



# Lord of the flies an Apocalyptic Wilderness

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## ABSTRACT

If one considers Goldings' first novel 'The Lord of Flies' from the point of portrayal of nature, it gives a pictographic representation of unadulterated wilderness. The island in the novel is a boat shaped one, reminding the life journey of human beings. It housed all the components of nature impartially every tree, rock and parts of the mountain on the island coexisted harmoniously before the advent of the British school children who were marooned there by the plane crash.

The island adopted the children as a mother and provided them the space to play, river to swim and fruits to eat. But the boys attempted to adulterate the island with their complex ideologies seeped in modern British civilization and fear towards darkness. They tried to build the facilities of accommodation on the island but it is the nature that triumphed over them, unleashing the destructive streak in the boys.

**Key words:** Apocalyptic Wilderness Boat shaped island, evil inherent in man, exploitation of the resources, symbiotic relationship vs Predator and prey relationship.

## 1.1 INTRODUCTION

William GOLDING in his novel LORD OF THE FLIES portrays the apocalyptic wilderness by making the uninhabited island as the setting of the novel. Wilderness is above all an opportunity to heighten one's awareness to locate the self against the non self. It is a spring board for introspection, and the greatest words those illumine life, as it is centrally lived and felt intensify that process. It was mapped out in a new literary genre called apocalypse, from the Greek apo-calyptein meaning to unveil. Apocalyptic literature takes the form of revelation of the end of the history. Violent and grotesque images are juxtaposed with glimpses of world transformed; the underlying theme is usually titanic struggle between good and evil..... Apocalyptic has been described as a genre born out of crisis, designed to stiffen the resolve of an embattled community by dangling in front of it, the vision of a sudden and permanent release from its Captivity. It is underground literature, the consolation of the persecuted (Thompson 1997: p no: 13, 14).

## 1.2 Setting:-

As said above, the setting was a boat shaped island, it is surrounded by sea on four sides and mountain ranges on one side, it was infested with rocks, palm trees and bushes with aromatic plants. GOLDING provides the word picture of the island in the first chapter of the novel. It was roughly a boat shaped, bumped near this end with behind them the jumbled descent to shore. On either side are rocks, cliffs, tree tops, and a steep slope: forward there, the length of the boat, a tamer descent tree clad with hints of pink: and then a jungly flat of the island dense green but drawn at the end to a pink tail (P.no: 26 Lord Of the Flies, Golding William). The absence of descriptions of dwelling clearly shows that it was an uninhabited island. GOLDING made the small boys to land on the island owing to plane crash in a nuclear war, to bring forth the disastrous effects of human encroachment on the island even in their base state of childhood. The shore of the lagoon fledged with trees, the coral reef on the sea are beautiful pen portraits of rarity of wilderness, and the shore was fledged with palm trees. These stood leaned or reclined against light and their green feathers were hundred feet up in the air. The ground beneath them was covered with coarse grass, torn everywhere by the upheavals of fallen trees, scattered everywhere with decaying coconuts and palm saplings (p no: 4 ibid). In the description of setting is a basic opposition between sea and island, liquidity and hardness, flux and fixity, roundness and angularity. The circular horizon of water contains the square motif of land scape. The pattern however is, not closed upon itself. It expands upwards, outwards, inwards in a never ceasing reproduction. Sea and sky, island and the stars answer each other: the sky mirrors itself in the water together with the angular bright constellation..... Finally, there is a reminder of the water motif in the island, a reminder of rock motif in the sea as in yin and yang of the Chinese, there is a black patch in the white surface and a white patch in the black,



a piece of squareness in the liquid element and a pool in the island., there where the island petered out in water, another island; a rock almost detached, standing like a fort, facing them across the green. Likewise some act of God---- a typhoon perhaps had banked sand inside the lagoon so that there was long, deep pool in the beach a pool which is invaded by sea at high tide (**William GOLDING lord of the flies' author: batrashakthi published surjeet publications**) (p no: 139, 140).

This description reminds the researcher the beautiful portrait of lagoon given by William Bertram in his non fictional work travels, and shows that the lack of human cohabitation is a boon to the green plants. The verges and islets of the lagoon were elegantly embellished with flowering plants and shrubs; the laughing Coots with wings half spread were tripping over the little coves and hiding themselves in the tufts of grass; young broods of the painted summer teal, skimming the surface of the water, and following the watchful parent unconscious of danger, were frequently surprised by the. Voracious trout; and he, in turn as often by the subtle greedy alligator behold him rushing forth from the flags and reeds. His enormous body swells. His plaited tail brandished high, floats up on the lake. The waters like a cataract descend from his opening jaws (p no: 186 book eco criticism reader edtd by Cheryl glot fealty and Harold from

**Article: speaking a word for nature;Author Scott Russell Sanders**). The description of coral reef proves that God is skillful planner of inhabitations for biotic plants. The reef enclosed more than one side of the island lying perhaps a mile out and parallel to what they now thought of as their beach. The coral was scribbled in the sea as though a giant bent down to reproduce the shape of the island in a flowing chalk line, but tired before he had finished. Inside was peacock water, rocks and weeds showing as in an aquarium (p no: 27 lord of the flies, GOLDING William). The narrow space on the reef allowed the small plants to grow. The weeds were watered by the rising tide of the surrounding sea.

### **1.3 Symbiotic Relationship between biotic and abiotic components of the nature:-**

Biotic and abiotic creatures were living in perfect harmony before the advent of boys.

### **1.4 Drawing resemblance between human and non human beings:-**

The researcher and the reader observe the author's attempt to drive away anthropocentric attitude from the minds of the reader by naming one of the characters as PIGGY and ascribing animal spirit to the movements of boys and winds in the novel. In third chapter of novel, GOLDING equalled the antagonist Jack with cloud and an ape.

The silence of the forest is more oppressive than the heat, and at this hour of the day, there was not even whine of insects. Only when Jack himself roused a gaudy bird from primitive nest of sticks was the silence shattered and echoes set ringing by a harsh cry that seemed to come out of the abyss of ages. Jack himself shrank at this cry with a hiss of indrawn breath and for a minute, became less a hunter than a furtive thing, ape-like among the tangle of trees. Then the trail, the frustration, claimed him again and he searched the ground avidly. By the bole of a vast tree that grew pale flowers on a grey trunk he checked, closed his eyes, and once more drew in warm air; and this time his breath came short. There was even a passing pallor on his face, and then the surge of blood again. He passed like a shadow under the darkness of the tree and crouched looking down at the trodden ground at his feet (p no: 50 chapter 3 lord of the flies GOLDING William).

Within the diamond haze of the beach something dark was fumbling along..... Then the creature stepped from mirage onto clear sand, and they saw that the darkness was not all shadow, but mostly clothing. The creature was a party of boys marching approximately in step in two parallel lines and dressed in strangely eccentric clothing (p no: 15 ibid). Here, Golding treated the group of boys as a creature, and the metaphorical reference of movements of sweeping winds as a kitten movements. This proves ecological principle propounded by berry commoner, everything is related to everything in ecology. The Sun slanted in and lay golden over half the platform. The breezes that on the lagoon had chased tails like kittens were finding their way across the platform and into the forest. Throughout the novel, the novelist attempted to dig out the resemblances between human and non-human creatures in the island. The sounds made by the human inhabitants are associated with non-human creatures, the sound made by Ralph when the explorers reached the mountain top is testimony to this attempt. The very moment when the boys landed on the island they are made to shed their clothes to prove that they are equaled to animals. Piggy intrusion into bushes for fruits in the first chapter, Jack's stealthy beast like movements in the third chapter places human and non-human creatures in equal footing. "Them" fruit, he said, "i expect"=" he put on his glasses and waded away from Ralph, and crouched down among the tangled foliage (p no: 4 ibid Jack bent double). He was down like a sprinter, his nose only a few inches from the humid earth. The tree trunks and the creepers that festooned them lost themselves in the green dusk thirty feet above him..... Jack crouched with his face a few inches away from the clue, then stared forward in to the semi darkness of under growth (p no: 49, ibid).



In fact, it is the fear of beast-----and its ambiguous existence on the island ----- which forms the dramatic and symbolic core of the Lord of the flies. The island was filled with evergreen aromatic bushes spilling aromatic scents with lightening candle buds, thickets filled with fruit trees, providing food and shelter to the birds and boars. Prior to the advent of the boys, it was paradise on earth with dense vegetation contributing to the stability, integrity and beauty of the eco system. Reasonable communication even between humans is conspicuously absent except in meetings. The mountains with the rocks and cliff reminds Mount Etna in paradise lost, written by John Milton in 16th century, and also reminds the researcher the description of mountain ranges in Bertram nonfiction entitled travels. The mountain ranges provide sustenance to the rock plants and plants of rare flowers despite their intricate surfaces. They were on the lip of a circular hollow in the side of the mountain. This was filled with a blue flower, a rock plant of some sort, and the overflow hung down the vent and spilled lavishly among the canopy of the forest. The air was thick with butterflies lifting fluttering and settling

(**P no: 26 book lord of the flies GOLDING William**), proving that all the non-human creatures coexist harmoniously in an eco-sphere without any inclination to dominate each other.

### **1.5 Stark reality of inherence of evil in man :-**

The absence of wild animals other than boars and pigs throughout the novel shows that no other being in the world is as cruel and poisonous as the human beings. I cannot be so impious; nay my soul revolts, is destroyed by such conjectures as to desire or imagine that man who is guilty of more mischief and wickedness than all the other animals together in this world, should be exclusively endowed with the knowledge of the creator (**P.no: 288 book, eco criticism reader edtd Cheryl glotfelty and Harold fromm article, indexing American possibilities, author: Michael branch**).

### **1.6 The exploitation of The Island by protagonists:-**

Boys on the island invaded the bio regions inhabited by the beasts, they robbed the peace of the birds by blowing CONCH shell and killed the pigs mercilessly. Ralph grasped the idea and hit the shell with air from his diaphragm. Immediately the thing sounded. A deep, harsh note boomed under palms, spread through the intricacies of the forest and echoed back from the pink granite of the mountain. Clouds of birds rose from the tree-tops and something squealed and ran into the under growth.... he laid the CONCH against his lips, took a deep breath, and blew once more. The note boomed again and then at his firmer pressure, the note, flucking up an octave became a strident blare, more penetrating than before.... The birds cried, small animals strutted (**P no: 13 lord of the flies, chapter,2 GOLDING William**).

Beastly emotion in boys curbed their reason shattering the ecological harmony of the island, using of spears for hunting brings forth primitivity in man. Hiding themselves in bushes at the time of hunting and threat to the life clearly unifies man with beast in this novel. The haphazard way of lighting the fire by robbing the plants on the island of their branches, twigs and wood in frantic emotion by the boys clearly demonstrates dominance of ruthless emotion over reasoned intellect among the boys. Equalization of fire with the squirrel and jaguar stands as testimony for oneness of all the living and nonliving and nonliving components of universe. A fire! Make a fire! At once half the boys were on their feet. Jack clamored among them, the CONCH forgotten. Come on follow me, the space under Palm trees was full of noise and movement. Ralph was on his feet too, shouting for quiet, but no one heard him. All at once the crowd swayed and were gone following Jack. Even the tiny children went and did their best among the leaves and broken branches..... down there, we could get as much wood as we want. Jack nodded and pulled at his underlip. Starting perhaps a hundred feet below them on steeper side of the mountain, the patch might have been designed expressly for fuel. Trees, forced by the damp heat, found too little soil for full growth, fell early and decayed: creepers cradled them and new saplings searched a way up. They found the likeliest path down and began tugging at the dead wood. And the small boys who had reached the top came sliding too till everyone but PIGGY was busy. Most of the wood was rotten that when they pulled it broke up in to a shower of fragments and wood lice and decay; but some trunks came out in one piece. The twins Sam and Eric were the first to get likely log but they could do nothing till Ralph, Jack, Simon, Roger and Maurice found room for a hand-held, then they inched the grotesque dead thing up the rock and toppled it over on top. Each party of boys added a quota less or more and the pile grew.... a little air was moving over the mountain. PIGGY came with it, in shorts and shirts,

Laboring cautiously out of the forest with the evening sun light gleaming from his glasses..... Jack pointed suddenly his specs, use them as burning glasses, PIGGY was surrounded before he could back away. Here let me go, his voice rose to a shriek of terror as Jack snatched the glasses off his face. Mind out! Give em back, I can hardly see you will break the CONCH. Ralph elbowed him to one side and knelt by the pile.... there was pushing and pulling and officious cries. Ralph moved the lenses back and forth, this way and that, till a glossy white image of the declining sun lay on a piece of rotten wood. Almost at once a thin trickle of smoke rose up and made him cough. Jack knelt too and blew gently, so that



the smoke drifted away, thickening, and a tiny flame appeared. The flame, nearly invisible at first in that bright sun light, enveloped a small twig, grew, was enriched with color and reached up to a branch which exploded with a sharp crack. The flame flapped higher and the boys broke into a cheer.....the boys were dancing. The pile was so rotten, and now so tinder-dry that the whole limbs yielded passionately to the yellow flames that poured up words and shook a great beard of flames. Twenty feet in the air for yards round the fire the heat was like a blow, the breeze was like a river of sparks trunks crumbled to white dust... Life became a race with the fire and the boys scattered through the upper forest to keep a clean flag of flame flying on the mountain was the immediate end and no one looked further. Even the smallest boys, unless fruit claimed them, brought little pieces of wood and threw them in. The air moved little faster and became a light wind, so that leeward and wind ward side were clearly differentiated. On the one side the air was cool, but on the other, the fire thrust out a savage arm of heat that crinkled hair on the instant. Boys who felt the evening wind damp on their faces paused to enjoy the freshness of it and then found they were exhausted. They flung themselves down in the shadows that lay among the shattered rocks. The beard of flame diminished quickly; then the pile fell inwards with a soft, cindery sound, and sent a great tree of sparks upwards that leaned away and drifted down wind. The boys lay panting like dogs..... (**Chapter 2, p no: 39, 42 ibid**).

Smoke was rising here and there among the creepers that festooned the dead or dying trees. As they watched, a flash of fire appeared at the root of one wisp, and then the smoke thickened. Small flames stirred at the bole of a tree and crawled away through leaves and brush wood dividing and increasing. One patch touched a tree trunk, scrambled up like a bright squirrel. The smoke increased, sifted, rolled outwards. The squirrel leapt on the wings of wind and clung to another standing tree, eating downwards. Beneath the dark canopy of leaves and smoke the fire laid hold on the forest and began to gnaw. Acres of black and yellow smoke rolled steadily towards the sea. At the sight of the flames and irresistible course of fire, the boys broke into shrill, excited cheering the flames as though they were a kind of wildlife, crept as a jaguar creeps on its belly towards a line of birch- like saplings that fledged an out crop of pink rock. They flapped at the first of the trees, and the branches grew a brief foliage of fire. The heart of flame leapt nimbly across the gap between the trees and then went swinging and flaring along the whole row of them. Beneath the capering boys a quarter of a mile square of forest savage with smoke and flame, the separate noises merged into drum-roll that seemed to shake the mountain (**p no: 45 ibid**).

### **1.7Adoption of the boys by nature:-**

This novel clearly depicts adoptable property of wilderness. The island attracted the boys with gold colored sand during the mid-day along with its mirages and mountain pools. It also provided palm leaves and fronds to build shelters on the beach, delicious fruits for the food. In this context nature acted as an adopted mother to the marooned boys. The perception of boys about the changed weather along with the changes in the parts of the day made the emotions of love towards the nature and fear towards it to play hide and seek in their hearts. Only the littluns became one with nature. Even though they tried to ape the big guns, their innocence prevented their adulteration in the first part of the novel. Though the dive in the water made biguns a part of the nature, it was temporary just like their tummy of childhood which they remember occasionally, when the fear of darkness triumphed the love towards nature. Being in dearth of instruments of modern age the boys got accustomed to keen observation of diurnal changes. Sharon Cameron has suggested that to write about nature is to write about how the mind sees nature. First rhythm that they became used to was the slow swing from dawn to quick dusk. They accepted the pleasures of morning, the bright sun, the whelming sea and sweet air, as a time when a play was good and life so full that hope was not necessary and therefore forgotten. Towards noon, as the floods of light fell more nearly perpendicular, the stark colors of the morning were smoothed in pearl and opalescence; and the heat, ----- as though the impending Sun's heat gave it momentum---- became a blow that they ducked, running to the shade and lying there, perhaps even sleeping..... (**Author: GOLDING William, book: the Lord of flies chapter 4, p no:61**).

The undoubted littluns those aged about six led a quite distinct, and at the same time intense life of their own. They ate most of the day picking fruit where they could reach it, and not particular about ripeness and quality.... They built castles in the sand at the bar of the little river. These castles were about one foot and were decorated with shells, withered flowers and interesting stones. Round the castles was a complex of marks, tracks, walls, railway lines that were of significance only if inspected with the eye at beach level (**P.no: 62, 63, ibid**). But the dramatic tension of the novel is heightened by Golding by making Henry a littlun who dominated the tiny creatures in the sand as one among the beginners of evildoers. Henry was a bit leader this afternoon, because the other two were Percival and Johnny, the smallest boys on the island..... Henry walked at a distance from the palms and the shade because he was too young to keep himself out of the sun. He went down the beach and bruised himself at the water's edge. The great Pacific tide was coming in and every few seconds the relatively still water of the lagoon heaved forward an inch. There were creatures that lived in this last fling of the sea, tiny transparencies that came questing in with the water over the hot dry sand. With impalpable organs of sense they examined this new field. Perhaps food had appeared where the last incursion there had been none; bird dropping, insects perhaps any





of the strewn detritus of land ward life. Like a myriad of tiny teeth in a saw, the transparencies came scavenging over the beach. This was fascinating to Henry. He poked about with a bit of stick. That itself was wave-worn and whitened and vagrant, and tried to control the motions of the scavengers. He made little tunnels that the tide filled and tried to crowd them with creatures. He became absorbed beyond mere happiness as he felt himself exercising control over living things. He talked to them, urging them, ordering them. Driven back by the tide, his foot prints became bays in which they were trapped and gave the illusion of mastery (P no: 63, 64, and 65. Ibid).

The boys' minds are steeped in ideals of civilization, so they never acted as the children to the mother, but as the cruel men who seduced the beautiful maiden. The dominance on the nature became the thought, word and deed of the boys from the beginning of the novel. They dispositioned rocks on the mountain top making them to destroy the canopies of the forest and indiscriminately cut down the trees to build signal fire depriving the birds on the island of their shelters. The island is described as a place of natural beauty the way that the different characters react to it shows something about character. Jack sees nature as something to conquer, defeat. Simon sees the beauty that is already there. Ralph sees it as a place where resources can be found, such as wood for a fire or bushes, sticks and leaves for shelters.

### **1.8 The reaction of nature to the misguided actions of boys:-**

The weather also plays an important role in the story. As the boys become more savage, the weather worsens. This can be seen as a statement that the crueller the humans are, the worse we make the world around us. The evil inside each person, or the good and how we act on these primitive instincts is how we determine what the world will. The alienation of the boys from the nature: despite their beastly movements they could not associate themselves with the beast because of the mask of civilization. They thought of the beast as the thing to be hunted down and eaten forgetting that the beast resides within them, and the piglets on the island had the existence of their own. The children have strong apprehension of evil coming from outside but they fail to realize the latent evil in themselves. Golding uses the boys' fear of mythical beast to illustrate their assumption that evil arises from external forces rather than from themselves. This fearsome beast initially takes form in their imaginations as a snake type animal that disguises as a jungle vines; later they consider the possibility of the creature that rises from sea or the more nebulous entity of a ghost. With their inventive powers and powers of fabrication they unconsciously discover the beast (**Web source critical essay on concept, identity, and manifestation of beast in lord of the flies by William GOLDING by Houghton, Mifflin, and Harcourt**).

### **1.9 The predator & prey relationship between nature & man portrayed by William Golding :-**

Description of Jack's hunting of pig reminds the researcher about the primitive predator and prey relation that existed between man and animals. Practice had made Jack silent as shadow, he stole away again and instructed his hidden hunters. Presently they all began to inch forward sweating in the silence and heat..... fifteen yards from the drove. Jack stopped, and his arm straightening, pointed at the sow. He looked around in inquiry to make sure that everyone understood..... The row of right arms slid back... the drove of pigs startled up; at the range of only ten yards the wooden spears with fire hardened points flew toward the chosen pig. One piglet with demented shriek, rushed into the sea trailing Rogers spear behind it (**Author: GOLDING William; Book: Lord of the Flies, chapter 8, and p.no: 150, 151**).

### **1.10 Revelation of truth by author:--**

Simon's Sally with the severed head of the pig and his identifying himself with the pig proves that destruction of wilderness is possible because of the inherent wild nature of the human beings. 'You are a silly little boy' said the lord of the flies just an ignorant silly little boy Simon moved his swollen tongue and said nothing. Don't you agree? Aren't you just a silly little boy said the lord of flies. Simon answered him in same silent voice. Well then, said the lord of flies you would better run off and play with others. They think you're batty do you, you don't want Ralph to think you're batty do you? You like Ralph a lot, don't you? And PIGGY, and Jack? Simon's head was tilted slightly up. His eyes could not break away and the lord of flies hung in space before him. What are you doing out here all alone? Aren't you afraid of me? Simon shook.

There isn't anyone to help you. Only me and I'm beast. Simon's mouth labored, brought forth audible words. Pigs head on the stick fancy thinking that the beast is something you could hunt and kill said the head. .... You knew didn't you I'm part of you? Close I'm the reason why it's no go why things are what they are this is ridiculous. You know perfectly well you will meet me down there so don't try to escape.... this has gone quite far. Enough. My poor misguided child, do you think you know better than I do? I'm warning you. I'm going to get waxy do you see? You are not wanted understand? we are going to have fun on this island so don't try it on, my poor misguided boy or else, we shall do you see Jack Roger Maurice Robert bill and PIGGY and Ralph do you see? Simon was inside the mouth. He fell down and lost consciousness (p.no: 161, 162 *ibid*).



### **1.11 Suppression of the truth of existent inherent evil in human soul by savagery:-**

Simon's discovery of the fact that the creature that is assumed as beast is nothing but the dead parachutist, a victim of atomic war was crushed under heels of savagery which blinded the civilized intellect of the boys who substituted him for pig. Golding created an eerie atmosphere as a background to this brutal murder. Jack left on to the sand. Do our dance come on dance he ran stumbling through the thick sand to the open space of the rock beyond the fire? Between the flashes of lightning the air was dark and terrible; and boys followed him, clamorously. Roger became the pig, grunting and charging at Jack, who side stepped. The hunters took their spears, the cooks took spite, and the rest clubs of fire wood. While Roger mimed the terror of the pig, the littluns ran and jumped on the outside of the circle. Piggy and Ralph, under the threat of the Sky, found themselves eager to take place in this demented but partly secure society. They were glad to touch brown backs of fence that hemmed in terror and made it governable, kill the beast cut his throat spill his blood the movement became regular while the chant lost its superficial excitement and began to beat like steady pulse. Roger ceased to be a pig and became hunter, so that the center of the ring yawned emptily. Some of the littlies started to ring on their own; and complementary circles went round and round as though repetition would achieve safety of itself. There was throb and stamp of a single organism. The dark sky was shattered by a blue white scar. An instant later the noise was on them like a blow of a gigantic whip the chant rose a tone in agony. Kill the beast cut his throat spill his blood again the blue white scar jagged above them and the sulphurous explosion beat down. The littlies screamed and blundered about fleeing from the edge of the forest, and one of them broke the ring of begins in his terror. The circle became horse shoe. A thing was crawling out of the forest. It came darkly and uncertainly. The shrill screaming that rose before the beast was like a pain. The beast stumbled into the horse shoe. Kill the beast cut his throat spill his blood the blue white scar was constant, the noise unendurable, Simon was crying out something about a dead man on a hill. Kill the beast cut his throat spill his blood do him in. The sticks fell and the mouth of the new circle crouched and screamed. The beast was on its knees in the center, its arms folded over its face. It was crying out against the abominable noise something about the body on the hill. The struggled forward, broke the ring and fell over the steep edge of the rock to the sand by the water. At once the crowd surged after it, poured down the rock, leapt on to the beast, screamed, struck, bit, tore. There were no words, and no movements but the tearing of teeth and claws (**chapter 9, p no; 171, 172 ibid**).

GOLDING made the boys to impart extrinsic value to every place of wilderness on the isolated ignoring their intrinsic value. The platform occupying the major part of the island was usurped by the boys as their meeting place. They used the fallen tree trunks which otherwise might have used by birds and small animals to take rest on the platform. As the chairs for meeting on the island the littluns made the grass on the platform to wither away. They explored the mountain and destroyed the greenery by trampling it without any remorse. Mountain was made as a place for lighting the signal fire which polluted the island with smoke generated from incautious burning. The glorification of truth of spirituality in nature by William Golding:-seclusion provided by bushes in the forest proves that immersing one's soul with nature sanctifies one's inner spirit, and elevates it to the higher realms. The hide out used by Simon for his privacy and meditation was created by Golding as a spiritual abode. He picked his way up the scar, passed the great rock... then turned off to his right among the trees. He walked with an accustomed tread through the acres of fruit trees, where the least energetic could find an easy if unsatisfying meal. Flower and fruit grew together on the same tree and everywhere was the scent of ripeness and booming of million bees at pasture.... Simon turned away from them and went where the just perceptible path led him. Soon high jungle closed in, tall trunks bore unexpected pale flowers all the way up to the dark canopy where life went on clamorously.

The air here was dark too, and the creepers dropped their ropes like the rigging of foundered ships. His feet left prints in the soft soil and the creepers shivered throughout their lengths when he bumped them. He came at last to a place where more sunshine fell. Since they had not so far to go for light, the creepers had woven a great mat that hung at the side of an open space in the jungle; for here a patch of rock came close to the surface and would not allow more than little plants and ferns to grow. The whole space was walled with dark aromatic bushes, and was a bowl of heat and light. A great tree fallen across one corner, leaned against that still stood and a rapid climber flaunted red and yellow sprays right to the top. Simon paused. He looked over his shoulder as Jack had done at the close ways behind him and glanced quickly round to confirm that he was utterly alone. For a moment his movements were almost furtive. Then he bent down and wormed his way into the center of the mat. The creepers and bushes were so close that he left his sweat on them and they pulled together behind him. When he was secure in the middle he was in a little cabin screened off from the open space by a few leaves. He squatted down, parted the leaves and looked out into the clearing. Nothing moved but a pair of gaudy butterflies that danced round each other in the hot air. Holding his breath, he cocked a critical ear at the sounds of the island. Evening was advancing towards the island, the sounds of the bright, fantastic birds, the bee-sounds, even the crying



Of gulls that were returning to their roost among the square rocks were fainter. The deep sea breaking miles away on the reef made an under tone less perceptible than the susurrations of the blood. Simon dropped the screen of back into place. The slope of the bars of honey-colored sunlight decreased; they slid up the bushes, passed over the green candle-like buds, moved up towards the canopy, and darkness thickened under the trees. With the fading of the light the riotous colors died and the heat and the urgency cooled away. The candle buds stirred. Their green speaks drew back a little and the white tips of the flowers rose delicately to meet the open air. Now sunlight had lifted clear of the open space and withdrawn from the sky. Darkness poured out, submerging the ways between the trees till they were dim and strange as the bottom of the sea. The candle buds opened their wide white flowers glimmering under the light that pricked down from the stars. Their scent spilled out into the air and took possession of the island (**p no: 58, 60, lord of the flies Golding William**).

1.12 Resemblance between lord of the flies & Walden by Thoreau:- This description in which candle buds are used by Golding as emblems of spirituality concurs with an assertion made by Thoreau that bushes "in forests are abodes of spirituality in wilderness is the preservation of the world". Thoreau in walking from the forest and wilderness come tonics and barks which brace mankind the value of wilderness. Thoreau deems most important is spiritual when I would recreate myself, I seek the darkest wood, the thickest, most interminable and, to the citizen, most dismal swamp. I enter a swamp as a sacred place, a sanctum Sanctorum there is a strength, the marrow of nature. Through this novel conclusion:-Golding advocates the care, full utilization of natural resources to preserve the integrity and beauty of the nature. Basically, Golding believed that society is no better than the individual, no matter what governing system is in place. When we use this philosophy to look at environmental issues, we are faced with many challenges. Although there are many laws (some useful and some not so useful) in place to help protect the natural habitats in the United States, governmental action is always opposed by human nature. The phrase often used by environmental activists "Think globally, act locally" takes into account the idea that people often develop philosophies but do not act upon them. Many people wish to save the rainforest or the dolphins, but they do not want to change their own behaviors. They want the natural environment to be maintained, but they also want to use the resources that it provides. Few people put their environmentally sound ideas into practice. If Ralph might not have plucked the CONCH from the soil of the beach it might have provided succor to the palm sapling.

The reciprocal relationship that exists between different natural components becomes manifested in the instance of the support given by CONCH to the palm sapling, and the sustenance given by mountain rocks to plants. That symbiotic relationship is marred by the ruthless interference of man. The dead parachutist landed on the mountain top makes both researcher and the reader to identify themselves with the discrete humanity of nuclear war. Simon's identification with the body reminds the researcher the protagonist of de Lillios apocalyptic novel white noise. I jabbed at it with the butt end of a rake and then spread the material over the concrete floor. I picked through item by item, mass by shapeless mass..... Uncovering intimate but perhaps shameful full [Secrets. It](#) was hard not to be distracted by some of the things they'd chosen to submit to judgement appliance..... does it glow at the core with personal heat, with signs of one's deepest nature, clues to secret yearnings, humiliating flaws? The boys behaved as civilized beings on the platform and as explorers on the mountain top, as hunters at the castle rock. Varied nature exhibited by the boys at the platform, at the mountain top and at the castle rock brings forth the prominence of different components of wilderness. The dead parachutist descended on the island is the metaphor for all the mankind who are affected by the disastrous consequences of atomic war. Golding gave the wonderful pictorial description of descent of the atomic devastation in human form and outward manifestation of inward evil. A silver of moon rose over the horizon, hardly large enough to make a path of light even when it sat right down on the water, but there were other lights in the sky, that moved fast, winked, or went out, though not even a faint popping came down from the battle fought at ten miles height. But a sign came down from the world of grownups..... There was a sudden bright explosion and corkscrew trail across the sky, then darkness again and stars. There was a speck above the island, a figure drooping swiftly beneath a parachute, a figure that hung with dangling limbs. The changing winds of various altitudes took the figure where they would then, three miles up, the

Wind steadied and bore it in a descending curve round the sky and swept it in a great slant across the reef and the lagoon toward the mountain. The figure fell and crumpled among blue flowers of the mountain side (**p no: 104, 105, chapter 6, lord of the flies, Golding William**). Conclusion:-Existence of pig's head impaled to stick and surrounded by flies, the beautiful flowers surrounded by butterfly's side by side stands as a testimony for the fact that earth is an abode for fair and foul things, sanctity and stale. Appearance of naval officer proves that the modern world is chained by the various factors of pollution viz nuclear atomic pollution resulted from atomic war and scarcity of resources and animosity of human beings. Weeping of Ralph for the loss of innocence by the end of novel shows that humans are caught inexorably in the web of struggle between good and evil in spite of highest intellectuality. This made lord of flies an apocalypse, it also proved that the sign of hope provided by naval officer is a mere illusion of modern progress which always includes destruction and devastation of human and animal world, it results in the pollution of environment. Man influenced by the false mechanized education cannot bear stark reality and may crush the individual who understands the reality of his



participation in environmental destruction. The brutal murders of both PIGGY and Simon are the testimonies to this fact. But nature felicitates Simon's dead body with coral shells and pearls of the ocean in the beach. Towards midnight, the rain ceased and the clouds drifted away, so that the sky was scattered once more with the incredible lamps of stars. Then the breeze died too and there was no noise except the drip and trickle of water that ran out of cleats and spilled down, leaf by leaf, to the brown earth of the island. The air was cool, moist and clear; and presently even the sound of water was still. The beast lay huddled on the pale beach and the stains spread inch by inch. The edge of the lagoon became the streak of phosphorescent which advanced minutely, as the great wave of the tide flowed. The clear water mirrored the clear sky and the angular bright constellations. The line of phosphorescence bulged about the sand grains and the little pebbles; it held them each in a dimple of tension, then suddenly accepted them with an inaudible syllable and moved on. The appearance of naval officer by the end of the novel gives hope of emergence of new order out of the old order destroyed by the boys. Golding gives the message that technological degradation leading to the enhancement of atomic weapons make a glorious peaceful world impossible. Through this dystopian novel Golding gives the message that extreme usage of nuclear weapons is marring the beauty of postmodern civilized world.

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