An Apocalyptic Ambiance of Will-O’-The-Wisp in Gold Fame Citrus

Dr. Faroze Ahmad Chopan
Assistant Professor
Department of English
Lovely Professional University, Phagwara 144411

Pooja Gupta
PhD Scholar
Department of English
Lovely Professional University, Phagwara 144411

Abstract

Claire Vaye Watkins’s fiction is impregnated with rumination of inception and cessation. Her persona moves from impeccability to experience. Yet eloquent climaxes are often perverted and vetoed. Watkins’s colloquy of fiction riveted upon the apocalyptic ambience of coeval fiction. In a much espied essay, she suggests the novel, if not literature well-nigh, if not the printed words up-to-the-hilt, hers by this extremity of the world just about shot its bolt. She alludes that the very conglomerate of story-telling is apocalyptic in substance and at the same time may be an initiative of thwarting the apocalypse. In this novel, several locus-classics of narrative ultimately serve to exemplify her point. Climate alteration is the delineating repercussion of our time and we are at a sketching moment. From stirring weather patterns that menaces food production to rising sea levels that aggrandize the peril of catastrophic deluge, the impacts of climate change are global in amplitude and unprecedented in scale. Without draconian action today acclimating to these impacts in the future will be more arduous and pricey. Ephemeral droughts are a recently sighted type of remotest juncture discerned by abrupt onset and breakneck intensification of drought conditions with rigorous effects. The booming cognizance that ephemeral droughts necessitate pernickety processes and rigorous efficets and as much as not a clime change gamut, make them a clamant bound for research monitoring and prognosis. Claire Vaye Watkins perjures a peregrination through a near future California colonized by Mad Maxish revelers and sun-drunk survivors of climate alteration in her debut novel. Since gold-rush times California has been a stalemate for the restive, the propitious and the forlorn in search of opulence, Hollywood, laurels or just fruit-
picking work: gold, fame and citrus that caricatured in the pioneers are the things of the past mere flashes in the pan. But now California is dry, archly dry. Claire presents our future is parched and in this novel, there is an attempted evade from a drought ravaged California. California repeatedly catches the brunt of the authorial contrivance.

**Keywords:** apocalyptic, ambiance, Battleborn, Amargosa Dune Sea, Mad Max-ish

Claire Vaye Watkins, is the litterateur of Battleborn and receiver of the Story-prize, the Rosenthal Family Foundation Honor from the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and a Guggenheim, amongst other privileges. In 2012, the National Book Foundations authorized Claire as ‘5 under 35’. Watkins is one of the bedazzling leading lady in our firmament. She was cradled in the Mojave Desut in California and Nevada. Her composition has coalesced in Granta, New York Times, The Paris Review and in another place. *Gold fame citrus* is her second extraordinary, determined vivid, entirely fearless and unrestrainedly humorous novel. In this Watkins delves the intricacy of human appetency in all its contours. It’s a love story that traipses the vacillating expectations of two lost emotions, in style, that is fever-bright and enthusiastically conceived. It’s a tour-de-force first novel that blisters with dearth, allegory, originality and praised for inscription of countryside. This fascinating, brave novel has reasonably fancied in all its bizarre specifics. It’s an acquisition from the twitch and this manuscript pays back her esteem in scoops. This novel is an indelible peregrination into a eloquently chimerical near impending. With her overwhelming Will-O’-The-Wisp, breathtaking narrative and utterly innovatory voice, Claire is one of the magnificently promethean in American literature. The novel is set in a crescively plausible-seeming impending in which parchedness had alchemized Southern California into a violent wilderness.

Luz, a former model still invigorating from the fulminations of the industry, has turned down a place on a dominion “evac” to scrounge out a life with ex-soldier Ray, who is running from the jurisdiction and the “forever war”. We first meet them crouching in the derelict domicile of an LA thesp, with competent Ray strategizing the water stores and “shitting hole”, and hopped-up Luz playing deck-up with the starlet’s
garderobe and ploughing through memoir of the west’s founding fathers. It takes time to carve out just how far along towards the apex of the world we are; in the book’s opening chapters Vaye Watkins hangs on to the reader as befuddled as her xerothermic and sun-drunken characters, but the vacuous swimming pools and ghastly light importune JG Ballard65’s ambient dystopias as well as Margaret Atwood’s.

With the dominance of the population evanesced east in search of clammy environs, what’s left is the bred-in-the-bone of the California counterculture. “A little agony was just what this place needed,” conjectures Ray’s friend Lonnie, who is caching repertoire to confect his own small fiefdom. But Luz and Ray comprehend they can’t survive as they are – particularly once they have a small child to take care of, the odd and possibly damaged Ig, whom they abduct or bring off from an obnoxious gang at a Mad Max-ish bacchanalian gathering.

So they resolve to strike out not for civilization, which would mean being disconnected and bivouacked into labor camps, but deeper into the heart of the deadly, enchanted west, towards a vast sand dune sea known as the Amargosa after one of the mountain ranges it has ingested. There are hearsays of an improbable town clinging to its periphery, run by a “prophet” who dowses for water.

Claire Vaye Watkins states—Nature had refused to offer her to them. The water, the green, the mammalian, the tropical, the semitropical, the leafy, the verdant, the mother loving citrus, all of it was denied them and had been denied them so long that with each day, each project, it became more and more impossible to conceive of a time when it had not been denied them. The prospect of Mother Nature opening her legs and inviting Los Angles back into her ripeness was, like the disks of water shimmering in the last foothill reservoirs patrolled by National Guard, evaporating daily. (Walter, 2015)

Their expedition, and what looks forward to them there, is nail-biting and desultory, at times luxuriantly overwritten, at times cynically incisive, but always influential. There are sections told in chorale or set out as a dalliance for voices, indurating the action at histrionic jiffies; quasi-documentary reportage as well as a grotesque primer to the “neo-fauna” of the dune sea: Mojave phantasm crab, jelly scorpion, ouroboros
rattlesnake. The whole is rammed with abstraction that don’t all the way accord; but one of the best things about the book is the way Vaye Watkins brings to bear the real-life ludicrousness of the west to intense, phantasmagorical ramification.

Her novel inarguably cuts arcane, perhaps not in the end so much in its character depictions as in its vision of overwhelming natural power: the fiery warmth of the sun that impregnate the book with light; the rock and dust of the endless wasteland. And the most of all in her aberrant concoction of the dune sea soaring above the earth, ever-growing, ever-moving, uncharted, unknowable, entombing everything in its path, too gigantesque for human apprehension, yet concurrently a tabula rasa for each flimsy personage’s desires, it’s a classic prototype of the Romantic sublime, as alluring as it is deathly.

If this book is sometimes exasperating, it’s also alluring; a considerable delectation of the book is Watkins’s dauntlessness, specifically in giving her characters free helm to be who they are. People who were shiftless and harum-scarum before apocalypses are shiftless and irresponsible afterward. This particular apocalypse is not a juncture for exoneration, and no one is aggrandized by it. When Ray deserted Luz and the child in the desert, perhaps he certifiably reckons that he’ll be back soon with more gasoline, as covenanted, but it seems more probably that he by and large doesn’t have the potency to watch them die of thirst. When Luz falls in later with the mauldering community in the Amargosa Dune Sea, the douser mounts her with a catalog of new breed that he alleges to have observed in the desert — blue-gray hairless coyotes, tortoises that walk on legs like stilts and albino hummingbirds, all engender into subsistence much more rapidly than natural selection should acquiesce — and Luz, who isn’t airheaded, accepts this without dubiety, because at that moment her life will be much facile if she sets store by him. We were mendacious with ourselves and others before the apocalypse, Watkins alludes, and the same will hold true thereafter. The world might be irredeemably revamped, but we’re still us. Gold fame citrus is an admonitory ambient chimera, an unappeasable critique of our urgency to believe in fallacy when pretension seems lost, but more than anything it is a love story. Luz and Ray are self-seeking when they’re dissembling to be altruistic, that they hurt and even backstab each other, sometimes indefensibly, does not disavow that love. Nevertheless love, like water, is imperative but not every time sufficing.
Claire Vaye Watkins brings forth a depiction of a world torn apart by poor climate deliverance. The novel attributes irradiated compatriot of a town near Yucca Mountain, a nuclear waste repository and the Mojave émigré from California experience excruciating maltreatment on camps. The way Watkins delves into the myths we believe about others and mentions about ourselves is immensely moving, profoundly disquieting and mind-blowingly cowcatcher. She also resurfaces the ambiguous influence of our utmost cherished kinships and the form of expectations in a perilous future that might be our peculiar. Claire’s writing is gemutlich and palliative, there are many resplendent sentences to a soft spot for apprise and adore. *Gold fame citrus* is a felicitous novelette with a mystical streak and a core of juvenile irresponsibility that does not go obdurate. But Watkins’ chimera – not merely of a world wrecked by environmental apocalypse, but of the categories of citizenry who will luxuriate in the cosmos is callously deadened. She has developed a knife eye aimed at datum, a blistering expertise for critical to the pulsate strain of animal bizarreness that abrases internally altogether among us. Semi sacred fanatics, doomsday prophet, and survivalists–they make their way on the scraggy brim of the Dune Sea, the new dustbowl. Luz, Ray and Ig come a cropper among these groups, break away, pass by. They are our testimonials to the new world, to this dragging apocalypse becoming.

Work Cited

www.amazon.in

www.csmonitor.com

www.goodreads.com

www.theguardian.com
www.full-stop.net

www.bookrags.com

www.en.wikipedia.org