Homophobia in India, like Darjeeling tea and the railways, is a British colonial legacy. Unlike tea – which makes for a sparkling chat – and the railways – which killed millions, homophobia discriminates and, in its manifestation since 1860 as Indian Penal Code Section 377, goes so far as to criminalize. It also, unwittingly, prejudices an appreciable vote bank: some 60 million homosexual and transgendered individuals, as per recent approximate estimates (see Outlook, March 2016). With more gay and transgender people standing up to be counted, that demographic is growing. And with growing support from families and other ‘regular’ citizens for full and equal LGBT rights, the present holds an excellent opportunity for the powers that be to rescind a 156-year-old alien law lurking in the fringes of a progressive democracy in light of these realities – and another apex court ruling awaited on 377 – Siddharth Dube’s latest book is timely. I first read the e-version some weeks prior to a closer reading of a review-copy of the print edition. Whatever one’s preference, the felicitous, landmark ruling of 2009 threw open a can of worms for the law. Dube’s presents itself in 1986. He was almost 24, had graduated from Tufts and moved to Minnehaha. School of Journalism, chosen a chaste path of yogic austerities, come-out to his father (in the course of a visit home to Calcutta), failed to lose his virility made a brave maiden foray into a Minneapolis gay bar “in kurta-pyjama and delicate Kalamkari slippers [...] like a Hare Krishna monk who has stumbled into a lumberjack yard” and even outed himself to another set of intimates. But he was suffocating. He writes: My intense need to disclose this fact about my orientation to people I was close to, and eventually to others who broached questions about my personal life, sprang from the paramount importance of viewing myself as shameful and helplessness, the fury, the self-loathing. Never a writer, they say, for he will write about you. In holding up a mirror to those dank dismal dorms and shadowy schoolyards, Dube does so with startling compassion for his nuytorrents — themselves fodder for a “tradition” school’s helplessness and other way. Palliatives to remembered come pain as homophobes to an almost-consummated first–year, and to nature and literature, to that one empathetic teacher who encourages a writer in the making. Done then with Doon – what a cautionary tale! — like Darjeeling tea and its parallelism to that one empathetic teacher who encourages a writer in the making. Done then with Doon – what a cautionary tale! — like Darjeeling tea and its parallelism to that one empathetic teacher who encourages a writer in the making. Done then with Doon – what a cautionary tale! — like Darjeeling tea and its parallelism to that one empathetic teacher who encourages a writer in the making. Done then with Doon – what a cautionary tale! — like Darjeeling tea and its parallelism to that one empathetic teacher who encourages a writer in the making.