

Chapter 1

Introduction

Sir Vidyadhar Suraj Prasad Naipaul, generally considered as the leading novelist of the English speaking Caribbean, is the winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature, 2001. He can be praised for his creative use of autobiography in his travel narratives and for converting autobiographical materials into poignant fiction even though he has been accused of projecting his own neurosis into his narration and characters. His engagement with the disordered and fast-changing world he observes, his empathy shown towards people he meets as V.S. Naipaul has said, "The political circumstances and implications of his rhetoric by posing two interdependent questions. First, given his standard evocations of the former colonies as barbarous, primitive, tribal, simple, irrational, static, without history, futureless, bush, philistine, sentimental and mimic, how does his choice of idiom make his readings of such societies easily assailable to imperialist, discursive traditions that run deep in Britain and the United States? Second, how has he managed to reproduce the most standard racial and colonial positions while simultaneously presenting ideological currents out of fidelity to difficult and unpopular truths? In other words, how has Naipaul acquired a reputation as an unconventional, extra-traditional writer while producing novels about the barbarism and dishonesty of Islam, cannibalism in Africa, the simple-minded irrationality of Indians, and the self-destructive age of Black subjects" (*My Past* 7).

Mixed media works to make a hybrid cultural space, diasporic taste, cultural memory, political agency, migrants, double vision, encounter with newness, cultural displacement, social discrimination, unhomely feeling and search for truth create "Ambivalence" in the life of Ganesh, protagonist of Naipaul's novel, *The Mystic Masseur*. Ganesh's ambivalence arises from the tension between broken culture of Trinidad and

colonizer's culture that is not fully internalized. It is mixed feelings which inspire his psyche towards colonial governance and as a consequence he is engrossed in local politics. Before doing it, I would try to discuss why and how Naipaul became such a profound writer in the field of diasporic writing.

Naipaul's Background from the Past to the Present

Three or four years prior to Seepersad's death in 1953, he and this son glimpsed what might have been. Henry Swanzy, editor of Caribbean voices for the BBC Caribbean service, discerned Seepersad's ability and frequently ran his stories on the program. This relationship furnished the ailing debt-ridden man with an imaginary audience and replenished his income. But the belatedness of this recognition restricted Seepersad's assessment of his prospects to a wistful "I am beginning to feel I could have been a writer (*London Callings* 8).

In important aspects, the son's circumstances substantially from those of his father. V.S. Naipul suffered nothing as extreme as Seepersad's isolation; for he fled the West Indies along with a whole generation of would be writers who were lured to England by promising literary prospects. He first experienced a full colonial education at Queen's Royal College, and then bolted down one of the three traditional escape hatches for young men from the Islands: education, cricket and music. A Trinidadian government scholarship took him to Oxford in 1950. On completing a literary degree in 1954, he moved to London, where appropriately enough he joined the BBC as an editor of "Caribbean Voices" (*London Callings* 10). Naipaul continued this shared interest even after he left home for Oxford. Seepersad had promised that he would provide his son the opportunity that he himself had missed, time to be devoted entirely to writing, if he couldn't find a job. Naipaul's conception of a writer was "A person possessed of sensibility" (*Naipaul's Truth* 10).

Vidyadhar Suraj Prasad Naipaul's abundant writing career spawned out of an auspicious birth in Chaguanas Trinidad on August 17, 1932. Although his parents descended from the Hindu immigrants from Northern India, Naipaul's inability to form spiritual connection with his heritage whether it be Trinidadian, Indian or even British, dominates his thought as it appears in his works. A young man of Indian descent born in Trinidad, he was newly arrived in England with a determination to become a writer. He was in need of money "I don't ever want to relive those years", Mr. Naipaul said, That "They were too wretched" quote purely.

He started publishing letters exchanged between him and his family, because "in addition to what they say about our family circumstances, they are a cultural record of an immigrant community moving into a new world over a couple of generation" (*My Past* 13). His father indeed absent for long periods of his childhood. Yet their relationship was fundamental to Naipaul's early development and his later career. But to the young man, becoming a writer meant breaking away from the limits of his past, and the mutual dependence of father and son, in order to future this very explanation of the formal value of omitting the father in *Miguel Street* is no doubt valid, but creation is always over determined. A father is absent until the writer has completed his first returning to the past, having avoided the complications of love and pain associated with his own fathering who had nourished his gift. Only at the end could he risk awakening more ambivalent feelings about the heritage he was to explore in making himself a writer. Writing *Miguel Street* was the genesis of self-knowledge, leading to recognition that the "Worlds I contained within myself, the worlds I lived in" were his "subject". As he continued to write, these worlds were to unfold as the history of Trinidad, of his parents and his extended family, which were incorporated into his own past as well as his present, life in an alien setting. Within this heritage, the context of his inner narrative, the

central figure was his father (*Naipaul's Truth* 27) where, when! He remembered the basic content of the letters and how important they were to him. The core of the correspondence is the relationship between father and son. Seepersad Naipaul, being a writer, worked for a time as journalist in Trinidad and also wrote some short stories. At one point, his father suggested that they do a book together, to be called letters between a father and son. In 1950, Seepersad Naipaul wrote to his son with no justification except his paternal fidelity "I have no doubt whatever that you will be a great writer. On the other hand, the son was torn by crosscurrents of confidence and insecurity, writing to his older sister, "I am going to be either a big success or an unheard-of failure. He has written in one of his, letter "I thought somehow the gift was going to descend down to me then I discovered I had to work at it. quote? save ice MLA for all for writing letter The letters offer proof that despite his own doubts, the younger Naipaul always possessed creative talent and that his father, thought the unrecognized, was himself a perceptive writer and mentor, with an instinctual acuity that belied the limits of his education, his father frequently gave his son valuable advice on writing. For example he said that if he said exactly what he wanted to say, he would have achieved style. When that passage was mentioned to him, Mr. Naipaul agreed with his father: "In my own practice, I always avoided style. To me it is simply getting at what you mean, and that takes a lot of refining, because words can be deceptive" (*Letters between Father and Son* 22).

During this absence from home he sent his son a little book of poetry in which he inscribed the child's exact age "3 years, 10 months and fifteen days" and his counsel: Live up to the estate of man, follow truth, be kind and gentle and trust God." This gift which V.S. Naipaul describes as "really a decorated keepsake", reminded the son of his father's devotion even in his absence, but it was also, Naipaul says, "Something noble",

something connected with the word". The counsel to a child not yet four, perhaps premature in a more conventional family, expresses ideals that even in his despair Seepersad Naipaul had not abandoned, and wished to bestow onto his son. Certainly this is true of the father whom V.S. Naipaul was to know after his return to the family. Seepersad Naipaul managed to regain his job at the Guardian, and the family moved from the maternal grandfather's household in Chaguanas to a house she/he? Owned in post of Spain (*Naipaul's Truth* 29). His father read to him: "Charles Kingsley's Story of Persens", Chapters from Dickens's novels, stories by O'Henry and, when he was only ten, Joseph Conrad's *The Lagoon*. In an essay on Conrad written in 1974, Naipaul tells of his lasting response to the atmosphere "of night and solitude and doom" and his later feeling for the Conradian "passion, the abyss, solitude and futility and the world of illusions that this brief story creates (*Naipaul's Truth* 29). Both Naipaul's father and one feels, the influence of Indian writer R.K. Narayan preside over V.S. Naipaul's early work, culminating in his house for Mr Biswas. Tragicomic dreamers like Seepersad Naipaul populate Narayans Malgudi; and Naipaul's slyly accurate description of Narayan's characters – "Small men, small schemes, big talk, limited means" – could be a reference to his father's world. Indeed Narayan served as a conduit between father and son when they discussed writing. In 1952, Seepersad wrote to his son in Oxford: "You were right about R.K. Narayan. I like his short stories, he seems gifted and has made check quotation of his talent, which in my case I haven't even spotted. The transaction between father and son, with Narayan as intermediary, is as palpable inside Naipaul's novels as it is outside them; It is Narayan, one suspects, who helped Naipaul realize that the minor, daydreaming figure of this father was central to his work, and that at was necessary ironic to the comically ambivalent position of the writer in colonial societies. But as Naipaul enters his middle period, with his novels about post colonial Africa, *In a Free*

State (1971) and *A Bend in the River* (1979), he exchanges Narayan's influence for Joseph Conrad's; the father-figure disappears, and what we have from then onward is the metaphor of travel, the long figure moving through what is, on one level, a metaphysical landscape.

A quarter of century after accepting William's invitation, he was to speak aphoristically of that return voyage to the West Indies as if it were one crucial term in an quest for almost dialectical personal development: "Colonial Trinidad had sent me to Oxford in 1950, and I had made myself a writer. Self governing Trinidad sent me on a Colonial tour in 1960, and by this accident I became a writer. But the voyage of 1960 heralded more than the genesis of a traveler and his initiation into nonfiction. For in documenting the journey Naipaul also crossed a historical Rubicon: Where previously he had written about a colonized land, from the middle passage onward he became what he is now best known as – the author who characterizes must definitely for British and American readers the dashed expectations, traumas, hubris, misplaced idealism, self-deceits, and self-violations that he discerns in those at least nominally independent societies commonly assembled under the term Third World. Thus, following his "middle passage" the middle passage Naipaul made a significant advance toward defining his literary terrain: historically, as the post colonial era; geographically, as inclusive of those societies formerly under British, and to a lesser extent French and Dutch, imperial sway; and generically, fiction and writing (*London Calling* 13).

In October 1953, his father died at 47 in Trinidad partly because he was short of money, V. S. Naipaul did not return home for the funeral. Somehow, despite his love for his father the death acted as a release. Less than two years later, he began writing with a new seriousness of purpose and a cleaner point of identity, producing stories that later appeared in his book *Miguel Street*. From his perspective those early stories got better

and better as time passed. "There was a moment, almost an hour, in which I began to be a writer. Somehow I found the right tone, and the tone released the material, and it all came together, and I could see my way ahead" (*Dayasager, writer to be and His Mentor* 2). In quick succession he wrote *Miguel Street* and *The Mystic Masseur* and both were accepted for publication and he sent a cable home with the news. In 1956, he turned to Trinidad for the first time and it was not a happy home coming, "It was a tormenting time for me" he said, "Nothing had yet, been published, the family situation was desperate. I was unhappy, hour by hour" (*My Past* 20).

After returning to England, he began writing *A House for Mr. Biswas*, his first master piece, published in 1961, and a lot of emotional charge of that book came from his visit to Trinidad. Many years earlier, his father had suggested that he should use him as a character in his fiction. "I remembered that letter" said V.S. Naipaul "Which he says, settle down and write, think of a character, make me a character, begin it like this" (*My past* 30). After his father's death, he did just that, using him as an inspiration for Mr. Biswas. "In the myth", he said, "having written two books, the young writer should be taken upto the skies. In reality, having written two books, the young writer remained firmly on the ground. Because the books were not published until later, I was drained, and I began to play with this idea. A man tells his life and it's in terms of things which he has acquired, simple things, but in his own eyes, very big things" (*Interview with Harrish, Newsweek*). After the start, he was blocked, but kept writing and finally after seven months, there came his sense of comedy from his father, and added that others have said that he had his mother's tenaciousness. After his father died, Mr. Naipaul wrote to his mother, "What we are he has made of us" (*Letters Between Father and Son* 35). Years later his son would write that novel, fulfilling Seepersad Naipaul's aspiration in *A House for Mr. Biswas*, which he describes as "very much my father's book written out of

his journalism and stories, out of his knowledge. It was written out of his writing.

Seepersad Naipaul's stories are a vital portion of his heritage to his son, who considers them "a unique record of the life of the Indian or Hindu community in Trinidad in the first fifty years of the century". He refers to the "knowledge" and "sympathy" that made it possible for Seepersad Naipaul to comprehend the changing course of this community rooted in "Old India" as it gradually blended into its setting in Colonial Trinidad.

"Fortunately, the past never dies for man. Man may forget it, but he always preserves it within him". Seepersad Naipaul's stories create this strangeness, this distant past of an unknown world, which, however different the context, suggests, the remoteness of his readers' own past and evokes its presence in their inner narratives (*Naipaul's Truth* 31).

In Naipaul's great novel, *A House for Mr. Biswas* (1961), it is through Anand's father, the eponymous Mohun Biswas in many ways, based on Naipaul's Father, Seepersad), that the author celebrates the physicality of writing, and the English language as his medium. Biswas begins his working life as a sign writer, learning the trade from a friend, Alec; together, they are assigned the job of painting the message, "IDLER KEEP OUT BY ORDER". Here Naipaul, in a beautiful passage, praises through the voice of *Mohan Bisua*, "The Idea of English as a vernacular; and, again invoking Joe Gargery, suggests both the difficulty and joy of learning to write, learning how to write. His hand became surer, his strokes bolder, his feeling for letters finer. He thought R and S the most beautiful of Roman letters; no letter could express so many moods as R, without losing its beauty; and what could compare with the swing and rhythm of S? With a brush, large letters were easier than small" (*Learning How to Write* 39). It is this background the small unnoticed tragedies of a displaced impoverished people, unprotected in a small agricultural colony and holding on to their self-enclosed but fragile Hindu world that makes *A House for Mr. Biswas* (1961) more than just one of the

finest 20th century novels in English. It is also a valuable historical record of what would have been an intellectually neglected part of the world – neglected because sometimes certain worlds don't seem important enough, politically or culturally, to be recorded, and more often they don't produce writers and intellectual who can note their rise or passing.

Early in 1956, he sent a telegram = Novel accepted = Love. And then after a brief silence he wrote to Kamela, his sister, "This is the letter I have been longing to write home ever since I left Trinidad. It is about my book. The book was *The Mystic Masseur* (1957), the novel he has quickly written after a publisher said that she would take on his stories about the port of Spain Street, later collected as *Miguel Street* (1959), if there was a novel to go before them. The publishers paid him 25 pounds for an option; they were going to pay him 75 pounds more for the finished novel. This was a very modest beginning; Vidya knew that the books may not work and they didn't. But it was a beginning nevertheless, after the failures and frustrations of previous years" (*The House of Mr. Naipual* 25).

My first chapter has details about Naipaul's success in popularizing an image of himself as a "homeless" writer, a permanent exile who has been abandoned by tradition. How has he managed to draw rhetorical advantage from the welter of terms – exile, emigrant, émigré, expatriate, refugee – applied to displaced writers who have accumulated multiple affiliations interests and detachments? I contend that Naipaul has enlisted the idiom of displacement to exaggerate his distance from mainstream Anglo-American traditions, literary and political alike.

Naipual's reputation as a buff on postcolonial politics, which began with *The Middle Passage*, continued to swell over the next twenty years. During the 1960s, while remaining committed to the novel, "He produced two further books of non-fiction: *An Area of Darkness* (1964), which recounts the first of his several ventures to India, and

The Loss of El Dorado (1969), an autobiographically framed inquiry into Trinidad's Colonial history. Over the next eleven, intense years, Naipaul published three titles of fiction (*In a Free State*, *Guerillas* and *A Bend in The River*) and five of non fiction. *The Overcrowded Barracoon* (1972), his most eclectic volume, gathers together travel essays, principally on India, but also including pieces about Mauritius, St. Kitts, Trinidad, Anguilla, British Honduras, Robinson Crusoe and Norman Mailer, as well as some autobiographical reflections, *India: A Wounded Civilization* (1977) is similar record of Naipaul's journey through India at the time of Indira Gandhi's State of Emergency. Naipaul's authority as a Third World expert crested in the early 1980s. Following the considerable success of *A Bend in the River* (1979), three volumes of non-fiction appeared in swift succession: *The Return of Eva Peron*, with the Killings in Trinidad (1980), an anthology of essays on Argentina, Uruguay, Zaire, Joseph Conrad and Trinidadian Black power; *A Congo Diary* (1980); *Among the Believers*; *A Islamic Journey* (1981), *Two Narratives* (1984), *The Enigma of Arrival* (1987) and *A Turn in the South* (1989). Some eighteen months later, Naipaul produced his third full book on India, *India: A Million Mutinies Now* (1990), his longest and in many ways most ambitious work" (*London Callings* 13).

Naipaul's aim was to create something easy and interesting to read. But except his knowledge, sensibility and talent he had no other sources to work with, because there were no books about those subjects to he was interested. He traveled to India because there were no one to tell him about his ancestors and India. But it was not easy and he found himself lost in the vast world where he was unable to know with clarity about himself, his ancestry and history. Finally, suffering a lot, he started to write about the pain of the people who had lost their history and he, at last, started writing about the immigrants whose suffering was the common problem as an outcome of Diaspora. No

doubt, "Man is a servant of circumstances". Naipaul has to suffer in different fields of his life. As for example: Economic crisis, homeless, Indian diasporic feeling and cultural ambivalence.

Naipaul As An English Novelist

V.S.Naipaul, as a dissector of civilization, cultures and histories across the world, has constantly interrogated post colonial and past imperial issues and realities that have dominated contemporary societies and politics. From the west Indies and India to Africa, the Islamic world and south America, Naipaul has charted his speculative and skeptical journey across historical, geographical and cultural space to include virtually every possible facet of man's relationship with power, authority and oppression, and has invariably addressed himself to some of the most unpalatable and incendiary issues facing human destiny in a world marked by multiracialism and the huge process of dispersal across and national boundaries. His literary contribution has received the highest recognition possible. My present study, as it works through ambivalence and Diasporic identification and Naipaul's placement in it, provides fresh insights into Naipaul's role and situation as a writer and locates his work within the critical and literacy practices of our time.

It has come about that this writer, who at the beginning might have appeared in unique occupation of a marginal and peripheral world, is instead writing from the centre of historical vicissitude, utterly contemporary. His vision is fixed upon the brutal collision of culture. The elaborate paralysis of Area of Darkness and wounded civilizations phrases are used as the titles of his books on India, or at least the landmass of India, to a universal "darkness". His own pedigree, if it may be named in that way, reads like an old map with its antique trade routs. His ancestors came from an ancient Asian Civilization, India and he was born in the new world of Trinidad. And what is he

now-English? Yes, if the refined lucidity of his prose is a measure. England is where he lives and where he does his writing. "I do not write for Indians," he says, "Who in any case do not read. My work is only possible in a liberal, civilized western country. It is not possible in primitive societies" (*Naipaul's Truth* 17). What is history, what is civilization, what is disaster? Those are the important questions, he insists. In his picturing of the historical upheaval, I notice that he does not bring along with him anything; vainglorious nostalgia. He remembers a line of Koestler's. "Men can add to their knowledge, but they can not subtract." In my own mind, Naipaul continues, 'I can not unlearn what they have learned' (*Interview with Harries, Newsweek*). In Naipaul's fiction the narrator is often a lonely, displaced Indian far from home. Nothing is quite real to him and yet he must summon a sort of hope, take on enterprises if he can find them. The journey he has taken to London or to Africa, wherever, will turn out to be a comedy, a comedy of a sad and instructive kind. The sweeps of Naipaul's imagination, the brilliant fiction frame that expresses it, are without equal today. Historical ambiguity shades and at the same time brightens, for us at least, these continents, these emerging and sinking worlds he travels in and out of to produce his great work. It has always the old world, sweating in its heavy wooden modern uniforms. Being born as a descendent of immigrant workers from India, he grew up in a miles where people and cultures from four continents mixed. Moving into literature, in his case, presupposed irrevocably breaking away from these origins. His childhood street set the tone for him. At first it was playful and immediate but later on the subject grew in his hands and granted him dignity. He became an explorer not of wilderness but of societies-everywhere at home and a stranger, a Ulysses who's only. Ithaca was his desk perhaps he was a witness from the freely circulating humanity of the future. He was approved for writing the 'best English' "Fiction by itself would not have taken me to this larger comprehension (*My*

past 71). He adopted the technique while working on *Eldorado*- unearthing from the documents, the life stories of seemingly insignificant individuals –returns when he works with the notes from his journeys. The various literary forms he has tried –fictional narrative, autobiographical feature and historical documentary-have eventually merged into unique prose, in the style of Naipaul. By this innovation, he has enlarged the territory of literature.

One of the crucial, that seems to have been, experiences of his life was encounter with India. He noticed traces of history that had been concealed from the view when the champions of Indian independence had to deny the misfortunes that had proceeded the English: six hundred years of Muslim imperialism that deliberately destroyed the memory of earlier civilizations and plunged the Hindus into the American Indians. He studied R.K. Narayan's novels in the Indian setting and saw that their world is built around emptiness that the author is incapable of dealings with the forgotten defeat that turned people into and dwarves among monumental ruins its understood well that cultures provide the background knowledge that makes the novel a reasonable form. He found that he had to cling to the authenticity of details and voices and abstain from tabulation, while collecting historical and fictional materials to become a collector of testimony. The author concluded that this method presupposes the courage to seek out human phenomena that frighten every normal observer, included the author. But even when he reports from places where no hopes seem to exist, the author's empathy makes itself felt in the acuity of his ear. He says he interesting, at least for the first few hours. He distinguished individual fates beyond the dutiful idealization that contracts our perception of the earth's ill- fated nations. He wants to understand the principle of every person's life, the decisive thing that makes him what he is. He rewards the relationship

between pretension and reality, two contours that never really cope to each other and never completely diverge.

In Naipaul's writings 'decay' and 'disappearance' are a fundamental theme but without grief, rather as something that makes existence bearable. The English land escape that he discovers in *The Enigma of Arrival* is the ruin of an age of greatness within which at least he feels at home! He says that at last he feels at home! He says that even as a child, he has pondered that he was born into a world past its climax. Yet his books are not negative. His phrasing embodies an absence of resignation that keeps melancholy at bay and shares with the reader the bare joy of intelligence. Naipaul has praised the west for having recognized the right to individual endeavor and for its difference to European Civilization is that it was the only one of the alternative cultures that made it possible for him to become a writer.

In fiction and essays marked by stylistic virtuosity and psychological insight, he focuses in his childhood and his travels beyond Trinidad writing with increasing irony and pessimism, he often details the difficulties facing the third world. His serious travel literature includes *The Middle passage* (1962) and an Indian trilogy: *An Area of Darkness* (1964), *wounded Civilization* (1977) *A Million Multnie Now* (1990) and *India*.

Naipaul's writing expresses the ambivalence of the exile and the problem of an outsider, a feature of his own experiences as an Indian in the West Indies, a West Indian in England, and a nomadic intellectual in a postcolonial world. Naipaul has also evoked much controversy due to his politically incorrect views of the world, or for his uses for "half made societies" and because of his constant refusal to avoid unwelcome topics. Naipaul's profound reflection on the relations between personal and historical experience and literary form, between the novel and the world, reveal how he came to discover both

his voice and the subject of his writing and how he learned to turn sometimes to fiction, and sometimes to the travel narrative to portray them truthfully. Along the way he offers insights into the prodigious development of novel as a form for depicting and interpreting society in the 19th century, and its diminishing capacity to do the same in the early age of cinema. Naipaul has been labeled as a writer's writer. Throughout his novels he informs the readers what it means to answer to the demands of literature:" With each job description I read, I felt a tightening of what I must call my soul. I found growing false to myself, acting to myself, convincing myself of my rightness for what being described. And this is where I suppose life ends for most people. In England, they make themselves suitable for the jobs and lives that other people laid out for them"(Naipaul's *Truth* 59) incompletely. The writer's body, his skin is a parchment, or a page, and hiding beneath the newest lines is the palimpsest of his earliest inscriptions. This is the reason why this volume, designed as a tribute to a great contemporary writer, attends to his last book but also his earliest ones. Indeed, we begin this collection with a long essay on a book that is composed of the letters that Naipaul wrote to his father after he had traveled to England from the Caribbean to begin a career has earned Naipaul every major literary award. He has written more than two dozen books. His labour has been long and enduring. It has also been remarkably focused. On the dust- Jackets of several of his books, we read about the writer's birth in Trinidad, his education at University College, oxford, and the year, 1954, when he began to write. Then follows the quiet statement that also reads like a legend: "He has pursued no other profession." This mature sense of literature as a record of a damaged life could not have been arrived at easily. Naipaul has related how, in his youth, he was unable to enter the world that the books presented to him: "I didn't have the imaginative key. Such social knowledge as I had a faint remembered village India and a mixed colonial world seen from the outside- didn't help

with the literature of the metropolis. I was two worlds away. In fact, instead of books, it was cinema that absorbed the young Naipaul. Nearly all my imaginative life was in the cinema, he recalls. At various times, when speaking of the decline of fiction Naipaul has argued that the creative energies that went into the novel in the nineteenth century shaped the new art form of film in the cinema is the closest I can come to an idea of an alternative profession for the latest Nobel laureate in literature" (*The Humour and The pity* 20). In *finding the centre* (1984), Naipaul's very fine record of his beginnings as a writer, he tells us how important his place, and tools, of composition were to him: " a BBC room in London", " an old BBC typewriter", and "smooth," 'non-rustle' BBC script paper" There is a description, a few pages later, that evokes the physical process writing is: " I should say that my own typing posture in those days was unusual. My shoulders were thrown back as far as they could go; my spine was arched. My knees were drawn right up; my shoes rested on the topmost struts of the chair, left side and right side. So, with my legs wide apart, I sat at the type writer with something like a monkey crouch. On one hand, this passage is an enactment of the cliché of "breaking through"; obstacles- the English language, the disadvantage of coming from a small colony have to be physically pushed aside before the unprecedented work can be created. There is also a reference, in the phrase "monkey crouch", to Caliban, and it reminds us that Naipaul was not always Sir "Vidya" unlike most Indian writers in English today, who belong to the upper class of a large postcolonial democracy, Naipaul, the grandson of a Brahmin indentured labourer, emerged from nowhere, and had to strain bodily, as in the passage above, against silence" (*Learning How to write* 37).

Naipaul's book suspended the homilies and the moralizing and brought observation to Indian writing of course a book like *An Area of Darkness*, replete with Naipaul's disappointment at the land of his fore-fathers which he had come to explore

didn't set out to provide the connections between what we thought, what we wrote we and what we did as a nation. Yet, here was an intelligence that hinted at the connections there might be and was refreshingly not saying that it was all the fault of Brits. As Naipaul writes his second book on the country, *India: A wounded Civilization* (1977), then his third, *India: A million Mutinies Now* (1990) and finally *Half A Life* (2001), his last novel which begins in India, also divide he seems to get closer to the country. He sees the country changing over the years. His initial disgust and alienation pass and the compassion with which he approaches the people he writes about become evident. It never lapses into any form of nationalism. He says, "its absence allows him a penetration that self-confessed patriots, missionaries of our religious and culture and the part time up lifters of our sufferers can't, by definition, have. Lack of nationalism encompasses a refusal to acquire it second hand. There are other writers who have made India their vocation, who cultivate sets of Indian friends, wear Indian clothes, familiarize themselves with Indian food, traditions and customs, learn the language and settle for short period in India, taking on through osmosis or empathy the ideological stances that go with this liberal assimilative approach. Naipaul has always remained determinedly the outsider, determinedly the outsider, determinedly unimpressed by the ideological claptrap that India's chatterers constantly serve up, determined, in fact, to continue to see and hear, unencumbered, for himself" (*The Gutter Inspector's Report* 51).

Naipaul's account of his journey through Iran, Pakistan, Malaysia and Indonesia, is his fourth book since *The Enigma of Arrival*. It is a sequel to among the believers: An Islamic journey, his 1981 report from the same countries. Like that earlier publication *Beyond Belief* is a gloomy book, haunted by the spectre of vanishing civilizations and failing nations. And, like its predecessor, *Beyond Belief* is in many ways a mocking and unkind book. In Pakistan, Naipaul meets Mushtaq, a literature professor in Karachi for

29 years. The radicalization of his university has made Mustaq's work difficult; with sorrow, he tells Naipaul about the unreceptive ness of his students. "A life in vain", is how Naipaul sums up the man's existence not just to the reader, but to Mushtaq as well. In another encounter, also in Pakistan, Naipaul interviews Shahbaz, a former guerrilla who renounced his privileged upbringing to spend 10 years fighting for the rights of nomads in the deserts and mountains of Balu-Chistan, along the boarder with Afghanistan. The conflict didn't go well, and Shahbaz contracted hepatitis and malaria; today he is deaf in on ear. Naipaul shows no sympathy. He suggests, "Shahbaz has betrayed himself intellectually, and that he and his fellow guerrillas are responsible for the erosion of Baluchi culture that followed the Pakistani army's brutal suppression of the movement" (*A million Neuroses* 70). Naipaul is a significant novelist, who would have deserved the prize if he had written nothing apart from *A House For Mr. Biswas* (1961), *A Bend in the River* (1979) and *The Enigma of Arrival* (1987). A very long disquisition could be written on his achievement in fiction, from the comedic brilliance of the early works set in his native Trinidad to the growing formal mastery displayed by his later novels, demonstrating a fecundity, an originality, and an extraordinary technical daring that have been insufficiently recognized, partly because of Naipaul's (to use what for academic critics is a damning word) so readable. His work exemplifies the art that conceals art, and he is one of the greatest living craftsmen of English prose, perhaps the very greatest something that was spotted early on. "Mr. Naipaul is an 'East' Indian Trinidadian with an exquisite mastery of the English language which should put to shame his British contemporaries," Evelyn Waugh wrote of *The Middle passage* in 1962" (*A Terrifying Honesty* 99).

The later moments of a writer's career are often a reprise of the first, a final version of the concerns and questions that shaped his earliest books. Hemingway went

fishing once more and Evelyn Waugh made basis seal ride again; Goethe in his eighties finished the 'Faust' he had begun in his twenties. For V.S.Naipaul, such a last act would seem to have begun early, in the very middle age. Virtually all his works since the 1984 "prologue to an autobiography" has burnished the shield of his own myth, revisiting the scenes of his earlier travels, recapitulating the story of how he stepped from colonial Trinidad into the history of English Literature. He has told, that "Tale so often that even he must have felt the need for a new kind of curtain call, and now, at just short of 70, he might well have found it. With the curious palimpsest of *Half A Life* (2001), V.S.Naipaul has again begun to write novels. By now V.S.Naipaul has not so much outlived his critics as he has out written them. He is by a long measure the most wide ranging and durable novelist to emerge from the colonized to be productive at an age when most of his contemporaries have grown silent. In both figurative and literal terms he has covered more territory than any of them, producing parables of displacement that are not bound to, or by, any particular culture; charting the aspirations of the margin toward the centre, and defining the rage of those who know they will never quite reach it. His work will always provoke debate, and fierce debate at that. But about V.S.Naipaul's suitability for this year's Nobel Prize, I have yet to hear a word of dissent" (*postcolonial studies* 115).

In his first and most critical book about India, *An Area of Darkness* (1964), "Naipaul describes influenced by Christian ethics, capable, after 20 years in South Africa, in seeing India with the critical eye of an outsider, and in this sense, the least Indian of Indian leaders. But India undid Gandhi, says Naipaul, turning him into a Mahatma, an icon, so as to ignore his social message" (*The Roger's Edge* 121). To the illiterate and semiliterate, becoming a writer is hard to distinguish from simply getting into print that is, being able to point to a block of printed pages with your name on the cover. Naipaul's first novel, *The Mystic Masseur* (1957), gives a not entirely parodic picture of naïve

authorship. It says, "It has now been filmed by merchant ivory productions, with Ismail Merchant directing and Aasif Mandvi giving a thoroughly convincing performance as Ganesh, the obtuse but shrewd young man with writing ambition S.Ganesh may have only a hazy notion of what authorship really is, but in rural Trinidad that puts him several steps ahead of the rest of the community. The "books" Ganesh ends up writing have nothing creative about them, in fact become part of the holy-man scam that he and his wife cook up, yet they form a platform from which he can rise to modest wealth and political power"(*The Razor's Edge* 129).

Naipaul has written himself and, more importantly, his region into history, and pulled tight the noose that Walcott had already looped around the world's consciousness. The English speaking Caribbean, a region of fewer than eight million people, less than the population of London, has once again had its intellectual and literary intelligence affirmed. It is strange that the Trinidadian Naipaul should be the man responsible for the affirmation of such positive values, for he is a writer whose hostility towards the Caribbean has been well documented. As long ago as in 1958 *The Times Literary Supplement*, Naipaul dismissed Trinidad: "superficially, because of the multitude of races, Trinidad may seem complex, but to anyone who knows it, it is a simple, colonial, philistine society." In 1980 he was even more explicit with reference to the people of Trinidad, "I can't see a monkey you can use capital M, that's an affectionate word for the generality reading my work ... These people (Trinidadians) live purely physical lives, which I find contemptible ...It makes them only interesting to chaps in universities who want to do compassionate studies about brutes" (*Reluctant Hero* 133). To date he has already written 24 books- a corpus barely matched by any major writer. Half of them are fiction; the others his peculiar mix of travel, history, analysis and reportage. He frowns on any of it being labeled as journalism: "I have not

done journalism, I have done something else.” Detractors criticize him for being cussed, but Naipaul is forever open to new information and stimuli. His three books on India are ample evidence of that. And now 22 years after denouncing it as a dead form, he has returned with a novel, *Half a Life* (2001). A strange political love story (*In sir vidia’s shadow*172).

Naipaul’s position as social and political critic grew with the publication of his next few books, all of which treated issues surrounding colonization. Beginning with finding the centre Naipaul’s writing moved away from critical analysis of the problems of freedom. Instead, he embraced the people and places he visited, with holding judgment and the beauty where he once saw futility. The synthesis of autobiography and fiction continued, and even became subject matter in *The Enigma of Arrival*. In reading and writing, Naipaul explains, “so as many world beyond the immediate personal circumstances that bred fiction and as my comprehension widened, the literary forms. I practiced slowed together and supported one another and I couldn’t stay that one form was higher than another.” Travel and autobiographical books followed. In *India: A* Naipaul’s views of his family’s homeland are reconsidered and adjusted. And in a way in the world, Naipaul further demonstrated the improvement in his views of humanity. He continues to write, and will continue to be prominent writer, be it “post-colonial” or not. Themes of alienation mistrust, rootless ness, mockery and self deception will certainly continue to pervade throughout his work Naipaul’s experiment with form are perhaps his greatest achievements of this he wrote: “Literature, like all living art, is always on the move. It is part of his life that his dominant forms should constantly change” (*Reading and Writing* 41). As Naipaul is an Indian Diaspora, living in Trinidad, suffers very much to make his fortune to become a perfect writer of English literature. Western mind thinks that Eastern is barbarous, primitive, tribal, simple, irrational, and static, without history

futureless, bush, philistine, sentimental and mimic. Naipaul experiences deeply in Britain about above mentioned points or feelings. That is why he has written almost all his books against the westerners although he is living there. As an English Novelist as well as writer, he travels most of the countries as well as parts of the world. As for example: Trinidad, India, Pakistan, Afghanistan and others. He uses about the feelings of such people and their psychology, Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* has affected much to Naipaul so that most of his writings are related to Conrad's writings.

Chapter 2

Diaspora and Hybridity

The term Diaspora is derived from the Greek, which means, "to disperse". The colonization is the historical fact of Diaspora. In this sense, we can define Diaspora as a movement of people from their homelands into new regions; the colonialism itself was a radically diasporic movement, involving the temporary or permanent dispersion and settlement of millions of Europeans over the entire world. Many settled regions were developed historically as plantation or agricultural colonies. These colonies were used as place to grow foods for the metropolitan populations. These settled regions demanded a large number of population as labourers. For example, the west Indian European industrialist demanded many Indian workers for the Sugar Plantation and Cotton Plantation.

The plantation colonies imported many slaves. Most of the slaves were captured, bought from the African Coasts. After the slave trade, and when the slavery was outlawed by the European powers in the first decades of the 19th century, the system of indentured labour replaced the demand of cheap agricultural labour in colonial plantation economies. This involved transporting, under indenture agreements, large populations of poor agricultural labourers from population's rich areas, such as India and China, the areas where they were needed to serve the plantations. The practices of slavery and indenture thus resulted in worldwide colonial diasporas. For this reason, Indian populations formed substantial minorities or majorities in colonies as diverse as the west India, Malaysia, Fiji and the colonies of Eastern and Southern Africa.

The descendents of the diasporic movements, generated by the colonialism, have developed their own real cultures. The notion of a "Diasporic Identity" has been adopted by many writers as a positive affirmation of their hybridity. Again, they search the

diasporic cultures which questions essentialist models, interrogating the ideology of a unified, "natural" cultural norms, one that undermines the center/margin model of colonialist discourse. The world diaspora was originally applied to the condition of the Jewish people living outside Palestine. It connotes the community conditioned to be exiled or voluntarily exiled. Diaspora literature expresses the sense of longing for the original native society which is also the source evoking the sense of separation and loss.

Homi K. Bhabha produces a discursive context for recurrent instances of transgression performed by the natives from within and against colonial discourse. Here the auto colonization of the natives who meet the requirements of colonialist address, is co-extensive with the evasions and 'sly civility' through which the native refuses to satisfy the demand of the colonizer's narratives of domination. This concept of mimicry has since been further developed in the postulate of "hybridity" as a problematic of colonial discourse.

Bhabha contends that when rearticulated by the natives, the colonialist desire for a reformed recognizable, nearly similar other is enacted as parody, a dramatization to be distinguished from the 'experience of dependent colonial relations through narcissistic identifications'. For in the 'hybrid moment' what the native rewrites is not a copy of the colonialist original, but a qualitatively different thing in itself' a xaxting whose misreading and incongruities expose the uncertainties and ambivalences of the colonialist text and deny its authorizing presence. Thus a textual insurrection against the discourse of colonial authority is located in the native's interrogation of the English book within the terms of their own system of cultural meanings, a displacement which is read back from the record written by colonialism's agents and ambassadors.

Through the native's strange questions, It is possible to see with historical hindsight what they resisted in questioning the presence of the English – as religions

mediation and as cultural and linguistic medium. To the extent to which discourse is a form of defensive warfare then mimicry marks important moments of civil disobedience within the discipline of civility, signs of spectacular resistance, example When the words of the master become the site of "hybridity" – the war like sign of the native – then we may not only read between the lines, but even seek to change the often coercive reality that they so lucidly contain" (*Current Theories of Colonial Discourse* 23-24).

Post colonialism pursues a post national reading of the colonial encounter by focusing on the global amalgam of cultures and identities consolidated by imperialism. To this end, it deploys a variety of conceptual terms and categories of analysis which examine the mutual contagion and subtle intimacies between colonizer and colonized. In this regard, the terms 'Hybridity' and 'Diaspora', in particular, stand out for their analytic veracity and theoretical resilience. By and large, the language of hybridist seems to derive its theoretical impetus from Fanon's astute reading of colonial oppression as a catalyst for the accelerated mutation of colonized societies. It is Fanon's contention in *Dying Colonialism* that "The unpredictable exigencies of the decolonizing project radically unsettle centuries and old cultural patterns in colonized societies. The shifting strategies of anti-colonial struggle, combined with the task of imagining a new and liberated postcolonial figure, generate a crisis, within the social fabric" (*Post colonial Theory*, 129 – 130).

Naipaul's Experience And Indian Diaspora

The India Diaspora is generic term to describe the people who migrated from territories that are currently within the borders of the republic of India. It also refers to their descendents. The diaspora is currently estimated to number approximately twenty million composed of "NRIS" (Indian Citizens Not Residing in India) and "PIOS" (Person

of Indian Origin who have acquired the Citizenship of some other country), and covers practically every part of the world (*Ramesh Lal's Modern History of India 13*).

Who and what is an Indian? How we are to characterize the Indian Diasporic community as Indian given that it is constituted of such diverse elements as South Indians, Hong Kong Muslim, Canadian Sikhs, Punjabi, Mexicans, Californians, Gujrati, East African Indians now settled in U.S., In The Indian community has occupied a place of considerable privilege Ground the world and many Indians could deflect the moment of recognition that Indianness and being Americans do not always happily coincide. The India woman in her native dress, with vermilion dot on her forehead, is easily seen as an embodiment. Diasporic community is not admittedly complex, but some presumed link between the diasporic community and the motherland can be easily questioned. It is merely a substantive issue of "origins". It thus perfectly reasonable to speak about the existence of Indian diaspora.

The unlikely fact that small Indian diaspora in Trinidad, now more urban based and mixed, should find its chronicler in Naipaul, that the peculiar dereliction and hurt of a disinherited people and the stirrings, in the midst of that dereliction, of an individual consciousness should be immortalized in what now looks like the epic of postcolonial literature, is in itself extra-ordinary. That the book should have a precedent is even more so; Naipaul drew some of the novel's events from the life of his father, but he borrowed more directly from his father's stories about his Hindu peasant childhood, about the life of the Indian countryside that the earliest immigrants brought to Trinidad, through their oral talent the life that Seepersad himself had barely emerged from when he started writing about it.

This autobiographical novel is suffused with Naipaul's sense of wonder at his own transplanted physical self in England, at the unlikely achievement of "profoundly

ignorant" Indian from a Hindu-peasant background who not only conceived of, but managed to realize, a high literary ambition in addition it takes the reader through all the complex stages – the ignorance, presumption, failure and slow self-knowledge – of Naipaul's discovery of his subjects and themes. In the long chapter "The Journey", he describes how unprepared he was for the big world he entered soon after parting from his family in Trinidad in 1950, and how, although he was traveling to be a writer, that states of un-preparedness, the fear and loneliness he felt in New York and London on that first trip away from home, the raw unmade self he sensed within, couldn't become for him a proper subject of Writing seemed to him then a display of sensibility, where the writer had to come across as a serene man of the world. It was an idea Naipaul had picked up from the literature of imperial Britain, "He had come across as young reader, from the books of Evelyn Waugh, Somerset Maugham, Aldous Huxley. More than Wanting to write like these writers, he wanted to appear to the world as they appeared to him: "aloof everywhere, unsurprised, immensely knowing" (*The House for Mr. Naipaul*, 24-25,).

The dilemma of return among Indian migrants in the west Indies, to cite the incisive work of historian Prabhu Mohapatra, was more acute. As she says, "Our unnamed fin de Siecle Coolie was fished out by the two weeks for indecent exposure. His contemporary, one Laxman, twice gave the slip to the authorities in Guyana, returned to India under assumed names and finding himself in an alien homeland, was desperate each time to get back to the sugar islands of the New World" (*Naipaul's Mussalman* 89).

The paradox, of course, is that without Naipaul's homeland there would have been no body of his work. Sadly, he seems loath to want to admit this, and his past statements to the press acknowledging Britain and India but not Trinidad, would seem to confirm this fact. Britain did not produce V.S. Naipaul. True it' s literary culture allowed him to become a writer, while its literary establishment bestowed every possible

honor upon him. Naipaul has even been rewarded by the state. But it is the Caribbean, a place for him of double exile, a place where he became as culturally inscribed migrant within a migrant world, which gave to him his great theme: loss. If, as Eudora Welty once said about writing, one simply "dares to do with one's bag of fears", then Naipaul has done the daring in Britain. But his "bag of fears" is Caribbean. Which is why, to throughout the Caribbean, people are celebrating this most olyspeptic of sons. Not so much, "well done sir Vidya", but "You hear about video? Naipaul's boy. He done good, eh? (*Reluctant Hero* 137, *Caryl Philips*).

Mimicry And Resistance

Mimicry reveals in so far as it is distinct from what might be called an itself that is behind. The effect of mimicry is camouflage it is not question of harmonizing with the background, but against a mottled background, of becoming mottled – exactly like the technique of camouflage practiced in human warfare.

It is out of season to question at this time of day, the original policy of a conferring on every colony of the British Empire a mimic representation of the British Constitution. But if the creature so endowed has sometimes forgotten its real significance and under the fancied importance of speakers and maces, and all the paraphernalia and ceremonies of the imperial legislature, has dared to defy the mother country, she has to thank herself for the folly of conferring such privileges on a condition of society that has no earthly claim to so exalted a position. A fundamental principle appears to have been forgotten or overlooked in our system of colonial policy that of colonial dependence. To give to a colony the forms of independence is a mockery; she would not be colony for a single hour if she could maintain an independent station: "Sir Edward Cust, 'Reflections on West African affairs ...addressed to the colonial office', Hatchard, London 1839."Edward Said describes as the tension between the synchronic panoptical vision of

domination – the demand for identity, status – and the counter pressure of the diachrony of history – change, difference – mimicry represents an ironic compromise.

If we may adapt Samuel Weber's formulation of the marginalizing vision of castration, then colonial mimicry is the desire for a reformed, recognizable other, as a subject of a difference that is almost the same but not quite. Which is to say, that the discourse of mimicry is constructed around ambivalence; in order to be effective, mimicry must continually produce its slippage, its excess, its difference. The authority of that mode of colonial discourse that I have called mimicry is therefore stricken by an indeterminacy: mimicry emerges as the representation of a difference that is itself a process of disavowal. Mimicry is, thus the sign of a double articulation; a complex strategy of reform, regulation and discipline, which 'appropriates' the other as it visualizes power. Mimicry is also the sign of the inappropriate, however, a difference or recalcitrance which coheres the dominant strategic function of colonial power, intensifies surveillance, and poses an immanent threat to both 'normalized' knowledge and disciplinary powers. The effect of mimicry on the authority of colonial discourse is profound and disturbing. For in 'normalizing' the colonial state or subject, the dream of past – Enlightenment civility alienates its own language of liberty and produces another knowledge of its norms. The ambivalence which thus informs this strategy is discernible for example, in Locke's second treatise which splits to reveal the limitations of liberty in his double use of the word 'slave': first simply, descriptively as the locus of a legitimate form of ownership, then as the trope for an intolerable, illegitimate exercise of power. What is articulated in that distance between the two uses is the absolute, imagined difference between the colonial state of Carolina and the original state of nature.

The figure of mimicry is locatable within what Anderson describes as the inner compatibility of empire and nation. It problematizes the signs of racial and cultural

priority, so that the 'national' is no longer naturalizable. What emerges between mimesis and mimicry is a writing, a mode of representation, that marginalizes the monumentality of history, quite simply mocks its power to be a model, that power which supposedly makes it imitable. Mimicry repeats rather than re-presents and in that diminishing perspective emerges the displaced European vision in Conrad's *Nostromo* as:

The endlessness of civil strife where folly seemed even harder to bear than its ignominy The lawlessness of a populace of all colours and races, barbarism, irremediable tyranny.... America is ungovernable.

or

Ralph Singh's apostasy in Naipaul's *The Mimic Men* :

We pretended to be real, to be learning, to be preparing ourselves for life, we mimic men of the New World, one unknown Corner of it, with all its reminders of the corruption that came so quickly to the new.

What I have called mimicry is not the familiar exercise of dependent colonial relations through narcissistic identification so that, as Fanon has observed, the black man stops being an actional person for only the white man can represent his self-esteem. Mimicry conceals no presence or identity behind its mask: "it is not what Césaire describes as 'colonization and thingification behind which there stands the essence of the presence Africaine. The, menace of mimicry is its double vision which in disclosing the ambivalence of colonial discourse also disrupts its authority. And it is a double vision that is a result of what I've described as the partial representation/recognition of the colonial object. Naipaul's colonial politician as play actor of the new world objects of a new colonialist chain of command, authorized versions of otherness. As I have shown, the figures of a doubling, the part – objects of a metonymy of colonial desire which alienates the modality and normality of those dominant discourses in which they emerge

as "inappropriate" colonial subjects. A desire that, through the repetition of partial presence which is the basis of mimicry, articulates those disturbances of cultural, racial authority. It is a desire that reverses 'in part' the colonial appropriation by new producing – a partial vision of the colonizer's presence; a gaze of otherness, that shares the acuity of the genealogical gaze which, as Foucault describes it marginal elements and shatters the unity of man's being through which he extends his Sovereignty" (*The location of culture* 85-86).

Naipaul's long standing concern with "mimicry" can be read as a variant of his autobiographical preoccupation with transplanted people that may result. In a sense he writes of exile and mimicry as inverse responses to the fated, foreshortened possibilities of life in the former colonies. Those who can flee to a metropolitan land; those who can not, flee in imagination, taking refuge in scattered fantasies of metropolitan provenance. Naipaul perceived his own emigration from Trinidad as a bid for a level of self-sufficiency unattainable in that or any other "mimic" society. In his early conception of the mortifying threat of dependency lie the roots of his later insistence that he has never been anybody's hireling or imitator. One recognizes, then a personal and rhetorical, affinity between his representation of the inhabitants of former colonies as unimaginative mimics and his conception of his own imagination as autonomous and self-defined. It is as if his image of himself as a writer has become predicated on a contempt for those whom he feels have capitulated to a parasitic or imitative life of the sort that he is confident he has eluded. Yet ironically, the special animus that he reserves for cultural and racial hybrids, far from securing his literary autonomy, binds him to a tradition of pathological colonial anxiety toward the evolve that marks writers from Froude, Haggard, and Kipling to Conrad and Cary. Naipaul's response to a lecturer at Uganda's

Makerere University reeks of precisely that attitude: "Those are the ones that frighten me ... He is carrying a book. The ones that carry books scare the hell out of me, man".

Naipaul's account of "Colonial mimicry" is consistent with his general tendency to be less incensed by the imperiousness of the powerful than by the ideals and self-delusions of the largely disempowered. He directs his ire primarily at the misguided efforts of the formerly colonized peoples to emulate, the values and institutions of "whole" substantive nations like the United States, England and France in territories where such values and institutions can be unwittingly parodied but not meaningfully transplanted.

As Naipaul invokes it, "colonial is a potentially confusing term, and he extends its customary frame of reference. A colonial in his sense, is any inhabitant of any colony or erstwhile colony. The term thus becomes historically and geographically inclusive: a British Shelter in eighteenth century Trinidad is a Colonial, as is any citizen of Argentinian, Jamaica or India in the 1970s. This has the effect of collapsing distinctions between the colonial and postcolonial periods, as well as effacing differences between colonizers and colonized. By viewing the beneficiaries and casualties of colonialism in the same terms, he establishes "colonial mimicry" as a function of place, not a function of power". (*London Callings* 132-133).

A resigned pessimism is one of the seals of Naipaul's thought and he has always doubted the capacity of a Trinidadian, an Indian, a Uruguayan or a Zairean to slough off his/her colonial mentality and become a "whole person". In Naipaul's terms, if this transformation is to be achieved at all, it will be through self-decolonization, that is by a subject consciously breaking with the idleness and irresponsibility of dependency. Nowhere in his work does he envisage collective action as a possible remedy for the colonial condition. Against this backdrop, large sections of Naipaul's travel writing can

be read as fatalistic denials of Fanon's insistence that "the very forms of organization of the struggle will suggest a different vocabulary", repeatedly, Naipaul rebuts any suggestion that the language of resistance is indeed that different; in his view, it remains borrowed, a form of concealed "mimicry" that masquerades as "mimicry's" opposite. His distaste for all forms of resistance – whether launched from planks of race, socialism, religion, gender, class or sexual preference – encourage him to bar the exists from quietism by announcing that collective opposition to dependency is itself a species of dependency. It is to the strange logic behind this equation, and to its consequences, that I now turn.

Naipaul's conception of "resistance" as "mimicry" expressed in his writings on Black power and above all, in an essay on Grenada. In 1984, Naipaul published a scalding attack on the Grenadian revolution, based upon a visit he made seventeen days after the U.S. Marines invaded the island. The essay published on both sides of the Atlantic – in the London Sunday Times and in Harpers – Constitutes one of his fullest statements on the workings of the "mimicry" of resistance, placing special emphasis on its linguistic manifestations. It also constitutes one of the pieces where the term "mimicry" is obviously overextended. Anyone familiar with the body of Naipaul's work could be forgiven for assuming that "An Island Betrayed" was indexed prior to be written. The essay brims with set pieces of Naipauliana: the myth of racial redemption; revolution as theatre: the cycles of futility; the stress of self – wounding behaviour and the indifferences to imperial factors; the portrait of progressive Americans and other "internationalists" as misguided and sentimental; the governance of fantasy; the disjunction between posh imported words and scraggy local realities; and above all the persistence of "mimicry". Naipaul's fixation with the Caribbean "Colonial's predilection for self-damaging mimicry bars him from including an imperial dimension in his account

of the devastation of Grenadian socialism. "An Island Betrayed" contains not a murmur against the invading forces, against the United States as the region's "parvenu predator" perpetuating the Caribbean tradition of the imperial prerogative.

Ambivalence And It's Features

The problematic boundaries of modernity are enacted in the ambivalent temporalities of the nation-space. The language of culture and community is poised on the fissures of the present becoming the rhetorical figures of a national past. Historians "trans fixed" on the event and origins of the nation never ask and political theorists possessed of the "modern" totalities of the nation – "Homogeneity, literacy and anonymity are the key traits – never pose, the awkward question of the disjunctive representation of the social, in this double time of the nation Frans Bhabha . It is indeed only in the disjunctive time of the nation's modernity – as a knowledge disjunct between political rationality and its impasse, between the shreds and patches of cultural signification and the certainties of the nationalist pedagogy – that questions of nation as narration come to be posed. How do we plot the narrative of the nation that most dedicate between the teleology of progress tipping over into the "timeless" discourse of irrationality? How do we understand that 'homogeneity' of modernity – the people – which if pushed too far, may assume something resembling the archaic body of the despotic or totalitarian mass? In the midst of progress and modernity, the language of ambivalence reveals a politics 'without duration', as Althusser once provocatively wrote: 'space without places, time without duration' (*Althusser 1972; 78*). To write the story of the nation demands Homi K. Bhabha says, "We articulate that archaic ambivalence that informs modernity. We may begin by questioning that progressive metaphor of modern social cohesion – the many as one shared by organic theories of the holism of culture and

community, and by theorists who treat gender, class or race as radially 'expressive' social totalities" (*The Location of Culture* 86).

What skin and masks have in common is that they mark the interface between the self and the world: they are the border. For Bhabha, however, this image evokes an ambivalence that can be read not just as marking the trauma of the colonial subject but also characterizing the workings of colonial authority as well as the dynamics of resistance. Colonial authority, he suggests, undermines itself by not being able to replicate its own self perfectly. In one of his best known essays, 'signs taken for wonders,' he discusses the transmission of the Bible in Colonial India and the way in which the book is hybridized in the process of being communicated to the natives. He concludes that the colonial presence is always ambivalent, split between its appearance as original and authoritative and its articulation as repetition and difference. For Bhabha, this gap marks a failure of colonial discourse and is a site for resistance:

Resistance is not necessarily and oppositional act of political intention, nor is it the simple negation or the exclusion of the content of another culture, as difference once perceived But the effect of an ambivalence produced within the rules of recognition of dominating discourses as they articulate the signs of cultural difference.

If in Fanon's writings colonial authority works by inviting black subjects to mimic white culture, in Bhabha's work such an invitation itself undercuts colonial hegemony. Whereas Fanon's black mimics are dislocated subjects, here as also in a wide range of writings on post colonialism, mimicry has the effect of undermining authority (*Colonial and post colonial Identities*, 177 – 78). Naipaul's response to what he calls "communal festering" is complex and confused. Because his theory of the "simple society" does not admit such manifest historical agency, his account begins to appear more like a private vision – a romance, to use his term – and less like an authoritative

explanation. The tone of his remarks about the arrival of dread locks is especially peculiar, as if he begrudges the passing of black servility. And even in recognizing the limits of his romance, he still locates the "simplified and sentimentalized" version of the past only on the other side.

Naipaul promptly traveled back to Trinidad with the aim of returning the Island to his newly acquired understanding of its past. By a quirk of history, he arrived the midst of the Black power uprising of 1970, an event that threw his theory of the Island's static simplicity quite tangibly into disarray:

I found an Island full of racial tensions and close to revolution, so, as soon as I had arrived at a new idea about the place, it had ceased to be mine ... Twenty years later the negroes of Trinidad, following those of the United States, were asserting their separateness. They simplified and sentimentalized the past; they did not, like me, wish to possess it for its romance. They wore their hair in a new way. The hair that had with them been a source of embarrassment and shame, a servile badge, they now wore as a symbol of aggression.

Establishing the absence of history has long been a first move toward disqualifying cultures from the ranks of civilization. One discerns continuities between Hegel's slim pages on the place of Africa in world history, which conclude, "At this point we leave Africa, not to mention it again. For it is not historical part of the world; it has no movement or development to exhibit," and Hugh Trevor – Roper's opinion, expressed 130 years later, that "perhaps in the future there will be African history to teach. But at present there is none. There is only the history of Europeans in Africa. The rest is darkness ..." For Naipaul, I have argued, there is only the history of Europeans in Trinidad. It is an attitude that participates the imperial traditions that have used the rhetorical banishment of African and Caribbean societies from history to rationalize their

domination while fore closing serious consideration of their cultural complexities. By bestowing on the terms "primitive" and "simple societies" a sovereign, global explanatory power, Naipual appends himself to this lineage. His writing thereby comes to exemplify the "static binary between tradition and modernity" that V.Y. Mudimbe has critiqued so powerfully in his work on the invention of Africa. As Mudimbe points out, "It is the episteme of the 19th and early 20th centuries that invented the concept of a static and prehistoric tradition.

So far from rendering him an oddity, Naipual's preferred locations link him securely to one of the west's most entrenched traditions of thought and action. If, as El Dorado testifies, the charisma of his prose often enhances the seductiveness of this argument, Naipual's high standing as an interpreter of the post colonial era nonetheless relies centrally on his clear-cut segregation of the static, irrational cultures left outside the orbits of history from the dynamic, rational, modern ones, which set and occupy those historical circuits. Were Naipual to replace this inherited colonial division with less predictable more differentiated readings of cultural identity and change, his none fiction would risk losing – at least in Britain and the United States – much of its reflex intelligibility.

The tension between the pedagogical and the performative haunt the symbolic formation of modern social authority. The people are neither the beginning nor the end of the national narrative; they represent the cutting edge between the totalizing powers of the 'social' as homogeneous, consensual community and the forces that signify the more specific address to contentious, unequal interests and identifies within the population. The ambivalent signifying system of the nation – space participates in a more general genesis of ideology in modern, societies that Claude Lefort has described. For him too, it is 'enigma of language', at once internal and external to the speaking subject, that

provides the most apt analogue for imagining the structure of ambivalence that constitutes modern social authority. How do we conceive of the 'splitting' of the national subject? How do we articulate cultural differences within this vacillation of ideology in which the national discourse also participates, sliding ambivalently from once enunciatory position to another? What are the forms of life struggling to be represented in that un ruling "time" of national culture, which Bakhtin surmounts In his reading of Goethe, Gellner associates with the rags and patches of everyday life, Said describes as "the non-sequential energy of lived historical memory and subjectivity" and Lefort represents as the inexorable movement of signification that both constitutes the exorbitant image of power and deprives it of the certainty and stability of centre or closure? What might be the cultural and political efforts of the liminality of the nation, the margins of modernity, which come to be signified in the narrative tempo realities of splitting ambivalence and vacillation?

Deprived of that unmediated visibility of historicism, Bhabha remarks – "Looking to the legitimacy of past generations as supplying cultural autonomy – the nation turns from being the symbol of modernity into becoming the symptom of an ethnography of the contemporary' within modern culture. Such a shift in perspective emerges from an acknowledgement of the nations interrupted address articulated in the tension between signifying the people as an priori historical presence, a pedagogical object; and the people constructed in the performance of narrative its enunciatory 'present marked in the repetition' and pulsation of the national sign. The pedagogical founds its narrative authority in a tradition of the people, described by Poulantzas as a moment of becoming designated by it-self encapsulated in a succession of historical moments that represents an eternity produced by self generation. The performative intervenes in the sovereignty of the nation's self-generation by casting a shadow between

the people as 'image' and its signification as a differencing sign of self, distinct from the other of the outside" (*Location of Culture*, 147 – 48).

Chapter 3

A General Introduction to The Novel

Naipaul's first novel, *The Mystic Masseur* (1957) has been divided into 12 different parts. Ganesh Ram Sumair, B.A. is the central character of the novel. Ganesh, continually recreates himself as school-master, masseur, author, mystic, and statesman, and enacts a bathetic reduction of the god's noble functions. He hires to teach the boys who have learned nothing for years, so he is mentally maimed" he doesn't try to teach and simply marks "improvement in his record book" when he is criticized, he quits this job. Lacking a realistic direction in his life, he turns minor coincidences into a "providential pattern". Having convinced himself that he is destined to be a writer, he tricks his father in law into financing a "cultural institute" with an exalted scholarly agenda: "The aim of the proposed Institute, which has yet to be named with, be the furthering the Hindu cultural and science of thought in Trinidad". This so called Institute is located in Fluete Grove, an isolated town, where the only event that takes place in an annual "harvest festival" which Naipaul says is "like the gaiety of a starving child," a smile that exceeds its immediate context, suggesting the quality of much of the humor of this novel. Here, having failed as a masseur, Ganesh turns to read, and like many of Naipaul's protagonists, starts to write.

His beliefs are his destined occupations which are amusing but they also retain a touching vestige of the traditional Hindu veneration of learning in an environment that does little to sustain it. With no direction, purely by chance, he begins to build a library. When his friend, Beharry receives a list of Everyman books from "these people in England", Ganesh assumes that their contents have value; he is impressed by the quantity – 930 – and determines the price for the lot - \$460, convinced that if one read them all, nobody could equal him " in the line of education. Not even the Governor Beharry says,

if "Governor and them" were "really educated they wouldn't want to live England where they print the books night and day and come to a place like Trinidad". British Books and British speech accentuate the inferiority of Trinidadians that Ganesh and Beharry take for granted' Ganesh orders 300 Everyman volumes, and, in his own way he becomes an autodidact he is hardly conscious of his desire to associate himself with this assumed superior culture.

Ganesh's development as a writer begins with his work as a professional mystic. In both if these careers a mixture of naivete, honest effort and guile combine to ensure his success. After his first spectacular achievement as a mystic, following his wife, the narrator remarks, "Ganesh didn't say". That he uses trickery is, of course, obvious. But it is also clear that he is genuinely concerned for those seeking his help. As he reads books on psychology and Hindu philosophy, his increasing knowledge gives him the confidence to believe in religions. He thinks that he can rid people of the "evil spirits" that rob them of their psychic and physical health. Although he is surprised by "The extent of his own powers", it is evident that they derive from his role as "a good listener, people pour out their souls to him because he doesn't make them feel uncomfortable. Ganesh apparently believes in his power to help people, to remove obstacles to their tranquility and in his ability to write down his thoughts on what he considers important issues. But implicit in the subjects of these last two books, amusing as they are, is the question of how self – deception operates in certain forms of self-expression. This process is even more evident as Ganesh goes on to greater success.

His career as a statesman originates not in ambition or in a sense of civic responsibility but in response to the enmity of the edition of a cheap little magazine, *The Hindu Narayan*, who aspires to equal Ganesh as a mystic, names him, "The businessman of God" and continually attacks him in a column entitled *A Little Bird Tells Us*. When

Ganesh's friends urge him to run against Narayan in the Island elections of 1946, he replies, "I ain't burnig to be one of those damn crooks who do go up for elections" a declaration he believes is the sincere at the time. Yet, after being elected president of the Hindu Association of Trinidad and Tobago, he learns that his disdainful old classmate, Indra Singh, now thoroughly has decided to go up in his ward as a candidate for the membership of the Legislative Council. That is enough to make Ganesh run in the election, which he wins. Gradually he gives up his work as a mystic and moves to Port of Spain. He gets involved in politics and becomes a public figure of great importance. He withdraws his books from circulation and closes Ganesh publishing company limited. He denounces the labour movement in Trinidad as dominated by communists, and he represents the British Government at the United Nations defending "*British Colonial Rule*". His rewards come in 1953 when he is made an M.B.E. Not only has he changed his profession and his convictions, he has changed his name to suit his new self-images: *Pundit Ganes Ramsumair*, B.A. has become G. Ramsay Muir.

Selection Of The Protagonist

It is frequently mentioned that Naipual's fiction or non-fiction deals with the half-made societies. He creates his works by traveling and imagining about different places and things. Wherever he goes, he records the facts, fictionalizes the reality, relates himself to the people of that place and let his persona; the narrator exposes the self hatredness and self-mockery. The journey that he makes is generally from the margin, spectrally that was in which the term "Margin" is used from the terminology of post-colonial discourse. The West Indies is the locus from where he makes his protagonist move around. His protagonist starts from the so-called margin or the raw societies and their consequent experiences fictional or otherwise terms margin into the entry. His protagonists' quest and record human plight in their provinces / territories. He makes his

protagonist as his extended inner selves that seek to find the light out of the darkness. His ambivalent opinion and unwontedly conscious trait, that he shows in his narration exemplifies the stereotypical narration in the cult of travel narratives. In his travelogues his views are more lucid, since he presents the facts such as the time frame and the chronological order of places. He talks about gods and about the real persons' in his fictions Lord Krishna, Lord Vishnu, Lord Shiva, Ganesh, Jesus Christ, King Georgevi, Indira Gandhi and Nehru in *The Mystic Masseur* can be taken as examples. In the same manner, he talks about Mahatma Gandhi in *An Area of Darkness*. Especially, Naipaul selects such protagonists who leave their past occupations in order to search new prosperity.

In the present novel, Ganesh discards his past professions when a direction in their live new opportunity arises in life. Comical as both idealist and opportunist, he nevertheless converts the very obstacles facing a poor East Indian in Trinidad into his own means of surmounting them. That is his way, sometimes devious, often bizarre, of functioning within the historical processes. His whole life is struggle for independence and freedom to live as a native in his own nation. Himself as he is an immigrant, Naipaul tells the story of simple man from a simple background, despite this however, he represents within his character's is universality of human emotion. Naipaul generally makes Trinidad the locus of his exploration (quest) from where he starts and conquers the world's thrown words.

Ganesh's Participation in The Local Politics

1: Mixed media works to make a hybrid cultural space, diasporic taste, cultural memory, political agency, migrants double vision, encounter with newness, cultural displacement, social discrimination, unhomey feelings and search for truth create

“Ambivalence” in the life of Ganesh. His ambivalence arises from the tension between broken cultural of Trinidad and colonizer’s cultural that is not fully internalized.

Ganesh drives his attention towards the elements: barbarous, primitive, tribal static, simple, societies, bush, philistine, security, sentimentality, parasitic, borrowed cultural and mimicry. Such ideas create binary thoughts to Ganesh. He thinks that there’s virtually nothing of cultural worth outside the west. Behind this categorical rejection there are really two assumptions. First’s that the values of the globally marginalized and the “Primitive” are not even functionally valid in their own contexts, second such cultural have nothings to offer the west. As Ganesh has got college education, he know about the rights and duties of Indian diasporas. As an education figure, he becomes a teacher. He wants to make the diasporas perfect by providing the education. As a crucifer, he thinks to compile such books which provides the education related to Hindu culture:

"Beharry doubtfully read *The Guide To Trinidad*. He found it good. The history, geography, and population of Trinidad were described in a masterly way. The book spoke about the romance of Trinidad’s many **roles**. In a chapter called *The East In The West*, readers were told that they would be shocked to find a mosque in part of Spain; and even more shocked to find in a village called Fuente Grove, a genuine Hindu Temple which looked as it had been bodily transported from India. The Fuente Grove Hindu temple was considered well worth a visit, for spiritual and artistic reasons. *The anonymous author of The Guide* was enthusiastic about the Island, he stressed had three up-to date daily newspapers, and foreign advertisers could consider there good investments. But he deplored the absence of any influential weekly or monthly paper and he warned foreign advertisers to be wary of the mushroom monthlies which claimed to be organs of certain sections of the community. Ganesh sent free copies of the Guide to

all the American army camps in Trinidad, to welcomes, as he wrote Our brave brothers in-arms'. He also sent copies to export agencies and advertising agencies in America with Trinidad" (*Text 147*).

Though, his book gets popularity but it is hard to change the psyche of people in colonial world. No doubt, economically, he is benefited but as an ambitious fellow, he searches his new prosperity as a political leader. His intention is to change the life style of Trinidadians. That is why he is engrossed in the political of Trinidad. Belcher asserts:

So Ganesh went up for the elections. 'But', Leela warned, 'It are not going to make me happy to see my husband getting into all sort of low argument with all sort of low people. I don't want to drag your name in the mud'. He didn't. He fought the cleanest election campaign in Trinidad history. He had no plat-form. And his posters were the simplest things. Ganesh will do what he can, a vote for Ganesh is a vote for god: Sometimes even plainer statements, Ganesh will win and GANESH IS A MAN OF GOOD AND GOD. It would be hard to say when Ganesh stopped being a mystic. Even before he moved to port of Spain he had become more and more absorbed in politics. He still dispelled one or two spirits; but he had already given up his practice when he sold the house in Fuente Grove to jeweler form Bombay and bought a new one in the fashionable part of Spain district of St. Clair. By that time, he had stopped wearing dhoti and turban altogether (*text 199*).

Ganesh's psyche changes because of his diasporic experience. The Indian migrant society in Trinidad is a rootless, temporary, improvised society; some older characters in *THE MYSTIC MASSEUR* meet daily in the evening and talk fondly of going back to India. If this society offered no stability in the present and no hope for the future, and if the Indians left adrift there came to crane for nothing more than a blind

imitation of the colonial master culture, it was because they had no alternative models. It is such wishful mimicry that compels Ganesh Ramsumair in Naipaul's first novel, *THE MYSTIC MASSEUR* to reconstitute himself as G. Ramday Muir (*The Nobel Savage? India and Nepal* 149). Colonizer's culture is the main culture where as Indian cultural is the sub-cultural in Trinidad. Ganesh feels very difficult to choose any of them. In the beginning he is in mood to save his own Indian culture. That is why he changes his many professions. It mean to say that he adopt any good opportunity by changing his jobs. But everything from grass level to top level has been bound such tightly that he can hardly succeed in his target. Mixed ideas that are created by differently cultures as well as customs do not assist him to full-fill his ambition. There're some elements that assist to create ambivalence in his life; mixed cultures, hatred ness, lack of opportunity of jobs, discrimination, lack of political power in hand and misunderstanding the diasporas. Ganesh can hardly tolerate such feelings and so that ultimately he is engrossed in the politics. His participation in politics is the glory for the Indian Diasporas because they have hope that Ganesh's college education assists to change their life style. On the other hand, Ganesh changes his mentality and mimics the living of standard of colonizers. he forget his past incidents and the problem of Indian Diasporas. Thus, it's mysterious as well as mystic.

The momentary coalescing (combining) of the sensibilities of author and subject suggests a narrative investment of hitherto unimagined intensity. Homi Bhabha, evoking Freud, has this to say on the question of "narrative intension and control ":

The structure of primal fantasy is characterized by the absence of subjectivization; and subject, presence in the seen may split, shift slide, move from first to the third person, be the actor and the observer all at once (*saussure, structure and character* 81).

Bhabha refers solely to Ganesh's self-delusion as an exemplification of the metonymy of desire. But there another kind of shift from first to third person, where "objective" narration breaks down to direct identification with its subject and its desire. Present novel is one of the Naipaul's closest novels. It has been used an autobiographical basis with father Seepasad Naipaul, as the original form which Ganesh had drawn. Certain parallels may be established between Ganesh's ambitions and his creators unprofessional anxieties.

Narrative Technique And Style

Naipaul is a prose stylist and thinker of unrivalled ambition and achievement. Trinidad a small island, no bigger than Lancashire, with a population some what smaller than Nottingham but in this novel, the geography of the island is distorted. Diaspora, unavoidably mentioned, that no actual holder, of any office, or any historical personage is portrayed. The strike mentioned in chapter 12 has no basis in fact. First person narrative, London and Isabella are the setting, he refers the time of Second World War. Narrator lives between the two extremes: the pleasure and pain. We have the possibilities of tragic failure in morality of narrator. Events are parenthesized between two moods, mood he felt and mood he describes. Story moves back and forth through London and Isabella island. A sort of recollection of narrator occurs when he seeks to revisit back his life story and writes about himself.

Naipaul has cited Joseph Conrad as a major influence upon him and critics have noted that the dark, brooding atmosphere, tropical settings and alienated perspective in Naipaul's prose resembles similar verbal and visual details in Conrad's work. He's detached stance and bleak, skeptical outlook have made Naipaul's work controversial.

In hindsight, this development in Naipaul's technique might almost appear too predictable. Each of his novels has been carefully placed within a frame which

effectively separates it from outside reality. The frame is not necessarily artificial, but it reminds the reader more or less sub consciously of the presence of the artist creator until now in *The mystic masseur* the very presence of the narrator himself has developed into one of the primary focal points of the novels. Naipaul uses, as a times literary supplements reviewer also term it, what is not so much a flash back but rather what might be called a “dissolving” technique. Not only episodes, but huge sections of *The mysettingic masseur* are taken out of chronological order and related according to the sequence imposed by the narrator's wandering memories. The manipulations of time are handled with such ease what with moods and images carried back and forth- that continuity never falters; and the fluctuating dreaminess of the narrator’s mental state only adds to the blending and mixing of realism and fantasy.

Naipaul’s fiction and non fiction since the 1960’s have reflected unenthusiastic view concerning postcolonial nationalism and processes of nation building. He has had difficulty in believing upon ability of new nations of Africa and the Caribbean to raise themselves up to condition of economic autonomy and cultural authenticity. He has also spoken and written against a political rhetoric and agenda that calls for breaking cultural ties with European skepticism and western cultural conservatism. Realist and modernist aesthetics have determined the selection and treatment of subjects in Naipaul’s writing. such approaches have caused post colonial intellectuals to complain about his lack of interest in local culture and to grumble about his choice of material- such as Mobutuseseseko’s reign in the congo and the Michaelded Freitas trial in Trinidad- that reflects pessimistically on politics, revolutions, and the prospects of national renewal in the third country . He is probably the most honoured living author in the British literary world . even those post colonial intellectual averse to his politics accept his great talent as a novelist and rewards of reading him. In addition, there is his irrefutable commitment

to the third world, issues implicit in forty year of writing about non-western nations and people. His practice of revisiting places written about earlier Africa, India, the west-indies, non Arabic Islamic countries and south America under scores the abiding strength of his interest in cultures and governments of third world.

Naipaul's protagonist, Ganesh have become a politician in order to fulfilled his psychological need for identity. He tries to achieve order meaning and success as a political figure. In other words he needs a real view of himself and of the world around him so that he participates in politics. His political carrier is potentially a means by which he can satisfy his ego. He refers to his political activities as a "drama," and examines its effects on himself His obsession with naming clearly shows his psychological needs for power and ownership. As Naipaul asserts:

"In the colonial office report on the Trinidad for 1959, Ganesh was described that as an important political leader. In 1960 he was sent by the British government to do success and his defense of British colonial rule is memorable. The government of Trinidad, realizing that Ganesh stood little chance of being elected at the 1960's general elections, nominated him to the legislative council and arranged for him to be a member the executive council. In 1963, Trinidad learned that Ganesh Ramsumair had been made an M.B.E" (*Text 207*).

Ganesh participates in local politics in such a way that it is difficult for him to it. Naipaul has used a sign language as his style in the text . When Ganesh contested the elections, a boy with a test for elaborate lettering (he shadowded every thing and sometimes it was hard to read what he had written) designed a poster that became famous during the campian :

Ganesh is

Able

Nice

Energetic

Sincere

Holy (Text 188).

The momentary coalescing (combining) of the sensibilities of author and subject suggests a narrative investment of hitherto unimagined intensity. Homibhabha, evoking Freud, has this to say on the question of "narrative intension and control":

"The structure of primal fantasy is characterized by the absence of subjectivization; and subject, presence in the seen may split, shift slide, move from first person to the third person, be the actor and the observer all at once" (*Saussure, Setting, Structure and Character 81*).

Bhabha refers solely to Ganesh's self-delusion as an exemplification of the metonymy of desire. But there arrives another kind of shift from first to third person, where "objective" narration breaks down to direct identification with its subject and its desire. Present novel is one of the Naipaul's closest novels. It has used an autobiographical basis with subtle hints to his father Seepasad Naipaul, as the original from which the portrait of Ganesh has been drawn. Similarly certain parallels may be established between Ganesh's ambitions and his creator's unprofessional anxieties.

Chapter 4

Conclusion

Naipaul is widely considered to be one of the world's finest authors. His prose exhibits narrative skill and command of language, especially dialect. Many critics consider his early fictions (*The Mystic Masseur*, *Miguel Street* & *A House For Mr. Biswas*) are superior to his later works, also it is generally agreed upon that the social awareness displayed during his earlier career, has become more prominent than his more recent books. His negative appraisal of life in the third world has met with a great deal of controversy, especially in the novels such as *In A Free State*, *Guerrillas* (1975) and *A Bend in The River* (1979). Each of these works contains elements of sexual and political violence within an atmosphere of impending chaos, prompting reviewers to conclude that Naipaul finds third world societies essentially hopeless. *Among the believers* intensified the controversy surrounding Naipaul's work ; his scathing portrait of civil and social disorder caused by Islamic fanaticism in Iran, Pakistan, Malaysia and Indonesia prompted some critics to accuse Naipaul of merely confirming preconceived notions about his subject, rather than attempting a deeper analysis of Islam. Naipaul's works continue to draw mixed reviews, mainly due to his subjective approach rather than the stylistics of his prose. A valuable entry point into Naipaul's attitude concerning individual and ancestral identity is found in the text of a speech that Naipaul once gave at a conference in Trinidad about East Indian community. It is also be helpful to become acquainted with Naipaul's views concerning Black and Indian relations, as also his "ambivalence" about a cosmopolitan versus a local and particularistic approach to art and life. Naipaul concedes in this speech, his obsession with the emergence of black power in the west Indies. A dualistic approach persists in his world view. He is an individual of colour with a particular set of formative experiences, and he is a displaced western

cultural conservative with a hierarchical and transnational sense of standards and social order including the value of empire.

Naipaul's empirical approach to knowledge about himself and other people of color, as also his ambiguity about his fundamental sympathy or hostility to the third world, remains. To date he has strictly limited his autobiographical discussion of the "racial antagonism" in Trinidad. Even his lengthy discussion of black Indian racial tensions and rivalry in *The Mystic Masseur* demonstrates his wish to avoid painful autobiographical testimony or to scrutinize the ideological biases and cultural privilegedging that might creep into his "disinterested" generalizations.

The assumption of Naipaul's limited idiom is no less than his elective affinities with Victorian travelers and Conrad, traditions of writing that connect him with the discursive traditions of imperialism. This link is most apparent in his ranging of third world cultures between the "primitive" at the one extreme, and the "mimic" at the other. Naipaul considers primitivism and mimicry as antipodes that between them contain the spectrum of third world cultural identities. By resorting to this imperialism, Naipaul forecloses rhetorically all possibility of affirmative cultural identities, self-respect and productive cultural interchange. In the process, he proves himself quite beyond placation.

I've paid special attention a separate chapter for a discussion of "Mimicry" because the concept is sufficiently central to Naipaul's vision of post colonialism to require protracted analysis. But the implications of his fixation on mimicry cannot be fully understood without the backdrop of the other two terms: "primitive" and 'simple societies', terms on which he relies most heavily for his blanket dismissal of third world societies. In analyzing the pivotal positions of these two terms, one has to probe in particular their role in advancing his perception of the former colonies as fatally static. If his theory of mimicry seeks to expose the illusory progress that results from cultural

imitation, his use of "primitive" and "simple society" argues for a conception of postcolonial societies as stagnant. In large part to people's isolation from history, one can tease out the logic of this argument by considering the cultural assumptions which the terms "primitive" and "simple society" bring in their wake. Naipaul's use of these terms is to distinguish evaluatively between cultures that possess history and cultures that in his view.

Mimicry of diasporas is the seed of ambivalence that I've explained in my thesis. It is Ganesh who mimics every thing from the colonizers culture at the same time, on the other hand he has a faith upon "Hindu Religion" as well as in his traditional, "culture". There's such ambivalence in him that he can hardly choose his right way in. There's a great frustration in him. Finally, he ignores his own native culture and adopts the western culture by engrossing in politics fully. The people migrated from one country to another, though they are also part of the society, have to face several problems due to various cultural reasons. These very difficulties have been traced out in this novel with an interesting craftsmanship of the novel. All the elements like: plot, theme, characters and point of view show how cultural ambivalence works in the text. People with diasporic identity struggle for independence and freedom within and outside the boundary of the postcolonial societies. Their quest for the lost cultural root and desire for their homeland have been portrayed in *The Mystic Masseur* vividly with a.

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