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The artistic beauty of Arun Joshi's Novels

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Abstract

Arun Joshi is one of the not many Indian writers in English who has effectively uncovered nuances and complexities of contemporary Indian life. He has created convincing work of fiction. This paper targets depicting the problem of current man in Arun Joshi's books *The Foreigner* (1968), *The Strange Case of Billy Biswas* (1971), *The Apprentice* (1974), and *The Last Labyrinth* (1981) Through his works, Joshi has attempted to extend the emergency of the urbanized and profoundly industrialized present day development with its dehumanizing sway on the person. Arun Joshi had been significantly affected by existentialist scholars like Albert Camus, Sartre, and Kierkegaard. Being an extraordinary craftsman of mental knowledge, Joshi digs profound into the inward openings of human mind. Arun Joshi provided another guidance and measurement to the Indian English tale. His books outline the profound misery of his desolate questers. Life's importance, as per Joshi, lies not in the polished surfaces of assumptions however in obscurity overgrown mazes of the spirit.

Keywords: Fiction, urbanized, craftsman, assumptions, problem of current man, obscurity etc.

Introduction

Arun Joshi, an administration chief via preparing and calling, conceived at Benaras, Uttar Pradesh on July 7, 1939 as the most youthful child of Dr. A.C. Joshi and Mrs. Sumitra Joshi, had an amazing scholarly profession which incorporates a science certificate from Kansas University, U.S.A., and a M.S. degree in Industrial Management from Massachusetts Institute of Technology, U.S.A. Subsequent to working at a psychological clinic in the United States for a brief period, Joshi got back to India in 1961. Before long, he joined the Delhi Cloth and General Mills Co., Delhi as the head of its Recruitment and Training Department. He held the situation of Head of the DCM Corporate Performance Assessment Cell, and Secretary, DCM Board of Management. At present, Joshi is the Executive Director of Shri Ram Center for Industrial Relations and Human Resources, New Delhi. He is likewise connected with the Shri Ram Center for Art and Culture, and Hindu College, Delhi, as Member of their Governing Bodies. Joshi has set up his own businesses, fabricating items, for example, diesel motors, machine instruments, foundry items and car parts. Joshi made an imprint as an Indian English author with the distribution of his first novel, *The Foreigner* (1968). The remainder of his books—*The Strange Case of Billy Biswas* (1973), *The Apprentice* (1974), *The Last Labyrinth* (1981), and *The City and the River* (1990) have additionally been generally welcomed in the artistic circles. In 1979, at the greeting of the East-West Center, Joshi took an interest in the World Journalists' Conference held at Honolulu, Hawaii, U.S.A. In 1983, Joshi won the esteemed Sahitya Akademy Award for his novel, *The Last Labyrinth*. Aside from the books referenced above, Joshi has additionally distributed an assortment of ten short stories entitled *The Survivor* (1975). Another short story, "The Only American from our Village," has showed itself in *Quest* (Mar-Apr, 1975) and furthermore in *Contemporary Indian English Stories* altered by Madhusudan Prasad. Himself a business person, Joshi has likewise distributed two books on the business world: *Lala Shri Ram: A Study in Entrepreneurship and Industrial Management* (1975), and *Remembering Lala Shri Ram: Reminiscences on his 100th Birthday* (Edited, 1984).

Arun Joshi is one of the not many Indian authors in English who have achievement completely uncovered nuances and complexities of contemporary Indian life. He has created exceptionally convincing works of fiction. Delicately alive to the difficulty of present day man, Joshi has capably depicted grievous outcomes of the nonattendance of significant worth and confidence throughout everyday life. Indeed, it has been once in a while dominated in

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representing the existential quandary of present – day world. He has additionally worked out different elements of weight applied by the unpredictable character and requests of the general public in which current man is destined to live. This consciousness of man's rootlessness and weighty nervousness is the feature of Joshi's special vision of the situation of current man. His books outline human issues instead of issues emerging out of fleeting loyalties. Joshi marks a clear takeoff from the overall run of Indian author in English and his experimentations in topics and method have added new measurements to the craft of the novel. As he continued looking for new topics he has “repudiated the bigger world for the internal man” and has connected with himself in “a quest for the pith of human living”. A remarkable writer of human pickle, Joshi has contracted in the entirety of his books the internal emergency of the advanced man. His heroes are strongly self – focused people inclined to self indulgence and idealism disregarding their shortcomings they are, anyway veritable searchers who endeavor to grab towards a reason forever and self-satisfaction.

Joshi never thought about his self image as a writer. He says “My novels are essentially attempts towards a better understanding of the world and of myself. As such they have nothing to do with my profession. If I did not write, I imagine I would use some other medium to carry on my exploration.” Sujatha Mathai says about him as “a writer in disguise, ambivalent about his identity.” Joshi appreciates composing, which for him, is a flat out need or a magical desire outfitted towards self-articulation. He accepts that composing is unbelievable—a fantasy, and he gets himself an alien to his own books. This vouches for the announcement made by the creator in a meeting that *The Last Labyrinth* is a novel that he doesn't get himself. Very nearly an estranged man himself, in his own words, Joshi has depicted in the entirety of his books, the internal emergency and the existentialist inquiry of the cutting edge man. His saints are estranged creatures in the mission for the significance of presence. Joshi's subsequent novel, *The Strange Case of Billy Biswas*, is an investigation in the all out estrangement of its legend, Billy Biswas, from the cutting edge common society of India. This is a most strange novel where, as B.G.R. Krishnama puts it, the typical and the irregular, the common and the phenomenal, the normal and the powerful hobnob with each other. We discover Billy being driven by an incredible power—a crude power of his oblivious self—which urges him to leave the cultivated universe of eagerness and false reverence, and live like a crude man in a crude world. By reacting to the ancestral young lady Bilasia's call, Billy prevails with regards to finding that piece of himself which he had looked for his entire life. In any case, Billy's pursuit, not normal for that of Sindi, winds up in misfortune when he is shot dead by a havildar. Joshi portrays the virtue and straightforwardness of a real life in a crude society, the virtues of which may “act as a corrective to our money-based culture.” Joshi expresses his view about this novel:

“It is very difficult to explain this novel. Tribals are very civilized according to mine and Billy Biswas's understanding. It is the post Independence pseudo-Western values that he rejects. The book is about a mystical urge, a compulsion which makes Billy go away. In a number of our legends and religious texts

people go away to forests to heal themselves spiritually. Possibly that's what I am suggesting, though not consciously.... Billy's death is metaphorical. The modern Indian city is disoriented and kills sincerity. A woman who enjoys dancing might be married off to a person who does not let her dance after marriage. This kind of killing goes on when the social organism does not know its values.”

We just comprehend the estimation of cash and force. Joshi's third novel, *The Apprentice* is an extreme prosecution of the oppression of a general public without standards, without bearing and without, maybe, a reason. It is a novel entirely unexpected in tone from his different books. In this novel, the storyteller hero Rathan Rathore uncovered his own treacherous character as an inward talk. Joshi has likewise presented an innovative audience whom the storyteller addresses often, in order to diminish the perusers of the dreariness of continued portrayal. Delivered in the confession booth structure, this novel has gotten the most basic consideration. It portrays the situation of the contemporary Everyman, and as a “fictional study of the anatomy and dynamics of the almost omnipresent corruption in the country, *The Apprentice* is a powerful indictment. The human story and the stark message both come through.” But some critics agreed with the idea that, from the characterization point of view, the narrator protagonist fails to evoke sufficient interest in himself. “He is full of bland platitudes with no trace of humour whatsoever.... The language lacks freshness and immediacy.... The frequent use of either a romantic reverie or stream of consciousness device makes the narrator's soliloquies sound like ravings of maniac.”

This novel is suggestive of Camus' *The Fall*, yet the climate made by Joshi is by all accounts unreasonable and sensational. In the expressions of Mr.P.P.Mehta, the “sustained monologue is attractive and interesting, but the sentiments sound a false note.” The hero, Rathan Rathore, who ends up distanced from his own actual self with sights set on adjusting to the behaviors that most people find acceptable, varies from the different saints Sindi and Billy to the extent that his scholarly level is a lot of lower. Joshi recognizes that this novel with its circumstances and logical results structure gave him the greatest difficulty, particularly where language was concerned: “I felt awkward putting English in the mouths of the characters who don't normally speak it and had to develop a structure where the reader is not distracted by language. I chose the monologue—it is a difficult style.” Rathan's life is a journey from “innocence to experience and also from self-love to self-remorse.”

The Last Labyrinth seeks after the subject which Joshi has prior managed - distance and the emergency of personality. We discover Som Bhaskar, a quarter century old current tycoon who is guided by reason and not by confidence, frequented by secretive voices. He experiences voids inside, as he places it in the account, and he gets himself existentially alone, despite the fact that he has a lovely and getting spouse, and two kids. Som also journeys after a significance throughout everyday life, except his pursuit turns out to be frantically convoluted on account of his longing to have the best of both the universes—the universe of issue, and the universe of soul. In this novel Joshi compares the universe of reality with that of the universe of dreams, figments and questions. The setting of the novel

regularly moves from Bombay and Benaras, and thusly, *The Last Labyrinth* can be viewed as “a tale of two cities, Benaras and Bombay— one symbolizing Western, rational, industrial and technological, and the other Oriental, occult, feudal and treacherous.”

Arun Joshi's books subsequently re-authorize the situation of the cutting edge man, grabbing through the dull back streets of life and reality. His saints—Sindi, Billy, Rathan and Som- - are all 'outsiders' and 'pariahs' making edgy endeavors to arrive at an affinity with the world. Prof. Srinivasa Iyengar thinks about Joshi's books as right around a solitary work in progress. While the external similarity goes through chameleonic changes, the hapless individual remains fundamentally the equivalent. His legends, for all their abundance and instruction, are nevertheless detainees of their quandary. They, actually, speak to the general man, estranged, bobbling in obscurity for an otherworldly desert spring. As an essayist, he has been impacted by the *Bhagavad Gita* and the lessons of Mahatma Gandhi, the impact of the Western existentialist scholars like Sartre and Camus regardless. He concedes that he has perused *The Plague* and *The Outsider* and has been affected by them. Joshi is additionally pulled in to the figure of Christ, and is keen on Christian idea.

The subject of Joshi's most recent novel, *The City and the River* (1990), is strikingly not the same as his different books. This can be considered as a political novel mirroring the Indian reality, however the creator has picked a fanciful area as its setting. The story rotates around the Grand Master who is learned to turn into the unchallenged ruler of the city, which he runs by the waterway. The data given to him by the royal residence Astrologer about the presence of an old prescience which predicts the appearance of a lord animates his assurance. He gives an announcement from the castle, declaring the start of another period to be known as 'The Era of Ultimate Greatness.' It orders the individuals to be careful with the adversary inside and the foe without, and they are loaded up with dread and premonition.

The prescience, be that as it may, is perused contrastingly by the Hermit of the Mountain, who is the Astrologer's kindred supporter. He accepts that there isn't anything unavoidable about the prescience. The hand that made it accepts, most importantly, in man's ability to change his destiny. So regardless of whether it discusses the happening to a lord, men can so behave, so pick, that the ruler doesn't come. Or then again the ruler that comes is of the correct kind. He presumes that God is the ruler of the world which He has made. The satisfaction of the Grand Master's fantasy is incapacitated, somewhat, by his own councilors who are keen on the compatibility of their own expectations and purposes. It is additionally muddled by the disobedience of men like Bhumiputra and his allies, and by the resistance of the boatmen who renounce the incomparability of the Grand Master. The boatmen believe themselves to be the offspring of the stream, and to the waterway, and stream alone do they hold faithfulness. They accept, sadly, with their souls, and for their convictions they are eager to kick the bucket.

In spite of the fact that acclaimed more as an author, and his books more famous, Joshi is a practiced short story essayist too. At any rate, a portion of his accounts are precise and sharp than his books. Joshi's qualification as a short story essayist lies in his subjects—both in their decision and in their treatment. Through his accounts, Joshi portrays the contemporary circumstance as observed and felt by the

person who is a survivor of the degenerate social request. *The Gherao* is the account of a well established Principal, Ravi Mathur, who had partaken in the public development. As an understudy he needed to go through five years detainment since he battled for opportunity, not for himself, however for his kinsmen. He is crippled and dismayed at the disintegrating estimations of the advanced understudies who attempt to decimate that universe of opportunity which millions like him worked to make. He feels discouraged and embarrassed when encircled by his understudies whom he considers as his own kids. He withdraws and passes on of coronary episode.

Despite the fact that Joshi has not composed a lot, he has done it successfully and capably, uncovering himself as a decent skilled worker of fiction. As per Prof. Srinivasa Iyengar, the head living expert on Indian English writing, Arun Joshi's is a bizarre ability occupied with the craft of fiction, and there is in his work the combination of mind, respectability and intensity of composing. In his short stories, as in his books, Joshi ventures the emergency of the advanced urbanized world with its dehumanizing sway on the individuals on the loose. Aside from the contemporary importance of his subjects, inconspicuous portrayal, and the realness of his scenes, the criticalness of his works lies in the simplicity of his style, and his sophisticated taste. Joshi displays an uncommon profundity of perception of the human instinct, and the force and quality of his reasonable depiction makes his works all the additionally persuading.

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