

CHAPTER II

Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard : An Ecocritical Evaluation

Taking man's harmony and conflict with nature as the primary focus, this research attempts to re-read Kiran Desai's novel '*Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard*' from perspective of ecocriticism. The study points out that Kiran Desai's deep ecological thoughts are well conveyed in her descriptions of the beauty of the orchard and forest. This study tries to analyze orchard and forest's value in order to reveal human's ungrateful attitude. Without harmonious co-existence with nature, human can go to their doom. Devotees intruded in orchard and inhabitants of orchard intrude human colonies ravaging bazaar. Orchard, forest has been damaged by invasion of human which lead to hullabaloo in the guava orchard. Balance of ecology has been collapsed and harmony between man and nature is completely destroyed. When man intrudes in nature animals adapts changes but when animal intrudes in human colonies they raise their weapon to catch them and kill birds and animals.

Hullabaloo in Guava Orchard embodies the ecological idea on the relationship between man and nature, between man and man and between man and self. If we could not achieve a balance between these relationships we will be responsible for our own end by our hands. So it has a realistic meaning to read this novel from the perspective of ecology especially during today's times when the ecological crisis is becoming more and more serious.

Kiran Desai confronts in *Hullabaloo in the Guava orchard* serious issue of environmental crisis. Desai makes strong statements throughout the book regarding the problems inherent in man's encroachment upon the natural order of things.

Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard starts with reading of the news by Mr. Chawla about global environmental crisis i.e. global warming. Various probable reasons have been discussed by newspaper. Writer draws attention towards global disaster. There are descriptions about changes in atmosphere of various regions in the world. One of serious changes is increase in summer heat which enveloped the whole of Shahkot in a murky yellow haze. Human beings were fighting against catastrophe of nature which is result of their own disastrous deeds. It is suggested through reading of newspaper by Mr. Chawla. At the start of the book the newspaper from which Mr. Chawla reads aloud reports all manner of explanations for the drought that Shahkot is experiencing. 'Problems have been located in the cumulus that has become overly heated. It is all a result of volcanic ash thrown up in the latest spurt of activity in the polar ice-caps.' [Desai, page1]

It is habit of human being to exploit nature and blame activities of human being for natural calamities. Newspaper tries to raise important serious issues responsible for rise in heat and famine. It is probably due to the molecular movement observed in polar ice-caps. It seems that newspaper is publishing ridiculous efforts done by people all over world to bring the rain.

'Iraq attempts to steal monsoon by deliberately creating low pressure over desert provinces and deflecting winds from India.' [page1]

'Hungarian musician offers to draw rain clouds from Europe to India via music of his flute'. [Desai, page 1]. This news irritates Chawla who reacts 'they should think of serious solutions.'

The monsoons have not yet come, and the people fear for their crops and their livelihoods. They seek solace in dreaming up reasons for the monsoon's absence. They look for something or someone to blame, to fill up the space of worry.

Highest temperature was recorded in Shahkot. There were dozens of monsoon inducing proposals. Mr. Chawla himself submitted a proposal to the

forestry department for cutting and growing of vegetation in elaborate patterns. To bring artificial army proposed the scattering and driving of clouds by jet planes flying in a special geometric formation. Whenever there is natural disaster people from all levels of society try to find out solution from highly intellectual thinkers, scientist administrator to common ordinary person of lower strata of society. Superstitions are deeply rooted in the culture of Indian people. Temple priest thought of wedding of frog to bring rain. Animals are commonly associated with cultural rituals. They play important role in mythology of cultures. Man born in nature uses nature to fulfill needs according to their own capacity and gives birth to a new culture which he forces it on nature. This culture of superstition is followed by abusing the nature. A giant fan was invented to attract the southern monsoon clouds by creating a wind tunnel moving north toward Himalayas.

‘The bees flew drunk on the nectar that had turned alcoholic. The policemen slept all day in the banana grove. Unbearable heat of summer made Shahkotians to argue for spots directly below their ceiling fans. In the marketplace, they raided the shops for palm leaf fans.’ [Desai, 2, 3]

Everybody was eagerly waiting for monsoon but it did not arrive. With this hot setting narrative moves further to introduce main characters. Kulfi is mother of Sampath Chawla and Ammaji is mother of Mr. Chawla. There were famine-relief camps set up by the Red Cross. Kulfi was pregnant. Writer uses similes from nature to describe pregnancy of Kulfi. Stomach of Kulfi was extending improbably before her like a huge growth upon a slender tree. She was looking strange and isolated herself from society. She likes to live alone in her own world. She remains closed in one room where she draws different pictures on walls. During her pregnancy eccentricity surrounds her persona in the eyes of neighbor who said ‘there was always something odd about her’. Ammaji used to answer curious questions of neighbor ‘what do you expect from a woman with a baby in her belly like a little fish?’ but Kulfi was thinking of fish themselves in

many forms. Language of narrative is ecologically oriented. This language include ecological vocabulary such as trees, sky but small herbs, shrubs, spices such as fenugreek, camel milk, yam corn, mangoes, coconut custard apples mushrooms nuts. Consciousness of Kulfi is full with these fruits, spices. In her mind aubergines grew large and purple and crisp. Ladyfingers were flavoured with tamarind and coriander. Chicken was stewed with cloves and cardmom. She thought of chopping and bubbling, of frying, slicing, stirring, grating. She drew pictures of a pond, dark but leaping with colourful fish, a field of bright pineapples an pale, dangling snake-gourd, big lumbering jackfruit in a jackfruit tree. She drew creepers and vines that climbed in at the window and spilled a wilderness of leaves upon the walls. She began to draw fruit. She did not know spices yet to be discovered in hidden pods or sequestered in the heart of unknown garlic, a boar entangled in a jungle of papaya trees. She had ecological obsession instilled into foetus with attraction of ecological world. When there was scarcity of vegetables her consciousness was filled with picture of all spices, fruits trees. Thus ecological elements are deeply rooted in the mind of characters like Kulfi. They think, dream, wish to be one part of nature.

At last a day rose to rain. Atmosphere of rain is beautifully described. People prepare to celebrate arrival of rain after long waiting. It was day of winter but suddenly evening became smoky. Sun is shadowed by dark clouds. People prepared to greet by wrestling and tussling with each other in an exuberance of spirit. The rain had come to Shahkot. The monsoon was in the town. Kulfi watched with unbelieving elation as the approaching smell of rain spiked the air like a flower, as the clouds shifted in from the each, reached the trees at the town's edge and moved in. Kulfi enjoyed the rain. She stretched out her hands to feel the weight of the drops on her flat palms. The rain descended in great sweeping sheets. Ponds formed, joined to make lakes and ran down the streets to make rivers. Rivers took the place of roads. In such jocund cool atmosphere Kulfi gave birth to Sampath. Happy and excited, with arrival of rain

neighbours chattered with birth of baby. They assured Kulfi that her son was destined for greatness, that the world, large and mysterious beyond Shahkot had taken notice of him. He was named as Sampath mean 'good fortune'.

From beginning the narrative is positioned within an ecologically informed language. Natural disaster, natural elements plays important role to create background of novel.

The main character in *Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard* is Sampath Chawla, a young Indian man who is caught in the wrath of a family married to the social mores of a bureaucratically shackled family. Sampath is incapable of organizing his thoughts and his life within the confines of the bureaucratic wheel, and he flows from station to station in life, failing at everything he attempts. Sampath works as a sorter in the mailroom at the post office in his hometown of Shahkot, in India, and he performs his menial job with as much rote and thoughtlessness as possible

He used to read all letters of people. He came to know secrets matters of people. Mr. Chawla was not so much rich to have separate room for everyone in family. All used to sleep under one fan but Sampath could not sleep peacefully due to snoring of family members. He wished for silence and cool atmosphere. He felt heavy and dull. His legs were looking like spider. It was too hot and stuffy. To add in this there was noise of snoring. He went on roof for cool and fresh air. Sampath is lazy day-dreamer lacking the common sense. His way of thinking is also strange. He could not adjust with real circumstances. He felt restless, unsatisfied. In hot atmosphere he felt if he could sink like a stone to a place as deep and dark as the sea floor. Sampath observed dullness in and around his home. He imagined different strange things which could make him fresh, energetic and peaceful. Ammaji appeared him like a pale sea creature washed on to the shore marked by the tides, crumpled and creased.

Sampath hates his life. He is dismissed from his job due to eccentric behaviour in wedding of boss's daughter. He is not at all ashamed of the scene

he makes of himself, yet when he could not conform to 'normal codes of conduct. His father had a lot of expectations from him but he could not fulfill. His passivity irritated him. When he is dismissed from job his father shouted at him as an absolute good for nothing. He ordered him to look for another job. His colleagues came to offer their condolences for losing job and to ask him about his strange behavior. Sampath felt sorry but reactions of people disturbed him. He hated his life. It was a never-ending flow of misery. It felt like prison he had been born into. He felt bitter at heart. He remembered all humiliating past experiences. Now he wished for open air, freedom where nobody can disturb him. One day when his family went to attend wedding Sampath left house. He caught the bus and left the world, a world that made its endless revolutions towards nothing. And at the place where bus groaned its way up the slope of the hill bus stopped Sampath leapt from the window of the stalling bus ran into the wilderness towards an old orchard. He ran with a feeling of great urgency, over bushes, through weeds. He entered in the orchard for peace and contentment in search of peace, solitude far from maddening crowd.

'Nature cures, not physician' Hippocrates recognized the powerful attribute of nature. In its pure, unpolluted state, nature contains all the energetic and spiritual elements needed for life and vitality. Sampath saw a tree, an ancient tree. Silence held between its branches like a prayer, there is wondrous effect of orchard on Sampath. Beautiful nature helps for enhancement of spiritual enlightenment and satisfaction for any normal person. Silence is wordless prayer. Nature gives valuable message but Sampath could not comprehend surrounding properly because he is eccentric person.

Ancestors of human beings are born and brought up in the lap of nature. They fulfilled their all needs from nature's heart. Anybody can be happy with original enchanting beauty of nature. Man used all material available in nature to build home, to prepare food. As man is gifted with extraordinary intellect he exploited beauty and bounty of environment in such a

way that today so many species of animals, birds, are on the verge of destruction. Here Sampath is not gifted with any sort of talent or common sense but eccentricity.

Sampath climbed on a tree. He disturbed dead leaves and insect carcasses and all the bits of dried-up debris that collect in a tree. It was a guava tree. That orchard had been owned by the old district judge of Shahkot before the government declared the land to be part of an area reserved for national forest.

Nature consists of life force or prana by which all living entities are upheld, and on manifestation, nature takes on forms of earth, water, fire air and ether. When we are physically and emotionally depleted, we lose these life-sustaining energies and negative energy accumulates, resulting in disease and disharmony. But nature automatically helps us to discharge negative energy and recharges us with its life giving force. As Sampath climbed on guava tree he felt his breathing slow and a wave of peace and contentment overtook him.

‘All about him the orchard was spangled with the sunshine of a November afternoon, webbed by the reflections of the shifting foliage and filled with a liquid intricacy of sun and shadow. The warmth nuzzled against his heartbeat grew quiet, he could hear the soft popping and rustling of plants being warmed to their different scents all about him. Orchard was extremely beautiful. This orchard matched something he had imagined all his life: myriad green skinned globes growing sweet-sour and marvelous upon a hillside with enough trees to fill the eye and enough fruit to scent the air.’ [Desai, 50]

The leaves of trees were just a shade darker than the fruit and the bark was a peeling away of tan over a milky paleness so delicate and so smooth that his fingers thrilled to its touch. Through this tree sky was appearing clearly. There was a flock of parrots, a vivid jewel green, chattering and shrieking in the highest of spirits. This scene filled his whole mind, for him this was the way of riches and this was king’s life. He craved to swallow it whole, in one glorious

mouthful that could become part of him forever. Beauty and bounty of orchard hold Sampath spellbound and he wished if he could exchange his life for this luxury of stillness, to be able to stay with his face held towards the afternoon like a sunflower and to learn all there was to know in this orchard, each small insect crawling by smell of the earth thick beneath the grass. Here he got life as he wished. Nobody was there to give him orders or to disturb him. This was right place to lead peaceful life. He thought about green gold guava which would be most tasty he ever has eaten. Sampath fell into a deep slumber, lodged in a fork in the guava tree.

Watchman of university brought news in village that someone had climbed a tree in old orchard Shahkot. Whole Chawla family ran towards orchard. They discovered Sampath sitting in his tree eating a guava, his legs dangling beneath him. Sampath escaped from world of responsibilities and resided in tree to spent passive life. His behavior was itself sign of abnormality. Kiran Desai weaves whole fabric of story with a single thread of orchard where hullabaloo is created by monkeys and monkey-baba.

‘I am adopting a simple way of life. From now on I have no relative’
[Desai,54]

Sampath clearly declared his intentions. Everybody coaxes him to come down but he was firm on his decision. But Kulfi said that let him live there. It irritated Mr. Chawla. He was in a big problem of keeping normality within family. Kulfi was strange mother. It was not serious matter for her.

Desperate Mr.Chawla brought doctor to check him. He climbed with stethoscope and blood pressure pump. But he reached at conclusion that he is crazy person only God can help him. Then doctor of Tibetan medicine was called upon who suggested medicines derived from the scorpion, sea scorpion, the sea dragon and the sea-mouse. It was all irritating foolishness. They went on to the homeopathic and ayurvedic doctors and to naturopath. They recommended medicines. A holy man suggested to arrange a marriage for him.

To bring him in world of human being Mr.Chawla arranged a marriage. Bride is brought in orchard. She arrived in orchard with her family. Her father urged her to climb on tree. She climbed on tree and she touched with her finger which was as cold as ice and moist. Sampath leapt up in a horror. She lost her balance and tumbled toward the ground. Writer here created extremely humourous incident of a shy bride climbing on tree to marry an eccentric person. When girl sneezed pinky felt terribly scornful who thought it as bad omen. She gave a good pinch from behind. Ammaji ran up with a tin can full of water and emptied it all over her.

All characters are eccentric. Kulfi, mother of Sampath Chawla possessed eccentricity hereditary. Kulfi had inherited familiar strain of lunacy.

When Sampath was working in post office he used to read letters of people secretly. One of them was Mr. Singh. When Mr. Singh met Sampath in orchard he asked him if his jewellery is safely buried beneath the tulsi plant. He started exposing secrets of persons who came to visit him or to take his blessings. They were stunned to hear secret things. They spread news that he knows all sorts of things. They thought he is remarkably rise spirit of an unusual spiritual nature. Orchard turned into religious place. Devotees started coming after reading news of Sampath in newspaper.

‘ Fleeing duties at Shahkot post office a clerk has been reported to have settled in a large guava tree. According to popular speculation, he is one of an unusual spiritual nature, his child-like ways being coupled with unfathomable wisdom.’[Deasi,67]

Sampath took shelter of guava tree and made it a permanent home. Due to this news he came in limelight. Overnight he became famous. Mr. Chawla who was very much worried about his son suddenly realized Sampath might make his family’s fortune. There are so many great opportunity arose out of nowhere. He planned to make orchard a permanent residence. He stopped berating Sampath for having climbed up the tree because he would earn money.

Once he was very much annoyed with his now he brings his family fortune. Devotees came to take his blessings. Untrodden roads became familiar and old. And Sampath encroached in permanent home of animals and birds of orchard. Orchard became great tool of earning money. Nobody think about living being of orchard.

Sampath was gradually provided with all sorts of comforts. Mr. Chawla made more elaborate living arrangements. He made a lovely picture, seated there amidst the greenery, reclining upon his cot. Once upon a time his father had scolded him for every little thing he had done. Now all his family was recruited for his service. He got life like raja. They arranged everything for Sampath on tree. Rope levering system was designed to provide him tea, breakfast, water. Sampath did everything on tree. With this system they could not provide anything properly. So an old wooden crate was attached to elementary pulley system in which they provided him both water, meals, earthenware pots with the help of which Sampath answered the call of nature.

Sampath gave what came to be known as 'the sermon in the guava tree' where he responded to people's queries with such a charm and wit they were to be his trademark for ever after. This skinny, long-legged apparition stunned devotees of the Krishna temple with his clairvoyance. Everybody worshipped him who has unfathomable wisdom. All types of people came to tell him their problem and to take his advice. Sampath gave answers through examples and symbols from nature for e.g. If you do not weed your tomato plant will not flower.

Sampath craves for peaceful life but this very silence make him popular as wise sage. It is his very silence that ties Sampath's hand consigning him to sagehood. He never expresses his desire in front of devotees to leave him alone. For his family this silence becomes greatest means of income. It becomes artistic genius. Daydreaming is his moonlighting and deeply personal occupation. He is not intellectual yet for all intents and purposes, to the

townspeople he is sculptor of their minds and futures. Desai wants to suggest there is not any connection between what people actually hear and what they want to hear. There is disjoint.

Wise people turned towards nature for meditation and contemplation. They inhabited in dark forest and became saint of divine power. With their valuable wisdom they showed the world path of spiritual development and salvation. But Sampath made farce of sagehood. People made him tree-baba thinking him as rise spirit of an unusual spiritual nature.

Kulfi set kitchen under guava tree itself. She tried to steal the experimental plants from the agricultural centre's annual display. She attempted to get into the cage of rare pheasants in the tiny Shahkot zoo to catch and cook. Each time she had been caught by guards.

Pinky sister of Sampath was always attempting to maintain her beautiful attractive position in bazaar society. When she appeared in glory of her efforts, she looked as if she was about to enter a fashion show afterwards she complained that she was being followed by a man staring with big goggly eyes.

Ammaji bought dentures. Then Ammaji and Pinky went to watch a movie Love Story 85. When movie was over, they stopped at Hungry Hop Kwality Ice cream van for ice-cream. There was cinema monkey who had been harassing the ladies of town for peanut cones. Pinky and Ammaji took ice-cream by Hungry Hop boy. That made monkey to come near them. He was so bold he showed not the slightest trepidation. Ammaji ran with the cone but monkey ran after Pinky even though she was without any food products. He grabbed hold of her dupatta and held tight as she screamed like a train and pounded down the bazaar street. In the midst of all this confusion Ammaji took bite of ice-cream. As she did so dentures were dislodged from her gums. Horrified, Ammaji dropped cone. Monkey caught hold of the denture laden cone and rusted towards a tree. Hungry Hop boy went at monkey, Screaming,

yelling, waving two sticks in such an alarming manner that even this dreadful monkey disgusted at finding no peanuts and a little intimidated, dropped the cone. The Hungry Hop boy retrieved the dentures from a melting pool of chocolate and delivered them, carefully balanced on the end of a stick, to Ammaji. Thus monkeys were forcefully entering in crowd and harassing them. Human beings were also trying to attack them in return. The path to Sampath's tree had been widened and was kept swept clean and sprinkled with rose water. A small ladder had been set against the trunk so those interested in asking for blessing could, climb up to the spot where Sampath dangled his legs. He used to keep toes reverently upon their heads they would be satisfied in getting blessing in this way.

Tea-stall was built. Ammaji had been put in a sole charge of a tea stall operating from under a bit of canvas sheet attached to four poles, and consequently she was able to spend her time chatting to her heart's content with visitors who ordered a snack or two, a Campa cola, or even a light lunch to complete the pleasure of their outing. Mr. Chawla managed a small cart where he sold flower garlands, fruit and incense to those inclined towards leaving offerings for Sampath. Mr. Chawla became entrepreneur. This was a very nice system, because although he had to buy the supplies from the bazaar, he was given a large discount. These items he sold at a large profit and then in another lucky financial twist, the family reclaimed many of the coconuts and sweetmeats from the bottom of Sampath's tree at the end of day to pile them upon the cart so they could be sold once more the next day. It was like big business which gave them not only popularity but also huge amount of money.

In this novel there is another one eccentric character. He is a Spy who asked very important question to Sampath Chawala 'why are there so many opinions about the nature of God?' [Desai,93]. He is disguised spy from Atheist Society [AS] and a member of 'The Branch to uncover Fraudulent Holy Men [BUFHM]. Sampath answered by giving example of river. Different types of

persons observe river in various forms. It depends on their approach. Kiran Desai satirizes on Indian religious mentality through questions by devotees and ridicules at it through answers of Sampath. One devotee asks question about religious unrest in our country. Another devotee draws attention towards his children who are careless about religious matters. With examples from nature fruits, trees vegetables Sampath answers question of devotees.

‘There is no sign of the fruit when you buy the shoot. A watermelon does not exist unless it is watermelon season. Before you cut it open you should always put your ear to the rind while tapping on the side. In this way you can make sure it will be completely ripe.’[Desai, 94].

The spy made notes in a school notebook and scratched his head dubiously. Here he was on important mission to expose hypocrisy of tree- baba. Spy made more top secret notes in his school notebook.

‘Avoids questioning by pretending other worldliness, unable to discuss deeper matter of philosophy’[Desai,96]

Through comic scenes Desai gently satirizes on hypocrisies of so-called gurus. Desai has a peculiar talent for making fun of small town life without condemning it.

Normal expressions of Sampath are taken as signs of wisdom, face of thinker. It is to be noted that one of devotees Lakshmi remarks that she has seen many holy men like that who sometimes sit completely still. They are like a bird on her eggs. One devotee told about a sadhu who never practiced any austerities or study just he used to look at hot spring and that would send him into Samadhi. Thus nature and its various landscapes gave inspiration to sadhu for meditation and spirituality.

Devotees were thoroughly impressed by Sampath’s little wisdom and big silence. They become so emotional that orchard became pleasant surroundings in which they lost themselves. It was pleasant surroundings where beautiful Himalayan foothills were extremely beautiful. It was beautiful and

lush nature where butterflies fluttered through the landscape, tree pies and flycatchers flew from tree to tree. Lizards sunned themselves on tin roof of the watchman's shed, slided down in a stupor during the warm afternoon and breeze rustled the leaves.

'Here and there were sprinklings of wild flowers, flowers with the colour and fragrance of fruit; flowers with gaping mouths and tongues that left the devotees tiger-stripped with pollen as they passed by; that waved their anthers and brandished their stamens, that sent such scents up into the air, nobody could help lowering their noses into their fragrant petals.' [Desai, 98].

In such beautiful enchanting surroundings devotees were hypnotized by foolish wisdom of Sampath whom they worshipped as wise tree-baba. Devotees felt charm of Sampath's words. Spy sniffed the air. There was scent of cardmom and cloves wreathed up into the leaves from a cooking pot. He tried to analyse various smell. He felt doubt Sampath might be drugged or he was smoking ganja.

Kulfi tried to prepare nutritious food for Sampath. For that she roamed on hillside in search of pheasants and wildfowl. She set cane traps for pheasants and wildfowls. They lived in the forest but ate from grain crops and were fat and delicious. When she spotted one in the trap, she pounced upon it and without flinching, wrung its neck with a grip of iron. The profusion of greenery and space exhilarated her. She wandered in the deepest parts of the woods amidst the bamboo groves, the sal forests, the towering moss-laden trees. She was not frightened of wild cats, snakes, the scorpions, and leeches. She didn't care. She waded out into the muddy ponds to collect lotus stems, raided bird's nest, prised open tightly sealed pods, nibbled at the grass and returned home with her hair wild, her muddy hands full of flowers, her mouth blue and red from all she had sampled. The corners of her saree were tied into knot containing ginger, lilies and rain-fever mushrooms, samples of seeds and bits of bark. Everything was for Sampath. She exploited forest wealth, trapped

birds, killed them mercilessly. She had set up outdoor kitchen, spilling over into a grassy patch of ground. There were rows of pickles jars matured in the sun like an army balanced upon the stone wall.

‘roots lay, tortured and contorted, upon a cot as they dried and tiny wild fruit, scorned by all but the birds, lay cut open, displaying purple-stained hearts. Ginger was buried underground so as to keep it fresh; lemon and pumpkin dried on the roof of tin-covered porch; all manner of things fermented in tightly sealed tins, chilli peppers and curry leaves hung from the branches of a tree, and so did buffalo curds, dripping from a cloth on its way to becoming paneer’.[Desai 101]

Kulfi was so obsessed with food spices and cooking ingredients that she continuously muttered names of spices such as

‘cumin, quail, mustard seeds, pomelo rind, fennel, coriander, sour mango, pandarus flour, lichen and perfumed kewra, colocassa leaves, custard apple, winter melon, bitter gourd, khas roots, sandalwood, ash gourd, fenugreek greens, snake-gourd, banana flowers, spider leaf, lotus root...’[Desai,101]

She was cooking meals so intricate, they were cooked sometimes with a hundred ingredients. A single grain of one thing, a bud of another, a moist fingertip dipped lightly into a small vial and then into the bubbling pot; a thimble full, a matchbox full a coconut shell full of dark crimson and deep violet, of dusty yellow spice, the entire concoction that emitted only a glimmer of faint heat or that roared like a furnace as she fanned them with a palm leaf.

‘Pickled limes stuffed with cardmom and cumin, crepuscular creatures simmered upon the wood of scented tree a small river fish baked in green coconuts, rice steamed with nasturtium flowers in the pale hollow of a bamboo stem, mushrooms red and yellow-gilled, polka-dotted and stripped’ [Desai,102]. Mr. Chawla was worried of her way of cooking and using such huge ingredients. There can be poisoning of food of Sampath.

He thought of taking her to the mental home. He felt doubt either she thinks like a human being or not? Kulfi tried food on chicken before giving it to Sampath. Mr. Chawla muttered about different arrangements for cooking but Sampath was very much happy with the food which he was getting. He threatened to go on hunger strike if Mr. Chawla thought about other arrangements.

Sampath compares aggressiveness and greediness of human being with bee. On a hot day it buzzes louder but it feels happy to sit in its hive on rainy day. In this way he tried to prove that nature of human being depends on climatic conditions or seasons.

Mr. Chawla allowed visitors only between the hours of lunch and dinner, between half-past noon and half-past eight in the evenings. With limited access the popularity of Sampath and his hermit like reputation grew. However the trick of limited access could not be applied when the monkeys arrived. When monkeys arrive drama of satsang takes different turn. Monkeys change complete picture of guava orchard.

The troupe of cinema monkeys regularly visited the fields and forests surroundings the orchard as if their community obtained news of Sampath and organized a visit. When monkey first arrived they looked upon Sampath as the strange sedentary member of another species in their usual domain with some trepidation and maintained a wary distance. Sampath was not bothered by their mocking. He hooted and howled 'Hoo hoo' he cried to him. They identified as the nucleus of this bountiful community. Sampath was getting freshest fruit, the best nuts. Through him monkeys could receive tastiest titbits. Monkeys who harassed Pinky at cinema Sampath charmed them clearly. They sat grouped about Sampath like a silver-haired and graceful bodyguard, yawning and scratching at their beautiful selves. Monkeys who were harassing woman in bazaar became gentle. It is said that the baba has subdued the beast. He had even cast his spell upon the wild beasts of the market. The behavior of the

monkeys was just another proclamation of Sampath's authenticity but for spy it was only well-developed human-monkey interaction. Some visitors were happy about the monkey's arrival but Kulfi grew worried about her kitchen and began to store her things away more carefully. Pinky whenever she saw monkey burst into hysterical tears.

Pinky always makes up her with use of too much cosmetics. She made her face unnecessarily attractive. It attracted attention of people. One day she went to the hungry Hop boy. Seeing him she was filled with rush of elation and rage. And aggressively she bit his ear so hard that Hungry Hop boy shouted out loudly. A piece of his ear laid upon the ground. Pinky was taken to police station by superintendent of police. He threatened her to send her in mental home. But she was not frightened by such threats. When superintendant came to know she is sister of Sampath tree-baba he escorted her back to her family. Policemen took blessings by Sampath. He asked his problem to Sampath and requested him to give one photograph for police station. Thus family members of Sampath got respectful treatment by officers.

Monkeys entertained themselves by throwing peanuts at the policemen's head. Photographer climbed up into tree with several cameras and a painted piece of canvas depicting background scenes on both side.

'On one side there was a scene of swan floating in a pond with many pink lotus flowers: on the other, a magneta sunset over the sea with a far boatman stalled at horizon in a tiny boat'[Desai 117].

Monkeys were pulling the leaves off a neighbouring tree, let out screams of outrage and bounded back into the tree to help Sampath defend their domain. Leaping from branch to branch in a state of red-gummed, brown-toothed indignation, they almost caused the already jittery photographer to fall down upon his head.

Ammaji sat below the tree with a pile of stones and a slingshot. She sent pebbles fling, keeping the orate monkeys at bay, the photo shoot was

completed. The photographs of Sampath were printed in hundred of sheets by Kwick photo shop at no cost. Ammaji admired her grandson looking handsome but for Pinky it was a terrible picture of Sampath who has not even combed his hair and is wearing only his undershorts. Picture was even printed in 'Times of India' together with headline.

'The Baba of Shahkot in his Tree Abode'

'This peaceful orchard outside Shahkot has been transformed by a glut of visitors rushing to see the hermit of Shahkot whose rare simplicity and profound wisdom are bringing solace and hope to many who are disheartened by these complicated and corrupt times. "There is a spiritual atmosphere here that I have not seen only else in India Miss Jyotsna a postal worker, told his reporter. She professes herself a frequent visitor to this hermit, whom disciples affectionately call 'Monkey Baba' or 'Tree Baba' in reference to his fondness for animals and the simplicity of his dwelling place'[Desai,119]

Spy criticized severely on the role of newspaper. He strongly objected in the meeting of the Atheist society.

'It was completely outrageous. Even the press in this country goes along with this rubbish. In fact, they are the ones who propagate it. They take rumour and put it into official language and of course everybody who reads it promptly swallows it as the whole truth.'[Desai, 120]

Spy comments this tree baba as madman who should be sent in a lunatic asylum. It was precisely people like Sampath who obstructed the progress of this nation, keeping honest, educated people like him in backwaters along with them.

Religious blindness of people is strong working force of tree-baba who unknowingly misdirects people. They keep their spell and charm on innocent people. People who are in problem take help of such types of tree-baba. Kiran Desai satirizes on such types of baba who in their obsession exploits the environment. People are mentioned as uneducated hordes, swelling

and growing towards the biggest population of idiots in the world. Spy has determined to expose Sampath as a fraud.

People started visiting orchard. These who were on their way to a wedding came with bottles of rum. Monkeys found five bottles of rum while rifling through their bag .They drank it all up but they felt unable to slip into general state of stupor.

When Sampath was in womb there were ecological inculcations of various spices trees, flowers, fishes almost all elements of nature on him. All those things were deeply instilled in his mind and body. Now when he came in the company of orchard his consciousness filled with enjoying every minute elements of nature. He played with fingers which moved creating a lotus blossom with petals curling and uncurling, a swimming fish, a lurching camel. His figures wriggle like a spider to scuttle across the impromptu stage of the sun-stamped tree. These scuttling insect legs caused a shiver to course down his spine and he shook his hands as if to get rid of a spider inside him. When he was in their home in Shahkot he used to flicker his tongue in and out like snake's tongue to scare himself. His obsession created different pictures. He thought of human beings with bird-beak noses, people with swan necks, cow eyes, bird-heart terror or a dolphin's love for ocean. People with sea water tears, with bark colored skin, with stem waists and flower poise with fuzzy leaf ears and petal soft mouths.

Monkeys were jumping here and there on tree of Sampath. Devotees said that there is something truly wrong with these monkeys. Due to drinking rum they were making noise and disturbing devotees and Sampath. In this connection one devotee's comment is remarkable it is not the monkey's fault. Always men are degenerate ones. Monkeys developed unquenchable taste for liquor. They began to forage with a new recklessness that made people wonder if they had not gone a little mad. Peanuts and bananas didn't mean a thing to them now. They loved rum in a crazy, passionate way. After some day they got

alcohol then a case of beer in a delivery van then a bottle of whisky in a rickshaw. They grew violent leapt on each bus, each scooter, rickshaw in search of liquor. They grew bolder and bolder, rifling through the contents of bedrolls, grabbing hold of shopping bags and chasing away the owners, who ran off screaming in horror. When the pilgrims shook their fists at them, they shook their first back and jeered loudly, as soon as they were clapped and shooed from one place, they appeared doing something worse in another. It was like warfare. They mimicked the pilgrims and lined up along with them by Sampath's tree, smacking each other with glee as they waited for his blessing.

It was very difficult to control violent monkeys. Mr. Chawla was thinking about proper hermitage for Sampath as there may be problem in rainy season. He envisioned whole complex with a temple and dormitory accommodation for travelers. He also decided to buy a copy of Vedas for Sampath so that he can converse on a deeper level. The monkeys threw apples at Mr. Chawla. He gestured angrily at them but they greeted his protest with a barrage of bananas. Mr. Chawla lost his temper. Sampath was not ready to live anywhere. He can't live without tree. He had left Shahkot in order to be alone but his all family followed him in orchard.

He enjoyed everything in orchard. He got accustomed to tree, monkey, other small insects, birds, everything in orchard. Monkeys gave trouble to other devotees but not to Sampath. Monkeys thought that he is also one of their community. Whoever came under tree they protested against them.

Sampath observed a beetle crawling out of an aberration in the bark right beneath his very nose covered in brilliant green armour, antlers sprawling from its head, wisps like transparent petticoats peeping ridiculously from beneath its hard-shelled exterior. Around him there were beautiful insects. There were huge, generous flowery butterflies, bees with tongues hanging thin and long from their mouths, finely powdered beetles with kohl-rimmed eyes and clown-faced caterpillars with round noses; creature made from leaves and

sepals, petals and pollen dust. There was an endless parade of them, wriggling, hopping, flying by with the flicker and jewelled shine of the essence as if essence of wind and grass, of sunlight and water.

Alcohol addicted langurs made a trip to the bazaar in search of more liquor. They overpowered the old woman who sold illicit liquor from a cart. They devoured her entire supply. After that Monkey raided Kuifi's kitchen overturned pots and pans, sent buckets rolling through orchard. Monkeys were beautiful full of graceful strength. Tails held high above their heads, knocked over the milk can. They grew more violent and aggressive as if they want to take revenge on devotees and tree-baba for encroaching their orchard their rightful home. They tore open the sacks of supplies that were piled under the porch, and the rice and lentils spilled into rivers of gold and green, black and white. They ate raisins and nuts, almonds, cashew and tiny, precious pine kernels whose theft caused Kulfi to chase after them with her broom.

When they had become bored of the kitchen they tore newspapers to shreds. They stole Ammaji's comb and lodged it high in a branch. They broke the spokes of Sampath's umbrella and left it battered and full of holes. Original peaceful nature of monkeys is corrupted by company of corrupt and drunkard devotees. Men overpowered rightful kingdom of monkeys. They protested for their native place to vacate by the men.

Langurs grew more violent and destructive. Sampath's tree was thrashed in a fierce chaos of branches and leaves. In it he was tossed here and there, and upside down luckily nobody was hurt by them. They bounded off into the university research forest. They were tired of the noise of people were making. Their wild spirits carried them farther and farther to the hill where they continued their onslaught upon meek landscape wrecking every tree, uprooting every bush, expending their energy on anything that came in their way, leaving entire areas of forest ravaged as if by a tornado.

Mr. Chawla complained to chief medical officer and to requested him to find solution. Most important reason was monkeys were threatening his son. They were threatening ladies of the community and disturbing the peace. They were destroying the religious atmosphere of the whole orchard. But he told about sacred tradition of animals and its association with god Rama. Mr. Chawla suggested to call head of the biology department at Lady Chatterjee University. Vermaji was an expert in human langur interaction. Mr. Vermaji had tackled problem of monkeys but he could not get success. He had prepared sleeping pill laden food for monkeys but street urchins had gobbled it down instead and promptly fallen into a deep sleep. It had caused a terrible uproar among the slumdweller. He tried to call to Chief Medical Officer but it went to Brigadier who was on an endless quest to raise the count of birds he spotted in the area. Bird watching soothed and relaxed him like nothing else in his regimented life. Different types of birds attracted him.

Cormorants, black storks, paddy birds, cattle egrets, little bustard quails: orioles, drongos, chestnut bellied, nuthatches barbets and honey guides: parakeets and nightjars: flycatchers and hoopoes. The list went on and on, but it was his dream to list the green pigeon in his bird-watching logbook: the simple green pigeon that had far so long been invisibly goading him with its song. His obsession was so much intense that he sat upon his western style toilet with his binoculars. Everywhere he went the Brigadier carried his book with him so he might write down the name of each bird as he saw it.[Desai,138] Thus Kiran Desai has presented all whimsical, eccentric characters having obsession of something. Brigadier was no exception. He recorded most of sightings from the bathroom window which gave best view of all.

Sampath was worried about his hermitage in rainy season. According to him a true hermit lived in a tree or on a rock, in a cave or a hole. Mr. Chawla was making plan to build a concrete hermitage but Sampath was very much happy with his home tree. Its smooth, spacious branches of silvery tan that

stretched wide and far-reaching in knotted, twisted curves and delicate bunches of spreading leaves. This home was not too high and not too low by sitting there he saw the world in absolute clarity. The days were emerging as if purified from nights of a clean and brilliant blackness. The sunlight coming in through the leaves at daybreak, shifting and flickering, breathing its fine breath upon the bark, falling now and then upon Sampath, whom it treated as if he was not the solid being that he was, scattering him like water. All about him the hills rose darkly up into a sky that stretched like a sea, white-stippled and warm, to the very rim of his eye.

Sampath was insatiably greedy for beauty of nature around him. At first, he had stared intently, watched everything about him with a fierce urge to take it all and imprint it within himself, every detail, every sweep. He had closed his eyes to check if it had indeed entered him, as he hoped it would- to see if the landscape before him could be conjured up inside him, at will. But picture in his mind could not replicate what lay outside. Everything rusted away, the way the night's dreams recede like waves. He lost in imagination imagining impossible things. He was thinking if he stayed there long enough within reach of its sights and sounds, might it not enter him in the manner landscape enters everything that lives within it? If the forest could descend just bit lower and swallow him into its wilderness. He wanted to become one with the soil of landscape. He wanted to get mixed in surroundings and want to live there by becoming one part of it. He thought of the way the forest's army of weeds constantly invaded the grassy patch of the orchard, the way its insects birds and monkeys interwove their lives with his. Of the way in which wind and rain wear down rock and smooth down stone, the way the calm of a sweep of hill can settle in the eye of one stays long enough, still enough, how landscape rests everything within itself.

Pinky wrote a note to Hungry Hop boy to forgive her for biting his ear. She went to meet Hungry Hop boy who was being kept closely guarded by women

of the family. There grew mutual involvement. Mr. Chawla ordered Ammaji to keep eye on monkey.

Sampath in his tree attempted to write a poem. He remembered his school days where a brother John was teaching him literature. Now in the tree he tried to compose a poem. He tried to bring, sun, moon, tree monkey in his poem but he could not think any worthwhile thoughts to put in his poem. Spy in attempt to expose Sampath, thought about Sampath's lines which were difficult to understand for him.

'Why think about futter when you have plenty of butter? Don't say you like watermelon when someone gives you pumpkin. Don't eat fiffle to save a piffle. Every plum has its own beginning. Every pea its own end.' [Desai 153]. His brain was full with such strange sort of things and words, and ideas. He was finding it hard to follow his usual rational line of thought.

Kulfi cooked variety of dishes by using birds, plants, herbs, spices available in forest. She cooked a pigeon, a sparrow, a woodpecker, a hoopoe, a magpie, a shrike, an oriole, a Himalayan nightingale, a parrot. She cooked a squirrel, a porcupine, a mongoose, all the wildfowl, the small fish in the stream, the round-shelled snails, grasshoppers. Not satisfied with all these things she searched for new plant, a new berry, a new mushroom or lichen, fungus or flower. She was not happy with all these material. She wandered farther and farther away. As she wandered, she began to daydream. She was the royal cook of great kingdom. She imagined she is sitting in a vast kitchen before an enormous globe, imperiously she ordered her supplies, sent out for spices from many seas away, from mountain ranges and deserts that lay beyond the horizon, for spices that existed only in the fantastical tales of sailors and soothsayers. She sent out for these and for plants that grew on islands or on mountain peaks devoid of human habitation. She asked for tiger meat and bear, Siberian goose and black buck for turtles, terrapins, puff adders and seals, for armadillos,

antelopes, zebras and whales. She demanded elephants, hippopotamuses, yaks and cranes, macaques and finally she imagined monkeys for cooking

Hunting of birds and animals is important reason for destruction of rare species of animals and birds. Desai has presented through the characters like Ammaji who with her battalion chased monkeys with pebbles and slingshots. They were running through the tree letting the pellets fly. But monkeys did not really hurt and instead the devotees themselves suffered many injuries. When the monkeys were not in the orchard or the bazaar they sat in the trees growing by the market road and accosting people on their way home from the bazaar in the hopes of finding a bottle of toddy or even rum. It became dangerous for people to walk through the area alone. They wandered alone.

Dr. Banerjee published a article about a monkey bite in paper. A monkey bite can prove to be as dangerous as a cobra bite. Monkey often carry rabies which can be as deadly as snake venom. Hanuman temple expressed outrage at the indecent treatment of monkeys. Two camps of devotees were formed. One was adamant that the monkeys should be removed to save the monkey-baba and the holy atmosphere of orchard. Other was furious that these sacred animals were to be humiliated and turned from their rightful home.

A new monkey protection society was formed with support of the cow protection society. To control monkey various plans were suggested. Verma of university drafted a proposal that involved a complicated procedure for killing cinema monkey. Brigadier suggested to organize a firing squad. According to that plan fifty or hundred men will be dispersed throughout bush, discharging their rifles every twenty to forty minutes to scare the monkeys. But people shouted in protest for plan No guns in a holy place no guns in a holy plan. Copies of this plan were sent to the superintendent of police and chief Medical officer. The chief medical officer was too much concerned with his own health. He wished to be transferred out of this place of ill-health to one of peace and calm. He wished coastal regions of south India.

There is arrival of new district collector. His arrival was stormed by the Monkey Protection society. Mr. Chawla suggested new plan according to his plan army and police should be trained as monkey catchers for that they can use army trucks to convey them to a far- off forest from where it will be impossible for them to return or to obtain any liquor. Everybody agreed for this plan as it was workable plan only important was Baba has to descend from his tree temporarily. But Sampath was not ready to descend. Monkey raided English wine and beer shop.

Plan of Mr. Chawla was put into the action. Monkey catchers began to be trained at furious pace. Training was included very funny and noisy activities. Army boys ran through private property and left trails through flowerbeds and vegetable fields waking people at dawn every day. The very ground trembled as they approached: it was like the approach of an earthquake.

Sampath, unwilling to descend, was staring up into mountains. He did not want to leave tree for any purpose. He was enjoying company of natures where he could watch mountains where there was not a trace of civilization. Mountains were high as if tumbling from the sky, a waterfall cascaded down sylvan slopes so pale so distant he could not believe either it is real scene or his imagination is creating picture. Everywhere there was sunlit forest and rock and rough white water. He looked at birds jealously who were searching for crumbs. These small creatures with their delicate ribs, their beating wings that scooped hearts light as snow through the clarity of air.

Huge preparation was done to catch monkey. Kulfi was so obsessed with cooking various creatures from forest that she muttered names of creature and vegetables in her sleep. Pinky and Hungry Hop boy decided to elope for a new town, a new place. Both of them made a plan. Spy was looking for opportunity to discover which type of food Kulfi prepares. Pinky was waiting under the tamarind tree for Hungry Hop.

There in orchard Sampath sat in the guava tree, encased in absolute stillness like a fossil captured within a quiet moment of amber. He watched sun disappeared. Hills turned soft and blue like woodsmoke and there were shadow gathering of bushes. It merged with the darkening air. He felt the breeze against his cheek, heard sound of crickets star up, frogs croaking. He saw the white petals of the night flowers unfold, a speckling of bright stars appear above him, smelled the jasmine his mother had planted and the poisonous datura, watched the wan moths ford the blackness to hover lovelorn over tobacco flower. Lifting his finger, he traced the magical shapes of constellations.

Sampath did not think about what was to happen the next day. His senses grew sharper could listen every tiny sound, every scent and rustle in night the stirrings of a mouse in the grass, the wings of a faraway bat, the beckoning scent that drew the insects to hover and buzz somewhere beyond orchard. Underground, he could hear water gurgling, could hear it being drawn into trees about him he heard the breathing of leaves and movements of the sleeping monkeys. In the branches near him, the season's last guava loomed from amidst the moonlit leaves. Army and police arrived with huge preparation crossing big obstacles. Hungry Hop boy's van came in the way of Brigadier who was hastily going towards orchard. His car blocked the way of army and Brigadier. He came sometimes in front of them sometimes behind them. They trussed up him with monkey net firmly tied to keep him making any more trouble down one way street.

In the morning langurs were wide awake and likely to escape at any moment. The men leapt into battle formation. Nets which were brought to capture langurs now caught the Hungry Hop boy instead Mr. Chawla ran to Sampath's tree to bring him down but he was not there. There was a guava, upon the cot which was much bigger than the others: rounder, star-based weathered. Cinema Monkey picked up fruit and leapt from branches and bounded away.

Army chased them. Mr. Chawla, Ammaji, the crowd of devotees they all ran wheezing, panting, desperate. Pinky who was very much angry with Brigadier who caught Hungry Hop boy in net and their plan was collapsed. Monkeys jumped over the wall into the university research forest, the tree tops churning as if a whirlwind were passing through, the monkey's path into mountains traced by a silver trembling through the pines, by a shivering of branches and foliage. Thrashing branches they jumped pell-mell from one tree to another. The forest birds flew up and scattered in alarm, their cries mingling with the voices down below. The air was full of red and blue and black satin, the golden and brass feathers of pheasants and peacocks, woodpeckers and bulbuls. Monkeys travelled higher and higher. Like a gust of wind that comes out of nowhere rustles through the trees. Air was suddenly still. The birds flew back into the forest. The feathers floated gently after them. In this sudden stillness people heard a crack, a howl, a watery splash. Pinky fired at the Brigadier with her beautiful big eyes. There was total chaos in orchard which turned into hullabaloo.

Everybody asked about sound. They draw their attention from mountain top. In this chaotic situation Kulfi could not stop cooking. In the pot there were spices and seasonings, herbs and fruit, delicious gravy. Novel ends at bubbling cauldron. It is big eco-hullabaloo created by careless human being.

Novel begins with natural disaster of draught people facing that calamity. They are waiting for rain performing various rituals and scientific experiments for artificial rain. All characters are eccentric. They have obsession of something. Kulfi is obsessed with food ingredients, spices, plants. Mr. Chawla is crazy for money. Sampath has obsession of green and free surroundings. Pinky was obsessed with her beauty. Brigadier is obsessed with watching different birds. Chief medical officer is too much careful about his health.

Kiran Desai has beautifully pictured various nature scenes and landscapes of Shahkot and orchard where Sampath, bored post office clerk and dreamer

takes shelter in guava tree. His eccentricity makes novel funny. At the same time very lightly Desai ridicules at Indian religious attitude for so called Baba. Novel is deeply rooted in Indian traditional mentality of blindly following any hypocrite who didn't have any knowledge or common sense. They tend to become or behave very wisely creates false impression on mind of people as preaching sermon.

This novel is full with various ecologies. So called baba's are responsible for its disturbance and its ruin. But nobody could overcome on nature as it is most powerful than men. Monkey is small example whom they could not capture in the net. Kingdom of chaos is created by human being where he feels like a king. Novel can titled as *EcoHullabaloo*. It is representative novel in field of ecocriticism which presents man's attitude towards nature. Novel reflects Kiran Desai's ecological concern and she successfully depicted that concern and draws attention to preserve it, care it and create it.
