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**Bodies on the Line:
Border Crossing in the Fiction of Ernest Hemingway and Salman Rushdie**

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Bodies on the Line:

Border Crossing in the Fiction of Ernest Hemingway and Salman Rushdie

Introduction

Border crossings in selected novels of Ernest Hemingway and Salman Rushdie warrant a closer look. Together, Hemingway and Rushdie's writing covers over one hundred years of global events. Their fiction and nonfiction address what makes us human; Hemingway writes about hunting and war; Rushdie writes about myths and family. Hemingway had firsthand experience in the United States' earliest global moment: World War I. Rushdie, still alive today, experienced the subsequent transformation of nations, from the partitioning of Pakistan to New York after September 11th. Their perspectives and the resultant subject matter of their writing offer two angles from which to approach narrations of border crossing.

When we cross borders we have to conceptualize ourselves as different because our statuses change after having crossed a line, even if no external change is visible. Fiction is a mode for understanding experiences as lived rather than as theoretical. Mark Greif, in *Crisis in the Age of Man*, writes, "Any fiction writer faces the task of thinking *in concreto*. He or she "thinks" through formal instantiations of thinking in vernacular talk and character, in carefully calibrated deviation from verisimilitude and social plausibility, and in artful refiguring of the world as it appears (xii)." Fiction is a way of arranging the world to make large ideas accessible through the concrete¹.

The rising stakes of borders in the early twenty-first century demand new ways to talk about what happens when people cross them. Refugees float to unwelcoming shores, presidential candidates threaten to build walls, children ride trains alone through gang territories, people smuggle each other in commercial freighters, and the

only thing between a US military base and terrorist territory is a coil of concertina wire. Politicians say that borders are thickening, as more layers of checkpoints are added and verifications are made against people's identities and intentions, but maybe borders are really steepening, becoming higher bars to clear, such that when people make it to the other side they are hardly recognizable as themselves. On one side you are a citizen with rights; on the other side you are invisible; how can crossing a line can shift our statuses as drastically as from that of emancipated individuals to that of persecuted targets? Because there are no no man's lands left and each border runs up against the next, the instant we step out of one place we step into another. Humans have always been peripatetic, but our flow of movement becomes increasingly politicized as fear and policy make the world's borders more consequential to move across.

In their respective narrations of border crossing, both Hemingway and Rushdie address the consequences of these stakes and show that border crossing is an embodied experience, one where the location of the crosser's body is crucial and the changes endured by the body indicate the consequences of that border. Hemingway's and Rushdie's narrations show that a person crossing a border always takes a piece of that transformation—happening at the theoretical level of meaning—and inscribes it on the literal level of the flesh.

Frameworks for Narrating Humans in Motion: Political and Social Perspectives

There are more people on the planet than ever before and the spaces in which people reside are increasingly politicized, meaning that our natural human tendency to move between places is continually challenged by the prescriptive demands of borders

imposed by national and international authorities. Thomas Nail in *The Figure of the Migrant* describes the motion of individuals and groups in theoretical terms. For Nail, constant movement between places is the natural human state, and what we perceive as stasis is merely a pause or redirection of flow.

Kinopolitics is the theory and analysis of social motion: the politics of movement...The conceptual basis of kinopolitics is the analysis of social flow. (24) Flows are not controlled by blocking or stopping them but rather by redirecting or slowing them down. The effects of border walls, for example, are not as much about keeping people excluded or included as about redirecting movements and changing the speed and condition of crossing. The control of flows is a question of flexible adaptation and the modulation of limits. Accordingly, the politics of movement is first and foremost defined by the analysis of continuous movement, changes in speed, and the redirection of flows (25).

When fiction narrates the experience of characters crossing borders, it illustrates what it feels like for a person to run up against a limit and be redirected or have his speed modulated by an outside force. Nail sees borders as a method of exercising control over flows, and different fictive narrations offer different responses to the experience of control exercised over people at the time of crossing a border. The existence of the border as a redirecting limit imposes the control; there does not have to be a separate human actor for a border crosser to be affected. The awareness of the border itself is enough to influence the thoughts, actions and reasonings of the characters who cross².

In the past, borders have been conceptualized as “frontiers,” indicating the edge of some place, beyond which lies an undefined space. In a 2002 lecture, Rushdie cites Turnerism as an example of the myth of the American frontier that claims, “This perennial rebirth, this fluidity of American life, this expansion westward with its new opportunities, its continuous touch with the simplicity of primitive society, furnish the forces dominating American character. The frontier is the meeting point between savagery and civilization³.” This border diction would have been accepted by the

generation that raised Hemingway, and today informs how we remember past narrations of border crossings—as grandiose adventures into the unknown. Imagining a frontier as a blurry edge where vague generalities like “savagery” and “civilization” overlap means that crossing out of one space into the other is not a clearly defined act; there is no exact moment of crossing when the body’s status changes from being inside civilization to outside of it. This is of course far from true today, where each territory abuts the next so that crossing out of one place always means crossing into another.

Borders do offer the possibility of “perennial rebirth,” a metaphor Rushdie employs heavily to narrate border crossings. Turner, however, did not know that in less than one hundred years after his address the entire planet’s land, sea, and sky would be subdivided by definitive border lines, effectively negating the myth of a frontier that delineates the edge of a primitive or neutralized zone. Hemingway witnessed the transformation of the world from a place of frontiers into a place of firmly mapped nations, where every human body exists someplace defined at all times. To understand how he narrates this experience, which we might call the crisis of being bordered, recent urban research offers terms for discussing borders whose functions shift and change.

While some of today’s borders were carved arbitrarily into a map in the frenzy of imperialism, most boundaries logically correspond to their landscapes. In *Divided Cities* Calame and Charlesworth recognize that cities in particular have physical legacies rooted in the form of the land itself. The authors describe the emergence of city dividing lines using specific terminology to narrate how borders are carved into the land and into our consciousness.

The first stage of etching happens gradually and is largely outside the sphere of major political disputes. The importance of physical legacies in the development of divided cities has already been discussed in Chapter 2. These

legacies take the form of roads, rivers, valleys, historic quarters, parish boundaries, political districts, and all the other thresholds that traditionally organize social life without forcibly constraining it. Under normal conditions, such fault-lines embedded in the fabric of the city present few burdens because they are permeable or dormant. (213)

Here, a border is termed alternately a boundary, a threshold, and a fault-line.

These descriptors are imbued with the meaning of the influence the border asserts over the populations surrounding it. A boundary is innocuous; a threshold invites, and a fault-line threatens earthquake. Borders organize or constrain; one function is helpful, the other is harmful. Borders exist in a landscape by being etched, indicating an action apart and after, or embedded, an action part of other actions. The final two qualities borders can exhibit, permeability or dormancy, also indicate either harmlessness or potential threat. These concepts are enacted in Hemingway's fiction, where war and violence are the primary methods that activate dormant borders, and in Rushdie's fiction the partition etched between India and its Pakistani wings creates a fault-line that claimed the lives of thousands. Borders between European states were once organizational only, but WWI transformed dormant dividing lines into barriers that actively constrain and either afford liberty or impose servility, similarly to how religious divisions and nationalist goals activated the Deccan peninsula into a war zone.

Calame and Charlesworth further analyze the evolution of borders from their origins as temporary divisions.

These barricades are generally intended to be temporary. They are created as stop-gap measures pending a negotiated settlement. Many urban partitions that were erected hastily in anticipation of diplomatic intervention have, however, remained in place for decades. Their construction has consumed large sums of public land and funding, and their maintenance has called for the creation of entirely new military and paramilitary entities that were formerly unnecessary. This frequently suits the political aims of key participants in the ethnic conflict. The British Mandate administrations of the twentieth century provide a good example, as they failed to decide whether partition would be a

temporary or permanent byproduct of devolution, deferred the issue of boundaries, population movement, compensation. . . resulting in [boundary disputes in] Kashmir, Ulster . . . that remain still unresolved. (Schaeffer 1990: 114–15) (218)

The language of devolution and deferment indicates that partitions can be used to segment off something to be dealt with later. The example cited here is Kashmir, a northern province of India that was partitioned into Pakistan and is the landscape for much of Rushdie's imaginative fiction. When building armies to patrol unnecessary walls diverts resources from other activities, Rushdie's fiction responds by looking at the situation from new angles.

Calame and Charlesworth's terminology is concrete because it is based in evidence gathered through research, observation, and anecdote, but it is still theoretical in that it describes trends in data rather than individual experiences⁴. We need data to understand our world but fiction to understand ourselves; fiction narrates experience, regardless of whether or not it fits into a pattern. The language social science uses to describe border crossing data and patterns contrasts the language Hemingway and Rushdie use, which takes a more intimate perspective of what happens when a border cuts through a place and when a person cuts across a dividing line. Patterns are impersonal and external, whereas fiction gives us the perspective from inside the experience, rather than looking at ourselves from above as merely complying with a general tendency.

I. Embodied Border Crossing in Hemingway's Fiction

The way that a body is transformed as a consequence of crossing a border indicates the stakes of that border, and Hemingway's borders range from arbitrary to

lethal. The higher the stakes of the border the more Hemingway's narrations of border crossing show the experience as an embodied one, a physical struggle in which the border is seen to present an obstacle that the body must surmount. This active, embodied narration contrasts the indifference of bureaucratic procedures for crossing borders. Hemingway narrates border crossing with an acute awareness of the body and the space that the body occupies, showing either a connection or a disconnection between the characters and their landscapes. Border crossings are comprehensive lived experiences that impact individuals differently and are not merely neutral government checkpoints.

In the four novels *The Sun Also Rises* (1926), *A Farewell to Arms* (1929), *To Have and Have Not* (1937), and *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940) Hemingway narrates border crossing as embodied through sensory observation, through physical exertion equated with spiritual transcendence, through radical violence, and through negotiating permissions of new bureaucracy to defend primordial relationships with the land.

Hemingway's form and meaning are very closely aligned, and his prose style expresses the function he assigns his novels, "to take what is not palpable and make it palpable and also have it seem normal and so that it can become a part of the experience of the person who reads it" (Phillips 16)⁵. Hemingway narrates the "sequence of motion and fact"⁶ as precisely as the English language allows so that readers can incorporate the experience represented with language into their own lived experiences. At the syntactical level, Hemingway adheres to the simplest rules of English grammar and makes very few grammatical transformations to each sentence; he refrains from adding clauses or modifiers or re-ordering syntax away from the subject-verb-object formula⁷.

His prose does not deviate from the essential form because what he wants to communicate is the essence, not the ornament, of the experience.

This simplicity and directness is true on the micro level of the sentence and the macro level of the novel, making Hemingway's narrations linear and chronological. This commitment to chronology allows Hemingway to draw out specific moments and inhabit the intimacy of a scene because, until that point in time is complete, the story cannot move forward. Nail argues that limits modulate the speed of flows of human motion, and the narrations of border crossing in Hemingway's fiction are slowed to a halt and given close attention, zooming in on the body and the land (or the water) to show what happens when one moves across the other.

Primordial Survival in *The Sun Also Rises*

After he wrote his first novel in 1926, *Torrents of Spring*—his only work dealing with domestic American life—Hemingway set his stories in Europe and his characters navigate the borders forged during WWI. *The Sun Also Rises* is set between Spain and France, in the bullfighting rings of the Basque country that straddles the boundary between nations. Basque people and their territory represent a pre WWI Europe that was more concerned with borders organized for cultural allegiance than for national sovereignty. English and Americans breeze across the national boundary that slices through the middle of Basque country with a wave of a passport, while passportless Basques are prevented from legitimized crossing. This reality narrated in *The Sun Also Rises* shows how the border holds different consequences for people of different statuses. The old Basque man does not have the proper documents to legitimize his body

to meet the official requirements, and so he is forced to physically struggle against the border, while the foreigners, documents in hand, navigate the border effortlessly.

Just then an old man with long, sunburned hair and beard, and clothes that looked as though they were made of gunny-sacking came striding up to the bridge. He was carrying a long staff, and he had a kid slung on his back, tied by the fur legs, the head hanging down.

The carabineer waved him back with his sword. The man turned without saying anything, and started back up the white road into Spain.

“What’s the matter with the old one?” I asked.

“He hasn’t got any passport.”

I offered the guard a cigarette. He took it and thanked me.

“What will he do?” I asked.

The guard spat in the dust.

“Oh, he’ll just wade across the stream.”

“Do they have much smuggling?”

“Oh,” he said, “they go through.”

The chauffeur came out, folding up the papers and putting them in the inside pocket of his coat. We all got in the car and it started up the white dusty road into Spain. For a while, the country was much as it had been; then, climbing all the time, we crossed the top of a Col, the road winding back and forth on itself, and then it was really Spain. There were long brown mountains and a few pines and far-off forests of beech-trees on some of the mountainsides. The road went along the summit of the Col and then dropped down. The driver had to honk, and turn out to avoid running into two donkeys that were sleeping in the middle of the road. We came out down of the mountains and through an oak forest. Down below there were grassy plains and clear streams, and then we crossed a stream and went through a gloomy little village, and started to climb again. We climbed up and up and crossed another high Col and turned along it, and the road ran down to the right, and we saw a whole new range of mountains off to the south, all brown and baked-looking and furrowed in strange shapes (98-99).

It takes some time after having his papers verified for Jake to actually feel as though he is in a different place. He describes the land as appearing “much as it had been” and only after the car clears the top of a hill is it “really Spain.” The descriptions of the land are told with clarity and precision, but there is a delayed reaction in perceiving the place as different because the landscape on both sides of the river is continuous. Because Jake is unaffected by the border, he feels no internal change to reflect the external transition that has taken place. He is attentive to the landscape in order to register the visual

change, a “new range of mountains” in “strange shapes,” but there is nothing that Jake has had to overcome in order to move across the border so any strangeness or newness he feels in himself is a result of a mental process, not a physical one that has affected his body.

The border does not demand of the Americans the physical action of walking and wading that it requires of the old Spanish man, but almost every sentence in the description of the landscape indicates action, infusing a passive observations with as much motion as possible. One of the two sentences that opens with passive description, “Down below there were grassy plains and clear streams,” is included to indicate the presence of the stream that they then cross over, returning the sentence to precise action. Even though Jake’s body is physically disengaged from the land, he is actively watching it and his sidelined experience of the border is narrated with very active grammar to show that he is taking it in, just in the least degree possible: visually, with his eyes only.

Because there are few adjectives modifying the climbing and winding actions used to cross the border, in the sentence, “We all got in the car and it started up the white dusty road into Spain,” the simple adjectives “white” and “dusty” pop out of the passage. Hemingway recycles these same words, subtly transformed, over one hundred pages later when Jake crosses back out of Spain, narrating, “We came over the mountains and out of Spain and down the white roads and through the overfoliated, wet, green Basque country, and finally into Bayonne. We left Bill’s baggage at the station, and he bought a ticket to Paris (232). The car was powdered with dust. I rubbed the rod-case through the dust. It seemed the last thing that connected me with Spain and the fiesta” (236). What else is white and dusty? Bones? Ashes? The past? Extreme

discretion in the inclusion of adjectives causes these words to stand out, and because almost every sentence follows the simplest English grammatical structure of subject, verb, object, the reader intuitively observes repetitions and deviations. “Up the white dusty road into Spain” is very clearly echoed in “out of Spain and down the white roads.” There are no extraneous clauses to sort through. The echoes are there, and the emphasis is made through grammatical relief carving that clears the passage of any unnecessary modifiers. The second time, Jake does not just look at the white roads, he physically rubs his hand in the dust from the road left on the car, making the most trivial connection between himself and the border land, and adding a single tactile description to his litany of sensory ones.

Hemingway’s untransformed grammar allows him to leave space for things unspoken to emerge between the sentences. In his opinion, “If a writer of prose knows enough about what he is writing about he may omit things that he knows and the reader, if the writer is writing truly enough, will have a feeling of those things as strongly as though the writer had stated them” (Phillips 77). Jake’s last crossing into Spain is narrated with a different pace and different vocabulary, but still in terms of using a vehicle for transportation across the border. Jake rapidly reports, “I stood in line with my passport, opened my bags for the customs, bought a ticket, went through a gate, climbed on a train, and after forty minutes and eight tunnels I was at San Sebastian” (236).’ Here, the descriptors of the white and dusty roads and the up and down motions are omitted and replaced with a gate, a train, forty minutes, and eight tunnels. Jake travels through the Spanish earth, but does not continue to actively narrate the process nor to engage with anything living. Crossing the border still has no effect on Jake’s status and so he embodies the experience minimally. Jake abides by the neutral

procedures of bureaucracy and his connection to the country is similarly neutral; he watches it rather than participates in it. Even when he changes countries he is unchanged; he never overcomes a risk. This is in stark contrast to the Spaniards and Basques who assume risk, without crossing a border by entering into the bullfighting ring, a primordial theater of survival. For the bullfighter, the bullfight is “fixed in the stage of sacrifice, where the bull must actually die” (Josephs 229). To kill is to affirm life, and all Jake can do is watch.

Incantation and Ascension in *A Farewell to Arms*

Where the border between Spain and France was indifferent towards Jake’s status, the border between Italy and Switzerland turns Henry and Catherine, the protagonists of *A Farewell to Arms*, from soldier and nurse into fugitive civilians. By crossing the border they enter the atavistic theater of survival where they risk death in crossing between occupied Italy-at-arms and neutral Switzerland. The stakes of the border are much greater and consequentially the characters are transformed in greater ways by crossing. Narrated with a supplicatory rhythm of incantation in terms that parallel those of religious ascension, Henry and Catherine embody the transcendent experience, and in doing so defy death.

This risk of death is the unspoken threat hanging above all of Hemingway’s narrations of border crossings, but he does not articulate it until a passage in his 1950 *Across the River and Into the Trees*, set in Venice after WWII.

Death is a lot of shit, he thought. It comes to you in small fragments that hardly show where it has entered. It comes, sometimes, atrociously. It can come from unboiled water; an un-pulled-up mosquito boot, or it can come with the great, white-hot, clanging roar we have lived with. It comes in small cracking

whispers that precede the noise of the automatic weapon. It can come with the smoke emitting arc of the grenade, or the sharp, cracking drop of the mortar.

I have seen it come, loosening itself from the bomb rack, and falling with that strange curve. It comes in the metallic rending crash of a vehicle, or the simple lack of traction on a slippery road.

It comes in bed to most people, I know, like love's opposite number. I have lived with it nearly all my life and dispensing of it has been my trade. But what can I tell this girl now on this cold, windy morning in the Gritti Palace Hotel? (202)

This is the seed of worry that Henry carries as he prepares to row out of Italy and into Switzerland.

But, instead of dwelling on the possibility of death, he asks about paperwork. The same preoccupation with passports and official documents recalls Jake's conversation in *The Sun Also Rises*.

"What's the procedure in going to Switzerland?"

"For you? The Italians wouldn't let you out of the country."

"Yes, I know that. But the Swiss. What will they do?"

"They'll intern you."

"I know. But what's the mechanics of it? (241)"

...

"Have you got a passport? You won't get far without a passport."

"Yes, I've still got my passport."

...

"You just row a boat across (242)."

Including a discussion of procedural requirements is a reminder that national borders are legally monitored spaces with protocol for crossing. There is a clearly outlined procedure for legally entering and exiting a place, but those stipulations exclude people who have more primordial goals, like extracting themselves from the futile violence of war. Conceptually, Italy and Switzerland are divided by their national decisions to engage in combat or not. The physical places that correspond to the ideologies of combat or no combat are separated by the physical obstacle of the lake. Officially, Henry and Catherine do not have permission to cross the border, but the only

thing that literally separates them from the status they no longer want (military service), and the status they do (liberty) is the lake. In the narration of crossing, the procedural requisites and official expectations of the border as a divisive concept are superseded by physical struggle in which Henry and Catherine engage as they row across the water.

I rowed in the dark keeping the wind in my face. The rain had stopped and only came in occasional gusts. It was very dark, and the wind was very cold...I knew my hands would blister and I wanted to delay it as long as I could...I could not see, and hoped we would soon come opposite Pallanza.

We never saw Pallanza. The wind was blowing up the lake and we passed the point that hides Pallanza in the dark and never saw the lights...It was quite rough; but I kept on rowing, until suddenly we were close ashore against a point of rock that rose beside us; the waves striking against it, rushing high up, then falling back...

I rowed all night. Finally my hands were so sore I could hardly close them over the oars. We were nearly smashed up on the shore several times...The rain stopped and the wind drove the clouds so that the dark moon shone through and looking back I could see the dark point of Castagnola and the lake with white-caps and beyond, the moon on the high snow mountains...All the time I was rowing.

Writer and critic Derek Walcott describes Hemingway's style of narrating with simplistic language as "incantatory, almost sacred." Even though the vocabulary is not laden with liturgical terms, in the structure of the narration "there's a vibration that enters the prose that is genuine—it's very close to prayer." Hemingway's simple, repetitive prose echoes like supplicatory incantation, especially when the scene being narrated is one inspiring awe. In this passage the prayer is to make it to the other side, and the act of rowing is the subject of the prayer, with Henry narrating "I rowed / I kept on rowing / I rowed all night / All the time I was rowing." The monosyllabic "row" reverberates throughout the narration in different forms, providing a concrete point of fixation in the larger scope of the act of deserting the army and fleeing to a foreign country.

For Walcott, not only are Hemingway's characters praying, chanting for something, but also prose itself is "very close to ritual veneration. Of language. Word by word⁸." Language itself is worthy of veneration, and by elevating language at the border to the cadence of prayer, language is held as sacred while communicating the essential emotion of the scene as one of reverent communion with the divine during a period of uncertainty and toil. Because the text can only represent rowing and cannot actually embody rowing, for the purpose of writing, the words themselves become the objects and reading, writing, or saying them becomes the action.

The scene continues:

We went out on the lake...I was tired...I knew I had to pass that mountain and go up the lake at least five miles further before we would be in Swiss water.

...

I did not know where we were and wanted to get into the Swiss part of the lake...If we were that close to the border I did not want to be hailed by a sentry along the road...

"I think we're in Switzerland, Cat," I said.

"Really?"

"There's no way to know until we see the Swiss troops."

"Or the Swiss navy."

...

The wind was still blowing outside up the lake and we could see the tops of the white caps going away from us and up the lake. I was sure we were in Switzerland now...The road came quite close to the lake and I saw a soldier coming out of a café on the road. He wore a gray-green uniform and had a helmet like the Germans...

"We must be well inside the border," I said.

"We want to be sure, darling. We don't want them to turn us back at the frontier."

"The frontier is a long way back. I think this is the customs town. I'm pretty sure it's Brissago."

...

I pulled hard on the left oar and came in close, then straightened out when we were close to the quay and brought the boat alongside. I pulled in the oars, took hold of an iron ring, stepped up on the wet stone and was in Switzerland. I tied the boat and held my hand down to Catherine.

"Come on up, Cat. It's a grand feeling."

...

Catherine stepped up and we were in Switzerland together.

...
 “Isn’t it a grand country? I love the way it feels under my shoes.”
 “I’m so stiff I can’t feel it very well. But it feels like a splendid country.
 Darling, do you realize we’re here and out of that bloody place?”
 “I do. I really do. I’ve never realized anything before.”
 ...
 “And we’re here, darling! Do you realize we’re here?” (270-281)

The incredulity at arriving captures the sense of awe that might accompany witnessing a miracle. Also, the feeling of disbelief echoes what Jake felt at the edge of Spain: being there is not the same as understanding what it means to be there. The body crosses a border at one pace, but it might take time for the mind to catch up. The scene concludes with an extension of the religious tone and an alternative metaphor for crossing borders.

They arrested us after breakfast...But we had passports and we would spend the money. So they gave us provisional visas.
 “Can you realize we’re in Switzerland?”
 “No, I’m afraid I’ll wake up and it won’t be true.”
 “I am too...I’m so groggy I don’t know.”
 “Let me see your hands.”
 I pulled them out. They were both blistered raw.
 “There’s no hole in my side,” I said.
 “Don’t be sacrilegious.”
 I felt very tired and vague in the head. The exhilaration was all gone.
 “Poor hands,” Catherine said.
 “Don’t touch them,” I said. “By God I don’t know where we are.”
 ...
 “You’re just tired. You’ve been up a long time.”
 “Anyhow, we’re here.”
 “Yes, we’re really here.” (284-5)

During the crossing the focus shifts away from the procedure of passports to the embodied struggle and finally to transcendence—of the law, of the border, of the water, and of the body. The parallel between the blisters on Henry’s hands and the holes in Christ’s creates an image of ascension, of entering a new realm. Even though the allusion is made only peripherally and quickly dismissed by Catherine, the result of the

image is to draw a connection between the act of border crossing and Christ's ascension, as though struggling through to the other side of the border also leads to a new state of being a not just a new place of being. Similar to incorporating the body of Christ in a communion ritual, Henry has incorporated a Christ-like experience into his body. The effect is that he achieves a closer connection to something awe-inducing, something like divine mystery.

While this is the only explicit reference to the body of crucified Christ, the tone throughout the passage builds to one of reverent awe. This is contrasted with the procedural tone of Henry's conversation immediately before the crossing. Henry accepts the official procedures for border crossing without question, but he and Catherine have a much harder time accepting the act itself. They successfully row into Switzerland, but they are unsure how to respond to their new status as Americans in Switzerland once they arrive. Because the story is narrated in the third person, the reader has limited access inside the characters' heads. As they try to accept their new reality their tone is full of awe that they have achieved something that feels as miraculous as the ascension of Christ.

In contrast to the uncertain dialogue of disbelief between Henry and Catherine as to their whereabouts, the unifying thread of the passage is the way the Henry embodies the fact of his hands and the motion of rowing into a sort of ascension. By concentrating the narration on a specific physical feature, Hemingway primes the reader to accept that blisters mean something more. The blisters are real, but the concern with wounded hands, the mention of a hole in one's side, and the tone of disbelief, as though the Swiss ground under their shoes were a miracle, lets the wounds remain raw, oozing blisters but also allude to something greater.

Incorporating Violence in *To Have and Have Not*

Protagonist Harry Morgan kills many men in *To Have and Have Not*, and in the process is shot, thus incorporating the transformative violence of the aqueous and highly permeable border between Florida and Cuba into his body. Harry is coerced into shuttling Cuban criminals from Key West to Havana, and a border that had often been innocuous is activated to one of heightened risk the moment his freight is alive. The stakes of this border are lethal and sudden, ruthless violence transforms Harry's body irreparably. He bares the scars of the border for the rest of his life. The border causes people to morph and to die, but to the natural world the border remains just an ocean, where the Gulf Stream flows and the fish feed. Hemingway's use of sensory details narrating the natural environment that national borders occupy shows the border's physical legacy and that the natural world is indifferent to the political lines people have superimposed onto it.

In *To Have and Have Not* the whole landscape is the border. Previously, the border has been a feature of the physical landscape that is inscribed with bureaucratic meaning: the stream separates France from Spain; the lake separates Italy from Switzerland. The ocean border separating Florida and Cuba is a ninety-mile span that offers a wide space for transformations. Hemingway modulates the pace of his linear narrations by slowing down crucial moments, but because the whole landscape itself constitutes the border, he also adjusts the angles of perspective. He narrates that expanse from different heights, starting high enough to see the full size of the border and moving in close enough to show what being there is like.

Hemingway describes the expanse of Florida-Cuba border in terms of water and light, illustrating the living natural landscape.

Well, I killed the engine and climbed up forward to have a look around. All there was to see was the two smacks off to the westward headed in, and way back the dome of the Capitol standing up white out of the edge of the sea. There was some gulfweed on the Stream and a few birds working, but not many. I sat up there awhile on top of the house and watched, but the only fish I saw were those little brown ones that use around the gulfweed. Brother, don't let anybody tell you there isn't plenty of water between Havana and Key West. I was just on the edge of it. (41-2)

Later, the border is narrated as the place of darkness between the dueling afterglows the two cities.

It would be a pretty night to cross, he thought, a pretty night. Soon as the last of that afterglow is gone I've got to work her east. If I don't, we'll sight the glare of Havana in another hour. In two, anyway. Soon as he sees the glare it may occur to that son-of-a-bitch to kill me (164).

Between the afterglow and the glare is the limbo where Harry's value as the navigator evaporates as soon as the Cuban men know they are on their side of the line. To show when Harry's safety dissolves into risk Hemingway narrates the light. This brings the narrative perspective down to the level of Harry's experience of crossing when the border is ignited into violence.

Hemingway shows the shape of the border from the outside, to keep the bigness of the thing in the novels' peripheral vision but also brings the lens right onto the boat with Harry, not to be him in the first person sense as he kills the men, but to be right next to him, looking over his shoulder, to take in the experience as a firsthand witness. The chapter in which Henry kills the Cubans and reverses direction before ever entering Cuban water is told, technically, in third person, but Harry's thoughts are integrated so completely into the narration that his first person thinking exceeds the third person framework that qualifies it.

The narration shows Harry preparing to kill the men on the boat: “He tightened the two grease cups a turn and a half each. Quit stalling, he said to himself. Quit stalling. Where’re your balls now? Under my chin I guess, he thought” (170-171). This is a form of free indirect style where the narration assumes the tone and perspective of the character it narrates. A fluid third person narrator keeps the frame wide enough to show the terror of the whole situation, not just the vantage point of one character.

Keeping the narration outside of the character makes it possible to show the tension between internal thought and external action. For Hemingway’s characters, action is the requirement and thinking is a luxury; Hemingway’s “focus on action incorporates consciousness into an urgent external situation and does not ignore it or fail to understand the functioning of the mind’ (80)” (228). This externalization of consciousness is what makes narrations of high-stakes border crossing desperate rather than indulgent, as it was for Jake⁹. Harry is crossing a border at the peripheral edge of places and is stretched to the edge of his abilities. At the border, what the mind thinks the body must immediately manifest. There is no room for doubt, and thinking and doing happen more quickly, which is why Hemingway constantly adjusts the both the point of view and the pace in *To Have and Have Not* as violence erupts suddenly but the border’s natural life continues its slow normalcy.

In 1926 a *New York Times* reviewer described *The Sun Also Rises* as “a gripping story, told in a lean, hard athletic narrative prose¹⁰.” Hemingway’s prose is certainly “lean” in that rarely have his sentences undergone transformations. His style is streamlined and fit, enabling the narration to jump quickly between registers and also to extend a moment for much longer than it lasts in real time, to expose it in slow motion. Hard, lean, athletic prose affords the endurance necessary to take one moment and

stretch it; to draw it out and pull it taut and then let it snap back into the flow of time.

The narration of this chain of events is athletic in its changes of speed, rapidly narrating “As he stood up, holding the Thompson gun in his left hand, looking around before shutting the hatch with the hook on his right arm, the Cuban who had lain on the port bunk and had been three times shot through the left shoulder, two shots going into the gas tank, sat up, took careful aim, and shot him in the belly” (172). The narration races with one unbroken sentence, and while the grammar’s lack of full stop builds momentum, there is still an athletic exactness in specifying which shoulder, which side of the boat, and how many shots. Hemingway’s style uses grammar to drive the speed of action and then zooms out and takes several pages to reveal whether or not Harry survives, even inserting a buffer single-page chapter about a totally different topic to lengthen the moment and build the tension, almost like panning the audience before zooming back in to see if the bullfighter in the ring has bled out yet¹¹.

Border crossing in *To Have and Have Not* is described in terms of the ocean landscape rather than recounting any compliance or non compliance with official procedure. The officials are peripheral, and they always show up after the fact. They are farther from the action than the carabinieri in *The Sun Also Rises* and the Swiss police in *A Farewell to Arms*. After Harry kills the Cubans his boat “drifted broadside to the gentle north wind about ten miles outside of the north-bound tanker lanes, gay looking in her fresh white and green, against the dark, blue Gulf Stream water. There was no sign of life on her although the body of a man showed, rather inflated looking, above the gunwale” (179). Harry’s body is disfigured and contorted and near death. He is shot, drained, inflated, and burned as a result of this particular attempt at crossing the border. Greedy fish feed on the leaking organs of the men he killed and on his own

steadily dripping blood. When Harry shoots the last Cuban Hemingway makes the comparison, “Touching the head, the gun made a noise like hitting a pumpkin with a club” (172). Death is depicted as a natural process rather than a cultural one. The swaying motion of the boat, the sound of pistol reports, and the smell of flesh rotting in the sun eliminate any space for consideration of things like passports or checkpoints.

Survival requires the acuity of all senses, and while official procedures are indifferent to lived experience, the borderland itself is also indifferent to the violence caused by bureaucracy etching a border into water. The stakes of the Key West-Havana border violently transformed Harry’s body, but no matter how fraught the border becomes it will never affect the ocean.

Negotiating Space in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*

Hemingway narrates the border between nations in *The Sun Also Rises* as an arbitrary division and the border in *To Have and Have Not* as a lethal zone. In *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, Hemingway depicts the border between sides of the Spanish Civil War as both arbitrary and lethal. The constitution of the border itself is flimsy; there is no lake or ocean to overcome. So far, topography corresponds to the risk and the stakes of the borders Hemingway narrates. There is a correlation between the ease of navigating the official procedures of the border and the physical land or water form that each border occupies. There is logic to the degree of injury Harry sustains and the degree of risk that comes from moving thieves and their stolen goods between countries. Here, all of the risk of death that was contained in a dangerous gunfight across miles of the Gulf Stream is condensed into a single negotiation across a wire. The placement of the body still matters, but death would not be caused by characters failing to get their

bodies to the safe side of the line, but because they get there without official permission. Violence is a possibility because of official procedure not in an effort to avoid it.

Hemingway said of his own writing, “There isn’t any symbolism. The sea is the sea. The old man is the old man. The boy is the boy and the fish is a fish. The sharks are all sharks no better and no worse. All the symbolism that people say is shit. What goes beyond is what you see beyond when you know” (Phillips 4). Hemingway describes pine needles in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and repeats them enough times in enough ways so that they become the architecture to support the reference, the thing between which something else can be seen or felt. Rather than using symbols as references as stand-ins, Hemingway uses the language of literal things to construct a space that allows room for other emotions to be felt and other ideas to filter through. Pine needles do not symbolize peace and safety and trust; pine needles are just pine needles. It is when and where the pine needles are placed in the story and how they are included in the sentence that allows them to conjure something beyond.

After *Death in the Afternoon* and *The Sun Also Rises*, Hemingway returned to Spain as his setting, but Spain at war rather than Spain at the bullfight. According to Allen Josephs, “Spain, especially in Hemingway’s early years there, was still very much a primordial place. For Hemingway, Spain was ‘the only country that had not been shot to pieces,’” and, in writing about it, Hemingway was always “trying to get at the ‘real thing,’” to set down “‘the sequence of motion and fact’ that produced the emotion” (224). In *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, the recurrent narration of the natural landscape establishes Spain’s primordial setting, but the border crossings narrated in the story are events that require negotiations between people rather than just between man and nature.

The young man, whose name was Robert Jordan, was extremely hungry and he was worried. He was often hungry but he was not often worried because he did not give any importance to what happened to himself and he knew from experience how simple it was to move behind enemy lines in this country. It was as simple to move behind them as it was to cross through them, if you had a good guide. It was only giving importance to what happened if you were caught that made it difficult, that and deciding whom to trust. You had to trust the people you worked with completely or not at all, and you had to make decisions about the trusting. (4)

From the first pages of the novel borders are described as boundaries that require trust and sound guidance to navigate. Borders are points where verbal negotiation is necessary to secure physical safety. This introduction to Robert Jordan includes mostly facts, but later when a character crosses a dangerous border the sequence is one of motion, and the actions are the only facts that matter.

The young rebel soldier Andrés incorporates the experience of crossing out of enemy mountains back into the rebel territory through exaggerated awareness of it in every part of his body, from his hands on his gun to his face in the dirt. As he stands at the armed border he knows that he is moments away from either safety or death and that which of these two extremes will become his fate depends solely on his ability to negotiate with the sentries. He is especially desperate because he is not just negotiating for his own safety but for the preservation of the rebel cause contained in the message he carries. The stakes are exceedingly high. His words are what will save or condemn him and getting his body through the wire is the only thing that matters. This is another instance of the compression of thought and action, but here applied before violence is imminent and in order to avoid it.

The passage in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, however, is narrated very differently from *To Have and Have Not* and *Farewell to Arms*; here the tone is sardonic, and the

dark humor emphasizes Andrés' desperation to get the negotiation over with and fulfill his task of delivering the message.

Andrés had challenged at the government position. That is, he had lain down where the ground fell sharply away below the triple belt of wire and shouted up at the rock and earth parapet. There was no continual defensive line and he could easily have passed this government position in the dark and made his way further into government territory before running into someone who would challenge him. But it seemed simpler and safer to get it over here.

...
He heard a bolt snick as it was pulled back. Then, from farther down the parapet, a rifle fired. There was a crashing crack and a downward stab of yellow in the dark. Andrés had flattened at the click, the top of his head hard against the ground.

"Don't shoot, Comrades," Andrés shouted. "Don't shoot! I want to come in."

...
"The best thing is to toss a bomb at him."
"No," Andrés shouted. "That would be a great mistake. This is important. Let me come in."

It was for this reason that he had never enjoyed trips back and forth between the lines. Sometimes it went better than others. But it was never good...

Andrés stood up and put the carbine above his head, holding it in both hands.

"Now come through the wire. We have thee covered with the *maquina*," the voice called.

Andrés was in the first zigzag belt of wire. "I need my hands to get through the wire," he shouted.

...
He was working his way through the wire...
"I say nothing. Do not shoot until I get through this fornicating wire."
"Do not speak badly of our wire," some one shouted. "Or we'll toss a bomb on you."

"What beautiful wire. God in a latrine. What lovely wire. Soon I will be with thee, brothers."

...
He was working carefully through the third belt of the wire and he was very close to the parapet...

"He is a coreligionary of ours," the bomb man said. "And I might have killed him with this."

He looked at the grenade in his hand and was deeply moved as Andrés climbed over the parapet...

"I command thee," a man said. "Let me see thy papers." (372-5)

The tone of this passage is decidedly irreverent, with “God in a latrine” rejecting any religious shading. Here, the border is what Calame and Charlesworth would call a permeable barricade dividing a place that was once seamless, a barricade controlled by armed men whose services were unnecessary prior to the barricade¹². It is temporary, unstable—just loops of twisted metal cordoning off a pile of rocks and earth, theoretically making it easier to negotiate, since it is not governed by the same entrenched procedures as borders between sovereign nations. This boundary is less official and more literal, and literally it is not particularly imposing. The barricade is constructed using “rock and earth” materials of Spain’s natural legacy. It seems to Andrés absurd that it should take so much effort to crawl under wire back onto his own side without being assaulted. The comical tone reflects the arbitrariness of the border itself. This is not the Gulf of Mexico or the Pyrenees or a border manifesting that that the earth abideth forever¹³; it is just a stretch of wire. Once Andrés holds the carbine above his head, every sentence until he is in the parapet contains the word “wire,” emphasizing the temporariness of the border. The danger at the border comes not from its constitution but from the erratic and belligerent behavior of the men guarding it.

The scene is almost a farce of border guards and border crossers. Young Andrés stands at the wire and shouts, “Don’t shoot! I want to come in,” which is the essential supplication everyone makes at every border they cross. The sentries’ reaction is grossly disproportionate: “The best thing is to toss a bomb at him.” A man means no harm and just wants to step across the arbitrary wire, while other people threaten him with bombs. The brief exchange exemplifies the tragic absurdity of the militarization of Europe’s borders is. Arming an organizational border is an unnecessary invitation for violence, etching a fault line into the natural landscape. The diction of “toss,” a casual,

playful word linked to the militaristic, destructive “bomb” shows the fragility of life at the border, how easily the arc of death can fall on someone on the wrong side of the line.

Hemingway’s Activated Borders

Hemingway’s narrations of border crossing are heavy with tension between salvation and violent death. The borders his characters cross, as Americans, British, or Spanish citizens within Spain, could be harmless divisions that hold no threat, as they are in *The Sun Also Rises*, but once they are activated through war or crime (as the Cubans who rob a bank) then the borders themselves contain a primordial challenge to survival. Survival is particularly important to Hemingway’s characters because they are less expatriates on vacations or scholarly tours and closer to pilgrims searching to restore something sacred to their lives¹⁴. Their presence on different sides of international borders, most of which are not their home countries, contradicts prescribed border politics intended to contain people, but their border crossings are not political statements; they are personal needs.

In the scenes discussed above, there is less victory in being on the other side of the border than there is in having survived the struggle to get there. The struggle itself is what is narrated with such precise attention to sensory detail, carefully constructed allusions, and tensely negotiated conversation. Action slows at the border crossing, and people must face themselves in order to overcome the obstacle the border presents. Once the border has forced the characters to act in ways they otherwise might not have had to, transformations to their bodies are the testament, from gunshot wounds to a new sensitivity of how the ground feels under one’s shoes.

II. Embodied Border Crossing in Rushdie's Fiction

Rushdie's embodied narrations of border crossings also show characters' bodies physically transforming as a result of crossing borders, but these changes are more metaphorical than those depicted by Hemingway. Rushdie is often classified as a postmodernist or magical realist writer and his novels describe the dilemmas of recent history and our current world through largely allegorical terms. While the bodies of Rushdie's characters are affected by border crossing in ways that are as visceral as those Hemingway narrates, the physical transformations endured by Rushdie's characters are also symbolic of conceptual changes like shifts in identity, allegiance, and belonging.

Rushdie narrates border crossings in the novels *Midnight's Children* (1981), *Shame* (1983), *The Satanic Verses* (1988), and *The Ground Beneath Her Feet* using four overarching techniques: the metaphor of person as place; networked chronology; allegorical transformation; and out of body experiences splitting the body from the mind. In each of these novels and using each of these metaphorical and allegorical frameworks, Rushdie's style is that of playful storyteller, drawing on traditions from classical antiquity, South Asian mythology, and global pop culture. The four novels examined here are told by a framing first person narrator who acts like the puppeteer shaping new myths for a world where people's cultures and their bodies are not necessarily in the same place at the same time.

Since his first novel was published, Rushdie has been read politically and critics have positioned his novels in the trajectories of postcolonialism and cosmopolitanism. Those particular categories of global thought are more concerned with larger ideas of identity and belonging and do not make particularly close readings of Rushdie's text at the level of language and metaphor, but they do help contextualize the borders he is

narrating. Cosmopolitan theorist Walter Mignolo refers to the “Atlantic commercial circuit” as influencing culture. The concept of a circuit is a useful construct for understanding Rushdie’s narration. His stories, unlike Hemingway’s, are not lines moving from one starting point to an ending point. Rather, Rushdie’s stories are systems, where the maintenance of a closed loop—rather than any linear succession of events—is what makes the whole thing flow. The instances of border crossings in his fiction contribute to the construction of a circuit, which loops back on itself, and fuels its own system as an independent story, regardless of the political significance that can be attributed to it. Mignolo’s view of cosmopolitanism claims that “Today, silenced and marginalized voices are bringing themselves into the conversation of cosmopolitan projects, rather than waiting to be included. This transformative project takes the form of border thinking—the recognition and transformation of the hegemonic imaginary from the perspectives of people in subaltern positions¹⁵.” Rushdie’s self-contained fiction does exactly this: reshapes the “hegemonic imaginary” in a time when borders are shifting, giving everything a chance to be reimagined from any angle.

But, looking at cosmopolitan fiction in this way is to still understand it as something offered by “people in subaltern positions” that people in other positions can take or leave, treating the modern migrant experience as optional. Rebecca Walkowitz is concerned that “Not simply in Mignolo’s work but in the work of many other theorists of cosmopolitanism there is an oscillation between a project that is defined by located bodies and experiences and a ‘border thinking’ project that is defined by analytic perspective, experimentation, and self-consciousness.” Walkowitz shows that, then, border thinking could mean either “‘a critique of modernity that minoritarian cosmopolitans embody,’” making it the actual experience itself which is then

represented by language and literature, or “a kind of ‘thinking’ for which ‘minoritarian’ experience is a ‘source’,” making cosmopolitanism, then, a theoretical framework based on one group’s experience that a different group can use as a lens for looking at global patterns¹⁶, thus moving from thinking “in concreto” to thinking in trends.

Mignolo partially resolves this oscillation himself, settling on the acknowledgment that cosmopolitan border thinking is less a theory for the global hegemonic to use to talk about oppressed populations and more of a tool for understanding how transnational forces like politics, war, and trade play out on the ground level. Mignolo concludes that “cosmopolitanism today has to become border thinking, critical and dialogic, from the perspective of those local histories that had to deal all along with global designs.” Rushdie’s novels show what an ideological form or imaginary matrix actually look like when applied. Walkowitz is correct in saying that border thinking is an act of life for some people, and as soon as it is written down it is reduced to a representation of those lives. For fiction, though, that is the goal; representation that best reflects reality, representation that uses concrete characters and events to show what global designs look like etched into the lives of individual people. Hemingway’s stories are more individualized, while Rushdie’s novels narrate ground level histories of families and groups of strangers as they navigate the borders imposed by other forces.

The Person is the Place in *Midnight’s Children*

India was born into itself at midnight on August 14th, 1947, and at the same time, the borders that included India also excluded Pakistan, splitting it into West and East wings. *Midnight’s Children’s* protagonist and principal cast of characters are the

children who were born at the same moment as the nation, who each has a fantastical power as a result. Saleem Sinai, who narrates the story as a thirty-one year old dictating his autobiography, has the power of telepathy—of crossing mental borders—and whose character serves as a synonym for the new nation of India. *Midnight's Children* is less about crossing borders and more about having borders cross a person, and in the case of Saleem, define him.

Saleem's birth and growth is indicative of India's birth and growth, and the afflictions sustained by the body of Saleem represent those endured by the country as a whole. In an elementary school classroom scene, Saleem's teacher, a Portuguese from Goa (masquerading as an Paraguayan) indicts Saleem, India, and Pakistan all at once.

Zagallo, shouting above the tumult, "Silence! Sons of baboons! Thees object here"—a tug on my nose—"thees is human geography!"

"How sir where sir what sir?"

Zagallo is laughing now. "You don't see?" he guffaws. "In the face of thees ugly ape you don't see the whole map of *India*?"

"Yes sir no sir you show us sir!"

"See here—the Deccan peninsula hanging down!" Again another ouchmynose.

"Sir if that's the map of India what are the stains sir?:"

"These stains," he cries, "are Pakistan! Thees birthmark on the right ear is the East Wing; and thees horrible stained left cheek is the West! Remember, stupid boys; Pakistan ees a stain on the face of India!" (264-5)

Saleem's face embodies the new nations of both India and Pakistan; to look at him is to face the divided, disfigured reality of the place. He is repeatedly taunted with the nickname "map-face," as though his identity were not his own so much as an expression of the nationalist self-hood that India is trying to convince itself into.

The metaphor for person as incarnation of place also occurs once in *The Satanic Verses*. The border-crossing character Saladin finds himself "dreaming of the Queen, of making tender love to the Monarch. She was the body of Britain, the avatar of the State, and he had chosen her, joined with her; she was his beloved, the moon of his delight"

(175). The State is not just the land itself but the policy and force of its government.

These are large and vague ideas to try to make sense of, but condensing a nation into one person makes it possible to interact with the entirety of a place on equal terms, to engage with a place as familiarly as though with another person.

Back in *Midnight's Children*, Saleem, the avatar of India, does not have an easy time of it. Shortly after being humiliated in by the illegitimate legacy of India's first European invaders, he loses half of a finger in a slammed door.

O eternal opposition of inside and outside! Because a human being, inside himself, is anything but whole, anything but homogenous; all kinds of everywhichting are jumbled up inside him, and he is one person one minute and another the next. The body, on the other hand, is homogenous as anything. Indivisible, a one-piece suit, a sacred temple. It is important to preserve this wholeness. But the loss of a finger has undone all that. Thus we enter a state of affairs which is nothing short of revolutionary; and its effect on history is bound to be pretty damn startling. Uncork the body and God knows what you permit to come tumbling out" (270-1)

People were seized by atavistic longings, and forgetting the new myth of freedom reverted to their old ways, their old regionalist loyalties, prejudices, and the body politic began to crack. As I said: lop off just one fingertip and you never know what fountains of confusion you will unleash. (281)

Here, not only is Saleem a metaphor for place, but the people of India are a metaphor for the new nation's lifeblood. Saleem calls a body a "homogenous temple." The idea that the nation can be contained in a human body is a political delusion. National skin is more easily breached than that of the human body, and people pour in and out of places all the time, whether or not that is something politics wants to admit as a reality. As Nail establishes, stasis is the myth and constant flow is the norm. Establishing a limit does not mean a flow of motion is cut off, only that it is redirected or altered in speed.

In Saleem's India, there were attempts to create more divisions, but this results in violence. Saleem begins his narration of the language marches as an observer, but

because he is India and India is in him, he roughly rolls down a hill into the mob and is nearly trampled.

Language marchers demanded the partition of the state of Bombay along linguistic boundaries—the dream of Maharashtra was at the head of some processions, the mirage of Gujarat led the others forward. Heat, gnawing at the mind's divisions between fantasy and reality, made anything seem possible; the half-waking chaos of afternoon siestas fogged men's brains, and the air was filled with the sickness of aroused desires. (191)

India had been divided anew. But the boundaries of these states were not formed by rivers or mountains, or any natural features of the terrain; they were, instead, walls of words. Language divided us: Kerala was for speakers of Malayalam, in Karnataka you were supposed to speak Kanarese; and the amputated state of Madras—known today as Tamil Nadu—enclosed the aficionados of Tamil.

The more arbitrary divisions that are created, the more violent disputes over the placement of those divisions will result. The question of language itself is also crucial to interpreting Rushdie's larger techniques of narration; his patterns of syntax are intelligible in English, but do not follow conventional rules for grammar. Whereas Hemingway's sentences have undergone minimal transformations, Rushdie's phrasing itself has been transformed so drastically that the original rules governing its structure are no longer discernable. As people flow, words flow with them.

Rushdie transforms English to make it tell what he needs it to tell. As Walkowitz says, "Rushdie's locution, what seems like infelicitous repetition, produces aberrant grammar" (137)¹⁷. Rushdie's grammar is deviant and his narration echoes itself much like Hemingway's does, with particular phrasing repeated almost but not exactly. Saleem describes of his own body "Rip crunch crack—while road surfaces split in the awesome heat, I, too, am being hurried towards disintegration. What-gnaws-on bones will not be denied for long" (442), and later the total dissolution of the body is narrated in similar terms in the final pages.

Because Saleem is India, as he disintegrates the conclusion of the novel is darkly optimistic. He is dismembered by the rush of the crowd in an almost Bacchaen sacrifice, his body dispersed so that the greater nation can live on.

I am being buffeted right and left while rip tear crunch reaches its climax, and my body is screaming, it cannot take this kind of treatment any more...they throng around me pushing shoving crushing, and the cracks are widening, pieces of my body are falling off (532).

Rushdie's diction and grammar here and elsewhere uses verbs in triplicate, a way of creating a cadence for English that is derived from India's other languages. Shalija Sharma cites how Rushdie "translates Hindi and Urdu demotic speech patterns freely into English and inflects the language of his characters with dialect patterns particular to the class, region, or community they belong to" (605). How to account for the number of transformations the base sentences have undergone when the words themselves constructing the base sentence are the result of intentional, meaning-laden transformation? The more hybridized people, places, languages, and stories become, the less it makes sense to use old tools to try to understand them. Sharma is troubled by Rushdie's claim that "we all cross frontiers; in that sense, we are all migrant peoples" because "While that may be true on some abstract level, still we all cross them differently, and thus we are not all migrants in the same way. That experiences of migration differ is one of the crucial distinctions to be made" (597)¹⁸. New languages are necessary to narrate new experiences, such as that of crossing borders that only recently were imagined into existence.

Networked Chronology in *Shame*

Shame is a sort of foil to *Midnight's Children* in that it is narrated from the inside of Pakistan looking occasionally into India, rather than the other way around. Pakistan is the result of what was termed a “partition;” a splice through a place that had once been, if not whole, continuous. To reflect the fragmented nation, the novel’s fragmented narration moves forward and backward in time and across vast spaces to collect the pieces of the story. In between the fragments of the story the first person narrator gives theories for how to understand the characters, effectively doing the work of contributing to “cosmopolitan conversation” by providing theory and local history as switch components of the same circuit.

Fragmentation is a motif of the border scenes in the narration of the plot as well as a tool for moving between sections of the story. The border is narrated in fragments, as being a place reflected only in shards. Eventually the border assembles its fragments into a complete cage, but the characters are only able to recognize this bit by bit.

The emptiness of the frontier pleased Farah... At the frontier: clouds, fainting fit, water sprinkled on the face, reawakening, whereamI. Omar Khayyam comes round to find that the cloud has lifted, so that it is possible to see that the frontier is an unimpressive place: no wall, no police, no barbed wire, or floodlights, no red-and-white striped barriers, nothing but a row of concrete bollards at hundred-foot intervals, bollards driven into the hard and barren ground. (50)

Omar meandering in Farah’s wake between bollards. He notices that broken pieces of mirrors have been tied to many of the posts with pieces of string; as Farah approaches each fragments of herself reflected in the glass, and smiles her private smile. (52)

Even though the characters do not actually cross the border, the boundary can only be understood in pieces, as though the edge of things is jagged and hard to define. The tone of the narration is ominous, with “hard and barren ground” and “concrete bollards” as unimpressive but also unforgiving mediums.

The narrative of the story is interrupted several times by passages in which the first person narrator tries to resolve the problems that are plaguing the characters: mainly that a person's physical existence inside of one nation's borders does not instantly align that person's thinking with the dominant values and ideas of that country.

Outsider! Trespasser! You have no right to this subject!...In what courts are such claims to be staked, what boundary commissions map out the territories?

I tell myself this will be a novel of leavetaking, my last words to the East from which, many years ago, I began to come loose...It is part of the world to which, whether I like it or not, I am still joined, if only by elastic bands. (28)

"Boundary commissions" map out the territories of land, but allegorical tales, like the one told in *Shame*, do not abide by any commissioned boundaries that correspond to particular nations. Because people who cross borders know what things are like on both sides, they have "elastic" perspectives that can talk about places beyond the place where they currently stand.

The country in this story is not Pakistan, or not quite. There are two countries, real and fictional, occupying the same space, or almost the same space. My story, my fictional country still exist, like myself, at a slight angle to reality. (29)

I, too, know something of this immigrant business...And I have a theory that the resentments we *mohajirs* engender have something to do with our conquest of gravity. We have performed the act of which all men anciently dream, the thing for which they envy the birds; that is to say, we have flown. (85)

Flight affords a bird's eye view and the ability to transition from the ringside seats in the arena of local history to looking down at global design.

...When individuals come unstuck from their native land, they are called migrants. When nations do the same thing (Bangladesh!) it is called secession. What is the best thing about migrant peoples and seceded nations? I think it is their hopefulness...And what's the worst thing? It is the emptiness of one's luggage...we have come unstuck from more than land. We have floated upwards from history, from memory, from Time. (86)

Rather than the characters in the story crossing borders, it is the narrator of the story who has already crossed the border and gotten out of the place he is telling the story of. He is “unstuck” from the land and therefore uncontained by the restraints of the border, which gives him the ability to “build imaginary countries and try to impose them on the ones that exist” (87).

Imposing something onto something else is the process of “grafting” that Mignolo takes from Kant¹⁹, who argues that such a process threatens both entities. While this level of narratorial theorizing breaks from the story, it does so to provide a lens that colors everything that comes next. Because Rushdie’s narrations are never linear, these breaks of the fictional fourth wall are a tool for changing narrative direction. Because his fiction is networked, each node of the story can lead forward or backward in time or left or right to another dimension. Constant full stops in the story for mini lessons in theory are jarring, but they are part of what Walkowitz identifies as Rushdie’s strategy of mixing up the story, as in rearranging perspectives, and therefore disorienting the reader to feel as reactive as the characters do.

Aijad Ahmad finds it problematic that the novel is “controlled transparently by repeated, direct personal interventions on the part of the narrator—who is, for purposes of our interpretation, Rushdie himself,” (1463) calling those instances “self-persuasion, not the truth but a hallucination of it.” Ahmad argues that novels of postcolonial hybridity should resist the temptation to take what he sees as an easy way out: saying that the only modern self is one who is fragmented and cannot experience unity. Ahmad’s opinion of the narrator’s interventions in *Shame* is that “the truth of each utterance is conditioned by the existence of its opposite. The will to leave is poised

against the impossibility of leavetaking; he is coming loose but is still joined” (1464)²⁰. But Rushdie’s narrator—whether or not it is Rushdie-the-man is irrelevant—is not hallucinating truth; he is interjecting a perspective from above the story to ask a crucial question: how do we reconcile the knowledge that, while our bodies are no longer in one place, we feel like some other part of ourselves might be? Fragments are necessary to build something unified; wholeness does not appear all at once.

Rushdie shows the imaginative attempt towards unity undertaken by the populations of India and Pakistan to be a “collective will” or a “shared dream.” It is necessary to show the fragments, and therefore to also fragment the story and the narration, because whole, unified nations do not appear out of thin air; they are built, piece by piece, by the people inside their borders. People have to imagine the borders hard enough in order for the shape of the nation to exist.

This was the time immediately before the famous moth-eaten partition that chopped up the old country and handed Al-Lah a few insect-nibbled slices of it, some dusty western acres and jungly eastern swamps that the ungodly were happy to do without. (Al-lah’s new country: two chunks of land a thousand miles apart. A country so improbable that it could almost exist.) (61)

... it is the fate of migrants to be stripped of history, to stand naked amidst the scorn of strangers upon whom they see the rich clothing, the brocades of continuity and the eyebrows of belonging. (63)

...however I choose to write about over-there, I am forced to reflect that world in fragments of broken mirrors, the way Farah Zoroaster saw her face at the bollarded frontier. I must reconcile myself to the missing bits. (69)

...the city’s old inhabitants, who had become accustomed to living in a land older than time, and were therefore being slowly eroded by the implacably revenant tides of the past, had been a bad shock by the independence, by being told to think of themselves, as well as the country itself, as new.

Well, their imaginations simply weren’t up to the job, you can understand that; so it was the ones who were really new, the distant cousins and half-acquaintances and total strangers who poured in from the east to settle in the Land of God, who took over and got things going. The newness of those days felt pretty unstable; it was a dislocated, rootless sort of thing. (81)

The idea that imagination is the force that can join the slivers of reality into a complete myth also occurs in *Midnight's Children*, but narrated by the elder Saleem as both first person narrator who controls the story and about the younger Saleem who stars in it.

There was an extra festival on the calendar, a new myth to celebrate, because a nation which had never previously existed was about to win its freedom, catapulting us into a world which, although it had five thousand years of history, was nevertheless quite imaginary; into a mythical land, a country which would never exist except by the efforts of a phenomenal collective will—except in a dream we all agreed to dream; it was a mass fantasy shared in varying degrees by Bengali and Punjabi, Madrasi and Jat, and would periodically need the sanctification and renewal which can only be provided by rituals of blood. India, the new myth—a collective fiction in which anything was possible, a fable rivaled only by the two other mighty fantasies: money and god.

I have been, in my time, the living proof of the fabulous nature of this collective dream; but for the moment, I shall turn away from these generalized, macrocosmic notions to concentrate on a private ritual; I shall not describe the mass blood-letting in progress on the frontiers of Punjab (where the partitioned nations are washing themselves in each others' blood) (125)

Much like the myths of Rushdie's stories are interrupted by the reality of the narrative interjections, the myths of India and Pakistan are interrupted by the violence of the partition separating them.

In *The Ground Beneath Her Feet*, protagonist Ormus Cama's father wants to understand belonging and identity in the context of India's upper classes who made themselves in the image of the English who in turn one day picked up and went home, somehow defying the "gravitational fields" of the borders that contain Indians and Pakistanis.

"But what about *outsideness*? What about all that which is beyond the pale, above the fray, beneath notice? ... Comets travelling through space, free of all gravitational fields...the only people who see the whole picture," he murmured, "are the ones who step out of the frame." (42-3)

But even Ormus Cama had to learn what it felt like to be cast out, fourth functional, dispensible, to be exiled beyond an unbreachable pale. (207)

To “step out of the frame” is to hover supra-borders, to “have floated upwards” to a perspective that remembers the ground level fragments of local history but also sees the larger global pattern that those histories were influenced by. Borders create a dichotomy of inside and outside, dividing people between here and not here. With borders comes exile, and being literally exiled from a place can render a person an “existential outsider,” where the verdict ruled over the placement of the body is manifested in the mind. Hemingway uses a linear structure to narrate thought turned into action, and Rushdie’s networked structure of interconnected fragments to narrate allegorical stories and their related theoretical ideas works in the opposite direction: it distills experiential local histories down to theory by narrating actions and then pausing to determine the implications. This process is reflected through a first person narrator whose thought process looks like our own rather than through Hemingway’s omniscient third person narrators who can read characters’ minds. In this way, Rushdie is the realist and Hemingway is the fabulist. We do not reason through every action as it happens. Rather, we slowly compile fragments of experience into understanding how things work. In this case, the border is less physically embodied and more mentally internalized.

Translation, in the geometric sense, means to move a shape from one spot on the plane to another, without changing the form of the shape. Is that what happens when we cross national boundaries? Do our shapes stay the same and just the words used to talk about us change, as in the other kind of translation? The narrator of *Shame* says, “...I too, am a translated man. I have been *borne across*” (29), which sounds more like a change of location only rather than any kind of conversion. The term for a border itself can be translated into the language of those on either side of it. Ahmad calls *Shame* “despairing and claustrophobic. This sense of being trapped permeates the whole book,

right up to the final dénouement where we find that even dictators cannot cross the ‘frontier’ and escape their cage (1469).” This seems like a quite complete philosophical unity; that a country can be a cage. Crossing the border out of it, then, becomes a synonym for escape, but *Shame* ends with its characters making it right up to the border yet never across.

But the buses are allowed to pass, and slowly the border approaches. And beyond the border, the possibility of hope: yes, there might be sanctuary across the frontier, in that neighboring country of priest-kings, godly men who would surely give refuge to a fallen leader with a bruise upon his brow...

The border is impossible to police. Concrete post marching across the wastes. Omar Khayyam remembers the stories of people crossing it at will, of old man Zoroaster impoverished by that open frontier, deprived by wasteland. (267)

The pressure of the cage compresses inhabitants into improbable creatures like tigers and angels through their crucible of survival. Even though the characters do not cross, Pakistan’s borders still exert transformative influence over *Shame*’s protagonists.

Allegorical Transformation in *The Satanic Verses*

The Satanic Verses opens with the narration of crossing into England, told in the allegorical terms of two men plummeting from the hijacked explosion of a commercial airliner down to the English Channel and morphing into incarnations of angel and devil in the descent.

Just before dawn one winter’s morning, New Year’s Day or thereabouts, two real, full-grown, living men fell from a great height, twenty-nine thousand and two feet, towards the English Channel, without benefit of parachutes or wings, out of a clear sky (3).

‘Proper London, bhai! Here we come! Those bastards down there won’t know what hit them. Meteor or lightning vengeance of God. Out of thin air, baby. Wharm, na? What an entrance, yaar. I swear: splat.’

A universal beginning, a miniature echo of the birth of time...

Below, cloud-covered, awaiting their entrance, the slow congealed currents of the English Sleeve, the appointed zone of their watery reincarnation.

...but for whatever reason, the two men, Gibreelsaladin Farishtacamcha, condemned to this endless but also ending angeldevilish fall, did not become aware of the moment at which the processes of their transmutation began.

Mutation?

Yessir, but not random. Up there in the air-space, in that soft, imperceptible field which had been made the century possible, becoming one of its defining locations, the place of movement and war, the planet-shrinker and power vacuum, most insecure and transitory of zones, illusory, discontinuous, metamorphic...changes took place in the delirious actors: under extreme pressure, characteristics were acquired. (5)

Here, the border is not experienced as written on land but carved into the air, which the narrator recognizes as “that place of movement and war, planet-shrinker and power vacuum.” Rushdie himself is a migrant who has migrated on airplanes, and our world today is one in which borders can be navigated via the sky. This is major shift from the borders Hemingway knew, and to narrate the experience of crossing borders vis-à-vis air travel, Rushdie incorporates flight and airplanes into how characters experience borders.

Gibreel found himself surrendering to it as if he were a bystander in his own mind, in his own body, because it began in the very center of his body and spread outwards, turning his blood to iron, changing his flesh to steel, except that it also felt like a fist enveloped him from outside, holding him in a way that was both unbearably tight and intolerably gentle; until finally it had conquered him totally and could work his mouth, his fingers, whatever it chose, and once it was sure of its dominion it spread outward from his body. (9)

With this opening vertical border crossing/descent, Rushdie immediately establishes the allegorical terms of the novel, with transformations happening to the characters from the outside in and inside out. Gregory Rubinson notes that “Whereas most magic realists write fantastic events into their narratives as if they are no different than any other event, Rushdie usually integrates a challenge to such events, as he does in the opening scene which self-consciously denies and affirms the feasibility of Saladin and Gibreel bantering in the sky as they fall from the plane” (60). While Ahmad finds

the self-conscious tone of Rushdie's omniscient first person narrator to be a detraction, Rubinson sees it as more of a strengthening glue to Rushdie's novel than anything negative. With this reported self-awareness Rushdie suggests that his fairy tales are allegories rather than fables. The story is engaging and playful, but it is not meant to be taken literally; it is meant to embody something that is difficult to confront in the abstract.

As Saladin and Gibreel fall through the airspace approaching English soil, the two actors undergo a transformation, but as soon as they hit the ground and might be able to figure out what they have transformed into and how, the narration jumps backwards in time, disrupting the chronology of the main narrative in order to explain who these men are. Saladin is Bombay born but a British citizen, and this transformative fall-from-plane is echoed in the first time he flew from India to London.

Young Salahuddin, garlanded and warned, boarded a Douglas DC-8 and journeyed into the west. Ahead of him, England; beside him, his father; below him, home and beauty.

On that first aeroplane he read science fiction tales of interplanetary migration: Asimov's *Foundation*, Ray Bradbury's *Martian Chronicles*. He imagined the DC-8 was the mother ship, bearing the Chosen, the Elect of God and man, across unthinkable distances, travelling for generations, breeding eugenically, that their seed might one day take root somewhere in a brave new world beneath a yellow sun. He corrected himself: not the mother ship but the father ship...yes, the father ship, an aircraft was not a flying womb but a metal phallus, and the passengers were spermatozoa waiting to be spilt.

How far did they fly? Five and a half thousand as the crow. Or: from Indianness and Englishness, an immeasurable distance. (41)

Young Saladin is credited with recognizing that the flight is more than a way of ferrying between points on the globe; it represents the "immeasurable distance between Indianness and Englishness." He makes the boyish parallel between science fiction novels where characters are transported to new planets, and this is in fact a valid comparison to international border crossing. The laws of weather and custom that

govern different places can be drastically different so as to seem inter-planetary. But, during this first flight Saladin remains physically untransformed. Through his study and eventual residence in London he makes himself into an Englishman using all the standard tools of assimilation—adjustments in habit, dress, and accent. Initially, the crossing itself does not transform his actual body; living inside the borders of England merely transforms his appearance.

The second time Saladin flies into England, the flight is hijacked and held in the middle of the desert for the better part of a year before ultimately heading for London. The border is deferred as the passengers are imprisoned in limbo, but as the *Bostan* approaches England at last, one hijacker detonates her suicide bomb. Falling from the debris, Saladin—and Gibreel—survive what for all the other passengers is a sure death experience, and survival against all odds constitutes rebirth, but rebirth into a new form, a new physical container.

Gibreel, in whose behavior the reader may, not unreasonably, perceive the delirious, dislocating effects of his recent fall. ‘Rise ‘n’ shine! Let’s take this place by storm!’ Turning his back on the sea, blotting out the bad memory in order to make room for the next things, passionate as always for newness, he would have planted (had he owned one) a flag, to claim in the name of whoknowswho this white country, his new-found land.

And all his body case in a fine skin of ice, smooth as glass, like a bad dream come true.

He blinked hard but the colours refused to change; giving rise to the notion that he had fallen out of the sky into some wrongness, some other place, not England or perhaps not-England, some counterfeit zone, rotten borough, altered state. Maybe, he considered briefly, hell?

Well then: a transit lounge.

Then nothing existed. He was in the void, and if he were to survive he would have to construct everything from scratch, would have to invent the ground beneath his feet before he could take a step.

And another thing, let’s be clear: great falls change people.

...under the stress of a long plunge, I was saying, mutations are to be expected, not all of them random. Unnatural selections. Not much of a price to pay for survival, for being reborn, for becoming *new*, and at their age at that.

(135-7)

Throughout *The Satanic Verses* there is the conceit that entering a new place is a chance at newness, but newness administered as judgment, so that in the case of Gibreel newness is deliverance, while in the case of Saladin newness is a condemnation. To pass through a border is to clear a checkpoint offering an opportunity for either sanctuary and salvation or punishment and ostracization. Unfortunately, we will not know which it is until it is too late.

Gibreel embodies the border crossing as the incarnation of the archangel Gabriel (Gibreel as an alternate spelling). His transformation gives him “a pale, golden light was emanating from the direction of him, was in fact streaming softly outwards from a point immediately behind his head” (145). Saladin embodies the same crossing as in the incarnation of Satan (also Shaitan), transforming his body more drastically: “at this temples were two new, goatly, unarguable horns” (145); “below the knee the hairiness came to a halt, and his legs narrowed into tough, bony, almost fleshless calves, terminating in a pair of shiny, cloven hoofs” (162). The alterations to the bodies of the characters are rebirth is embodied by changes in physiognomy. But Saladin shows that official status still supersedes even the grossest external transformations when he demands that the police who have arrested him on the assumption that he was attempting to enter the country illegally “ask the Computer!” The police consult a database that then identifies Saladin as “British Citizen first class.” He has been physically altered by the most recent border re-entry, but even outward changes to his physical form cannot undo his status as a legal resident, showing that changes to the body and changes to status, both as results of crossing borders and remaining within them, do not necessarily occur in tandem. Bodies respond to borders differently than official

statuses report. These physical changes do not reflect the personalities of the two men: rather, they are arbitrary representations of the two extremes into which a body can morph at the border—angel or devil.

The religious-tinged metaphor of transformation, or transmutation, is similar to the allusion Hemingway makes in *A Farewell to Arms*, that crossing over a border into someplace new is the closest we can get to ascension. On earth we are bound by borders and our bodies can always be in only one place at a time, but what if there were a border that, once crossed, provided entrance to a plane where divisions of time and place no longer mattered? Gibreel is the ascended character in *The Satanic Verses* and he has access to the mythologized past of the founding of Islam through his dreams, in which he acquires the perspective of the archangel. Embodying religious figures in the body of an average man was the aspect of the novel that earned Rushdie a death sentence. But apart from the religious and political implications of this construction, the allegory shows the connection between the transformation of the body and the reshaping of the mind. The one rationale given for how this transformation occurs happens in a brief exchange between Saladin and another similarly morphed person in the ward where they are detained:

“But how do they do it?” Camcha wanted to know.

“They describe us,” the other whispered solemnly. “That’s all. They have the power of description, and we succumb to the pictures they construct.” (174)

Hemingway would agree that words have their own incantatory, transformative power. The other people in the ward embody not only crossing borders but are the incarnation of the words the British use to describe people who have crossed. As soon as people penetrate the boundaries, suddenly the framework through which they see the world and themselves has changed, and by shifting the lens so drastically and instantly,

sometimes we do not always understand what others perceive when they look at us nor what we see when we look at ourselves.

Joanne P. Sharp reads the novel as a geographer and concludes, “*The Satanic Verses* can be regarded as a text which attempts to grapple with the realities of contemporary hybridity—and its political effects—by producing a geography in which religious/mystical and ‘real’ cartographies intersect. He produces an account of the fluidity and barriers met by migrants between colonial and post-colonial, and through a reworking of concepts of home, identity and authenticity, offers an alternative conceptualization of identity which does not require a territorial geography of us-them alterity” (125-6)²¹. Thinking spatially, Sharp identifies religious/mystical and planetary cartographies as having equal value and therefore being able to intersect, as they do when the figures of Saladin-as-Shaitan and Gibreel-as-Gibreel cross the frontier between the waking world and the dreams of others.

Sharp also identifies the content of Rushdie’s novels to be “fluidity and barriers met by migrants.” To meet fluidity is join it, to fold yourself into the current as Nail describes when a flow reaches junction. Nail’s limits are Sharp’s barriers. Border crossing can be fluid and almost unnoticed, or it can be barrier-fraught and transformative, as it is when Saladin and Gibreel embody the English perimeter and emerge reborn. Walkowitz says that the novel, “casts them down on the sand where William the Conqueror had arrived 900 years before. From the beginning of the novel, England is a culture whose boundaries are permeated by mythic arrivals” (141). Not only do cartographies intersect, but something as defined as the border of the island of England can be “permeated” by something as amorphous as myth.

Finally, Sharp’s observation that “identity does not require a territorial

geography” seems to be exactly what Rushdie is narrating. The question is less, ‘where are you from?’ less about which ‘real’ cartography we were born into, and more ‘what are you from?’, as in which religious/metaphysical/culturally hybrid cartography were you born into? We can live in London but be from the dusk of British Bombay. The truths of the geography shaping our physical world and the geography shaping our identities coexist but they do not conform.

Out of Body Experiences in *The Ground Beneath Her Feet*

The narrations of border crossing in Rushdie’s fiction always show the characters embodying the experience, but one way bodies respond to crossing borders is to have an out of body experience, to defy gravity and divorce the body from the laws of nature through a disembodied sensation. *The Satanic Verses* opens with two men falling from the sky, singing out loud and thinking to themselves about their lives; disembodied experiences occurring while crossing borders in the air is a structure that is further developed in *The Ground Beneath Her Feet*. The story is Rushdie’s attempt at modern retelling of the Greek myth of Orpheus and Eurydice, a story that hinges on the border between the world of the living and the underworld of the dead. The protagonist Ormus Cama is an India-born singer who ascends to the divine status of international rock star. The novel is set between India, England, the United States, and briefly Mexico, making it a global story that navigates many national borders using the mode of air travel. Flying through the air, even on a domestic flight, temporarily allows human beings to occupy the mythological space reserved for angels, djinns, and gods.

This is when they’re flyover over what’s down there, the Bosphorus is it, or the Golden Horn, or are they the same place, Istanbul, Byzantium, whatever: drugged by flight, detached from the indifferent earth, he feels a certain resistance in the air. Something fighting back against the aircraft’s forward

movement. As if there's a stretchy translucent membrane across the sky, and ectoplasmic barrier, a Wall. And are there ghostly border guards armed with thunderbolts watching from high pillars of cloud, and might they open fire. But there's nothing for it now, this is the onliest high road into the West, so onward, drive these doggies onward. But it's so springy, this invisible restriction, it keeps pushing the airplane back, boeing! , boeing!, until at last the *Mayflower* breaks through, it's through! Sunlight bounces off the wing into his bleary eye.

The air border here is both a proper noun "Wall" and "invisible restriction."

Rushdie's narration gives alternative texture to the border. Because Ormus' experience is disassociated from the physical constraints of gravity's effect on the body, he experiences border crossing as a process that requires him to push through a membrane dividing two places, whether the division is as solid as a wall or as stretchy as an ectoplasmic barrier.

And as he passes that unseen frontier he sees the tear in the sky, and for a terror-stricken instant glimpses miracles through the gash, visions for which he can find no words, the mysteries at the heart of things, Eleusinian, unspeakable, bright. He intuits that every bone in his body is being irradiated by something pouring through the sky-rip, a mutation is occurring at the level of the cell, of the gene, of the particle. The person who arrives won't be the one who left, or not quite. He has crossed a time zone, moved from the eternal past of early life into the constant now of adulthood, the tense of presence, which will become a very different kind of preterite, the past of absence, when he dies.

...And now that he has taken flight, the miraculous has assailed him, has surged through the fractured sky and anointed him with magic. (253-4)

...We are crossing a bridge in the air, Spenta understands. We, too, are travellers between worlds, we who have died to our old world to be reborn in the new, and this parabola of air is our Chinvat Bridge. Having embarked, we have no option to go forward on that soul's journey in which we will be shown what is best, and worst, in human nature. In our own.

He has passed through the membrane. His new life begins. (255)

The image of a border as an invisible but permeable membrane works for both the literal borders that separate nations and the conceptual borders that divide people along race, class, economic, or religious lines. Ormus is described as "anointed" and "mutated" at the cellular level, allowing him to "glimpse miracles through the gash." The act of passing through a border is what permits Ormus to see beyond literal sight. Contrary to

Gibreel and Saladin, his embodiment of the border in the air is to see a “tear in the sky” and feel the “irradiation” of it, so that he is not the same person who left, “not quite.”

The border is an ectoplasmic membrane that leaves crossers-through with an externally invisible mental residue that alters their perception forever.

To cross through this membrane, Ormus has to step outside of his body. Being disembodied gives him a new perspective, one of hovering above the border-segmented world and seeing the arbitrariness of these divisions. Ormus embodies the hope that a spiritual metamorphosis will be enough to melt the borders that separate people.

We find ground on which to make a stand. In India, that place obsessed by place, belonging-to-your-place, knowing-your-place, we are mostly given that territory...And if songs could cross all frontiers, even the frontiers of people’s hearts, then perhaps you believed that all ground could be skipped over, all frontiers would crumble between the sorcery of your tune. Off you’d go, off your turf, beyond family and clan and nation and race, flying untouchably over the minefields of taboo, until you stood at last at the last gateway, the most forbidden of all doors...And you think about it, you cross that final frontier, and perhaps, perhaps...you have finally gone too far, and are destroyed.

“At the frontier of skin. They made a song about it...At the frontier of skin. Where I end and you begin. Where I cross from sin to sin. Abandon hope and enter in...

Yeah, but there was a second verse. At the frontier of skin mad dogs patrol...Where they kill to keep you in. Where you must not slip your skin. Or change your role. You can’t pass out I can’t pass in. You must end as you begin. At the frontier of skin armed guards patrol. (54-55)

Skin is also a membrane, and if “at the frontier of skin armed guards patrol,” then this implies that we are still rooted in our bodies, and there are guards monitoring where our bodies go, even if hearts and souls wish to soar with the music and commune someplace beyond borders. The “if” clause is key; only if we are out of our bodies on the airwaves of music can we cruise above the “minefields of taboo.” The passage brings something as ephemeral as music back to the context of place. The border possibilities presented here are also a contrast to the rebirth and metamorphoses made possible in *The Satanic*

Verses. Here, the border is where someone can finally be destroyed, torn apart beyond repair.

Similarly, the final border crossing narrated in *Midnight's Children* is of Saleem crossing back into India from Pakistan. Here, he travels as an echo of himself made invisible by a witch, another fellow child of midnight, and transported in her magic basket.

I, Saleem Sinai, complete with my loose anonymous garment, vanished instantly into thin air. Without passport or permit, I returned, cloaked in invisibility, to the land of my birth; believe, don't believe, but even a skeptic will have to provide another explanation for my presence here.

Memories of invisibility: in the basket, I learned what it was like, will be like, to be dead. I had acquired the characteristics of ghosts! Present, but insubstantial; actual, but without being or weight. (438) In the grip of that awful disembodied loneliness, whose smell was the smell of graveyards, I discovered anger. (439)

Here, Saleem suggests that to cross a border is to become momentarily invisible, to be separated from one's body and to move as an idea. Saleem asks the question, "believe it or not, but how else did I get here?" This is Rushdie's metaphor for illegal, smuggled crossing, for entering a country without the documents with which Hemingway was so preoccupied. Many people have to make themselves invisible to cross borders, and so Saleem's body literally disappears and even its weight dissolves into thin air in order for him to make the transition from one place to another.

Back in the flesh, borders still create a disembodied sensation of being severed from the terms by which people define themselves. The first person narrator, a childhood friend of Ormus, narrates the blurriness of frontiers between urban and rural landscapes through the language of tectonics, as though plates of reality can be arranged to create what people experience as real and definitive.

Here the polyphonic reality of the road disappeared and was replaced by silences, mutenesses as vast as the land. Here was a wordless truth, one that came before language, a being, not becoming. ..

City dwellers were constantly told that the village India was the “real” India, a space of timelessness and gods, of moral certainties and natural laws...Whereas the most obvious lesson of travelling between the city and the village, between the crowded street and the open field, was that reality shifted. Where the plates of different realities met, there were shudders and rifts. Chasms opened. A man could lose his life. (238)

The narrator does not actually die during crossing, but he worries that when “reality shifts” the border becomes a separation between the familiar and the unfamiliar, a chasm wide enough that he could disappear into it. Moral certainties and natural laws, then, are perhaps the truth beyond individuality, such that when the narrator crosses the border out of the city and into the vastness of the land he loses not his life so much as the individual identity the city has assigned to him.

Young Saleem, in his first flight in *Midnight's Children*, conceives boundaries that retract and expand according to the risk they present to the crosser. Saleem thinks, “Or, not very far at all, because they rose from one great city, fell to another. The distance between cities is always small; a villager, travelling a hundred miles to town, traverses emptier, darker, more terrifying space” (41). In an out of body experience of the border, a border becomes a yawning chasm capable not of transforming the crosser but of erasing him.

The title of *The Ground Beneath Her Feet* is concerned not with air and metaphysical movements beyond the body, but with the body itself and its relationship to the earth. When history becomes too large to rationalize or the politics of borders too complex to apply to the life of one individual, there is a temptation, as Ormus shows, to escape the body and retreat to the realms of deities and dreams, which is perhaps only a distraction from confronting the fact of where you are.

As the plane touches down, Ormus Cama's head starts pounding. There is something about this England in which he has just arrived. There are things he cannot trust. There's a rip, once again, in the surface of the real. Uncertainty pours down on him, its dark radiance opens his eyes. As his foot alights upon Heathrow, he succumbs to the illusion that nothing is solid, nothing exists except the precise piece of concrete his foot now rests upon. The homecoming passengers notice none of this, they stride confidently forward through the familiar, the quotidian, but the new arrivals look fearfully at the deliquescent land. They seem to be splashing through what should be solid ground. As his own feet move gingerly forward, he feels small pieces of England solidify beneath them. His footprints are the only fixed points in his universe. (268)

After an out of body experience while crossing an air border, Ormus is fixated on the tangibility of the land, and his body's relationship to it is enough to freeze him into a more permanent state. My feet, this ground. The mind can expand and contract in ways that often feel unreliable, but our feet always have to be somewhere. After crossing a border footsteps are the proof that we made it—alive—to the other side of the line.

Rushdie uses ghosts as metaphors for how bodies and souls become disjoined at the borders between places. Borders are seams, and all seams create the possibility for things to leak through, things that may not be so welcome. In *Midnight's Children* Saleem, as part of the Pakistani army, describes rumors of the Kashmiri border being haunted by ghosts.

Ever since Partition, the Rann had been "disputed territory." On the hillocks along the 23rd parallel, the unofficial frontier, the Pakistan government had built a string of border posts, each with its lonely garrison of six men and one beacon light. Everything lies beneath the doubly hazy air of unreality and make-believe which affected goings on in those days, and especially all events in the phantasmagoric Rann...

...As the young Pakistani soliders entered the marshy terrain of the Rann they were unnerved by the greeny sea-bed quality of the light; they recounted legends of terrible things which happened in this amphibious zone, of demonic sea-beasts with glowing eyes, of fishy-women who lay with their fishy heads underwater, breathing...so that by the time they reached the border posts and went to war, they were a scared rabble of seventeen-year-old boys, and would certainly have been annihilated, except that the opposing Indians had been subjected to the green air of the Rann even longer than they; so in that sorcerers'

world a crazy war was fought in which each side thought it saw apparitions of devils fighting alongside its foes. (383-4)

India, like any country, is inhabited by ghosts of its past occupiers and its own legends, but smugglers are the real ghosts who rule all borders. The more boundaries the more chances for violence resulting from debate over the border itself and also from movement of contraband across that border, a shadowy world that Hemingway also understood as crucial to honest border narration.

Because borders are more than “gaps” in flows of movement and in continuity of language, trade, and custom, they are conceptualized as literal openings in the earth” through which things can “seep” out from the underworlds of history; to stand on solid ground is to stand on a tomb.

The ground, the ground beneath our feet...The tunnels of pipe and cable, the sunken graveyards, the layered uncertainty of the past. The gaps in the earth through which our history seeps and is at once lost, and retained in metamorphosed form. The underworlds at which we dare not guess. (268)

We know that opposite sides of a border are different because we understand the consequences of being in different places—with or without bureaucratic permission. If our bodies do not transform arbitrarily into allegorical forms, we nonetheless have the ability to exercise choice and to use the border as an opportunity to momentarily think of ourselves as more than just bodies and consider ourselves as owners of a new perspective as soon as we step on new soil. Rushdie describes Ormus as “drugged by flight, detached from the indifferent earth, he feels a certain resistance in the air.” But no one else feels the resistance in the air and because Ormus is the only one “drugged” by his detachment from the indifferent earth, he could simply be preordained to have a perceptiveness others do not, or the stretchy membrane he feels himself pass through could be the sensation one has when one makes a profound decision to be someone new,

to act differently in a new place. Rushdie and Hemingway agree, though, that regardless of personal choice or political prescription, the earth itself is indifferent to the names we give it or how we think about each other when we stand at different points on it.

Crossed Lines, Crossed Wires in Rushdie's Fiction

Rushdie has written a substantial amount of non fiction about borders to complement his fictional narratives. His most significant statement on the subject is the 2002 *Step Across this Line* lecture, where he takes a closer look at the borders' "florescent, windowless" hallways that "insulate us against the world's harsher realities." Rushdie describes the bureaucratic border experiences that most of us have at customs counters in airports as the dictates of borders reduce us to our simplest selves with only innocent intentions of business trip or family vacation. But he also says that, "The frontier is a wake-up call. At the frontier we can't avoid the truth; the comforting layers of the quotidian. The wakeup call of the frontier is also a call to arms" (80-81). Hemingway narrated the borders of Europe's World Wars and civil wars as arbitrary excuses for violence, but now Rushdie also sees the border as a place where a challenge has been set and to not take up arms is to give the consequences of the border excess power to transform the lives of individuals.

Rushdie returns to imperial definitions of borders, describing how in England, as much the cage as in *Shame's* Pakistan, "In empire's aftermath, [the British] have been pushed back into their box, their frontier has closed in on them like a prison." Borders themselves take on agency to close in some populations to push out others. Distance as the crow flies is not distance as defined by national boundaries. Consequences of being on one side or another steepen, and the border thickens and widens, adding chasms

where there were none. Rushdie says, “As I grew older the distance between the two cities [of Bombay and Karachi] increased, as if the borderline created by Partition had cut through the landmass of South Asia as a taut wire cuts through a cheese, literally slicing Pakistan away from the landmass of India.” The more deeply etched a separation the more consequential it is to move across and the more precious the people and goods that make it over.

Rushdie’s fiction and nonfiction together show that people are never fully separated from where they migrate away from because we can transport cultures with us across borders, but we can only physically be in one place at a time. When the cultures we embody, the movements and language that we have taken into our very physical form through repetition, ritual, habit, practice and is not the same as the place we are, then this is Walkowitz’s first definition of cosmopolitanism. The minoritarian capacity to reshape the world comes from every literal body that migrates across a border (or borders) to a new place, and in doing so embodies a fragment of the original culture, grafting it onto the new landscape.

Rushdie shows this in his novels by writing characters who experience physical transformations of their own bodies. He depicts one thing to show two: the character is reshaped and transformed by the experience of migration, but this physical alteration is a reference to the way in which even one migrant physically alters the human geography of a place by importing culture from his starting place. The characters internalize the act of crossing borders and this causes the wires of their own physiology to become crossed, for signals to be confused, therefore sending mixed messages and reshaping the human form in unexpected ways. This is the mix-up, that in crossing a border the border crosses the person, making them internally scrambled in ways that present physically.

Conclusion

The figures of Hemingway and Rushdie as men were and are interpreted as vigorously as their respective novels. They both write as journalists and commentators as well as authors of fiction. Much is known about their lives, and criticism of their work often leans heavily on their biographies: Hemingway is considered “the voice of his generation” –lost or not—and Rushdie as a representative of “subaltern perspectives” speaking as a migrant born in South Asia who had a death threat issued against him for work published on the other side of the world.

While they are interesting individuals, it is unnecessary to know anything about them as men to take something important from their fiction. Their work “artfully refigures” the world in order to address something that is hard to understand when it is stated directly. Hemingway was concerned with “the sequence of motion and fact,” and fiction turns statements into narration by giving motion to the facts. Statements can be accurate, but the more general a fact the harder it is to understand. Saying, “I crossed the border” may be true, but it does not give a reader a way to understand what that is like, to understand the transformative power that fact has on an individual or what transformative implications it has for policy.

This understanding is crucial because more migrants are entering new countries as the world’s nations try to solidify their boundaries and monitor, in order to control, the flow of movement through. People who cross the border into the US talk about the experience, but offering testimony to social services workers or giving an interview to a reporter do not do the same work as fiction to help other people figure out what the experience felt like.

Undocumented and unaccompanied minors flow from Central and South America across the Mexico border into the US. Many cross multiple national borders before ultimately being apprehended on American soil. Melvin Ottoniel Caal Paaú of Petén, Guatemala writes, “In Reynosa at the border I crossed the river. I touched it and I felt the cold and later I came here.” Pablo Ismael Rodriguez Leon of Chalatenango El Salvador writes, “when the moment arrived to cross the Rio Bravo I had to wade across. It was just that the water was very cold.” Jonathan Mejia Ramon from Quetzaltenango, Guatemala writes, “there I saw a big river that was the border between Mexico and the United States. I could touch the river mud and it was unpleasant.”

The words these middle and high school children use to describe their experiences in written interactions with America’s education and social services system are overwhelmingly general. Part of the trauma of crossing alone in the company of a “guide,” as they call the smugglers, is in remembering the specifics, the sound of helicopter motors or the temperature of the water in the Rio Bravo, “angry river” as the Rio Grande is known when approaching it from the south: “cold,” they said, “as cold as ice. The coldest water in the world²².”

To speak or write in specifics is to go back to the experience, which is a difficult thing to do. In *Underground America*, a compilation of conversations with people who have migrated to the United States without paperwork complying with bureaucratic regulations, the interviewees verbally tell their stories to an interviewer, but their language is only slightly more concrete. Roberto says,

I made my way north to the border with some others. We got to Tijuana, and from there crossed through the hills in San Diego with a coyote. That first try, I was caught by Immigration and sent back to Mexicali in a truck. When I’d gathered enough [money], I jumped the border again, and this time I landed in Dulzura, California. (58-9)

Roberto's verbs "jump" and "landed" show the suspended feeling of crossing a border, the image that there is a physical obstacle to be cleared. In fiction crossing borders is an isolated event, but in actuality it is often a protracted process that involves so much waiting that the final arrival on American soil seems surreal, an experience so improbable after ample opportunity for failure that finding the right words to narrate it is a challenge. Mr. Lai says,

We were told, "At the other end of that cornfield is America." All I was thinking was, "America, America." I could see it at the other end. Eventually we got to a wire fence. One of the leaders cut a hole in it. He pointed to the cornfields and said, "This is Mexico." Then he pointed to the cornfields on the other side and said, "This is America." I crawled through that fence and go to the other side. I can't tell you how happy I felt at that moment.

After months of travel Mr. Lai describes this epic moment as making him feel "happy." Just because you have a transformative experience does not mean that you know how to articulate it in your first or second language. Fiction does the work of giving voice to experiences for which it is difficult to peel off the general adjectives like happy and hone in on the cornfields, on the wire of the fence.

The embodied crossings Hemingway and Rushdie echo the way that many migrants focus in their interviews on the treatments their bodies endured. Dixie speaks in terms of the body, saying "I took nothing from my old life. Only my skin" and months later she swims across the same river and arrives on the shore of Texas essentially naked and exposed. She describes the vulnerability like being turned inside out, so that she does not know which country she is in or where she is going as she sits in a basket in the back of a cart. Fiction authors use concrete sequences of motion and fact, told from the perspective of someone who has stepped outside of the frame. What they narrate did not literally happen as it appears on the page, but the concrete terms they use are refigured

to show what it felt like to live through thousands of other concrete experiences that never make it on the page. The migrants in *Underground America* are very much inside the frame, so much so that they have a hard time talking about the experience of crossing because while it was happening they were deprived of sensory exposure that would let them observe what was going on around them. As she stands on the American soil for the first time, Dixie's disorientation shows the same disbelief that Hemingway showed in *A Farewell to Arms*, but in raw, exposed terms that strip the crosser of any dignity. Dixie says, "I had lost all my shame but I had to go on. All had on was my bra and panties. Someone told us we were in Texas" (114-5). When crossing a border becomes a debasing experience, the main transformation effected by the crossing is to deflate crossers to a subhuman status²³.

In *Borderlands* Gloria Anzaldúa combines poetry and essay to show what happens to people's understandings of themselves when "white superiority...stripped Indians and Mexicans of their land while their feet were still rooted in it" (29). She blends different registers of narration, moving from historical reporting to ground level observation: "The border fence that divides the Mexican people was born on February 2, 1848, with the signing of the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo (29) ... Not only does the undocumented woman have to contented with sexual violence, but like all women, she is prey to a sense of physical helplessness. This is her home / this thin edge of / barbwire" (35)²⁴. Both Dixie and Anzaldúa offer a woman's perspective of the border, and the embodiment of crossing for women often means enduring a violation of the body that none of Hemingway's and Rushdie's male characters ever have to contend with.

Rushdie's conceit for equating person with place likens India to Saleem, a male character. For Anzaldúa, the land is female, which she equates with the strength of

resilience to continue producing life even after sustained abuse. She writes of the “tragic valley” in South Texas between the Nueces and the Rio Grande that has survived “possession and ill-use” by five countries, “Here every Mexican grows flowers. If they don’t have a piece of dirt they use car tires, cans, shoe boxes. They survive and grow, give fruit hundreds of times the size of the seed. The soil is prepared again and again, impregnated, worked on. A constant changing of forms, rebirth of mother earth”(113). Mother earth is a common trope, but here the image serves a reminder that, while borderlands hold significance for political definitions that then impact humans, borderlands are still stretches of ground and soil, which is a productive medium, no matter what maps call it. Hemingway showed the ocean as indifferent to national divides, and here Anzaldúa furthers the idea of the earth’s regeneration in spite of human violence in cyclical female terms.

Crossing a border can signify a new beginning or near death. Whatever the consequences, they are borne by the bodies of those who cross. The land itself will recover and the map can—and has, and will—change, such that the knowledge of the divisions and junctions borders imposed on populations remains most irrevocably recorded on the bodies of people who have made the physical transition between places. Capturing this process in prose makes it sharable in ways that bodies are not. Rather than keep this knowledge limited to the individual or the localized sphere of family and community, literature defies the limits of borders and enables communication across lines that people-in-the-flesh have a more complicated time traversing. The narrations of border crossing in Hemingway and Rushdie’s novels provide new frameworks for thinking and talking about populations in motion, populations made of individuals who all have to live with themselves and each other. The specific moments of embodied

border crossing in their fiction offer concrete ways to understand how countries, cultures, subcultures, politics, and policies change shape: one body, one line at a time.

Notes

1. Mark Greif's theory on the function of fiction in his 2015 *The Age of the Crisis of Man*.
2. Thomas Nail's *Figure of the Migrant* breaks all human movement into categories.
3. The *Step Across This Line* published lecture is Rushdie's treatise on the significance of migration in a post 9-11 world.
4. Jon Calame and Esther Charlesworth's *Divided Cities: Belfast, Beirut, Jerusalem, Mostar, and Nicosia* present case studies of contemporary divisions in the title cities.
5. In *Hemingway on Writing*, editor Larry W. Phillips and publisher Charles Scribner compile excerpts from Hemingway's letters, interviews, non fiction and fiction articulating his thoughts on the function of writing and motivations for writers' work.
6. In his essay "Hemingway's Spanish Sensibility" Allen Josephs cites the second page of Hemingway's bullfighting novel *Death in the Afternoon*.
7. Curtis Hayes, in "A Study in Prose Styles: Edward Gibbon and Ernest Hemingway," argues that intuitive perceptions of authorial style as "simple" or "direct" can be supported by quantifiable data gathered through cataloguing the number and type of morphological transformations made to individual sentences in any excerpt of an author's prose.
8. In a lecture for the New York Public Library, Derek Walcott interprets Hemingway's style as more than purely journalistic, as manipulating direct language to transform it into ritual.
9. Lawrence Mazzeno's *The Critics and Hemingway: 1924-2014* compiles ninety years of critical reviews of Hemingway's fiction, beginning with the initial reactions in New York to his first novels of the 1920s.
10. At the other end of the chronology of criticism, Mazzeno draws heavily from Jeffrey Herlihy's 2011 *In Paris or Paname*, which looks at the foreignness of Hemingway's characters in the context of recent psychology, anthropology, and literary studies.
11. Yale Open Course provide transcripts of lectures, in this case professor Wai Chee Dimock's lecture on *To Have and Have Not*, which focuses especially on the shifts in perspectives owing to the novel's origination as discrete short stories published in magazines.
12. See quote from Calame and Charlesworth included on pp. 5, in the Introduction to this paper.
13. The epigraph to *The Sun Also Rises* is from Ecclesiastes: "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever... The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to the place where he arose...The wind

goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits...All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again.” This seems a fair summary of the living border landscape Hemingway’s characters assimilate into their bodies as they cross.

14. Alexandra Peat’s *Travel and Modernist Literature: Sacred and Ethical Journeys* examines the cultural adaptability and perceptiveness of F. Scott Fitzgerald’s, Ernest Hemingway’s, and Claud MacKay’s characters.

15. Walter Mignolo’s “The Many Faces of Cosmo-polis: Border Thinking and Critical Cosmopolitanism” gives a brief history of cosmopolitan thought and some suggestions for application, with an emphasis on traditions of bricolage, hybridity, and Western cultures’ tendency to pick and choose their preferred elements from other cultures as though at a well stocked supermarket, an image introduced by Aijaz Ahmad in his essay “Rushdie’s Shame: Postmodernism, Migrancy, and Representation of Women.”

16. Rebecca Walkowitz applies Mignolo’s and others’ theories of cosmopolitanism to recent fiction in an effort to understand fiction from the perspective from which it was written in *Cosmopolitan Style: Modernism Beyond the Nation*.

17. Chapter 5 of Walkowitz’s *Cosmopolitan Style: Modernism Beyond the Nation* is “Rushdie’s Mix-Up” in which she says that “Rushdie’s literary mix-ups are “tactics” of countercultural bricolage” (134).

18. Shailja Sharma’s “Salman Rushdie and the Ambivalence of Migrancy” discusses Rushdie’s hybridity in terms of using European novel structure to narrate the subcontinent but warns that Rushdie, as an upper class man who elected to leave Pakistan, should not dominate the discussion on migration, since local histories are, after all, different for every community.

19. Mignolo cites Kant, who says that a nation “is not (like the ground on which it is located) a possession patrimonium. It is a society of men whom no one other than the nation itself can dispose of. Since, like a tree, each nation has its own roots, to incorporate it into another nation as a graft, denies its existence as a moral person.”

20. Aijaz Ahmad in “Rushdie’s Shame: Postmodernism, Migrancy, and Representation of Women” argues that Rushdie’s metaphor of migrancy as a symbol for the transience of the human condition devalues the actual immigrant experience felt by migrants. Ahmad resents the way that Rushdie makes local histories intelligible to outsider readers.

21. Joanne P. Sharp, in “Locating Imaginary Homelands: Literature, geography, and Salman Rushdie,” writes “Rushdie’s work is of particular interest to me as a geographer because of his sensitivity towards, and self conscious attention to, spatial relations and places” (119). Geography cares about both the landscape of the earth and the people in

that landscape, and is therefore interested with how the second shifts around on top of the first.

22. The students cited are undocumented minors apprehended by US immigration authorities at the Texas-Mexico border and placed in transitional housing before being transferred to a family member to await asylum trial. The comments were taken from written work and classroom conversations as part of a Department of Education satellite program housed at a residential facility operated by the Catholic Archdiocese of New York, where students were enrolled.

23. *Underground America*, and its Spanish translation *En Las Sombras de Estados Unidos*, are part of the Voice of Witness series, which compiles interviews with people who have survived social injustices in an effort to document nuanced narratives to understand the world's most challenging political, social, and economic problems.

24. Originally published in 1987, *Borderlands* is a blend of poetry, prose, and political activism demanding recognition for Native American and Native Mexican citizens living on both sides of the US-Mexico border.

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