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The cover of *The Story* by Shashi Deshpande has an all-too-familiar picture-postcard quality: the sunrise (or is it an installation?) over a shiny gray sea, with a young-looking pair in silhouette, somewhere between water and sky. Call me a cynic, but between this photographic cliché and a rather doleful title, I was more than a little apprehensive of a book that described itself as telling a story of unlikely love between two unusual people. Having never read any of Deshpande's books before, perhaps I could be forgiven for thinking that a book so eager to advertise itself as a romantic would involve at least some heaving sighs and paltry life lessons. But *Strangers* have a certain gravitas for themselves. The life lessons it contains, but it is, after all, part of why we read fiction. And Deshpande's life lessons will never be insignificant. They may not be as universal

as she seems to think - the book begins, for example, with a particularly heavy passage that threatens to throw things away kilter before they even begin: there are two passions that govern human life: one desire for offspring, the other for its own place. Fortunately, however, Deshpande quickly abandons this mode of dosing wisdom to immerse us in his story. Aparna Dandekar, who works as a cancer specialist at a Mumbai hospital, turns out to be attending a private classic musical baithak held in her boss's apartment, and finds herself hurtling into a relationship with the singer, Sri Pandit. Strange Attractions Emotional Book Center - Aparna. It is through her eyes that we see Hari: a passionate, impulsive man who does not need time to decide what exactly she is for him. His pursuit of it is both overwhelming and vulnerable, full of irresistible conviction in one minute and a serious foreboding of the next. Meanwhile, Aparna, having been thoroughly lonely for years, tries to keep her emotional turmoil under control, or at least out of sight. Deshpande remarkably captures her conflict as she catapulted from her comfort zone into a slippery space of excitement and fear: a banter that goes deeper than flirting, a constant step backwards, a refusal to believe that such strong emotions can be true. Between Aparna and develops a mature novel, which is conducted with the right immaturity. Both oncologist and musician are relative newcomers when it comes to love. They are deeply involved in the work they do and are used to giving it the highest priority. And although, as Deshpande writes, the world fascinates her as much as her interests, love requires a dramatic reorganization of their lives. The problem is not these practicalities. But practicality points to deeper things. Differences between them -- as Deshpande manages to offer without actually stating -- attraction, but also potential sources of friction. Aparna is fascinated by the beautiful Shuddh Marati, his happiness with Sanskrit and even his Marathi-accented English; teases her about talking in English even in bed. But growing up in a less westernized, old-fashioned environment is also the key to notions of marriage, parenting and sex. Marriage seems to consecrate sex; without it, sex means loss of control, cheaper. For Aparna, by contrast, her belief in marriage was shaken by both her parents' broken relationships and her own. In her opinion, in the touching phrase Deshpande: Marriage is a place of possible betrayal. Aparna also symbolizes the sociological category that is increasingly faced in urban India - a working woman suffers from constant anxiety that she is not the right wife. And other stories to this central narrative, Deshpande adds two subplots. The first involves Aparna's unexpected personal engagement with a patient named Jyoti, a relationship that overcomes the careful barriers usually erected between doctors and those they treat. Secondly, it is a fictional text, a memoir of Marathi ancestors of Aparna, a woman who came of age at the end of the nineteenth century. This last thread, though uninteresting, is not very well woven into the present: it is never entirely clear why we read the story of Akalia, not even at the end, when Deshpande tries to make ends meet, not too neatly. Aparna's connection with her patient, on the other hand, allows Deshpande to vary slightly more widely throughout her chosen environment - Mumbai's upper middle class. But despite this, it is an exceptionally narrow piece of the city: the doctor, her lover and her patient, as well as almost all their friends and acquaintances, seem Marathi and upper caste. Deshpande's complete immersion in this tiny subculture betrays a certain lack of reflexivity in both her class and caste privilege. She doesn't think anything, for example, about her middle-aged hero being the owner of an apartment in Mumbai, but not living in it, for reasons of feeling - and having lived her entire working life in the city, balk at the idea of renting a house through an agent: her class networking, she seems to assume, should be enough. The upper caste universe Meanwhile, despite Deshpande's best efforts to separate the flouted rule of Aparna's upbringing from the traditional one, I was constantly approached by the common, unspoken dictionaries of the common Brahmin environment. Notice, for example, the frequency with which her characters - regardless of their professions - act as patrons of Hindu classical music: Aparna's boss Dr. Bhagat, her aunt Taiwshi, the venerable old uncle of Jyoti. Or how often Aparna equates purity to internal purity, and unshavenness or inliness to humiliation. Here's Aparna Remembering Father's last days: It's not my father, she thought, this man in unwashed clothes and with a mute body is not my father. This man has no dignity. And so she prevents her from sorting out her old father's books: No, no, you! You were swimming, she exclaims. Deshpande continues: Its clean body radiates the aroma of soap, a pleasant aroma of washed and ironing clothes. But Deshpande's vision of this world is fully realized. She etches her worries and joys with a quiet observant eye, and it is clear that she is not writing for an outsider. No explanation was given for the use of Indian-language conventions. For example, the playwright Aparna's father is referred to as Gavi Dandekar, as well as Gaia or Gadjanan; we must understand for ourselves that Gavi is a fusion of his initials in the literary style of Marathi. Cultural references are also made with innate confidence. Many musical performances in the book do not come with annotations for being sing, as happens in another book about music in Mumbai. Amit Chowdhury Immortals. Deshpande's descriptions are atmospheric, conveying even to the untimely reader the pleasure and power of the general cultural universe, in which the classics of Natya Sangid can be remembered as a signal between spouses. Strangers are not a perfect novel for themselves. It has its own thrilling moments, but it also has an indulgent quality: a meandering air that offers conversation with oneself. But through all this there is a seriousness of purpose that makes it a particularly worthy investigation of what is called love. Strangers for yourself, Shashi Deshpande, HarperCollins. Academia.edu no longer supports the Internet Explorer. To browse the Academia.edu and the wider Internet faster and more securely, please take a few seconds to update the browser. Academia.edu uses cookies to personalize content, adapt ads, and improve user experience. Using our website, you agree to our collection of information using cookies. To find out more, review our privacy policy. x Delivery Associate will place the order on your doorstep and step back to keep the 2-meter distance. Customer signatures are not required at the time of delivery. To pay for delivery orders, we recommend paying with a credit card/debit card/netbanking via a paid link sent via SMS at the time of delivery. To pay in cash, place the cash on top of the delivery box and step back. Amazon directly manages the delivery of this product. Tracking the delivery of an order to your doorstep is available. For the daughter of this playwright, women have always been in the spotlight, and she always found a way to make them shine. Over the years, Padma Sri and Sahitya Akademi laureate Shashi Deshpande rich repertoire of literary works reflects the times that we live, and her latest proposal, for himself is no exception. It is impossible to say what inspired this love story. First there was Sri Pandit, who came to me from Shadow Play (a tiny role, actually), and then there was Aparna. That's how it all started, the author says of his new novel. In his unique style, Shashi allows his characters to tell a story - this time gentle and turbulent. Set in Maximum City, the story is based on a chance encounter between an oncologist whose days are driven by a desire to ease pain and a musician whose only other art world. Before making Bengaluru home, the author lived around Tata Memorial Hospital in Mumbai, which she said brought her characters to life. Strangers for herself Shashi Deshpande Rs 450, pp340 Fourth Property Symbols are all for Shashi and she always played them. This is what allows you to live vicar time through them. Roman is a very dynamic thing, it is not that passive that the author can shape and shape the way she likes. Some of them are, of course, built, but a lot of it happens to people because they are who they are. Like us and our lives, she explains, talking about getting a look at the lives of their characters and a look into their past and personalities. After leesting complex characters such as Savitribay and Madhu from her 2000 book Small Remedies and written for more than 37 years, the feminist writer believes that feminism has changed. Calling it a women's movement, she says: Any movement must change if it is to make any sense. In fact, feminism itself has changed the world. Over the years, as the world and the country have changed, it is obvious that women have begun to see themselves differently. It's not for me to say, but I think this change is reflected in women - and men - in my novels from matter time and beyond. Aru in Shadow Play, Madhu in Small Remedies, Gigi in Moving On and, moreover, Aparna in Strangers for Yourself reflect this change. Women have a much clearer idea of themselves and their desires. Even when she says this, the author now pours over historical books, particularly English history in the Middle Ages before the Tudor era. There she also finds the tension of women trying to assert themselves, but reviled. They were just pawns in the game, she says. The author now believes that the only condition for writing it is that she is at her desk. Strangely, despite the literary atmosphere at home and the obsessive reader that I was, I didn't write anything until I was 30. My earliest memories of writing have a great desire to write, struggle to get time (the kids were little), learn about writing, learn to criticize myself, receive rejection letters for my stories and be desperate for days, having my stories accepted and feeling in heaven Remembers. The author of 10 novels, two short stories and a large number of short stories, the 77-year-old still makes time to listen to music, play bridge and read. I read the books on my Kindle - it's a bad replacement, but I can enlarge the font; my eyes give me some problems now. Also, I don't have any more space for books, she says of her main hobby that writing often encroaches on. This is until she sits down to write a novel that she believes is inside her. strangers to ourselves shashi deshpande summary

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