

Crossing the Black Waters: Nirad C. Chaudhuri's *A Passage to England* and V. S. Naipaul's *An Area of Darkness*

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I N 1955 Nirad Chaudhuri made his first visit outside India and in 1962 V. S. Naipaul went to India for the first time. Both men were established writers, practiced in human observation and yet possessing an innately patrician sense of their own distinction. In viewing their own societies they had been trenchant when not caustic, at all times provocative and sometimes perverse. After their journeys abroad they brought the same qualities to the books they wrote about their visits, Chaudhuri in *A Passage To England*¹ and Naipaul in *An Area of Darkness*.² Their methods were similar: to write in portrait form a series of short essays analysing what they saw and accounting for their own reactions to it. Chaudhuri was fifty-seven when he left India for the first time for an eight-week visit to Europe, five weeks in England, two in Paris and one in Rome. In the "Plea for the Book", as he charmingly christens the preface to *A Passage To England*, he tells us that he celebrated the three-thousandth week of his life at the end of his tour. Naipaul was only thirty when he traced his ancestral footsteps back to India, an islander in a sub-continent, and it may be that their contrasting ages has much to do with the different attitudes with which they approached their new experiences. A comparison between the two writers, masters both of the imperially endowed language in which they write, has more than a tenuous racial vindication, for if their casts of mind are often different they share an abiding awareness of their cultural origins. Both are

obsessed with the fact of empire, neither is impressed by modish points of view, and together they have provided not just in their travel writings but in the body of their work a collection of observations which make them unsurpassed among contemporary Indian essayists.

That Naipaul descends from indentured Indian labour brought to Trinidad in the early part of the century, that Brahmin *hauteur* affects every statement he makes, is elementary to any regular reader of his fiction, his journalism or his documentaries. Naipaul's dissociation from Trinidad and corresponding incapacity to find a spiritual home elsewhere has been the basis for almost all his writings and has made him suspicious of any kind of commitment to causes that may prove illusory. Chaudhuri, on the other hand, has always worked within a framework of personal certainties. His brand of Hinduism may not be orthodox, his suspicion of social radicalism is scarcely fashionable, and he has at times a veneration for European excellence that, if not carefully weighed against his sense of the folly and failure of their empires, can at the least embarrass one with its affection and at its worst seem monstrous in its assertion of a distinctive Aryan purity. For both writers their journeys abroad were exercises in self-discovery. Both wished to test the realities they encountered against long-imbibed notions of the societies they visited and both admit implicitly that they undertook their travels with preconceptions so strong that only revolution could have changed them. And revolution, as they make clear, was not in the air either in the Europe of 1955 or the India of 1962.

By the time he visited India Naipaul's disenchantment with the West Indies had been apparent both in satires like *The Suffrage of Elvira*³ and in the bitter affection with which he had painted the vulnerable Mr. Biswas. At the root of that disenchantment lay his distress at being an actor in a charade when he profoundly desired to be real. Metaphors of stage, film, puppetry and mimesis

recur throughout all Naipaul's work for they best express his desolate sense of having inherited nothing which he can decently call his own. The colonial mentality ensured that mirrors of England were set up throughout the world, before whose reflection the minions would prance in eager emulation. This policy created a new reality in which all was imitation, a culture of the derivative and phoney. A way of life that was already in decline in England was re-created abroad with nothing to nourish it: a cardboard and canvas world peopled by actors who were hemmed in by the rules of their craft and the dictates of their lines. Even the language they uttered was all sound and no conviction.

The paradox, of course, was that Naipaul showed in everything he wrote the weakness of his case. A wittier writer than the author of *The Mystic Masseur*⁴ or a more poised one than the consummate stylist who has emerged since *The Mimic Men*⁵ would be hard to find. Like James Baldwin, who had once felt condemned to the prison-cell of another man's language, Naipaul has learned to fashion that language to his own ends and has become, in the process, outraged when others less fastidious than he abuse it. In *An Area of Darkness* he is concerned centrally with the handling of language:

As soon as our quarantine flag came down and the last of the barefooted, blue-uniformed policemen of the Bombay Port Health Authority had left the ship, Coelho the Goan came aboard and, luring me with a long beckoning finger into the saloon, whispered, "You have any cheej?"
(*An Area of Darkness*, p. 11)

This is a novelist's opening *par excellence*, establishing a Greene-like Oriental seediness. Our moral antennae are alerted to what kind of graft or corruption "cheej" can be. Contraband it is, though mispronounced: cheese, an Indian delicacy. Naipaul has at once established a linguistic standard of exactness both in expression and accent: To depart from it, as every Indian he encounters seems to do, is to confuse meaning and therefore to violate

communication. Naipaul's thesis of colonial mimicry ensures that every time an Indian speaks English he parodies his former masters. Yet how fastidious is this master of cadence and irony himself? "Imports were restricted," he goes on to say, "and Indians had not yet learned how to make cheese, just as they had not yet learned how to bleach newsprint." Calculatedly offensive and obviously patronising, the statement is also untrue. Indians have "learned" to make cheese and to bleach newsprint but have not chosen to practice the skills on a state-wide scale. Such pedantic details matter when a writer presents honesty of observation as his *raison d'être*.

Throughout *An Area of Darkness* Naipaul maintains his concern for the accuracy of language not just in writing but in pronunciation. His one positive recommendation to the India of tomorrow is to abandon English: he insists that a nation which conducts a large part of its official business in an imported language must inevitably blur the subtleties of nuance necessary to a sensitive society. Naipaul knows that English is but one of several imported languages in India — "Every other conqueror bequeathed a language to India," he admits, but "English remains a foreign language" (*An Area of Darkness*, p. 230). That his generalisation will not hold can be evidenced in the range of Indian writing written in English since the 1930's: Mulk Raj Anand's compassion, R. K. Narayan's intimate objectivity, Raja Rao's clarity of metaphysical enquiry, Kamala Markandaya's poise, Nissim Ezekiel's agility, Nehru's commanding rhetoric, Chaudhuri's witty intelligence. What does Naipaul's word "foreign" mean used of the English employed by writers such as these? But apart from a glancing acknowledgement of Chaudhuri himself Naipaul does not read them. His one analysis of a modern Indian novel, Manohar Malgonkar's *The Princes*,⁶ conspicuously lacks the context of reading necessary to deal with the book. He makes no mention of Forster's *The Hill of Devi* or Anand's

Private Life of an Indian Prince.⁸ "Nowhere," says Naipaul of Malgonkar's novel, "do I see the India I know: those poor fields, those three-legged dogs, those sweating red-coated railway porters carrying heavy tin trunks on their heads" (*An Area of Darkness*, p. 73). But where in *An Area of Darkness* is the political acuteness of *The Princes* or any comparable attempt to speak of the death of the Raj as it affected the indigenous Indian *élite*? All writers are selective, Malgonkar in his way and especially Naipaul in his. Anniah Gowda's reaction to *An Area of Darkness* is representative of many Indian critics who saw in Naipaul's book too partial a view of their country: "Naipaul, in his reminiscences, has chosen to shut his eyes to the India which is not defecating."⁹ He closed his ears, too, to the India which did not mispronounce English.

Part of the trouble is that Naipaul sees in pre-colonial India only a vast historic darkness. Chaudhuri, on the other hand, draws upon Indian history with every breath he takes. Indeed, he makes what for him is the profound discovery that only in England have the scars of earlier colonisations been effectively eradicated.

Neither in London nor in the country was I able, by looking at the faces, figures, and clothing of the people, to guess that there had been invasions of England and spells of foreign rule for its inhabitants. In respect of India, this is one of the easiest things to do even in one street in Delhi.
(*A Passage to England*, p. 77)

Chaudhuri has seen evidence of conquest everywhere he looks in India. In England a massive fusion of cultures has taken place which results in an aesthetic and temperamental unity he has never experienced on a national scale before. But that does not make him see his own people as philistine or imitative. He could never share Naipaul's epithet, "a sense of history, which is a sense of loss" (*An Area of Darkness*, p. 154), nor really endorse his view of the inevitable obfuscation of English when handled by Indians. This, after all, is the writer who delights in noting that the English refer to Indian independence as

a "gift" whereas his own people look upon it as a "victory" (*A Passage to England*, p. 201). The change of word asserts a world of national difference, with self-respect enlisted on both sides. Neither word is wrong and neither is complete. Chaudhuri, unlike Naipaul, relishes the verbal imprecision of both sides while being never less than precise himself.

Naipaul and Chaudhuri embarked on their journeys to find out more about themselves. Both readily concede that they had well-formed notions of what they would find and were looking for confirmation of their preconceptions. Naipaul expected disenchantment, Chaudhuri expected enchantment, and neither was confounded. "I saw how close in the past year I had been to the total Indian negation," Naipaul writes at the end of *An Area of Darkness*, "how much it had become the basis of thought and feeling" (*An Area of Darkness*, p. 288). Chaudhuri concludes in a different vein altogether: "Never before, except in the intimacy of my family life, had I been so happy as I was during my short stay in England. It was the literal truth, and the happiness has lasted" (*A Passage to England*, p. 235). Though these summaries are quite opposite, Naipaul and Chaudhuri journeyed with two similar intentions, to know themselves more fully and to discover what they could about the imperial inheritance as it conditions the minds and psyches of those who have been affected by it. Both writers, for example, share with E. M. Forster a conviction that distinctions of temperature have moulded the different outlooks of the eastern and the western personality. Naipaul swelters throughout his stay in India; Chaudhuri learns early on how not to freeze in London. For both of them there exists an immutable alienation between east and west for which the implacable universe no less than human perversity is responsible.

Naipaul, though, has the racial appearance of the people he is among, Chaudhuri does not. When a Paris worker

asks Chaudhuri if he is English he chuckles at the absurdity of the question. "I was taken aback by his idea of the size and looks of an Englishman" (*A Passage to England*, p. 134). Naipaul admits with honest vanity that his visit to India was the first occasion in his life when he had not been ethnically conspicuous and that he did not altogether like being an anonymous face in the crowd. Naipaul's point goes beyond egotism, though, for there is pathos in the complete separation of body and spirit which he feels in India — a skin which fits, a soul which rejects, all that he encounters, Naipaul's dissociation derives from historic sources, as a work like *The Loss of El Dorado*¹⁰ testifies, no less than from his personal temperament. Nonetheless, he is repelled by almost everyone he meets in India whereas Chaudhuri loves the conversational vitality of even the most trivial dinner-party in England.

The greatest fear of any writer is that he will cease to respond to life and therefore cease to write. India has this anaesthetizing quality in abundance, so Naipaul asserts, and early in the book we find that the incapacity to handle language properly is beginning to affect him too. "I was finding it hard to spell and to frame simple sentences" (*An Area of Darkness*, p. 23). A sense of dread accompanies him everywhere. He knows before he sets out on a pilgrimage that he cannot have access to the mysteries of religion: he can only observe others' ecstasies. He approaches the village of his forebears certain that the visit is pointless. "I had learned my separateness from India, and was content to be a colonial, without a past, without ancestors" (*An Area of Darkness*, p. 273). He discovers an India no more alive than the calendar pictures of it which he remembered from his Trinidad childhood. Chaudhuri's view of England is quite opposite. From the moment he looks out of the plane to the clear landscape below he finds a three-dimensional solidity to European life which he missed at home,

though that is not to make of Chaudhuri's India the same wasteland as Naipaul's. In India he is aware of "a sensation of extension in space . . . I cannot remember any historic building in northern India, with the exception of the Taj at dawn, which conveys the feeling of mass. . . . Hues always seem to flow and run into the surrounding atmosphere, as dyes which are not fast do in water" (*A Passage to England*, pp. 27-29). We see India, Chaudhuri claims, in a "rarefied" way; Europe we see in a "concrete" way.

Another striking effect of the light is seen in the English landscape, which seemed decidedly more stereoscopic to me than any visual reality I had been familiar with previously. I thought I was looking at everything through a pair of prismatic binoculars. In India any landscape tends to resolve into a silhouette, with a side-to-side linking of its components, in the West it becomes a composition in depth, with an into-the-picture movement, a recession, which carries the eye of the onlooker, wherever any opening is left, to the vanishing point on the horizon.
(*A Passage to England*, p. 29)

Chaudhuri converts this sense of the concreteness of European life into an aesthetic theory whereby to talk of English painting, architecture and literature. "There is a curious solidity and into-the-space movement in them too" (*A Passage to England*, p. 31). Of course, when Chaudhuri talks of this density in English life as a tangible physical reality he is beginning to talk the same language as Naipaul, for whom the tragedy of colonial territories lies in their attempt to reconstruct England using flimsy materials. The difference is that Naipaul believes the colonial imitator has a fantasy England in his mind, one that never properly existed. Chaudhuri finds evidence of its existence wherever he goes. London really is for him "the Great Mother of modern cities" (*A Passage to England*, p. 64), with Calcutta among her children, whereas Naipaul, when he visits a Calcutta palace, feels that

this is how a film might begin; the camera will advance with us, will pause here on this broken masonry, there on this faded decoration.

(*An Area of Darkness*, p. 226)

India as a large film-set inhabited by actors and extras: a view which denies the reality of India. One would have more confidence in Naipaul's view if he had known enough about India when he went there in 1962, but despite naming several books he has read he displays no intimate understanding of the country's literature, art or philosophy. He admits as much when discussing the Hindu ceremonies he witnessed as a child in Trinidad. "The images didn't interest me; I never sought to learn their significance" (*An Area of Darkness*, p. 35). Such a *blasé* attitude surely indicates a deadness in Naipaul, not in the religion he implicitly belittles. Chaudhuri, by contrast, opens his book with a response to the "belief in the West that we Hindus regard the world as an illusion" (*A Passage to England*, p. 19). Naipaul certainly believes this: "The world is illusion, the Hindus say" (*An Area of Darkness*, p. 287). "We do not," Chaudhuri continues, "and indeed cannot, for the only idea of an after-life accepted by a Hindu — the unconscious assumption behind all that he does — is that he will be born again and again in the same old world and live in it virtually for eternity. . . . A people who have learnt to believe in that way are not likely to be the persons most ready to dismiss the world as insubstantial" (*A Passage to England*, p. 19). Now it may be claimed that the author of *The Continent of Circe*,¹¹ with its thesis that Hindus are of European origin and that their Aryanism provides them with an instinctive consciousness of being superior to other peoples, is not the best person to represent the typical Hindu metaphysic and that Naipaul's understanding of Hinduism approximates more closely to the norm. But none can dispute Chaudhuri's depth of reading in Indian philosophy and in the epics; however solitary his conclusions are about Hinduism in *The Continent of Circe*, in *A Passage To England* or in the more recent analysis of Indian family life, *To Live Or Not To Live*!¹² they are based on a lifetime's study. It is greatly significant that

Chaudhuri did not publish his first work, *The Autobiography of an Unknown Indian*,¹³ until 1951 when he was fifty-four years old and that his first trip abroad should not be until his fifty-eighth year. He needed the time before then for a maturing of wisdom and range of reading in both the Indian and the European arts. In his sixties and seventies he has published much, most recently his acclaimed biographies of Max Müller and Robert Clive, but he held back until he was ready.

Point for point Naipaul and Chaudhuri so often stand close together yet on opposite sides that it would be wearisome to list each instance. Where, for example, Naipaul claims that "It is still through European eyes that India looks at her ruins and her art" (*An Area of Darkness*, p. 222), Chaudhuri only half agrees. "Even in regard to Hinduism most Hindus prefer to go to an English book" (*A Passage to England*, p. 103), he says, much in the spirit if not the tone of Naipaul, yet he indicts the Hindu view of art not for the weakness of its influence but for its strength. It has made it, he argues, "impossible to look at a nude without a leer, it has resolved flesh to its most fleshy elements; the Europeans have made it the expression of the spiritual in man" (*A Passage to England*, p. 87). Chaudhuri distinguishes between two different sets of aesthetic imperatives in his book; Naipaul denies that India has any kind of creative spirit, so aesthetic definitions do not arise.

Yet it is in the matter of definition that the two writers come closest to each other. Naipaul's desire for an absolutely scrupulous use of language suggest that he himself is as obsessed with definition as those he castigates, but he does not notice this paradox. Certainly his Indian, and Chaudhuri's also, is engaged on a massive labyrinthine exercise of definition and distinction. "To define is to begin to separate oneself" (*An Area of Darkness*, p. 51), so every Indian, with an almost Calvinistic zeal to prove his status morally and socially, sets out to show off his

rôle by the cut of his beard, the type of his caste mark, the style of his clothes. Appearance has not just become more important than inner reality, it subsumes it. A nation develops interested only in the form of things.

These forms had not developed over the centuries. They had been imposed whole and suddenly by a foreign conqueror, displacing another set of forms, once no doubt thought equally unalterable, of which no trace remained.
(*An Area of Darkness*, p. 138)

Chaudhuri, too, sees an India obsessed by forms.

For the Indian minister or official the mere discussion of his plans with an Occidental in an air-conditioned room is equivalent to execution.
(*A Passage to England*, p. 35)

The occasion for action becomes the action itself. Naipaul's book is full of similar moments in which intention is substituted for achievement with no sense of their difference. It is enough that Gandhi spoke. To implement what he advised becomes irrelevant. Perhaps there is truth in this thesis. Within a week of taking virtually absolute powers in an unprecedented constitutional shake-up Indira Gandhi was able to insist that there was no crisis in India. Ignore the obvious — "In India the easiest and most necessary thing to ignore" (*An Area of Darkness*, p. 50), says Naipaul — and, if it won't exactly go away, it may not matter much.

The writers share, too, the same experience of Indian attitudes to work. The clerk who will not bring a glass of water to Naipaul's companion when she faints because it is not part of his duty to do such a thing is matched by Chaudhuri's table-duster whose obligations do not extend to sweeping the floor. Both see in India a society petrified by far greater class distinctions than exist in England, but it is hard to imagine Chaudhuri converting the reality of what he sees around him into the kind of ultimate James-ism of Naipaul when, on the pilgrimage, he feels that "Now indeed, in that valley, India has become all symbol" (*An Area of Darkness*, p. 179).

Chaudhuri divides *A Passage To England* into four sections, "The English Scene," "The English People," "Cultural Life" and "State of the Nation." Sometimes his observation is acute, as in his account of the "traditional and even venerable ritual" (*A Passage to England*, p. 196) he witnesses in the House of Commons (Chaudhuri, too, can recognize mimicry when he sees it). Sometimes he risks absurdity: do dark faces really reflect light less evenly than pink ones? Occasionally he is sheerly provocative, with a kind of naughty glee:

. . . The history of love in Bengali Hindu society is fairly well established. It was introduced from the West much later than tobacco or potatoes, but has neither been acclimatized as successfully, nor has taken as deep roots, as these two plants.

(*A Passage to England*, p. 123)

At other times he displays a patrician intellect which will never endear him to Third World radicals. "Now, it is a good thing to do away with the caste system by birth, also by wealth, but a deadly mistake to tamper with the natural caste system of the mind" (*A Passage to England*, p. 225). Naipaul would surely endorse that, at least. Finally, Chaudhuri can be provocative in a more searching way than any yet quoted. His view of the Welfare State, which he admires for its compassion, nevertheless raises issues to do with social anxiety and bored leisure which British society has only recently started to investigate.

At the heart of Chaudhuri's study of England, however, lies his sense of history. He cannot believe in a dying England if a theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon plays *Twelfth Night* to capacity. Such an audience is in touch with its civilization. He is shocked by a party of tourists in Canterbury Cathedral who appear not to have heard of Thomas à Becket, rather as Naipaul reacts to the attitude of the tourists at the fort of the Pandavas: "this rubble, no longer of use to anyone. Well, it was time to eat, time for the puris and the potatoes" (*An Area of Darkness*, p. 153). But such people are not the rule in Chaudhuri's

Europe as they are in Naipaul's India. Chaudhuri discovered in Englishmen, Frenchmen and Italians a living communion with their past such as he already had with his own past. Had he stayed longer in Europe and mixed with a wider social cross-section he might have modified this view but he would surely not have changed it thoroughly.

India was his companion on his passage to England, but so was his deep understanding, which few English people could rival, of European culture. Embedded in his prose we find constant evidence of an educated sensibility, often blended with self-mockery. "What I was seeing in England was making such an impression on me that, though neither dying nor drunk, I was incessantly babbling on green fields and suchlike" (*A Passage to England*, p. 78). That kind of intimacy with English and its literature simply contradicts Naipaul's view of a mimic India with no capacity to understand the language it has adopted. Nor does Naipaul avoid stereotyped reactions himself. When he receives an invitation to go away he exclaims, "A weekend in the country! The words suggest cool clumps of trees, green fields, streams" (*An Area of Darkness*, p. 97). Do they? Only to someone whose use of English has become an Englishman's. When Aziz, his guide, is introduced he has "something of the Shakesperian mechanic" (*An Area of Darkness*, p. 110): Naipaul instinctively reaches for a wholly English likeness. Yet a few pages later he notes ironically that scones, tipsy pudding, trifle and apple tart are on offer in the heart of Kashmir. Englishness, it would appear, is funny in other people, fastidious in himself.

In all Chaudhuri's and all Naipaul's work one comes back to the central fact of empire. They share a view of the offensiveness of Anglo-Indian society, though they differ in their assessment of its most remarkable chronicler, Rudyard Kipling. For Naipaul Kipling renders a journey to India virtually unnecessary, for the society

he records eighty years ago is the society still parroted up and down the sub-continent. "It is as if an entire society has fallen for a casual confidence trickster" (*An Area of Darkness*, p. 62). "It was all there in Kipling, barring the epilogue of the Indian inheritance" (*Ibid.*, p. 205). For Chaudhuri, though, the epilogue cannot be so lightly dismissed. It is, after all, the era in which he lives, Kipling's view, however brilliant, is dated and partial: "the Indian sojourn made him incapable of loving any Indian with a mind, and led him to reserve all his affection for what could be called the human fauna of the country" (*A Passage to England*, p. 112). Both writers attest the ease with which Britain has sloughed off her empire, barely remembering that she had one only a generation ago. The difference, however, is that whereas Naipaul sees this as further evidence of a decomposing civilization Chaudhuri, maybe with a touch of sentimentality, see it as proof of British resilience and even British grace.

An Area of Darkness and *A Passage to England* could only have been written by men fascinated with Britain, with India, with the links between them and the language one bestowed upon the other. At the end, however, one comes back to the men themselves. For both of them their journeys were essential stages in self-knowledge. William Walsh has spoken of Nirad Chaudhuri as a man with "an intense fascination with himself"¹⁴ and all V. S. Naipaul's prose contains a major element of autobiography, even when it is the subjectivity of detached observation. Theoretically, though one never believes it could have been so in practice, India might have been the cause which Naipaul at once craves and condemns in his writing. His visit confirmed him in his wariness of commitment and that, far more than the trenchancy or partiality of any particular observation, will always be the fascination of *An Area of Darkness*. In *A House For Mr. Biswas*¹⁵ Naipaul had already declared himself a major novelist.

That promise has been amply confirmed in *The Mimic Men, In A Free State*¹⁶ and *Guerillas*.¹⁷ But no study of his fiction would be complete without the complement of his other work and amongst that his account of the Indian sojourn has a special pathos. Nor would it be fair to leave *An Area of Darkness* without noting that some of the sourness there has been replaced by a harsh compassion in the essays on India published in *The Overcrowded Barracoon*¹⁸ as a result of other visits. That book contains many tributes to Chaudhuri, whose *Autobiography*, Naipaul says, "may be the one great book to have come out of the Indo-English encounter."¹⁹ As for Chaudhuri himself, his scholarship and his capacity to examine two cultures simultaneously undoubtedly make him the foremost man of letters in modern India. Not lacking in irony or scepticism he nevertheless establishes in *A Passage to England* a note of uncynical enthusiasm which testifies not only to the enduring inheritance of empire but to his own grandness of heart.

NOTES

- ¹Nirad C. Chaudhuri, *A Passage To England* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1960). Page references here are to the Indian paperback edition (New Delhi: Orient).
- ²V. S. Naipul, *An Area of Darkness: An Experience of India* (London: André Deutsch, 1964).
- ³V. S. Naipul, *The Suffrage of Elvira* (London: André Deutsch, 1958).
- ⁴V. S. Naipaul, *The Mystic Masseur* (London: André Deutsch, 1957).
- ⁵V. S. Naipaul, *The Mimic Men* (London: André Deutsch (1967).
- ⁶Manohar Malgonkar, *The Princes* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1963).
- ⁷E. M. Forster, *The Hill of Devi* (London: Edward Arnold, 1953).
- ⁸Mulk Raj Anand, *Private Life of an Indian Prince* (London: Hutchinson, 1953).
- ⁹H. H. Anniah Gowda, "Naipaul in India." *The Literary Half-Yearly*, II, no. 2 (July, 1970), 163-170.
- ¹⁰V. S. Naipaul, *The Loss of El Dorado: A History* (London: André Deutsch, 1969).
- ¹¹Nirad C. Chaudhuri, *The Continent of Circe* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1965).

- ¹²Nirad C. Chaudhuri, *To Live Or Not To Live!* (Delhi: Hind Pocket Books, no date).
- ¹³Nirad C. Chaudhuri, *The Autobiography of an Unknown Indian* (London: MacMillan, 1951).
- ¹⁴William Walsh, *A Manifold Voice: Studies in Commonwealth Literature* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1970), p. 27.
- ¹⁵V. S. Naipaul, *A House For Mr. Biswas* (London: André Deutsch, 1961).
- ¹⁶V. S. Naipaul, *In A Free State* (London: André Deutsch, 1971).
- ¹⁷V. S. Naipaul, *Guerillas* (London: André Deutsch, 1975).
- ¹⁸V. S. Naipaul, *The Overcrowded Barracoon, and other articles* (London: André Deutsch, 1972). The main references to Chaudhuri are in the essay "Indian Autobiographies," reprinted from the *New Statesman*, 29 January 1965, and "The Last of the Aryans," reprinted from *Encounter*, January 1966 (*The Overcrowded Barracoon*, pp. 55-70). The essays "A Second Visit," reprinted from the Magazine supplement of *The Daily Telegraph*, 11 and 18 August 1967, and "The Election in Ajmer," reprinted from the Magazine supplement of *The Sunday Times*, 15 and 22 August 1971 (*The Overcrowded Barracoon*, pp. 76-138) are important additions to Naipaul's account of India, but if the tone is milder and the eye for comedy a little more benign the conclusions are much the same as in *An Area of Darkness*.
- ¹⁹*The Overcrowded Barracoon*, p. 59.