CHAPTER - 2

ALIENATION IN THE FOREIGNER
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ALIENATION IN "THE FOREIGNER"

This novel deals with the life of one young man, Sindi Oberoi, in search of his roots and the meaning of life. Sindi is a rootless wanderer without a sense of belonging anywhere. He felt as if he were a foreigner in Kenya, London, America and India. But he had not found room for himself. All the while he was seeking for the inner rest for his mind. He feels lonely even in a crowded room. His restlessness alienates him from the so called civilized world. His experience in love affairs is also very bitter. June's tragedy had made him rootless and lonely. His experience with Mr. Khemka about income tax accounts frustrates him much. Sindi is not only lonely and alienated but he is surrounded by people who themselves are lonely and alienated. Sindi finds life in America too as lonely - much too clean and optimistic and empty.

The way out of alienation for Sindi is not detachment but commitment, involvement and action.

Arun Joshi's first novel, "The Foreigner" (1968), which has a remarkable degree of maturity and technical competence, remarkable, that is, for a first novel, one is struck by the originality of the writer in the treatment of a theme which has almost become stereotyped in Indian fiction, namely, the east-west encounter. It is the story of a detached participant-observer Sindi Oberoi, who narrates the tale of his encounters and relationship with June, the American girl who, a devoted and passionate lover that she finds Sindi too cold and cynical
and develops an affair with another Indian boy Babu, the son of a rich Indian Industrialist. Babu, a freshman at the university - as in life - and coming as he does from a conservative background is subject to serve tensions in having to reconcile his weakness for the glamorous life with the strong pulls of a conservative conscience. The boyish impetuousness and the frank, heady passion of Babu has a strong appeal for June especially after her intriguing and irritating affair with Sindi who admits more than once that it is difficult for anyone to love him. There is a peculiar, almost non-human detachment in Sindi which makes June accept her defeat and find comfort in Babu's callow, but open arms. Sadly for Babu, his very first affair with June means the end of his life as he dies in an accident at the time of a major love crisis in his life. But Sindi is blessed with experience, for there was Karl before June and someone else before Karl and also a native maturity and sensitivity that leaves him, sad, 'cynical' and detached by turns.

There is a profound sadness in Sindi which those who come in contact with him - June in America and Sheila, Babu's sister, in India - can feel in the very presence of the man. The foreignness of Sindi gets an edge and almost a metaphysical dimension because of this sad outlook. Sindi is the kind of foreigner (though Babu is one too at the literal level) who feels, the pangs of his foreignness in 'any circumstances and any country'. Which reminds one of Ramswamy of "The Serpent and the Rope". In both, it is the same sensitiveness, serious-minded intellectual pursuit for something beyond oneself. In the very beginning of their encounter June tells Sindi -

There is something strange about you, you know, something distant. I'd guess that when people are with you they don't feel like they're with a
human being. May be it's an Indian characteristic, but I have a feeling you'd be a foreigner anywhere. (p. 30)

The difference between Ramaswamy and Sindi is that in Ramaswamy, the sense of foreignness is a metaphysical dimension of his attitude to life, but in Sindi it loses its depth and expansiveness because of the fact he has no roots anywhere in the world. As Sindi himself lying on bed one day, waiting for June in his apartment -

Somebody had begotten me without a purpose and so far I had lived without a purpose, unless you could call the search for peace a purpose. Perhaps I felt like that because I was a foreigner in America. But then, what difference would it have made if I had lived in Kenya or India or any other place for that matter? It seemed to me that I would still be a foreigner. My foreignness lay within me and I couldn't leave myself behind wherever I went. I didn't feel like that when my uncle was living. It wasn't that I loved him very much or anything - as a matter of fact we rarely exchanged letters - but the thought that he moved about in that small house on the outskirts of Nairobi gave me a feeling of having an anchor. After his death the security was destroyed. Now, I suppose I existed only for dying; so far as I knew everybody else did the same thing. It was sad, nonetheless. (p. 61)

The tension evolving both out of a sense of deep-rootedness and a sense of foreignness in 'The Serpent and the Rope' has a complexity which Sindi's foreignness cannot match though it does rise above the emotional level
despite his admission of its apparently obvious source. When Sindi with an unusual eloquence explains to Mr. Khemka (Babu's father and his employer) later in the novel the reasons for his inaction one is struck by his poignant sincerity:

"You had a clear-cut system of morality, a caste system that laid down all you had to do. You had a God; you had roots in the soil you lived upon. Look at me, I have no roots. I have no system of morality. What does it mean to me if you call me an immoral man. I have no reason to be one thing rather than another. You ask me why I am not ambitious, well. I have no reason to be. Come to think of it I don't even have a reason to live. And I am not alone. There are hundreds like me wandering the streets of this city and your industries are disgorging more of them every day. They are neither wise men nor fools. They are just foreigners to your world. You may not understand them, but you can't scoff at them."

So Sindi is a foreigner also to the conservative society to which people like Khemka belong. Which gives, should give, a social dimension to Sindi's foreignness but we fail to see in him any zeal to fight society for its dead values. For a conspicuous characteristic of Sindi is his aloofness. Perhaps it is this withdrawal from action and a span of contemplation backed by his experiences that leads him to the realisation (when he shares his feelings with Khemka's daughter, Sheila):

"There is no purpose in life. There is perhaps a little purpose in right action, in action without desire"
It could have sounded like the message of The Bhagavad Gita put into Sindi's mouth if the novelist had not prepared him as one endowed with a sense of detachment in responding to various situations he finds himself in. In fact, earlier when he meets June who has almost reached her breaking point with Babu he narrates his "revelation":

"One morning I had gone for a walk. I climbed a hill and sat down on a weathered stone. The sun had just risen and the valley seemed strangely ethereal in the clear light.

Suddenly I felt a great lightening, as if someone had lifted a great burden from my chest and it all came through in a flash. All love - whether of things, or persons, or oneself was illusion and all pain sprang from this illusion. Love beget greed and attachment, and it led to possession."

"That is not right", June said, "According to you hatred would be much better than love".

"Absence of love does not mean hatred. Hatred is just another form of love. There is another way of loving. You can love without attachment, without desire. You can love without attachment to the objects of your love. You can love without fooling yourself that the things you love are dispensable either to you or to the world. Love is real only when you know that what you love must one day die."

"In your world everything is illusion", June said.
"No, birth and death are real. They are the constants. All else is variable. If the rest you see what you want to see. According to the Hindu Mystics there is a reality beyond all this. But I don't know. I would like to know some day".

This is admittedly an unusual experience but such is the novelist's art that he can make the esoteric sound credible. Extraordinary, too, that a character like Sindi can come out of his silent cocoon and verbalise his philosophy of life. Such deftness in characterization can be seen throughout this novel. June, Babu, Sheila, Mr. Khemka - all these come alive in this small (is it small after all?) world of foreigners. For each of them is a foreigner, in a sense. It is interesting, however, that Sindi rootless as he is, comes to India though he decides it by flipping a coin, and settles down in the country to fulfil his 'random destiny'. Here we see that Sindi alienates from himself and from America and Kenya as well. His involvement with the Khemkas and their business, the discovery of Mr. Khemka's unscrupulous business dealings finally which leads to a rift between himself and Mr. Khemka and the final decision to hold the reins of business out of sheer sympathy for the poor employees who face dismissal from service - all these are there as if to highlight the 'message' of disinterested involvement. Sindi's own realization of it is unmistakable. "Detachment at that time had meant inaction. Now I had begun to see the fallacy in it. Detachment consisted of right action and not escape from it. The gods had set a heavy price to teach me just that". (p.192) This observation of Sindi is demonstrated so naturally towards the end without giving any scent of the lurking message.
Which is not to say that Sindi is not aware of this central doctrine of the "Gita": this is the philosophical concept in the fictional enactment.

Sindi is alienated from the society and from himself as well. A certain awareness of man's rootlessness and the consequential loneliness and anxiety is the keynote of Arun Joshi's unique vision of the predicament of modern man in contemporary Indo-English fiction. This awareness is also focussed on the evils of the man's material concerns. Sindi is a perfect foreigner. He is not only a foreigner to the two cultures between which he shuttles but also to his soul. He is an orphan both in terms of relations and his emotional roots. He is brought up by his uncle settled in Kenya, consequent upon the death of his parents in a plane crash near Cairo. In a way he is as near to these cultures as he is far from them, for his mother is a British and his father an Indian. It is the mixed belonging which gives him the perspective of looking at the situation on the human rather than on the Jamesian cultural plane. He is better placed and poised than any of the heroes of Indo-English or Indo-Anglian novels in his analysis of the situation. He knows he does not belong anywhere but his rootlessness is neither geographic nor cultural. Not even atmospheric, generated by an unhinging of collective emotions from the traditionally accepted values of life and society. His is a personal problem of emotion seeking fulfillment in terms of human relations and existence in general. His entire view of life and responses was coloured by his childhood deprivation of love from his parents. He therefore entertained a deep sense of insecurity, unreality and impermanence about things. In one of his conversations with his beloved June Blyth he says -- "I have loved people as much as I love myself. It isn't much but that is not my

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fault. And then to be in love in your sense requires one to take things seriously, assume that there is a permanence about things. Nothing ever seems real to me, leave alone permanent. Nothing seems very important." (113). These words are symptomatic of his defective attitude towards life. First of all Sindi doesn't love himself sufficiently well to love others. He cannot love himself because he suffers from a self defeating sense of insecurity. His defences not only disallow him to love others but also be loved by others as he himself confesses -- "I was not the kind of man one could love : I had learnt that long ago." (4). He had never learnt to take things seriously. His casualty had therefore forced him to deny the reality and permanence of things and life. This attitude had developed in him a fear of involvement, which can be observed from his ruminations -- "I don't want to get involved. I repeated to myself. Everywhere I turned I saw involvement" (74). To glorify his fear he preferred to call it by the much flaunted Indian virtue of "detachment". All the same he reveled and indulged in sumptuous sex in England and America with Anna, Kathy, Judy, Christine and June. He was happy in it because it did not involve him in to any commitment. He was afraid to love because "to love is to invite others to break your heart" (82). He also believed that "marriage was more often a lust for possession than anything else. People got married just as they bought new cars. And they gobbled each other up."(71).

All this was a clever cover for Sindi to shy away from involvement, commitment and action. Against the background of his pompous philosophy of detachment and the pose of "Living without desires" (124) he makes love to a
series of women but with June he is brought face to face with his hypocrisy, cowardice, vanity and stupidity.

June loved Sindi not to leave him alone. She was free, frank uninhibited, generous and human. She knew what soothed, solaced and pleased Sindi. She therefore gave of herself abundantly to him. For "She wanted to be of use to someone" (91) and "was one of those rare persons who have a capacity to forget themselves in somebody's trouble" (119). But when he refuses to marry her she turns to his friend Babu, who characterizes the typical Indian fantasies about the much glamorized dreamland of America.

He sees America as a paradise for free-sikers and argues with Sindi, "What is the good of coming to America if one is not to play around with girls?" (23), exhibiting the image of an indefatigable half-backed Indian casamova abroad. He wants "to make more American friends" (95) and not "to mix with Indian all the time" (96). He also begins to find that "Indians are so underdeveloped as compared to them sometimes I wish I had been born in America" (97), and declare that "I would never go back to India if I had the choice" (95).

If Sindi was a drifter Babu was too much anchored to his parents. They possessed him so much that they deprived him of his free will, hampering his capacity to make resolutions and take action in tune with his growth.

Sindi was no different from Babu, while Babu was incapable of making resolutions Sindi did not make them "because the pain of breaking them was too unbearable" (78). They were two aspects of the same psychology - One
foolish, the other unwise. One could not take decisions the would not for fear of involvement. One was under controlled the other over controlled. Both were basically cowards either haunted by the spectra of the presence of parents or by the depressive memories of their absence. It is the need for growth, maturity and human wisdom which is the theme of this novel and not east-west confrontation as one might discover from the surface reading of the work.

Babu involves himself willingly, and in full knowledge of Sindi, with June. But when the question of marriage comes he is unable to do so against the wishes of his parents. Instead he uses his conviction of June sharing bed with Sindi as a probe for his suicide, leaving her pregnant from him. It was the tragedy of June to have fallen a pray to the irresponsible behaviour of such cowardly and foolish persons, Sindi now ponders "Wasn't Babu's child my own, in a way" Hadn't I driven her into his arms? The thought of marrying her crossed my mind again" (198). But when he decides to do so he finds her only dead. Mockery decides him into his face and he beings to see in this the under currents of his own petty suspicious, jealousy, cowardice, hypocrisy and the way "the eternal joker snickered within me" (125). Look at the way he can fool June by presenting a tragic picture of his separation from Kathy : "There were a number of strands running through my life. That was the first time I came face to face with pain. Until then I had heard and read about it; but now it was real, and it seemed to permeate everything like the smell of death in an epidemic. All that I had thought was pleasurable and had ended in pain and afterall this I was as far from finding the purpose of my life as I had been to start with. It was puzzled me. And I spent a whole year wandering throughout the maze of my existence
looking for an answer" (199) and choke her with his flashing realization that "All love .... whether of things, or persons or oneself ...... was illusion and all pain sprang from this illusion. Love begot greed attachment, and it let to possession" (180). And yet "There is another way of loving, you can love without attachment, with desire, you can love without attachment to the objects of your love. You can love without falling yourself that the things you love are indispensable either to you or to the world. Love is real only when you know that what you love must one day die" (180). But the reality of the situation was different. As Sindi himself marks "My love for June was strake with hatred and anger. And with every passing day my love fed upon anger and both grew stronger. It was as if too high voltage electrodes had taken root in my head and each of them kept spitting venom into my brain. The strain grew so great that almost lost all ability to think logically for any length of time. Often I suspected I was going mad ...... I had become possessive, selfish and greedy, all that I had struggled against for year. But the realization was of little help, considering the fact that, I had almost lost my willpower. I had permitted myself to become the battle field when the child and the adult warred unceasingly. The child usually came on top" (137). He was in love with June but he gave himself the air "to remain detached under the circumstances" (126).

He goes to explore - "I tried to speculate about things objectively not realizing that objectivity was just another form of vanity. I tried to imagine the worst and then persuaded myself that it could really not happen. Underlying all this was an assumption that June would not leave me, not for Babu anyway. What would she find in Babu that I did not have" (126). He was jealous and...
possessive and entertained hatred and anger towards June for leaving him for Babu. But he had no courage to possess her which he covered by his loud mouthed philosophy of detachment and inaction.

June's tragedy had made him further rootless and lonely, drifting into meaningless uncertainties about life, existence and himself. In a mockery of his self, the events in his life and the decision of existence had revealed to him that "Detachment at that time had meant inaction. Now I had begun to see the fallacy in it, detachment consisted the right action and not escape from it" (204). He arrives in India and meets the family of Babu. He finds Babu's father a business tycoon given entirely to the unscrupulous amassing of wealth. Mr. Khemka offers Sindi a job in his firm which he acquires well. But a fresh crises comes in the life of Sindi when the workers of the firm urge on him to take over charge of the firm consequent upon the sentence of Mr. Khemka to jail on playing fraud with income tax accounts. He did not want to get involved and he saw that "Still the old, nagging fear of getting involved with anything, anyone, was pushing through the mists of reason - a line of reasoning that let to the inevitable conclusion that for me, detachment consisted in getting involved with the world (239). Sindi thus settles not only in his business but also with Sheila, the sister of Babu and random absurdity of it all" (234). The novel holds a bitter commentary on the much paraded mode of anxiety, rootlessness and isolation as style of life and condemns detachment, renunciation an inaction as panacea for the problems of existence.

This novel deals with a problem that one has hitherto associated mainly with the western world likewise problems. Its subject is an individual
faced with the problem of alienation divorced from a proper social and familial context, a kind of emotional flotsam, in short. In spite of Sindi's desire to be affirmative, the protagonist's depressive tendencies, like those of Augie, are seen in nearly all the chapters of the folk. Joshi's male characters are lonely, despairing, totally cut off not only from society but also from friends and families. Moreover, they are pathological, social, masochists filled with overwhelming despair, self-hatred and self pity. In such a way the main character of the novel surrounded by problems and only problems.

There is no pleasure without involvement and love without possession are the values that condition the attitudes over-all vision of Sindi Oberoi who is the central character in the novel. His self inflicted alienation, as has been pointed out by one of the commentators saps the vitality of his existence and turns him into a "foreigner" who is obsessed with the desire to preserve his individuality by zealously guarding his freedom of choice and action. Detachment is the keynote of his character. His fear of involvement is almost pathological.

Sindi Oberoi, an Indian orphan brought up in Kenya, is now studying in the United States. He finds himself an "uprooted young man living in the latter half of the twentieth century who becomes detached from everything around him except himself". He was a "foreigner" in Boston. But then he has always been foreigner, whether in Kenya where he was born or in London where he studies or even in India where he ultimately returns because it is as good a place to forget oneself as any other.
But his alienation from the world is not merely one of geography or nationality; it is rooted within his soul like an ancient curse and drives him on from crisis to crisis.

In his close, quiet and very private movements with June Blyth, an American girl, Sindi once confesses -

"I was a foreigner in America. But then, what difference would it have made if I had lived in Kenya or India or any other place for that matter? It seemed to me that I would still be a foreigner. My foreigner lay within me and I could not leave myself behind where ever I went ......." (p. 65)

and a little later in the novel, Sindi reiterates his alienation in the following words -

"We are alone, June, both you and I ...... And our aloneness must be resolved from within. You cannot send two persons through a ceremony and expect that their aloneness will disappear ......." (p. 113).

In fact, Sindi reveals his journey of progress from cynicism born out of an urge for non-involvement and alienation and the perception of the futility of life, to an acceptance of action as an alternative to inactivity and indifference. He is at last disillusioned regarding his own capacity for properly understanding the reality of human pain, pleasure and gratification and comes to realize that, involvement and action rather than non-involvement and passivity are the basic ingredients of human life and human relations.
Possession, Sindi thinks, generates pain as it implies involvement. His generalization is based on his own experience during the course of his affairs with Anna, a 35 years old minor artist separated from her husband with whom she had her first sex experience. He gives her up for a more attractive married young woman Kathy, who, when the infatuation is over, leaves him for her husband in order to preserve the sanctity of marriage. Sindi's view of love and life based as it is an experience enjoyed in complete disregard of the value of human relations, naturally leads to his obsession with detachment and non-involvement. Mere myopic sentimentally, thus, masquerades as intellectual profundity. Sindi's fetish for detachment and his fear for causing pain to himself results in the death of his beloved June and his friend Babu.

One wonders if the fact that he is in a strange background does not a great deal to aggravate his feelings. His constant self-questioning doesn't seem to get him much further, even when he returns to India after having lost the only two meaningful relationship of his life. They are with an American girl June whom he loses to Babu, his best friend because of his inability to return her love suitably, and also because of his obsession that love involves possession and the latter is reprehensible.

Somehow there is an ingrained contrariness in himself that is his undoing. And despite his inability to love, as has been pointed out by a book-reviewers, what he obviously wants is to be loved. One cannot help wondering if he is not unnecessarily making things difficult for himself by too much of brooding introspection.
Out of despair when he tells June that his flat has no personality no sound, no smells; "It is like an inn, you walk in and you walk out, just as if you were in an unfamiliar town"; "June advises me to move in with a family. I didn't say I preferred a house with a personality", Sindi retorts, "I am happy, as I am. Some people must live in an inn as well" (P. 70). His fear of involvement and possession through love and marriage is based on what he has so far seen in his life which indicates that marriage is more often a lust for possession than anything else. People, he believes, get married just as they buy new cars, and they gobble each other up.

In his moment of intense, sizzling passion, he entirely forgets his ideal of detachment. "The hand that so lovingly held mine", he imagines, "would perhaps some-day ache to hit me. I wasn't afraid of getting hurt, but to hurt June would have been unbearable" (P. 74). When she still lies beside him pretty and graceful like a cat, he looks at her. She doesn't arouse him sexually. Yet, he wants to possess her. He wants to take her in his arms and tell her he wants her. But that would have been fatal ..... (P. 75). And once again when she lies down in his arms, her body shivers with passion, desire rises within him like water behind a broken dam. He nearly cries with the burden of lust. He has almost forgotten what a woman feels. One has to begin again. One has to begin and wait patiently for the end. One can only hope that it is not painful. "Then she fell asleep. I stayed awake, counting the broken pieces of my detachment. I counted the gains and losses and the losses mocked me like an abominable joker ....." (P. 85)

And when June proposes marriage, Sindi is lost again in dreadful despair. He wants to make it very clear to June that he is not the right kind of
man for her and that some people are not really cut out for marriage ....... He is afraid of possessing anybody and also afraid of being possessed and marriage means both. Moreover it is just too painful. For some people and the point is whether one is built to take the pain or not. He doesn't think he can.

As against this, June is one of those rare persons who have a capacity to forget themselves in somebody's trouble. She is essentially so uncomplicated a person that whenever she sees somebody in pain she goes straight out to pet and nurse him rather than analysing it a million time like the rest of us. And this is exactly what she does to both. The Indian student in the United States - Sindi and his friend Babu. She likes meeting people from Asia. To her, they are much gentler and deeper in nature than others (P. 34). She believes that the emotion of love is rooted in pity. She wants to be of help to her lovers. When she does not hope to get married to Sindi, she turns to Babu, who physically seems to be carved out for her. Babu is kind of snob who, in order to win his fiancee, can go to the extreme of hating his Indian friends. No matter if he doesn't find the Americans congenial, yet he likes their dash. "Indians", according to him, are so underdeveloped, as compared to them. Sometimes I wish, I had been born in America. (P. 97)

He makes his decisions rather too quickly and he never thinks of other when he wants something. Only Sindi knows that Babu would not get from June what he wants; and the realization would come so late that it he would be helpless to do anything about it. Sindi unconsciously exhibits his serious concern for June when he trembles to think of what June would do if she
suddenly discovered one day that she had married a kid. He can anticipate that Babu's innocence will devasted both of them.

Fade up with Babu's excessive dependence on her, June tries to solace in the embraces of Sindi who wants her physically without wanting to be a part of her soul. Her desire for physical fulfillment leads to the death of Babu. She talks of attachment but has none for Babu's child she was carrying in her womb. Her desire to get rid of this terrible encumbrance leads to her own death later.

In the last few paragraphs of the fifteenth chapter, we once again meet Sindi seized with the problem of detachment, for twenty years he has moved whichever way life had led to him and he says, he has learnt much on the way. He has learnt to be detached from the world but not from himself. That is when the fatal error was made which ultimately led to Babu's and then to June's death. In his attempt at self-realization he now questions his own demeanour:

"Wouldn't Babu still be living if I had not surrendered my body to June that night we went out a ride? I thought I was acting out of detachment but was it not merely a desire to prove that I still held the key to June's happiness? ....... And if Babu had not killed himself June would still be living. It had all been a tremendous illusion that had led me in this destruction." (P. 208)

The whole episode leaves him baffled. All along, he surmises, he had acted out of greed, selfishness and vanity and had hurt nobody very much. When he comes close to gaining true detachment and acts out of goodness, he drives his two intimates to death. The trial of detachments and involvement goes

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on in the innermost recesses of his mind. Each day the judges meet and examine
the witnesses. His parents, his uncle, his lovers Babu and June, their parents and
finally himself, one by one all are called by the invisible judges and asked to give
their evidence. Under normal conditions this would have been painful but after
the shock of June's death it comes as a great therapeutic process. He feels as if
some indefatigable surgeon were cleaning up his soul with the sharp edge of
his scalpel.

The sub-plot of Mr. Khemka and his daughter Sheila is deftly and
intricately woven into the texture of the main plot of Sindi and June through
Babu. Babu's father, Mr. Khamka a leading businessman has sent his son to
America for higher education, so that he might come back to add that much more
weight to his family's social status and talk to his friends at the club about his
widely traveled son.

On his return to India, Sindi is offered the assignment of a senior
executive in Mr. Khamka's concern, which he readily accepts, but there too he
considers himself quite a misfit. His foreign background stands against him. The
life has carried him through strange places and he has seen men at the end of
their tether, but the servility he comes across in Mr. Khemka's office is quite new
to him. Mr. Khemka, we are told, has been cheating those miserable wretches in
rage who push carts on the streets; telling lies and fabricating documents in his
business so that he could air condition that ostentatious house and throw
"gigantic parties" for the horde of jackals who masquerade as his friends.
Later on we learn that Mr. Ghosh, once an employee in Mr. Khemka's concern and now an Income Tax Officer, suddenly raids his office and seizes all the account books and important documents in order to take revenge for the past oppression in injustice done to him by Mr. Khemka. The seizure of the documents and almost passive and detached concern shown by Sindi over the affair, rouse Mr. Khemka to thundering anger which eventually results in Sindi's abandoning of the job and seeking a fresh one in Bombay. Throughout, Sindi has been harming his interests by his confused and strange nature. In the last chapter, he suddenly decides to work in the same concern if the workers desired it. For the first few weeks he works strenuously late at night, going through papers that had accumulated during the two months. To make matters worse, the fear of bank-reputy hangs over him. One wrong step and they could have gone reeling down the road to dissolution. But at the same time, he knows there is no choice for him except to remain cool as he had always been and to concentrate on decisive action. By the end of the first month sales show a marked tendency to rise.
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