

was terrified of losing his job, because the pay of any government job in India is very poor, the incidental advantages are numerous. Once, a truck came into the school with uniforms that the government had sent for us; we never saw them but a week later they turned up for sale in the neighbouring village.”

Adiga’s acumen regarding the function of police in India is highly praiseworthy. When Balram has to start up his business venture of taxies in Banglore he bribes the police and uses it in accordance with his planning. Bribed by Balram the police first raid the other taxi owners of the city for lacking driving licence and other papers. Secondly the police placate the angry brother of a dead in an accident caused by one of Balram’s drivers. The police act according the class of the victim as the author says—

“A man on a bicycle getting killed the police don’t even have to register the case. A man on a motorbike getting killed they have to register the case. Man in a car getting killed- they would have thrown me in jail.”

Apart of the thematic concern the stylistic front of the work is also highly commendable. The technical dexterity of Adiga marvels the readers beyond their expectation. He is at home in revealing even the complex inner turmoil of Balram in easy and simple syntaxes. Creating suitable metaphorical utterances in the mind of the protagonist is Adiga’s forte. In his external behaviour and duties Balram never gives even the slightest clue of his contrivances. The writer beautifully even effectively externalises his inner conflict between the good and evil self of Balram. Once Balram is driving his master Ashok somewhere in Delhi when in a traffic jam he sees two puddles of paan spit assuming the shape of two Balrams talking to each other---

The left hand puddle seemed to say:	The right hand puddle seemed to say:
1. Your father wanted you to be an honest man.	1. Your father wanted you to be a man.
2. Mr. Ashok doesn’t hit you or curse you like people did to your father.	2. Ashok made you take the blame when his wife killed the child on the road.
3. Mr. Ashok pays you well, 4000 rs a month. He has been raising your salary without even your asking.	3. This is a pittance. You live in a city. What do you save? Nothing.
4. Remember what the buffalo did to the servant’s family. Mr. Ashok will ask your father to do the same to your family once you run away.	4. The very fact that Mr. Ashok threatens your family makes your blood boil.

The book profoundly displays certain literary merits. The diction of the text is suggestive, emotive, simple and off and on euphemistic too. The best euphemistic expression in the text, I find, is the expression “to dip the beak in someone” and “arousing of the beak” for erection. The *Nayak*, protagonist, doesn’t conform to any of the category. He is a common man and perfidy is his forte. The type of his character has no antecedent. He is the first character who mockingly reveals the zeitgeist of the present India where he swims in the same tide. Instead of having heroic qualities, he possesses villainous scheming which he practices not against any individual antagonist but against all who comes in his way. Morally he may not be ideal and an imitable but his dazzling success is a tempting one. His story of triumph postulates that the present day crises in India can be tackled only by being corrupt. It is indeed an ominous pitfall.

While *The White Tiger* exposes India's fake attitude and unconcern with much of the glorious assets in our culture as Balram proposes to eliminate God and Gandhi from the school he is going to launch—

“A school where you won't be allowed to corrupt anyone's hand with prayers and stories of God and Gandhi --- nothing but the facts of life for these kids.”

It does praise the economical boom in the country. Adiga predicts that the coming time will be purely of China and India—“My humble prediction is in twenty years time it will be just as yellow men and brown men at the top of the pyramid, and we will rule the whole world.”

It is indeed hard to praise such a character who justifies his act of murder in the end by comparing it to numerous murders done by the politicians----“kill enough people and they will put up bronze statues to near parliament house in Delhi..... But that is a glory, and not what I am after. All I wanted was the chance to be a man---and for that one murder was enough.”

The book does make us feel what we were once and what we are now. Adiga deserves absolute praise for it.

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