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**Echoes of Injustice: Unveiling Modern India through  
Segmented Stories of Aravind Adga in His *Between Two  
Assassinations***

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**Abstract:**

Aravind Adiga dissects his second novel, "Between Two Assassinations," into stories, echoing his protest against corruption and societal ills prevalent in contemporary India, akin to his acclaimed 2008 Booker Prize-winning work, "The White Tiger." The impassioned author constructs a bold mosaic of Indian life within the fictional coastal town of Kittur, situated between Goa and Calicut in South India. Resembling Chaucer's "Prologue to Canterbury Tales," a diverse array of characters—a Muslim porter, a Dalit bookseller, a textile factory owner—navigate their daily lives, struggles, and hidden agendas, spanning the seven years from 1984 to 1991, between the assassinations of Prime Ministers Indira Gandhi and her son, Rajiv Gandhi. Adiga's narrative exposes unethical journalism shaping public opinion in democratic India, the seedy underbelly of tourism, the influence of pornographic cinemas on the youth, and the divisive forces of religion and caste, urging readers to confront the harsh realities of their surroundings. Kittur emerges as a microcosm of contemporary India, encapsulating its cultural richness amidst decay. This novel serves as a wake-up call to policymakers, administrators, and political leaders, urging them to uphold justice for the impoverished and marginalized while combating corruption in all its forms. Through its robust and incisive critique, the segmented stories of this fictional masterpiece have left an indelible mark on the burgeoning landscape of Indian English fiction, shedding light on the shadows engulfing modern India.

**Keywords:** contemporary India, moral crisis, harsh realities and awakening

## **Introduction**

Aravind Adiga's narrative voice exerts a magnetic pull, drawing readers into the intricate tapestry of Kittur. It commences with the depiction of a tainted railway station, serving as a potent symbol of the pervasive corruption throughout the novel. Much like T.S. Eliot's portrayal of the Waste Land in his poem of the same name, Adiga's setting is imbued with discarded remnants of daily life—dirty, shabby, where evening rats scuttle amidst discarded lunch bags, and morning street dogs scavenge among the refuse. This dim atmosphere is a poignant reflection of the country's dark socio-political realities.

The walls, adorned with the stark imagery of a local Jain sect's head, reveal the entrenched caste system that divides society. The inscription, 'A single word from this man can change your life,' underscores the immense influence of religion on people's lives, hinting at Adiga's overarching intention to provoke societal change through his narrative journey into New India. While travelogues are not a prevalent genre in Indian literature, Adiga injects a fresh perspective, transforming readers into virtual voyagers through Kittur. Acting as an omniscient narrator, he weaves a series of interconnected short stories united by the framework of a travelogue. Adiga meticulously details every facet of Kittur with the zeal of a seasoned tourist—the town's layout, climate, crops, diverse population, historical background, scenic vistas, and linguistic nuances. In his introductory note titled "How to Get to Kittur?," Adiga advocates for a minimum week-long sojourn, inviting readers to immerse themselves fully in the rich tapestry of Kittur's essence.

The religious divisions that fracture communities and the resulting psychological alienation and crisis experienced by an illiterate minority are vividly depicted through Ziauddin, a Muslim boy, in *Day One: The Train Station*. Employed in a tea shop under

strict conditions to abstain from any misbehavior, Ziauddin grapples with the pervasive effects of terrorism in his area, where Hindus typically refrain from hiring Muslims. As the sixth of eleven children, he is left to fend for himself, alternating between working in town and returning home during planting and harvesting seasons. However, a lapse in judgment leads to his dismissal after he indulges in samosas without permission, prompting him to seek employment in a Muslim-owned shop. When that avenue closes, he turns to work as a porter, eventually getting entangled with a terrorist who seeks information on Indian soldiers traveling by train. Despite the allure of easy money, Ziauddin ultimately refuses to betray his principles and ceases cooperation with the terrorists. Amid religious conflicts, it is the marginalized, innocent, and jobless who bear the brunt of suffering. While Ziauddin takes pride in his faith, the turbulence of his circumstances tests his convictions. Unfortunately, even his faith provides no refuge for his survival. Adiga elucidates how terrorists prey upon impoverished, disenchanting, and uneducated youth, manipulating them against their nation. Vikas Swarup says:

Aravind Adiga has boldly gone where few Indian writers choose to venture, casting his gaze beyond the complacent the smugness of middle-class drawing rooms to the anger Moreover, squalor lurks in the underbelly of urban India (Swarup 11).

In *Day Two: The Bunder*, the narrative shifts focus to the area surrounding the port, predominantly inhabited by Muslims. In 1987, riots near the Dargah led to a six-day shutdown. Adiga transitions from religious divides to direct corruption, exemplified by Abbasi, owner of a shirt factory. Within months of reopening, Abbasi laments the myriad officials he must bribe, highlighting the pervasive corruption in Kittur. Ironically, despite Abbasi's exploitation of female workers, Adiga illustrates encounters with individuals whose corruption surpasses his own.

The author unveils the port's seedy underbelly, teeming with smugglers, car thieves, and thugs whose nefarious activities thrive under corrupt officials' noses. Despite yearning for a leader to combat corruption, disillusionment abounds, as exemplified by Abbasi's

skepticism about the feasibility of honest politicians. Even as complaints about the port's lawlessness persist, government officials remain complicit, fearing repercussions from Muslim business people. Adiga sheds light on the majority's resigned acceptance of such injustices. Another factory owner, Sunil Shetty, cynically remarks on India's prowess in black-market dealings, counterfeiting, and corruption. The disillusioned young writer, returning from abroad with high hopes for his homeland, confronts the harsh realities of corruption through tourism in South-West India, employing a fragmented storytelling approach akin to R.K. Narayan's *Malgudi* or Hardy's *Wessex* novels.

*On Day Two (Afternoon): Light House Hills*, an old guard is helpful only to wealthy tourists; he is unhelpful to the poor natives. People with low incomes In this situation, people with low incomes are merciless towards their class. Adiga turned towards Xerox Ramakrishna and was arrested twenty-one times for selling illegally photocopied or printed books on the pavement at discount rates. He goes to jail in the morning and comes back in the afternoon to sell again his Xerox books for students appearing for competitive exams, unemployed lazy youth, books on sex, and controversial books such as *Satanic Verses*. However, unfortunately, the last one launched him in jail as it is banned for sale in India. The policeman, Ramesh, is more interested in sharing the marketing business while his main job is part-time. He breaks Xerox's legs, but the fellow comes on crutches to sell again. The atmosphere where jobs in the government sector are not taken seriously is exposed, especially the responsible police, who are portrayed casually as a person who takes advantage of their jobs as a license for their fancy approach to life. There is no break to his corruptive activities.

Though the cost of education in India is less, middle-class and lower-middle-class students go in for Xerox copies as they feel that originals are at unaffordable rates. The matter is treated so casually in India that they are unaware it is a crime to go against copyrights. Even the authors and publishers know the situation but cannot stop the thriving piracy. Piracy extends to even films and illegal videos; as described in *Day Two (continued)*, *our school* is where the effect of

morally corrupted parents on their children is brought to light. While Shabbier Ali's father lives to become rich by selling pirated and pornographic videos, his son watches them with his friends and grows indifferent, witnessing too many films. He turned homosexual, a perverted behavior that his father has come to know lately, but without understanding his mistake, the father blames his son's friends. Even good Pinto, the son of a coffee estate owner, becomes prey because of his association with Shabbir. Corruption has drastic effects. If one believes in heaven or hell, they can be witnessed, as Milton says, in one's mind on the earth itself. As Satan takes revenge on the son of God, here, at times, the effect of parents' ill-deeds falls on the children. Cast has its sway on the people to the effect of yet times demoralizing them when looked down. The wounded feelings of Hoyka boy Shankara are exposed. According to Adiga, in Kittur, the Hoyka population is more than any specific caste. His father had illegal contact with many women. Shankara says:

Fellows like his father belonged to no caste  
or religion or race; they live for  
themselves. They were the only real men in  
this world (p.63)

This belief naturally took him in the wrong route, and his chemistry teacher, Larrdo Cau, hit him while he was smoking at the age of eight or nine. When he was made to kneel, he felt humiliated that it was all because he was a Hoyku and not a Christian. This is all because his Brahmin relatives never looked at him as a boy:

Mix one part of pre-marital sex and one part  
caste violation in a black pot, and what do  
you get? This cute little Satan-Shankara (p.62)

The effect of all this on the young mind is devastating, and he tries to explode dynamite in his class at school. Fortunately, it worked as a cracker rather than as dynamic. Caste is because of their accidental birth to his parents, and so he wonders if the caste system in India can vanish as smoke and set him free. When things have rapidly changed in India, what are caste and its values?

Brahmins eat meat; Kshatriyas get  
educated and write books. And lower caste

converted to Christianity and Islam. (p.67)

The Christian priests were hand in glove with one, Mr. Colonel Gadaffi, who had tried to destroy Hinduism. Religion is the way of life a person prefers, and so is the individual's choice. That choice should be respected to lead a peaceful and prosperous life. However, too many religions and intolerant behavior cause damage beyond expectations.

Shakara shows respect at the end, and the feeling of apologizing to his teacher shows the soft heart of the child. How can children, the future citizens, be saved from such situations that affect their psychology? Adiga wants parents to grow more responsible. Shankar has not seen his father for six years as he has made money abroad. Do such people have any good effect on their children? Do such parents not bear moral responsibility? In such a context, teachers have a significant role in society for the sake of uncared children. The child cannot help himself and be strong morally to support himself psychologically; the responsibility of the parents and the teachers in the modern context is stressed. However, in teaching, D'mello may fail amidst irresponsible teachers, as portrayed in *Day Two (Evening): Light House Hill* (The Base of the Hill). Adiga concentrates on the phonographic films that misdirect the youth. In a junior boy's school, D'Mello tried to show the benefits of films and children's literature, which can turn them into more sensitive and responsible children.

The importance of physical well-being in the development of children, showing boys involved in healthy activities such as bathing, running, and eating, can be developed. So he tries, and pins hope on Girish, but when things go otherwise, he is deeply hurt, and he stretches his stiff to ask for help from Girish, but he holds the black cloth that ripped split open:

Hordes of copulating creations foreign in postures of rapes, unlawful pleasures, and bestialities swarmed out and danced around his eyes in a taunting cavalcade, and a world of angelic delight that he had scorned until now flashed at him (p.112).

He has been found dead of a heart attack. In *Day Three: Angel*

*Talkies*, the nightlife in Kittur is focused, which creates nightmares for the moralists. Films with titles that suggest ill-legal sex figures- *Her Nights*, *Wine and Women*, *Uncle's Fault* with Adults only in color, running four shows where the unemployed youth form a Queue. The *Wood-Side* Hotel near the theatre has a famous Paris cabaret featuring Ms. Zeena from Bombay every Friday and Ms. Zimboo from Bahrain every second Saturday.

In addition to this, Adiga says a traveling sexologist visits the hotel on the first Monday of every month. Again, less expensive bars and restaurants exist, and he tells with black humor and a satiric tone:

"Thanks to the presence of a YMCA in the neighborhood, however, men of decency have the option of a moral and clean hostel" (p.115).

The highly materialistic world with degraded human values is exposed. What becomes the wonder is the broad participation of people who hunt for physical comfort. Their approach to life only creates a void or emptiness, as T.S Eliot describes in his famous *The Waste Land*.

Newspapers, meant to tell the facts, are also demoralized and commercialized in the materialistic world. In the conversation between the Gurkha and Gururaj, the journalism or news in the paper is brought to criticism. When a dog defaces a paper, the Deputy executive editor, Gururaj, says, "The dog is doing the right thing. Because not a word in the newspaper is true (p.119)".

The rich driver makes an accident; somebody else sits in jail, surrendering voluntarily before the police. The police changed the identity of the killer car for thousands of rupees, the religious riots have changed versions in newspapers, and life in India is rated so cheap that not only the lives of elders but even the lives of innocent children are not spared. The illiteracy is so inhumane, as portrayed in the heart-moving pathetic condition of child beggars Soumya and her young brother Raju, which is presented much to the dismay of the readers. When they are sent by their immoral father to beg, they are not allowed to beg by the beggars there nearby, so they go far away to port and show their small empty stomachs to beg, and the boy limps.

They hide from the police, who often accuse beggars of being robbers. With the money to earn that day, they buy the drug rolled into cigarettes for their father. The young boy blames his sister. She could not feed him the whole day but kept him running.

Meanwhile, the selfish father doubts if his daughter has used a part of the amount and so beats her. The pathetic ending shows the heartless nature of the poor, illiterate parents who bore children to feed them and not them to feed them: Leave the exploitation of child labor by others. What is it when parents do it in such conditions in India?

Raju was still complaining that he had not been fed all day long and forced to walk from here to there. He saw the red marks on her face and neck and went silent. She fell on the ground and went to sleep (p.155).

The poor little creatures can understand their plight. Several questions arise, provoking our thoughts to change them into action. What role does the government also have to play in the plight of such beggars? Adiga projects the heart-moving child labor, the straight outshoot of high population and poverty in India, while on *Day of The Train station* and *Day Four: The cool-water well Junction* is entirely on child labor, in Xerox Ramakrishna and *Day Five: Valencia*, it is spotted out sporadically yet, powerfully, exposing the exploitative nature of the employed and surprisingly by their parents. Little hands work hard to earn at an early stage and share their parents' responsibility, forgetting their relations and the minimum happiness of childhood. Returning to childhood memories, their life is a chain of troubles born to labor. While boys are left to work in pavement shops, as in *The Train Station*, girls are left to work in rich houses to make their dowry and get married when they grow up. They are not even able to recognize their lost childhood, but they feel deeply the injury of separation from their parents, siblings, and their home atmosphere. The girl in the lawyer's house says:

"I do not want to be here ..... I did not want to leave my friends, our fields, and our cows and come here. But my mother said, "You must go to the city and work for



the Advocate Panchinatti; otherwise, where will you get the gold necklace? Moreover, who will marry you without a gold necklace (p.169).

They grow hard with troubles and search for happiness in the little things of life. They lose sensitivity, and this affects their moral growth.

The trouble of getting married to an unknown person in a low-income family is put forth, though in short, powerfully through the life of Jayamma's beautiful sister, who has been married to a young doctor's son. Without enquiring about the fact that he has been suffering from tuberculosis in an advanced stage, when the girl's parents approached for the girl to get married to their son, poor parents thought that it was because the girl is beautiful or rather Ratna said there is no choice for people with low incomes. Getting married is an outstanding achievement as they cannot give dowries to their many daughters. However, after his death in the second month of their marriage, hiding the fact to safeguard the reputation of the boy's family and their misdeed, the mother-in-law blames the fate of the girl and her family.

The innocence and poverty of the parents add further troubles to these ladies who are never married again. As the parents arrange the marriages, many ladies in poor but principled families remain unmarried, as Jayamma, a fifty-year-old Brahmin Cook, is in a lawyer's house.

Jayamma happens to be the ninth daughter of their parents. In twelve years, her mother gave birth to twelve children. Naturally, malnutrition is a significant problem in low-income families that are unable to feed themselves. So his father could marry six of his daughters with great trouble and leave the last three to stay barren virgins for life. Jayamma, the old spinster's life for the last forty years, has been like an "installment plan of troubles and horrors," her stooped body and swelled eyes testify to her chronic sleeplessness and worry. Nevertheless, she remained honest throughout, working hard even in her fifties, though she has never been paid directly, and her sister-in-law deals with her contracts and collects money to feed her children.

Unmarried Jayamma is exploited by her family members and crushed under poverty. Humanity is lost when stomachs become empty, yet ethical values are held high by Jayamma, especially their traditional values. However, she complains that she cannot follow all her traditions, and it pains her to work beside a low-caste girl and to sleep in her room when she gets frightened by her belief in black magic practiced by some workers at home. Though they are casts that disturbed the nights of her life, she found it hard to be as fearless as was in her life to settle herself without the aid of her parents. When she worked in the advocate's house looking after the motherless boy, Karthik, with devotedness, she was exploited. After the need was over, she was thrown out of work. Even to the boy, she was nothing more than being a servant. Even in such a poor plight, the caste system is so much digested in her that she cannot accept the lower-caste girl accompanying her to the temple nearby. Jayamma grumbles:

*"What kind of era is this, when Brahmins  
bring lower-caste girls into their  
households? ..... "Where have the rules of  
caste and religion fallen today, o! Krishna.*

Thus, though she worked hard, she remained unmarried, childless, and penniless to serve his brother's family. She loses hope in life and agrees to the fate that nothing will change for her till she dies. Like Naipaul, Adiga comes down heavily on the Indian mentality of servitude. Adiga in *The White Tiger* says thus:

An Indian revolution? No, sir, it will not happen. People in this country are still waiting for the war for their freedom to come from somewhere else---- from the jungles, from the mountains, from China, from Pakistan. That will never happen. Every man must make his own Banaras. The book of their revolution sits in the pit of your belly, young Indian. Grab it out and read. Instead, they all sit in front of color TVs and watch cricket and Shampoo advertisements. (304)

*Day Six: The Sultan Battery* is the life of a fake sexologist, Ratna, who sells white pills to the sexually sinned youth to get his three daughters married, but once, ironically, the boy he has seen while selling on the pavements appears as a prospect bride groom before his eyes to see his daughter along with his parents and even after he gets his daughter married to someone else, this fellow falls at his back to get his sexual disease cured. He is scared of visiting a doctor who knows his father. This fake sexologist feels guilty about his fake business, which never treats these deceived youth. Such fake business, which flourishes on the pavements, is brought out by the narrator in a realistic tone on the opening page as follows:

He passed rows of baby shoes, bras, T-shirts bearing the logo 'New York Fucking City' Fakers Ray-ban cooling glasses, Fake Nike Shoes and Fake Adidas shoes, and piles of Urdu and Malayalam Magazine (p. 213-214).

The corrupt government officials do no checks to stop them. Such fake business flourishes and fills the pavement, thronged by the encouraging buyers who take great interest in buying these imitations to adore the bodies and lives. Adiga, with wit and an ironic tone, says:

With each bottle of pills, you will receive a certificate of authenticity from Hakin Bhagwandas of Daryaging in Delhi. This man, an experienced old doctor, has brought wisdom from Egypt and has used his scientific equipment to create magnificent white pills that will heal all your ailments. Each bottle costs just four rupees and fifty paise! Yes, that in all your pay to atone for sin and earn a second hinge in this life! Four rupees and fifty paise (p. 215).

It is this desire of the poor and the uneducated that again provides life to those fake businessmen. When the spirit of righteousness touches this fake sexologist, he wonders how he can marry off his daughters unless he continues his fake business on the pavement. People never even verify them. Thus, this fake sexologist

has never been verified if the label on which he runs his business is the accurate address or of some other sexologist who attended some International Conference. It works as a license to him, causing irreparable damage to the health of the youth.

"These were the same fellows who come to him – older, Sadder Versions, when in whom Vernal disease had taken a deep bite, who had broken bottle after bottle of white pills at it, to find no improvement – who were now at the end of a long journey of despair that led from his booth at the Dargah, through a long trail of other hucksters, to this doctor's clinic, where they would be told the truth is lost p.229).

Thus, the author unmasks the unexplored areas of corruption that damage the most valuable lives of low-income people and the illiterate who fall prey to the urban way of life. He finds fault with the irresponsibility of the people who never have an interest in verifying the truth as much as interest in buying them. It provokes the readers to think about the role of the government in taking the issue seriously to tame the sinned youth as their number grows with the number of sexually perverted activities of youth and when dreading diseases such as AIDS grow and may prove a significant threat to the lives of people and reputation of the nation which boasts of its great culture of marriage and civilization.

*Day Five (Evening): The cathedral of our lady of Valencia* exposes how an active mosquito–man, Gorge D'Souza, feels about her employer, a rich Brahmin wife of a husband. The way of living of the rich woman has made him conscious of his shortcomings as a poor man. Nevertheless, he learned techniques to grab the opportunity to climb the social ladder and get a secure life. One day, he cleaned the backyard of that lady's house, impressed her, and joined as a gardener to clean the house and tend the plants. Later, he took the driver's position, Mathew, who turned out to be a heavy drunkard, and planned carefully to replace the old cook for her young sister, Maria. When his position was raised, he stopped drinking, took her princess employee

to a club or wherever she went, and observed her foreign yoga master. However, he was ready to work for her, and his attitude towards the rich is exposed thus:

The rich above us, man, is always here;  
take twenty rupees, Kiss my feet. Get into  
the gutter. Clean my shift. It is always like  
that (p.194).

He wondered why 'the rich can make mistakes again and again'. However, people with low incomes can commit not even once. Wealthy women can afford to read novels, take baths in the midday, live in the cool breeze of Air conditioners, go to the club as an extent of their social life, take yoga classes, and do everything for their pleasure while the poor learn to work for his survival learning every art from tending plants, driving, training as mosquito-man. He is prepared to do anything for this lady he considers to be different from another rich woman: 'I would even give my life for you.' he is pleased to work for her so that he can get married now. With acts of bitterness, poverty, and shame, he always postponed the marriage. Even for his sister, Maria's good alliance might come as she now works as a cook in a rich woman's house, but his single behavior after getting drunk one day changes his fortune.

He misused the keys she handed with trust and walked in one night. The day, she ordered a double safety at home, changed the lock system, and prepared to send both brother and sister away without grace or mercy, as he felt and suggested that 'Maria can sleep in Church' that night. The Juxtaposition of the worker's life and the rich lead is projected with great insight in a realistic tone and excellent narration skills. The lives of people with low incomes are the central book's main theme in all its variety, along with the unmasking of corruption in contemporary India.

Adiga does not find fault with the democratic form of government in India as the root cause of the poverty, corruption, and moral crisis in India. Communism is not an alternate form of government that he recommends. It is the sincerity of the implementation of various schemes of erasing poverty. They should reach every corner of the country to erase poverty. Communism in

India is questioned as in *Day Seven: Salt Market Village*.

The crops have failed while the loan from the money lender has been pending, and 3% per month compound interest multiplied, driving a poor farmer to death. The marriage of his first daughter has ruined him, and his death, the marriage of his second daughter. Deserted by relatives, his poor old wife approached 'The Communist Party of India' (Marxist–Maoist). Comrade Thimma, considering her utter doctrinal ignorance, tries to illuminate the difference between the Marxist Community Party, Marxist–Maoist Communist Party, and Communist Party, all three kinds in India.

While Comrade Thimma speaks of corruption, Adiga uses black humor and irony to expose his ways; Comrade Thimma would not allow the exploitative hiring of protection labor Murali. He works for him and is undoubtedly not proletarian – he belongs to the section of a significant land-owning Brahmin family of Kittur – so it is okay for him to do any menial work. He confirms that it is not the party of people with low incomes but a party of the proletariat.

As he walked down the twisting streets, crowded with street children playing their violent games, fatigued day laborers sleeping under the shade of trees, and with thick, still shiny pools of efficiently lying everywhere, he remembered that strange mixture of the unbelievably beautiful and filthy which is the nature of every Indian village – and the simultaneous desire to admire and to castigate that they had inspired. (p. 259)

Murali wrote for workers. Socialist policies of the congress government had taken his father's land. He could not get compensation as some bureaucrat forged the signature and ran away with money. For all that his family has done for people with low incomes, he thought they deserved this. Ironically, he realized his family's compensation had not been stolen by people with low incomes but by some corrupt civil servant. The condition of people with low incomes did not improve in the novel much as they did not receive the government's

plans down in the corner of the village. This is why development is slower than expected in India. The major problem of lifting the poor makes the corrupt officials wealthy, widening the gap between haves and have-nots.

The communist protagonist is a fifty-five-year-old bachelor who could not marry after completion of his law. He thought he was meant for something grand in his life. He left his parents to join Gandhi and Congress, setting specific goals and an enemy to overcome:

The old, evil India of caste and class privilege, India of child marriage of ill-treated widows, of exploited subtle terms – it had to be overthrown. When the state elections came, he campaigned with all his heart for the congress candidate (p.267).

However, to his dismay, he worked in various communist parties and found them corrupt. At last, he landed with seventeen volunteers at Comrade Thimma's dim office. He has taken up 'women's education programs, literacy programs, population control campaigns, and proletarian radicalization of drivers. He worked with commitment and landed in jail along with Thimma. When this older woman came with her daughter, Sulochana, his old mind now thought of the wasted years on principles. The older woman rejected his offer of marriage with his daughter. Like Grisham in Gurujada Appa Rao's famous play, *Kanyasulkam* contemplated deceiving himself that he could marry that poor girl as an act of his social responsibility; later, he realized that he is too old to marry a young girl now, and like a fool, he took Rs.8000/- which the older woman was granted but went to money lender as an act of revenge suggesting him to take back the money if he has lent them. However, the financial condition of the older woman improved, and her daughter could marry a worthy man. This is a story of the fall of communism in India and in the world and the prophecy from America that Soviet Communism can no longer flourish.

Adiga's imagination encompasses a group portrait of ordinary Indians giving diverse voices in a time of extraordinary

transformation. The inequality poses a problem driving apart the people of India economically as haves and have-nots and socially as upper and lower castes. However, politically, there is only one class: the corrupted class. Adiga's deep moral sense and humanity compels his scholarship to voice through his fictional work. With cartographic precision, he maps Kittur and makes it a microcosm holding up the follies and foibles in new India, expecting a change in the people to turn it into a better society for future citizens to live in, making this a democratic country in the true sense of the word.

In Adiga's novels, there is no single superman to battle against the corruption as in the African protest novels where the protagonist battles against a highly corrupt imperial nation. Adiga did not even suggest an alternative form of government to communism. The high population, illiteracy, poverty, passive reaction against corruption, and improper implications of rules and schemes are exposed as significant reasons for corruption. The growing materialistic outlook and the degraded morals fuel the corruptive skills among the high officials. The moral irresponsibility of government officials as police and free citizens as journalists is questioned. He should have included parents and teachers, who are expected to shoulder more responsibility towards future citizens in the complex modern world. Aravind Adiga, in an interview in 2008 after getting the prize, explained the role of writers like him in exposing poverty, corruption, and moral crisis in India thus:

... it is essential that writers like me try to highlight the brutal injustices of society. That is what I am trying to do— it is not an attack on the country; it is about the incredible process of self-examination<sup>3</sup>

When the corruption virus diseases the country, the care or remedy should come not just from political leaders whom the people pin hopes in vain. As the target areas are varied, the diversity compels the shared responsibility of all citizens.



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