

Body Drift: Searching for Queer Fish in Amruta Patil's *Kari*

Sayantani Mukhopadhyay

Abstract

According to Arthur Kroker, 'body drift', the phrase with which this paper first began to take root, refers to the fact that we can no longer be said to 'inhabit a body in any meaningful sense of the term but rather occupy a multiplicity of bodies – imaginary, sexualized, disciplined, gendered, labouring, technologically augmented bodies.' Moreover, as contingent are the bodies caught in perennial processes of becoming, so contingent have always been the codes of their becoming – codes that shape sexuality, gender, relations of power, class are perpetually caught in the relentless drift of 'contestation among different interpretations and practises' that are themselves resisted, reshaped, transgressed, remixed and re-spliced. Kroker's book, *Body Drift: Butler, Hayles, Haraway*, from which this paper borrows part of its title, is an exploration and explication of the contingencies, complexities and hybridities of the drifting body in the arguably posthuman present. In this paper, I borrow Kroker's deeply evocative term, body drift, and its powerful implications of multiplicitous, complex and hybrid ontologies, to critically analyse the metaphor of drift and its companion metaphors of floating, swimming and traversing bodies of water in Amruta Patil's graphic novel, *Kari*, with the intention of exploring the themes of queerness and hybrid identity as they occur in the narrative.

Keywords: *drift, identity, queerness, gender, fluidity.*

(T)he very meaning, both surfaces and structure, of the body has begun to drift.¹ In a section titled 'Fish', *Kari*, the eponymous protagonist of Amruta Patil's ground-breaking graphic novel, gifts herself a four-month membership at a public pool for her 21st birthday.² In this 'real estate of water', with its carefully marked off 'coy and harem-like' Ladies Lane, *Kari*, queer, broken-hearted, twice-born after having been saved by the sewers into which she had accidentally plunged herself during a suicide attempt, finds herself briefly metamorphosed into something non-human.³ She becomes, for a few lines, an apex-predator, 'a treacherous, dangerous fish... with smooth fins and very sharp teeth', cutting through the water in terrifying, stealthy silence. In that moment, *Kari* narrates, she 'know(s) exactly what goes on in the mind of an aquarium shark', a creature at the top

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of the food-chain, swimming around in a man-made Olympic-sized fish bowl.⁴ Later that evening, when Kari goes to watch a martial arts flick starring Chow Yun Fat with her male friend Lazarus, and happens to mention that Yun Fat's is the kind of 'look' she wants to emulate, Lazarus is quick to remind her that she gets to be a Chow Yun Fat with breasts. And it is as though with that iteration, with this edict, Kari grows breasts – ones she says she 'fought with all evening', as she is forcefully and violently boxed back into Lazarus' (and heteronormative society's) version of the woman-body.⁵ When Kari takes the train afterwards, significantly, she 'travel(s) back alone in the *Ladies Compartment*'.⁶ (Italics mine)

According to Arthur Kroker, body drift, the phrase with which this paper first began to take root, refers to the fact that we can no longer be said to 'inhabit a body in any meaningful sense of the term but rather occupy a multiplicity of bodies— imaginary, sexualized, disciplined, gendered, labouring, technologically augmented bodies.'⁷ Moreover, as contingent are the bodies caught in perennial processes of becoming, so contingent have always been the codes of their becoming – codes that shape sexuality, gender, relations of power and class perpetually caught in the relentless drift of 'contestation among different interpretations and practises' that are themselves resisted, reshaped, transgressed, remixed and re-spliced.⁸ Kroker's book, *Body Drift: Butler, Hayles, Haraway*, from which this paper borrows part of its title, is a foray into the writings of Judith Butler, Katharine Hayles and Donna Haraway to explore and understand the contingencies, complexities and hybridities of the drifting body in the arguably posthuman present. I borrow Kroker's deeply evocative term, body drift, and its powerful implications of multiplicitous, complex and hybrid ontologies, to analyse the metaphor of drift and its companion metaphors of floating, swimming and traversing bodies of water in Amruta Patil's *Kari*, with a view to exploring queerness as it occurs in the narrative.

Briefly, the plot of this mostly grey-scale graphic novel is a glimpse into a significant period in Kari's life, beginning with her survival following a 'slipshod surgical procedure' – a failed double suicide attempt and break-up with her lover, Ruth, that leaves Kari lost and adrift in the bogs and sewers of smog-city (Mumbai), and ending with her realization that she no longer wishes to die.⁹ Patil has been quoted as being insistent that Kari's is

not a 'coming-out tale' that can be boiled down to a 'quickie suicidal lesbian synopsis'.¹⁰ Yet, while *Kari*'s queerness may well have been intended to remain secondary, and rather than central to her journey, it becomes the lens that shapes not only *Kari*'s own experience of life in hetero-normative society, but also the reader's perception of these narrated experiences. The narrative takes the form of truly hybrid writing, having hybridity, ambiguity and fluidity as both its objects of attention, as well as its dominant aesthetic style. Its art shifts from monochrome to sepia to panels in heady, vibrant colour, and uses a mixture of ink, marker, charcoal, crayon and collage to thread together a number of artistic and literary influences that do not necessarily gel with one another, including Indian temple art, Japanese silk screen prints, the works of Leonardo da Vinci, Frida Kahlo, novels like Jeanette Winterson's *The Passion* (1989), R. K. Narayan's *A Malgudi Omnibus* (1994) and Alison Bechdel's *Fun Home* (2006).¹¹ Unfolding in a particularly appropriate and rich narrative style that calls to mind Virginia Woolf's stream-of-consciousness technique, the story, like its protagonist, stands for no single burning issue, and shifts seamlessly from dreamscape to reality, blurring the lines between the two. Replete with intertextual references, experimental art styles and poetic language, *Kari* makes visual the inner life of a protagonist struggling to understand and make peace with the flux of her many identities – gendered body, queer individual, heartbroken 20-something year old, ad-agency employee, friend, daughter, and a PVC-clad boatman alter ego who, after having been saved by the gutters of Mumbai, spends her nights trying to fulfil a promise she had made to the water to 'unclog her sewers when she couldn't breathe'.¹²

'My favourite form of movement is 'float'. I stand for nothing. I espouse nothing but Ruth'.¹³ *Kari*'s first encounter with the sewers occurs when she tries to meet death, headfirst, in a double suicide attempt that both she and her lover, Ruth, survive. Ruth has the benefit of a safety net (presumably financial affluence) that enables her to leave the murky entanglements of her queer affair, and the city that bore witness to it, far behind. *Kari*, on the other hand, is saved by the 'stinking river of effluents' that snakes through smog city's underbelly.¹⁴ Though she surfaces physically unharmed from the aborted attempt, she maintains that it is a 'death still because no one emerges from it unscathed'.¹⁵ From the moment

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the sewer swallows Kari whole and spits her back out onto the shores of a reality from which she had tried to entirely efface herself, from the moment, in other words, that she pulls herself out of dark, dangerous waters in which she says she should have let herself be lost forever, Kari drifts. Or, to be more precise, she begins an arduous journey towards allowing herself the freedom to inhabit a fractious body that had always already been adrift in a world which favours, forces and demands fixity and unambiguous definition. The sewers become the narrative's most enduring symbol of a swirling, fantastical and corrupted liminality. As a space, that exists as much in empirical reality as it becomes a symbolic iteration of the protagonist's subconscious dream-world, the city's storm-drains are neither land, nor sea, but somewhere circuitous in between. They become emblematic of a realm of play and of endless drift, signifying the protagonist's attempts to navigate the complex contours of her identity, while also implying the dangerous, ever-present threat of dissolution and death in the form of giving oneself over entirely to fantasy.

If the 'slipshod surgical process' that was meant to end in the two lovers' deaths be read as Kari's attempt to obliterate a body that could not come to terms with its fragmented identity, and should Ruth be understood to be that part of Kari's identity that she wishes to expunge (but does not wish to live without), then the narrative thereafter may be understood as the visualisation of a process that culminates in Kari's transformation into a comfortably fractured subject à la Haraway's cyborg, for whom

partiality, hybridity, and lack of a single smooth identity or wholeness (does) not imply death, but on the contrary, invoke(s) the possibility for connectedness and survival beyond innocence in an impure world.¹⁶

If Ruth, the very opposite of Kari in both demeanour and, more significantly, appearance, be conflated with femininity, or a relatively more feminine performance of gender (and the narrative makes this conflation fairly apparent), then perhaps the surgical process that Kari never meant to survive was one that emerged out of a tension between Kari's head (which goes to meet death first) and heart (which wills the attempt) – a tension, that is, between a desire to survive authentically and a reasonable lack of faith that such a desire would be met with acceptance in greater society.

In *Tendencies*, Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick offers a sketch of the lack of boundaries implied by the term 'queer'. Sedgwick understands queer to

refer to

the open mesh of possibilities, gaps, overlaps, dissonances and resonances, lapses and excesses of meaning when the constituent elements of anyone's gender, of anyone's sexuality aren't made (or can't be made) to signify monolithically.¹⁷

An especially prescient image that occurs in the preface to Sedgwick's collection of essays and illuminates appropriately how queerness spells itself out in *Kari* the novel and within Kari the subject describes queerness as 'a continuing moment, movement, motive – recurrent, eddying, troublant.'¹⁸ At multiple points in the narrative, Kari hints at her reluctance to label her sexual and gender identity. When she stands in front of the mirror, the face reflected back at her is 'troubling' – a persona crafted to conform in some measures so as to obscure, at least in part, the unsettling authentic self, lurking beneath.¹⁹ While Kari's flatmates, who frequently voice their wishes for a 'handsome and loyal husband like Kari', tell her to put on some kohl, Kari herself wonders why she doesn't 'look like Sean Penn today.'²⁰ When Lazarus asks her if she is a 'proper lesbian' (in the hopes of probing whether he himself might have a chance with her) she 'roll(s) the word... in (her) mouth' and finds it 'strange' and 'totally inappropriate.'²¹ When she describes herself as a ten year old watching k.d. lang on the television for the first time, Kari, silenced by language's failure to accommodate the full expanse of her identity and therefore rendered 'mute with no way to explain (herself) to (herself) or to anyone else,' wonders why 'this genderless creature' would ever make her 'feel this way.'²² And when Ruth expresses relief that their love-making cannot result in an undesirable pregnancy, Kari admits that she would 'give anything to be able to knock (Ruth) up.'²³

It would perhaps, then, not be too erroneous to surmise, without attempting to foist onto Kari a definitive label (which would be the very opposite of that which she spends the narrative attempting to come terms with, i.e., a perpetually drifting, undefined, multiplicitous identity), that Kari resists any easy, neat and unquestioning identification with conventional, binary constructions of gender. *Their* narrative, then (I consciously choose neutral pronouns for the protagonist hereafter, since Kari never explicitly mentions what pronouns they might prefer) may be read as Kari's journey towards coming to terms with their 'recurrent,

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eddying, troublant' drift, that is, with a queerness that is not tied to Ruth and cannot be defined by sexual and romantic object choice alone. Therefore, Kari's violent separation from Ruth forms a necessary step in an agonizing journey towards self-knowledge and understanding, or in other words, towards learning to authentically inhabit one's own identity or one's own 'drift' by oneself. Queerness, as the text seems to indicate, cannot be boiled down to questions of who one loves or is attracted to, as it often is, but is more accurately understood to be a powerful term that gestures towards the many facets of a non-normative, non-conformist and marginalised identity caught in perennial processes of negotiation with the external (and, more often than not, internalised) forces of hetero-patriarchal dominant culture. Queerness in *Kari* finds its iterations not just in the protagonist's constant encounters with covert and overt attempts made by friends, family, colleagues and the entirety of Smog City to erase, invalidate or misrepresent their identity, but also inheres, perhaps more significantly, in their own internal negotiations with how that identity may be expressed most authentically and comfortably in the margins and the flux of spaces beyond definitive labels and conventional binaries of gender and sexuality.

The notion that Ruth, whose absence throws Kari's life into disarray, might also represent for Kari a tenuous commitment to conventional femininity finds one of its more apparent indications in the advertisements that Kari drafts for their agency's biggest client, Fairytale Hair. Kari's drafts tend to be mini-narratives that are illustrated in some of the few colour panels in the book. In each of these panels, the princess-protagonist of the advertisements, with her long, flowing hair, her delicate beauty and her gowns is a typical image of feminine allure.²⁴ More significantly, the princess-protagonist is identical to Ruth. The ads are a medium for Kari's artistic expressions and as such, tend to be further visualisations of the complexities of their inner world. In the first advertisement Kari drafts for the campaign, soon after their boss tells them to 'unleash (their) inner fox', a hyper-feminine princess-protagonist who is the spitting image of Ruth is seen chasing after a runaway white fox.²⁵ No matter how far the princess walks to find 'him', the fox remains always just out of reach. That Kari's inner fox should be described with a masculine pronoun is significant in itself. That the feminine princess protagonist should be predestined to fail to reach 'him' might indicate a destabilising disjunction between Kari's

authentic inner self and a more typically female-presenting persona that has always remained separate from it.

Unlike Kari, Ruth is not one of the 'tousled boy-girls of the world.'²⁶ Thus, while Crystal Palace, the apartment Kari shares with their cisgender, supposedly heterosexual female flatmates and their boyfriends, with its name that recalls fairy tales and dancing princesses, is a place in which Kari feels invariably like an outsider, separated from the others by a 'dam' that holds their drifting, swirling un-definability in abeyance, it fits Ruth 'perfectly like a glass slipper.'²⁷ And when Kari speaks of the 'gore', the painful reminders, which Ruth's separation has left in its wake, they describe it as a 'bullet in (their) stomach'— one that makes them bleed 'month after month.'²⁸ The association with menstruation and its attendant baggage of conventional notions of womanhood that construe biology as meaningful, unalterable destiny is made obvious in the direct reference to Kari's period in the following panel. It is no accident that this reference occurs in a chapter in which Kari describes themselves as 'armchair straight, armchair gay, active loner' and recalls how their experience of seeing k.d. lang for the first time as a child had affected them.²⁹

Kari's metamorphosis in the swimming pool, as described in the opening paragraph of this paper, and the incidents narrated immediately thereafter form the narrative's most poetic and resonant allusion to Kari's implicit desire to shed their inauthentically gendered skin. Following what Judith Butler says of gender in *Bodies That Matter*, (having described it elsewhere as being discursively produced and naturalized via 'stylized' repetition of acts within 'a highly rigid framework') Lazarus' act of labelling Kari a 'Chow Yun Fat with breasts' is akin to the 'setting of a boundary, and also the repeated inculcation of a (regulatory) norm' or a 'reiterative and citational practice' which 'produce(s) the effect of boundary, fixity and surface we call matter', that is, the gendered body.³⁰ However, Butler further argues that the very fact that this continuous 'reiteration' should at all be necessary indicates that 'materialization is never quite complete, that bodies never quite comply with the norms by which their materialization is impelled.'³¹ It is the flux, the precariousness, the 'possibilities for rematerialization' opened up by this process that indicate the potential for 'rearticulations' that would then question and even destabilise altogether the 'hegemonic force' of regulatory norms.³²

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Thus, the ‘treacherous, dangerous fish’ with ‘fins and sharp teeth’ into which Kari temporarily morphs may be read as part of a fantasy of extreme and complete denial of the limits and form of a conventionally ‘female’ human body (and identity) that is constructed and enforced by dominant, hetero-patriarchal discourses. The brief transformation into this human-fish hybrid – this boundary-transgressing chimera – becomes emblematic of a rearticulation of the very codes that construct the gendered subject in binaries of masculine/feminine, male/female, human/animal. It further brings to mind the metaphor of the fin and the ambiguous figure of the mermaid in Virginia Woolf’s writing (as in novels such as *Mrs. Dalloway* and *The Voyage Out*), which Kathryn Simpson reads as a germane image for queer desires that resist ‘recuperation into a system of classification.’³³ Simpson goes on to argue that the ‘ambiguities and uncertainties’ that inhere in such metaphors of hybridity are especially apt in expressing those desires ‘which mutiny from the heterosexual script.’ Though Simpson discusses the metaphor in terms of its potential to symbolise ‘woman-centred eroticism, whilst refusing to explicitly name or define this desire’, it is the ‘radically queer evasion of precise definition’ in Woolf’s writing of non-heteronormative desire that I find Kari’s temporary metamorphosis to be particularly reminiscent of. Like a ‘queer fish itself’, it ‘remains on the borderlines and refuses binary oppositions or categorization.’³⁴ Morphing into a predatory creature, a non-gendered body, that is neither human, nor animal, that delights, instead, in the play and confusion of blurred boundaries and processes of becoming, the Kari-fish cuts across and beyond the clearly marked confines of the ladies lane. ‘A becoming is always...the in-between... (that) constitutes a zone of proximity and indiscernibility, a no-man’s land, a non-localizable relation’ that sweeps up distant points, ‘carrying one into the proximity of the other’.³⁵ Kari’s metamorphosis indicates such a ‘becoming’. Unearthing a creature dangerous and threatening in its dissolution of boundaries and denial of rigid binary classifications, it signifies a visualisation of a passage, an entire spectrum, between binary polarities. As Kari, shark-like and ‘treacherous’, swims through the pool, their purposeful and predacious motion becomes a compelling image of subversive pleasure, even power, that may derive from defiant, hybrid un-definability.

Kari’s transformation is made all the more significant by its careful placement in a section right after one in which Kari, aside from being asked

if they are a 'proper lesbian', is told that 'eventually, a woman needs a man and a man needs a woman.'³⁶ In that same preceding section, Angel, Kari's terminally ill friend, confidant, and fellow liminal creature (on account of their proximity to impending death), tells Kari that if they feel so 'out of water' all the time, they should learn to 'carry (their) own water' instead.³⁷ Kari-as-fish, then, becomes a visualisation of the desire to no longer feel out of water— not through capitulation to oppressive, inauthentic categories, but through a defiant affirmation of fragmented hybridity, through carrying, so to speak, one's own water, one's own drift. This metamorphosis foreshadows another one that is far more mundane, but no less achingly significant, occurring towards the very end of the novel. In panels dripping with the colours of an epiphanic acceptance, Kari, whose hair has increasingly started to make her feel 'like a drag queen', asks the barber for a buzz cut. Upsetting the barber with her choice of wanting to look 'boy-type', Kari chooses to be a 'shorn sheep' instead of 'earth mother or rumpiled siren.'³⁸ The animal imagery is once again prescient as Kari, head shaved and illustrated in striking colour, inches ever closer to a severing of the 'last umbilical cord' that signifies their remaining tenuous ties to Ruth, to the fantasy-scape of the sewers, and to the suicide attempt that had instead sparked a second birth.³⁹

However, the path towards learning to carry one's own water is never one without its attendant complexities or harsh reminders of why, precisely, one feels out of water in the first place. It is significant to note that the sewers which Kari trawls night after night as their alter ego, the *boatman*, are Mumbai's storm drains, choked and clogged with pollutants and toxins that smog city has relentlessly pumped into them. No body of water in the narrative (except the pool in which Kari metamorphoses into a shark-like creature and the building water tank that becomes privy to their final acceptance of wanting to step back, and not step off, the ledge of their roof) is pure, generative, fertile and life-giving or life-sustaining. On the contrary, 'nothing survives long' in the toxic sludge of the sewers, in which one could easily sink without a trace, and the sea that the drains pour their filth into is one that 'snarls...ready to swallow anything, mortal or not, that is lowered into her.'⁴⁰ Even the untouched sea of Kari's hometown has only ever existed as an 'altar in (their) heart.'⁴¹ The poison, the vitriol that churns in the roiling waters which Kari, from the relative safety of their boat, attempts to unclog and

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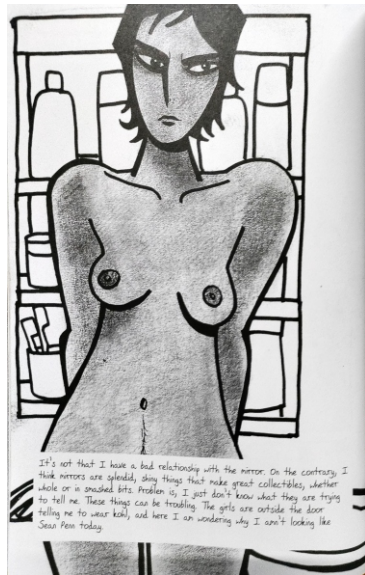
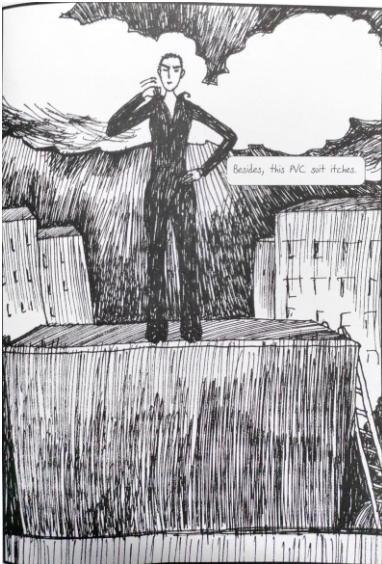
purify each night, originates not within the water itself, but in the dispassionate, uncaring city overhead that has grown used to the stench of the bogs— a stench that Kari alone, having come to know the sewers intimately, can ‘smell everywhere.’⁴² What is rotten in the state of Mumbai, microcosm of a hetero-normative, patriarchal society that, at best, feigns obliviousness to the non-normative and, at worst, wills it to disappear by forcing it to conform or be obliterated altogether, is ultimately a lack of human connection, of empathy, of systems that do not alienate all those who know themselves to be outliers, to be discordant, to be drifters.

The waters that swallow Kari when they try to meet death head-first, the same waters that they continue to make an ultimately futile attempt to clean (until, through an implicit acceptance of their non-monolithic, impure queerness, they disavow the desire for wholeness, purity, belonging and unity that lay at the root of their attempt at self-obliteration), can never be the life-affirming, comforting amniotic fluid of the womb. Kari’s rebirth/transformation is not completed in their tryst with near-death. The plunge is but the catalyst to a painful journey of self-acceptance that finds the protagonist spending panel after panel in a fantastical and nightmarish limbo, unable or unwilling to fit themselves to the contours of their Ruthless, fragmented and essentially threatening identity in a suffocating, rigid and binary world. They cannot, therefore, drift or float endlessly in the sewers, acting out a fantasy of purification while they themselves remain protected from the life-extinguishing poisons that contaminate its waters. This purification is as impossible in their subconscious dreamscape as it is in the reality with which they must necessarily negotiate in order to survive. Accepting their queerness, in its overflowing entirety, outside of loving Ruth and despite a hostile lived reality is how Kari will be able to take the drift onshore, and inhabit it fully and authentically without the need for boats and protective PVC suits. It is how they will finally be able to come to terms with the flux, complexity, even contradictions amongst their many selves and myriad relations in the world— as a queer individual, a non-conforming (in the sense of gender-binaries and heteronormative sexualities) body, a 20-something year old, an artist, an ad-agency creative, a friend, an offspring, a lover, smog-city dweller and erstwhile sewer-surfer.

Thus, the end of the narrative finds Kari back where it all began, next to the water-tank on top of their building, fighting the urge to jump off again. This urge, they suppose at first, will never go — no amount of self-

introspection and acceptance will erase the immense pain and trauma of having to survive in a world that, for the most part, does not wish to see all normativity as relative deviance. But still, Kari fights, and the longer they resist the desire to leap to their death, the longer they defy by their very existence the oppressive imperative of fitting in, the stronger they feel themselves becoming. As they wait, they happen to witness Pigeon-girl, a resident in the building opposite who may or may not really exist, jump to her death. Though Kari imagines their own body, broken and bent, in place of Pigeon-girl, and morbidly concludes that further attempts at meeting their maker would possibly be thwarted in ridiculously comical ways, they come to the epiphany that they do not actually harbour the 'bird-urge' to leap into the air with no safety-net underneath. They realise that they want to 'step back, not step-off' the ledge. And with the penultimate panel, where Kari is drawn with a speech bubble that tellingly says, 'Besides, this PVC suit itches anyway', the reader understands that in the implication that Kari will be ditching her dreamscape and her protective sewer-surfing uniform, lies an affirmation of the pleasures that can be drawn from the flux of blurred boundaries.⁴³ It is, by no means, a utopian signalling towards a happily-ever-after, since Kari's world remains as unforgiving and alienating as it was when the narrative began. But the transformation they have undergone in terms of their response to this unforgiving, alienating world, with Kari no longer feeling the need to retreat into death or fantasy and choosing, instead, to live Ruth-lessly, authentically and impurely as a drifter who resolutely refuses the tenuous facade of wholeness, is an augur of their continued survival. Poignantly, the narrative, remaining true to its theme of imagining bodies that never *become*, but are always caught in myriad, potentially transgressive processes of *becoming*, itself refuses a typical conclusion, opting instead, to pause (as opposed to end) with the words 'to be continued'.⁴⁴

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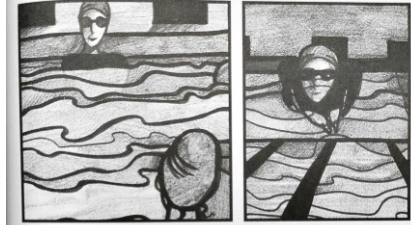


I remember the day I saw kd lang for the first time. On TV Grammy Awards 1997. She was handsome, preening me, I was more, with no way to explain myself to myself or to anyone else. What kind of creature was this, this goddamned one, and why did she make me feel this way? All I knew was that if I ever stood in a room across a creature such as this, my heart would be in serious peril.

Ruth put my heart in serious peril too. She is still a bullet in my stomach, and I nurse the gore she left in her wake. Month after month, I bleed.



080 • KARI



I can see every suspended particle and hair curling in this chlorine clogged habitat. If there were little fish within a mile, I would have smelled them out. Wherever they are, they must be trembling in relief that they aren't in my path. I am a treacherous, dangerous fish. I have smooth fins and very sharp teeth. I know exactly what goes on in the mind of an aquarium shark. Round and round, cutting through the water silently. Only the sound of exhalation can break the stillness. Fins propel me faster and cleaner to avert cloudy secretions. I move in stealth, arms by my side.

Lazarus took me to see a Chinese martial art flick as a birthday gift.



Sure enough, I'd grown boobs. I fought them all evening.



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Endnotes:

- ¹ Arthur Kroker, *Body Drift : Butler, Hayles, Haraway* (Minneapolis : University of Minnesota Press, 2012), p.2
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- ⁴ Patil, *Kari*, p. 85.
- ⁵ Patil, *Kari*, p. 85.
- ⁶ Patil, *Kari*, p. 86.
- ⁷ Kroker, *Body drift*, p. 2.
- ⁸ Kroker, *Body drift*, p. 2.
- ⁹ Patil, *Kari*, p. 3.

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- ¹⁰ Amruta Patil, Interview by Paul Gravett. ‘Amruta Patil: India’s first female graphic novelist’ in *Paul Gravett: Comics, graphic novels, manga*, 4 Sept.2012, http://www.paulgravett.com/articles/article/amruta_patil. Accessed 15.02.2022.
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- ¹³ Patil, *Kari*, pp.70.
- ¹⁴ Patil, *Kari*, p.8.
- ¹⁵ Patil, *Kari*, p.10.
- ¹⁶ Zoe Sofoulis, ‘Cyberquake: Haraway’s manifesto’ in D. Tofts, A. Jonson & A. Cavallaro eds., *Prefiguring Cyberculture: An Intellectual History* (Massachusetts: MIT Press,2003), 84-103, p. 92.
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- ¹⁸ Sedgwick, *Tendencies*, p. viii.
- ¹⁹ Patil, *Kari*, p.60.
- ²⁰ Patil, *Kari*, pp.59-60.
- ²¹ Patil, *Kari*, p.79.
- ²² Patil, *Kari*, p.80.
- ²³ Patil, *Kari*, p.100.
- ²⁴ Patil, *Kari*, pp.12, 45, 49.
- ²⁵ Patil, *Kari*, pp.11-12.
- ²⁶ Patil, *Kari*, pp.23
- ²⁷ Patil, *Kari*, pp.17, 26.
- ²⁸ Patil, *Kari*, p.80.
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- ³⁰ Judith Butler, *Bodies That Matter: One the Discursive Limits of “Sex”* (New York and London: Routledge, 1993), pp. 8-9; —, *Gender Trouble: Feminism and the Subversion of Identity* (New York and London: Routledge, 2022), pp. 43-44.
- ³¹ Butler, *Bodies That Matter*, p. 2.
- ³² Butler, *Bodies That Matter*, p. 2.

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- ³³ Kathryn Simpson, ““Queer Fish”: Woolf’s Writing of Desire Between Women in “The Voyage Out” and “Mrs Dalloway””, *Woolf Studies Annual* 9 (2003): 55–82, <http://www.jstor.org/stable/24906538>. Accessed 31.01.2022.
- ³⁴ Simpson, ““Queer Fish,”” p. 80.
- ³⁵ Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *Thousand Plateaus : Capitalism and Schizophrenia II*. Trans. Brian Massumi (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1987), p. 293.
- ³⁶ Patil, *Kari*, p.81.
- ³⁷ Patil, *Kari*, p.82.
- ³⁸ Patil, *Kari*, pp.106-107.
- ³⁹ Patil, *Kari*, p.110.
- ⁴⁰ Patil, *Kari*, pp.92, 97.
- ⁴¹ Patil, *Kari*, p.84.
- ⁴² Patil, *Kari*, p.41.
- ⁴³ Patil, *Kari*, p.115.
- ⁴⁴ Patil, *Kari*, p.117.