

POCKET DIARY BOOK CLUB
MINUTES OF THE MEETING

YEAR 2023

24/09/2023 03:00 PM

Akshat Drama Group Studio

Attendees

Janvi, Sharvil, Shruti, Pallavi, Sameer, Mitesh, Shaurya, Prince, Ruchi, Bharath, Sonam, Rajesh, Nirali and Priya

Kafka by the shore By Haruki Murakami - Read by Sharvil

Sharvil and I were kind of almost debating on who got to read the best parts from this and how I beat him to the race as I read from this book in the previous session... So Sharvil began in his deep voice and it almost sounded therapeutic... The piece he read from the initial pages of the book which deals with the internal struggle of the protagonist "*... a pool of ominous foreboding; that's my heart ...*"

Well he didn't stop here he was determined that he will pull the entire crowd into the Murakami Labyrinth and he went on to talk about the Rice Bowl Hill Event → a nice cozy place in the wilderness atop a hill - kids from a nearby school are there to collect mushrooms - suddenly they all collapse - no one knows why - children have no memory of what happened - and you who are reading with such interest - guess what - you get to know no more. Sharvil even went on to confuse everyone with the complex relations of Kafka with his father, the librarian and the girl in the painting and what not.... Janvi and me exchanged glances that meant let's not get into it.... But Sharvil was unstoppable.... well to be biased I do share the same enthusiasm for the whimsical world of Murakami..



Storm of Swords By George R R Martin - Read by Ruchi

I still remember reading this particular passage for the first time...sitting in my dad's rocking chair...it was one of those days of unemployment...freshly out of masters and killing time efficiently with George R. R. Martin's blessings. I remember reading and tearing up, a lump in my throat, I was reading it on my laptop and I just unceremoniously shut the laptop down and went running to my room and just hid myself under 3-4 pillows...I literally didn't read it for two days... and today Ruchi with all the gimmicks with voice modulations and narrating the whole Red Wedding played itself in front of my eyes... But I was surprised, it did not affect me the way it affect me that day...may be coz I am now desensitized or may be the impact it makes comes from the collective emotions that one gathers for a character as it snowballs over the period of time that you have invested in the novel....Ruchi gave us a trigger warning and those who were triggered were already triggered and those who were not well hoping that Ruchi's narrating skills made you guffaw at the irony of wars and revenge. Anyways the North Remembers, and PDBC too remembers....

Simsim By Geet Chaturvedi - Read by Rajesh

He was reading and we were watching a movie...we watched poetry come alive....lovers balancing on a tightrope between reality and a shared dream world....revolts and resistance

rising and burning... Somebody asks, 'Why the title is Simsim?' Well, hoping against hope that things were simpler, don't we all want an abracadabra, a khulja simsim to unknot the most closest and "drives you mad" relations...



simsim for the torn relations between a son and a dad...

simsim for the dead glorious relation between a husband and a wife...

simsim for every relation to reignite its flame....

A narration by books... books dancing in the library... books waiting to be picked up, touched and read.. books talking about how the first book came to be... and how every time a book is burnt it burns a segment of civilization, imagination and free will. As he ended reading the entire studio was hanging in a limbo and erupted in applause, it was a true moment of experiencing what words can do to you.

The narration reminded me of the **Marcel Proust's In Search of Lost Time** with it bringing in the [fragrance of guava and the locked away memories of lost love](#)... a 100 page letter buried in the backyard in a wooden box with guava leaves atop, an old bookstore in shambles and a man older than the bookstore, a yellow window and a handkerchief tied to it as a souvenir of a promise kept... a tap dance of memories, longing and imagination.

Yarekh By Anamika Anu - Read by Mitesh

Yarekh is a collection of love letters in various languages compiled and translated in Hindi. In his slightly nasal voice (sniff sniff he's got them sniffles) Mitesh pushes us all towards [an evening in February](#), winter's bite in the air and a lover's sigh. A letter written in sweet longing and thawing the frozen heart, the letter catapults everyone in the room to the letter they themselves had written, letter they would have written and may be letters they all are waiting for...

It makes us all wonder how would these owners of letters feel if they would know that their deepest, the most naked and maybe even the darkest desires are passed around in millions of hands dissected and sutured..

Well coming back to the insanity of the readers - we were stuck to the title and who, what, why and how...

So this book is a collection of letters written by various people brought together and translated in hindi by the author.

The book has a sparrow on the cover.

[The title is Yarekh. Meaning the moon in hebrew.](#)

But before that we all insisted that nobody google its meaning and all raked their brains to find the meaning... someone was sure that its the moon in some language... someone crazier suggested its sparrow in some other language... Mitesh's expression was like 'Mujhe maaf kardo mujhe zukham hai aur mujhe nahi malum iska matlab.' But look at the odds the next sunday I was reading a book called "The Periodic Table" and lo behold I come across the word Yarekh and its meaning...

Innocent is Love By Barbara Cartland - Read by Janvi

Is love innocent or the master of mavericks?

Or just the innocent fall for love and turn into insufferable interns of life?

Maybe its for who fall and rise in it to tell?

Who knows? we will always be in this neverland of forever.

Janvi read and time traveled back to the days of the teen, how she came across this book and how romance evolved and took its final form in her psyche. As she read about the fiery kiss igniting the passion that doesn't die...

Priya's notes:

Recently I am reading a book..
The things you can see only when you slow down by Haemin Sunim.
I would definitely read this for everyone.

'What will you read for us at the next edition?'

In the written interview type questions, her answers were simple and short. She speaks less but listens to every reader, her smile sweet and eyes waiting for an opportunity to talk to the reader reading from his book.

This was her first introduction to us. And it was a pleasure, seeing an educator by profession able to read guilty pleasures and own them without hesitating. You know, the run of the mill romance titles, child like cream skin heroine with freckles, but very kind, tame the animal in the hero, find his heart like a pro-surgeon who has never had a crush before.

I am used to watching the shave my face youtube videos but my teenage self can relate to the happiness of just lying on bed and reading these books.

Back to my doodles and journals:

Inner Engineering By Sadhguru - Read by Pallavi

The reader sits with a bubbly energy in the room and is very chatty and has a smile that lights up the room. She says she has changed and for good. Good!

Books that touched her core (abs?) and wants to make her more open to the world (travel? spiritual? eyes?) and ready to dodge the curveballs. (wow)

I noticed Priya listening to what she was saying very carefully. The book talks about responding to a stimuli, not reacting to it. Paradoxically, a few readers reacted to it. The book starts off with the author's "autobiographical" journey and ends on how one needs a guru to learn the techniques, sounds like a book to market the Isha Foundation program.

Priya: But the point, respond not react took me to a childhood lesson maybe I read in Harry Potter, count to 10 in my head and then speak, but what if I am in a fight and the person leaves till then? Very punny

<https://www.actualized.org/forum/topic/39763-my-review-of-inner-engineering-pros-and-cons>
L

"Hold the story inside until you are ready to burst." - **Peak By Roland Smith**

Read by Sameer

A book with its spine not broken, the pages crisp and smelling of lignin and print ink, Sameer bought the book on Saturday night and thought of bringing his love for traveling to the book club. Peaks talks about a boy whose name is Peak... imagine the passion for mountains, for the open brown lands and white glacial waters to name your child peak, or the teacher calling to Mr. Glacier, age 10, 'read from the chapter on climate change and glaciers'

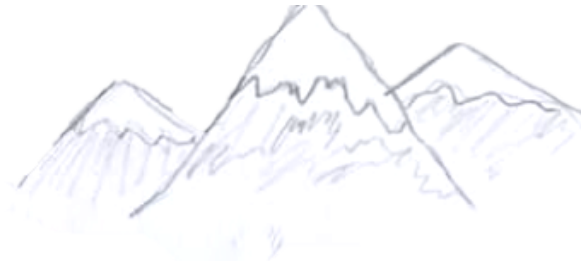
Can we have a reader from our club naming their child based on a book? Please...

"The only thing you'll find on the summit of Mount Everest is a divine view. The things that really matter lie far below."

Priya: Definitely on my bucket list...

Uchhaiyan, Matthew places a [Chock full o'Nuts](#) coffee can of Edward's ashes alongside another can of Carter's ashes, he crosses off the last item on the bucket list, "witness something truly majestic"

It's a heady dream, friends and mountains...
I remembered my own trek to the basecamp, stopping at points, sitting down and opening the book I carried.

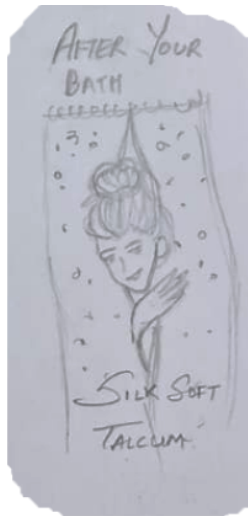


And now, I am waiting for 08.03.2024 when Pocket Diary Book Club will have an edition in the sal woods of Dehradun on its third reading retreat, away from network and work and problems of life, just some books, stars and readers in a forest...

Algorithms To Live By - by Brian Christian and Tom Griffith

Read by Bharath

Bharath Bharath Bharath you come up with some mind scintillating stuff! You bring algorithm to insanity of human drudgery, 37% chances of being totally off the grid or just of finding myself in the Clouds with a chance of meatballs, organised mess or mess that is constantly organised, two ways to fail, you said stopping too early and stopping too late... well such raw nerves you have touched today with this book... there is a method to the madness, human memory is fickle, relevance is the key. Do I sound mad? Aye go ask the algorithm



Sonam smiles while she reads, I love people who smile a lot and from the heart. She had a **Nithalle ki Diary** with her. (by **Harishankar Parsai**) look to your left, now look to your right, now look at the image.

Shruti came for the first time today, she read from **The Sufi's Nightingale** by **Sabpreet Singh**, **Raxil** arrived late but brought the as good as its old, **Julius Caesar** By **William Shakespeare** and **Prince** took the **The Last Bow** by **Arthur Conan Doyle**

See you in the Dehradun mountains - 08.03.2024

