# Dialogue Dilemma . . .

Hi, Everyone! I have written re the breakdown of Savarkar in 2011. I was so determined on writing those scenes that I jumped in with both feet, eyes closed. But in 2009, when I first wrote Savarkar scenes in the Cellular Jail, it was another story!

My knees were knocking together at the idea of writing dialogues for Savarkar then. How *could*I dare to do such a thing? It was a sacrilege . . . ! *What*colossal audacity on my part . . . ! Such were the admonishments my mind was beating into my brain. The Quivering Jelly (mentioned in the first post)—so happily in abeyance for a while now—was about to be resurrected, I do believe.

How could I write a novel on Savarkar, if I didn't have the gumption to write dialogues for him . . . ?

It was this thought, and *only* this thought, that gave me the courage to give the QJ the boot, before she quite took root. I bent my mind to the problem and the solution was not far away!

In his book *My Transportation for Life*, written re his experience in the Indian jails, Savarkar has very frankly revealed many of his thoughts and feelings. It is a wonderful book to read. I did a *deep* study of this book, made a selection of his various thoughts scattered throughout the book and rendered them in a dialogue form.

It was not easy by any means, but it was *possible*. In 2011, after completing the manuscript —by which time I was very comfortable writing Savarkar's dialogues—I went back and revamped them all.

And now, not only I am going to start my next novel on "Savarkar in London", but I have every intention of writing little anecdotes of Savarkar, perhaps in a story form, in my blog posts.

There are *so*many interesting Savarkar snippets, but all are written in Marathi. I shall be digging them up and putting them before you all.

Toodle-oo

Anurupa