Smilla’s Sense of Gender Identity

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Women authors, at one time a small minority of writers, have long written under male pen names or through the voices of male protagonists. Less frequently, men have also written under female pseudonyms or from the point of view of a female protagonist. Sally R. Munt provides an overview of such “cross-writing” (Durand 90) in mystery fiction from the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Male authors of early pulp publications tended to depict their female sleuths as upper-class “lady” detectives, although Munt describes one such early female detective as an “expert boxer who ‘takes pleasure in all manly sports’” (4).

One recent effort by a man “writing the feminine” (as Thaïs Morgan refers to the phenomenon) is Peter Høeg, whose mystery *Smilla’s Sense of Snow* has been critically acclaimed since its U.S. release in 1993. The novel depicts a half-Inuit/half-Danish unemployed scientist named Smilla Qaavigaaq Jaspersen as she investigates a neighbor’s death. Isaiah, a young Inuit also from Greenland, was killed in a fall from the roof of a warehouse near the apartment building where they both lived. What arouses Smilla’s suspicion is that Isaiah was terrified of heights: he would break into a sweat and his knees would buckle just climbing the stairs to his fourth-floor apartment. As Smilla says, “What puzzles me, what keeps me awake at night, is wondering what made him go up there at all” (23). He must have been running from something even more frightening than finding himself eight stories above the ground. Smilla’s relationship with him was very protective: “All along I must have had a comprehensive pact with Isaiah not to leave him in the lurch, never, not even now” (5). She therefore feels compelled to find out why he was on the roof in the first place.
As Smilla uncovers the truth about the circumstances leading to Isaiah’s death, Høeg not only reveals a complex mystery whose beginnings predate World War II and explores key differences between Inuit and Danish culture, but he also develops characters, both major and minor, who at times wreak havoc with traditional stereotypes of female vs. male behavior. Smilla combines very feminine traits with extremely masculine ones, and to a lesser but still noteworthy extent, so do many of the other characters she encounters.

Smilla herself is, in some ways, (stereo)typically feminine. She loves fine clothing (one of her very few concessions to luxury and sensuality) and throughout the novel frequently describes what she is wearing, whether she is visiting a fancy casino or breaking into a factory. She also notes what other characters are wearing, mentions designers and tailors by name, and even includes information about fabric type and design: “I had Rohrmann on Ørdrup Road sew a silk lining into my kidskin pants. She didn’t want to do it. She says that it makes the seams shred. But I insisted. My life depends on small pleasures. I wanted the combination of coolness and warmth from the silk against my thighs” (74–75). She is capable of obsessing about clothes to the point that when she has just escaped from a burning ship and has managed to reach shore, her just destroyed “fur hat from Jane Eberlein . . . made in sort of a Greenland style” (143) becomes part of her ordeal. As she staggers away from the dock, she says, “I have hallucinations, fragmentary, incoherent. From when I was little. A flower I found, knotweed, with buds. A convulsive fretting about whether Eberlein has more brocade like the kind my hat was made of. The feeling of being sick and wetting my bed” (187).

Smilla also understands how personal appearance can influence the people she interacts with. Once she begins dealing with the police who are investigating Isaiah’s death, she can see this principle at work. When she first encounters a detective up on the roof from which Isaiah fell, he tells her to go back down, but she presses her questions:

Some people might say that I’m vain. And I wouldn’t exactly contradict them. I may have my reasons for it. At any rate, my clothes are what makes him listen to me now. The cashmere sweater, the fur hat, the gloves. He cer-
tainly would like to send me downstairs. But he can see that I look like an
elegant lady. And he doesn’t meet very many elegant ladies on the rooftops
of Copenhagen. So he hesitates for a moment (10-11).

Soon after, Smilla decides to break into the factory building housing
records she wants to look at and describes her breaking-and-entering
outfit, for a very good reason: “I’m wearing a pair of high boots, a
red turtleneck sweater, a sealskin coat from Groenlandia, and a skirt
from Scottish Corner. I’ve learned that it’s always easier to explain
things if you’re nicely dressed” (83). When she is surprised inside by
her neighbor Peter, the mechanic, who has followed her, she even
describes his clothing: “He’s wearing black sweatpants, a dark blue
sweater, a black wool cap, dark blue deck shoes, and a guilty con-
science” (93).

A further indicator of Smilla’s self-consciousness about her
appearance is her concern over her makeup. On board the ship that
takes her to Greenland to discover the final truths about Isaiah’s
death, her alarm clock saves her “from showing up on the bridge
without having splashed cold water on my face and put on eyeliner
(298). Still later on board ship, when things have taken a more dra-
matic turn and she no longer has the luxury of fixing her face, she
comments that “[my] face feels naked without makeup” (435).

Most typically feminine of Smilla’s traits are her motherly feel-
ings for Isaiah, whose own mother, Juliane, is an alcoholic who fre-
cently neglects him. At times he spends the night in her apartment,
and Smilla watches him sleep, thinking, “Maybe he’s my child;
that’s how it feels” (434). Her feelings for Isaiah are so strong that at
his funeral, “For a brief moment my yearning feels like madness. If
only they would open the coffin for a moment and let me lie down
beside his cold little body…” (82).

Yet while Smilla is in some ways very feminine, in others she is
unexpectedly, even exaggeratedly and unrealistically, masculine in
personality and behavior. For one thing, like any hard-boiled detec-
tive, she is a loner who values her privacy and independence above
almost everything else. She says, “I feel the same way about solitude
as some people feel about the blessing of the church. It’s the light of
grace for me” (11). Her apartment is furnished like a hotel room,
which she explains to herself as being a trait carried down from her
Inuit mother’s nomadic legacy, but, she concludes, “In terms of an excuse it’s a weak explanation” (12). At times she feels great loneliness, but she admits that “[t]he life I live I created for myself, and I wouldn’t want it any different” (60).

Physically, Smilla is small, only 5' 2" tall, but she is strong and has a high tolerance for pain. Whenever she needs to have a tooth filled, for example, she refuses novocaine. Instead, “. . . right before the drill pierces the enamel into the dentine of the tooth, I think to myself that now something is happening to me that I have to accept. That’s how I become an involved but not overwhelmed spectator to the pain” (406). She also knows how to fight, and while she does not initiate conflict, she is more than willing to defend herself violently when threatened. When she first came to Denmark from Greenland as a child, she was bullied by a boy thirty pounds heavier than she was. But, says Smilla, “[h]e didn’t have a chance.” She waited for him early one morning on his way to school, “hit him right in the face and broke his nose.” Then she “kicked him on one kneecap and then on the other, to bring him down to a more acceptable height” (93).

As an adult, on the sea voyage back to Greenland to solve the mystery of Isaiah’s death, she has several fights for her life, all with men. Toward the end of the novel, while examining herself in a mirror, she describes the results with a certain amount of relish, strongly reminiscent of similar recitations by male hardboiled detectives:

Anyone interested in death would benefit from looking at me. . . . There’s no skin on my kneecaps. Between my hips there is a wide yellowish-blue patch of blood that has coagulated under the skin. . . . The palms of both hands have suppurating lesions that refuse to close. At the base of my skull I have a bruise like a gull’s egg, and a spot where the skin is broken and contracted. . . . and I won’t even mention all the black-and-blue marks. . . . (434)

It is enlightening to contrast Smilla’s use of mirrors with what Christopher Benfey refers to as “the long history of mirrors as props of feminine vanitas” in literature and art (124). Women are supposed to care about how they look, and clearly Smilla does, too, as her re-
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ereferences to her clothing and makeup illustrate. But in this scene on board ship, Smilla’s use of the mirror to catalogue her wounds indicates a masculine pride in her own toughness, her ability to take whatever the villains on board can dish out and give it right back again. Her injuries become badges of courage, revealing an archetypically masculine attitude. For Smilla, the mirror represents her own mortality, a thought which, she says, together with the “continuity of all things always made me happy” (434).

However, it is in Smilla’s relation to other characters in the novel that Høeg’s interest in cross-gender behavior becomes most apparent. Through Smilla’s interaction with those around her, her most masculine traits emerge. In fact, readers can see both feminine and masculine traits in almost every character, along with some highly revealing role reversals. Smilla’s two main foils are her lover, Peter Føjl, the mechanic who also befriended Isaiah, and her father, Moritz Jaspersen, with whom she has a stormy and antagonistic relationship.

In some ways, Smilla’s relationship with Peter is an exact reversal of the usual male-female relationship. The mechanic is in most ways a typical man: he’s tall and strong, wants to protect Smilla and keep her safe, and is essentially a loner, like Smilla. But in certain areas where Smilla is in some ways more masculine, Peter reveals a more feminine side. Where Smilla hates to cook, for example, Peter loves it and is very knowledgeable. Of her philosophy of cooking, Smilla says:

I’ve never managed to acquire an understanding of my kitchen, of raw ingredients, or of the basic chemistry of cooking. I have only one simple work principle: I always make hot food. That’s important when you live alone. It serves a mental hygienic purpose. It keeps you going. (56)

Smilla’s attitude is echoed by many bachelors who, like her, are “still not on a first-name basis with [their] toasters” (120).

Peter, on the other hand, although he never says anything directly, obviously loves to cook and clearly is on a first-name basis with all of his kitchen appliances, from the coffee grinder and espresso machine he uses to make Smilla coffee, to the pots he uses to make a seafood soup, to the utensils for baking bananas in the
oven and serving tea with ginger, cane sugar, and "a quarter of a vanilla bean" (139). In a delightful role reversal, Peter courts Smilla through her stomach, and the technique works.

Gender-reversed personality traits can also be seen in Smilla’s and Peter’s emotional behavior. Smilla prides herself on her emotional stoicism and mental toughness. She tells Peter, “I’ve always thought of myself as Ms. Fierce with the big mouth” (122), and when Peter asks her, “‘Smilla. Why is it that such an elegant and petite girl like you has such a rough voice?’” she responds, “‘I’m sorry . . . if I give you the impression that it’s only my mouth that’s rough. I do my best to be rough all over’” (101).

Smilla’s stoicism and emotional self-containment are further illustrated at Isaiah’s funeral, where, though she longs to lie beside Isaiah in his coffin, and though the other women there weep steadily, Smilla doesn’t shed a tear. Instead, she resolves to find out what happened to him. Nor does she cry earlier, when she comes upon Isaiah’s dead body at the base of the warehouse he fell from. The mechanic, however, does cry. Smilla finds him in tears on the roof when she goes up to investigate, and she reports, “It will never be easy for me to watch men cry. Maybe because I know how fatal crying is to their self-respect” (10). The only time in the entire novel, through all of the emotional ups and downs, through all of the physical battering she takes, that Smilla cries has nothing to do with grief:

I sit down on the sofa. First come the images from the day. I let them pass. Then come memories from when I was a child, vacillating between slight depression and mild elation; I let them go, too. Then comes peace. That’s when I put on a record. Then I sit down and cry. I’m not crying about anything or anyone specific. . . . I cry because in the universe there is something as beautiful as Kremer playing the Brahms violin concerto. (60)

In Smilla’s and Peter’s use of names further gender reversals can be seen. Throughout the book, while Peter calls Smilla by her first name, she refers to him in the text as “the mechanic” or, less often, follows a more masculine pattern by using his last name, Føjl, perhaps trying to assert her equality in their relationship or perhaps trying to maintain an emotional distance between herself and Peter by avoiding the intimacy of using his name. Toward the end of the
book, however, when she finally accepts how much he means to her, she addresses him as Føjl, observing, “His name tastes sweet in my mouth” (435).

The clearest—and most problematic—examples of role reversal between Smilla and Peter lie in their sexual relationship. Although it is Peter who first asks Smilla, “[C]an I kiss you?” (122), it is Smilla, on another evening, who actually makes the first move, kissing him. Later, Smilla and Peter make love for the first time, after which Smilla exhibits a stereotypically masculine aversion to emotional commitment and dependency. She remarks that her growing feelings for Peter are unusual for her—“I guess I’m not quite myself” (188), she says at one point—and that becoming dependent on someone else as the source of her happiness “is what I’ve been working to avoid for thirty-seven years” (197).

However, the subsequent times their lovemaking is described, it is always Smilla who takes the masculine role by initiating sex, while Peter passively acquiesces. He is as shy and diffident as a girl; when a woman they are interviewing asks if the two of them are married to each other, he even blushes, “a flaming, helpless blush” (175). Smilla’s reaction, on the other hand, again seems more masculine: “I notice a brief wave of heat along my inner thighs. For a moment I think someone has put something warm in my lap. But there’s nothing there” (175). The ultimate sexual role reversal comes in a scene in which Smilla says, “In our dawning, mutual intimacy, I induce him to open the little slit in the head of his penis so I can put my clitoris inside and f--- him” (206).

Høeg captures the most basic reversal in masculine vs. feminine characteristics between Smilla and Peter not through an explicit reference to sex but through an analogy with toys, as each likens the other to a toy from their childhoods:

“Smilla,” [Peter] whispers, “when I was a kid I had a wind-up tank with caterpillar treads. If you put it down in front of something, it would climb straight over it because it had such low gears. If the object was perpendicular the tank would turn around and crawl along the edge until it found some other way over. You couldn’t stop it. You’re like that tank, Smilla.” . . .

“When I was a kid,” I say, “my father gave me a teddy bear. Until then we’d only had dolls that we’d made ourselves. The bear lasted a week.
First it got dirty, then the fur fell out. It got holes in it and the stuffing came out; otherwise it was hollow inside. You’re like that teddy bear, Føjl.” (449)

Smilla inherited her innate toughness and independence from her mother, Ane Qaavigaaq Jaspersen, a fiercely independent woman who broke new ground among her own people by hunting like a man while refusing to “renounce any sort of family life” (34), as normally expected of Inuit women who take on a man’s role. Smilla says, “It was different with my mother. She laughed and gave birth to her children and gossiped about her friends and cleaned skins like a woman. But she shot and paddled a kayak and dragged meat home like a man” (34) after her own father went blind. Ane sums up her own cross-sexuality to Smilla when she says, “I have carried you in amaat’ . . . ‘And yet . . . I am as strong as a man’” (36).

Smilla’s father, Moritz Jaspersen, had a complex love-hate relationship with her mother, one which in some ways feminized him, revealing his own cross-sexual traits. He met Ane while in Greenland to conduct scientific experiments and fell in love with her. He had intended to stay no more than one month in this “windblown ice desert, where there wasn’t even a golf course,” but the “white hot energy between him and [Smilla’s] mother” kept him there for four years (39). When she refused to move onto the American base like a dutiful wife, he followed her to one of the plywood and tin barracks nearby. Smilla says, “Even today I still ask myself how he managed it. The answer, of course, is that as long as she was alive, he would have left his golf bag and clubs behind at a moment’s notice to follow her, even right into the searing center of black hell” (39). In every way, it was Ane who had the upper hand in this relationship, reversing the more typical emotional dependency of wife on husband.

In spite of his passion for Ane, Moritz left Greenland when Smilla was three:

. . . his own character drove him away. Deep within every blind, absolute love grows a hatred toward the beloved, who now holds the only existing key to happiness. . . . He left in a state of seething, pent-up, livid, profane rage. As a form of energy this was surpassed only by the longing that flung him back again. He was stuck to my mother with a rubber band that was
in invisible to the rest of the world but which had the effect and physical reality of a drive belt. (40)

Smilla’s relationship with her father centers around conflicts that are a continuation of those she saw between him and her mother and that similarly reveal areas of gender reversal. As an adult, Smilla is the dominant partner, defining the terms of their relationship, controlling their interactions, and keeping an emotional distance between them. She carefully notes Moritz’s weaknesses, especially his longing for her dead mother, whom he tries futilely to recapture in Smilla, and uses those weaknesses against him. Smilla resents him bitterly because he left his family and because after her mother died, he forced Smilla to live in Denmark, a completely alien environment for a seven-year-old and one which she battled in the same way that she battled Moritz, who became the symbol of everything she despised about Denmark and Danes. She calls her relationship with her father “a banal tragedy spread over two generations” (33) and his efforts to impress her “[a] little boy’s plea for love. Which I have absolutely no intention of giving him” (30).

In the war between the sexes in the Jaspersen family, it is the women who win time after time. As a result, Moritz is feminized by his failures, becoming dependent first on Ane and then on Smilla for some sign of affection or need, taking on the passive role of waiting for the contacts he wants so desperately, and unable to fulfill the role of husband and father by remaining in Greenland with his family.

One further foil, a relatively minor character but a highly significant and well-developed one, also strikingly reveals the masculine side of Smilla. Bernard Jakkelsen is one of the crew members on board the Kronos, the ship taking Smilla to Greenland; he is a character who blends stereotypical masculine and feminine qualities as vividly as Smilla does. Jakkelsen is an experienced and tough seaman who prides himself on being a ladies’ man. He tells Smilla, “Women are crazy about me” (282) and never stops hitting on her—literally as well as figuratively, as it turns out. He does know how to fight and demonstrates his ability on Smilla when he suspects that she has taken the drugs he has hidden in his cabin and comes to hers to get it back. In the ensuing fight, he almost holds his own.
But Jakkelsen is also incredibly vain, a standard feminine weakness in much literature. When he tries to intimidate Smilla during the first crew meeting, she regains control by grabbing him by the lower lip and bending his little finger back at the joint, forcing him to his knees “with a whimper like a woman” (288). When she releases him, his first reaction is not to go after Smilla but to check out his face in the glass of a photograph on the wall. He says, “I’ll get a blood blister, damn it, a blood blister” (288). Later, when Smilla finds him at his post in the engine room, he complains to her about all the work the crew has to do, adding, “How am I supposed to keep my hands looking presentable if I have to splice cable every single day?” (295). And during their fight over Jakkelsen’s drugs in Smilla’s cabin, when she finally overcomes him by hitting him in the chin with a steel ball wrapped in a towel, breaking a tooth, his biggest complaint is, “You’ve ruined my face” (322).

Not only does Jakkelsen exhibit both masculine and feminine traits; he also makes the most explicit statement about Smilla’s masculine side to appear in the entire book. After the conflicts described above have made Jakkelsen an unwilling ally, he follows her surreptitiously on one of her investigations of the ship, where she is caught by some of the villains, stuffed into a gunny sack, and taken to a platform overlooking one of the cargo holds, where she will be dropped to her death. But Smilla has a weapon, a screwdriver she has stuck into a cork and carries in the waistband of her pants. She manages to stab her attacker in the shoulder just as Jakkelsen sets off the fire alarm and then drags her out of the hold. Later, he asks Smilla why she is so curious about the ship that she is willing to risk her life. She replies, “Because I owe it to somebody... I owe it to someone I love” (362). Jakkelsen’s response is one of the key illustrations of Høeg’s theme of the inherent cross-sexuality of women and men:

Jakkelsen stares at me, disillusioned and gloomy. “You don’t love anyone. You don’t even like yourself. You’re not a real woman. When I dragged you up the stairs, I saw that little point sticking out of the bag. A screwdriver. Like a little dick. You stabbed him, man.”

Jakkelsen is not entirely accurate in his evaluation of Smilla’s nature: she is capable of love; she simply has a highly developed
sense of self-protection and privacy, keeping her feelings to herself and avoiding self-disclosure, as do many men. But she allows more of her masculine side and inherent toughness free reign than the average woman does, and that is what Jakkelsen focuses on. True, too, the symbolism of the screwdriver as a “little dick” entering a man, rather than a woman, is too clear a role reversal to be missed. Smilla creates her own symbolic phallus and uses it as a weapon to protect herself against attackers.

These themes of blending and reversing gender traits can also be seen in many of the other minor characters in the novel, and they provide the means by which Høeg further tweaks readers’ expectations about gender characteristics and stereotypes through thumbnail sketches and throwaway lines. The relationship between Jean Pierre Lagermann, the forensic pathologist who performed the autopsy on Isaiah, and his wife is one such brief exercise in casual gender-bending. Physically, Mrs. Lagermann has “the height, shoulders, and back of an American football player,” while her husband is “a foot and a half shorter than his wife” (62). Within the basic stereotype of the woman running the home, Mrs. Lagermann exercises complete control: she forbids her husband to smoke in the house, relegating him to his cactus conservatory to enjoy his cigars. (The ease with which she gets her way is a total contrast to Moritz’s lack of success in preventing Smilla’s mother from smoking in the summer tent in Greenland. The women in this novel are far more strong-willed than the men.) Smilla observes her with her children and recognizes who really does the work of the world:

She has an authoritative strength, like my childhood image of God. And an unflappable gentleness like Santa Claus in a Disney film. If you want to know who the real heroes of world history are, just look at the mothers. In the kitchens, with the cookie sheets. While the men are sitting on the toilet. Out in the hammocks. Out in the conservatory. (193)

The people around Smilla, as well as Smilla herself, thus provide Høeg with opportunities to play with gender roles and reader expectations. They allow Smilla to show off both her feminine and masculine traits, while at the same time demonstrating their own cross-sexual natures. Smilla dresses like a woman and has maternal
feelings for Isaiah, but she also fights (and makes love) like a man and has the physical and mental toughness, including the loner personality, usually associated with the hardest boiled of detectives.

In fact, Smilla’s combination of feminine and masculine traits makes her a far cry from what James Shokoff describes as the feminine ideal in the novels of Dashiell Hammett, Raymond Chandler, and Mickey Spillane; she is, more accurately, a blend of the traits of the “feminine ideal” and of the private eye himself. For the detectives in these authors’ mysteries, “the best woman acts and behaves more like a man than woman—out of bed, of course.” Shokoff adds, “The good woman is not a precise copy of the good man. She is, at best, an imitation that approaches but never quite sits upon the symbolic throne of manliness” (51). She must be sexy, loyal, independent, and tough without being cruel, must realize “that she was born to be ruled and not to rule,” and she must not “challenge the male’s hegemony” (52). Shokoff says that what emerges from such novels “is an implication that loyalty and honor are masculine traits, and the contraries of duplicity and selfishness are feminine qualities. The best women in these . . . novels are those who recognize their limitations and find their proper place” (60-61). The private eye, on the other hand, “. . . is the loner, the tough guy who can be hurt but who can handle the hurt” and who lives by his own moral code (60).

Comparing Smilla’s traits to those of the ideal woman and private eye described above, readers can see that while she is sexy (judging by the responses of the men in the novel), intensely loyal to Isaiah, and fiercely independent, she can also be both tough and cruel, may recognize her limitations but constantly fights them, refuses to find her “proper place,” and does nothing but challenge “the male’s hegemony.” She behaves in many ways like a man, at times even in bed. No, Smilla is more like the private eye himself: she is very much a loner, is tough both physically and mentally (although she has moments of vulnerability), and has a clearly defined sense of fair play and the moral code by which she lives.

When men “write the feminine,” beyond the most basic issue of how successful they are at capturing a female voice and persona, questions about their motivation for and legitimacy in doing so also arise. While some male authors may wish to show their feminist sympathies or explore their own feminine traits by expanding and
bending sex-role stereotypes, others may wish misogynistically to reinforce traditional roles and gender myths about the inferiority of women. In Høeg’s case, his portrayal of Smilla seems, first of all, genuinely authentic—one (female) reviewer was so impressed by Høeg’s cross-gender characterization that she says, “... the author is subsumed in the narrator to the point where readers will catch themselves referring to Peter Høeg as ‘she’...” (Eberstadt 118). Moreover, his portrayal also comes across as largely sympathetic and empowering, and his cross-gender characterizations in general challenge stereotypes and expectations at every turn. A male author speaking with a woman’s voice, Høeg depicts realistic characters who blur the lines between feminine and masculine traits in such a way as to raise questions about the fundamental legitimacy of trying to categorize people based on their sex.

Høeg himself has been an actor, dancer, sailor, fencer, mountaineer, and writer in his lifetime, a blend of “feminine” and “masculine” occupations that may have broadened his perspective on what it means to be male or female. Much of what he does in Smilla’s Sense of Snow points out the inaccuracy, even the futility, of trying to pigeonhole the sexes so strictly, reinforcing Donnalee Rubin’s contention that “no person is, of course, entirely female or entirely male. Our qualities are often shared or exchanged, and behaviors become even more difficult to assess as they cross the boundaries of imaginary gender norms” (4). Whether readers find Høeg’s depiction of Smilla completely realistic or not, it is certainly less stereotypical than the dumb blondes or treacherous sexpots of other authors. Smilla, at least, is realistically flawed but still genuinely empowered by her own curiosity, determination, loyalty, and integrity. Those are qualities that transcend gender lines and with which all readers can identify.

Perhaps Høeg’s underlying motivation in creating a character as cross-sexual as Smilla is to illustrate the fundamental wisdom of an observation in the novel itself, a passage which captures the basic attitude toward the sexes in Greenland, namely, “... the natural acceptance... that each of the sexes contains the potential to become its opposite” (34). What Høeg has done is to go beyond that statement, exploring the potential of each sex to embody both sexes at the same time, with Smilla as the primary personification of that kind of flexibility. What could be more liberating for both sexes?
works cited


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