

**“THEY HAVE NO REASON TO NOTICE A MAN LIKE ME:
Foreignness in Steven Spielberg’s *The Terminal*”**

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ABSTRACT

In “Strangers to Ourselves,” Julia Kristeva discusses the notion of foreignness in contemporary Western society, writing that “the foreigner lives within us: he is the hidden face of our identity, the space that wrecks our abode, the time in which understanding and affinity founder.” The foreigner is something hidden within the self, beyond comprehension, and a constant, uncanny threat to one’s home. Film has long functioned as a window into the cultural subconscious, and similar investigations of cinematic otherness have been explored, most notably by Robin Wood in his “The American Nightmare: Essays on the Horror Film.” However, in many post-9/11 texts like *Constantine*, *Inside Man*, *The Hills Have Eyes*, and *Cloverfield*, the foreigner is not only positioned as an Other because of the characteristics that exclude him from the dominant group, but he is specifically foreign in that he is not a citizen of the country in which he resides. This notion of foreignness is the dominant theme that resonates from Steven Spielberg’s *The Terminal*. The film’s central project is an exploration of the anxiety projected upon foreigners by a post-9/11 American culture whom, beset by paranoia, are unable and unwilling to accept themselves as foreign, instead seeking to reject or assimilate the foreigner in all of its many representations. This fear of the foreigner is projected onto the abject body of the film’s main protagonist, Viktor Navorski, and through his experience of initial rejection, and ultimate assimilation into American culture, *The Terminal* lays bare Kristeva’s ethic of cosmopolitanism, and her claim that in order to accept the foreigner, we must recognize that we are all foreigners.

“Amelia, would you like to get eat to bite?” mumbles Viktor Navorski, the foreign protagonist of Steven Spielberg’s *The Terminal*. He is standing in front of the Hugo Boss retail store in the transit lounge of the JFK International Airport, coveting the collection of suits, ties, and winter coats on display in the window. He pauses for a beat, realizing his mistake, and corrects himself; “Bite to eat? Cantelloni?” Viktor is practicing to ask his new acquaintance Amelia out on a date, and as he walks apprehensively along the glass façade, stopping to peer in at each of the mannequins, his reflection creates the illusion that his head is resting atop each of the lifeless silhouettes, one by one, as if he is “trying on” each of the outfits. (#1 - This is a common image in the film, Viktor reflected in mirrors, seen slightly distorted through panes of glass, and his face framed on surveillance cameras) As he gazes into the window, he imagines purchasing the clothes, asking Amelia to dinner, and taking her out on the town. Viktor, however, engaged in his fantasy, is merely taking on the pretense of a “proper” American; one who works, consumes, shops, speaks English, and falls in love. He can never truly be American, because he is

a foreigner. In her essay “Étrangers à nous-mêmes,” Julia Kristeva provides an analysis of the internal experiences of the foreigner in Western culture. She writes that the foreigner assumes different guises, “multiplying masks and false selves,” and in so doing the foreigner “has no self” (Kristeva, 1991, 8). Like the reflection in the storefront window, Viktor is an abstraction. He is foreign, “valueless,” and though he can buy a suit, smile, and put on appearances, his foreignness will always be present beneath his veneer, ready to reveal itself in verbal misspeaks, social awkwardness, and the mispronunciation of words like “cannelloni” (ibid, 8).

Kristeva writes that “the foreigner lives within us: he is the hidden face of our identity, the space that wrecks our abode, the time in which understanding and affinity founder.” The foreigner is something hidden within the self, beyond comprehension, and a constant, uncanny threat to one’s home. This notion of foreignness is the dominant theme that resonates from *The Terminal*, and the film’s central project is an exploration of the anxiety projected upon foreigners by a post-9/11 American culture whom, beset by paranoid fears of invading terrors, are unable and unwilling to accept themselves as foreign. This fear is projected onto Viktor’s abject body, and throughout the film his experience is typical of the foreigner in America: he is identified as foreign, temporarily sequestered, and ultimately assimilated into American culture where he will be tolerated. What Viktor’s journey lays bare is Kristeva’s claim that in order to accept the foreigner, we must recognize foreignness in ourselves; that we are all foreigners. Such is the realization of Customs Director Frank Dixon, Viktor’s uncanny doppelganger in the film, who comes to realize his own foreignness through his interactions with Viktor. The bond developed between the two illustrates Kristeva’s call for a cosmopolitanism that recognizes the universality of human rights, and the notion that “the foreigner is within me, hence we are all foreigners;” we are strangers to ourselves - *étrangers à nous-mêmes* (Kristeva, 192).

You are a citizen of nowhere

Kristeva’s reading of foreignness concentrates on the experiences of a subject who is characterized as more than an other – the foreigner is an exile, alien, or immigrant, and it is with her reading of Sigmund Freud’s “Das Unheimlich” that she begins her articulation of the foreigner (Moruzzi, 137). Freud associates the uncanny with that class of the frightening which “arouses dread and horror” and “excites fear in general” (Freud, 219). The uncanny is something “familiar and old-established in the mind and which has become alienated from it if only through the process of repression” (ibid, 241). He goes on to discuss how the other is constructed through this process of repression, and that when the unconscious returns, as that which “ought to have been kept concealed but which has nevertheless come to light,” it asserts itself in the individual’s consciousness as something uncanny - *unheimlich* (Freud, 224). According to Kristeva, the difference of otherness - a different age, ethnicity, sex, or religious background than the

dominant group - does not “endow one with the attributes of foreignness” (Kristeva, 1991, 96). The foreigner is “the one who does not belong to the state in which we are, the one who does not have the same nationality,” thus the foreigner is positioned as an other because of the characteristics that exclude him from the dominant group, *and* he is specifically foreign in that he is not a citizen of the country in which he resides (ibid, 96).

The opening moments of *The Terminal* introduce the spectator to the JFK International Airport. The first image of the film is that of a towering “Departures” board, listing flights to cities like Toronto, Copenhagen, Mexico City, and Beijing. It is made clear that we are entering a foreign space, and will be engaging with foreignness in its many variations. Customs agents and custodial crews mill about the empty terminal, and one of the agents, setting up a row of metal stanchions, pulls open and fastens one of the retractable belts to its neighboring post. The words “The US Customs and Border Protection” are etched in white block letters across the blue nylon strip, signaling that the spectator need not fear this foreign space, as all foreigners passing through the airport will be subject to intense scrutiny. When the doors open, crowds of people swarm in like a mob of overzealous shoppers on Black Friday at the local WalMart. America is “open for business”, and the subsequent montage sequence reveals that the queue of foreigners are waiting in line to speak to customs officials, all of whom are asking questions, examining faces, and stamping passports. “What is the purpose of your visit?” asks one of the uniformed agents. “Business or pleasure?” inquires another. “How long will you be staying in the United States? Can I see your return ticket please?” Speaking with thick accents, those who answer appropriately, the demure woman who replies, “Just visiting...shopping,” or the nervous gentleman who splutters, “Ehh, b-business,” are welcomed to enjoy their stay. They are the “good” foreigners; the ones who will adhere to their place, and temporarily assimilate by shopping, and conducting business in America before returning home. The “bad” foreigners, however, are those with ulterior motives; such as the group of Chinese tourists identified as having false documents, all of whom are promptly expelled for their transgressive behaviors. For Kristeva, this relationship with the foreigner is essential to establishment of the nation-state, which Norma Claire Moruzzi notes, “must continually maintain the legitimacy of its identity as a subject through encounters with an other, strangers either outside or within its borders” (Moruzzi, 142). Americans have long been concerned with forms of other/foreignness as an individual and national matter of contention, and perhaps now more than ever in our post-9/11 culture, the encounter with, and resolution to eject or assimilate the foreigner functions as a means of solidarity for Americans. Viktor will undergo a similar investigation throughout the film.

As security and police agents chase the group of Chinese, Mickey Mouse sweater-wearing forgers through the airport, one of them brushes past Viktor while he speaks with a customs official about his

entry into the United States. Carrying his luggage, and mysterious Planter's Peanuts can, Viktor is informed that his passport has "failed", and he's pulled out of line. Officer Thurman, Frank's right-hand man, accompanies Viktor to a stanchioned-off area in the middle of the terminal, and groups of people look on as Viktor is isolated in a four by four foot square space delineated by the blue nylon "U.S. Customs" belts. Until his proper status can be ascertained, he is marked as foreign, poisonous to the crew and other passengers, and he must be investigated. As an exile in an unfamiliar land, the foreign body represents a threatening element, at once fascinating and repulsive; a condition Kristeva calls the abject. The abject induces a simultaneous fear and fascination, the dissolution of boundaries, and a return to the maternal space of the semiotic (Kristeva, 1982, 2). Kristeva incorporates her analysis of the abject into her discussion of the foreigner when she writes, "Confronting the foreigner whom I reject and with whom at the same time I identify, I lose my boundaries, I no longer have a container, the memory of experiences when I had been abandoned overwhelm me, I lose my composure. I feel 'lost,' 'indistinct,' 'hazy'" (1991, 187). The experience of foreignness is akin to the experience of abjection, in that the subject is jettisoned back to the realm of the semiotic, and to "our first home – the mother's body – where the drives do not remain housed securely in the unconscious, but return in estranging bodily symptoms and affects" (Smith, 23). The individual subject is haunted by the looming threat of the presubjective experience of abjection; the "vortex of summons and repulsion (that) places the one haunted by it literally beside himself" (Kristeva, 1982, 1). The nation-state is threatened by the return of the foreigner, as one who "beseeches, worries, and fascinates desire" (ibid, 1). For Freud, a confrontation with the other evokes the uncanny. For Kristeva, a confrontation with the foreigner gives rise to abjection.

Viktor is taken to Frank's office for questioning, where he is informed that while he was in the air, there was a military coup in his home country of Krakozhia. Because of this, all of his travelling privileges have been suspended, and the visa that would have allowed him to enter the United States has been revoked. "Currently, you are a citizen of nowhere," Frank tells him. "And the thing is, you don't really have a home, you don't. Technically it doesn't exist." In losing his home(land), Viktor has lost his mother(land), for as Kristeva says, "The foreigner, thus, has lost his mother" (Kristeva, 1991, 5). The foreigner's existence "involves a separation from one's origins – from the mother – and the assumption of an orphan status," which means that for the foreigner to start anew, he must do so in a "decidedly non-maternal environment" (Lechte, 80-81). Just as Frank says, Viktor has "fallen through a small crack in the system;" he occupies the space in-between, foreign, "Not belonging to any place, any time, any love" (Kristeva, 1991, 7). His presence "disturbs identity, system, order," drawing attention to the fragility of the law, and to that which "does not respect borders, positions, rules" (1982, 4). Frank, thrust into this confrontation with abject foreignness, allows Viktor to enter the International Transit Lounge until "Uncle Sam" works out the details of his case. Officer Thurman then escorts Viktor out of the

Department of Homeland Security offices, and provides him with several food vouchers, a 15-minute pre-paid calling card, a pager, and an ID badge. The scene culminates with Viktor left standing in the middle of the terminal, alone amongst a crowd of hundreds, his abject body a symbol of the foreign intruder that must be either assimilated or ejected in order to alleviate the threat it imposes upon the American people and their home(land).

You are at this time, simply...unacceptable.

The foreigner is poised between two opposing attitudes; he either “attempts at all costs to merge into that homogenous texture that knows no other, to identify with it, to vanish into it, to become assimilated,” or he “withdraws into his isolation, humiliated and offended” (1991, 39). It is made explicitly clear that Viktor, as a foreigner, must either conform to American cultural standards, or face rejection and expulsion. American culture in *The Terminal* is defined by a number of habits and characteristics: consumerism, eating fast food, speaking proper English, performing a hard day’s work, and heterosexual coupling.

In order to properly feed himself, Viktor must first discover and embrace two of the fundamental tenants of American culture: capitalism and consumerism. Viktor tries to keep his appointment with Gump, who merely shrugs him off saying, “Tuesday, I hate-a the Tuesday!” Later that day, while meandering through the food court, Viktor watches as an airport busser cleans plates of food off of the small cylindrical tables. He inches forward, eyeing a plate of salad that the worker has overlooked, and just as he’s about to make his move, a woman walks in front of him with a large metal luggage cart. “Excuse me buddy,” she says, depositing the cart into its corral, and retrieving her 25 cents deposit back. Viktor approaches the machine, looks at the large “.25¢ Reward” label above its coin dispensary, and has an idea. The following sequence shows him scurrying about the airport, gathering a small row of pushcarts, and returning them for coins. Viktor has found his means of production, with his initial output of labor producing a profit of 75 cents. Like any typical American, he takes his first earnings to the Burger King to buy a small cheeseburger. “Keep the change,” he tells the cashier, before sitting down to stuff the burger into his mouth. Viktor is learning what it takes to be a “proper” capitalist; his first step towards assimilation. American capitalism, however, demands not only that you acquire wealth, but that you acquire as much wealth as possible. Viktor quickly realizes this, and the following montage is of him collecting more and more carts, this time earning enough money to buy an entire value meal, complete with a Whopper, green salad, large fries, apple pie, and a Coke. With more carts come more money, more food, and much bigger burgers. Similar lessons of excess are evident throughout the film, most notably the egregious product placement and icons of consumer culture that permeate the mise-en-scène at every possible turn. As Viktor and the other characters traverse the narrative, numerous scenes take

place in front of cafes and eateries like Starbucks, Baskin Robbins, Panda Express, and Sbarro. Retail shops like Dean & DeLuca, Verizon Wireless, and Cambridge Soundworks are clumsily situated in the frame during key situations that relay dialogue and story action. In one scene, Viktor and Amelia have a conversation about Napoleon in a Borders bookstore #3(he's holding a copy of Dr. Suess's "Oh the Places You'll Go"), while during another Viktor realizes he needs to get a job, so he visits the Discovery Channel Store, Yoshinoya, Brookstone, Swatch, and La Perla to fill out applications. The transit lounge is not dissimilar from your average American mall, and in *The Terminal* this space functions as a "training grounds" of sorts for Viktor to immerse himself in before proceeding into the United States. Officer Thurman makes this abundantly clear when he says to Viktor, just before leaving him in the terminal on the afternoon of his arrival, that, "There's only one thing you can do here Mr. Navorski...shop." Viktor comes to fully appreciate this sentiment, and with his knowledge of the capitalist system, and newfound understanding of how to best produce and consume in his environment, he can focus on the next order of business towards assimilating into American culture.

Kristeva writes that because he is "between two languages" the foreigner's "realm is silence" (ibid, 15). As a foreigner in an English-speaking world, Viktor is "living with resonances and reasoning that are cut off from the body's nocturnal memory" (ibid, 15). Continually bombarded with words and phrases that are as unfamiliar to him as he is to the people who hurl them, Viktor will be forced to abandon his native Krakozhian and learn English. This realization is made clear soon after the cart sequence. While gorging on his newly purchased hamburger and French fries, Viktor's attention is suddenly diverted by the sounds of the Krakozhian national anthem wafting across the food court. Moving to a television monitor where WGN News is continuing with their "Crisis in Krakozhia" coverage, Viktor looks on as a reporter speaks about the violent insurrection, its devastating effect on the people, and the country's uncertain future. He attempts to read the headlines on the crawl in the lower third of the screen, but he is only able to recognize the words "crisis," "food," and "Krakozhia." Frustrated, Viktor makes his way to the Borders bookstore, where he purchases two New York City travel guides: one in English, and the other in Krakozhian. Studying the guides side by side, Viktor reads about "the story of Broadway" and the cast of the "international comedy hit *Friends*". He begins to put together words and sentences, slowly wrapping his mind around the structure of the language, but perhaps more important than learning English is the lesson Viktor is learning about American pop culture, its modes of entertainment, and values of celebrity worship. Eventually he is able to read along and understand the majority of the WGN news crawl, however, similar to his acceptance within American culture, Viktor will soon learn that his grasp of the language has its limits. Just after Frank creates the "Transportation Liaison" position to alleviate his means of making money, Viktor becomes friends with a baggage handler for one of the airlines named Enrique Cruz. During one of their conversations about an immigration officer named

Dolores whom Enrique has a crush on, Viktor tells him that she used to have a boyfriend, but they broke up. "What happened?" Enrique asks. "Eat shit," Viktor says. "What...eat shit?" replies a stunned Enrique, who then asks for Viktor to repeat exactly what Dolores said. "Eat shit, she catch him," he says before Enrique interrupts. "Oh, he *cheats*! Say 'cheats' not 'shit'." It is in moments like this that Viktor's foreignness punctures the façade of assimilation he is trying to construct. His thick accent and the occasional mispronunciation mark him as foreign, "irritating just the same" to those properly situated within American culture, and are painful signifiers of the notion that he will "never be a part of it" (ibid, 15). Ultimately, the foreigner in *The Terminal* is condemned to silence. When Viktor asks Gupta if he is afraid of being deported, he replies, "As long as I keep my floor clean, keep my head down, they have no reason to deport me. They have no reason to notice a man like me." The foreigner is silent and withdrawn, all the while seeking to appease the wishes of others so that he may remain invisible. Thus the foreigner, "settled within himself...has no self" (ibid, 8).

From the very start of the film, it is made clear that Frank's endeavor as Custom's Director is silencing the foreigner. When he is introduced in the opening moments of the film, he is looking at a bank of security monitors, and "fishing" as Officer Thurman says for potential foreign threats. After recognizing and expelling the Chinese tourists, his next "problem" is Viktor and his ambiguous status, which he initially attempts to deal with by letting him go. "Sometimes you land a small fish, unhook him very carefully, you place him back in the water, set him free so somebody else can have the pleasure of catching him," he says to Thurman. This poses a problem, however, because at this point in the film Viktor is not equipped to venture out into America, as he is not yet fully assimilated. Conversely, he represents the dangerous foreign body that may potentially harm the homeland, a "threat to national security" as Frank says. Viktor's position in-between these two poles is a continual source of anxiety for Frank, who makes several unsuccessful attempts at alleviating the situation. When simply letting him go fails, Frank tries to call in favors with officials at other airports to have him moved, devises a workaround that would require Viktor admitting a "credible fear" of going back to Krakozhia, and even contacts the FBI to have him put in a federal detention center under the guidelines of "section 212." At one point he sequesters Viktor in a large room containing only a handful of wooden cots and a toilet, a scene that evokes the dread of being indefinitely and forcibly detained; an intrusion on the human rights of immigrants made possible by the U.S.A. Patriot Act in year subsequent to the attacks of 9/11. Rendered silent, and "stuck within that polymorphic mutism," Kristeva writes that instead of saying, the foreigner can "attempt doing – housecleaning, playing tennis, soccer, sailing, sewing, horseback riding, jogging, getting pregnant, what have you" and this is precisely what Viktor does (ibid, 16). It is made clear early on in the film that Viktor is crafty with tools. Feeling sleepy after a long first day in the terminal, he gathers a row of old airports chairs, and constructs them into a makeshift bed. When Frank

creates the Transportation Liason position, which prohibits him from earning money by collecting stray carts, Viktor again finds himself without food, and so he is forced to find a job. He visits a number of eateries and boutiques in the terminal, one by one filling out applications and answering questions. Most of the merchants simply laugh at and dismiss him, denying him an opportunity because he has no address, phone number, driver's license, or social security number; absent signifiers to attest that he is "a lost origin, the impossibility to take root, a rummaging memory, the present in abeyance" (ibid, 7). Later that night, walking back towards Gate 67 # (his surrogate "home" during his stay in the airport), Viktor passes through a section that is under construction. He eyes a large wall, stripped of its paint, and in need of some patching and resurfacing. He picks up a large putty knife, and working all night he scrapes off all of the excess stucco, patches a large rectangular hole, frames a decorative addition, and finishes the job with a fresh coat of white paint. In the morning the foreman and his crew show up to find Viktor, paintbrush still in hand, admiring the finished product. When the foreman asks, "Who is this? Who are you?" Viktor opens his mouth to speak, pauses, and then the assistant foreman, shuffling through a list of papers replies, "He's no one." Though the foreigner is silent, "no one," he is still, as Kristeva writes, "the one who works," and though Viktor is a foreigner in a strange land, "he *still* considers work as a value," and the foreman hires him onto the crew full-time (ibid, 17). Gupta similarly "has not come here just to waste his time away," taking great dignity in his work as a janitor, and when Viktor tries to use his mop to clean up a mess in the food court, Gumptra gets upset (ibid, 18). "Put it down!" he yells. "You try to take my mop, you try to take my floor. It's my job! Stay off my floor, stay away from my mop. If you touch it again, I kill you!" The foreigner, "possessed with driving ambition, a pusher, or merely crafty...takes on all jobs and tries to be tops in those that are scarcest. In those that nobody wants but also in those that nobody has thought of" (ibid, 18).

From now on, you and I are partners

When Viktor meets Amelia, he is helping her over to a nearby bench, having just slipped on a freshly mopped section of the terminal floor. "Wet floor..." he says to her, picking up one of the plastic yellow signs from the ground, "...that you," he quips, pointing to the image of a small figure on the sign, tumbling backwards after not heeding the bright red "caution" warning. When speaking of the *unheimlich* place, Freud writes that it is:

...the entrance to the former *Heim* [home] of all human beings, to the place where each one of us lived once upon a time and in the beginning. There is a joke saying that 'Love is home-sickness'; and whenever a man dreams of a place or a country and says to himself, while he is still dreaming: 'this place is familiar to me, I've been here before,' we may interpret the place as being his mother's genitals or her body (Freud, 245).

While Freud goes on to assert that one's homesickness for the mother's womb ultimately manifests itself in the uncanniness of the female genitalia, it is clear that we should also understand this passage in its

denotative sense, as the longing to return to one's home or nation. Throughout the rest of the film Amelia's function is twofold: she provides Viktor with a lesson in love, satisfying the classical Hollywood trope of heterosexual coupling so as to quell any anxieties about Viktor's sexuality, and she also fills the void in Viktor's heart brought about by his separation from Krakozhia. The former is best illustrated during his courtship of her as the film progresses, and the latter comes about during the climactic moments of the film, when Viktor is celebrating the end of the war, and Amelia presents him with a one-day emergency travel visa that will allow him to enter the United States. "I go New York!" he exclaims, holding up the document in the air as his gathering of friends around him cheer and congratulate him. When he asks her to come along, however, Amelia's glowing smile dissipates. "I told you to stay away from me Viktor," she says, "but you didn't understand, I think you were confused." It is instantly clear to Viktor that their love affair will not continue. With tears in his eyes, Viktor attempts to sway her, "I confused about everything, I not confused, not this (first gesturing to the documents) not this (then putting his hand over his heart)." Viktor's love for Amelia comes to light as an uncanny manifestation of his repressed homesickness, and he acknowledges the connection between the two by his asserting that he is neither confused by his feelings of home, signaled by his gesture to the documents that consent his entrance into the U.S. (so that he can ultimately return to Krakozhia), nor is he confused about his feelings for her, signaled by him placing his hand over his heart.

Viktor is explicitly connected to Frank as well, as the two are both going through a transition period; Viktor must assimilate in order to enter the U.S., and Frank has recently been nominated to take over as CVP Field Commissioner in Washington. The emergency travel documents that Amelia have arranged for Viktor need Frank's signature to validate their authenticity. His signature functions as a one of the many links between the two men, as it is both an approval of Viktor's assimilation, allowing him to cross over into American soil, and also a signifier of his "absolute authority" as Field Commissioner, an achievement ultimately made possible by Viktor's intrusion into his world. Their connection is also made apparent early in the film when Frank, in conversation with Officer Thurman about Viktor's dilemma, says bluntly, "Who knows what this guy is thinking...what gulag he escaped from. Everything he does comes back to me." Kristeva articulates her reading of Freudian otherness when she writes that "the archaic, narcissistic self, not yet demarcated by the outside world, projects out of itself what it experiences as dangerous or unpleasant in itself, making of it an alien *double*, uncanny and demonical" (Kristeva, 1991, 183). Viktor is Frank's uncanny doppelganger. As the abject foreigner, his arrival in the terminal is a manifestation of Frank's repressed anxiety about his new position, and a threat to Frank's chances of assuming his role as the new commissioner. We see this explicitly in the scene where a crew of inspectors is observing Frank at the airport, and a dangerous situation arises with Milodragovich, a Russian traveller who's just landed on a trip from Toronto. Frank needs Viktor's help to translate, and

agrees to let him go to New York if he can help diffuse the situation. They learn that Milodragovich is trying to bring four bottles of pills back to Russia to help his sick father, but Frank informs him through Viktor that because he does not have a medicinal purchase license, the pills will be confiscated by U.S. customs. Watching as uniformed officers carry Milodragovich away in handcuffs, Viktor looks down at the pill bottles in his hands, and then back up, his face bright with an idea. "Goat, goat, the medicine is for goat!" he exclaims. "I not understand him...in Krakozhia, the name for father is, sound like goat." Frank immediately see's through Viktor's deception. "You've been reading the immigration forms," he says, "the blue one...the one that says if it's an animal, he doesn't need the medicinal purchase license." Viktor insists that he made a mistake, and Frank reluctantly gives Milodragovich the pills. Incensed that Viktor was able to both diffuse the situation and achieve the optimal result when he himself could not, Frank grabs him by the back of the neck and pushes him up against a copy machine. "Do you think I need an excuse to put you back in that cell, to keep you there for another five years?" he growls. "When you go to war with me, you go to war with the Unites States of America." Frank's outburst, brought about by Viktor's uncanny strangeness, is a "defense put up by a distraught self," that conjures the image of the "malevolent double," projected onto Viktor's abject body, onto which he can his impose his power, and focus his rage (ibid, 183-84).

When he looks up, he sees that everyone has been watching the display - his employees, the government officials, and most importantly, the outgoing Field Commissioner, who later tells him that, "you could learn something from Navorski." After their dispute, Viktor tries to apologize by bringing him a large stuffed fish that he won in a late night poker game, and Frank asks him what he's carrying in the Planter's Peanuts can. "A promise," Viktor says, to which Frank replies, "Let me make you a promise Viktor...From now on, you and I are partners. If I stay, you stay. You will not set one foot in New York City. Not a single toe in the United States of America." Frank's threat is a further illustration of their bond, and an early marker of Kristeva's call for an ethic of cosmopolitanism. "Living with the other, with the foreigner," she writes, "confronts us with the possibility or not of *being an other*. It is not simply - humanistically - a matter of our being able to accept the other, but of *being in his place*, and this means to imagine and make oneself other for oneself (Kristeva, 1991, 13). Frank glares intently, pointing his finger at Viktor as he speaks, and by virtue of pointing at his doppelganger, he is in essence pointing at himself. Additionally, the framing of the shot suggests that he is also directing his gaze and finger at the spectator (and thus American culture at large), and so it is from here on out that we realize the importance of the bond shared by us all, as that which "would recognize everyone as having universal rights *qua* human being" as Kristeva says (Lechte, 80).

When the film arrives at it's climax, Viktor is standing, his arms full of commodities that the local

merchants have given to him for his journey, in front of a wall of customs officials, who have been directed by Frank to stop him from entering into the United States. Officer Thurman, however, gives Viktor his coat, and allows him passage into America. Viktor walks out into the winter air, a flurry of snow embracing his body, and he gets into a cab to head to his destination. Frank comes barreling out onto the sidewalk after him, and one of his officers asks if they want to seal off the exits and perform a vehicle search. He down looks at his watch, and smiles. He has decided to let Viktor go, because in this moment, after all that the two have been through, he has recognized and accepted his own foreignness. "The foreigner comes in when the consciousness of my difference arises," Kristeva declares, "and he disappears when we all acknowledge ourselves as foreigners, unamenable to bonds and communities" (1991, 192). The union developed between the two throughout the film culminates in an illustration of Kristeva's call for a cosmopolitanism that recognizes the universality of human rights, and the notion that by embracing the foreigner within, we can accept that there are no foreigners; "The foreigner is within me, hence we are all foreigners" (Kristeva, 192). What *The Terminal* makes clear, is that foreignness is "the normal state of affairs for a citizen at the end of the twentieth century," and ultimately, Kristeva's notion that that "Given such a situation, cosmopolitanism once again becomes the necessary universal principle for regulating human relations" (Lechte, 82).

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