

RANDOM HOUSE *e*BOOKS



East, West

Salman Rushdie

Contents

Cover

About the Book

About the Author

Also by Salman Rushdie

Dedication

Title Page

EAST

Good Advice Is Rarer Than Rubies

The Free Radio

The Prophet's Hair

WEST

Yorick

At the Auction of the Ruby Slippers

Christopher Columbus and Queen Isabella of Spain

Consume Their Relationship

(Santa Fé, AD 1492)

EAST, WEST

The Harmony of the Spheres

Chekov and Zulu

The Courter

Acknowledgments

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About the Book

In these nine stories Salman Rushdie looks at what happens when East meets West, at the forces that pull his characters first in one direction, then the other. Fantasy and realism collide as a rickshaw driver writes letters describing his film star career in Bombay; a mispronunciation leads to romance and an unusual courtship in sixties London; two childhood friends turned diplomats live out fantasies hatched by Star Trek; and Christopher Columbus dreams of consummating his relationship with Queen Isabella. The stories in *East, West* show the extraordinary range and power of Salman Rushdie's writing.

About the Author

Salman Rushdie is the author of eleven novels – *Grimus*, *Midnight's Children*, *Shame*, *The Satanic Verses*, *Haroun and the Sea of Stories*, *The Moor's Last Sigh*, *The Ground Beneath Her Feet*, *Fury*, *Shalimar the Clown*, *The Enchantress of Florence* and *Luka and the Fire of Life* – one collection of short stories, and four works of non-fiction – *The Jaguar Smile*, *Imaginary Homelands*, *Step Across the Line* and, as co-editor, *The Vintage Book of Indian Writing*.

He has received many awards for his writing including the European Union's Aristeion Prize for Literature. He is a fellow of the Royal Society of Literature and a Commandeur des Arts et des Lettres. In 2008 *Midnight's Children* was adjudged the 'Best of the Booker', the best novel to have won the Booker Prize in its forty year history.

ALSO BY SALMAN RUSHDIE

Fiction

Grimus

Midnight's Children

Shame

The Satanic Verses

Haroun and the Sea of Stories

The Moor's Last Sigh

The Ground Beneath Her Feet

Fury

Shalimar the Clown

The Enchantress of Florence

Luka and the Fire of Life

Non-Fiction

The Jaguar Smile

Imaginary Homelands

The Wizard of Oz

Screenplay

Midnight's Children

Anthology

The Vintage Book of Indian Writing (co-editor)

for Andrew and Gillon

Salman Rushdie

EAST, WEST

VINTAGE BOOKS

London

East



GOOD ADVICE IS
RARER THAN RUBIES

On the last Tuesday of the month, the dawn bus, its headlamps still shining, brought Miss Rehana to the gates of the British Consulate. It arrived pushing a cloud of dust, veiling her beauty from the eyes of strangers until she descended. The bus was brightly painted in multicoloured arabesques, and on the front it said 'MOVE OVER DARLING' in green and gold letters; on the back it added 'TATA-BATA' and also 'O.K. GOOD-LIFE'. Miss Rehana told the driver it was a beautiful bus, and he jumped down and held the door open for her, bowing theatrically as she descended.

Miss Rehana's eyes were large and black and bright enough not to need the help of antimony, and when the advice expert Muhammad Ali saw them he felt himself becoming young again. He watched her approaching the Consulate gates as the light strengthened, and asking the bearded lala who guarded them in a gold-buttoned khaki uniform with a cockaded turban when they would open. The lala, usually so rude to the Consulate's Tuesday women, answered Miss Rehana with something like courtesy.

'Half an hour,' he said gruffly. 'Maybe two hours. Who knows? The sahibs are eating their breakfast.'

The dusty compound between the bus stop and the Consulate was already full of Tuesday women, some veiled, a few barefaced like Miss Rehana. They all looked

frightened, and leaned heavily on the arms of uncles or brothers, who were trying to look confident. But Miss Rehana had come on her own, and did not seem at all alarmed.

Muhammad Ali, who specialised in advising the most vulnerable-looking of these weekly supplicants, found his feet leading him towards the strange, big-eyed, independent girl.

‘Miss,’ he began. ‘You have come for permit to London, I think so?’

She was standing at a hot-snack stall in the little shantytown by the edge of the compound, munching chilli-pakoras contentedly. She turned to look at him, and at close range those eyes did bad things to his digestive tract.

‘Yes, I have.’

‘Then, please, you allow me to give some advice? Small cost only.’

Miss Rehana smiled. ‘Good advice is rarer than rubies,’ she said. ‘But alas, I cannot pay. I am an orphan, not one of your wealthy ladies.’

‘Trust my grey hairs,’ Muhammad Ali urged her. ‘My advice is well tempered by experience. You will certainly find it good.’

She shook her head. ‘I tell you I am a poor potato. There are women here with male family members, all earning good wages. Go to them. Good advice should find good money.’

I am going crazy, Muhammad Ali thought, because he heard his voice telling her of its own volition, ‘Miss, I have been drawn to you by Fate. What to do? Our meeting was written. I also am a poor man only, but for you my advice comes free.’

She smiled again. ‘Then I must surely listen. When Fate sends a gift, one receives good fortune.’

He led her to the low wooden desk in his own special corner of the shanty-town. She followed, continuing to eat pakoras from a little newspaper packet. She did not offer him any.

Muhammad Ali put a cushion on the dusty ground. 'Please to sit.' She did as he asked. He sat cross-legged across the desk from her, conscious that two or three dozen pairs of male eyes were watching him enviously, that all the other shanty-town men were ogling the latest young lovely to be charmed by the old grey-hair fraud. He took a deep breath to settle himself.

'Name, please.'

'Miss Rehana,' she told him. 'Fiancée of Mustafa Dar of Bradford, London.'

'Bradford, England,' he corrected her gently. 'London is a town only, like Multan or Bahawalpur. England is a great nation full of the coldest fish in the world.'

'I see. Thank you,' she responded gravely, so that he was unsure if she was making fun of him.

'You have filled application form? Then let me see, please.'

She passed him a neatly folded document in a brown envelope.

'Is it OK?' For the first time there was a note of anxiety in her voice.

He patted the desk quite near the place where her hand rested. 'I am certain,' he said. 'Wait on and I will check.'

She finished the pakoras while he scanned her papers.

'Tip-top,' he pronounced at length. 'All in order.'

'Thank you for your advice,' she said, making as if to rise. 'I'll go now and wait by the gate.'

'What are you thinking?' he cried loudly, smiting his forehead. 'You consider this is easy business? Just give the form and poof, with a big smile they hand over the permit? Miss Rehana, I tell you, you are entering a worse place than any police station.'

'Is it so, truly?' His oratory had done the trick. She was a captive audience now, and he would be able to look at her

for a few moments longer.

Drawing another calming breath, he launched into his set speech. He told her that the sahibs thought that all the women who came on Tuesdays, claiming to be dependents of bus drivers in Luton or chartered accountants in Manchester, were crooks and liars and cheats.

She protested, 'But then I will simply tell them that I, for one, am no such thing!'

Her innocence made him shiver with fear for her. She was a sparrow, he told her, and they were men with hooded eyes, like hawks. He explained that they would ask her questions, personal questions, questions such as a lady's own brother would be too shy to ask. They would ask if she was virgin, and, if not, what her fiancé's love-making habits were, and what secret nicknames they had invented for one another.

Muhammad Ali spoke brutally, on purpose, to lessen the shock she would feel when it, or something like it, actually happened. Her eyes remained steady, but her hands began to flutter at the edges of the desk.

He went on:

'They will ask you how many rooms are in your family home, and what colour are the walls, and what days do you empty the rubbish. They will ask your man's mother's third cousin's aunt's step-daughter's middle name. And all these things they have already asked your Mustafa Dar in his Bradford. And if you make one mistake, you are finished.'

'Yes,' she said, and he could hear her disciplining her voice. 'And what is your advice, old man?'

It was at this point that Muhammad Ali usually began to whisper urgently, to mention that he knew a man, a very good type, who worked in the Consulate, and through him, for a fee, the necessary papers could be delivered, with all

the proper authenticating seals. Business was good, because the women would often pay him five hundred rupees or give him a gold bracelet for his pains, and go away happy.

They came from hundreds of miles away – he normally made sure of this before beginning to trick them – so even when they discovered they had been swindled they were unlikely to return. They went away to Sargodha or Lalukhet and began to pack, and who knows at what point they found out they had been gulled, but it was at a too-late point, anyway.

Life is hard, and an old man must live by his wits. It was not up to Muhammad Ali to have compassion for these Tuesday women.

But once again his voice betrayed him, and instead of starting his customary speech it began to reveal to her his greatest secret.

‘Miss Rehana,’ his voice said, and he listened to it in amazement, ‘you are a rare person, a jewel, and for you I will do what I would not do for my own daughter, perhaps. One document has come into my possession that can solve all your worries at one stroke.’

‘And what is this sorcerer’s paper?’ she asked, her eyes unquestionably laughing at him now.

His voice fell low-as-low.

‘Miss Rehana, it is a British passport. Completely genuine and pukka goods. I have a good friend who will put your name and photo, and then, hey-presto, England there you come!’

He had said it!

Anything was possible now, on this day of his insanity. Probably he would give her the thing free-gratis, and then kick himself for a year afterwards.

Old fool, he berated himself. *The oldest fools are bewitched by the youngest girls.*

‘Let me understand you,’ she was saying. ‘You are proposing I should commit a crime . . .’

‘Not crime,’ he interposed. ‘Facilitation.’

‘. . . and go to Bradford, London, illegally, and therefore justify the low opinion the Consulate sahibs have of us all. Old babuji, this is not good advice.’

‘Bradford, *England*,’ he corrected her mournfully. ‘You should not take my gift in such a spirit.’

‘Then how?’

‘Bibi, I am a poor fellow, and I have offered this prize because you are so beautiful. Do not spit on my generosity. Take the thing. Or else don’t take, go home, forget England, only do not go into that building and lose your dignity.’

But she was on her feet, turning away from him, walking towards the gates, where the women had begun to cluster and the lala was swearing at them to be patient or none of them would be admitted at all.

‘So be a fool,’ Muhammad Ali shouted after her. ‘What goes of my father’s if you are?’ (Meaning, what was it to him.)

She did not turn.

‘It is the curse of our people,’ he yelled. ‘We are poor, we are ignorant, and we completely refuse to learn.’

‘Hey, Muhammad Ali,’ the woman at the betel-nut stall called across to him. ‘Too bad, she likes them young.’

That day Muhammad Ali did nothing but stand around near the Consulate gates. Many times he scolded himself, *Go from here, old goof, lady does not desire to speak with you any further.* But when she came out, she found him waiting.

‘Salaam, advice wallah,’ she greeted him.