GLOBAL TRANSLATION RIGHTS CATALOGUE 2016
Global Translation Rights Catalogue 2016

Jaipur BookMark 2016 brings you a catalogue of a select list of works on offer for translation from across 6 Indian languages. The catalogue will also be available online on the Jaipur Literature Festival website, and physical copies will be shared at Teamwork Arts literary events across the globe and will be available for digital, film and publication.

Jaipur BookMark also has planned to commission 8 works of literary fiction and non-fiction, which will be JBM’s unique contribution to the Indian literary scene. Currently, no other publishing platform in India offers the possibility of both getting to know India’s varied literatures, and making contact with publishers and authors from India’s many languages.

One of the aims of this initiative is to begin answering the question that publishers and agents from across the world often ask: How do we get to know Indian literatures? How can we translate between Indian languages, and from Indian languages into other languages of the world.

With its wealth of literatures in over 23 languages, India offers a rich landscape of writing and Jaipur BookMark is well placed to platform the best of such writing and to help facilitate the sale and exchange of rights both across Indian languages and internationally.

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In this lilting narrative, Yatindra Mishra draws out Bismillah Khan on his life and work.

While the shehnai has long held importance as a folk instrument played primarily during traditional ceremonies, Khan is credited with elevating its status and bringing it to the concert stage.

About the Author
Yatindra Mishra is a poet, editor and music aficionado, and a critic of arts and cinema. He has written books on the classical singer Girija Devi and the dancer Sonal Mansingh. His book on Ustad Bismillah Khan, Sur ki Baradari was published by Penguin-Yatra Books in 2009, excerpts from which have been included in the CBSE (NCERT), Delhi and Bihar boards’ syllabi.

About the Translator
Ira Pande’s first book, Diddi: My Mother’s Voice; a memoir of her mother, the famous Hindi writer Shivani, was published in 2006. Ira is also an accomplished translator; her translation of Manohar Shyam Joshi’s T’ta Professor, won the Crossword and the Sahitya Academy Award for best translation. Other translations include Apradhini: WomenWithout Women by Shivani and A Life Apart, a translation of Prabha Khaitan’s autobiography.
Yatindra Misra: Can you tell us how music can create the appropriate mood to suit a particular occasion?

Bismillah Khan: There are many ragas in music, and countless raginis that arise from them. Music has many sons, and these sons have many wives, and together they have produced many children, grandsons and granddaughters. So, thousands of ragas and raginis have been created from ragas. In my ustad’s words, it is not so important to remember the raga as it is to see how much later the rishabh should follow the shadaj (sings).

If you sing shadaj ten times, then when you sing it for the eleventh time rishabh will speak so eloquently to you that the listener will be prepared to hear it. You have to pursue this for months before the raga acquires the connotations of a celebration. And yet, it is not as if each raga is innately beautiful, or that you can make it sound the way you want it to. Our ustad taught us that whatever the raga we played or sang, whether mellow or virile, we can mould it to suit the occasion by imbuing it with emotion, in the same way that we can coax out ragas and raginis by blowing into the shehnai. The essence of music is whether or not we are capable of endowing a certain taseer to our notes. This is the quality for which we seek Allah’s grace.

My work is still unfinished, I am in search of the true note, and I seek God’s grace to find it.
An attempt to categorise this novel as history, mythology, folktale or poetic narrative will be an insult to its rich, creative ecology. A chronicle of one of Tipu Sultan’s soldiers, the novel uses all these literary forms slipping effortlessly from one to the other. Relegating the boundaries of space and time to the background, it escapes it.

- Girish Karnad

A unique luminosity that is usually seen in Latin American literature is seen in the novel, Ajnatanobba Atmcharitre. Finding its legitimacy in realism, every aspect of the narrative has become an image. This kind of writing is special to Kannada.

-U.R. Ananthamurthy
Hitherwards in the forest region of Maleya Madaiah, in the lap of the eastern forest is Cauverypura. The place gets the name because it is at stone’s throw from the river Cauvery. On its banks is a grove of giant trees. Like the monasteries that we read about in the ancient epics, this grove is dotted with clumps of trees and shrubs.

Walk down from the grove and you see the grave of a saint. Hundred steps from there is a hero stone. This one is not a carved, ornamental sculpture of a hero sitting on a horse or angels transporting him to the high heavens in a palanquin. A bearded man with bowed head sits at the forelegs of the horse, with his palms closed in supplication. Not many know the history of this stone.

On either sides are the carvings of the sun and the moon and inscribed below are the following words:

In the Bharata region of this JambooDweepa... The eastern Mudukutore hillock is glorious... River Cauvery flows in the west. Flora, fauna, birds and vast expanse of forest spreads. Hugging the in between villages Is the nearby Nelli stream...

In the above mentioned inscription, the dotted spots indicate words that are not legible.
This is an anthology of contemporary short stories in Hindi that depicts life in different parts and among different social classes in India. The stories straddle both urban and rural settings. Some of the stories in this selection are ‘Kuch Yun hona Uska’, ‘Mukti’, ‘Cigarette Ka Aakhri Kash’, and ‘Bisesar Bo Ki Premika’. This book makes for a riveting read.

About the Author
Anu Singh Choudhary is a journalist, writer, communications consultant and documentary filmmaker. Her debut collection of short stories is titled Neela Scarf while Mamma ki Diary, her book on parenting and family, is a first of its kind in Hindi. She has also made six documentaries including Lighting Up the Hills, a heart-wrenching tale of a tribal group from Jharkhand. She has been awarded the Ramnath Goenka Award For Excellence in Journalism and the LAADLI Media and Advertising Awards for her gender sensitive reporting.

About the Translator
Manisha Chaudhry is a senior publishing professional with wide-ranging experience as an editor and translator. She started her career in 1986 in India’s first feminist publishing house and as an independent consultant with various development organizations. Fluent in English and Hindi, her translation A Street In Srinagar of Chandrakanta’s Hindi novel Ailan Gali Zinda Hai was shortlisted for the DSC Prize for South Asian Literature. Currently, she is the editorial head at Pratham Books, India’s largest non-profit multilingual children’s publisher.
AN EXCERPT
The Last Puff

“He ought to be home with his parents. He owes them his life. He didn’t owe me anything,” said she in a deeply weary voice, resting her head on her roommate’s shoulder. “I’ve known him since childhood. He is not ready for a change. He never was. And just look at me, changing every minute… wanting to be someone else all the time. I have no idea what I am looking for. Who I want to be. He won’t be able to endure this constant search and then will end up hating me. He will feel miserable and helpless. I can bear his going away but I can’t bear his leaving me just because he couldn’t bear me the way I was,” she babbled in a monotone as if she was slowly getting high on the puffs of her cigarette.
Jangam is a fictional account of the long forgotten march of Indian refugees from erstwhile Burma to British India in World War II. The march was a culmination of a series of anti-Indian communal riots that had been raging since the 1930s. Although it is represented briefly in Amitav Ghosh’s The Glass Palace, Jangam is probably the only sustained fictional treatment of this historic incident of mass displacement.

During the march, an estimated 450,000-500,000 Burmese Indians walked to Assam and Bengal, somewhere between 10,000-50,000 people died during the journey because of the brutal traveling conditions and the diseases they contracted on the way.

**About the Author**

Sri Debendra Nath Acharya was an eminent engineer and notable scholar. Initially, he started penning satirical articles for newspapers under the pseudonym ‘Dronacharya’. Literary works include various essays, short stories, poems, children’s literature and a few significant novels. His novel Jangam received the Sahitya Akademi Award posthumously in 1984.

**About the Translator**

Amit R. Baishya specializes in postcolonial literature and cultural studies. He teaches courses on postcolonial literature/theory, world literature, cinema, comic books, and popular culture (including courses on zombie cultures and mutants). He is currently completing a book manuscript on violence, terror, and survival in post-1980 fictions from northeast India. He also translates short stories and novels from Assamese to English. Planned future projects include a book on cultural memories of the Japanese invasion during World War II in northeast India.
A village of twenty families: Manku actually was a small neighborhood, a hamlet of poor farmers and laborers. An impoverished colony of Burmese and Indian peasants and day laborers who expended the sweat of their brows toiling for half of the produce of the land that they cultivated for the rich landlords, and who sated their hunger for six months of the year while enduring an acute shortage of food during the other six.

The Indian peasants had been transported by the British monarch to increase the wealth of the Empire by cultivating the pure and verdant lands of Burma. They were people who immersed themselves in gambling and other pleasures, and consequently got buried neck-deep in debt—like a herd of mute beasts staying barely afloat when beset with the unbearable weight of life.

A group of unknown, unacknowledged, yet indispensable ordinary folk that, in the midst of the cornucopias in their dreams, woke up to the painful realization that they were now destitute, wiped away their tears, and counted the number of days they would probably survive on their fingertips. Inhabitants of the lowest realms of society undiscernible to the collective gaze, they were a group of vanquished soldiers defeated by the battle of life, surviving in anonymity to hide the shame of being poverty-stricken.
Set in a small village near Jodhpur, this novel traces the life of Satyavati, a school teacher, who struggles to strike a daily balance between her family’s traditional values and those of a changing society in which she lives. She marries a man who is not from her caste, against her parents’ wishes, and remains unapologetic about it. Satyavati believes in leading from the front and opening the way ahead.

This Rajasthani novel Samhin Khulato Magar received a Sahitya Akademi award in 2004 for its searing portrayal of life in Rajasthan. It has also been published in Hindi as Aage Khulta Rasta.
This district right in the middle of a sandy stretch does not strike one either as a town or village at first sight. How can one call it a village when it only extends two and a half kilometers and has a population of seven or eight thousand? The settlement has a reasonably good bazaar. There are also big and small government offices. In its northwest there is an open stretch of land formed by the merger of two rain-fed rivers spread over four to five kilometers and many wells formed by brackish waters. After the winter this water is taken out and thrown into small plots of land and further used to make salt after it dries. For this to happen summer is the best time. For this reason people involved in this work never find the summer heat to be unpleasant. This salt is the source of sustenance for thousands of people living in nearby villages.
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TRANSLATION SPEAK

"Translation is the circulatory system of the world's literatures"
- Susan Sontag

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"I just enjoy translating, it's like opening one's mouth and hearing someone else's voice emerge."
- Iris Murdoch
Kalimuddin and his family are victims of history. Originally lured from Bihar to what would become East Pakistan by the promise of a golden land for Muslims, they had struggled to build a life for themselves in Dhaka where they were a minority amongst a majority of Bengalis. The Bangladesh Liberation War only made things worse and in time Kalimuddin is forced to make the fateful decision to leave Bangladesh. They eventually arrive in Mumbai living with hundreds of others in a chawl, but their ever-pressing need is for work, and getting work without appropriate identity proves to be very difficult. Life as an illegal in the metropolis is not only materially hard, it is also uncertain and dangerous.

About the Author
Awarded by the Sahitya Akademi, Prafulla Roy, is a prolific writer from Bengal. His writing depicts powerfully and authentically the prevailing realities in both urban and rural situations. His characters are drawn from every segment of the society - be they professional, skilled or unskilled, of lower, middle or higher economic preferences, revealing the multidimensional social maze in India. He has written more than 150 books including novels and short stories. Many of Prafulla Roy’s stories have been filmed, and a few of them have bagged national and international film awards. He also worked in the literary sections of a number of dailies in his later life.

About the Translator
John W Hood divides his time between Melbourne and Kolkata, writing about Indian and Bangladeshi cinema and translating Bengali literature. He has written The Essential Mystery: Major Filmmakers of Indian Art Cinema, as well as books on Mrinal Sen, Buddhadev Dasgupta and Satyajit Ray.
The vast sky overhead was as black as tar. There was no enchanting moonlight, for the moon had not yet risen. The countless stars, like the eyes of dead fish, looked down on the world below. On such a night the sight of the stars made one shiver. However, this kind of dark night was very appealing to Fayaz Ali. To him, all such nights were a blessing, because only in the dark could his work be carried out.

From his appearance one might guess that he was not a straight or innocent man, and such a guess would be quite correct, as Fayaz, indeed, was particularly artful and cunning. He was a tout, or a middleman. He had just one job, just one interest, and that was to pull the wool over the eyes of the Bangladesh Rifles (BDR) and the Border Security Force (BSF) and bring people into India from the other side of the frontier. He had elevated his work almost to the level of a fine art. Indeed, the substantial security forces of the two countries had no idea of Fayaz's modus operandi. He was as silent and as devious as a snake in making his operations smooth and skilful.
To understand what communalism feels like to those who have felt its fetid breath and sharp claws, one must not read social scientists, but seek out writers like Ila Arab Mehta, portrayer of Fateema Lokhandwalla and her brother Kareem, two human beings looking for that most basic of human needs - a roof over their heads, in a country that prides itself on being secular.

-Mrinal Pande

**About the Author**
Born into a family of writers, Ila Arab Mehta is a renowned writer of Gujarati literature with many of her works included as part of university curriculums across Gujarat. Her *Batris Putli Ni Vedana* is considered to be the first feminist novel in Gujarati literature. The Gujarati Sahitya Parishad along with the Gujarat and Maharashtra Sahitya Akademi have recognised and awarded her work.

**About the Translator**
Rita Kothari is the author of *Translating India: The Cultural Politics of English*, *The Burden of Refuge: Sindhi Hindus of Gujarat and Memories and Movements: Borders and Communities in Banni, Kutch*. She has also translated numerous works, including the Dalit novel *Angaliyat: The Stepchild*, *Unbordered Memories: Partition Stories from Sindh and Fence*, a novel based on religious segregation in Gujarat. She is also the co-editor of *Chutnefying English: The Phenomenon of Hinglish* and *Decentring Translation Studies: India and Beyond*. Kothari currently works at the Humanities and Social Sciences Department at the Indian Institute of Technology, Gandhinagar.
Like any child of eight or nine, Fateema was not particularly interested in understanding her life and family or the conditions in which they lived. Her Bapu wore a chequered lungi, at least when he was home. Ba sometimes wore a sari, but most often a loose salwar kameez, her head always covered with a dupatta. When other women in the village fasted and participated in festivals, Ba would be busy grinding. This did not seem strange to Fateema. On one or two occasions, Fateema had asked her parents if she could go to the temple for the evening aarti with her friends Naveen, Vinay, Indira and Jeenal. Her Bapu had simply said, “No, it’s just not done.” “Our religion is different, that’s the way it is,” he had added. “Not everyone is alike. Are all trees same? Some are tall, some are not. These are Allah’s miraculous ways.”
An extraordinary saga set in India of a daughter, mother, and grandmother. The book takes readers on a journey that spans half a century. It begins in the early 1940s with Mrinalini, the teenage daughter of Yadunandan Prasad Verma, a prosperous lawyer turned freedom fighter. Inspired by her father and the Independence Movement, Mrinalini reads and writes revolutionary poetry and recites it at political protests in their North Indian town of Kabirganj. In the aftermath of a tumultuous rally, the son of a visiting freedom fighter escorts her home to safety - and kindles her interest in him. As the various characters draw closer, readers are left to observe how the consequences of big and small decisions ripple across and intersect across lives. Unspoken Things reveals the bittersweet fruits of life and love.

About the Author
Mridula Behari is an award winning author, novelist and playwright. She has authored 15 books including several short story collections, novels and plays. She divides her time between Jaipur, Chicago and San Francisco. Her works have been published and broadcasted across many national newspapers, magazines, Television and Radio. Kuch Ankahi is her first translation in English.

About the Translator
Dr. McKean has a Ph.D. in Social Anthropology from the University of Sydney and M.A. in Asian Studies from the University of Hawaii-Manoa. She first went to India on a one-way ticket right after completing her B.A. in Geography at the University of Chicago. She visits India and her husband’s homeland of France whenever she can.
Rama often felt that her entire life was meaningless. She had a burning desire to do something altogether new and different, something important. She told herself it was impossible, that society wouldn’t allow it. Shivangi avoided her mother for a few days and didn’t say a word to her. What could Rama do? She looked at Mrinalini with pain in her eyes, as if saying, see how she tortures me? Shivangi had shown her inquisitiveness in the past with questions like, “Mother, why do we live alone?”

“Alone? What do you mean by alone? Your grandmother and I are here with you,” Rama answered. “I mean, everyone’s father stays with them.”

What could she say? She sidestepped discussing the composition of a typical family and said, “You’re still a child, you don’t understand.”

“I’m not a child! I’m in seventh grade. Where’s your wedding portrait? All my friends’ parents have one at their house.” Trying to placate her she said lovingly, “Let’s have some ice cream. It’s right here in the fridge.” Back then the question hadn’t taken such a hold and it wasn’t hard to change the subject.
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