

Cityscape as Crime-cape: Reading the 'Urban' in Anita Nair's Police Procedurals

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Jack M Bickham, in his book *Setting*, discusses how “an evocative physical description of setting can transport the reader into the story’s universe.”¹ Setting often functions as a mirror of the psychological states of characters and at other times reinforces the structure of the story by linking the different phases of the story. Again, in the case of the genre of mystery and detection, scholars have definitively recognized the significant function that setting plays. Setting is what often binds crucial elements of plot, characterization and point of view in crime fiction. Gillian Mary Hanson, in *City and Shore: The Function of Setting in the British Mystery*, elaborates on the merits of “city” and “shore” as settings of works of mystery. She posits that in such settings, often the space “speaks for the character and mood.”² Though country homes and closed, small rural-scapes have been exploited as the setting of memorable works, “...quite distinct in their topographical features, the settings of city and seashore in the mystery do share thematic aspects such as alienation and the carnivalesque.”³ Whereas alienation can play out in the interactions strangers have with established communities when they have suddenly and newly arrived, Bakhtin’s idea of the “carnavalesque” forges new mode of interrelationships among individuals, which in turn reveal hidden or dormant aspects of human nature. In city settings, Hanson believes, the carnivalesque can “represent a powerful theme of evil and moral decay, a distortion of truth and human values.”⁴ This is why crime fiction and the city have always been deeply entwined, necessarily because of the scope for anonymity and individualism that a city provides to its citizens, outside the safety nets of community existence, conditions often leading to crime and criminality.

In the late 1940s and early 1950s, a kind of crime story appeared which was different from the English mystery stories, set in country houses, with a closed circle of suspects. In this new form, “the mystery is solved by regular police detectives, usually working in teams and using ordinary police routines.”⁵ George N. Dove defines the term ‘procedural’ as referring to methods that are “followed by policemen in real life”, and the detective in such a story “does those things ordinarily expected of policemen, like using informants, tailing suspects, and availing himself of the resources of the police laboratory.”⁶ Though historically police detectives have played minor roles in Poe’s Dupin stories or Conan Doyle’s Sherlock Holmes stories, police procedural as a genre provides a centrality to these detectives working within the establishment. The conventions of such fiction demand that even though there might be a principal protagonist in the form of a policeman, he will be assisted by a team for interviews, interrogations and forensic evidence collection and analysis. Away from the superior geniuses of the classic school with exceptional powers of observation and deduction as well the gun-wielding, rule-breaking private eyes of the hard-boiled tradition, these detectives are modelled on real-life policemen. One cannot deny necessary semantic connections between the police procedural and the noir/hard-boiled fiction, despite crucial syntactical differences between the forms. Both these forms derive an ancestry from the social realist tradition and draw linkages between the socio-political clime and acts of corruption and oppression. In police procedurals, as Hillary Waugh believes, the genre is denied the advantage of having an “attractive superman hero” because the nature of the policeman’s job and his adherence to strict legal methods necessitate a human protagonist.⁷ The crimes are most often unspectacular, and a lot of fictional time is spent in writing painstaking reports to be submitted to superior officials. As is the case with any other subgenre of crime fiction, police procedurals have an intimate relationship with the setting of the stories. Representing the routine, mundane realities of policemen’s lives, the characters of this genre have to crisscross the

space the story is set in for the purposes of the investigation. The policeman and his team visit and revisit the scene of crime as well as homes of witnesses, all the while providing a social commentary on the milieu explored. Again, as Hanson claimed for crime fiction in general, police procedurals are seen especially to engage with the urban space, right from the examples of early practitioners like Ed McBain and the husband-wife team of Maj Sjowall and Per Wahloo. These procedural writers can be seen to have performed the role of urban literary cartographers, creating authentic representations of rapidly changing real cities. Even McBain's "imaginary city" is reminiscent of New York, evoking a familiar environment for the readers:

Anyone desiring a useable map of McBain's City can, however, devise one by following three simple steps. First, draw an outline map of New York City. Second, rotate this map 90 degrees clockwise, so that north becomes east, east becomes south, and so on around the compass. Then, label all the political and geographical features with new names: Isola (the borough of the City in which the 87th Precinct is located) is Manhattan, Riverhead is the Bronx, Majesta is Queens, Calm's Point is Brooklyn, and Bethtown is Staten Island.⁸

I also refer here to two more recent global practitioners of the genre and the significance and impact of locations in their works: Henning Mankell and Ian Rankin. The popularity of Mankell's police procedural series featuring detective Kurt Wallander, as well as its filmic and television adaptations have given rise to a vast interest in the locale: the south Swedish town of Ystad. Many of the novels in the series revolve around the change in the civic life of Ystad as the ethnic makeup of Sweden (and Ystad) change with immigrants moving in. The crumbling of the Swedish welfare state and its attendant unemployment, coupled with racist and neo-Nazi ideology give rise to certain crimes such as in *Faceless Killers* (1991). Zizek argues that it is precisely in

a post-globalization world that Mankell's Skåne landscape with "its windy rain, oppressive grey clouds and mist, dark winter days"⁹ works, revealing thus chinks in the social fabric of protectionist state. On the other hand, Gill Plain, in her analysis of Rebus' Edinburgh in Lucy Andrew and Catherine Phelps' volume *Crime Fiction in the City: Capital Crimes* (2013) notices how

as Edinburgh evolves in reality, there is a change, too, in the way that the city is mapped within Rankin's work. There is notable transition from the Edinburgh of *Knots and Crosses* (1987), the first Rebus novel—vaguely mapped, steeped in literary allusion and preoccupied with the city's mythic past—to the representation of the city in the novel *The Naming of the Dead* (2006), with its cartographical precision, engagement with popular culture and grounding in present reality.¹⁰

Malcah Effron argues how Rankin's allusions to real architecture and real streets only underscore what Kevin Lynch in his seminal *The Image of the City* (1960) discusses about roadways being the urban spatial element that people orient themselves by, and describe urban geographical reality with.¹¹

Much as how the once impoverished and unremarkable Sweden (Ystad) has grown to be the model Western welfare state, giving in to the relentless force of globalization and industrialization, the Indian city of Bangalore/Bengaluru also saw unprecedented development with the IT boom that was ushered in with India's liberal economic policies of the 1990s. Along with these changes came increased immigration/migration in both these places, affecting the ethnic/regional makeup of the society and everyday cultural practices. Popular culture has engaged with these drastic changes in a variety of ways. Like many of Mankell's Wallander novels, Anita Nair's Borei Gowda novels locate themselves at the spatio-temporal point of this turmoil. The Gowda novels in turns both flirt with the nostalgic view of the past, a quiet,

green Bangalore and deal with the moral dilemma and the fear that are on the rise with the current city as a space marked by closely bounded duality and opposition, where the global capital city's shiny public façade is juxtaposed with the dark underside of seamy emotions and intentions.

Anita Nair is the bestselling author of novels like *The Better Man* (1999) and *Ladies' Coupé* (2001). The Borei Gowda series, at present, has two books published by Harper Collins: *A Cut-Like Wound* (2012) and *Chain of Custody* (2016). Gowda, in Nair's words, is almost "50 years old, a little over six feet tall, a basketball player whose once muscular frame is soft in the middle, blurred at the edges, with grey hair cut regulation short and a pleasant face made interesting by a cleft in the chin."¹² He rides a 500-cc Royal Enfield Bullet, is wary of rules and hierarchy within the police, has an alcohol problem, has a twenty-year-old son, a doctor-wife and a rekindled romance with his college sweetheart. A lonely, brooding male protagonist, battling against both crime and the police establishment, is an oft used feature of the genre. So is creating evocative portraits of the spaces the stories are set in: in this case Bangalore. Gowda lives in an area of north Bangalore that reflects his own mindscape:

His house was the only one on that road. On either side and opposite were empty plots. ... At first the developer had kept the plots spruced up for customer visits. But when the recession happened and people were laid off, the bottom fell out of the real estate market and the developer stopped bothering about cutting the grass and trimming the casuarinas that lined the roads. Weeds took over. Shrubs grew and trees spread their branches, ... Some days it occurred to Gowda that he lived in the middle of a forest.¹³

Kempe Gowda's 16th century fortress town gave way to the colonial Bangalore of Cubbon Park and Mayo Hall, but it was towards the

end of the twentieth century that Bangalore, and later Bengaluru, developed into a snazzy Urban Agglomeration Area. However, Greenview Residency where the Gowdas lived, was tucked into “the wastelands of north Bangalore”, and to Gowda’s wife, the area oft seemed as distant from ‘civilization’ as “Outer Mongolia” (Nair 2012, 42). As a punishment for not agreeing with the ‘system’, Gowda is transferred from one outpost to another. During the narrative time of the two novels, he is posted at a police station on the outskirts of the Neelagubbi village. The “green-washed building with its small poky rooms and rented furniture was Gowda’s fiefdom”.¹⁴ Both personally and professionally, Borei Gowda is located at the fringes of the city, underscoring his “outsider” position, keenly observant however of the intertwined city and crime.

The story of *A Cut-Like Wound* takes place over a period of thirty eight days, starting with the first day of Ramzan when a male prostitute is murdered and ending on St Mary’s Day. Inspector Borei Gowda can recognise patterns of a serial killer’s workings but has to trace and retrace the killer’s movements in the city to apprehend him/her. The Bangalore in the novel is a far cry from the Bangalore of chrome and glass malls and cosmopolitan chutzpah. *A Cut-Like Wound* opens late in the night in the Shivaji Nagar bus stand area “simmering with activity”. On the first night of Ramzan, a “certain excitement resonated through the alleys and lanes.”¹⁵ In that “shadowed underbelly of the city” thousand “fragrances and desires” of whores, eunuchs, urchins, beggars, tourists and regulars echoed. Locating the novel in Shivaji Nagar, a potpourri neighbourhood where government offices rub shoulders with retail areas on Commercial Street, St Mary’s Basilica is a neighbour of Sultan Shah Masjid and a seat of the Army Cantonment is an interesting choice given how the novel delves into themes of urban anomie and anonymity. The crimes are committed by a gender-fluid person who struggles to carve an individual identity in a place dominated by his/her city administrator brother. He/she embraces the invisibility the urban chaos of Shivaji Nagar offers to hunt and

prey on unsuspecting men. The inescapable irony inherent in the fact that the serial murderer is part of the household of a city corporator indicates the possibilities a city can extend as an authentic 'setting' for crime fiction, where the apparatuses of the state often overlap with a criminal underbelly. Though the driver of Michael Hunt's cab tells him, "Bangalore is a very high-tech city. Have you heard of Infosys? We have big IT companies—Wipro, Dell, IBM... and Kingfisher beer!",¹⁶ the readers are taken beyond the shiny facades of a global city, and pulled into the vortex of the seamier side. The emphasis here is on the unstable assemblage that a third world city is, where sections of the population have been left behind in the march to progress and where the hunger for power leads a different class into crime. When Borei Gowda prowls his way through this city on his 500 cc Bullet, it floods him with power, and strength, making him "unrestrained and not afraid to go forth".¹⁷ An author such as Raymond Chandler believes crime has its source in the structures of oppression prevalent in a capitalist, racist, patriarchal society, and one can easily see the similarities between Nair and Chandler in the socio-political economy of the cities they create, cities where these structures of oppression cannot be neatly dismantled. Chandler's noir city of Los Angeles is a dark place of intertwined corruption, crime and violence. Much like Nair, Chandler presents the economic geography of contrasts and differences and the dissolution of easy class distinctions through crime. Nair, being true to the genre of detective fiction/police procedurals, presents easily identifiable oppositions between senseless violence and methodical police work play out in her novels. Corporator Ravi Kumar, Jackie Kumar, the Station Muthu gang are on the one side of this opposition while Stanley, Gowda, Santosh are on the other. And then there are the slippages, such as the interactions between the Corporator and the PWD clerk Shivappa or the slum board officer Ramachandra that depict the interlaced fabric of the city. Like in *Chain of Custody*, which opens in Shangri La, an improbably named urban enclave of the ultra-rich of Bangalore, often Chandler's novels open in such spaces

of plenty. Chandler's detective Marlowe, while investigating, describes the similar neighbourhood of Idle Valley as "a perfect place to live. Perfect. Nice people with nice homes, nice cars, nice horses, nice dogs, possibly even nice children."¹⁸

It is a truism that Indian cities are transforming. The economic reforms of 1991 and the emphasis on urban India since, has seen Indian urbanization assuming an often alarming pace. With globalization, came the movement of ideas, technologies and goods, and also needless to say, of people. The setting of Bangalore thematizes the issue of migration and the change of an old order. Corporator Ravi and his brother Ramesh are from Tamil Nadu. Their father had brought them and the rest of the family to Bangalore in search of a better livelihood. Michael Hunt is an Anglo Indian from Bangalore who is settled in Melbourne but has come to Bangalore to sell off his aunt's house in Whitefield. Osagie and Adesuwa are from Nigeria. Mohan is from Kannur, Kerala, and revels in the anonymity the city offers him. Nair convincingly presents a universe of migrants from all around the globe in her novel, thus emphasizing how Indian megalopolises such as Bangalore have more settlers than natives. Such explosive growth is accompanied with multiple problems—crumbling infrastructure, soaring real estate prices, rampant corruption and chaotic traffic jams. The migrant individual is lost in all this, without the supporting compass of social and political institutions. The spatial strategies used in the novel to depict Bangalore, voice both a contemporary cultural discourse about the abandonment of individuals by these institutions and the responses of those individuals against this abandonment. Sanjay, who has come to Bangalore from Tumkur, thinks, "There's only fifty kilometers between here and there but it could very well be another planet."¹⁹ SI Santosh was from a small town and the Bangalore traffic exasperated him:

What was this city, he asked himself for the hundredth time, that spawned such ignominy in the sixty seconds it took a light to

change? ... In the little town where he had grown up, there had been life at the street corners. But nothing like this. There too were flower sellers and fruit vendors, beggars with maimed limbs and dead eyes, but this was something else. The desperation of a child turning cartwheels for money rather than for the sheer fun of it; the wretchedness of the salesmen whose ties flapped in the breeze with a certain hopelessness; the rage of the eunuchs who, without a single word spoken, demanded that the city pay for who and what they had become. ... The truth was SI Santosh wanted to lay his head in his amma's lap and howl.²⁰

According to Raymond Williams, it is during the nineteenth century that the city emerges as a mysterious community, a "crowd of strangers", no longer "knowable".²¹ An individual, especially one from small town or the rural hinterlands, finds himself/herself as lonely and isolated. The Romantic poets lamented how industrialization robbed individuals of the comforts and familiarities of the everyday, much like SI Santosh who feels nostalgic about the amniotic warmth of his home (town) in Bangalore.

The urban, the modern and the criminal, all coalesce in Walter Benjamin's work on the *flâneur* (the bourgeois city stroller and observer).²² Benjamin's work on Poe and the detective story is seminal, and while elaborating on the figure of the *flâneur*, he discusses the modern experience in great detail.²³ Gowda engages in the act of *flânerie*, taking Santosh along with him, attempting to negotiate thus the feelings of unease and non-belonging they have in the unknowable city. In their pursuit of a serial killer who uses a ligature coated with finely powdered glass to slit the throats of his/her victims, these two men take to the city streets. Like Holmes, whose sense of ennui would be cured by chasing criminals, Gowda's lost self-esteem leads to an easy confidence in pursuit of criminals. And while Santosh is new to the city, without much knowledge of its lanes, nooks and corners, Gowda is a seasoned peripatetic policeman. In an attempt to read the city/crime, he

peers at a map and as a *flâneur* guides the readers through the maze of the inscrutable space. Coupling the findings of the post-mortem reports on the stomach contents of the victims with a knowledge of city traffic and roadways, he can calculate the probable neighbourhoods the victims must have eaten at. However, he goes beyond being a *flâneur*, since crime fiction/police procedurals have to end in a definite manner, with the mystery solved and the criminal apprehended. To be able to arrive at such a closure, the (police) detective has to look for clues, which he/she can then arrange in a logical order to understand the impenetrable crime and the city. Gowda acts as an urban ethnographer/fieldworker, to systematize the many contradictions inherent in the city's fabric. As the fissures under the glamorous city façade are ultimately laid bare, the police detective also realizes that "guilt might be impersonal, and therefore collective and social."²⁴ Since these novels show how crimes are produced by conditions that rise from capitalist social institutions, a wrench is thrown into the vision of police procedural as a genre, the vision of faith in law and legality against crime and criminality.

The plot of *Chain of Custody* (2016) revolves around two disparate events: on the one hand the disappearance of the daughter of Shanthi, the domestic help at Gowda's house, and on the other, the murder of a high-profile lawyer, Dr Sanjay Rathore. Both cases are investigated by Gowda and his team, and the two cases represent how the city—constructed as a closed space of dualities—is a richly textured crime-scape. With the expansion of Bangalore, and the airport at Devanahalli, "big developers discovered that the possibilities were immense even in villages like Neelgubbi"²⁵ where Gowda's police station is located. And while cyclists in spandex suits and helmets filled the lanes and bylanes of Neelgubbi on weekends, a hitherto unseen sight in the neighbourhood, sugarcane fields and cauliflower patches juxtaposed construction sites and rubbish dumps. These changes are far from superficial. In Nair, we see once again the potential for vicious and violent crime in these sorts of new conurbations. Rural communities with their established systems of hierarchy and popular tradition that members could hark

back to provided social control. With the breakdown of all this, we see a city in which public order, moral order, health, sanitation and even sanity are precarious:

From a quiet outpost, Neelgubbi station had become an important one and the number of complaints that had filled the station diary pages often made Gowda think that this must be the crime hub of the city. Gambling, betting, bootlegging, and drug dealing, dacoity, rape, murder, burglary, prostitution, and illegal possession of firearms... whatever happened, Neelgubbi?²⁶

The IT boom with its consequent demands and supplies is seen as the definitive moment of change for the city of Bangalore and its hinterlands:

The great sense of contentment evaporated as he drove past Manyata Tech Park. With the advent of tech parks, the rural districts of Bangalore had slowly become satellite towns. High-rise buildings, a gated community, an international school, restaurants, spas, a liquor store and a multiplex, so that techies didn't have to travel into town to spend their hefty pay cheques.²⁷

With such drastic and often unmonitored change, rose the possibility of running dubious and illegal businesses. At the core of *Chain of Custody* is the modern-day global problem of human trafficking. Unlike in *A Cut-Like Wound* where the crimes were committed by an individual social misfit, the pattern here has changed to organized crime. And in the Bangalore of this novel, the politicians, the lawyers, the developers, the petty criminals, the street vendors, rickshaw pullers and daily wage labourers are all part of a big nexus, each serving the other's needs. The underbelly of the city is presented in the novel as an intricate network of people, with invisible connections with the "respectable" legitimate city. Crime and criminality is no longer only

the poor people's province, but cuts across classes. Into this strange new world of rapidly "developing" Bangalore, too various and too challenging to be contained by law and policing, everyday more and more people come in, from the hinterlands and other Indian states. Some of these migrations are voluntary, while for others it is forced. Tina was abducted in Maharashtra and brought into Bangalore. The only first person narrator of the novel, Krishna was sold for money by his own father. This is a telling narration of India's development story. While the cities are assuming megalopolitan proportions, agrarian economy is dying a slow and painful death. Drove of farmers and farm-hands migrate to cities every day, to escape starvation and the vicissitudes of nature. The man who bought Krishna told his mother, "You can plant the fields with half the money and the rest will keep you and your family going till the crops are ready to be sold. I'll bring him back once the season is up."²⁸ Underscoring how narratives of severely unequal economic prosperity have a parallel in the evolving crime-scapes of the city, Bangalore is presented here as a post-globalized city which has rapidly evolved from a sleepy South Indian town. It is now a dense mass of buildings, ranging from the urban sprawl to the high-rises, a safe haven as well as a site of exploitation for migrants, and a space of urban anomie and anonymity. The godown building where trafficked girls are detained, has an unassuming look about it and is the "perfect cover".²⁹ Krishna is now a recruiter, working to lure migrant minors into illegal operations. He finds Jogan, Barun and Ikshu in a crowded general compartment of 18463 Prashanthi Express. The boys were from the village of Satpada in Odisha:

The boys clutched a plastic bag each. It probably held all their possessions: a few worn-out clothes and worthless gewgaws that each would fight viciously to keep. Their feet were bare and only a little dirtier than their faces. But there was something resolute about their expressions...³⁰

A story that began with the search for Nandita, who went missing from St Mary's Basilica at Shivaji Nagar, shifts focus on different young girls such as Moina, Sanya and Tina who come from different backgrounds. Such girls are lured with false promises or kidnapped and brought into a hole in the wall in the city. Any traces of rebellion in them is systematically destroyed and merciless violence breaks their spirit, till they become "a khanki. A slut. A whore",³¹ ready to be served to customers. Once the story reaches its denouement, we see discrete events happening at different places in the city at different times, coming together. Much like the end of *A Cut-Like Wound*, it only expresses the kaleidoscopic nature of third world urban realities, and how resolutions in such settings are only temporary and contingent. It is the interrelation between the rich and the poor and also people like Krishna, awkwardly in the middle, and the interweaving of such disparate threads that create the patchwork dynamic of the crime city of Bangalore, located firmly within the nexus of global capital, surveillance and crime.

Contemporary life is characterized by the dissolution of social and political institutions, which no longer can guarantee personal welfare. In such a scenario, we do not anymore see heroic protagonists of earlier crime genres, confident of dispensing justice. And even though the genre of the procedural is structurally a more politically conservative sub-genre than the noir, and has belief in state imposed law and order righting wrongs, we meet here Borei Gowda, a reluctant hero. He is portrayed as often helpless, tortured by ethical predicaments, since in the process of the criminal investigation, he is expected to provide answers to social problems that exceed his scope:

It had been easy enough to find the words, to sound as if he meant it, especially after he had seen the group of transgenders cowering at the back of the room. So afraid to come forward and be among the rest of the invitees. So certain that ridicule would be meted out to them if they did. So wanting to belong,

but so definite that they would not be allowed to. Gowda had felt outraged to see the trepidation in their eyes and how they shrunk within themselves.³²

The fact that he is a cog in the disciplinary practices of the state machinery, and has to operate within specified rules (as opposed to the rogue private eye), makes him more powerless. Once he understands how the police (ACP Vidyaprasad) and the criminal (Corporator) are interrelated, he can only take out his impotent rage by tampering with the ACP's car.

Ultimately, Bangalore in the two Gowda novels is a divided city, with the marginalized of the city ravaged by geographies of global capitalism. The chaos is connected with the many identities and subjectivities the city has thrown up since the economic liberalization has opened it up to unprecedented transactions. As a setting of a police procedural series, I have argued how the city in Gowda novels offers a critique of capitalist spatialization of power. In a space of anonymity and trauma, for Borei Gowda the detective, it is also a space of adventure and insights that lead to the resolution of mysteries. He painstakingly pieces together a causal chain of the crimes in each of the novels, and wanders through the city, striving to make the city ultimately knowable. And it is in his failure as an individual to control urban decay and disorder that we understand the limits of the hero and the genre.

NOTES

- 1 Jack M. Bickham, *Setting How to Create and Sustain a Sharp Sense of Time and Place in Your Fiction* (Cincinnati, OH: Writer's Digest Book, 1994), 1.
- 2 Gillian Mary Hanson. *City and Shore: The Function of Setting in the British Mystery* (Jefferson, NC): McFarland & Company, 2004), 4.
- 3 *Ibid.*, 5.
- 4 *Ibid.*, 5.
- 5 George N. Dove, *The Police Procedural* (Bowling Green, OH: Bowling Green

- University Popular Press, 1982), 1.
- 6 Dove, 2.
- 7 Hillary Waugh, "The Police Procedural," in *The Mystery Story*, edited by John Ball (San Diego: University Extension, University of California, 1976), 61-82.
- 8 Dove, 197.
- 9 Slavoj Žižek, "Henning Mankell, the Artist of the Parallax View," *Žižek.uk*, 12 December 2015. Accessed 25 January 2019.
<https://zizek.uk/henning-mankell-the-artist-of-the-parallax-view/>.
- 10 Quoted in Lucy Andrew and Catherine Phelps, (eds.), *Crime Fiction in the City: Capital Crimes* (Cardiff: University of Wales Press, 2013), 3.
- 11 Malcah Effron, "Fictional Murders in Real 'Mean Streets': Detective Narratives and Authentic Urban Geographies," *Journal of Narrative Theory* 39, no. 3 (2009): 330-346.
- 12 Anita Nair, "Where Will a Love Affair between a Novelist and Her Detective Character Lead Them?" *Scroll.in*, 16 July 2016. Accessed 27 January 2019, <https://scroll.in/article/811858/where-will-a-love-affair-between-a-novelist-and-her-detective-character-lead-them>.
- 13 Anita Nair, *A Cut-Like Wound* (New Delhi: Harper Collins, 2012), 41.
- 14 *Ibid.*, 46.
- 15 *Ibid.*, 6.
- 16 *Ibid.*, 15.
- 17 *Ibid.*, 68.
- 18 Raymond Chandler, *The Long Good-Bye* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1954), 166.
- 19 Nair, *A Cut-Like Wound*, 153.
- 20 *Ibid.*, 107.
- 21 Raymond Williams, "The Metropolis and the Emergence of Modernism," in *Unreal City: Urban Experience in Modern European Literature and Art*, edited by Edward Timms and David Kelley (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1985), 16.
- 22 Walter Benjamin, *Charles Baudelaire: A Lyric Poet in the Era of High Capitalism*, translated by Harry Zohn (New York: Verso, 1983).
- 23 *Ibid.*
- 24 Franco Moretti, *Signs Taken For Wonders* (London: Verso, 1988), 135.
- 25 Anita Nair, *Chain of Custody* (New Delhi: Harper Black, 2016), 36.

26 Ibid., 37.

27 Ibid., 155.

28 Ibid., 10.

29 Ibid., 107.

30 Ibid., 9-10.

31 Ibid., 20.

32 Nair, *A Cut-Like Wound*, 148.