TRANQUEBAR TIMES

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The Tranquebar and Westland newsletter

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Dear Reader.

Entrepreneurs—captains of their own ship, so to speak—are those who look beyond placements and salaries, says bestselling author Rashmi Bansal. In Stay Hungry Stay Foolish, she related the stories of 25 brave IIM-A graduates who believed in their dreams, and patiently sidestepping any hindrances on the way, turned them into reality. Taking it from there, she wrote Connect the Dots, in which she hastens to add that neither a degree nor a diploma is a prerequisite for smart management, and describes situations that prove that even individuals without frilly initials after their names can succeed if only they draw upon their own strengths.

Dr Gita Arjun's *Passport to a Healthy Pregnancy* speaks to an increasingly swelling crowd of mothers, fathers, caregivers and, yes even doctors themselves. You can now pick up our new edition of that encyclopaedia on everything you need to know about expecting, giving birth to and nourishing your precious children.

Also new, this time in audio book form, is *Broken News*, Amrita Tripathi's dramatic eye-opener on the dark newsroom politics behind a glitzy TV channel. You probably won't believe your ears!

Yet another television personality, T. S. Sudhir, gives a timely view into the life of an Indian sportsperson who has made it to the global court. *Sania Nehwal* is an 'inspirational biography', even for games-lovers who never leave their armchairs.

In our Showcase this issue, we flaunt Tranquebar's encounters with erotica: Blue, edited by Ameena Hussain, Electric Feather (soon to go into Part 2) edited by Ruchir Joshi, Close, Too Close edited by Meenu and Shruti, and Slither: Carnal Prose written by Urmilla Deshpande. Don't expect any nudging or winking here. It's the real McCoy.

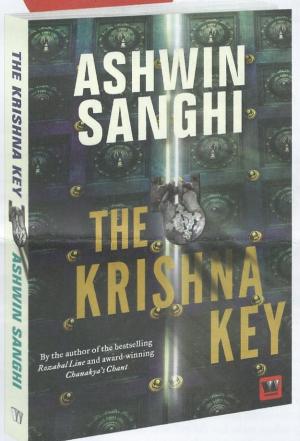
Turn to page 7 to what amounts to a virtual interrogation of Ashwin Sanghi on why he appears to believe that the history of intrigue is directly connected to our many versions of God. As you see, his new interpretation of our past-and-present, *The Krishna Key*, is Westland's Book of the Month.

As ever, page eight features news and views surrounding our productions—and the parties that ensue from them!

book of the month

The Krishna Key

By Ashwin Sanghi



Five thousand years ago, there came to earth a magical being called Krishna, who brought about innumerable miracles for the good of mankind. Humanity despaired of its fate if the Blue God were to die but was reassured that he would return in a fresh avatar when needed in the eventual Dark Age—the Kaliyug.

In modern times, a poor little rich boy grows up believing that he is that final avatar.

Only, he is a serial killer.

In this heart-stopping tale, the arrival of a murderer who executes his gruesome and brilliantly thought-out schemes in the name of God is the first clue to a sinister conspiracy to expose an ancient secret—Krishna's priceless legacy to mankind.

Historian Ravi Mohan Saini must breathlessly dash from the submerged remains of Dwarka

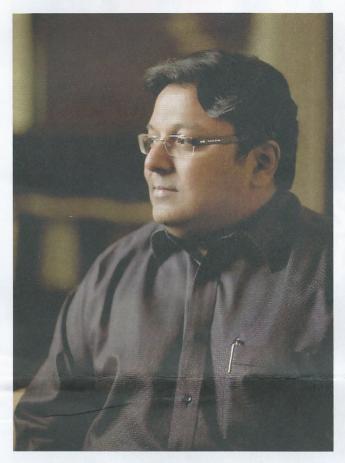
and the mysterious lingam of Somnath to the icy heights of Mount Kailash, in a quest to discover the cryptic location of Krishna's most prized possession. From the sand-washed ruins of Kalibangan to a Vrindavan temple destroyed by Aurangzeb, Saini must also delve into antiquity to prevent a gross miscarriage of justice.

Ashwin Sanghi brings you yet another exhaustively researched whopper of a plot, while providing an incredible alternative interpretation of the Vedic Age that will be relished by conspiracy buffs and thriller-addicts alike.

Ashwin Sanghi is an entrepreneur by profession but writing historical fiction in the thriller genre is his passion and hobby. Sanghi was educated at Cathedral & John Connon School, Mumbai, and St Xavier's College, Mumbai. He holds a master's degree from Yale.

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Interview with Ashwin Sanghi



Author of Krishna Key

Since 2008, the press has come out with a blitz of details surrounding the history of how and why you came to write *The Rozabal Line* and *Chanakya's Chant*. Can you enlighten us on the same in regard to *The Krishna Key*?

I had just finished writing Chanakya's Chant and was looking for a story that I could sink my teeth into. I had just finished reading a book by Dr. S. R. Rao, the famous explorer who had conducted diving expeditions off the coast of modern-day Dwarka only to discover ancient ruins under the sea. The book was entitled The Lost City of Dvarka. I was absolutely fascinated by the idea that the discovery of Krishna's fabled city could possibly result in Krishna moving from the mythology shelves into the history shelves of our libraries. My problem was that I had already written around 30,000 words of another novel and was reluctant to leave it unfinished. That evening while I was still debating whether I should alter course, I received a parcel from a dear friend. He had just read a wonderful book and wanted me to read it too. On the cover of the book was a picture of Krishna! You can call it the irrational part of me, but I prefer to call it the sensible part of me ... I saw it as a sign, almost providence. The next day I started research into Dwarka and eighteen months later, here we are.

Why the constant reaching back to the past?

I have always been fascinated by history, but I do not see history or cultural evolution as a linear progression. I see it as a series of peaks and troughs in human civilisation—more like a stock market graph. I am quite certain that there must have been times when humans were far more evolved than us. It's possible that natural calamities or cataclysmic events may have wiped out traces of such advanced civilisations. It is this fascination with 'what could have been' that seems to be the driving force behind my novels.

Are you a religious man? Come on, you can tell us. We'll only print it!

I see religion as a culture—a way of life. It has very little to do with seeking God. Religion is about 'fitting in', not about being united with the Supreme. At a deeply personal level I just 'know' that there is a higher power. I feel it each time that I sit down to write. When I read the words the next day, I wonder how those words occurred to me on the previous one. Those are the times that I am in awe of a divine presence. Before I leave home for work each day I bow down before a little electronic photo frame that has a continuous slideshow of Ganesha, Guru Nanak, the first verse of the Qu'ran, Krishna, Jesus, Mother Mary, Saraswati, Zarathustra, a Menorah, a meditating Buddha and countless other symbols of worship from across multiple faiths on an infinite loop. Does that make me religious? Possibly. More likely it just makes me a very confused individual. What I'm proud of is the fact that I know that I don't know anything.

As an entrepreneur (we know of your multiple business interests) how do you fit in the night job of writing?

When you love what you do, it ceases to be work. There was a time in my life when I did consider giving up my day job to focus entirely on writing but then I figured that my writing would begin to resemble work in the absence of a day job. I work forty hours a week but I rarely sleep before midnight. Weekends are devoted entirely to writing and my family. I take five weeks off during the year to gain momentum on whichever project I happen to be working on at that moment. Honestly speaking, I consider myself blessed. Most people can't find satisfaction in one job, and I'm able to find a sense of purpose, balance and achievement by straddling two.

Thought about your next story? And will it come to Westland?

As you know, there's a partially written manuscript that's craving for attention. It's a story about a business family, something that I have seen and observed from very close quarters, having been born and brought up in one myself. Westland was the publishing house that gave me my first break with *The Rozabal Line*. I am very emotional in these matters. I see Westland as home. When one goes to work each day, does one wonder whether to return to one's home in the evening? It just happens naturally.