I do not call the moon, moon:  
I speak of the wonder of her touch.  
I do not call her hair, hair:  
I say they are dark coils of smoke  
emanating from the opening of the third eye.

In her words I look for new meaning  
intertwined in a great love song.  
Across her lake-body  
I blow slow waves with breath.  
And yet  
some force draws me,  
urges me to put my hand  
on the flame of a kerosene lamp,  
in some dark corner of a rundown hut,  
to give warmth to innocence;  
to heat cold blood  
with the lava of words.  
And all of a sudden in her presence  
I become a cold body.  
These days  
I also become cold; a body.

## Tradition Umesh Solanki

(Translated from Gujarati by Gopika Jadeja)

I do not know  
the name of my country  
I do not know  
the religion of my country  
I do not know  
the caste of my country

My country has a tradition  
an orthodox tradition  
I do not know the name of that tradition  
But  
I can say this about the tradition:  
Water does not get along with it  
Hunger is its constant companion  
it is scattered by the wind  
It overflows in the rain  
It shivers, cold, in the blanket  
I can add this:  
child or aged  
adolescent or young  
woman or man  
my fellow citizens  
carry it on their forehead  
in their eyes  
in their sunken cheeks  
in their skin  
in their skeleton  
they cannot escape this tradition  
They do not have blood vessels in their  
bodies  
they have tradition vessels  
My fellow citizens  
consume the tradition  
and expel it

## અટકી પડવું જોઈએ ઉમેશ સોલંકી

અટકી પડવું જોઈએ  
અસ્તિત્વનો ખ્યાલ આપે  
એ રીતે  
ક્યાંક કશુંક તો અટકી પડવું જોઈએ  
યાની કીટલી પર  
ચા થીજી જવી જોઈએ  
પાનના ગલ્લે સોપારી  
કપચી થઈ જવી જોઈએ  
લારીમાં શાકભાજી પથ્થર થઈ જવી જોઈએ  
પકોડી કૂકા બની જવી જોઈએ  
પૈસાને સ્પર્શતાં જ  
ટેરવાં  
મરી ગયેલાં છીપલાં થઈ જવાં જોઈએ  
છાપાંના શબ્દો  
માણસને ચોંટી જાય જે રીતે  
એ રીતે  
ચાલતાં ચાલતાં માણસ  
જમીન પર ચોંટી જવો જોઈએ  
અટકી પડવું જોઈએ  
અસ્તિત્વનો ખ્યાલ આપે  
એ રીતે  
ક્યાંક કશુંક તો અટકી પડવું જોઈએ.

**Umesh Solanki** is a writer and activist from Gujarat. His publications include three poetry collections, a collection of essays, and two novels, one in verse. He edits an online Gujarati Dalit poetry magazine, *Nirdhar*. He is also a photographer and documentary filmmaker.

The tradition lives in my country  
The citizens, my friends,  
they are born and they die.  
You will come to see my country,  
won't you?

## It should cease, something should freeze Umesh Solanki (Translated from Gujarati by Gopika Jadeja)

It should cease  
Somewhere, something  
should freeze  
As if to remind us  
of existence  
Something should cease  
At the cha kitli  
tea should freeze  
At the pan shop shaved betel nuts  
should turn to gravel  
Vegetables on the vendor's cart  
should mutate to stone  
Pakorīs should morph to pebbles  
Merely touch money should  
render soft finger tips insensate  
like dead oysters  
A person walking down the street  
should stick to the earth  
like words in a newspaper  
that haunt the reader  
Something, somewhere should freeze  
to remind us we exist.

**Gopika Jadeja** is a bilingual poet and translator, writing in English and Gujarati. She is currently working on a project of English translations of Dalit and Adivasi poetry from Western India.

\* The poems featured here are published first in *HLF Khabar*.

## Sakina Astri Ghosh

your hands that sorted books  
at your bookstore at Prithvi,  
separating art and poetry from plays,  
  
shake now as you pull  
thread from the skeins  
of silken floss  
  
your body is stiffer  
your movements slower  
your eyes blurry  
  
you were the provider  
a tower of strength  
for Tyeb and the kids  
embroidery was your art,  
and your stitches  
slow and shaky

## Bas, bas Astri Ghosh

Your mother is not very lucid,  
she keeps talking  
about a bus, the doctor says  
as we go in to see her  
  
Bas, bas we hear her say  
as they try to locate  
a vein in her arm  
poking her time after time  
  
The doctor sees an old woman  
frail, like all the others  
in the geriatric ward  
at Ullevaal Hospital.  
  
Not the feisty young girl  
who cycled to France after the war  
who took the boat to India  
and Pakistan, got married in Burma  
They see an old woman,  
with blue eyes and pale skin  
and don't understand  
that she speaks Hindi.



document your life  
painting a picture  
vivid, happy and bright

### **A phone number** **Astri Ghosh**

Sorting things after you had gone  
I found a note in a bag  
My daughter's name is Astri  
Please call her at this number

And I thought of kindhearted strangers  
who would phone to tell me  
my mother was wandering in the snow  
without a coat on.

They see an old woman,  
with blue eyes and pale skin  
and don't understand  
that she speaks Hindi.

### **Changes** **Astri Ghosh**

Thinking  
Reasoning  
Remembering  
Swallowing

Activities  
we take for granted  
until we can't  
do them anymore

### **A New T shirt** **Astri Ghosh**

I just bought a new T-shirt. A bit like the ones I wore in the seventies with Che Guevara or Jimi Hendrix. This one is black, and has a picture of Lou Majaw in the front. Lou Majaw of the tiniest blue denim shorts legal in India. Lou Majaw of the mismatched socks. Green and yellow, red and blue. Lou Majaw who jumps off the stage and runs through the crowd. Lou Majaw who started the Bob Dylan festival in Shillong. Fifty years of music. He's been playing the guitar and singing for fifty years. And it is his birthday, his sixty eighth birthday.

My mother turned ninety three in January. She lives in a nursing home, has done so for eight years now. She doesn't always know who I am. Sometimes her face lights up when she sees my daughter, but she gives me a polite smile and looks away. Sometimes she does not open her eyes at all when I am there, and sometimes she says a word or two. She stopped speaking two years ago, then gave us a shock when she suddenly asked for water. But she doesn't say much. Just looks away when she does not want to eat or drink. She doesn't need words as her eyes give me the look. Who is that man on your chest?

(2015)

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**Astri Ghosh** is a poet and translator. She divides her time between Panjim and Mussoorie in India and Oslo, Norway where she translates, teaches, and writes. She is currently translating Bhakti poetry, Dalit authors, and feminist poets into Norwegian.

### **Sister** **Ira Vangipurapu**

We want to be us.  
Just that.  
No more, no less,  
Not a vision or a wish.  
Women like us sister,  
The map-making, contour-drawing women like  
us,  
The working, dreaming, queens of emotions,  
The we who simply count the motes in a sunray,  
Want love just for being, doing just that,  
Straight up, no nonsense, in a shot glass.  
"Swing the door shut on that, O barman!"  
"Women like me and my sister,  
Are done with the long bitter draughts!"

### **The Mirror** **Ira Vangipurapu**

Lately, it has returned.  
This pair of darkness that gazes  
Out  
Through the mirror,  
At the brown one reflecting the black.  
As the comb moves through the hair,  
As lipstick and perfume disguise,  
And feet step lightly down the stairs.  
The black pair waits silently,  
Knowing, revealing, mercilessly,  
In the mirror.

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**Ira Vangipurapu** teaches at the Department of Hispanic and Italian Studies, English and Foreign Languages University, Hyderabad. The poems featured here are from her first volume of poems titled *Songs of the Wolf-woman*.

## Dreams Mamta Chander

I float into awareness  
I don't know  
If I have woken up in my dream  
Or if I am dreaming in my sleep  
Eons stretch  
Between my sleep and my dream  
And I am at once  
A native of both  
But a resident of neither.

**Mamta Chander** works as a senior executive in a leading consulting firm. The poems featured here are from her debut collection of poems titled *The Vast Empty*, published under the pen name Turiya.

## This Moment Mamta Chander

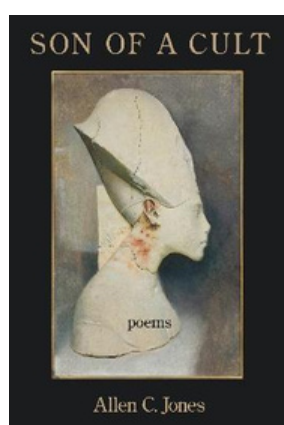
I live in the moment  
Neither burdened by hope  
Nor anchored in memory  
Nor weighed down by judgement.

Just an observer  
Of my unfolding destiny.

Let every blink  
Be a tiny death.

Every day I'll die  
A million times  
And be reborn  
Each time  
I open my eyes.

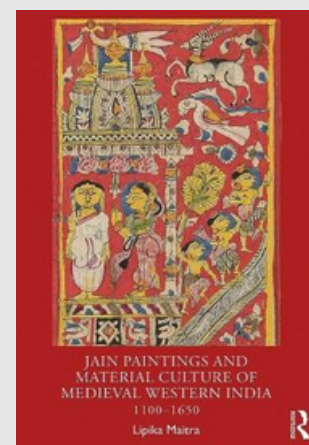
## MEET MY BOOK



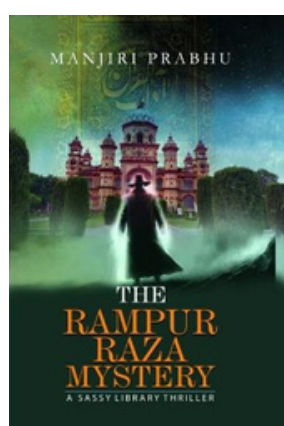
*Son of a Cult* is a memoir-in-verse that explores an esoteric community in California begun in the 1970s and continuing to this day. 'The Group' never had an official name, but for nearly half a century it was one of the largest esoteric groups in the US. As the leader aged, there were increasing accusations against her, and the second generation left. *Son of a Cult* traces one child's coming-of-age in this group and his struggle to understand the complex issue of the seductive beauty and danger of cult-like thinking.

— Allen C. Jones

My book on Jain paintings and material culture of medieval western India, with a foreword by the renowned art historian Prof BN Goswamy, takes the reader on a fascinating visual journey through varied costumes, exquisite textiles, handcrafted ornaments, curiously shaped vessels, numerous musical instruments, arms and armour and many such articles of everyday use. These objects of material culture, visible in the paintings, find corroboration in the accounts of foreign travellers to Western India. Contemporary lexicons and vernacular literature have also been explored to find names in vogue for these articles of daily use. Besides key Jain paintings from collections across the world, this book is profusely illustrated with line drawings to highlight the objects being referred to. What comes across clearly through this book is that art is the mirror of the times, and paintings reflect the society in which they are created.



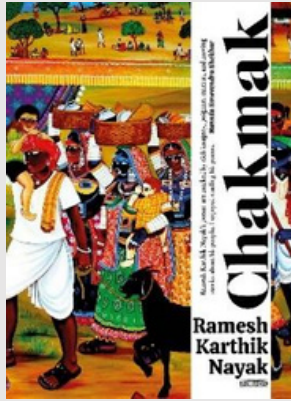
— Lipika Maitra



The Rampur Raza Library, a 250-year-old iconic library in UP, is a storehouse of rare manuscripts and miniatures. It is a true representation of the phrase 'Ganga Jamuni Tehzeeb', an Awadhi phrase that indicates the co-existence and harmonizing of Hindu-Muslim culture. When I got the opportunity to write a mystery novel on the Rampur Raza Library, I experienced this Awadhi expression first-hand as I researched for my novel. *The Rampur Raza Mystery* is my attempt to celebrate the haloed spaces of libraries where knowledge is free and literature is an intrinsic part of its structure. As Sassy solves a mystery of missing manuscripts through a trail of beautiful ancient miniatures, the library comes alive as a character. With a backdrop of murder and espionage, *The Rampur Raza Mystery* is a tale of intrigue, deception, and love that unfolds in 12 exciting hours. It is the first book in the Sassy Library Thrillers series.

— Manjiri Prabhu



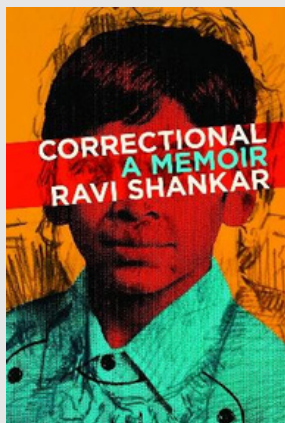
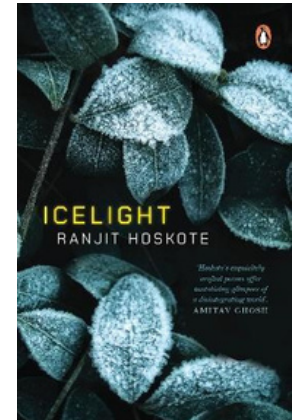


My debut poetry collection in English *Chakmak* is about my tribe's (Banjara) lifestyle. The poems in this collection speak about our culture, beliefs, celebrations, identity, language, exploitation, untouchability, and many other aspects of our lives. The language in which I wrote these poems is not my language. However, I felt that it is important to express myself in the languages that I know. As for our language, Gor Boli, we do speak it but we cannot write in it because it doesn't have a script. And I did not find a full-length work about my tribe in the languages that I know. So I tried to give the reader a glimpse of a Banjara hamlet in my poems.

— Ramesh Karthik Nayak

*Icelight* explores continuities with the natural world that we have lost. It also opens up a cabinet of memories: some going back to my childhood experiences of balancing at the edge, others embracing generations of family lore, yet others emerging from ancestral diasporas. This book traces time as a relay of memories, dilemmas, and crises, passed from one generation to another. Protagonists in the collection embody our current predicament: the woman who wonders how she can record the unpredictable pressures of a universe that speaks in riddles; the last fisherman, who offers himself as a sacrifice to a nature turned monstrous; the hazmat-suited kamikaze worker trying to sanitize a poisoned city.

— Ranjit Hoskote



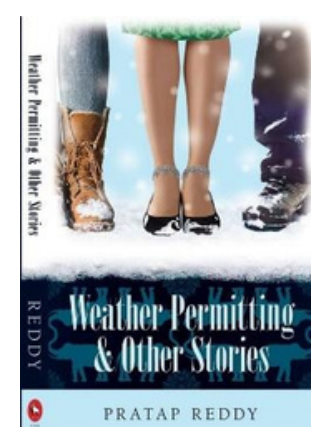
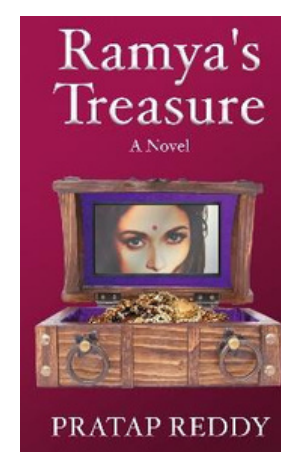
The first time I was arrested, I spoke out against racist policing on National Public Radio and successfully sued the city of New York. The second time, I was incarcerated when my promotion to full professor was finalized. My book *Correctional* is a memoir and a complex self-portrait—a portrait of America—it challenges readers to rethink our complicity in the criminal justice system and mental health policies that perpetuate inequity and harm. *Correctional* dives into the inner workings of the mind and heart, framing unexpected encounters with law and order through the lenses of race, class, privilege, and my bicultural upbringing as the first and only son of South Indian immigrants. Vignettes from my early life set the scene for my spectacular fall and subsequent struggle to come to terms with inner demons.

— Ravi Shankar

## REPORTS

HLF, in collaboration with the Srinivas Rayaprol Poetry Trust and the Department of English, Nizam College, hosted an interaction with author Pratap Reddy, a Hyderabadi now settled in Canada on 24 June 2023. Reddy is the author of a collection of short stories, *Weather Permitting and Other Stories* (2016), and a novel, *Ramya's Treasure* (2018). A third book, also a short story collection, will be published in 2024. He was in conversation with Usha Raman, a professor of communication from the University of Hyderabad. The event took place in the historic Salarjung Hall of Nizam College, where both the author and the interlocutor studied in the early 1980s. The conversation explored his writing process and the inspiration for his stories, which focus on the challenges of diasporic life, going beyond the rosy notions of the American Dream. His forthcoming collection trains the gaze back on the homeland, unpacking the lives of those who are left behind.

— Usha Raman



## NEW INITIATIVES

**Preethi Richards**, a young poet from Karimnagar, Telangana is exploring a new way to combine her love of nature and poetry. With every copy of her fourth book of poems *Memories* (2023), she sends a packet of seeds as she finds an organic relation between her poems and seeds. She considers that memories like seeds have the potential to sprout and are thus regenerative. She also hopes that as the readers sow the seeds and watch the plants grow, they will recollect the spirit of her poems.

Link to order a signed copy of the book: <https://forms.gle/tTpGVwxinhgf6RWEA>



## HUMARA HYDERABAD

### YK Antiques Home Museum



YK Antiques Home Museum is a unique urban cultural hub in Hyderabad founded by Mr Y Krishnamurthy, a passionate collector of antiques. Mr Krishnamurthy's zeal for antiques began when his mother got her brass set to his flat in Chennai at the beginning of his career. Now he has turned his living room into a display area. The museum receives a steady number of visitors who share an informal conversation with him about the object's history and background. Most of Mr Krishnamurthy's collections are sourced from known families. Every piece has an intriguing tale about its maker, its user, and the object itself!

The collection is an embodiment of wide-ranging human experiences. The museum's vision is driven by the purpose of preserving the tales associated with the antique pieces. They are testimonies to ethnic practices, and cultural history and will resonate with the personal stories of visitors. Prior appointment is required to visit the museum.

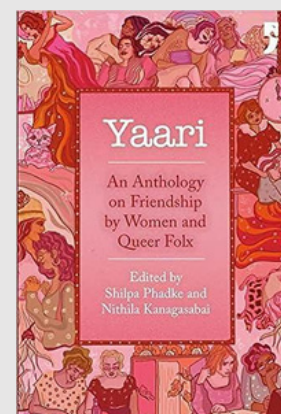
**Address:** 16/3, Saraswathi Nagar, Lothukunta, Saraswathi Nagar Colony, Secunderabad, Telangana 500015; **Email:** [ykantiques@gmail.com](mailto:ykantiques@gmail.com); **Link:** <https://ykantiques.com/about>

## BOOK REVIEWS

***Yaari: An Anthology on Friendship by Women and Queer Folx***, edited by **Shilpa Phadke** and **Nithila Kanagasabai**. Yoda Press, 383 pages, Rs 750.

*Yaari* (2023) is a diverse and wildly fragrant bouquet of 95 narratives on non-male friendships — in other words, friendships of women and other genders. Though prose dominates the writing, there are poetry, art, cartoon, and comic strip contributions as well, which make interesting punctuations in the garland of prose. The writers span age groups and scholarship in a delightful outpouring of emotion. The flavour is distinctly South Asian with a predominance of India, despite the efforts, as the authors say, to create a truly South Asian Anthology.

The narratives are straight from the heart and personal, making the readers, especially women readers relate to the experiences that resonate with their own lives in many hues and shades. The contributions were not sought based on a particular theme or schema in mind, yet the authors found nine themes to fit in the expression of myriad emotions of joy, jealousy, excitement, anger, disappointment, and ecstasy. The grouping finally emerged thus: Love,





Friendship, Intimacy (11 narratives); Girls, Women, M(others) (14); Resistance, Solidarity, Solace (7); Grief, Longing, Loss (12); Pandemic, Protest, Resilience (10); Distance, Disappointment, Rage (15); Virtual Realities, Technologies, Connections (10); Pedagogy, Care, Community (7); Cities, Spaces, Conversations (9).

This book celebrates feminine friendship in the “politics of everyday life and well-being.” Unlike men in general who manage lifetime friendships, most women seek friendships in terms of an emotional connect in later lives as their social milieu gets fractured, again generally, at marriage. This book captures this seeking out and revels in the value of such friendships. A must-read for everyone as it is a narrative on women by women and is quite different from the narratives in print usually by men — the stereotypes are smashed in every theme, and particularly in the theme, Girls, Women, M(others).

A persuasive narrative runs through the book — that there is extraordinary in the ordinary, and the challenge should be to create something spectacular out of the existing ordinary.

— Kinnera Murthy

## PODCAST REVIEWS

### Adapting to Sound

*People Who Knew Me*. Scripted and directed by Daniella Isaacs, based on the novel by Kim Hopper.

While optioning book rights has become standard practice for the movie industry, the increasing popularity of podcasts has publishers—and writers—thinking about the kinds of stories that could make for good audio drama. Different from audiobooks (which are simply books “performed” by a single narrator who stays faithful to the written product), podcast adaptations are scripted from the novel, much like radio plays.

*People Who Knew Me* is a podcast on the BBC Sounds platform (also available on other podcasting apps) adapted from the novel by Kim Hopper, featuring big Hollywood names Rosamund Pike and Hugh Laurie. The 10-part series tells the story of Emily Morris, a woman who fakes her own death in the wake of the 9/11 tragedy and assumes a new identity as Connie Price, a fact that she is forced to reveal to her daughter 14 years later when she is diagnosed with terminal cancer.

Plotted skilfully as a combination of internal monologue and dialogue in relatively short episodes (on average 15 minutes, with a 30-minute introductory segment), we are carried along with Emily/Connie as she grapples with a moral and psychological dilemma of her own making. Should she tell her daughter that she is not the person she knows? Should she reveal to her that her father is still alive, and should she tell the father that he has a daughter from a woman he thought was dead for 14 years?

Pike—and the entire cast—do convincing audio, making you feel like you are in the room with them even as the drama plays out in your head. Whether it’s Connie’s internal dialogue with Emily, or her fraught exchanges with her daughter Claire (played by Isabella Sermon), or her somewhat charged conversations with Tony (played by Hugh Laurie), the writing sparkles, combined with the attention paid to the soundscape.

If you’re looking for something new to play on your morning commute, and you enjoy a good psychological drama, this could be it.

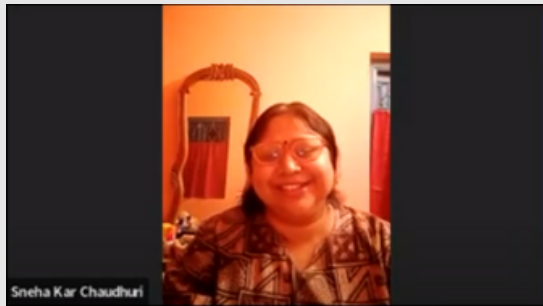
— Usha Raman





# HLF ONLINE/HYBRID SESSIONS

For updates on HLF online sessions, subscribe to HLF YouTube channel <[youtube.com/c/hlf-India](https://youtube.com/c/hlf-India)>



18 August 2023

**Sneha Kar Chaudhuri**, co-author of *ReFocus: The Films of Shyam Benegal* in conversation with writer and actor **Chandana Chakrabarti**.



**Sneha Kar Chaudhuri**: "If you look at Shyam Benegal's career, you will find that it starts with these path-breaking and startling set of films, parallel films, or avant-garde films on the villages in India, especially *Ankur*, where he was majorly recognized by the critics and got a national award. And then he went on to make *Nishanth* and *Manthan*. These village films, ... and he comes back to them with *Well Done Abba* and *Welcome to Sajjanpur*. ... We also wanted to look at [how] he had presented women in most of his films, like in *Bhoomika* or *Mandi*, or even in films like *Suraj Ka Satvan Ghoda*. And then, there was a focus on the kind of adaptations he made, like *Junoon* which is an adaptation of 'A Flight of Pigeons'."

Catch the complete conversation at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qaEZmTGhJwA>

21 July 2023

**Divyabhanusinh**, author of *The Story of India's Cheetahs* in conversation with **Raman Sukumar** of Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore.

**Divyabhanusinh**: "Chitraka means a dapper one. We have basically two major chitrakas in India, one is of course the cheetah and the other is the spotted deer... In the *Ramayana*, [when] Ram is inviting Sita to look at chitrakas ... [he] is obviously not inviting Sita to look at the cats but at the deer. But you look at *Amarakosha*, which is the earliest Sanskrit lexicon between 4-6 CE, it describes what are called the animals of the sihdivarga and calls them the panchalakas, and a chitraka which is a cheetah. ... When you look at Someshvara III, Chalukya king at Kalyani, and ... see his *Manasollasa*, ... he is talking about thirty different methods of hunting deer. In one of them, he says there is something called vyāghrā mṛgayā, that means hunting with tigers ... What he is saying is that you can tame a chitraka and make him run after and hunt for you."



Catch the complete conversation at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=j0Y6V-ssQjc>

16 June 2023, Hybrid Session

**Aasheesh Pittie** author of *The Living Air: The Pleasures of Birds and Birdwatching* in conversation with writer and researcher on nature **Sita Reddy**. Moderated by **Anita Mani**.



HLF in association with Goethe-Zentrum Hyderabad and Juggernaut Books organized the launch of Aasheesh Pittie's book on birds. After the formal launch, the author was in conversation with Sita Reddy. The hybrid session, which was broadcast live on the HLF YouTube channel, was moderated by Anita Mani of Juggernaut Books.

While Sita Reddy described the book as "a lyrical paean to slow birding," Aasheesh Pittie read out excerpts which were gently critical of ill-planned development and human hubris. The engaging conversation brought out the myriad stories of birds and their exceptional character.

The well-attended session had the audience actively engaging the author with a range of questions seeking information and sharing their experiences. The audience went home with a distinct feeling of having learned something about birds and birdwatching through the joyously animated conversation.

Catch the complete conversation at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9b5SaPGrvPU>

## NEW PUBLICATIONS

*Court on Trial: A Data-Driven Account of the Supreme Court of India* by **Aparna Chandra, Sital Kalantry, William H.J. Hubbard**. India Viking, 208 Pages, Rs 599.

This ground-breaking work offers a comprehensive analysis of key issues that have a profound impact on India's judicial landscape as we approach the 75th-anniversary milestone of the Supreme Court. Backed by extensive empirical research and data, the book uncovers the intricate workings of the Supreme Court, diagnosing pressing challenges and proposing data-driven solutions that hold tremendous significance for India's legal system.

*Failed Masculinities: The Men in Satyajit Ray's Films* by **Devapriya Sanyal**. Orient Blackswan, 184 pages, Rs 960.

Satyajit Ray consistently created characters that he adapted from literature, often novels written after 1947. One therefore recognises in his films Indians from the post-Independence era, members of the middle-class intelligentsia conscious of their worth as subjects of the Nehruvian nation. The rationale behind the book is the argument that Ray's portrayal of men paints a picture of India's trajectory, from the colonial period to contemporary times.

*Goa, 1961: The Complete Story of Nationalism and Integration* by **Valmiki Faleiro**. Vintage, 408 pages, Rs 699.

The subject of the liberation of Goa in 1961 and its integration into the Indian Union in 1962 is sparsely understood at best and misunderstood at worst. Faleiro lucidly outlines the prevailing political atmosphere and its changing character, the part played by indigenous independence movements and freedom fighters leading to the liberation of Goa, and the impact of its consequent assimilation into India.

*Over the Rainbow: India's Queer Heroes* by **Aditya Tiwari**. Juggernaut, 176 pages, Rs 350.

In this ground-breaking anthology, award-winning poet-activist Aditya Tiwari picks nineteen of India's queer heroes who have paved the way for the next generation to flourish – either through their activism or their courage in being open about their sexuality even when it was criminalized. This list includes activists like Anjali Gopalan and Ashok Row Kavi as well as Dalit and transgender activist Grace Banu.

*Silk: A History in Three Metamorphoses* by **Aarathi Prasad**. HarperCollins, 368 pages, Rs 699.

*Silk* is a cultural and biological history from the origins and ancient routes of silk to the story of the biologists who learned the secrets of silk-producing animals, from the moths of China, Indonesia, and India to the spiders of South America and Madagascar and the molluscs of the Mediterranean. Because there is more than one kind of silk, there is more than one story of silk.



## FORTHCOMING EVENTS

**Saturday 23 Sept 2023:** On the occasion of World Alzheimer's Day, HLF in collaboration with Goethe-Zentrum Hyderabad and Annapurna College of Film and Media will screen the film *Life Flows On*, a film dedicated to Global Dementia Challenge.

Time: 6 pm

Venue: Shiva Theatre, Annapurna Studios, Road No 2, Banjara Hills.

The screening will be followed by an interaction with the Director of the film Vishaal Nityanand.



## SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

### Friends

Thank you for your overwhelming response to our call for submissions! We could not reply to you individually. But rest assured that every submission will get due attention, and will be considered for publication in future issues.

We invite

- Original, un/published poems (two or three poems; 40-50 lines in all; in English or Indian languages, along with their English translation).
- Reviews of recent books, films, web series, podcasts etc (in not more than 300 words).
- Reports on literary and cultural events in and around Hyderabad (in not more than 250 words).
- Write-ups on book and literary clubs and societies and their activities (in not more than 100 words).
- Authors' introduction of their recent books (in not more than 100 words).
- Information about recent publications (in not more than 50 words).
- Announcements of forthcoming events (in not more than 50 words), and so on.

Submission Guidelines (Only for new submissions. Those who have already sent, NEED NOT resend).

- All submissions should be sent only as MS-Word documents. If you are worried about the formatting going awry in transmission, you may also send a PDF as an additional document for reference.
- In the Subject field of the email, describe your submission as: Poem, Review, New Publication, etc.
- Follow the word limit. Submissions that are far beyond the word limit will not be considered.
- Give a one-line description of yourself—your designation, or occupation, etc.

There is no deadline for sending submissions.

All submissions should be sent to <[hlfkhabar@gmail.com](mailto:hlfkhabar@gmail.com)>.