

# “You’ll learn, tough guy”: on the Relevance of American Crime Fiction and the Femme Fatale to Indonesian Literature

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## Abstract

This essay constitutes the first step in solving an enigma of Indonesian letters, one that is little noticed but unfathomable: the absence of crime fiction from the canon of the national literature. This is surprising for two reasons, the widespread popularity of crime in popular culture, both literature and film, and the high esteem that the genre is held in other East Asian national traditions (Japan; Thailand; South Korea). This paper argues that contemporary Indonesian writers would be well advised to familiarize themselves with the various strands of crime fiction, in particular the American variant known as Noir, and adopt these traditions to local conditions. When Noir is examined closely, the attentive student will realize that the political and aesthetic concerns of American Noir writers are essentially those of Indonesian authors—the social depredations of neo-colonialism and the traumatic effects of international Cold War politics.

Keywords: Femme Fatale, Noir, Raden Adjeng Kartini, Chester Himes, Paul Virilio, the Cold War, Decomposition.

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*‘Life is full of dark riddles and secrets. We think that we know so much, and all the time we know nothing! We think that we have a will, an iron will, and picture ourselves strong enough to move mountains —then a burning tear, a sorrowful look from eyes that we love, and our strength is gone.’—*

Raden Adjeng Kartini

## Introduction

Subversiveness is always relative.

In the collected letters of Raden Adjeng Kartini, we find the following passage from her missive to Mevrouw Abendanon-Mandri, dated October 7, 1900.

*I calmly bide my time. When it comes then men shall see that I am no soulless creature, but a human being with a head and a heart, who can think and*

*feel.<sup>1</sup> It is frightfully egotistical of me to make you a sharer in everything that concerns me. It brings light to me, but to you, it must be vexation. Everything for myself, nothing for you. I long to tell you everything simply because I love you so much. Draw back from me, thrust me from your thoughts, from your heart, forget me, let me struggle alone, for O God, you do not know into what a wasp’s nest you stick your hand, when you reach out to me!<sup>2</sup>*

Although a paradigmatic ‘proto-Feminist’ of Indonesian letters, Kartini was as much an advocate of anti-colonialism as she was of Women’s emancipation.<sup>3</sup> This is from Kartini’s letter to Stella Zeehandelaar, May 25, 1899:

*I have been longing to make the acquaintance of a ‘modern girl’; that proud, independent girl who has all my sympathy!*

*If the laws of my land permit,<sup>4</sup> there is nothing that I had rather do than give myself wholly to the working and striving of the new woman in Europe; but age-long traditions that cannot be broken [patriarchy] hold us fast cloistered in their unyielding arms.*

*Day and night I wonder by what means our ancient traditions could be overcome [she plans and conspires]. For myself, I could find a way to shake them off, to break them, were it not that another bond, stronger than any age-old tradition could ever be, binds me to my world; and that is the love which I bear for those to whom I owe my life, and whom I must thank for everything. Have I the right to break the hearts of those who have given me nothing but love and kindness my whole life long, and who have surrounded me with the tenderest care?<sup>5</sup>*

*...Then the voices which penetrated from distant lands grew clearer and clearer, till they reached me, and the satisfaction of some who loved me, but to the deep grief of others [that is, Father], brought seed which entered my heart, took root, and grew strong and vigorous.<sup>6</sup>*

Two things are striking about these passages. The first, and most obvious, is that Kartini is announcing her identity as a Feminist; ‘I cannot remain content in my old condition; yet to further the new progress, I can do nothing: a dozen strong chains bind me fast to my world.’<sup>7</sup> Secondly, and less obviously, Kartini is describing this in terms of a transformation of some kind, a process that is consciously understood to be identical with a parallel process of subversion or transgression, what I would tentatively characterize as Woman-becoming-Feminist.

*New conditions will come into the Javanese world, if not through us, through others who will come after us. Emancipation is in the air, it has been foreordained. And she whose destiny is to be the spiritual mother of the new age must suffer. It is the eternal law of nature: those who bear, must feel the pain of bearing; but the child has all our love, though its very existence, above that of all others living, has harassed us. Though it has been received through suffering, it is eternally precious to us.<sup>8</sup>*

I have recently had the sort of experience that many academics undergo when they come face to face with the human realities of the subject of their abstract studies. I have studied Indonesia within the field of the comparative law in Southeast Asia for many years, but it was only when I recently heard Eka Kurniawan speak at the 2015 Melbourne’s Writers Festival that I was struck by an obvious truth that I had completely missed: the importance of local tradition and folklore in the formation of national literatures. It is perhaps understandable that Kurniawan is presented, quite misleadingly, in the Western media as a purveyor of ‘magical realism’ in the manner of Gabriel Marquez Garcia.<sup>9</sup> ‘Misleading’ because such an overly neat classification reveals a Eurocentric reluctance to come to terms with a central characteristic of Indonesian literature, both formal and popular: the use of supernatural narrative, including the forms of both ghost story, with the ghost as the signifier of trauma—either repressed memory (historical) or denied desires (erotic)<sup>10</sup>—and more generic forms of Horror, usually centred upon the return of a dead person (a ‘Revenant’ in Irish folklore) as a means of expressing cultural concerns and anxieties over the historical ‘woundings’ of colonialism and oppression.

But this observation, in turn, gives rise to another: the fact that crime fiction, which has been employed to considerable artistic and political effect in other post-colonialist situations (in Haiti, *Love, Anger, and Madness: A Haitian Triptych* (2005) by Marie Vieux-Chauvet and *Street of Lost Footsteps* (1998) by Lionel Trouillot; in Jamaica, *A Brief History of Seven Killings* (2014) by Marlon James, which won the 2015 Booker Prize), has remained largely under-developed within Indonesia. This is especially odd, as the signature themes of crime writing, and, most especially the sub-genre of Noir, are concerned with describing a landscape that is highly consistent with the political geography of colonialism<sup>11</sup>—the criminality of the everyday (or the ‘normal’), the multiplicity and duplicity of personal identity, the dissociative nature of the private Self, the subversive nature of speech, and the internalization of secret strategies of resistance. And if I were to be very insistent with my observations, I would suggest that Kartini-as-Woman-becoming-Feminist is, structurally, no different from Kartini-as-Feminist-Becoming-Femme-Fatale, the radically anti-patriarchal, and

supremely dangerous erotic icon of the American genre of crime fiction known as ‘hard-boiled’.

### Hard-Boiled: the literature of subversiveness

In the simplest of terms, hard-boiled crime fiction is the application of the literary techniques of modern Realism to the detective novel and, by extension, to the crime novel. Originating within the United States in the early 1930s, largely in reaction to the social and cultural conservatism of the British detective novel, hard-boiled received its classic definition by one of its greatest practitioners, Raymond Chandler, in his essay ‘The Simple Art of Murder’ (1944).

*The realist in murder writes of a world in which gangsters can rule nations and almost rule cities, in which hotels and apartment houses and celebrated restaurants are owned by men who made their money out of brothels, in which a screen star can be a fingerman [informant] for a mob [the Mafia], and the nice man down the hall is a boss of the numbers racket; a world where a judge with a cellar full of bootleg [illegally imported] liquor can send a man to jail for having a pint in his pocket, where the mayor of your town may have condoned murder as an instrument of money-making, where no man can walk down a dark street in safety because law and order are things we talk about but refrain from practising...*<sup>12</sup>

To put it another way: Law is the respectable face of Crime. As Nicole Rafter has argued in her seminal work, *Shots in the Mirror: Crime Films and Society*, the basic pattern of the detective story is that of the search.

*These tales have... ‘goal-oriented plots,’ patterns of action to which investigation is key. Mysteries and detective films often mete out clues in small, progressive portions, so that the [reader’s] process of discovery parallels the investigators. Sometimes...they conceal the object of the search, such as the villain’s identity, as long as possible...At other times the goal of the search is clear from the start, and the investigator’s job is to find the thing that is missing.*<sup>13</sup>

The detective story, therefore, closely corresponds to the representational theory of language; the detective ‘reassures us of an ultimate rationality, “a benevolent and knowable universe, “a world that can be interpreted by human reason, embodied in the superior intellect of the detective”... The detective’s skill is precisely the ability to code “seemingly unrelated data into a coherent system of

signs, a text identifying the malefactor.”<sup>14</sup> Therefore, the function of the detective hero ‘is to guarantee the readers’ absolution from guilt. This is basic to the genres’ wish fulfillment...What matters is the detective’s revelation, not the murders’ punishment, for in this myth of rationality truth takes priority over justice.’<sup>15</sup> The problem with this, however, is that the search of the detective, as Chandler has outlined it, culminates in the revelation that there is no essential distinction between the law officer and the criminal: the entire landscape is intrinsically corrupt and, therefore, criminality constitutes the real, but denied, normality.

*Possibly it was the smell of fear which [hard-boiled detective] stories managed to generate [that explained their popularity]. Their characters lived in a world gone wrong, a world in which, long before the atom bomb, civilization had created the machinery for its own destruction, and was learning to use it with all of the moronic delight of a gangster trying out his first machine gun. The law was something to be manipulated for profit and power. The streets were dark with something more than night.*<sup>16</sup>

In terms of both literary theory, the greatest achievement of hard-boiled is to subvert the distinction between the detective film and the crime film.

*‘The central and defining feature of the crime novel is that in it Self and World, guilt and innocence are problematic. The world of the crime novel is constituted by what is problematic in it’...A crime novel maneuvers its reader into various forms of complicity, managing to subvert the reassurances of the detective novel by ‘put[ting] the signification process into doubt or even exploit[ing] the gap between socially accepted signification and ultimate reality.’<sup>17</sup>*

Accordingly, to the degree that ‘the crime novel puts the signification process into doubt or even exploits the gap between socially accepted signification and ultimate reality, it subverts the reassurances of the detective novel.’<sup>18</sup>

Hard-boiled, therefore, is expressly foregrounded upon the very thing that the culturally conservative British detective novel denies: the iterability between the law-enforcer and the law-breaker; ‘Crucially, the private eye—the most archetypal “hard-boiled” hero—operates as a mediator between the criminal underworld and the world of respectable society. He

can move freely between these two worlds, without really being part of either.<sup>19</sup> And as the dominant trope of hard-boiled is liminality and a focus is upon the porous nature of the borders between Law and Crime.<sup>20</sup> A signature dramatic concern of hard-boiled fiction is constant threat of detective-hero being exposed to some form of contagion; the text will always raise doubts in the mind of the reader concerning the unconscious motives of the hyper-masculinist protagonist, his walking the dark, lonely streets a thinly disguised expression of a desire to meet his denied but alluring Other. It is almost as though in a semi-unconscious recognition of the ‘suspect’ nature of the hard-boiled detective as the bearer of unspeakable desires that writers such as Chandler repetitively framed their hero, *the Tough Guy*, as an emotionally alienated white middle-class heterosexual male.

*In everything that can be called art there is a quality of redemption. It may be pure tragedy, and it may be pity and irony, and it may be the raucous laughter of the strong man. But down these mean streets a man must go who is not himself mean, who is neither tarnished nor afraid. The detective in this kind of story must be such a man. He is the hero, he is everything. He must be a complete man and a common man and yet an unusual man. He must be, to use a rather weathered phrase, a man of honour, by instinct, by inevitability, He must be the best man in his world and a good enough man for any world... He has a sense of character, or he would not know his job. He will take no man's money dishonestly and no man's insolence without a due and dispassionate revenge. He is a lonely man and his pride is that you will treat him as a proud man or be very sorry that you ever saw him.*<sup>21</sup>

The enemies of the tough guy are many, both racial and sexual. But one antagonist in particular is noteworthy, veritably defining the entire genre by her mere presence: the Femme-Fatale. The hard-boiled tradition ‘reveals a particular obsession with the representation of challenges to and problems within the ordering of masculine identity and male cultural authority.’<sup>22</sup> Therefore, it is only appropriate that the detective’s greatest enemy is a woman, the femme fatale as an “an articulation of fears surrounding the loss of stability and centrality of the self, the ‘I,’ the ego. These anxieties appear quite explicitly in the process of her representation as castration anxiety.”<sup>23</sup> But why this is so is not a question of simple misogyny; as Kartini herself

would have realized, the real culprit here is western Imperialism.

### Endo-Colonization/Exo-Colonization

It is not a coincidence that hard-boiled crime fiction emerged during the 1930s nor that its cinematic ‘double’ Film Noir appeared during the 1940s<sup>24</sup>—both artistic phenomena are a direct response to the crisis within American political culture engendered by the meteoric rise of the United States to global hegemon. What is less well understood is that the ‘crisis’ of American neo-colonialism abroad was paralleled by a crisis of neo-colonialism within. As I have argued extensively elsewhere,<sup>25</sup> the work of urban theorist Paul Virilio is of the greatest relevance in understanding the two-faced dilemma of American hegemony following 1945. Central to Virilio’s account of American supremacy is the paradoxical nature of globalization as a dual movement within both internal and external spaces; globalization is ‘first and foremost, a kind of *journey to the centre of the earth*, in the darkening gloom of a temporal compression which closes off the human race’s living space once and for all, a thing some utopians have termed the *sixth continent*, though it is simply the hyper-centre of our environment.’<sup>26</sup> Governed by the logic of an accelerating space/time compression, the globalist integration of the World-Economy totalizes both trans-national space and domestic space into parallel fields of the projection of military power; ‘in political terms, this means that the geopolitics of *extensivity* and *exo-colonisation*’<sup>27</sup> is strictly matched by the inward exploitative drive of *endo-colonization*, what ‘happens when a political power turns against its own people.’<sup>28</sup> The post-1945 American State—understood as being latently ‘suicidal’ because of its unassimilable surplus, or excess, of military power and technology— is always in perfectly inverse relation to social democracy, endo-colonization facilitating the uncontrollable spread of anomie. Post-industrialization economically and politically marginalizes the traditional working classes, culminating in an informal system of social and cultural apartheid.<sup>29</sup> Not surprisingly, the domestic implementation of neo-liberal ‘reform’ is known as ‘shock doctrine’;<sup>30</sup> the expression in economic form of the military doctrine of ‘shock and awe’: either the accidental or deliberate infliction of trauma upon the State as a means of neutralizing political opposition



to ‘decentralized state agendas.’<sup>31</sup> The trauma of the impact of the agenda of globalization is strictly equivalent to the speed of its implementation.<sup>32</sup> History after Hiroshima and Nagasaki ‘is no longer exo-colonization (the age of extending world conquest), but the age of intensiveness and endo-colonization. One now colonizes only one’s own population. One under-develops one’s own urban economy.’<sup>33</sup> Endo-colonization ultimately fractures the classic liberal consensus of the bourgeois State; the de-localized State is now ‘founded on threat, the economic rival [and] the social adversary.’<sup>34</sup> In order to police the post-liberal political order, the suicidal State increasingly directs its surveillance apparatus inwards, transposing the spatio-temporal domain of ‘the enemy’ from the exterior to the interior.<sup>35</sup> Paradoxically, the political ‘anxiety’ surrounding the domestic threat—well evidenced by the current ‘War on Terror’—is a direct result of the panoptical transparency of trans-national space achieved through the globalization of its self-same surveillance infrastructure. The Report of the 9/11 Commission released in 2004 has stated this with remarkable clarity.

*In the post 9/11 world threats are defined by the fault lines within societies, than by the territorial boundaries between them. From terrorism to global disease or environmental degradation the challenges have become trans-national rather than inter-national. That is the defining quality of world politics in the [21<sup>st</sup> century]...In this sense, 9/11 has taught us that that terrorism against American interests ‘over there’ should be regarded just as we regard terrorism against American interests ‘over here’. In this same sense, the American homeland is the planet.<sup>36</sup>*

As Virilio’s collaborator, the French military theorist Alain Joxe, has pointed out, exo-colonization serves as the continuation of endo-colonization by other means—or, more precisely, that inter-state conflict in the age of American hegemony mirrors domestic political struggle.

*Class conflict has not disappeared, but has made a prodigious, disconcerting leap since it should now be inscribed at a global level: the globalization of the economy makes it difficult to identify the dominant classes and brings an end to their association with sectors of the subjugated classes that remain local or national. Laws no longer codify class relations except at the tactical level of local political concerns.<sup>37</sup>*

For Virilio, the primary sign of the suicidal nature of the American State is *decomposition*; ‘Decomposition is everywhere, everywhere. What is decomposing is the geographical space, the psychophysical and psychophysiological space of being. It affects at once the big territorial body, the small animal body and the social body.’<sup>38</sup> Decomposition is the discursive key to Virilio’s increasingly pessimistic critique of globalization; ‘Globalization is the world becoming too small, and not too big...Not only too small because of overpopulation, but because we have reduced the world to nothing.’<sup>39</sup> The metaphor of the decomposing social ‘body’ illuminates the multi-level operation of catastrophic spatio-temporal compression, a rhetorical move that complements Virilio’s ‘double movement’ between exo-colonization and endo-colonization.

*Trying to keep decomposition at a distance is a misunderstanding of how chaos works. No one can remain immune from chaos, globalization being chaos extended to the totality of the world, including America, including each of us. Each one of us as a person, as a body, is subjected to the threat of chaos, or to real chaos.<sup>40</sup>*

Decomposition is the radically anti-humanist (and anti-Enlightenment) annihilation of all possible grounds of future social and political becoming. ‘But when we are in a decomposing world, when everything decomposes because of the acceleration of exchange, the deconstruction of instances and institutions, then there is no future...’<sup>41</sup> Even the singularly uni-polar nature of the American territorial body fails to render it immune from the catastrophic processes of decomposition unleashed by the plenitude of space/time compression, yielding a total, and permanent, loss of faith in the political and historical certitudes of democracy as the guarantor of the classic liberal State. Ultimately, the United States, as the paragon liberal and democratic ‘society’, loses all capacity to act as a discursive referent through its collective vacating of a unified political body; ‘America is done for. When I say America is done for, I mean that the world is done for. Globalization is a phenomenon that surpasses America...Globalization, this is the end of America.’<sup>42</sup>

The final result is that the totality of American domestic space is transfigured by endo-colonization as a vast, unsettled, urban frontier—hostile, alien and alienating. And it is precisely this anomic space

that the hard-boiled detective writer chooses to inhabit. As Mickey Spillane puts it in his classic ‘tough guy’ novel, *One Lonely Night* (1951):

*Here was the edge of Harlem, that strange no-man’s-land where the white mixed with the black and the languages overflowed into each other like that of the horde around the Tower of Babel. There were strange, foreign smells of cooking and too many people in too few rooms. There were the hostile eyes of children who became suddenly silent as we passed.*<sup>43</sup>

Crime is now the signifier of the internal borders of the decomposing urban frontier.

And down those mean streets the tough guy must go.

‘Tower of Babel’ is a nice touch.

### **American crime fiction, endo-colonization and decomposition**

The hard-boiled detective is the ideal bearer of the signification of endo-colonialism and decomposition historical successor, as he is, to the other archetypal American signifier, the Westerner, defined by Robert Warshow in terms remarkably similar to that of Chandler on the detective:

*The truth is that the Westerner comes into the field of serious art only when his moral code, without ceasing to be compelling, is seen also to be imperfect. The Westerner at his best exhibits a moral ambiguity which darkens his image and saves him from absurdity; this ambiguity arises from the fact that, whatever his justifications, he is a killer of men.*<sup>44</sup>

As was established by Frederick Jackson Turner in his seminal thesis ‘The Significance of the Frontier in American History’ (1893) the US serves as the premier model of the modern Nation-State through having been the most successful in resolving the historical contradictions of industrial production on a global scale, an achievement directly related to the centrality of frontier settlement to national development.<sup>45</sup> But the paradox of American national development is identical with the irreconcilable contradiction of Modernity itself: Western society, as a community of individualists, needs to postulate some sort of Enemy to overcome the underlying deficit of unifying social forces; for the US, ‘the text of the frontier has been most effective in its capacity to construct a single cultural enemy on which to build a fantasy of a unified American people pursuing a linear

national narrative.’<sup>46</sup> And the enemy inhabitants of the American frontier—the indigenous (and misnamed) ‘Indian’—proved supremely capable of undergoing endless cultural mutations; ‘Turner suggests, in an inchoate way, the need for and function of [a] particular ideological formation that drew a line between “white” civilization and “Indian” savagery, a term for which “black” criminal chaos could easily be substituted.’<sup>47</sup> For Robert Crooks, ‘Turner identifies the Indians as the unifying factor that transformed the various frontiers [diverse and divergent sites of anarchic individualism and criminal entrepreneurialism], their regulation, and their histories into a unity by posing a “common danger” of absolute otherness; it was through endo-colonization that the ‘urban manifestation of frontier ideology, and particularly the textual space opened up by crime fiction for an articulation of that frontier’<sup>48</sup> allowed new unifying cultural forces—‘*The City*’—to replicate the earlier frontier (exo-colonization) experience by acting as the site of the coalescence of all anti-decompositional tendencies (Racism; Nationalism) within the domestic spaces of Modernity (endo-colonization).’<sup>49</sup>

*Thus, the meaning of the other side of the frontier, in the shift of focus from its western to its urban manifestation, has been partly transformed: no longer enemy territory to be attacked and conquered or vacant land to be cultivated, it now constitutes in mainstream European-American ideologies pockets of racial intrusion, hence corruption and social disease to be policed and contained—insofar as the ‘others’ threaten to cross the line.*<sup>50</sup>

The problem here is that this cultural adaptation mechanism, originally evolved in response to conditions of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, proved remarkably germane to 20<sup>th</sup> political and social concerns; the major urban concentrations in mega-cities such as Los Angeles (a.k.a., ‘The Capital of the Third World’) housed non-anglo hyper-concentrated ‘population densities and the size of minoritized communities threatened individualist ideologies, since the collective experience of exploitation lends itself to collective resistance or rebellion.’<sup>51</sup> Accordingly, the hard-boiled detective emerges as the literary successor to the Westerner, precisely because within American detective fiction, the race war on the frontier ‘has now become a class war in the cities...’<sup>52</sup>

We are presented with a simple, but lethal, substitution: Africans = Segregation for Indians = Extermination. The following extracts from two pre-eminent African-American writers highlight the continuity between frontier and urban spaces. The first is from Richard Wright: ‘They draw a line and say for you to stay on your side of the line. They don’t care if there’s no bread on your side. They don’t care if you die. And...when you try to come from behind your line they kill you.’<sup>53</sup> The second is from Ann Petry: ‘And it just wasn’t this city. It was any city where they set up a line and say black folks stay on this side, so that the black folks were crammed on top of each other—jammed and packed and forced into the smallest possible space until they were completely cut off from light and air.’<sup>54</sup> Anyone familiar with Post-Colonialist literature will immediately note the clear parallels between these descriptions of African American quasi-apartheid within the decomposing urban frontier and the colonialist wasteland of Algeria essayed by Franz Fanon in *The Wretched of the Earth* (1961).<sup>55</sup> The Post-Colonialist sub-text of American crime fiction is especially pronounced in the work of Chester Himes; as one of the very few African-Americans authors of the hard-boiled tradition, Himes, as one would expect, takes a markedly ‘deconstructive’ approach to the relationships among endo-colonialism, racism, and urban decomposition. Consider, for example, this passage from the preface to his late novel *Blind Man with a Pistol* (1969).

*A friend of mine, Phil Lomax, told me this story about a blind man with a pistol shooting at a man who had slapped him on a subway train and killing an innocent bystander peacefully reading his newspaper across the aisle and I thought, damn right, sounds just like today’s news, riots in the ghettos, war in Vietnam, masochistic doings in the Middle East. And then I thought of some of our loudmouthed leaders urging our vulnerable soul brothers on to getting themselves killed, and thought further that all unorganized violence is like a blind man with a pistol.*<sup>56</sup>

Even more pronounced is his description of the Third-World ‘black containment’ zone in *Cotton Comes to Harlem* (1965).

*Their next stop was a dingy bar on Eighth Avenue near the corner of 112<sup>th</sup> Street. This was the neighbourhood of the cheap addicts, whisky-heads, stumblebums, the flotsam of Harlem; the end of the*

*line for the whores, the hard squeezes for the poor honest labourers and a breeding ground of crime. Blank-eyed whores stood on the street corners swapping obscenities with twitching junkies. Muggers and thieves slouched in dark doorways waiting for someone to rob; but there wasn’t anyone but each other. Children ran down the street, the dirty street littered with rotting vegetables, uncollected garbage cans, broken glass, dog offal—always running, ducking and dodging. God help them if they got caught. Listless mothers stood in the dark entrances of tenements and swapped talk about their men, their jobs, their poverty, their hunger, their debts, their Gods, their religions, their preachers, their children, their aches and pains, their bad luck with the numbers and the evilness of white people. Workingmen staggered down the sidewalks filled with aimless resentment, muttering curses, hating to go to their hotbox hovels but having nowhere else to go.*

‘All I wish is that I was God for just one mother-raping [sic] second,’ Grave Digger said, his voice cotton-dry with rage.

‘I know,’ Coffin Ed said. ‘You’d concrete the face of the mother-raping earth and turn white folks into hogs.’<sup>57</sup>

This passage is replete with the Fanonesque imaginary of the psychic and physical trauma of prolonged neo-colonialist occupation: dysfunction, anomie, religion, magic, *ressentiment*, revenge fantasy, wish-fulfilment, and frustrated racial violence. Himes himself understood his debt to Fanon, evidencing a clear Post-Colonialist understanding of the urban frontier; ‘I became hysterical thinking about the wild, incredible story I was writing...And I thought I was writing realism. It never occurred to me that I was writing absurdity. Realism and absurdity are so similar in the lives of American blacks one [cannot] tell the differences.’<sup>58</sup> Reflecting on *A Rage in Harlem* (first published in France in 1957), Himes observed that he had not written a hardboiled detective novel but ‘an unconscious protest against soul brothers always being considered as victims of racism, a protest against racism itself excusing all their sins and major faults.’<sup>59</sup> Yet, the conventional expectation of the politically progressive mind-set—that Himes would use his Otherness to overturn the hard-boiled tradition in its entirety—is utterly confounded in Himes’ treatment of sexuality: once the text shifts from race to sexuality, Himes is as reactionary as any white crime writer. Even by Hammett’s or Chandler’s standards (admittedly quite high),

Himes is ferociously homophobic. The passage ‘the sissies frolic about the lunch counter in the Theresa building’ is taken from *Blind Man with a Pistol*.

*Their eyes looked naked, brazen, debased, unashamed; they had the greedy look of a sick gourmet... Their voices trilled, their bodies moved, their eyes rolled, they twisted their lips suggestively... Their motions were wanton, indecent, suggestive of an orgy taking place in their minds. The hot Harlem night had brought down their love.*<sup>60</sup>

Commenting upon homophobia and the hysterical sub-component of African heterosexuality, Himes wrote that ‘Obviously and unavoidably, the American black man is the most neurotic, complicated, schizophrenic, unanalysed, anthropologically advanced specim[e]n of mankind in the history of the world. The American black is a new race of man; the only new race of man to come into being in modern times,’<sup>61</sup> and openly confessed that his novels ‘are admittedly chauvinistic. You will conclude if you read them that BLACK PROTEST and BLACK HETEROSEXUALITY are my two chief obsessions.’<sup>62</sup> The fact that an African American writer so finely attuned to racism should be so reactionary in his homophobia should not surprise us if we remember how non-negotiable masculinist hysteria is to hard-boiled fiction.<sup>63</sup> As Fanon reminds us, ‘In order to assimilate and to experience the oppressor’s culture, the native has had to leave certain of his intellectual possessions in pawn. These pledges include his adoption of the forms of thought of the colonialist bourgeoisie,’<sup>64</sup> a point re-iterated, in a slightly different way, by bell hooks: the conventional portrait of black masculinity ‘perpetually constructs black men as “failures” who are psychologically “fucked up,” dangerous, violent sex maniacs whose insanity is informed by their inability to fulfil their phallogentric masculine destiny in a racist context... [However] black men who embrace patriarchal masculinity, phallogentrism, and sexism... do not threaten or challenge white domination... but reinscribe it.’<sup>65</sup> And homophobia, the ‘particular anxiety to which Himes responds’ ultimately proves inseparable from an equally virulent misogyny, the logical corollary of the white-racist strategy of the feminization of the African male through a social humiliation that is the symbolic equivalent of castration; ‘Within hardboiled fiction, the white man confronts internal threats in the urban space,

threats that are narratively quarantined, crushed, or effectively neutered through devices of plot and characterization or through representational diminishment.’<sup>66</sup> Not surprisingly, then, hard-boiled fiction ‘is a[n] historically racist tradition with a long history of taking great pains to ignore, diminish, or stereotype black men,’<sup>67</sup> primarily through an emasculating feminization; ‘In aligning representations of black men with the constructed position of women, dominant discourses routinely neutralized black male images, exchanging potential claims for patriarchal inclusion for a structurally passive or literally castrated realm of sexual objectification and denigration.’<sup>68</sup> Black homophobia of the variety that Himes endorses is an inverted fear of the destruction of black heterosexual masculinity by the endo-colonizing White community; the ‘hyperbolic response often treads on women and gay men in order to fight that suppression, thereby recapitulating white hardboiled structures in surprising ways.’<sup>69</sup> As a result, the ‘bond of race does not extend across genders in Himes’ text. The black woman betrays her black man when the lure of white masculine power arises... In Himes’ play with the hardboiled white protagonist, the villainy resides in the white man, and betrayal in the black woman, the easy dupe of the power of white masculinity.’<sup>70</sup> As Megan Abbott expertly demonstrates, ‘built into Himes’ unleashing of black masculinity is a construction of that masculinity as dominant, dominating, heteronormative, and unimpeachably black... Himes’ revisionary role in the hardboiled tradition then limits itself to instituting a secure black hetero-masculinity invulnerable to any “weaknesses” or “feminizations”—whether of gender, skin colour, or sexual orientation.’<sup>71</sup> In the end we may have reached that within Noir which cannot be deconstructed: the fear of Woman-as-Other; ‘In other words, we have a different version of the same effort found in white hardboiled fiction, where shoring up masculinity occurs at the perpetual expense of women, either through demonization or humiliation.’<sup>72</sup>

And it is the Femme-Fatale who, in the end, is the true ‘threat of chaos’ that the tough guy detective cannot withstand.

### **Mean Streets, misogyny and Femme-Fatales**

Both hard-boiled and noir may be historically divided into two distinct phases: the Great Depression



(1929-41) and the Cold War (c. 1945-55). Noir is the cinematic and largely derivative form of hard-boiled, which first emerged as a literary response to the social problem of ‘The Forgotten Man’: the World War I veteran and the mass unemployed ‘operates significantly as a figure not so much of emasculation but as a warning sign of the pressing need to re-masculinize the American man rendered impotent during the economic crisis’ of the 1930s.<sup>73</sup> Parallel to early hard-boiled literature, Hollywood responded cinematically with the (pre-Noir) Gangster Film, which featured ‘Tough Guy’ protagonists (James Cagney, Humphrey Bogart, James Garfield, Edward G. Robinson, George Raft) who represented derived the Forgotten Man’s ‘isolation and marginalization... the tough guy retains the individualist spirit of nineteenth-century models of white masculinity, but with an added sense of a particularly urban and distinctive mood of alienation.’<sup>74</sup> Interestingly, there is no direct line of continuity between the Gangster and the Noir film. Although crime figures centrally in both, the Gangster Film remained a separate genre; the vital factor that demarcates the two genres is that Noir foregrounded a central component of hard-boiled that the Gangster Film elided altogether: the hysterical male. In Noir, a ‘central ‘textual pattern emerges in which notions of male agency are thrown into doubt, and male subjectivity constantly threatens to unravel. Masculinity is situated as weak, changeable, even hysterical, with the feminine characterized as potentially lethal in strength and amoral will.’<sup>75</sup> For Abbott, the defining archetypal theme of Noir is that there is ‘no safe sexual encounter for the lone white male, no encounter that will allow him a consistent position of power and control.’<sup>76</sup> In a manner wholly inconsistent with the Gangster Film, which almost totally eradicates the presence of Woman, Noir expressly privileges a dangerous and predatory woman, the Femme Fatale, who signifies a terminal crisis within Western Masculinity—that is, decomposition, and the hard-boiled novel invariably ‘ends with the rejection of a woman and a retreat from intimate personal relations...’<sup>77</sup> The stunning conclusion to James M. Cain’s *Double Indemnity* (1936) is a classic example of this.

*I’m writing this [the confession of Walter Huff] in the stateroom. It’s about half past nine. She’s [Phyllis] in her stateroom getting ready. She’s made her face chalk white, with black circles under her*

*eyes and red on her lips and cheeks. She’s got that red thing on. It’s awful-looking. It’s just one big square of red silk that she wraps around her, but it’s got no armholes, and her hands look like stumps underneath it when she moves them around. She looks like what came aboard the ship to shoot dice for souls in the Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*

*I didn’t hear the stateroom door open, but she’s beside me now while I’m writing. I can feel her.*

*The moon.*<sup>78</sup>

The appearance of the Femme-Fatale, the feminine signifier of decomposition, will always manifest herself within the terms of a crisis of Law—which is to say, of criminality. The paradox of the Judicial, as Judith Butler has brilliantly argued, is that the ‘prevailing law threatened one with trouble, even put one in trouble, all to keep one out of trouble.’ Consistent with the dramatic logic of the Femme-Fatale, Butler noted that ‘trouble sometimes euphemized some fundamentally mysterious problem usually related to the alleged mystery of all things feminine.’ She concludes

*For that masculine subject of desire, trouble became a scandal with the sudden intrusion, the unanticipated agency, of a female ‘object’ who inexplicably returns the glance, reverses the gaze, and contests the place and authority of the masculine position. The radical dependency of the masculine subject on the female ‘Other’ suddenly exposes his autonomy as illusion.*<sup>79</sup>

The easiest way, then, to problematize Femininity is to make the Woman herself a ‘problem’; and the most subversive way to do that is to criminalize her.

This is not simple misogyny, however. In one sense, Chester Himes’ neurotic fear of the feminization of the African male in hard-boiled writing is quite misplaced, as the Femme-Fatale is invariably a bearer of enormous power; hard-boiled presents women who are “‘active, not static symbols, are intelligent and powerful, if destructively so, and derive power, not weakness, from their sexuality.”<sup>80</sup> According to Janey Place, the “‘ideological operation of the myth (the absolute necessity of controlling the strong, sexual woman) is thus achieved by first demonstrating her dangerous power and its frightening results, then destroying it.”<sup>81</sup> It is for this reason that hard-boiled texts follow highly stereotypical narrative structures, ‘suggesting that

the threat of the feminine and/or feminization be met with hermetic self-containment (Chandler, Hammett) or containing violence (Spillane, who kills Commies, male or female).<sup>82</sup>

It is easy to explain this erotically charged misogyny simply in terms of the Forgotten Man: if ‘masculinity under pressure’ (to paraphrase James Ellroy) is the archetypal hard-boiled theme, then the post-traumatic woundings of the Great War, coupled with the economic catastrophe of the 1930s, is almost wholly adequately to explain a collective crisis in the viability of orthodox conceptions of Masculinity (and Patriarchy). Yet, this view is clearly simplistic in understanding the visceral dramatic and cinematic power of the Femme-Fatale. If the social crisis theory is correct, the Femme-Fatale should have vanished after 1945; instead, she rises to even greater heights (especially cinematic) with the commencement of the second historical phase of hard-boiled: the Cold War. The explanation, then, would seem to lie within the ideological system of what became known in the US as the doctrine of ‘containment’. As Alan Nadel has pointed out, George Kennan, the generally acknowledged author of the doctrine, who regularly advocated ‘Hemingwayesque masculinity’ in containing the Soviet Union<sup>83</sup>; ‘Kennan’s writings rely heavily on constructions of Russia as a femme fatale figure, an Eastern exotic who does not abide by the rules of (masculine) logic.’<sup>84</sup> Quite amazingly, the discourse of containment, precisely because it is so gendered, creates a parallel form of endo-colonization: the racially contaminated urban frontier is now extended into the gendered ‘troubled’ domestic space of the white, middle-class, and heterosexual home: America’s success in containing the Red Menace ultimately depends upon the policing and enforcement of an infallible Masculinism. ‘In distributing the potentials for domination and submission, allegiance and disaffection, proliferation and self-containment, loyalty and subversion—all of which require clear, legible boundaries between Other and Same—the narrative of the American cold war takes the same form as the narratives that contain gender roles.’<sup>85</sup>

Containment, then, conveyed two messages.

*The first speaks to a threat outside of the social body, a threat that therefore has to be excluded, or isolated in quarantine, and kept at bay from the domestic body. The second meaning of containment,*

*which speaks to the domestic contents of the social body, concerns a threat internal to the host which must then be neutralized by being fully absorbed and thereby neutralized.*<sup>86</sup>

Containment presented a fundamental problem to hard-boiled. On the one hand, the expansion of endo-colonization into the home permitted an even wider landscape for dramatic plotting. As Elaine Tyler May noted

*More than merely a metaphor for the cold war on the home front, containment aptly describes the way in which public policy, personal behaviour, and even political values were focused on the home front...Where...could a man still feel powerful and prove his manhood without risking the loss of security? In a home where he held the authority, with a wife who would remain subordinate.*<sup>87</sup>

On the other hand, the phenomenal success of cinematic Noir, which was ideally suited to portraying domestic space(s) and, simultaneously, glamourizing the feminine form, operated in such a way as to make the Femme-Fatale that much more seductive. Noir films “afforded women roles which are active, adventurous and driven by sexual desire... [female as well as male viewers can enjoy the] fantasy of the woman’s dangerous sexuality... [a fantasy whose] pleasures lie precisely in its forbiddenness.”<sup>88</sup> Thus, despite “the ritual punishment of acts of transgression, the vitality with which these acts are endowed produces an excess of meaning, which cannot finally be contained. Narrative resolutions cannot recuperate their subversive significance.”<sup>89</sup> And this led directly to the greatest irony of all: the ‘moral panic’ incited in the US over the deviant sub-text of tough guy movies and novels: hard-boiled, which was meant to render hyper-masculinity impenetrable was, in fact, covertly undermining it from within.

*The fear derives from the potential that the man alone, the tough guy, might in fact participate in gender play or gender dissolution, that this figure of seemingly unimpeachable and hardboiled masculinity might in fact engage in less contained or binary-rigid circuits of identification and desire. A man already alarmingly unfettered by paternal or household roles might in fact threaten the very binaries that rule Cold War America, that constitute Cold War America. The seeming apex of tough masculinity might at the same time embody gender disintegration or a pleasurably tangled network of sexuality and homosociality, of eroticism and*

*intimacy that is not constituted through male/female at all. If these gender binaries are disabled, who is to say how secure any of them are, be they gay/straight, black/white, Eastern/Western, capitalist/communist, American/Soviet?*<sup>90</sup>

*Down these mean streets a man must go.*

*But he does not go down them alone.*

*He can feel her.*

## Conclusion

Despite its length, this paper has three very simple hypotheses: (i) Noir’s deployment of the Femme Fatale potentially disrupts endo- and exo-colonialism through its critique of a hysterical Masculinity occasioned by decomposition; (ii) the subversion of gender identities as a strategy of Feminist resistance doubles as a form of post-colonialist struggle; and (iii) any national literary tradition of crime writing that employs the post-Masculinist concerns of both hard-boiled and Noir would, therefore, continue the project of post-colonialist Feminism by other means. Two prominent Indonesian novels, *Beauty is a Wound* (2002) by Kurniawan and *Samam* (1998) by Ayu Utami, both evidence a partial movement towards an indigenous formulation of the Femme-Fatale, albeit one that is deeply implicated within traditional folkloric motifs; neither author has made a full blown ‘conversion’ to American-style crime fiction. With Kurniawan, the duality of the Feminine—destructive and nurturing—is most pronounced; ‘All the sorcerers shrugged their shoulders and said there was no force, no kind of evil spirit, that could appease the vengeful power of a wronged woman.’<sup>91</sup> Although frequently misrepresented as a ‘magical realist’ within the West, Kurniawan is, instead, attempting to utilize the archetypal figure of the ghost within a more innovative, and self-consciously post-colonialist, deployment. The tales’ central conceit—Beauty as Wound equates with a will-to-revenge that doubles as an equally subversive will-to-private-justice—is viscerally incarnated within the four daughters—Alamanda, Adinda, Maya Dewi, and the eponymous Beauty—of the central protagonist, Dewi Ayu, who seems to function as a pedestrian version of Draupadi in a grotesque/burlesque re-telling of the *Mahabharata* gone catastrophically wrong.

“Really every woman is a whore, because even the most proper wife sells herself for a dowry and a

shopping allowance...or love, if it exists,’ [Dewi Ayu] said....

‘But how can I love someone who doesn’t love me back?’

‘You’ll learn, Tough Guy.’<sup>92</sup>

The Femme-Fatale mystique is most pronounced in Dewi Ayu’s eldest daughter, who bears an uncanny resemblance to the ultra-predatory teenage vamp Veda from James M. Cain’s *Mildred Pierce* (1941); ‘a young man-eater who laughed to see men broken-hearted and suffering in their unrequited love, plagued by her image.’<sup>93</sup> As Kurniawan would have it, in his nonchalant dead-pan style, “‘I like men,” Alamanda said once, “but I like to see them cry from heartbreak even more.”<sup>94</sup> ... ‘From that moment on she realized that her beauty was not just a sword that could cripple men, but also an instrument that could control them.’<sup>95</sup> Although markedly more secular in tone, Utami’s *Samam* also puts forward a uniquely Indonesian version of ‘the bad girl’; ‘Maybe I had been challenging his masculinity; indulging my ego’s hidden desire of having him surrender before me (or making him stand erect before me, as my friend Cokorda put it).’<sup>96</sup> Beautifully suggestive of the Noir re-presentation of a hysterical Masculinity (‘He was naked. His penis and wounds were exposed to the world.’<sup>97</sup>), all of the four female protagonists, but especially Shakuntala<sup>98</sup> and Yasmin (‘Yasmin, Teach me. Rape me’<sup>99</sup>) stand out as potential Femme-Fatales. But what truly unites both novels in their exploratory undertakings into the realm of female/feminine subversiveness is that both announce the arrival of Woman ‘trouble’ through a cataclysmic explosion that un-mans the Men, both literally and symbolically.

First, *Samam*.

The platform rocked violently. Laila was thrown to her knees and was spun around for several meters. Everyone was flat on the ground...What had happened? The valves at the mouth of the well below the platform hadn’t been strong enough to suppress the extraordinary power beneath it, which had suddenly surged upwards. The platform’s steel base, where the workers stood, was torn apart and as the tower began to topple, three workers who had been working at the base of the rig were flung into the air like plastic toy soldiers. They did not even have time to scream. Laila had barely drawn breath

when she saw the bodies of Hasyim and two others crash down onto the platform, and then skid off into the sea. Along with a sign bearing the warning *safety first*. Earthquake. Fire. Alarm bells.<sup>100</sup>

Second, *Beauty is a Wound*.

It all started with a noise coming from an old gravesite with an unmarked tombstone covered in knee-high grass, but everybody knew it was Dewi Ayu’s grave...The grave shook and fractured, and the ground exploded as if blown up from underneath, triggering a small earthquake and a windstorm that sent grass and headstones flying, and behind the dirt raining down like a curtain the figure of an old woman stood looking annoyed and stiff, still wrapped in a shroud as if she’d only just been buried the night before...Two men plunged into a ditch, others fell unconscious at the side of the road, and

still others took off running for fifteen kilometres straight without stopping.<sup>101</sup>

Naturally, Indonesia is not the United States and these tropes and forms cannot be neither readily nor directly translated into indigenous forms. So, too, would an overly easy adaptation constitute a debased form of ‘Americanization’. However, paying close attention to the treasures of American filmic and literary culture and innovating ways in which they might be adapted to fit ‘local’ conditions is no bad thing.

*As Kartini herself put it: ‘The tendency to imitate is inborn, I believe...Is it not pleasant to find one’s thoughts reflected in another?’<sup>102</sup>*

*Down these mean streets a woman must go.*

*But she does not go down them alone.*

*She can feel him.*

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**(Endnotes)**

- 1 An alternative translation: ‘I am calmly biding my time, [and] when it arrives people will know that I am no spineless object, but a person with a head and a heart—who thinks and feels.’ Kartini, *Complete Writings*, 146. Unless I indicate otherwise, I will be relying upon Geertz’s translation.
- 2 Kartini, *Letters*, 95.
- 3 ‘Although the struggle for women’s rights was an important one for Kartini, it was actually only a minor aspect of her more general concern for the rights of Indonesians as human beings against the twin enemies of paternalistic colonial exploitation and traditional Indonesian resistance to change.’ Hildred Geertz, 24.
- 4 Here, Kartini has already, in some sense, assumed the identity of a ‘criminal’. For the significance of this, see below.
- 5 Kartini, *Letters*, 31. Emphases added.
- 6 *Ibid*, 32.
- 7 *Ibid*, 41.
- 8 Letter to Stella Zeehandelaar, January 9, 1901. *Ibid*, 97.
- 9 See Conclusion.
- 10 In *Beauty is a Wound* (2002), Kurniawan beautifully manages to unite these two disparate threads: the vengeful ‘evil spirit’ that controls the action throughout the novel is the fruit of the spoliation of a native romance by a sexually predatory Dutch landlord.
- 11 See below.
- 12 Chandler, 991.
- 13 Rafter, 190.
- 14 Tony Hilfer, cited in Sherwin, 48.
- 15 Tony Hilfer, cited in Sherwin 52 fn. 49.
- 16 Chandler, 1016.
- 17 Tony Hilfer, cited in Sherwin 52 fn. 50. Italics in the original.
- 18 Tony Hilfer, cited in Sherwin, 48.
- 19 Krutnik, 39.
- 20 Or between First/Third World; see below.
- 21 Chandler, 992.
- 22 Krutnik, 25.
- 23 Mary Ann Doane, cited in Abbott, 42.
- 24 The cinematic tradition of Noir was Hollywood’s adaptation/translation of hard-boiled fiction that first began in the early 1940s. Abbott, Chapter Five, 125-54. ‘In many ways the Hollywood narrative film can be seen as an extension of a fictional tradition established by the popular novel...almost 20 percent of the *noir* thrillers produced between 1941 and 1948 [the ‘first wave’, or ‘tough’ thriller of Noir] were adaptations of “hard-boiled” novels and short stories.’ Krutnik, 33. As Paul Schrader has pointed out, ‘When the movies of the Forties turned to the American “tough” moral understrata, the “hard-boiled” school was waiting with pre-set conventions of heroes, minor characters, plots, dialogue and themes.’ Paul Schrader, cited in Krutnik, 33.
- 25 Wilson 2009 and Wilson 2012.
- 26 Virilio, *Unknown Quantity*, 87.
- 27 Der Derian, 10.
- 28 Armitage, 50.
- 29 Virilio, ‘Critical Space’, *passim*.
- 30 Klein, *passim*.
- 31 ‘By “shock”, we mean the ability to intimidate perhaps absolutely; to impose overwhelming fear, terror, vulnerability and the inevitability of destruction or defeat; and to create in the mind of the adversary impotence, panic, hopelessness, paralysis and the psychological incentives for capitulation. Generally, this would be achieved with great suddenness, rapidity and unexpectedness.’ Ullman and Wade, 13. Chile under Pinochet is a classic example of this phenomenon: ‘For the [Neo-Liberal] experiment to work, Pinochet had to strip [Neo-Keynsian] distortions away—more cuts, more privatization, more speed.’ Klein, 80.
- 32 ‘If all is movement all is at the same time accident and our existence as metabolic vehicle can be summed up as a series of collisions, of traumatisms, some taking on the quality of slow but perceptible caresses; but all this, according to the impulsions lent them, becomes mortal shocks and apotheoses of fire, but above all a *different mode of being*. Speed is a cause of death for which we’re not only responsible but of which we are also the creators and inventors.’ Virilio, *The Aesthetics of Disappearance*, 103. Emphases in the original.
- 33 Virilio and Lotringer, 95.
- 34 Virilio, *Lost Dimension*, 124.
- 35 Virilio, *Negative Horizon*, 176.
- 36 Cited in Coker, 76-77. Emphases added.

- 37 Joxe, 201.
- 38 Virilio, *Crepuscular Dawn*, 165.
- 39 Ibid, 89.
- 40 Ibid, 164.
- 41 Ibid.
- 42 Ibid, 166.
- 43 Spillane, 133.
- 44 Warshow, 39.
- 45 See Crooks 175-9 for discussion of the Turner Thesis.
- 46 Ibid, 195.
- 47 Ibid, 176.
- 48 Ibid.
- 49 Ibid, 179.
- 50 Ibid, 178.
- 51 Ibid.
- 52 Slotkin, 97. For Noir fiction as a form of Fascism, see Ogden, *passim*.
- 53 Richard Wright, *Native Son*, cited in Crooks, 175.
- 54 Ann Petry, *The Street*, cited in Crooks, 179-80.
- 55 Fanon, *passim*.
- 56 Himes, *Blind Man with a Pistol*, Preface.
- 57 Himes, *Cotton Comes to Harlem*, 43-4.
- 58 Cited in Abbott, 160.
- 59 Cited in Abbott, 161.
- 60 Himes, *Blind Man with a Pistol*, 15.
- 61 Cited in Abbott, 166.
- 62 Cited in Abbott, 167. See also Stephen Soitos: Himes ‘reserves his most vitriolic attacks for black gay men...fall[ing] back on the traditional hardboiled convention of a masculine viewpoint that links hatred of homosexuality and sadistic mistreatment of beautiful women and presents it as status quo, acceptable behaviour.’ Cited in Abbott, 179.
- 63 See Fred Pfeil on Raymond Chandler/Philip Marlowe: ‘It is not enough...to speak here of the latent and violently repressed homosexual desire charging [Chandler’s] writing, or even more generally of its homosociality. Rather, the fear that obsessively links women, blacks [and] overt homosexuals...within the same underworld through a complex chain of equivalences and affinities in Chandler’s work must be understood as the flip side of a desire to yield to and to be penetrated by the infernally disordering dissolving force they serve and represent, to suffer and enjoy the violation of precisely that hard-shell masculinity which must be defended at all costs.’ Pfeil, 117.
- 64 Fanon, *The Wretched of the Earth*, 38.
- 65 hooks, 98.
- 66 Abbott, 165.
- 67 Ibid, 161
- 68 Ibid, 161
- 69 Ibid, 163.
- 70 Ibid, 158.
- 71 Ibid, 177.
- 72 Ibid, 176.
- 73 Abbott, 24.
- 74 Ibid, 26.
- 75 Ibid, 27.
- 76 Ibid, 69.
- 77 Porter, 186.
- 78 Cain, 114-15.
- 79 Butler, vii. Compare Butler with Annette Kuhn on the seminal Chandler novel and film, *The Big Sleep*: “‘The trouble, the disturbance, at the heart of *The Big Sleep* is its symptomatic articulation of the threat posed to the law of patriarchy by the feminine.” Cited in Abbott, 151.
- 80 Janey Place, cited in Abbott, 138.

- 81 Janey Place, cited in Abbott, 133
- 82 Abbott, 89.
- 83 Nadel, 31. According to Kennan, “‘if we can maintain that situation [of containment], keeping cool nerves, and maintaining it consistently, not in a provocative way but in a polite way, a calm way, preserving at all times with our own strength and firmness...I am personally quite convinced that they will not be able to withstand us...that sooner or later the logic [of American hegemony] will penetrate their government.’” Cited in Nadel, 31.
- 84 Abbott, 88-9.
- 85 Nadel, 29.
- 86 Andrew Ross, cited in Abbott, 164.
- 87 Cited in Abbott, 164 and 165.
- 88 Elizabeth Cowie, cited in Abbott, 138.
- 89 Sylvia Harvey, cited in Abbott, 145.
- 90 Abbottt, 88.
- 91 Kurniawan. 242.
- 92 Ibid, 139.
- 93 Ibid, 224.
- 94 Ibid, 205.
- 95 Ibid, 206.
- 96 Utami, 32.
- 97 Ibid, 101.
- 98 Ibid, 110-44.
- 99 Ibid, 180.
- 100 Ibid, 23.
- 101 Kurniawan, 1-2.
- 102 Kartini, *Letters*, 34 and 97.