

## “DELINEATION OF IMMIGRATION AND CULTURAL IDENTITY IN SUKETU MEHTA'S NOVEL”

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### Abstract

*The Diaspora Indian is like the banyan tree, the typical pictogram of the Indian lifestyle. It stretches its branches into various terroirs. Far from homeless, he has many houses, and he has grown to feel more and more at ease across the world. Writing in the diaspora poses concerns around 'town' and culture meanings. Suketu Mehta writes his latest research book on migration from the past to the current in "This Country Is Our Home: An Immigrant's Manifesto." A person's category is decided where she comes from, which may dictate his or her future and if she survives or dies at certain occasions, by a border asylum, immigrant, forced emigrant, economic migrant, expat, resident, etc. "This nation is our world" provides a sophistry and a very profound clarification to the national perception of who the citizens of today are, why they are arriving, and what economic and cultural factors have pushed them from their homes to far distant lands. in an environment of aggressive anti-immigrant rhetoric and legislation. Mehta notes that we are and always were a species on the run. However, since 1960, and 2017, migration has tripled and mass migration can only intensify with conflict, climate change and wealth disparities. The four parts of the book "The refugees will arrive," "Why they are moving," "Why are they scared" and "Why should they be accepted" explore the factors of globalisation, including the effects of climate change, social inequities and the enduring history of colonialism as a multinational.*

**Keywords:** Cultural conflicts, Identity Crisis, Cultural issues, Immigration, Cultural identity, Protagonist, Nostalgia, Suketu Mehta, City, Autobiography, Identity.

### INTRODUCTION TO IMMIGRATION AND DIASPORA WITH CULTURAL CONFLICTS OF IDENTITY CRISIS

Migration is a major change in life. It is frustrating, as is every other change. Dissonance between the host and the unfamiliar communities is one of the major stressors. Immigrants are displaced amongst two cultures that compete. The relocation sometimes is painful. Immigrant women are travelling across diverse spheres of geography, history and emotion. They negotiate the socio-cultural context of the adopted nation, caught between bicultural conditions and ideals in the absence of the well-known. As a result, refugees undergo spatial, linguistic and cultural crises as well as their changes of their nationality. This chapter reflects on immigrant history and its effect on the culture of immigrants. As people move from one country or society to another, they bring with them their awareness and their signs of distress. If they arrive in the new society, they are likely to shift their cultural values, which promote a form of membership, and even aim to stabilise them through assimilation or through biculturalism. In this article, several theories are mentioned to explain the act of migration and its connexion to mental distress. The latest theory is suggested that socio-centered individuals from sociocentric communities might experience more exclusion to ego-centered societies. Clinicians must be aware of the pathways to migration in order to evaluate and manage migrants. The study now starts with the "identity problem" of Suketu Mehta. It looks at different facets of his crisis strategy and its presence in a life-span sense of eight phases. The crisis is a chronic period of psychosocial development, since it takes place in any life cycle during early and late adulthood. It is also an essential part of the mechanism of identity creation.

Culture is a way of existence, Suketu Mehta tells. It is an interconnected environment where society has an effect on individuals and human behaviors. It is affected by humans. Mehta sees society not from a global viewpoint, but from an organically interdependent viewpoint. Suketu Mehta in Notes towards Defining Culture says, "Cohesion required for culture can only be accomplished by competing and shared desires, by interaction and mutual appreciation." Suketu Mehta is a New York-based journalist, but Bombay is the city he grew up in. "I just skipped Bombay like an organ in my body when I moved to New York" he recounts (Mehta, 8). It may be nostalgia which took him back to Mumbai. The protagonist finds the city of his childhood with its present-day inhabitants. Culture is a popular cognitive (mental) map that gives us guidance for social life. It gives traditional meanings of some forms of circumstances.

## AUTHOR'S BIOGRAPHY

The creator of the book *Maximum City- Bombay Lost* and Mehta's newest book *This Country is Our Property: an Immigrant Manifesto* is Suketu Mehta, an indigenous writer based in New York, Built. He says, "The first thing a new migrant sends home to his family is not income, but a storey." Mehta has finished with Pulitzer Award 2005, and collaborated with novelist Vikram Chanda on screenplays from the Bollywood film *Mission Kashmir* (2000). He was also interested in the 2016 script of the film *Wazir*. Suketu Mehta, a 14-year-old student, relocated with her parents and two sisters to the USA in 1977. He left his nearest mates behind in Bombay. He would send letters to them, not the boring existence or loneliness he found in Queens, New York's all boys' Catholic secondary school. Mehta published in 2016 an online novel *What's Remembering*, describing an immigrant's history of losing himself. Mehta has been working on a biography of New York for a number of years, tentatively titled, *City of Second Chance* after the publication of *Maximum City: Bombay Lost and Found* (2004). He has put the book in writing. This nation is our land in order to react to the formation of walls and the cry of "remit it" and to establish lists separating people into "citizens" and "infiltrators."

## "THIS LAND IS OUR LAND: AN IMMIGRANT'S MANIFESTO" - AN INTRODUCTION

In "This Land is Our Land: An Immigrant Manifesto," Suketu Mehta discusses the worldwide counter-immigrant movement focused on his own family history moving from India to Britain and the Americas. He believes that the West, not immigration but the perception of immigration, is ruined. He juxtaposes the falsified myths of populist ideals with the everyday heroism of staff, children and others, from Dubai to New York, and discusses why today more people are on the run. Because civil war and climate change affect several regions of the globe, it is not shocking that boundaries are so fragile. This nation is our land, which often highlights the devastating legacies of colonisation and world injustice in wide sections of the world. If immigrants are questioned now, 'Why are you here? And now that they're here, as Mehta shows, immigrants offer a tremendous advantage, helping countries and cultures to flourish. Passionately, extensively and beautifully packed with storeys and characters that are unforgettable, this land is our land is an action that is timely and appropriate and the literary polemic of the highest order. How are we really sure of it? The popular writer Suketu Mehta tackles the matter front-on. This nation is our land.

Suketu Mehta speaks from her own background as a young Indian born in New York City, and through years of worldwide reporting, Mehta discusses the global responses of the anti-immigrant community. As he describes, neither immigration nor the distrust of immigration kill the west. Mehta juxtaposes revolutionary ideology fantasy with everyday heroism from Dubai to Queens of staff, nannies, and others, describing how more and more people are travelling today than before. Since civil war and climate change restructure a significant part of the earth, the boundaries being so fragile is not shocking. Mehta emphasizes the devastating legacies of colonisation and economic injustice in vast areas of the world: "Why are you here? And as Mehta reveals, they are now here, immigrants offer tremendous benefits, allowing nations and cities to thrive. "Their response, they should just say," We are here because you were there. This land is our land is a timely and essential action, with an impassioned, thorough and rich store of unforgettable storey's and characters and literary dispute of the highest order.

## DEPICTION OF IMMIGRATION AND DIASPORA ALONG WITH CULTURAL ISSUES IN SUKETU MEHTA'S SELECTED NOVELS: A STUDY.

Five times the same path was travelled by Suketu Mehta. As a boy, he and his family settled in the United States in Gujarat, India. When he was a grown-up, he returned to India and spent two and a half years staying in Mumbai (Bombay) to compose a city novel. It was released in 2004 and it was a well documented job that he cannot suggest sufficiently, named *maximum region*. Later, Mehta went back to the USA only to retrace his path, years later, but this time in a new text, in his nostalgia and thoughts, to the memories of his family journey, to the tale of their transfer to America, the promising land of immigrants' generations.

The second title of Mehta's new work explains everything: "This Land is our Land: a creation of immigrants." It is a clear support of the freedom of immigration and songs of commendation towards multiculturalism and clear condemnation of what has happened to the policies of Washington under President Donald Trump against immigrants and refugees. The author made attempts to travel and gathered varied migration accounts, while much of the book is a cataloguing of sorrows people share with him. He actually took these pains. He primarily focuses on the United States as a transit country and offers estimates, as well as instances demonstrating when and how strategies on migration struggle. Mehta struggles against the exorbitant fears of the other, against the myth that the migrants' flows are to sweep away the world. It reminds us of the connexion between migration and colonisation between history and morality. A British man once questioned Mehta's grandfather what he was doing in the UK and he replied, 'We are creditors. Now, we've come to

accumulate all our riches [in the colonial era]. "That's Mehta's opinion as well. He argues that not only does the West have a moral duty to recognise refugees from places it previously governed or affected, but that the West's (primarily the USA) military obligations in places like Iraq still bear some responsibilities. "Instruct yourself if the West has ever honoured anyone else's boundaries before you expect anyone to accept the western boundaries," he commented. There are also realistic arguments: for demographic and economic purposes, developed countries require migration. Mehta learns all the tricks and boasts about being able to fly between the two zones and not being on the boundaries about society here, here and not there. In the United States, he endured bigotry and at the same time believed like when moving abroad, he had an American passport.

His first volume, *Maximum Region*, was a vision by someone who had resided in the United States while living as a kid of India's primary metropolis. But the book is really detailed and curious with the way that it says Mumbai's tales, so I dare claim, that anyone who had lived there his entire life might have written it just as well. Mehta never forgave his heritage - the language, the cultural nuances and the community networks which gave him a leg at the start of work on the metropolis, he was unable to understand.

In this country is *Our territory*, the writer emphasizes that, while residing in America, his family and community retained their practices vibrant (his elder son, for instance, was raised in the United States, but was taught to talk Gujarati by his parents before school). And then in his latest text, he concludes: "I will [always] come back in relief to America and I might be American here. Early on when I went to India, I couldn't be English in England. I wasn't entirely an Indian. I was a "NRI," a "non resident Indian." It sweeps through concepts and shifts quite chaotically from optimism to despair. Paradoxically, though I discovered how important was the settlements of Mehta's family in the United States, I found the section regarding South Asia - the birthplace of the author - less persuasive. This section is a tale that runs through the Indian past and bundles the multiple threads in one ball, although some of them do not seem much linked with the book's main subject.

Moreover, this nation is our nation, unlike the painfully down-to-earth *Maximum City* is a little idealistic in its post. Mehta points out that even the doubling or tripling of the population of the United States does not make the nation unlivable compared with some other countries' demographic density. Maybe so, nor can we picture the government in Washington approving it regardless of anyone's opinions on this? "I don't ask for open borders," the speaker notes, "I'm calling for open hearts." This is a beautiful notion, but it can actually only be loosely converted into successful politics. And to America, we were fine. We are developers, journalists, physicians, merchants, lawyers, in franchises and teachers in my extended family, "said Mehta. This is a high argument, as it represents in large part the overall condition of the Americans. A standard Indian professional in the USA is currently a doctor or an IT expert, with an Indian family based in the country's annual average income twice the national level for 2011.

However, not all of the other societies have experienced a big progress and the approach is not always so smooth. To all its benefits, this land is our world, instead of telling tales, it focuses mainly on reinforcing the key point. The tale is like a flame of the lamp which sheds light on several places but often lengthens shadows and can't cover anything equally. I surely don't mean that Suketu Mehta just looked at his community's view and that his perception was clouded. His homework is painstaking, much like *Maximum City*. He met, among others, with people from both sides of the US-Mexico boundary, poor Africans who were trying to enter Spain from Morocco and many others. The origins of the author are important both for individuals and for written works.

However, it should be pointed out that the United States has been a nation of choice for a long time to choose who it can afford (even if not always exactly and quite randomly). The U.S. has selected the agricultural fruit of other cultures, as Mehta himself points out, and wasted other countries' minds for its benefit. Nations such as India spend and fund their own businesses just to walk out to the United States to see their strongest graduates and experts in fields like IT. Whilst that has little to do with morals - and I agree with Mehta here - the trouble, whether or not we like it, is maybe one of the reasons the USA is so powerful and desirable to their own people. In brutal terms: the US is not a refugee centre; it is a global organisation that determines who to recruit. To imagine that the State might function differently is both political and idealistic. His government should definitely do more to some level, for example, changing any of his unjust migrant practices because in this nation, our language is a good point to be noticed. This is our nation. A particular one is the storey of an Indian, who lived with his family in the USA, and the general one is a manifesto for an immigrant - and not just an immigrant. Amid my doubts regarding some of his methods, the book on all levels is important and presented in a manner we need to take into account in the world today.

The first portion of Mehta's title says all of this: '*Maximum City: Bombay Lost And Found*.' There are too many meanings of 'identification' but, as Sudhish Kakar quoted in *Modern Indian Novel*, 'in some places identification is referred to as a deliberate sense of human individuality and, in others, as a sense of unity with an ideal of a

group'(Pathak,52). Our identification represents the cultural disparity and affiliation with the society tradition, and the absence of one contributes to a "loss" in the minds of many Indians through a sense of dominance or lower status to fulfill their fantasy of developing the colonial mindset among Indians.

Suketu Mehta is a New York-based journalist, but Bombay is the city he grew up in. "I missed Bombay like my body organ when I relocated to the city of New York" (Mehta, 8) he recounts. It may be nostalgia which took him back to Mumbai. The protagonist finds the city of his childhood with its present-day inhabitants. Max City is now a community-wide memorial to migration. One day Mehta mentions how his father screamed at him, while he was in high school, "You decided to come here while you were home. You want to go there, now that you're here." It was in New York, so it doesn't matter; it could have been in Bombay. The episode took Mehta to the understanding of the truth: "It was when I knew first that I had a new nationality: a resident of the desired world," (Mehta, 33)

But more than just memoirs, Maximum City documents the presence of a writer in his childhood with his area. In 1998 when Mehta returned to Bombay with his wife and son, twenty-one years after he left, he started to experience a number of illnesses with his foreign-born son. Amebic dysentery happened to one of his daughters. "Amoebic dysentery is transformed into faces, and we're feeding our son's piss." (Mehta, 30). "The food and the water are polluted with faces in Bombay, India's most modern region.

This passage, a combination of fear and irony, is not self-aware of the frenzied truth. The anxious reaction of the visitor to a man defecating in India does not literally reflect. Instead, Mehta finds that, as the sea is washing, he can scent the hungry that rises from the cliffs, sweeping across the half-million-dollar flats that stretch towards east, from his bed, and that as a true journalist he goes out and speaks to people who can say him something.

One of the informants of Mehta is Prahlad Kakkar, who has produced Bombay, 'a film on shitting in the metropolis.' He says, 'Midway into the population there is no bathroom in which to shit in and then they sit outside. That's five million people. If you've shit half a kilo, that's two, a half million kilograms of shit per day.

Mehta suggests the issue is that the Indians lack a 'civic meaning.' Intimate, intolerably filthy spaces are desirable, public. Because the government cannot develop the existing area, the name of its streets and crossroads varies regularly. Mehta too understands, but he tends to make the scenario more complex. In the rename of his beloved city, he sees the affirmation of the poorest people in Bombay, the Maharastrians of the Ghatis, those people who, generally speaking, have been his 'servants' to him.

This, as Mehta points out, has become the retaliation of the Ghatis. After their legislators they renamed everything and ultimately renamed the area. They should at least inhabit the road signs if they were reluctant to enable themselves to exist on our highways. Mehta thinks that at the train station his individuality is broken by the relentless crowd of bodies. It is a tentative to accept this assertion as a clear answer, and also a reaction to a fear of losing self in the centre of the "white flood in and out of the Church gate Station.' But it's all that I have to do with the giant clock at Church gate. It is all my body and my flesh. It's bad. Oil drops from the body and his eyes transform massive oil drips from him, black, and white, black all over it." (Mehta, 3) Oil drops from his eyes and his eyes become gigantic Oil drips from him. He was confused with beer bars and Mehta wrote that he did not understand why the men spent a lot of money there? In the city of Bombay he developed his experienced knowledge.

The second section of Mehta's latest work title reads: "This nation is our nation: a manifesto for immigrants." In 1977, Suketu Mehta, a 14-year-old, migrated with his parents and two sisters to the United States. He left his nearest mates behind in Bombay. He would send letters to them, not the boring existence or loneliness he found in Queens, New York's all boys' Catholic secondary school. He didn't suggest a bully baptized him 'Mouse,' and would carry him down the halls. The moment his family noticed animosity on both sides of their car was not listed. Instead, he will swap comic sheets, accessible in the United States and admired in India, with his parents. Speaking on a New York cell, he says: "The storey's migrants bring home are, 'Hey, we went to America, this is the dream.' As a refugee, a youth too, Mehta realised that the tales that one tells with others are success storey's, memories of joy to demonstrate that the journey to the new land was indeed good. It is a very emotionally charged tale.

In Mehta's most recent book This Land is Our Country: An Immigrant's Manifesto (Jonathan Cape; Rs599; pages 287), the position of tales, those that we share, those which we say to our family and the ones political leaders share with us are crucial. It is not money; it is a story.' It may have been about the first snowfall, the first sight of the Brooklyn Bridge or the first flavor of a hot dog.



But they are also serious if storeys attach. And they were later used as devices to establish disputes and divisions. Mehta says, "There's power in narrative, much more intensity than cold figures. That is why Trump won the presidency, so Modi and [Viktor Mihály] Orbán (Hungarian Prime Minister) and Rodrigo Duterte of the Philippines earned control. A populist is above all a professional narrator and the latest elections around the world demonstrate the strength of populism: a fake statement, a negative statement about the other, which is well described.'

In his novel, Mehta corrects these false statements. He claims "The discussion on immigration is a narrative battle." He assumes all "populists" know how to tell the tale, how to create a brand, whether it is Trump on TV, or Bal Thackeray in Shivaji Park. "To tell a real tale better," because it is the role of writers because writers is the best way to combat such fake reports. "Why all these people are demonizing journalists and authors," he says, "because they are tellers of the facts."

This nation is our nation is a perfect illustration of crystallized vengeance. This does not leave the target irritated nor unmoved by the fury of spit and boulder. Rather, it is a frustration that is backed by spiritual consistency and reality. There is anger that has been abused through unwavering claims that can only be dismissed by the intentionally ignorant and intentionally acidic. Mehta comes to the subject of personal migration, but he demonstrates that we are all migrants through the storey's of others and in-depth analysis of this matter. Politicians only promote the apprehension of refugees in order to win support, raise revenue and vilify the "other."

"I name them the everyday heroes to trump migrants, bandits or criminals," said Mehta. He tells us about families just communicating across a break in the 'Friendship Park' barrier (a land boundary between San Diego and Tijuana in the USA and Mexico). Families cannot embrace here, so a mother can place her finger through the fence and her daughter can access it from the other hand. Only via this 'pinky kiss' May mothers who did not meet their sons in 17 years, or brothers who did not meet in 20. Mehta meets a young man from Guiana Khalil, his wife and his weekly infant. The pair was in Tangier for nine months and waited for the kid to cross for Spain for a month. He bought money (€2,500) just for an African smuggler to get them over. The only way they understood to maintain the baby relaxed during the crossing, was to drug the baby on boat trips. You know how risky, even tragic, the path that awaits you. "Khalil wants to travel to Europe," Mehta states. He would not switch back because of challenges, because, he notes, 'my family needs my support.'

"I knew like this book had to be published now. In the light of migration, the US 2020 election is to be won or lost," says Suketu Mehta, poet. Mehta underlines in this book that most human and inherent migration is driven by an urge to strengthen one's home, provide for one's children, and strive toward a better future than the present day.

The title for the book is 'AN IMMIGRANT's MANIFESTO' because it is as much a screening of migration as it is an announcement. This country is Our Country is a national affirmation of the religion and aspirations of all refugees. It is a manifesto which declares in no uncertain terms, "I claim, for myself and my children and my uncles and cousins, the right to the United States, by manifest fate. This world is your world, it's our country, and it's yours and me's. Now this is our land. We won't give anyone confidence in their racist fears over our sport; we don't let the bastards take it back. Now it's our US.

As a product of the past colonisation and the new systems of Capital and climate change, Mehta has an argument for America that any immigrant should own the rich country. Migrants from deprived areas are allowed to remain in wealthier sections, which are effectively recitative. In the 1980s, while his grandfather was seated in a park in London, he opened the book with an event. A British elderly man charged that he was thinking, 'Why are you here? Why are you in my land? 'We are the creditors,' answered his grandfather. You've drained all of our money. Now we have come to pick. "Mehta will clearly clarify how restitutionary immigration is – we're here because you were there." The British did not operate India as a civilization initiative, " Mehta adds. Except to enrich England.

Although the US may opt to hide and claim that it owes India nothing, since it was a colony itself, it must be kept responsible for the mess it has created on the earth today. Alone, while the US military is a polluter higher than 140 nations, "the US has abandoned the Paris Agreement and can do little in regard to climate change," says Mehta. "Today's global change has substituted last-century colonials by making the wealthy countries get wealthier, the developing countries getting developing," he said. "Indies struggle and would struggle at tremendous rates because they have set up their economies with fossil fuels. Mehta claims that the devastating impacts of global change would cause the kind of human displacement that traditionally has yet to be seen as whole nations are submerged. "When it comes to movement, you haven't seen something yet," he said, and I can hear his point in all the cities, even on a trans-Atlantic side. "People who came to the US in the 1960s are

experts who should be sincerely thankful to the US for enabling them to join. My book says that without immigrants this nation will crumble.

It's not shocking that a lot of reactions were contained in Mehta's text. I am an uppity immigrant in his essay in the Washington Post. Don't expect me to be "grateful" and the book itself, published in the USA in June, has been the target of planned criticism in the sections. He found how one of the reviewers on Amazon said he ought to be 'skinned alive' and to return to his 'turkish-world nation,' while another wrote, 'these cockroaches must be put back into whatever crack hole he crawled from.' He said, "I got from Indian Americans all these messages, claiming my book really made them avoid apologizing and going. People who came here in the 1960s are professionals, and should really be very grateful for the entry of America. "Now it is not time for the Indian American community to only celebrate economic prosperity, instead they need to contribute to the public domain, probably to enter politics and 'assert our position in the world,' he says.

All is loving migration, according to Mehta. It might differentiate between life and death for the refugees. It would introduce young and entrepreneurial refugees into the recipient country who have abandoned their homes and embarked on a rough journey would work hard and frankly. The refugees would return money to their homes and the flow of income to the places they left behind would benefit. As Mehta notes, "They would enhance, in every meaning of the term, their new nations. The immigration armada on your banks is a rescue fleet, in reality.

## CONCLUSION

"This is our land: an immigrant manifesto" might have been written by Mehta out of rage, but it's "an unhappy book with a happy ending." And the positive end is that immigration is to everyone's advantage. He likes America, and it's a nation made up of all the other nations. "The conclusion of this tale, too, is a regenerating of my trust in the World. It is an incredible double-hope that the trip starts as a path that combines satire, rage and disarray with the condition of our world. This is the unusual, rational, unsentimental and yet curiously elevating novel. The tale about the importance and struggles of our most inspirational leaders is a fierce and well spoken by a proud American. A strong, fun, frustrated, optimistic call from one of our finest writers for health and justice. The heart-felt book of Mehta is a much-demanded and effective antidote to the late, menacingly noisy anti-immigrant discourse.

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