

## Revelation of Materialistic Activities in Aravind Adiga's *The White Tiger*

Dr. ASHOK K. SAINI

Department of English Language & Literature  
Prince Sattam Bin Abdul Aziz University (Wadi Al-Dawasir Campus)  
Kingdom of Saudi Arabia

### Abstract:

*This research paper attempts to delineate and outlines the revelation of materialistic activities in Aravind Adiga's *The White Tiger*. *The White Tiger* is the debut novel of Aravind Adiga, which brought him Man Booker Prize in 2008. Balram, the protagonist, balances the hierarchy of material accomplishment and prosperity. Aravind Adiga asserts that a lot of such so-called entrepreneurs have ascended the slick, murky treads of success-ladder in India to be applauded as thriving business tycoons. But the relation of the seven atrocious and awful days and darkness are to instigate the prospect entrepreneurs of India has to perceive the entombment of all its long-established values, which manifest the Indians as Indians, and, eyewitness the confinement of a fresh, unusual nation sans the concrete sustain of human values. Nevertheless, Balram demonstrates to be an omission. He ruptures in anxiety. On learning, with the purpose of his family has been cleaned off perfectly, he takes the wealth, robs, and Dharam, the nephew, who moved toward to become skilled at driving to fabricate his occupation, and, goes on an disappearance trace and domains up at Bangalore and institutes his personal car-hiring business and turned out to be an entrepreneur, donning the name of his master. Balram Halwai's intellectual sprucing starts when he moves towards New Delhi as a chauffeur to drive the Sharma's car. Intended for the foremost, he sees the well-to-do class, their mental aberrations and dilemma. Although, he is taken by revelation how a man can restrain his creed to be paid his source of income. The verity*

*is relatively distressing that Ram Persad, the chauffeur who has a situate of delight in the relatives and who venerates a thousand Hindu gods and goddesses, merely to curry kindheartedness with his finer and for no additional rationale, leaves the profession as soon as the precision is revealed. Although such is the sagacity of morals, they preserve effortlessly 'prop up their illusions with influence.*

**Key words:** Business tycoons, dilemma, entrepreneur, human values, Man Booker Prize, materialistic activities, mental aberrations

## **INTRODUCTION:**

Aravind Adiga is considered as one of the most towering figure of English literature today. He is a Columbia-Oxford educated business journalist. The book won rave reviews in different countries almost immediately after it won the accolade. Quite a number of reviewers have articulated their embarrassment at the odious technique from beginning to end which Balram, the protagonist, balance the hierarchy of material accomplishment and prosperity. Aravind Adiga asserts that a lot of such so-called entrepreneurs have ascended the slick, murky treads of success-ladder in India to be applauded as thriving business tycoons.

Although the relation of the seven atrocious and awful days and darkness are to instigate the prospect entrepreneurs of India has to perceive the entombment of all its long-established values, which manifest the Indians as Indians, and, eyewitness the confinement of a fresh, unusual nation sans the concrete sustain of human values. Nevertheless, Balram demonstrates to be an omission. He ruptures in anxiety. On learning, with the purpose of his family has been cleaned off perfectly, he takes the wealth, robs, and Dharam, the nephew, who moved toward to become skilled at driving to fabricate his occupation, and, goes on an disappearance trace and domains up at Bangalore and institutes his personal car-hiring business

and turned out to be an entrepreneur, donning the name of his master. Consequently, this is the success-story of a village-boy-turned chauffeur-turned entrepreneur.

Adiga at the moment residing at Mumbai, subsequent to endearing the novel, he revealed unabashedly, that, "It's a great thrill to be long listed for the Booker especially, alongside Amitav Ghosh and Salman Rushdie. But I live in Mumbai, where not many people know of the Man Booker Prize; I'm still standing in long queues and standing in over-packed local trains in the morning and worrying about falling ill from unsafe drinking water. Life goes on as before."

The ethical concern rankle the stern booklover moreover. Unsurprisingly, that, everybody experience distressed to interpret the revelation of the hardnosed assassinate on a day when a radiant sprinkle appeared convened and Ashok was in a peaceful disposition. No uncertainty, the master's overweight case was Balram Halwai's one and only endeavor. Other than, how may possibly he twirl accordingly merciless to the alone person, whose wife (Pinky Madam) has stride out on him only just, one more high-class, untrustworthy lady has stridden in his living, who has constantly disappeared of his technique to be cute to Balram ? Accordingly, we attempt to divulge a contemporary go-getters' civilization of India which tends to consider in straightforward principles. When Balram Halwai gets acknowledged as a flourishing entrepreneur, he exposes to the Chinese Premier, Wen Jiabao, who is about to pay a visit to India, cataloging himself as a *Thinking Man And An Entrepreneur*. Aravind Adiga alleges that countless such so-called entrepreneurs have ascended up the dicey, murky treads of success-ladder in India to be commended at the same time as booming trade industrialist. However the version of the seven hideous time and darkness are to instigate the potential entrepreneurs of India to see the funeral of all its established morals. In the orient, particularly in India, we have a prosperous institution of

human ethics. Ethics are principles that direct or succeed one's delicate demeanor.

Analogous to ethics, they facilitate one differentiate what is accurate from what is erroneous and behavior one's life in a momentous way. Essentially, values can be separated into four classes by way of reference: *Personal values*: Principles that define a person as an individual: caring, courage, creativity, friendliness, honesty, independence, integrity, spirituality. *Cultural values*: Cultural values like the practice of one's faith and customs are principles that sustain connection with one's cultural roots: ethnic roots, faith, and tradition. *Social values*: Social values are principles that indicate how one relates meaningfully to others in social situation, including those involving family, friends, and coworkers: equality, family closeness, morality, reliability. *Work values*: Work values are principles that guide your behaviour in profound contexts. They define how you work and how you relate to your coworkers, bosses and clients. They also reveal your potential for advancement.

Sri Aurobindo in his *The Foundations of Indian Culture* opined convincingly, "Truth is the rock on which the world is built. Satyena tishthate jagat. Falsehood can never be the true source of strength." If such be the prosperous custom of our human ethics, where does Balram Halwai plunk with his blazing yearnings to accumulate material goods like his masters? If such be the rich tradition of our human ethics, why does Pinky Madam (Mistress of the house, Ashok Sharma's wife) propose to pass the accountability of assassinating a baby that jumped up on the road, on to guiltless Balram? Why does she stride out on her affectionate husband Ashok and surreptitiously goes to the airport to fly off to her parents, overseas? If such be the moneyed inheritance of our *value-system*, why does Ashok Sharma have to entice and wheedle and induce the influential ministers to maintain his business going guns? If such be our sagacity of values, of which we can

possess, why does Balram have to become skilled at of unconditional decimation of his relatives in Bihar?

The description of killing a lizard, as eye witnessed by Munna, alias Balram Halwai, the little boy, by his father. He acknowledges that, he is doting of animals, other than scared of lizards. One day, the appalling assassination of the lizard invades in him audacity. And, after, demolishing lizard, through the pot of toddy, and pitching it outside, his father said, "My whole life, I have been treated as a donkey. All I want is that one son of mine—at least one—should live like a man" (*The White Tiger*, 30).

The petite youngster then steps into his inexperienced youth, he begins to distinguish that dissections in the social order are not compound, — "These days, there are just two castes: Men with Big Bellies, and Men with Small Bellies. And only two destinies: eat—or get eaten up" (64). Balram Halwai's intellectual sprucing starts when he moves towards New Delhi as a chauffeur to drive the Sharma's car. Intended for the foremost, he sees the well-to-do class, their mental aberrations and dilemma. Although, he is taken by revelation how a man can restrain his creed to be paid his source of income. The verity is relatively distressing that Ram Persad, the chauffeur who has a situate of delight in the relatives and who venerates a thousand Hindu gods and goddesses, merely to curry kindheartedness with his finer and for no additional rationale, leaves the profession as soon as the precision is revealed.

What a caricature of certainty! Reflects Balram, "*What a miserable life he's had, having to hide his religion, his name, just to get a job as a driver — and he is a good driver, no question of it, a far better one than I will ever be...*" (110). From the way the wheels critical it completely, and from how there was no noise when she stopped the car, not even a whimper or a barking, I knew at once what had happened to the thing we had hit" (164-5)..

The assassinate prospect is written with breath-taking apprehension, dexterously, "I mouthed out the words, 'There's a problem, sir.' He did not lower the window; he did not step out.... 'Come out of the car, sir. Trust me.' Putting the mobile on the seat, he obeyed me... He opened the door farthest from me and got out near the road; I got down on my knees and hid behind the car. 'Come over this side, sir. The bad tyre is on this side... 'All right, Balram.' He touched the tire... 'But I really think we—"I rammed the bottle down. The glass ate his bone. I rammed it three times into the crown of his skull, smashing through to his brains. It's a good, strong bottle, Johnnie Walker Black—well worth its resale value..." (282-4). Immediately subsequent to assassinating his master, Balram sits to communicate the action, "...his family was going to do such terrible things to my family: I was just getting my revenge in advance" (285).

## CONCLUSION:

This is the revelation a chauffeur-turned entrepreneur. An accomplishment hierarchy that is able to take him in a straight line to the height of culmination of his nightmare, devoid of any concern for individual ethics that might have slowed down his swiftness. In the essay, *Freud and Proust*, Harold Bloom talks about Freud's *Civilization and its Discontent*, "For various reasons, it is very far from my intention to express any opinion concerning the value of human civilization I have endeavored to guard myself against the enthusiastic partiality which believes our civilization to be the most precious thing that we possess or could acquire, and, thinks it must inevitably lead us to undreamt-of heights of perfection, I can at any rate listen without taking umbrage to those critics who aver that when one surveys the aims of civilization and the means it employs, one is bound to conclude that the whole thing is not worth the effort and that in the end it can only produce a state of things which

no individual will be able to bear. I know very little about these things and am sure only of one thing, that the judgments of value made by mankind are immediately determined by their desires for happiness: in other words, that those judgments are attempts to prop up their illusions with arguments.” (*Where Shall Wisdom Be Found?* H. Bloom, 233-4). There’s no conclusion to things in India, as Mr. Ashok used to say... Yet even if all my chandeliers come crashing down to the floor—even if they throw me in jail and have all the other prisoners dip their beaks into me — even if they make me walk the wooden stairs to the hangman’s noose — *I’ll never say I made a mistake that night in Delhi when I slit my master’s throat. I’ll say it was worthwhile to know, just for a day, just for an hour, just for a minute, what it means not to be a servant...*” (320-1). Although such is the sagacity of morals, they preserve effortlessly ‘prop up their illusions with influence.

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## About the Author



Dr. **Ashok K. Saini** reached the pinnacles of glory in his academic career when he was awarded the scholarship funded by the U.S. Department of State, Bureau of Education and Cultural Affairs, for E-Teacher Scholarship Program to English teaching professionals abroad through Linguistics Department, American English Institute, University of Oregon USA. At present Dr. Saini is faculty in the Department of English Language & Literature, Prince Sattam Bin Abdul Aziz University (Wadi-Al-Dawasir Campus), Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. He has published large number of articles and research papers in different National and International journals, magazines and books. He has dozens of books to his credit published both in India and abroad. He is associated as member board of editors with *Indian Journal of Comparative Literature & Translation Studies*, An International Journal of Literature, Culture & Translation, *The Literary Herald*, an International refereed e-journal of English language and literature and *International Journal of Education, Psychology and Social Sciences*, published in Zilina, Slovakia.