

### **Editor's Note**

“Trans-” means “across”, “trans-” suggests betrayal – of ascriptions, borders and formulae. The ten essays and a book review in Volume II of the departmental journal engage with “trans” today in its possibilities, and unfinishedness across genres, geographies and tenses. They engage with domains as different as the politics of metaphors in translation between texts and textiles, the unspeakable of “critical apartheid” in the reception of South Asian English literature across metropolitan circuits, fandom fiction and transnationalism, re-reading eco-crisis and epistemic violence as colonial co-evals, ecotourism and the curious case of the homo consumens, the trails tattooed by war in graphic novels, surrealist theatre or in sepoy fiction, and a time-traversing, post-comparative take on post-truth. A time-machined take, too, on “Zan. Zindagi. Azadi. [Woman. Life. Freedom.]” in a graphic novel created by an Iranian woman in brew someplace else, in France, in the early 2000s. The motifs are diverse, yet not unconstellated. Violence is a nomad theme, as are asymmetries of global flows.

The people who contributed to this volume have created from locations across the global South. It is a collage craft, of authors and an illustrator, Anwasha Das Gupta, a young person as interested in painting and animation as in languages. She has transcribed the trans- in a set of two allegedly very different paintings, for the cover-page and as prelude to the review section, and I look at the paintings and imagine their hunger for words, as I gather to be worlded by words in the volume.

Working for this volume, with my peers and colleagues and friends and students and strangers, has been a rite of rigour, moistened in the labour of deep engagement and unlearning with diverse others, beginning with self. It has made me remember and shore faith in the collective and the whisper of counters. The volume has been created-curated by that collective and their susurrus of whispers in surge. I write on their behalf, and yet must thank them here – my colleagues in the department, and my colleagues and friends and my strangers beyond, together we failed, and nudged each other into failing again, felt hilarious and humiliated around the time constraints, and then the papers patterned. The volume would not have been, but for those difficult solidarities. *Lyceum* is back, and we hope it continues to shape the language of counters, the ethics of alterities from a trans-disciplinary perspective, in an age when trans-words are being made into alibis for lethal uniforms. We hope the journal, and the volume, rout the rote of tyrannies, beginning with that of same-sore words made into lethal lullabies.

*Ipsita Sengupta*

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