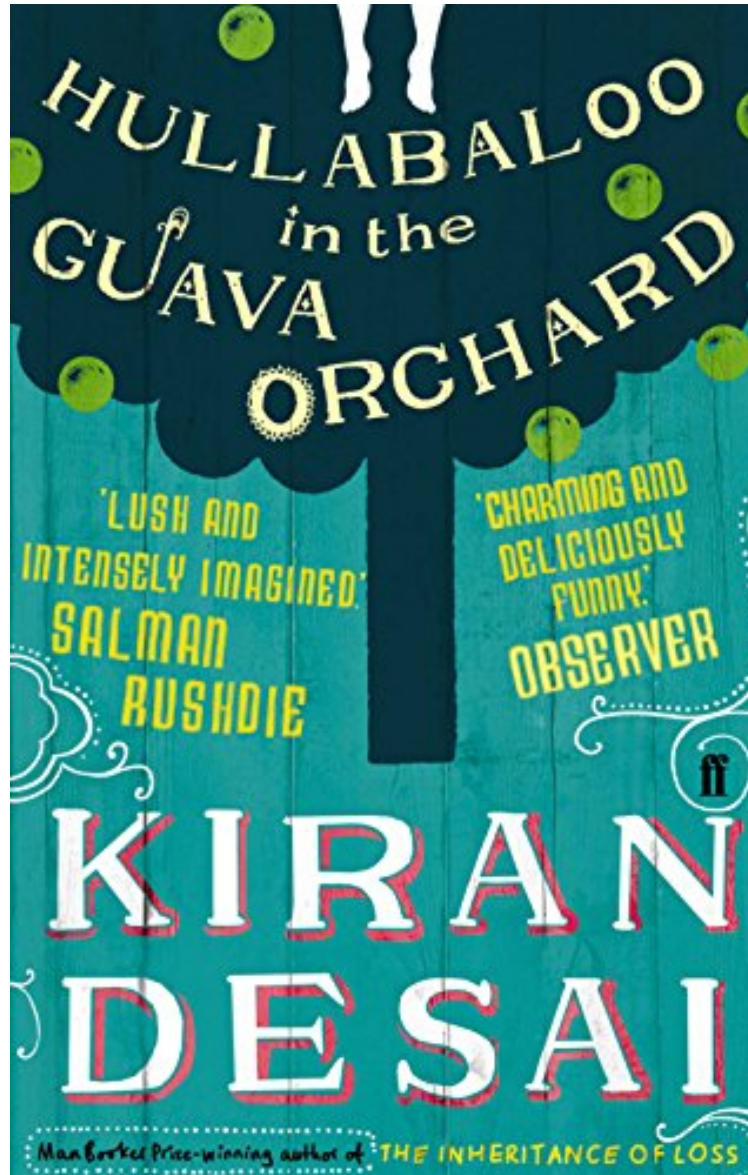


[Free read ebook] Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard (English Edition)

Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard (English Edition)

Von Kiran Desai

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Von Kiran Desai : Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen2 von 2 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Misplaced criticism.Von Ein KundeIt has been some time since I read this delightful book, so all of its details aren't crystal clear to me now. But I feel like I must respond to those (both here and in a few periodicals) who claim Desai

wrote this book for a "Western" audience. I don't think Desai wrote this book for any other reason than the sheer joy of putting together a fun, sharp story. This is no Oprah's book of the month marketing hogwash here, and it is preposterous to claim that Desai was "targeting" an audience at all, except, perhaps, the audience that simply enjoys a story for the story's sake. When I checked her biography on the book's jacket, I didn't see anything referring to her obtaining a degree in marketing. I think this is a stimulating and beautifully written first novel by a young writer who probably had no ulterior motives in writing it except to tell a story. One recent reviewer here stated that Desai was trying "to show how the East really is ... whether it is like that or not" and used a sentence - a single sentence mind you! - as proof of that point. C'mon. Lighten up. This is a nice piece of fiction and it should be enjoyed for what it is, not for what hypersensitive, politically charged minds think it is trying to be. I do understand the criticism of the ending. But I would suggest that those who didn't "get it" go back and read the last few pages again. I love the way the events leading up to the last sentence begins crescendoing a few pages before. It was almost (cliche alert) like a jazz composition in its thought and rhythm. Read it out loud (that is how I enjoyed it fully) and you'll see what I mean. And it does come to a Bang! stop. I don't think there is anything wrong with that. Going back to the jazz metaphor, it snapped me back to the reality of self and forced me to think about what it was that I had just read, like a composition that ends on a beautifully punctuated note. No cushy fadeaway scenes here - which are, by the way, the preferred ending for those "targeting" the "Western" audience.1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. A lot of Hullabaloo about Nothing? Von Ein KundeThe basic outline of this story is covered by other reviews. The eccentricities of the characters appeal yet I found the story rather unsatisfying. There are many aspects that seem to end unresolved. I was left feeling that this had the potential to be an excellent piece of writing but ended up as a modest imitation of a style that has been bettered by others. Bizarre though it may seem, the overriding thought that went through my mind as the days in the Tree passed was: "does he climb down to use a lavatory?" I found the characters quite believable - I have visited India and - if it is not a contradiction - think eccentricity is the norm. I liked the various solutions dreamt up by the medic etc but these people were thinly painted and worth more attention. The concept of a post office clerk withdrawing into the sanctuary of a tree house out of tedium and a sense of non-belonging struck me as sensible and an entirely desirable way of life. The gentle poking of fun at the 'pilgrims' and the philosophy of the hermit are nicely drawn, but not exceptional. This is a book that you can read quite quickly and without taxing the mind. For me it lacked depth and needed an extra dimension. That said its probably ideal for whiling away a couple of hours on an aeroplane. I did not find it the work of a newly discovered star authoress which is probably a cast iron guarantee that Kiran Desai is destined for great things.1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. A good book but where did Sampath go? Von Ein KundeI borrowed this book from the library because the book jacket summary sounded good. As other reviewers have mentioned you do not need to know the culture of India to be amused by the characters and their eccentricities. There are some very funny sections. However, I grew tired of the never ending screw ups, the bungling government agencies and no one ever taking anything seriously and thought the book dragged a bit. If the book is a reflection of life in India it's not for me. And I still want to know what happened to Sampath. Are we supposed to assume he went the way of the monkeys, mystically and magically disappearing? Read this book for the laughs but don't get caught up in the characters lives too much.

KurzbeschreibungSampath Chawla was born in a time of drought that ended with a vengeance the night of his birth. All signs being auspicious, the villagers triumphantly assured Sampath's proud parents that their son was destined for greatness. Twenty years of failure later, that unfortunately does not appear to be the case. A sullen government worker, Sampath is inspired only when in search of a quiet place to take his nap. "But the world is round," his grandmother says. "Wait and see! Even if it appears he is going downhill, he will come up the other side. Yes, on top of the world. He is just taking a longer route." No one believes her until, one day, Sampath climbs into a guava tree and becomes unintentionally famous as a holy man, setting off a series of events that spin increasingly out of control. A delightfully sweet comic novel that ends in a raucous bang, Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard is as surprising and entertaining as it is beautifully wrought..deBorn during a torrential rainstorm, in Shahkot, India, to a mother whom the neighbours find distinctly odd, Sampath Chawla is a disappointment to his family. Nothing but trouble from the start, he disgraces himself at a wedding party, loses his job at the local post office and runs away from home to take refuge in the guava orchard, at the top of a guava tree. There he is mistaken for a holy man and seer when he reveals intimate secrets about the local inhabitants (gleaned from reading their mail in idle moments at the post office). His father can see there is money, at last, to be made from his idle son and sets about doing so with determination. A local journalist, however, is equally determined to unmask him. Although Desai writes with considerable flair, employing an inventive style of English reminiscent of a line of Indian authors from Salman Rushdie to Arundhati Roy, there is something tiresome about this relentlessly perky comedy, and one has a slight suspicion that the European reader is being hoodwinked with fashionable pastiche. Midnight's Children has a lot to answer for. -- Lisa JardinePressestimmen"Enchanting--A meticulously crafted piece of gently comic satire that attests to the author's pitch-perfect ear for character and mood,

and her natural storytelling gifts."--Michiko Kakutani, The New York Times"Clearly envisioned and opulently told."--Chicago Tribune"Delectable--With this sprightly first novel, Kiran Desai takes her place among the pack of gifted young Indian writers."--The Wall Street Journal"Crackling, witty, sharply visual prose--[Desai] is a delightfully funny, amiable satirist."--Atlantic Monthly"A festival of comic eccentricity--exudes charisma, poetry, and joy in language and life."--Baltimore Sun"A charming, lyrical fable about destiny and the nature of kinship."--Harper's Bazaar"Wryly hilarious--a roller-coaster ride through the nonsense of chance and human foolishness."--Portland Oregonian