

**Ghosts and Citizens: Invocations of Mumbai**  
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Ghosts were one of the mainstays of childhood imagination before visual representation became an essential form for popular narratives. Before the world was captured by a manic obsession for reproducible visual images it was the fluidity of forms or even the absence of forms—the ghostly, godly, and otherworldly—that inspired tales and stories. Somehow ghost stories work better in print, and though there have been quite a few attempts to attribute an image to the ghost in cinema, they are stray examples. Besides, the ghost in cinema is more about fear than imagination. Likewise it may be assumed that the modern city is not conducive to ghost stories. There are just too many architectural lines, too much light, and too many neighbours to have a space and pace that can leisurely invoke a decent enough ghost.

The ghosts of our childhood mostly inhabited lonely places. It is well known that loneliness lends itself to ghostly visitations, that deserted places are ghost friendly. This basic fear of not-being-in-company has embedded itself so deep in our psyche that we have become adults bent upon avoiding loneliness or upon exorcizing the ghosts of loneliness from our lives. The people in Bombay's teeming commuter trains are not allowed the pace and the space for loneliness and are thus protected from ghosts. In the cheek-by-jowl existence of a metropolis, the shadows of human beings and buildings fall on each other and not on the ground. The sense of being alone produces only a melancholy that works inwardly and cannot accommodate ghosts from the outside world. The cause could also be temporal. Ghosts, in a general sense, have their genesis in the past. But urban living is all about the here and now, and this heightened sense of the present prevents ghosts from entering the city. Denied shelter, either in time or in space, ghosts are rendered non-existent in the cityscape.

But is this true? How are the post-utility objects and the post-body forms imagined and memorized in the living culture of the contemporary metropolis? Or, putting it differently, how do we remember the loss, the regret, and the discarded, the erasures that occur with alarming regularity in metropolitan life? The always-on-the-run culture of the city has evolved its own strategies and facilities, forming some bizarre ways of preserving the shadows of the past.

### **What forms in the crevices**

In a public lecture given in Mumbai in 2013, Saskia Sassen alluded to a bacteria that forms in the dirty water that accumulates in the crevices of concrete.<sup>1</sup> She claimed that the bacteria actually helps to extend the life span of the buildings. Since this has not yet been fully proven to be the case by microbiologists, let us, for the time being, take the phenomenon as an invention of the imagination. The bacteria apparently looks like thin hair. So, imagine how some clusters of buildings, made immortal by cultivating bacteria in its crevices, would be showcased in the near future. Hopefully, the hair-like bacteria on some affluent buildings would also be styled, thus improving the aesthetics of the cityscape. This is like poetic justice. The thin fractures in buildings have been a nightmare for city architects, and yet today they seem to be able to provide a potential cure for the inevitable decay of concrete. It sounds almost mythological, where the evil is complex and grey and also capable of producing great surprises; where the end is also the marker of another beginning. Another noteworthy point in this story is the crevices themselves, the places that cultivate the bacteria. Crevices are essentially an urban concept; they are formed out of decay, overuse, severe density, poor foundations, and neglect. Crevices can also be that which is left behind, which is generally not noticed or cared for; crevices are the places where the dropouts of society and

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the people who are forgotten take shelter. The urban ghosts, in the absence of open spaces, live in these crevices.

Mind Space is a postmodern architectural spectacle in Mumbai, a township of intelligent buildings on the west side of the suburb of Malad. Like most of the central and western suburbs, this area was 'developed' out of marshland during the 1990s. Currently the complex is used for hosting a maximum number of the IT-BPO (Business Process Outsourcing) offices in the region. Before it was developed by a premier real estate player, the Raheja Group, the land was used by the municipal corporation for dumping garbage. When the developers sensed that investing in this area would make good business sense they launched a campaign against the dumping ground involving the residents' associations in the vicinity. With increasing awareness about environmental causes it was not difficult to prove in court that the dumping ground was a significant health hazard for the people living in that area. So, following a Supreme Court order, the area was vacated by the municipality in 2002 and the developers moved into the 19-hectares of prime land.

Since then, ten years have passed and the area has metamorphosed into an ultra-urban neighbourhood with fancy shopping malls, high end eateries, and the corporate park of Mind Space. Since Mind Space mainly houses BPOs that cater to countries in other time zones, its employees' working hours are unusual, to say the least. In the offices at Mind Space the public clocks are set to some other time zone than the one that the rest of the city follows. In tandem with these virtual time zones, the Mind Space offices overlook a large, manicured garden that was built on a mound of garbage 30-feet tall. The garden was promoted as evidence of the green consciousness of the developers and the architects. The bustling city of the local time zone seems very distant once one crosses the high security gate and faces the gigantic garden through the glass façade of Mind Space.

According to a survey run by NASSCOM (National Association of Software and Services Companies), an industry association representing IT-BPOs, 'within the global sourcing industry, India was able to increase its market share from 51 per cent in 2009, to 58 per cent in 2011, highlighting India's continued competitiveness and the effectiveness of India-based providers delivering transformational benefits'.<sup>2</sup> Thus it was expected that the premium on a specialized facility like Mind Space would spiral quickly upwards. However, after a few years of functioning, the mighty shrine of work-worship started to show signs of fracture. The computers and the air conditioners started behaving strangely. Sometimes the client data would just disappear from the hard disk; at others, all the monitors connected to a server would go blank and not revive again; and, at other times, a brand new air conditioner would go to sleep without any detectable electrical or mechanical fault. Things reached such a state that dealers started refusing to sell equipment to offices situated at Mind Space as their post-delivery maintenance costs sky rocketed. Some companies moved out of Mind Space to other locations, but many had to stay put as the investments that they had already made were quite large. Naturally it took time to recognize the individual technical failures as part of a mysterious recurring pattern, and once that was done the panic spread very fast.

Mind Space is now as good as a slum, only valuable because of the land it occupies, and possessing no extra value due to construction and infrastructural assets, if the electrical and electronic devices go on strike.

So, who was de-activating the gadgets? Well, a ghost of the waste!<sup>3</sup>

The dumping ground upon which Mind Space was built had received 1,000 tons of garbage every day for thirty years prior to the construction activities. Over the decades, the accumulated garbage had begun to appear settled, looking like solid soil. The developers used this fake soil to fill up the surrounding marshland, to prepare the ground for the construction of the complex of intelligent buildings. But the garbage was not treated adequately to

neutralize the toxic elements and was simply used as if it were natural soil. Within a few years of the construction the untreated waste underneath the glass façade buildings started oozing toxic gases through the cracks in the fake soil. The toxic gases then ate into the silver and copper—the material widely used in making the computers and other electronics and electrical goods.

In 2010, *Robot* (directed by S. Shankar), a sci-fi film starring south superstar, Rajanikant, was released to phenomenal commercial success. The scientist played by Rajanikant makes an android robot in his own likeness. In turn, the Robot multiplies himself into an army of lookalikes and, taking over a complex which is uncannily similar to Mind Space, complete with glass façade buildings and an oversize garden at a height, sets out to challenge his creator and mentor. The film, following the convention of popular cinema, ends with the scientist defeating the machines that have started thinking for themselves and disobeying their inventor. Its box office success, however, was tied, not to the moral of the story, but to its spectacular speculation on the destruction caused by one's own footprint. The toxic gases in Mind Space lacked the flamboyant presence and the spectacle of resistance that the robots in the film demonstrated; their attacks on the self-serving utility-based development and their keepers are more sly, invisible, and light-footed -- in other words, almost ghostly. But the gases are persistent. At the time of writing, the status of the Mind Space has not changed and, despite frantic efforts, the ghostly gases have not been exorcized.

### **Action at Day Break**

... yet the ghosts of Worli chawl were exorcised at dawn by the singing of patriotic songs. To be more accurate, the followers of Gandhi with their nationalist zeal cleared of ghosts the neighbourhood of the Bombay Development Department (BDD) chawls.

This story, which is generally known in the city, spans multiple players as well as many different kinds of disappearances and apparitions, and draws on evidence from history, popular tales, rumours, social movements, and urban development schemes. In the following section I shall introduce the players one by one.

Even today the addresses of Bombay's fast vanishing working class often refer to two clusters of dwellings, BDD chawls and BIT chawls, with few clues as to the origins of their abbreviated names. They are usually three- or four-storey dwellings built around a courtyard, with one-room tenements in a single row opening to a common balcony on each floor. Many Bombay films, literary texts, songs, and paintings have been devoted to this symbol of the organized working class and its living culture. The clothes line on the balcony, the smell of different cuisines, the communal toilets, and flamboyant public festivals are staples of various narratives depicting working class bonhomie and organized class struggle, the metamorphosis of the rural culture in the urban milieu, the criminalization of the working class, and so on. With the decline of the working class, these buildings are now being taken over by the newly-arrived in the service and entertainment industries.

The word 'chawl' came to Bombay during the peak of industrialization in the early twentieth century. The already space-starved city needed residential facilities to be built on an urgent basis. First, rapid industrialization had brought an influx of migrant workers from the hinterlands; second, the plague epidemic in the last years of the nineteenth century had forced the civic authorities to decongest the dense bazaar area by razing houses and widening the roads, and the people thus displaced needed to be accommodated in the yet-to-be-developed northern part of Bombay. It seemed too large a task to be accomplished by the then existing civic bodies—the Bombay Municipal Corporation (BMC), that mainly comprised native landowners, traders, and nationalist leaders; and the Bombay City Improvement Trust (popularly called BIT) with its officials from government departments,

and representatives of the Municipality and Bombay Chamber of Commerce. Over the first two decades of the twentieth century, BIT managed to raze quite a few old and hazardous buildings in the island city but failed to create alternative housing to accommodate all the evicted people as well as provide for the newly arrived migrants. The chawls built under its regime are called BIT chawls.

The British administration cited poor coordination and a clash of interests among the various constituents of BIT for its lack of effectiveness. To prove its point, the government in 1920 constituted a government department, the Bombay Development Department (BDD), with the mandate to work towards industrial housing schemes and suburban development for residential purposes.<sup>4</sup> The members of BDD alleged that the Indian public figures who dominated the BMC were protecting the interests of the native landowners and private contractors at the cost of the public interest, and took it on themselves to set it right by spearheading a few prime development projects under direct government supervision. In 1926, the BDD unveiled its prized project: 207 clusters of workers' housing that would accommodate 16,500 families in Worli, Naigaon, and Sewri; even today the extended neighbourhoods are known by the BDD Chawls. Worli was the prime location in that scheme with 121 buildings of 80 rooms each over a vast area of 87 acres. The tenements were to be issued to the labour sector under a rent-purchase scheme.

But, despite the huge housing crisis in the city, the buildings in Worli remained deserted. A sudden ghost scare spread across the city and people started avoiding the area even in daytime, let alone living there. It was believed that the incongruous looking vacant housing complex was inhabited by ghosts who are not too tolerant of human beings. It is alleged, by the rationalists, that to take revenge on the high-handed English bureaucrats of BDD, the Municipal Corporation stalled basic amenities, such as road construction, water, and electric supply around the Worli chawls making the buildings uninhabitable. So it

became a ghost town: 87 acres of deserted land with empty rows of buildings that could only fan people's imagination and spread a ghost scare.

Four years after the Worli chawls were unveiled, in 1930, following Gandhi's Dandi March, the city of Bombay saw a flurry of political activities that broadly came under *Namak Satyagrah*, the Salt Civil Disobedience Movement. The activities of the movement ranged from political rallies to the burning of foreign-made clothes and other goods and, most importantly, to making salt out of sea water in defiance of the state imposed ban. In order to control the public euphoria, the British police commissioner of Bombay banned and confiscated the footage of Gandhi's march shot by the city's leading film studios. The only surviving images of the Dandi March and the ensuing police crackdown, which included the large-scale arrest of the *satyagrahis* in Bombay, were those that some American newsreel companies managed to smuggle out of the country and release in the United States. Thus an artificial lack of evidence of this phase of nationalist movement that took place in Bombay in 1930-1931 was created.<sup>5</sup> But the lack of visual evidence, contrary to the expectation of the government, was more than compensated for by an energetic word of mouth campaign and the movement gained ground at high speed. The news of the ban on the film footage of the Dandi March helped the mobilization rather than hindering it. The British government was completely flustered about how to deal with the large number of *satyagrahis* in Worli, whose vigorous campaigns against foreign rule needed to be stopped, but who could not be arrested for treason or any other kind of criminality owing to their strategic emphasis on non-violence. Their offence was not grievous enough to result in severe imprisonment, but their actions were making a serious dent in the Government's authority. So the *satyagrahis* were arrested and detained in the then deserted BDD chawls.

In the battle of wits between the activists and the government, the *satyagrahis* came up with another winning strategy. Around 125 neighbourhood-based prabhat pheri groups were



formed across the city in 1930, to march along the streets at dawn singing patriotic songs to campaign for swaraj (self-rule). The apparent innocence of a group of people singing songs of glory of their culture, language, and identity could not be curbed by the police.<sup>6</sup> Some of the Prabhat Pheri groups came to circle around the buildings that kept the *satyagrahi* detainees and sang to boost their morale. Since the chawl detention centres were not really like prisons, the members of the prabhat pheri bands could, according to popular legend, even throw packets of homemade snacks (puranpolis, chaklis) through the chawl windows to the inmates. Thus the Worli chawls were populated for the first time. Elbowed out by the loud chorus singing, high-pitch nationalism, and passionate bonhomie of the colonized people erupting at dawn, the area's nocturnal ghosts had to disappear. After being thus exorcised, the Worli chawls were slowly populated by textile mills workers and police staff, and by the early 1970s became the centre of radical dalit politics and literary movement. In 2008, the state government floated a controversial proposal to redevelop the area by razing the 85-year old BDD chawls and constructing high-rise buildings in collaboration with private builders. The proposal is still under consideration as certain sections of the civil society see a ghost behind the innocuous proposal.

### **Shadows behind the screen**

But not all ghosts are de-activated by songs. In 1991, the Bollywood blockbuster song *Jhumma chumma de de ...* ('Jhumma give me a kiss ...') from the film *Hum* ('We/Us' directed by Mukul Anand) managed to activate the ghosts of Mukesh Mill instead of exorcising them. The erotic song, depicting a particularly boisterous gang of working-class men cheering the hero as he tries to 'tame' a femme fatale, was the first film sequence shot at the Mukesh Mill compound at Colaba. This sprawling compound of forty square metres housed the skeleton of a textile mill which had closed down after a mysterious fire in 1982 as

well as its workers' quarters. The location – a burnt-down factory at the edge of the sea – was considered full of potential for cinematic spectacle in particular romance scenes, ghost stories, and moody music videos. Although some films and advertisements were intermittently shot there, the location stopped short of becoming a full scale film studio. One of the reasons was that no shooting was allowed—or, rather, no outsider was allowed to stay inside the compound—after 7 p.m.. Apparently, there had been ghostly attacks on members of the shooting crew after sunset. It seemed the Mukesh Mill ghosts were particularly intolerant towards musical sequences. A few accidents, some hearsay, and some imaginings prompted by these rumours had created an aura around the burnt-down mill that was not conducive to the hustle and bustle of shooting. The picturesque features of the ruined mill could not completely gloss over its dark history, and that past seemed quite literally to breathe down the necks of those who tried to take over the place for other purposes. It is interesting to note that the eight hundred workers' families that lived on the other side of the compound had never witnessed any unworldly creatures.

For thirty years, this prime land in the most expensive neighbourhood of the city stood untouched with its relics of the past, as vertical development was prevented by the Coastal Regulation Zone Act (CRZ Act) and its proximity to crucial navy installations. In 2009, however, following the conversion of the land of other closed textile mills for the use of service industry and residential purposes, the owner of the property managed to get a concession from the High Court to build a luxury hotel in the Mukesh Mill compound.<sup>7</sup> The eight hundred families of the workers of the erstwhile factory have since been evicted unceremoniously and the sporadic filming activities have stopped. Currently, the plot is being developed for the new construction. What impact the ghosts will make on the guests of the hotel is yet to be seen.

Inspector Vijay (played by Amitabh Bachchan) of the iconic action film, *Zanjeer* ('The Chain', 1973, directed by Prakash Mehra), was, of course, a courageous man who could not be reined in by ghost stories. So was his 'original', Inspector Bhesadia, who operated in the Dharavi area of Bombay in the mid-1960s. Dharavi Koliwada ('fishing village') was the first livelihood-based settlement in the area. The fisherfolk used to make a living here until 1960 when, following frenzied development activities, the Dharavi creek dried and turned into an expansive slough with hidden points of danger, where the mud could suck in even an adult. It was generally believed that only the Koliwada residents knew how to navigate the mud land. Using that knowledge, the out of work fisherfolk started brewing homemade alcohol in the bed of the dried up creek. The liquor that needed to be kept underground for a certain period for fermentation could easily be stored in the mud. The brew was then transferred into tyre tubes and carried out of the mud land at dawn and dusk to deliver to clients all over the city. Apparently, the tyre tubes were chosen to make it easy for the carriers to navigate the mud with two free hands and with the tubes hanging from their necks. Dharavi country liquor was famous for its unique taste, which came from the use of salty sea water. Since 1952, the city had been under the strictures of the Prohibition Act 1949 (state control on alcohol production, consumption and advertising). Thus the illegality of the Dharavi hathbhattis (home-based breweries) was heightened by the inaccessibility of their location.<sup>8</sup> Sudden eruptions of thick black smoke from the breweries in the middle of the vast mud land, and mud-caked creatures swimming through with tyre tubes hanging from their necks in twilight, awoke people's imagination and once again ghost stories were invoked. The already out-of-bound mud land was by now regarded as a haunted place.

Inspector Bhesadia was attached to the Anti-Corruption and Prohibition Intelligence Bureau and became an urban legend through his daring acts and vigilance. He apparently went into the Dharavi creek rowing a shallow boat, and destroyed the illegal hathbhattis and

the underground storage of alcohol. Until then, the police force had refused to venture into the treacherous land of mud filled with ungodly stories. Bhesadia's awe-inspiring act is rumoured to have influenced the famous scene in *Zanjeer* where Amitabh Bachchan, as Inspector Vijay, destroys the illegal liquor shop of Sher Khan (Pran). Bhesadia had also confiscated smugglers' ships at Madh Island and Versova beach, and these scenes too were shadowed in *Zanjeer*.

By altering the location of the illegal breweries from the deserted and treacherous mud land to a populated Muslim neighbourhood, the film makes a fundamental compromise. It erases all traces of the history of the city and urban livelihood from the story and uses only the valour of the protagonist-inspector as a gateway to the antics of the film's hero. This shift may have been made owing to production logistics, as shooting the brewery demolition scene in the mud land could have been a nightmare. Besides, the koliwada folks would not have been delighted by an attempt to expose their closely guarded modus operandi to all. Certainly, in 1973, the location of Dharavi would not have earned the film any brownie points either from the local audience or from the overseas market, and so the makers did not think twice about shifting the story of Bhesadia to another location.

But the market equation has changed since 1980 when, following a drive to raze 'illegal' settlements to make land available for real estate speculation, the sprawling slum of Dharavi became the eye of the storm.<sup>9</sup> The temerity of the shanty town to occupy 225 hectares of land in the heart of the city was challenged by exposing its various livelihood practices, from the urbanization of artisanal skills to desperate acts of survival, from unauthorized production activities to illegal operations and criminal dealings. The associated notoriety that later made Dharavi a spectacular location for noir films began after it was marked as prime land for 'redevelopment' in the 1980s. Only then did it become trendy for films not only to use Dharavi as a location template, but also to make it a centre of the plot.

The recent Hollywood take on the Bombay slum as a prime crime locale, *Slumdog Millionaire* (2008, directed by Danny Boyle), is neither shot in Dharavi nor is the storyline specifically based on Dharavi, but still the film is widely perceived as a quintessential ‘Dharavi story’. Dharavi has become the name and locale for everything that is perceived as the underbelly of ‘third world’ urban life. In 1973, an original Dharavi story was absentmindedly taken out of the location; but by 2008 the ghosts of Dharavi had taken over all generic slum stories of Bombay.

### **Sound precedes the image**

But all of the underbelly cannot be turned into a spectacle. There are parts of it that are invisible, or, more accurately, illegible; sometimes formless, like ghosts. The only way to trace them could be to strain one’s ears to hear the sound from the margins.

One way to figure out how many languages are spoken in Mumbai is to hang around the shanties that are called ‘Slum Cinema’. In the metropolitan cityscape, these shanties are inserted within the unassuming rows of lottery ticket kiosks, tobacco shops, tender coconut stalls, tea vendor’s carts, mobile phone repairers, and so on. These shanties show films in regional languages, as well as the usual X-rated adult films for the migrant wage labourers who come from surrounding states where different languages are spoken. These establishments, much like their patrons, exist in a special zone of the city, between the unauthorized and the invisible. The workers are generally brought to the city by contractors to work for daily wages within an irregular work flow. Most of them live in language- and clan-based clusters, with fifteen people in a ten-by-ten-foot room, and most are employed as unorganized menial workers. Near these clusters, then, pop up the cheap entertainment shops that show films in their native languages—Tamil cinema at Dharavi, Telegu cinema at Arlem, Bhojpuri at Nalasopara, Punjabi at Sion Koliwada. Contrary to popular belief, these

floating populations do not subscribe to the overarching popularity of Hindi films. Their near exile existence makes them a die-hard audience for flicks made in their native languages.

These shanty cinemas function with rudimentary infrastructure, sometimes using cheap video projectors, and often managing with a mere TV set. So the picture quality is shabby, to say the least, and sometimes even barely visible owing to the lack of control over light coming in from outside. But what keeps the shows going is the blaring sound tracks, amplifying the mandatory erotic song or the mouthful of revenge vendetta or the verbalization of the intricacies of feudal rivalries. The picture, in this case, is generic and can be predicted, but the sound is culture and language specific, and thus exists in the centre of the sense of longing and desire. These audio tracks, spilling out of the shanties and filling up the street outside, are the ones that betray the camouflaged existence of the illegal entertainment shops. Otherwise, the shanties could be easily mistaken for yet another uninspiring shop catering to the poor neighbourhood. In the middle of a broken road leading to a dense slum, or under a flyover, or in the dark spot behind a bus depot, or next to a street-side temple, these makeshift cinemas appear and blare out sound in comprehensible and not-so-comprehensible languages. Often they are demolished by the municipality only to spring up at another location a few metres away.

The fluidity of these shanty cinemas corresponds with the transient status of their patrons. Availability of work for them depends on various external factors: weather, festive season, supply of raw material, transportation facility, and so on. So working days are always punctuated with days of unemployment. Conventionally, these migrants live in cheap, rented accommodations where they only have rights over a mat to sleep on for eight hours. The tenements are rented out in multiple shifts. Hence on the days without work, the workers hang around the shanty cinemas until it is time for them to reassert their claim on the mats. The cinema establishments function as entertainment house, temporary shelter, waiting zone

for getting work, and also as community centre for people speaking the same language. Sometimes when the workers head towards their mat-shelters after late night screening, they are stopped by the police. With no language compatibility between the local police and the migrant workers, and an obvious class factor working against the latter, some proof of identity is often demanded. It goes without saying that the workers' accommodation or work arrangements provide them with no paper to submit as proof of identity. In the absence of any other document, they produce the ticket of the shanty cinema. And quite inexplicably, even in the contemporary climate of strict surveillance, the flimsy piece of paper, which passes as entry ticket to an establishment that itself is illegal, is accepted as evidence of citizenship for the migrant workers. Whether this happens owing to the common reverence for popular cinema or to a tacit understanding that film buffs are unlikely to be involved with criminal activities, it is difficult to ascertain.

**Notes for further speculation ...**

The city does not consist of this, but of relationships between the measurements of its space and the events of the past. ... As this wave from memories flows in, the city soaks it up like a sponge and expands. A description of Zaira as it is today should contain all

Zaira's past.

Italo Calvino, *Invisible Cities*.<sup>10</sup>

In the ever-expanding metropolis of Mumbai, the toxic soil, the dried up creek, the deserted chawls, the burnt down mill, and the camouflaged cinemas are neither past nor contemporary, but continuously shift from one location to the other, one temporality to the next—another water body, another soil, another closure, another construction, another demolition, another migration, another language. The frightening regularity with which these tales are repeated

over the decades prevents them from becoming memory. The past of one neighbourhood is the raging present for the next. Hence, much like the creek that gets choked and turns into mud land, the past is not allowed to flow through but must survive in the cracks, crevices, and niches of the contemporary body-city, and multiply like bacteria. These bacteria, that may actually extend the life span of the city structure, are archived in the public domain as tales of urban ghosts.

The structural changes in the contemporary metropolis take place within the conventions of digital culture. Each data is only a combination of digits and changing the configurations of the digits that hold the data—from mills to hotel, salt pan to flyover, river to runway—is only a study-table activity. But the living culture functions by an analogous mode of belief, rumors, gossip, and tales of imagination, and overarchingly, through the popular cultures, all of which seep into and leave watermarks on the city.

These marks may fade with time, or even be overwritten or interpolated upon, as is the convention in analogous practices, but, city's 'relationships between the measurements of its space and the events of the past' will continue to haunt its contemporary living and development measures taken in digital mode.

#### NOTES

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<sup>1</sup> Saskia Sassen, 'The Global Street and Comparative Urbanism and the Politics of Form', Public Lecture at Kitab Mahal, Mumbai, 7 January 2013.

<sup>2</sup> See 'Indian IT-BPO Industry', <<http://www.nasscom.org/indian-itbpo-industry>> accessed 20 July 2013.

<sup>3</sup> Shalini Nair, 'Gases spook comps in IT park built on dump', Times of India (Mumbai), 2 April 2007 <[http://articles.timesofindia.indiatimes.com/2007-04-02/mumbai/27876347\\_1\\_dump-gases-garbage](http://articles.timesofindia.indiatimes.com/2007-04-02/mumbai/27876347_1_dump-gases-garbage)> accessed 20 July 2013.

<sup>4</sup> For more on urban development in Bombay in the first two decades of the twentieth century, see Prashant Kidambi, *The Making of an Metropolis: Colonial Governance and*



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Public Culture in Bombay 1890-1920 (Farnham: Ashgate, 2007), pp. 71-113; and Mariam Dossal, *Theatre of Conflict, City of Hope, 1660 to Present Time* (India: OUP, 2010), pp. 173-180.

<sup>5</sup> See B. D. Garga, *From Raj to Swaraj: The Non-fiction Film in India* (London and New Delhi: Viking and Penguin Books, 2007), pp. 41-46.

<sup>6</sup> For a detailed account of the Prabhat Pheri movement see Jim Masselos, *The City in Action: Bombay Struggles for Power in the 19th and 20th Century* (New Delhi: University Press India, 2007), pp. 221-241.

<sup>7</sup> Sudhir Suryawanshi, 'Oh Shoot!', *Mumbai Mirror*, 15 January 2010  
<[www.mumbaimirror.com/mumbai/others/Oh-shoot/articleshow/15984311.cms](http://www.mumbaimirror.com/mumbai/others/Oh-shoot/articleshow/15984311.cms)> accessed 20 July 2013.

<sup>8</sup> See Srikant Agwane, dir. *Sin City* (Majlis Production, 2009).

<sup>9</sup> For the chronology of slum demolition plan in Bombay, see Darshini Mahadevia and Harini Narayanan, 'Shanghaing Mumbai: Politics of Eviction and Resistance in Slum Settlements', *Inside The Transforming Urban Asia: Processes, Policies, and Public Actions*, ed., Darshini Mahadevi (New Delhi: Concept Publishing Company, 2008), pp. 549-89.

<sup>10</sup> Italo Calvino, *Invisible Cities*, tr. William Weaver (1972; San Diego, Harcourt Brace, 1978), p. 10.