

The Language of the Splintered Mirror: The Fiction of Arun Joshi

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RECENT INDIAN NOVELISTS writing in English have been struggling for “form” which emerges from what Stephen Spender calls “the exploration of the limits of author’s sensibility.”¹ Arun Joshi and Anita Desai are significant examples. Arun Joshi, however, comes closer to French experimental novels adopting Camus’ form of interior monologue. Joshi invents interior speech of labyrinthine darkness, a linguistic transformation of the inner subjectivity beneath the Indian and American cultural structures. The authorial voice, in a very special way, becomes the voice of naturalistic man which Joshi handles with aesthetic mediation between American and Indian ethnicity. In his novels the fictional voice maintains a dialogue between what Edward Said calls molestation and authority:

Molestation, then, is a consciousness of one’s duplicity, one’s confinement to a fictive, a scriptive realm, whether one is a character or a novelist. And molestation occurs when novelists and critics traditionally remind themselves of how the novel is always subject to a comparison with reality and thereby found to be an illusion. Or again, molestation is central to a character’s experience of disillusionment during the course of a novel. To speak of authority in narrative prose fiction is also inevitably to speak of the molestations that accompany it.

Authority and its molestations are at the root of the fictional process; at least this is the enabling relationship that most fiction itself renders.²

In Joshi’s fictional world, the voice of authority is not the narrator’s voice, but of those characters whose personal existence is consumed by the territorial³ existence of historical institutions. Authorial voice, however, departs from the territorial voice in all

Joshi's novels. In all of them the voice embodied in the humanizing characters, is constantly threatened by the territorial existence of history. The narrator's experiential view of the world becomes, in many ways, what Percy Lubbock would call "point of view,"⁴ a structural device which in Joshi's case is adapted to the making of interior monologue, its movement marked by the presence of death as the shaping of the past in its own contextual sensibility. At the discovery of human condition, the narrator, with all his might of naturalistic narcissism, stands stubborn against the beckoning language of self-revelation. Here, the voice of molestation mitigates into the voice of authority, the voice, indeed, of the point of view.

Joshi's novels have been labelled as dealing with the theme of "alienation," which is too static a signifier to catch up with the engaged experience of madness at the bottom of conflicting civilizations and languages that Joshi deals with, especially in *The Foreigner*. Recognizing Joshi's form of earthly pilgrimage, vocalizing the modernity of human condition, a gnostic descent into madness, it is too simplistic to say with Meenakshi Mukherjee⁵ and R. S. Singh⁶ that Sindi Oberoi, the narrator-protagonist of *The Foreigner*, offers an image of self-delusion in terms of religious abstraction of non-attachment. D. R. Sharma⁷ appropriately warns the reader against the reductivist approach of dealing with the theme of alienation or aloneness, or with the passive phenomenology of the "Interior Landscape"⁸ of Joshi's protagonists. However, his own view of them as "reflective insiders" does not sufficiently warrant the inclusive form that these protagonists essentially participate in. Although Sharma's observation that "Joshi's protagonists are deeply involved in the act of living, and that their predominant passion is to reflectively consider the element of choice"⁹ is valid, Joshi's fictional signifier, however, demonstrates much more than just the act of living. Joshi's development of art, from his *The Foreigner* to his recent *The Last Labyrinth*, calls for an understanding of the European tradition of fiction. For the transformation of the raw material of Indian and American life, Joshi is geared to Zola's world of "wanton and importunate fable,"¹⁰ while for the craftsmanship, he draws his strength from Camus and Henry James,

especially in achieving a spectrum of images explored through perceptions of the past, through the presentational image of the present.

Joshi incarnates a naturalistic language which reveals the metaphoric silence of "omission, ambiguity, games and numbers"¹¹ on the part of characters of territorial history. In witnessing this silence (making his own language, out of it), the reader goes through a shocking nihilism, a madness where all cultures crumble. This is the area of man's primal privacy, what George Steiner calls a "shared secrecy"¹² between the narrator and the reader. Joshi calls this "The Last Labyrinth," where God, man, love and death sprawl before him as splinters of a narcissistic mirror, where the reader meets the shocking silence of spaceless madness and splinters stand "gaping upon man's finitude." Michel Foucault observes that

... when this language emerges in all its nudity, yet at the same time eludes all signification as if it were a vast and empty despotic system, when Desire reigns in the wild state, as if the rigour of its rule had levelled all opposition, when Death dominates every psychological function and stands above it as its unique and devastating norm — then we recognise madness in its present form, madness as it is posited in the modern experience, as its truth and its alterity.¹³

Joshi's language, in all his fiction, seeks this negative extremity of silence, the silence of void, vacancy and death in which the narrator and the reader are engaged to see themselves crest-fallen, shocked and frozen at their own madness. The language of his characters constantly resists the threat of this madness. Death, with its attendant fear of madness, becomes a working presence for Joshi's characters: they either flee from it, though the hounds of this presence chase them anyway, like Babu Khemka and June Blythe in *The Foreigner*, Billy Biswas in *The Strange Case of Billy Biswas*, the Brigadier friend in *The Apprentice* and Anuradha in *The Last Labyrinth*; or they become indifferent and fall shattered into it, such as the narrators in all his novels. The possibilities of inventive language are shown in the victims of death; however, unlike Hemingway's women, their voice is heard all the way, witnessing the silence of history which makes point of departure and remains a persisting presence

through invariable structures of various cultures Joshi deals with.

Joshi's form, then, departs from the popular novelistic technique of realism practised by the Indian writers writing in English (Mulkh Raj Anand, R. K. Narayan, and Khushwant Singh) to the flashback technique of stream of consciousness. Joshi's *The Foreigner* and *The Apprentice* are comparable in technique to Camus' *The Stranger* and *The Fall* respectively, in which he exemplifies his idea of the Rebel.¹⁴

Death offers a "presentational image"¹⁵ in *The Foreigner* and it works through the consciousness of each character. The reader, along with the narrator, Sindi Oberoi, is locked into it in the opening sentence while its subtle presence opens up other characters into it later :

THEY UNCOVERED HIS FACE AND I TURNED AWAY
IN SPITE OF myself.¹⁶

As soon as death is registered in the consciousness (bold letters signifying its persistent presence as an aesthetic invasion of the reader) like a stone dropped in a pool, the narrator moves away from it only to come back to it through other characters (Babu Khemka and June Blythe) who also merge with it. The narrator's act of inward movement into the past suggests a specific significance of the linguistic emergence through the lives of Babu Khemka, June Blythe, Shiela Khemka and Mr. Khemka. They represent fictional molestation both collectively and individually, in comparison to fictional authority which of course is the presence of death. Similar interior movement is initiated in Camus' *The Stranger* in which the narrator is locked with the reader over the former's mother's death. However, in Joshi's narrator, one witnesses "a synchronological correlation,"¹⁷ with American historical norm in June Blythe and Indian historical norm in Babu Khemka. Both of them are rooted in the total historicity of the respective cultures they belong to. Both of them, however, are victims of madness beneath each of these cultures where language loses its power to name it. The narrator alternates the flashback scenes in America and India to add momentum to naturalistic movement in each of the cultures. In Babu Khemka, June finds a terror of aloneness caused by modern Indian ideals: family status, foreign degree, a false prestige value system. Babu

fails to catch up to this value system in America. Failing in his academic examinations, failing to get an American degree, he fails June Blythe by making her an unattainable ideal, though degenerating in his control over life, he is afraid of losing June. In Sindi Oberoi, June finds terror of indifference, a defensive wall against his humanity which she wants to merge with. Beneath the American materialistic advancement, beneath its economic prosperity, June feels entrapped by materialistic entropy; she finds herself unable to face her aloneness. She thinks she can give herself to Sindi or Babu to cure her aloneness mutually with her partner's. But in her despair she fails to understand the nature of that aloneness. Sindi's Americanized male ruthlessness has got over him, out of the territorial value system of American civilization. He will not let this system kill his inner man, as he finds Babu Khemka used up by Indian materialistic ideals:

He lived in a world of dreams, in a world with sculpture in drawing rooms. In the end, the hard facts of life proved stronger than his flimsy world of dreams. His death could have been heroic. But the pity of it was that the dreams were not even his own — they were products of the turbid flotsam of a rotting social class he was supposed to perpetuate.¹⁸

He sees a destructive monster in the invariable structures of both American and Indian civilizations. In order to face this monster, he would rather be indifferent; his aloneness turns to madness, a madness which he accepts as a fact of life. While in bed with her he has no language for June to understand him since "the eternal joker snickered within" him to laugh at the game of omission of life's essential offering — human love:

I said, "Marriage wouldn't help, June. We are alone, both you and I. That is the problem. And our aloneness must be resolved within." . . . "The Statue of Liberty promises you this optimism. But in my world many things are inevitable, and what's more, most of them are sad and painful. I can't come to your world. I have no escape June. I just have no escape."¹⁹

June's idea of being "useful" to Babu is actually an escape of her aloneness. Her façade of living to Babu's life style is shattered, since she has no recourse than to go back to Sindi. American materialism knocks Babu down with a fatal blow. Since Sindi confronts the terror of aloneness, though at the cost of

others, and June is unable to do so, she is consumed by the system to meet her death. Sindi's naturalness, the beast that he releases, kills both Babu and June. He witnesses the agony of madness beneath both the civilizations growing from an enclosed sensibility of despair. In the last part of the novel, although Sindi is made to say that "June's death finally broke my attachment to myself," and accepts Muthu's request to work for an act of humanization in resuming Khemka's business enterprise in terms of reforming social system, it is apparently a fictional irony (a form of fictional molestation). Even the conscious unfolding of Mr. Khemka's corruption intensifies the fictional voice of despair. In fact Sindi "became aware of the despair so long enveloped by being like a fish surrounded by water" (p. 195). The signifier in the novel is not the narrator's detachment from self but the awareness of despair as a persistent human condition. This is the fictional voice which Joshi carries on in his other novels. Its language is not representational of what appears in the American value system. June exemplifies the possibility of emergence of this language when she argues the logic of marriage with Sindi. Joshi's fictional voice is thus the representational voice of human despair.

In *The Apprentice*, the narrator moves from a state of innocence to a state of experience. In terms of artistic time (which captures narrator's linear time of chronological history), it moves from late evening to the daybreak. It is not just a single night but collectively all nights of winter season which the listener endures to listen, while the listener is the metaphoric silence of the narrator, the silence which witnesses this metamorphosis. November, the dark month of winter, suggests chillness, a fear of death, despair and madness; it suggests a presentational presence which descends into the past to reap its effects. In the state of innocence when life is still a closed abstraction, it is handed down to the narrator by his parents: for the mother, it is money which brings respect, and for the father, it is a higher cause, such as a national cause for which Mahatma Gandhi suffered. In the state of experience temples look petrified, as the ideals of civilization. Introspective, Ratan moves through the corruption of Indian culture, its bribery, prostitution

and suicide. This corruption turns Sheikher's mother into a whore, and it is Sheikher's own revenge, rage and rule that he transforms history for his kind of wild justice. His brigadier friend is too sensitive to overcome this corruption. History swallows him in doing violence to its territory. Showing the human possibility of being a rebel against history, Ratan comes to the madness beneath this posture, madness nourished by his own humanity:

There is no fear like the fear of madness. All other fears are common to men and can, if you have the luck, be shared. Those who descend into madness descend alone. Immobilized, fuddled, tongueless, misunderstood, laughed at. Thus I sank. Like a stone.²⁰

The apprentice, then, is apprenticed to madness. Ratan's choice of shoeshining outside the temple every morning is not a therapy to cultivate detachment, for he knows that the pujari inside the temple is also corrupt (since he asks the narrator for a deal to help his son) and the buildings on the other side are emblematic of the corruption inside them (yellow by day and colourless at night). It is the fictional irony which keeps the narrator going for other forms.

In *The Strange Case of Billy Biswas*, the narrator encounters a mythic underworld. Any intrusion of civilization meets its own catastrophe. Bimal Biswas, an anthropology professor at Delhi University with a professional training received in New York, where he meets Ramesh Sahai, the narrator, and Tuula Lindgren, a Swedish fellow student in anthropology, suddenly disappears into the tribal world of Bhils, to take refuge against the cruel master of American civilization. He sees that this master is his father who believes in law and engineering, who has a sense of belonging to the universe based on control and rule. This invades his freedom and humanity. Among Bhils, he feels released, free, and finds a certain sense of divinity in human life.

Dhunia signifies a symbolic figure, guarding the mythic universe with his tough humanity and terror for the outside world of history. Billy's whole expressional power, his linguistic energy, lying dormant in the academic world of Columbia and Delhi Universities, and his married life style at home, suddenly finds release in Bilasia. Bilasia symbolizes nature's fecundity; she is

pure subjectivity beneath all civilizations, "essence of the primitive force"²¹ which embodies their mythic dance and ritual, "the frantic drumming, the constant footwork, the making and breaking of formations, the yelling."²² Billy's contact with her, although initiated by mutual sexuality, is a psychic one, a union of *anima* and *animus*. With her, Billy feels "closer to madness, the terrible madness of a man who after great sin and much suffering finally finds himself in the presence of his God."²³ Merged with her, he becomes like her, the whole earth, free from all ambition, all civilization. His emergence in the mythic world of Bhils becomes a source of communication for its inhabitants. In a very special way he gives them a language to speak even about the mysterious *Chandtola* rock of *Kala Pahar* which they worship: "It is like asking why a man dies, or why at night stars come out."²⁴ Indeed he carries the flame of *Chandtola* in him as a presence of life force and Bhils look up to him for their language, for a direction of their dance and music.

Tuula Lindgren suggests a mediation between the extremity of terror in the territorial world of history and the excess of the ineffable divine in the mythic underworld. Billy's correspondence with her from the obscurity of his mythic world, forms the language between these two extremities, drawing its strength from underworld to incarnate its existence against nagging death threatened by history.

However, Billy's contact with the narrator, Ramesh Sahai, leads to his catastrophic death. Being a language maker, being a prophet for humanity, he feels obligated, and his death redeems the Bhils. He becomes their presence: "He is like rain on parched lands, like balm on a wound."²⁵ As fish of deep waters cannot survive in shallow ones, the man of the underworld cannot survive in the world of civilization. History which he escaped chased him there. This existential threat is common to all the language makers against the materialistic prison-house of representational institutions. Billy remained unconcerned with his wife and children since they perpetuated his father's world of promises. Billy's death tells us that we constantly live in a spaceless madness, in a living death: "The wood was wet but it burned for him, consuming him to the ashes we are."²⁶ This voice in the

face of consternation carries on to the labyrinthine darkness, unable to emerge, remaining suggestive through the fictional voice of the artist.

The humanizing call by the divine presence in the underworld, which Billy symbolizes, is presented on a more intense level of experience in *The Last Labyrinth*. It is experientially revealed through a poetic exploration of the past with a naturalistic sense of the presence — corporal, narcissistic, rebellious, and despairing. The novelist, here, does not project the inner subjectivity of man by inventing a character like Billy and make him suddenly disappear without encountering historical reality. Here he makes the narrator work it out within himself, so that he defines the fictional voice by visualizing the naturalistic impulse moving toward its own destruction.

Like the mythical world of Bhils, Lal Haveli is the arena of the whole action. The shape of peacock on its carpet suggests the ruthlessness of men of fortune in their pursuit of material and physical gratification. Aftab suggests the masculine principle of attracting worldly fortunes. Anuradha, like Billy Biswas, is gifted with God's light — a man-high flame in the temple at the top of mountain. Her physical presence, permeated with the whole life of the Haveli, maintains the feminine principle in generating the power of divine love. Her mother did not marry her father, but she worshipped Lord Krishna. Anuradha is not married to Aftab, but she perpetuates her mother's spirit of prayer in spite of being possessed by utilitarian world of male narcissism. Although man's glittering world of fortune puts her to servitude, she maintains her presence like the man-high divine flame that burns to ashes what is impure in order to maintain its light.

Som Bhasker happens to meet her in quest of buying Aftab's shares only to discover that he needs a psychic language in order to communicate with Anuradha. This he never felt before with any woman — his wife or his female friends:

What do they know of Anuradha that I knew, or of Gargi, or of Lal Haveli, that sepulchral, sensual den of Aftab's amidst the labyrinths of Benaras.

Even my dreams are not free of them. Strange murky shapes float through their tangled web. Animals and wheels of fire and

brilliant suns blazing away in dark starless skies. I see myself grotesque, naked, my face distorted as if in a funny mirror. Anuradha, my poor Anuradha, walking shoeless across a burning desert. Gargi sitting in the middle of nowhere reading a book, throwing a cowrie shell, and saying to me: "she is your shakti."²⁷

This passage forms a springboard of metaphor for the whole action of the book. Gargi, like the narrator's mother, incarnates Lord Krishna's language. But all Som Bhasker listens to is the language of the woman's body. At the news of his mother's death, he thinks of the erotic responses of his Headmaster's wife. He is attracted to women not merely to gratify his carnal appetite; in each one of them he finds a different quality to fill a different need. With his wife, Geeta, he finds a reassuring trust:

It enveloped her, this trust, like the amniotic fluid envelops the embryo. . . . I needed it all the more because I did not trust myself, or my men or my fate, or the ceaseless travel on the social wheel. . . . in this whore of a city what I needed most was to be reassured that all was well.²⁸

In Leela Sabnis, a philosophy professor, he finds a blend of his impulse for freedom and his father's scientific outlook of first cause in everything. Like him, she is "Muddled by her ancestry, by marriage, by divorces, by too many books." But her analytical zeal does not make any language for Som Bhasker. He wants to stay in his void singing his shadowy impulse: "I want, I want, I want," about which Leela is concerned:

If man can go to the moon, surely he can make a dent in understanding himself, he can at least make a dent. What can you do with mysticism? Take it or leave it. What good is doctrine that says: Take me or leave me, do not analyse me. It is Descartes that you need to understand, Som Bhasker.²⁹

But Som says: "I glorified in her chatter, her chatter mostly of me." "Oh yes, Leela Sabnis knew a lot even if she had experienced little and suffered even less."

This clamorous need, "I want, I want," with an increasing intensity of madness, leads Som to Lal Haveli where he meets Anuradha. However, like other women, she will not become a functional to fulfil one of his needs. Her body is not just a body, it is a spirited flame which burns the labyrinthine darkness of Lal Haveli to ashes — the materialistic civilization, shareholders

and seekers, pleasure holders and seekers. She will give this spirit to whosoever is ready for it. Som is not ready and she tells him :

You are not as clever as you think. You are wrong about many things. You are even wrong about yourself. You think you know a lot, when, in fact, you don't.³⁰

What Som finds in Lal Haveli and its inhabitants is the darkness of the labyrinth: darkness of death, darkness of madness, darkness of void. God, like man, is consumed by its presence :

So I hear the voices of dead people: relatives, authors, scoundrels, saints, of people who had never existed. . . . they get under my skin. . . . And there, in that room, in the corpuscular darkness, beyond the sculpture of Krishna, where whispers, such a thick barrage, that I was suddenly fighting back with all my strength.³¹

When Anuradha asks him what does he hear in Lal Haveli, when he is found talking in his sleep, he says, "I heard a great threshing of the wind way up in the sky. And it says, I want, I want. I want." Anuradha belongs to Aftab, but Som wants her and her mystery too:

. . . others — Geeta, Leela — had perhaps sensed the aloneness and had left it undisturbed for fear of disturbing more than they could handle. Anuradha, on the other hand, was the daughter of disturbance itself. I could feel her pulsing against this shroud of silence — with her hips, her mouth, her nails, her teeth, and, finally, a prolonged, wild, hoarse crying that could have been the cry of the world's first lost lover, or of all men, destined as they are to cry, unfulfilled, to the stars.³²

He goes through a wishful thinking that her mystery might be the mystery of Aftab's other possessions, his Haveli,

a dead house in a dead city. Aftab's dargahs and temples were no less ridiculous for all their claims of commanding a mysterious world, as pretentious and meaningless as the holy bulls of Benaras. . . .³³

But soon he would discover, that like the peacock on the carpet of the little room in Haveli, he cannot possess the space between Anuradha and himself :

Very soon I would be back in the little room with stained glass ventilators and a peacock on the rug and the embrace of a strange woman whose distance, for all the loving, seemed never to diminish.³⁴

His howling cry goes on, in spite of himself, in spite of the fact that he was a leper who needed a cure. Aziza, it seems to him, sings the sad songs of this Haveli, of this civilization in relation to Anuradha — the archetypal female put to servitude. Som Bhasker can enjoy the beetles, he can buy Aftab's shares as he goes about them in anger to obtain Anuradha, but she gives her self to death, rather than to be repossessed. Aftab tells him that she cut her wrist and drained herself to death.

As in Joshi's first three novels, the labyrinth does not end here. There lingers a certain confusion about the maze, leading into the unending dark corridors of history as into the rooms of Haveli. While Som is revengeful to get all the shares and Anuradha, Gargi tells Som: "We are all children trying to reach up to a crack in the door to peep into the room."³⁵ That room is again a void of eccentric madness, of furious crying: "I want, I want."

K., a character without a name, suggests a life of detachment to whom the narrator speaks in order to be listened to, to witness himself in the weltering cry of "I want, I want"; "I am looking for pebbles," K. tells him:

You can see through them even if they are stone. You can see through them as you can see through glass. And in the centre of the stone, here he squinted through an imaginary stone, in the centre of the stone is a star.³⁶

Anuradha was a star in the stone of Lal Haveli that Som Bhasker could not see.

As in *The Foreigner*, *The Apprentice*, and *The Strange Case of Billy Biswas*, the narrator here finds himself in the shattered mirror, and in each fragmented piece, he looks deformed and distorted with funny face and funny voice. God and his temples are part of the maze of labyrinthine darkness which will continue as man continues his search for meaning. The characters who are consumed by this darkness — Babu Khemka, June Blythe, the Brigadier friend, Billy Biswas, and Anuradha — all suggest the possibilities of the way out of this maze of territorial history, although all of them are sucked into the system, into the human condition. For Arun Joshi they form the voice of molestation, fighting the ironical laughter of the voice of authority within

the novels, the voice which Sheikher embodies in *The Apprentice*.

Joshi, like Camus and Zola, is a novelist of engaged sensibility trying to work out the world of history within itself, encountering the dangers of isolation and madness. Joshi is a naturalistic rebel who works out the language of interior monologue with psychological acceptance of facts as facts. The horror of history, especially of the totality of ethno-history, is a fact of existence that each one of us has to face individually beneath the language of communication, beneath the cultural deities and rituals, and beneath the agony of madness. In being silent about it, and consequently witnessing it, Joshi knows that in our apathy, in aphasia of consternation against the void of death, we are simply looking for a listener, silent and understanding like the reader. But we all need to rebel against the tyranny of history, however shattered we might get in the process, and listen to the persistent divine call of the images of love, hidden within the civilization.

NOTES

- 1 Stephen Spender, *The Making of a Poem* (New York: W. W. Norton and Company, 1962), p. 81. Talking about two landscapes of the novel, Spender refers to nineteenth-century novelists as the novelists of "They" in which "the interest of novel is to watch people, whom we recognise as possible neighbours, moving through a world of influences, judgements, known goods and evils." (p. 74) and to recent twentieth-century novelists as the novelists of "I" in which each character sees his environment differently. Each is highly sensitive and aware of his separate world" (p. 77).
- 2 Edward W. Said, *Beginnings: Intention and Method* (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1978), p. 84.
- 3 My context here refers to verifiable events of history seen in association with the frozen indifference of institutions which threaten man's shaping of his own significance, as we notice in the psychological novel of twentieth century. In this context, see George Steiner, *Extra-territorial* (New York: Atheneum, 1971).
- 4 Percy Lubbock, "Point of View in *The Ambassadors*" in *The Ambassadors*, ed. S. P. Rosenbaum (New York: W. W. Norton and Company, 1964), p. 413. Point of view is the writer's view according to which "The story passes in an invisible world, the events take place in man's mind. . . ."
- 5 Meenakshi Mukherjee, *The Twice Born Fiction: Themes and Techniques of the Indian Novel in English* (New Delhi: Arnold Heinemann, 1971), p. 209. She says about Joshi's hero: "His wish to achieve tranquillity through non-attachment turns out to be a self-delusion, an inability to form satisfactory emotional ties."
- 6 R. S. Singh, *Indian Novel in English: A Critical Study*. (New Delhi: Arnold Heinemann, 1977), p. 176. About the protagonist of *The Forfeigner*, he says "Twice removed from his country of birth, therefore alien

- everywhere, Sindi wished to achieve equipoise through non-attachment in vain."
- 7 D. R. Sharma, "Arun Joshi and his Reflective Insiders," *Literature East and West* (General Issue, 21, 1977), pp. 100-09.
 - 8 C. N. Srinath makes an attempt in visualizing the interior "I" but does not account for Joshi's shaping of "I" through the exteriors of History (as I show) leading toward man's necessary predicament of accepting the horror of aloneness as a fact of life. See his "The Fiction of Arun Joshi: The Novel of Interior Landscape" in *The Literary Criterion*, 12 (1976), 115-33.
 - 9 D. R. Sharma, "Arun Joshi and his Reflective Insiders," *Literature East and West*, General Issue, 21 (1977), p. 100.
 - 10 Henry James, "Emile Zola," in *Documents of Modern Literary Realism and Naturalism*, ed. George J. Beceer (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1967), p. 526.
 - 11 Ihab Hassan, *The Dismemberment of Orpheus* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1971), p. 12.
 - 12 George Steiner talks about the silence of the inhuman, of the privation of that secret self. In this context, see his *Extra Territorial: Papers on Literature and The Language Revolution* (New York: Atheneum, 1971).
 - 13 Michel Foucault, "The Human Sciences" in *The Structuralists from Marx to Levi-Strauss*, ed. Richard and Fernade DeGeorge (Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Company, 1972), p. 272. See the whole article, pp. 270-85.
 - 14 This reference suggests Camus' idea of the Rebel: "I rebel, therefore I exist." *The Fall* especially illustrates this through the aesthetics of interior monologue.
 - 15 Elisio Vivas, *Creation and Discovery* (Chicago: Henry Regenery Co., 1935), p. 116. Presentational image refers to "self-sufficient Whole" which according to Vivas comes "with intransitive rapt attention on its full presentational immediacy" (p. 116). Joshi reveals the presence of death, the image of unnamable madness, through this presentational immediacy, while shaping the past through the narrator's experiential emergence.
 - 16 Arun Joshi, *The Foreigner* (Delhi: Asia Publishing House, 1968), p. 3.
 - 17 Michel Foucault, "The Human Sciences" in *The Structuralists from Marx to Levi-Strauss*, p. 273.
 - 18 Arun Joshi, *The Foreigner*, p. 55.
 - 19 *Ibid.*, p. 124.
 - 20 Arun Joshi, *The Apprentice* (Delhi: Asia Publishing House, 1974), p. 179.
 - 21 Arun Joshi, *The Strange Case of Billy Biswas* (Delhi: Asia Publishing House, 1971), p. 139.
 - 22 *Ibid.*, p. 138.
 - 23 *Ibid.*, p. 140.
 - 24 *Ibid.*, p. 163.
 - 25 *Ibid.*, p. 234.
 - 26 *Ibid.*, p. 235.
 - 27 Arun Joshi, *The Last Labyrinth* (Delhi: Vision Books, 1981), p. 24.
 - 28 *Ibid.*, p. 63.
 - 29 *Ibid.*, p. 79.
 - 30 *Ibid.*, p. 79.
 - 31 *Ibid.*, p. 68.
 - 32 *Ibid.*, pp. 107-08.
 - 33 *Ibid.*, p. 109.
 - 34 *Ibid.*, p. 122.
 - 35 *Ibid.*, p. 214.
 - 36 *Ibid.*, p. 186.