India, the land of religious extremes and political upheavals is the ancestral home of one of the greatest living writers, Sir V. S. Naipaul. It cannot be denied that his “magnificent obsession is India.” It is not blind love of a romantic lover rather it is the very difficult emotion of a difficult lover for the object of his love.

It is surely critical, tumultuous, resentful, but never oblivious or indifferent. It is the obsessive emotion of the compulsive exile for his lost ancestral home.

Showing himself essentially to be on the side of India, Naipaul writes:

I came of a family that abounded with pundits. But I had been born an unbeliever. I took no pleasure in religious ceremonies. They were too long and the
food came only at the end. I did not understand the language – it was as if our elders expected our understanding would be instinctive – and no one explained the prayers or the ritual... My uncle often put it to me that my denial was an admissible type of Hinduism. Examining myself I found only that sense of the difference of people, which I have tried to explain, a vague sense of caste, and a horror of the unclean.

(AAD, 32)

From above lines it’s quite evident that Naipaul is in continuous quest for identity. Originally a Hindu Brahmin – self, disinterested in rituals, tries to find in India what he expected but unfortunately with the fusion of British self doesn’t find solace. As a youth, Naipaul “remained almost totally ignorant of Hinduism” but from it he perhaps “received a certain supporting philosophy.” This helps explain Naipaul’s eye for the unthinking religiosity he saw in India, and the scorn he heaps upon Indian “spiritualism”. He
also grew up with “the Brahmin’s horror of the unclean,” which got fueled by the common sight of Indians defecating in public places. India’s poverty laid him low. He recoiled from:

The beggars, the gutters the starved bodies, the weeping swollen – bellied child black with flies in the filth and cow dung and human excrement of a bazaar lane, the dogs, ribby, mangy, cowed and cowardly, reserving the anger, like the human beings around them, for others of their kind.

(AAD, 60)

Caste, he wrote around ’62, was once a Useful division of labor in a rural society, [but] it has now divorced function from social obligation, position from duties. It is inefficient and destructive; it has created a psychology which will frustrate all improving plans. It has led to the Indian passion for speech – making, for gestures and for symbolic action…. Symbolic dress, symbolic food, and symbolic worship: India deals in symbols, inaction. Inaction arising out of
proclaimed function, function out of caste … it is the
system that has to be regenerated, the psychology of
caste that has to be destroyed.

(AAD, 82)

The Hindu past which he inherited in his blood has always weighed very heavy on his consciousness and in one form or the other it kept him battered and pre-occupied. His situation is identical to those of his protagonists who confront the problem of acceptability in a culturally, ethnically and religiously new milieu. While going through his works one can observe that he assesses Indian life and culture with the Hindu norms of Karma, dharma and moksha; and the western norms of individuality and freedom. While the Indian self accepts things with faith the western self challenges or examines from the individuals point of vies. So, it may be
assessed that he is an unbeliever Hindu totally ignorant of Hinduism.

His mother’s families were religious. They strictly adhere to the rituals and ceremonies from the very beginning he had no faith at all. Instead he was greatly influenced by his father. His father was philosophical and was angered by the excess of ritual. He firmly accepts that he had no religious sense within him. For Naipaul ritual is a display, a show, and its hallmark is that very often one doesn’t actually know the meaning of the works one is chanting. This is true, according to Naipaul with most of the religion, the religion of ancient Rome; many of their customs were mysterious even to them. They did them because they were always there.

He became an agnostic and unbeliever due to his inability to conform to the orthodox religious
ambience of the family. The failure to accept the inherited identity created in him an urge to explore its alternative. He has regretted the lack of a native tradition in Trinidad quite frequently in his works. His agony can be felt in these words: “The English language was mine, the tradition was not.”


Naipaul’s perception of and anguish at his own displacement and rootlessness is central to his creative talent. It has been the stimulus as well as subject of his work. His work charts his departure from the restrictive background of the Caribbean Island to the open cosmopolitan culture of the large world.

D.J. Enright is of the view that Naipaul “has the sensibility of a Brahmin but not the supporting beliefs—or complacency— or callousness. His
puritanically honesty, his refusal to be taken in by talk of Indian spirituality, afflicts him like an in growing nail.”(“The sensibility of V.S. Naipaul”, 1972). The root of Brahmin sensibility is eclipsed by the Western vision and that is why, on ultimate analysis, “there is no home for him” (White 7).

Naipaul grew up in an extended Hindu family of India, about which he wrote, “The large sprawling Hindu joint life was like a crash course in the world. You learned about cruelty, about propaganda, about the destruction of reputation, you learnt about forming allies.” (Times, 21st May 1979) At the same time bound by customs and convention, rites and rituals and always trying to jealously guard the Indian ness against the possible contaminating of an alien culture. It was a ritualized life. But with every generation, Indian become an increasingly distant object till with Naipaul Indian become more a
legendary country that a real one, “a resting place for imagination.” Naipaul writes: “Half of us (Indians) on this land of the cagunes (n Trinidad) were pretending – perhaps not perhaps only feeling, never formulating it as an idea – that were brought a kind of India with us, which we could, as it were, unroll like a carpet on the flat land.”

(Noble Lecture Dec. 7, 2001)

Naipaul vividly portrays the Indianess in his works. As in A House for Mr. Biswas, the protagonist Mr. Biswas, drawn after its creator’s father, symbolizes the typically lower middle class Indian ambition to have a house of one’s own to die peacefully under one’s own roof. Again the post birth rituals of Mr. Biswas almanac, horoscope, prophecy etc. present the orthodoxy of Hinduism to defy its dilution even in foreign land.
The founder of ‘Hanuman House’, Pt. Tulsi’s enigmatic relation with India compels him for joint family system with it inherent hierarchy which possibly he can perpetuate by keeping his in laws at home after their marriage. The ‘Hanuman House’ and its prestige remain intact until the death of Pt. Tulsi. Cultural and religious deterioration ensures into the house later on and gradually worsens with every new arrival.

The marriage of the Tulsi daughters planned to promote the business of Tulsi’s shows the disintegration of the traditional Indian values because Mrs. Tulsi ought to have provided her daughters arranged marriages. This ceremony considered so pious according to Hindu religion has been reduced to mere business and bargain and it seems to be the root cause of dissipation of
Hinduism under the onslaught of extremely materialistic western culture. Bruce McDonald has noted the geographical barriers as the root cause of diluted Hinduism:

The thinking of this society had already moved towards the west and away from India, Hinduism has not completely broken down, but it is succumbing to the ‘seepage’ from the surrounding society.

(Bruce, 43-44)

The religious atmosphere of the family is alarmingly strange. Hinduism with its ritualistic paraphernalia deteriorates because it becomes absolute in contrast to modern western culture. The younger Tulsi son, Ovad worships the Hindu deities though he wears cross, an emblem of Christian faith. The observance of the holy rituals has been diluted with hypocrisy and superstition. Hari, a
coconut seller is pundit of the family and the earlier family, Hindu deity ‘Hanuman’ seems to be replaced by Christ. Mr. Biswas feels uneasy in this religious and cultural ambience of the Hanuman House; he is inclined towards Liberal Hinduism. But as he get a new assignment in Trinidad sentinel, his liberal Hinduism gets affected as now he himself is influenced by the western modernity. To Mr. Biswas “the old already look ‘foreign’ and ‘romantic’ … He spends his whole life crossing from the east to west.”

(White, 99)

Like the Indians of Trinidad Biswas belongs to a decadent culture. Broken away from his historical and cultural roots, he lives in a world of cultural chaos. As Naipaul writes:

Sandwiched between an old identity, in a traditional community and a new identity in a post industrial
society, Mr. Biswas becomes an exile trapped in the cultural collisions of his epoch. He lives without a stable social identity. Empty and fragmented, he simply drifts in the cross-cultural current of a transitional society. He lives because life has to be lived.

(Biswas, 192)

The plight of Indian trapped in alien culture is beautifully expressed by Naipaul in above lines. His guest for identity also is again evident here.

The strange religious scenario of the Tulsi family is best described in the following lines:

The elder god did wear a crucifix. It was regarded in the house as an exotic and desirable charm. The elder god wore many charms and it was thought fitting that someone so valuable should be well protected. On the Sunday before examination week he was bathed by Mrs. Tulsi in water consecrated by Hari; the soles of his feet were soaked in lavender water; he
was made to drink a glass of Guinness stout; and he
left Hanuman House, a figure of awe, laden with
crucifix, sacred thread and beads, a mysterious
sachet, a number of curious armlets, consecrated
coins, and a lime in each trousers pocket.

‘You call yourself Hindus?’ Mr. Biswas said.

(Biswa, 125)

Through the above passage the amalgamation
or the expectance of other religious rites indicates
the wind of change in the thinking of the uprooted
Indians. Earlier they were adhered to their religious
and rituals, which they guarded jealously, but with
the passage of time a sea – change in their thinking
is quite evident. Now, following other religion is no
more considered as taboo. May the reason be that
they are unable to understand the age – old rites
and rituals which they are following from time
immemorial. This represents V. S. Naipaul’s
philosophy that the Hindu religion which has no
place for other sects earlier is also ready to embrace a few aspects of other religions. Would it have been a case earlier, the elder god whom Biswas calls so due to contempt elsewhere known as Shekar, would have been treated as an outcaste.

Indian influence on Naipaul can be easily understood with the help of following lines:

The first pumpkin, the first Tulsi fruit, was welcomed with enthusiasm; and since, because of a Hindu taboo no one could explain, women were forbidden to cut pumpkins open, a man was invited to do so. And the man was W. C. Tuttle.

(Biswas 406)

Deep impact of Hinduism is quite evident on Naipaul from the above mentioned passage. In spite of that he is unable to explain certain Hindu taboo, the point to be noted here is that he is aware of even the minutest ritual of cutting of pumpkins at a
man’s hand instead of a woman. This custom is generally unknown even to the Indians who have their roots, which he tries hard to avoid.

Mr. Biswas, the protagonist of *A House for Mr. Biswas*, is a person without any recognition or family background to boast of named “Mohan”, which means ‘beloved’ the name given by the milkmaids to lord Krishna – on the contradictory Mr. Biswas, experience only hostility an indifference. He was a worthless person, wanted by none. From the birth itself, this unfortunate idea of being worthless nothing is attached to Mr. Biswas. Born to pauper parents, Raghu and Bipti, “six – fingered, and born in the wrong way” (15); since then, ill – luck engulfed him and his family. The mid – wife predicts that the boy grows up to cause the unforeseen death of his father and the perennial worry of his mother.
He grows with the tag of being unlucky with the jobs entrusted to him. The profession of sign – painter brings hi, to Hanuman House at Arwacas, owned by the famous Tulsi family. Seldom basked under the warmth of his mother’s affection, Mr. Biswas enters the Tulsi family with the expectation, “not only for love, but for the world to yield its sweetness and romance” (80).

Mohan becomes an alien insider in the Tulsi family by marrying Shama, a Tulsi. The Hanuman House symbolizes the traditional and conventional Hindu world abounding in all sorts of ritualistic vagaries and superstitious hypocrisies.

Naipaul grew up surrounded by moments of India for “in its artifacts India existed whole in Trinidad”. (AAD, 1964)

In An Area of Darkness he says, “The India .... Which was the background to my childhood was an
area of the imagination”. His journey to India was undertaken as an exploration of this area of the imagination – the area of darkness”. The result was shattering as it “it was a journey that ought to have been made it had broken my life in two”. From the colonial pettiness of Trinidad he comes seeking metropolitan largeness in India and he found “in India as in tiny Trinidad” the felling “that the metropolis is elsewhere, in Europe or America”.

In his visit to India Naipaul has looked hard at the reality of India. What he saw pained him, flabbergasted him, disillusioned and enraged him. He was maddened by the smug talk of India’s ancient culture and spirituality in the face of Indian’s horrendous poverty, the terrible squalor of village and town, the depths of ignorance and superstition and the blind mimicry of the west. To ignore the reality about India, Naipaul avers in An Area of
Darknesss, “was to ignore too much of what could be seen, to shed too much of myself: my sense of history, and even the simplest ideas of human possibility.”

The rigid cast – grouping and the concept of “karma” engendered in Indian society a distressing acceptance of social injustice caste considerations make Indians “incapable of contemplating man as man” he feels. He says, “There was no idea of a contract between man and man.” Naipaul found India frightening and exhausting. Regarding the deep trauma of the India experience Naipaul says:

For all that was not flesh was irrelevant to man, and all that was important was man’s own flesh, his weakness and corruptibility.

(Knights Companions, 53)
Landeg White remarks that “the shadow of Naipaul’s experience of India” falls across the page of both Mr. Stone and the Knight’s Companion and A Flag on the Island.

No doubt England provided him with a place and a language to express his thoughts but the ethos of his writings is clearly his Indian ancestry. Never before has a writer’s work been so consumed by the geographical displacement of his forefathers.

His writings about India have never gone down well with the Indian intelligentsia. His post Nobel Prize remark that he had contributed to India’s intellectual development was greeted with profound scepticism and deep antipathy in India. Despite this, close reading of his works reveals that his three books about India (An Area of Darkness, A Wounded Civilization and India – A Million
Mutinies Now) are in essence an precise, objective picture of the changing scenario in post – independent India.

Naipaul first visited India in the 1960’s. he carries in his mind a carefully cultivated image of India – the land of Nehru and Gandhi, the land of a great civilization, the India of glittering classical past, which had been meticulously dredged up by European Ideologists in the 19th century. He carried with him his own childhood memories of an old India, the Brahmanic world of rituals and myths that had been carefully preserved in Trinidad. This past held an emotional charge for Naipaul. His ancestors had come to Trinidad as indentured labourers in the last quarter of the 19th century. The regions of North India they lived in were systematically rendered destitute by the British in the post – mutiny period. Brahmins had been a special target. The long sea
voyages to the “great unknown” – the Caribbean, Fiji, Mauritius – violated caste rules but were made necessary by the surrounding dereliction.

The history of these Brahmins was one of great poverty and wretchedness; and to the generations that followed the first arrivals in Trinidad, those early traumas were fresh in the memory. Naipaul, a third-generation Indian, had just begun to outgrow this painful past when he visited India. But India, poor and abject, was to revive in the most unexpected way all the fears and insecurities he had known as a child. Considering this aspect An Area of Darkness may be regarded as a record of intense fear and anguish. Anger and fear made Naipaul see things other travelers miss. Few writers had ever said as many incisive things about the cultured encounter between India and Britain as found in the chapter titled “fantasy and ruins”.

An Area of Darkness
This book has outlasted its time only due to its literary virtues that sound simple but are hardest to achieve: honesty and directness. One instance could be cited from the ending of the book. Naipaul is winding up an awkward visit to his ancestral village; a boy asks for a lift back to town with him. Naipaul says, “Let the idler walk”. The trip ends in “futility and impatience, a gratuitous act of cruelty, self – reproach and flight”. Elsewhere, Naipaul first shows himself growing angry; and then examines the event with the writer’s later detachment and serenity: “it was brutal; it was ludicrous; it was pointless and infantile. But the moment of anger is a moment of exalted shrinking lucidity, from which recovery is slow and shattering.”

Jeffery Paine author of Father India rightly concludes:
“Area is the narrative of a young man not finding the India he expected and not liking the India he finds”.

India does not live up to his dreams and the young Naipaul lacks the maturity to gauge the strength of an ancient civilization.

His observations are not all gloom and doom. He appreciates the Indian attitude and deep down in his mind exists a glimmer of hope for the country of his forefathers:

“Nowhere are people so heightened, rounded, and individualistic; nowhere did they offer themselves so fully and with such assurance. To know Indians was to take delight in people; every encounter was an adventure. I did not want India to sink; the mere thought was painful.” (AAD)

Ten years later in 1975, at the height of Indira Gandhi’s “Emergency”, V. S. Naipaul returned to India. The shock, disgust and anger persist.
Outcome of that journey was a concise masterpiece: a vibrant, defiantly unsentimental portrait of a society traumatized by centuries of foreign conquest and immured in a mythic vision of its past.

Drawing on novels, news – reports, political memoirs, and his own encounters with ordinary Indians - from a supercilious prince to an engineer constructing houses for Bombay’s homeless – Naipaul captures a vast, mysterious and agonized continent in accessible to foreigners and barely visible to its own people. He sees both the burgeoning space program and the 5,000 volunteers chanting mantras to purify a defiled temple; the feudal village autocrat and the Naxalite revolutionaries who combined Maoist rhetoric with ritual murder. In this book Naipaul casts a more analytical eye than before over Indian attitudes. What he saw and heard on this visit – evoked so
beautifully and vividly in these pages - reinforced in
him a conviction that India, wounded by many
centuries of foreign rule, has not found an ideology
of regeneration. This book may be best described
as a generous description of one man's complicated
relationship with the country of his forefathers.

It may be said that he is an outsider and an
insider. Since he is an outsider, he is harsh as he
can be in judging. He is still insider with a caring
heart.

He dissects ruthlessly but has a heart to
suggest diagnosis. Naipaul believes that India will
go on but is skeptical about where it is going. In an
attempt to heal his own wounds he conducts a root
cause analysis of India's plight. He concludes that
the Hindu land is a “wounded civilization”, injured by
the British Raj and the preceding Islamic invasion.
Again his strong emotional links with India come to the fore:

India is for me a difficult country. It isn't my home and cannot be my home; and yet I cannot reject it or be indifferent to it; I cannot travel only for the sights. I am at once too close and too far.

(Passage, 68)

Naipaul’s central theme revolves around the psyche of the Indian religious experience, the self – absorption of Hinduism and the acceptance of karmic fate.

He boldly expresses his views that how the caste is surviving, how it strengthens the identity but how it spoils the bigger Indian cause. What spoiled India is not just the inward looking self – absorption offered by Hinduism but also myriad of mental blockages masquerading in India.
The catastrophic effects of the repeated invasions on the Hindu psyche are well delineated by Naipaul. Commenting on the decline of the Vijayanagar kingdom, one of the last bastions of Hindu rule during the Islamic invasion, he observes:

I wondered whether intellectually, for a thousand years India hadn’t always retreated before its conquerors and whether in its periods of apparent revival, India hadn’t only been making itself archaic again, intellectually smaller, always vulnerable. (AAD)

This idea is repeatedly emphasized in the book:

Hinduism hasn’t been good enough for the millions. It has exposed us to a thousand years of defeat and stagnation. Its philosophy of withdrawal has diminished men intellectually and not equipped them to respond to challenge; it has stifled growth. So that again and again in India, history has repeated itself: vulnerability, defeat and withdrawal. (AAD)
India, according to Naipaul, not only suffered an intellectual depletion but also a crass intellectual perversion that failed to identify the true cause of its backwardness and thus hampered progress. Therefore Naipaul correctly avers:

The crisis of India is not only political or economic. The larger crisis is of a wounded old civilization that has at last become aware of its inadequacies and is without the intellectual means to move ahead.

(IWC, 147-57)

Ultimately, when he returns to India in the 1990's (India – A Million Mutinies Now), Naipaul is more mature and discerning:

What I hadn’t understood in 1962, or had taken too much for granted was the extent to which the country had been remade; and even the extent to which India had been restored to itself, after its own equivalent of the dark ages after the Muslim invasions and the
detailed, repeated vandalizing of the North, the shifting empires, the wars, the 18th – century anarchy.

Naipaul now sees the benefits of independence:

“The idea of freedom had gone everywhere in India”. And he observes Indians discovering their own identity: “People everywhere have ideas now of who they are and what they owe themselves”.

These views totally differ from earlier ones when he had said, “the simplicity of a country ruled by slogans.” In *India: A Million Mutinies Now* (1990) he correctly intuited, and made his theme, the rise of long – suppressed identities that radically altered Indian society.

Earlier also Indians attitudes were often playfully presented in the stories in *Miguel Street*. Uncle Bhakcu, ‘the Mechanical Genius’, reads the Ramayana every day and succeeds as a pundit, although a west Indian one crawling under cars
trying to be a western mechanics while ‘Hindus waited for him to attend to their souls’ (127). In ‘His chosen calling’ Eddoes, from a low Hindu caste, is a sweeper and proud of his inheritance. British social comedy is tinged by Hindu notions of caste and fate. Miguel Street consists of memories of a lost childhood homeland. Nostalgia is the usual subject matter of the first book of an expatriate colonial writer. His early fiction is based on the memories of Trinidadian cultural and political life before he left for England in 1950.

Naipaul is highly concerned with the decay of traditional Hindu Trinidad and the incongruities of its existence within a predominantly black, Westernized, national community of various cultures.

In The Mystic Masseur and The Suffrage of Elvira politics is a vehicle for Trinidadian Hindus to
become part of a larger national society; but the politics is for personal gain and advancement rather than those of social justice, ethnic dignity and independence. In *The Mystic Masseur* Pundit Ganesh moves easily through various roles and careers as is fitting to someone who is part of, and representative of, a larger cultural change which the Indians share with the other Trinidadians as the island evolves towards independence.

Throughout the novel we are made aware of the contrast between the Hindu notion of Karma or fate which Ganesh claims to follow and the stubbornness and cunningness of his personality. The cultural confusion he represents is echoed in various ways.

*The Suffrage of Elvira* is set in an isolated, neglected region, with a large Indian population, rather than the more politically active Negro and
brown communities of urban Port of Spain. Blacks are not central to the novel and the politics is between individuals who are supposedly leaders of the Hindu and Muslim Indian communities.

The only character in this novel that has a complete ethical system, who lives by traditional values, is Chittaranjan. He is so true to his old-fashioned Hinduism that he gains nothing from the election and accepts without question that his daughter being seen briefly one night with a Muslim has sullied her reputation, which allows Harbans to get out of the agreement that his son will marry the daughter.

**Mr. Stone and the Knights Companion** was written in Kashmir in 1962 during a year when Naipaul was examining his relationship to India. At the end of the year Naipaul acknowledged in *An Area of Darkness* (1964) that while he was familiar
with Indian customs he remained an outsider, a product of Trinidad and the New World, someone with western instincts concerning the worth of the individual, social justice, activity, accomplishment, the present. Looking for signs of a great culture and history from which he has been displaced by the Indian version of the middle passage, he finds instead shrunken bodies, feudal social and economic relations which dehumanize, incompetence, political bluster, general corruption, a lack of concern with other and the continuing importance of ritual and habit at the expense of human relations and efficiency. He finds Indians unable or willing to see their problems and act rationally. The excrement that he often mentions is real and representative of decay.

If the excrement and untouchables in *An Area of Darkness* represents a decayed older India
which co-exists with the modern state and remains at its core, preventing India from being whatever Naipaul hoped to find, Indian history and monuments prove also to be disillusioning. Typical is the pilgrimage to the cave of Amarnath, the eternal Lord, in chapter 7. There is an elaborate and costly preparation, during which Indian petty corruption and untruthfulness are revealed, an exhausting trip, communal hysteria, overcrowding, forced chanting and ritualistic praise of the God, but the massive ice phallus either has not formed or has melted and there is nothing to see or even to regard as a symbol. Only if you belong to the culture and can accept it totally is the pilgrimage meaningful. Otherwise, to an outsider it is a sham, an example of how Indians lose themselves in absurdities and foolish mysteries.
In a Free State is in part a book about the modern Indian Diaspora. The Indian servant who comes to America in ‘one out of many’ becomes an illegal immigrant and except for some Indians who exploits him, finds no community except among the African – Americans, who, his Hindu culture has taught him are unclean and inferior. He has become free but in terms of his inner – self trapped and debased. In India he avoids riff – raff, judges others socially and has a sense of status and security. In America he has more material comforts and money, but socially, spiritually and emotionally he is uncomfortable; his life is more restricted; and in terms of his own culture he can be said to have fallen among people considered lower than himself.

Again India found mention in The Mimic Men. As a child, Singh responds to his sense of abandonment by dreaming of India, the homeland,
and of his origin. He reads books an Asiatic and Persian Aryans and dreams of horsemen who look for their leader (98). He creates an ideal and heroic past which is in conflict with the real – life condition in Isabella. He goes to the beach house owned by his grandfather and one day he sees the death of three children who are drowned in the sea while the fishermen do nothing to save them (108 – 109). At that point he realizes that Isabella cannot be the ideal landscape he is searching for. Hence, Singh’s experience on the beach makes him too aware of the distance between Isabella and his true, pure world (117). Moreover, he is completely shocked when his father sacrifices Tamango, the race horse, although he is aware of the symbolic significance of such an act in Hindu tradition. As Donald A. Mackenzie has explained, the aim of the sacrifice is to secure prosperity and fertility. Although Singh
idealizes his Hindu past and culture, he is in fact unable to understand Hinduism and thus, as Thieme has observed, when the horse is killed, the ideal past collapses and the concrete experience shocks the child (133). In other words, this sacrifice causes Singh to see an Indian world in contrast with the ideal realm of imagination. Hindu rituals have lost their meaning in Isabella as the people have lost their connection with India, its culture, customs and traditions. Bruce King has rightly claimed that by leaving India and going to the Caribbean islands, the Indians are doomed to isolation and dislocation:

The process of losing one’s Indianness started with leaving India. That was the original sin, the fall. After that Indian traditions could only either decay into deadening ritual or become diluted, degraded and eventually lost through outside influences and intermarriage with others. (Bruce, 68)
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