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## **Abstract**

This thesis looks at the use of deixis in science-fiction literature: more specifically how is it used and to what purpose. Three novels are chosen for analysis, from three different stages in science fiction genre development. The diachronic approach is complemented by the synchronic investigation into the writers' choice of linguistic features for linking events with their context. For that, qualitative approach to text analysis is used, i.e. content analysis is employed. It will be shown how deixis can be said to influence the texts significantly and additionally that it is used differently in each stage of science fiction literature.

## **Zusammenfassung**

Die vorliegende Magisterarbeit beschäftigt sich mit der Verwendung von Deixis in der Science-Fiction-Literatur: insbesondere wie und zu welchem Zweck sie verwendet wird. Drei Prosawerke aus drei verschiedenen Entwicklungsstadien der Science-Fiction-Genre werden zur Analyse gewählt. Den diachronische Ansatz ergänzt die synchrone Untersuchung der Wahl der sprachlichen Merkmale der Autoren, um die Ereignisse mit ihrem Kontext zu verknüpfen. Dafür wird qualitativer Ansatz zur Textanalyse verwendet, d.h. Inhaltsanalyse wird angewendet. Es wird gezeigt, dass Deixis die Texte signifikant beeinflusst und darüber hinaus dass es in jedem Stadium der Science-Fiction-Literatur anders verwendet wird.



# **1. Introduction**

In this thesis I will look at the use of deixis in science fiction novels belonging to three different stages in science fiction literature, more specifically, how deixis is used and to what purpose.

Deixis is essential for creating connections between language and the context. Seeing that its use is imperative for successful communication, it stands to reason it will likewise be imperative for successfully conveying meaning in literary works.

The thesis consists of four main parts: theoretical background, research methodology and previous research, analysis, and conclusion.

The theoretical background will look firstly at the history of the science fiction genre and why the three particular books were chosen, and a short preview of the relevant theory of narrative will be provided.

Secondly, different facets of deixis, namely spatial, temporal, person (perceptual), social and discourse deixis will be introduced. A theory regarding the use of deixis in literary works, the deictic shift model proposed by Zubin and Hewitt (1995) is chosen as a vital part of this thesis, and it will be presented in the theoretical background part as well.

Next, research methodology used for the analysis will be provided, along with a short overview of previous research pertaining to the subject of deixis in literary works.

Finally, all three books will be analysed, in the following order: First of all, the deictic shift model will be applied to the texts, followed by spatial deixis. The assessment of the temporal deixis will be supplemented by the analysis of the use of tenses as deictic instruments. Furthermore, perceptual, social, and discourse deixis will be looked at.

In the conclusion, the results of the analysis will be shown. They will include both the comparison of the three books and the ways various features of deixis are used to achieve certain linguistic effects.

The excerpts of the books chosen for analysis can be found in the appendix.

## **2. Theoretical background**

This chapter will focus on the overview of the literature and the theories relevant to my research. Firstly I will provide an overview of the history of the science fiction genre. Secondly I will focus on the theory of narrative. The last part of the chapter will be dedicated to in-depth analysis of deixis.

### **2.1. The history of the science fiction genre**

This subchapter contains an account of the development of the science fiction genre, as well as an explanation for the choice of literature for my analysis.

The beginning of the genre is difficult to determine. Steven (2014: 998) states that authors such as Mary Shelley (*Frankenstein*), Wells (*The Time Machine*), and Verne (*Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*), weren't exactly writers of science fiction, but that they did give science fiction its key themes. While the categorization of Verne and Shelly as science fiction writers can be contested, Wells is generally considered one of the first writers of science fiction.

The development of science fiction was inspired by the advances in science and technology. The genre started to progress alongside the invention of steam locomotive, transcontinental and transatlantic telegraphs, the invention of the telephone, the building of submarines and finally, first flight by the Wright brothers. According to Akon (2002: xvi-xix) these inventions marked the first period of science fiction, which started in 1818 and lasted until the year 1926.

The novel analyzed in this thesis, *The first Men in the Moon* by H.G. Wells (1901), is representative of the first period of science fiction literature. Wells was a prolific writer of both fiction and non-fiction; he was an artist and a journalist who wrote imaginative as well as didactic work (Parrinder, 1995: xii). He is considered the father of science fiction genre. This particular title was chosen since the plot encompasses events set on both the Earth and the Moon, as well as space travel, which can help shed light primarily on the spatial and temporal elements of deixis and how they change in space, as well as other types of deixis.

The year 1926 marked the beginning of the new period of pulp and magazine tales, influenced mostly by magazine editors Hugo Gernsback and John Campbell. (Landon, 2002: 3) Gernsback started the first magazine devoted solely to science fiction stories, *Amazing Stories* (in 1926) and contributed to the breakthrough of science fiction into mainstream literature. (Hamilton, 2007:4). Campbell continued Gernsback's work and improved upon it. According to Hamilton (2007: 8-10), Campbell guided the genre into the modern age and made it more sophisticated. The stories he published emphasized both science and fiction equally and focused on the possible effect of future technologies on the readers' lives, as well.

From the second period, a book published in 1938, *Out of the Silent Planet* by C.S. Lewis was chosen. The plot takes place primarily on Earth, then in the spaceship during space travel, and finally, on a different Planet, namely Mars. The sequence of events resembles that in the Wells' novel chosen for the first period of science fiction.

The technological advances blossomed during the second and third period of science fiction which led to the genre fulfilling its prescriptions, then challenging them and finally surpassing them. (Landon, 2002: xiii) We are witnesses of the contemporary pervasiveness of science which has turned our everyday lives into science fiction and science fiction literature into mainstream fiction (ibid.)

Finally, the science fiction literature enters a third period in the 1960s, marked by the disdain for the genre constraints. The experimental writings of the British New Wave marked the beginning of the period. (Landon, 2002:3). The prominent writers of the era voiced their dissatisfaction with the state of the genre, which caused uproar in the science fiction community. Latham (2006: 298) recounts an editorial by Moorcock, in which he calls the writers of science fiction "lazy writers or bad writers or downright stupid writers who find it impossible to stimulate the mind and the emotions at the same time" and claims that the genre lacks "passion, subtlety, irony, original characterization, original and good style, a sense of involvement in human affairs, colour, density, depth and on the whole, real feeling". New wave authors were varied and their writing experimental: they focused on issues not represented by earlier periods, such as sexuality (Steble, 2011: 91). The overall frustration with the state of the field contributed to the creation of works such as *The Hitchhiker's Guide*

*to the Galaxy* by Douglas Adams (1979). This book is a parody on the previous works of science fiction, as well as a commentary of the state of human condition and society. As in the books chosen for the first two periods, the events in this book take place on Earth, as well as on other planets and in spaceships during space travel, which was the criterion for my analysis.

The specificity of science fiction literature makes it worth researching. Entirely different universes are invented, with everything belonging to them different from the life and universe as we know it. The creativity expressed by science fiction writers does not stop there. The language is highly influenced by the genre, as well. For example, new words in English, and entirely new languages are invented. Neologisms are a crucial part of the creation of science fiction works. For instance, Westfahl (1993) investigated the use of neologisms in science fiction novels dealing with events set on Earth in the future, from the four major periods of science fiction. He discovered that, on average, there are 109 new words per book<sup>1</sup>.

This thesis looks at the use of deixis in science fiction novels throughout its three major periods, with emphasis on the shifting of the deictic centre, mapping of spatial onto temporal concepts, and the use of tenses in deixis.

## **2.2 The theory of narrative**

Prince (2003:58) defined narrative as: “The recounting [...] of one or more real or fictitious EVENTS communicated by one, two, or several (more or less overt) NARRATORS to one, two, or several (more or less overt) NARRATEES”. In a broader sense, narrative is defined as an account of events that contains a change of state (Schmid 2010: 2)

The topic of narration has been the focus of research of many authors, such as Todorov (1980), Genette (1980), Stanzel (1984), Banfield (1987), and others; but this thesis will focus on Fludernik (2009). She has summarized the previous relevant research clearly and concisely and her table of forms of focalization<sup>2</sup> (Table 1.) is straightforward enough to be

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<sup>1</sup> The average number of neologisms for the 8 novels *he* analyzed

<sup>2</sup> Focalization: term coined by Genette (1980), stands for: perspective, point of view

used for the purposes of this thesis while, at the same time, covers all relevant types of focalization. Given that this thesis does not focus on narration, but only uses the forms of focalization in narration to show how deixis is used to establish point of view, a short mention of the basic concepts is provided.

Fludernik (2009: 21) states that there are two levels in every narrative: the level of the world represented in the story and the level at which the representation takes place. The second level is the one where narrative mediation takes place.

As mentioned by Prince in his definition, narrators can be overt and covert. Overt narrators not only tell the story, but take part in it, and their presence is marked stylistically, as well as on a metanarrative level. (Fludernik 2009: 21) The overt narrator can be marked by the use of deixis to establish his/her point of view for describing events. On the other hand, a covert narrator is not present linguistically, nor is s/he involved in the story; s/he only presents it objectively.

There is a difference between a narratee and an implied reader. The narratee is the “intrafictional addressee of the narrator’s discourse”, and can also be a character in the story, either actively participating in the events or not. An implied reader represents an ideal reader figure, who agrees with the author’s convictions. The real reader does not have to assume the role of an ideal reader. (Fludernik 2009: 23)

Both the narratee and the implied reader can play an important role in the use of deixis in a text, depending on whether, and how, the narrator addresses and refers to them.

There are two basic types of narrative: first person and third person narrative. The terminology established by Genette (1980) was adopted by Monika Fludernik. First person narratives are about the lived experiences of the narrator, and are called *homodiegetic* narratives. Third person narratives are about events that happened to other people, and are called *heterodiegetic* narratives. (Fludernik, 2009: 31)

The terminology for the forms of focalization is diverse, but we shall adopt the model suggested by Fludernik (2009: 37):

**Table 1. Forms of Focalization**

<b>Vantage point</b>	<b>Embodied</b>	<b>Describes psychological states of others</b>	<b>Impersonal</b>
External (extradiegetic level)	So-called omniscient narrator	Yes	Impersonal ‘omniscient’ (covert narrative)
	First person narrator	No	Neutral perspective
Internal (diegetic level)	Reflector figure	No	0

The main distinctions are to be made between external and internal vantage points, and embodied and impersonal perspectives. Embodied perspective comes from an “anthropomorphic figure whose brain interprets what s/he sees and who is able to make statements about her/himself” (ibid, 36-37), whereas impersonal means that the focalizer does not reveal anything about her/himself or her/his thought and feelings.

This concludes the theory of narratology relevant to this thesis. Fludernik also wrote about presentation of space and time in narratives, the use of pronouns and tenses, but, for the purposes of this thesis, just a short overview suffices.

### **2.3. DEIXIS**

Deixis is a phenomenon that enables people to successfully communicate by connecting the language with the contextual situation. An utterance which is not properly embedded in a context will be rendered uninformative. For example, a note that says “I will be back in an hour”, even though it follows all the rules of grammar, and we know who the intended recipient is and who wrote the note, is useless unless we know the exact time when the note was written. Deixis deals with language intricacies such as this one. It is the language phenomenon that stands where language and reality meet (Weissenborn and Klein 1982: 3). More specifically, deixis is the “phenomenon whereby the tripartite relationship between the linguistic system, the encoder’s subjectivity, and contextual factors is foregrounded grammatically or lexically (Green 1995: 11). Typical deictic expressions include personal pronouns, demonstratives, place and time adverbials, tense, and verbs such as come, go, bring, take, and fetch. (Marmaridou 2000: 65)

Karl Bühler is considered to be the father of the modern theory of deixis. His groundbreaking work *Theory of language* (1934), set the basis for many facets of contemporary linguistics. The key achievement of his work was distinguishing between the symbolic (naming) and deictic (pointing) fields, as well as opening a typological view on languages more center-oriented than Indo-European languages. (Bühler, 2011[1934]: xiii-xiv) The difference between naming words that belong to the symbolic field and pointing, deictic words is the fact that pointing words cannot be interpreted without reference to the origo.

*Origo* is a term used by Bühler to refer to the center of the speech situation. At the centre, he proposed, are to be found 3 words: *I/here/now*. The three words represent acoustic phenomena which demand to be taken as marks of the moment, the place, and the sender. (Bühler, 2011 [1934]: 118)

Bühler's term *Origo* has adopted many different names during the development of the theory of deixis. Lyons (1977: 638) called it deictic context, the spatiotemporal zero point, and the here-and-now, while Levinson (1983: 64) called it deictic centre.

After Bühler, the subject of deixis was rarely visited again until early 1970s, when two linguists, Fillmore and Lyons published works dealing with deixis. Fillmore has contributed by defining two new categories of deixis, namely social and discourse deixis. Social deixis has to do with the social relationship of the conversational participants, whereas discourse deixis deals with the following and preceding parts of discourse deixis, both of which will be dealt with in detail at a later point. (Fillmore, 1997 [1975]: 61) Lyons wrote about deictic properties of tenses, and how tense “grammaticalizes the relationship which holds between the time of the situation that is being described, and the temporal zero-point of the deictic context” (Lyons, 1977: 678). Inquiry into the field of tense as deictic category was also carried on by other authors, such as Dorrit (1978), Fleischman (1982, 1990), Stanzel (1984), Fludernik (1993), Damsteegt (2005), Tatashvili (2011).

Even though the primary use of deixis in language has been in the canonical situation of utterance, i.e. one-to-one or one-to-many conversation, where all participants have access to audio and visual (gestural) messages and all take turns being senders and receivers. (Lyons, 1977: 637), the transfer of deixis into writing has made it necessary to define different uses of deixis, namely: gestural, symbolic, and anaphoric.

Fillmore defined them as follows: gestural use of deictic expressions demands physical monitoring of the communication act. For example, if a speaker says: *Look at this picture. Not that one, this one!*, the utterance would be accompanied by a gesture in order to be received and understood properly by an addressee who is physically present at the moment of utterance. Symbolic use does not require the physical monitoring; just being familiar with necessary aspects of the communication situation is enough. An utterance such as: *I am having fun at this party*, can be understood if the addressee knows the speaker's current situation. Lastly, anaphora is used to refer to information given in an earlier clause or sentence (Hall 1997: 406). Anaphoric use can be interpreted by knowing which portion of the discourse the expression refers to, or is coreferential with. (Fillmore, 1997[1975]: 62-63) An example of anaphora would be the use of personal pronouns as subjects: *Ed Sheeran is a popular British singer. He just published a new album.* In addition to personal pronouns, possessive, demonstrative, and indefinite pronouns, as well as adverbs of time and place can be used anaphorically. *So* can be used to refer to adjectives, adjectival or noun phrases, and the verb *do* can be a substitute for predicates. (Hall 1997: 407)

The research into deixis has expanded since its beginnings. In the 1980s arose a great interest in the field of deixis, and many books were published which dealt with the subject, among which were Levinson's *Pragmatics* (1983), three collections of articles collected by Jarvella and Klein (1982), Weissenborn and Klein (1982), and Rauh (1983). Tanz (1980) published a book dealing with the acquisition of deictic terms. Contrastive analysis, i.e. comparing English and different languages with regards to the use of deixis, has remained a popular investigation field ever since the 1980s (see eg. Kryk 1987, Grenoble 1998, Lenz 2003). Additionally, recent investigation into the field of deixis often deals with the various applications of deictic concepts. Many authors look at the ways deixis is used in literature, and how it affects our understanding of it (see, eg. Ribera 2007, Warner 2009, Sorlin 2015). The subject of spatio-temporal mapping has also been the subject of research (see, eg. Tenbrink 2011, Stocker 2012, Nunez and Cooperrider 2013,).



### 2.3.1. Deixis in fiction

There is a saying in my native language Serbian that roughly translates: “You have lived as many lives as the number of books you have read”.

When reading a book one finds oneself immersed into the world of the book, experiencing the same events as the characters and looking through their eyes. This phenomenon can be explained by means of **deictic shift theory**. Within this theory, an attempt is made to “model the consequences of shifting deixis out of the *here/now*, *I/you* of face-to-face interaction, where it is anchored in real-world situations, into the purely textual realm of fiction” (Zubin & Hewitt 1995: 130)

The deictic shift model is based on the presupposition that deictic field functions differently in fiction than it does in real life use. The model was first based on the work of three linguists, Käte Hamburger and her book *Die Logik der Dichtung* (1957, which was translated into English in 1973), S.Y. Kuroda’s article “Where Epistemology, Style, and Grammar Meet: A Case Study from Japanese” (1973), and Ann Banfield’s *Unspeakable Sentences: Narration and Representation in the Language of Fiction* (1982).

Hamburger claims that the language of reality differs from the language of literature. Reality statements anchor their deictic centre in the act of communication, which governs the use of tenses, adverbs, and other deictic elements. In fiction, deictic centre doesn’t depend on the writer or the reader of the book, but on a third person: a fictional character. Therefore, the use of deictic elements is different in fiction; adverbs such as *here* and *today* are used with the past tense, and verbs that express emotions and feelings are used with third person subjects. (Hamburger 1973: 134 in Galbraith 1995: 25)

Kuroda (1973) noticed an interesting distinction in Japanese regarding the ways of “attributing sensation depending on epistemological perspective” (Galbraith 1995: 26) Generally, in Japanese, there are two ways to express sensation, depending on the source of knowledge. If the knowledge comes from personal experience, it is marked as an adjective, whereas if the knowledge is gained by observation, it is marked as a verb. Kuroda observes that in fictional Japanese narration that employs omniscient narrators the adjectival form is used with third person subjects, unlike in conversational use. Therefore, he proposes two

modes of language use in narrative: reportive and nonreportive. Reportive speech is framed by the narrator's subjectivity, while the nonreportive language is direct narration of character's consciousness. (ibid. 27) The distinction stands in English as well: it is the difference between: *there seemed to be something troubling her* (reportive), and *something was troubling her* (nonreportive). The grammatical category which deals with the source of information is called evidentiality. Aikhenvald (2004: 1-2) writes that in many languages, such as Tariana<sup>3</sup>, it is obligatory to mark the source of information by means of grammatical inflection (evidential markers merged with tense), whether it was seen, heard, or inferred. Unlike Tariana and many other minor languages which are noted in Aikhenvald's work, English and majority of Indo-European languages tend to express evidentiality by using evidential strategies i.e. lexical forms rather than grammatical inflections. If we look at English, examples of evidentiality would be phrases such as: possibly, probably, it seems that, it is said, and also verbs of perception.

Finally, Ann Banfield (1982) wrote about represented speech and thought. She claimed that Kuroda's distinction between reportive and nonreportive modes can be found in reported speech, more specifically, in free indirect discourse. A sentence like: *How happy she felt!* cannot occur in non-narrative speech. (Banfield in Galbraith 1995: 27).

Hamburger, Kuroda, and Banfield claim that:

"[...]in the canonical language of written fictional narrative, there is no addressor and no addressee- no I/YOU-and that pragmatically, language in narrative is structured either by the model "subject of consciousness > representation of consciousness," or "objective narration > representation of the story world." (Galbraith 1995: 30)

If we apply what Hamburger teaches, a deictic shift occurs, from the deictic centre of communication to the fictional character's deictic centre.

The work of Hamburger, Kuroda, and Banfield has prompted a group of researchers at the State University of New York at Buffalo - to postulate the Deictic Shift Model, which is

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<sup>3</sup> An Arawak language spoken in the northwest Amazonia (Aikhenvald 2004: 1)

based on the proposition that deictic centre is not constituted in the act of the utterance, or moment of communication, but at the level of the story. (Galbraith 1995: 32)

Regardless of whether the fictional world resembles our own, or, as is often the case in science fiction, is a completely new and unknown territory, reader must employ their world knowledge to create mental models of the narrative, in order to successfully read and understand fiction. The reader's real world experience in deictic centring is how they construct the deictic field of the narrative. (Zubin & Hewitt 1995: 131)

While reading, the reader inhabits two deictic centres at the same time. The way that the two worlds function at the same time, each with its own deictic centre, can be explained by comparing the fictional world with a house: we are walking down the street, which is the real world. We approach a house, inside which the events of the fictional world unfold. We can glimpse through a conceptual window (Zubin & Hewitt 1995: 131) into the self-enclosed story world. In order to follow the fictional event, we enter the house and by that, we adopt the fictional deictic system, leaving our previous deictic centre out in the street, or in the real world.

“Deictic centre is a structure which lends coherence to a text when that coherence is not directly represented in the syntax or lexicon” (Segal 1995: 15) If deictic centre has been established, there is no need to mention it in every following sentence; it will be mentioned the next time it is subject to change. In the meantime, established deictic centre is understood, and actions are described without explicit reference to it. The readers can successfully orient themselves in the narrative by retaining in their memories the last mentioned deictic centre.

“Once the existents and events of the story world are created by the text, they exist in relation to each other. Deictic terms, proper names, definite descriptions, pronouns, and other referring expressions almost invariably refer to these existents and events.” (Segal 1995: 17) The readers must understand this in order to be able to interpret the text. The “conceptual situation of the story world” is necessary for the interpretation of the text. (ibid.)

The researchers from the State University of New York at Buffalo have altered the terminology and are naming the elements of the deictic centre: the WHO (person deixis), the WHAT, the WHEN (temporal deixis), and the WHERE (spatial deixis). In their paper, Zubin

and Hewitt present deictic operations, which are performed by the reader on the deictic centre while interpreting a stretch of narrative: (Zubin & Hewitt 1995: 141)

**Introducing** actors, objects, places, or time intervals into the narrative as potential or actual elements of the deictic centre

**Maintaining** stability of the deictic centre: centre remains stable whether or not the listener expects the shift, except for the presence of an antishifting device

**Shifting** the deictic elements of the centre from one character, object, place, or time to another. A new WHO is usually introduced before the deictic centre shifts to it.

A special case of shifting is **voiding**: when one element of the deictic centre is not relevant, it is voided, or shifted to a null component.

The authors also list the principles of the deictic centre: (Zubin & Hewitt 1995: 142-144)

**Textual economy**: the reader constructs the deictic centre based on his/her world knowledge, as well as the deictic centre elements. Often the information about the deictic centre can be anticipated by the reader, and does not need to be overtly marked, which contributes to the economy of the text. The two ways the economy of the text can be improved is by ellipsis, and in media res devices. This is important specifically for science fiction novels, because in them the author must describe a world which is completely different than our own.

**Inertia**: The deictic centre stays the same unless explicitly changed. The WHO and the WHEN stay the same unless a change is signalled, whereas the WHAT disappears unless evoked. The WHEN of the centre moves ahead with each new event in the story, unless a jump or a stop is signalled.

**Deictic Synchronism**: All elements of the deictic centre are normally shifted together, and that is called deictic synchronism. Nevertheless, the synchronism can be broken in case of voiding an element or of shifting elements apart.

Deictic synchronism leads to specific relationships between deictic centre elements, which can be used to aid readers construct a deictic centre. For example, if the WHO and the

WHERE are voided, there is no progression of time, and the reader knows to expect a commentary or a description, not an actual event. Furthermore, when the WHERE of the deictic centre is shifted, it may bring about the shift in the WHO, WHAT, or WHEN. Likewise, a shift in the WHO can represent an automatic shift in the WHERE, if the reader knows that the new WHO is not at the same location as the last WHO.

**Transparency:** The focalizing perspective is outside of the deictic centre, while the focalized perspective, or the content, is inside the deictic centre. The transparency is seen in the fact that the reader looks through, not at, the transparent focalizing perspective at the content of the story.

**Scope:** Aspects of the deictic centre have a certain scope, or mental space, represented by a piece of text, within which the parameters they set are valid. Some scopes are broad (such as initial adverbials), whereas some scopes are narrow (such as antishifting device). In case of scope conflict, narrow scope supersedes broad scope.

**Extrapolation:** Deictic centre elements, when located at the beginning of a sentence, establish the deictic centre for next sentences. Elements located at the end of a sentence indicate a pending shift in deictic centre.

**Cumulative Cohesion:** The presence or absence and conflict of the deictic centre elements contribute to certainty or uncertainty about the deictic centre, respectively. Agreement of several elements of the deictic centre more clearly shifts the centre, than the shift of just one element does. The elements thus have a cumulative effect.

Next, Zubin and Hewitt list and describe ways in which cohesive devices introduce, maintain, and shift the deictic centre: (Zubin & Hewitt 1995: 144-152). They start by explaining three ways of maintaining the current WHO:

**Conjoined clauses** signal that the deictic centre is stable within the conjunction. Another maintaining device is zero anaphora.<sup>4</sup>

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<sup>4</sup> Zero anaphora or null-anaphor: anaphora with no phonetic realization (Wasow 1979: 106)

**Complement and relative clauses** can contain reference to other WHOs, WHEREs, or WHENs, without shifting the deictic centre. They are called antishifting devices and their scope is narrow – at the end of the clause the device is cancelled and the narrative continues with unchanged deictic centre. Predicates that fulfil this function are: perception predicates, cognition predicates, speech predicates, and causatives.

**Initial adverbial clauses** shift the WHEN and the WHERE. They set up the spatial frame for following text, while non-initial adverbial clauses do not fulfil that function.

Subsequently, they explain which devices can be used to introduce and maintain a **WHO**:

**Presentative structure:**

Preposed adverbial phrase/clause + subject NP (usually indefinite):

1) *Down the rope that hung the baby's box from the rope support a scorpion* moved slowly<sup>5</sup>. His stinging tail was straight out behind him, but he could whip it up in a flash of time. (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 6)

'There'/'it' + 'be' + NP construction:

2) His eyes flicked to a rustle beside him. *It was Juana arising*, almost soundlessly. On her hard bare feet she went to the hanging box where Coyotito slept... (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 34)

**Noun phrases with extended modifiers** (adjectival phrases or relative clauses):

3) *And the newcomers, particularly the beggars from the front of the church who were great experts in financial analysis* looked quickly at Juana's old blue skirt... (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 11)

**Overall frequency of mention:** frequently mentioned characters become the current WHO with fewer supporting features (Kino and Juana are main characters and therefore the most often mentioned so the DC can switch to them with fewer supporting features):

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<sup>5</sup> Emphasis added by the author of this thesis in examples 1) to 4)

4) But the pearls were accidents, and the finding of one was luck, a little pat on the back by God or the gods or both. *Kino* had two ropes, one tied to a heavy stone and one to a basket. (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 22)

Finally, antishifting devices that prevent the shift to a new WHO are presented:

**Definite NPs in direct/indirect-object position:**

5) And last he turned his head to *Juana*<sup>6</sup> his wife, who lay beside him on the mat... (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 1)

**Coordinate-clause conjoining:**

6) And as always when he came near to one of this race, Kino felt weak and afraid and angry at the same time... He could kill the doctor more easily than *he* could talk to him... (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 12)

**Subject-chaining:** successive mention of a character as the subject by means of pronominalization and zero-anaphor

**Relative clauses:**

The WHO doesn't shift to Kino's father because he is mentioned in a relative clause:

7) And every year Kino refinishes his canoe with the hard shell-like plaster by the secret method *that had also come to him from his father*. (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 15)

**Indefinite subjects:**

8) [...] he [Kino] squatted down and gathered the blanket ends about his knees. He saw the specks of Gulf clouds flame high in the air. And a goat came near and sniffed at him and stared with its cold yellow eyes. Behind him Juana's fire leaped into flame... A late moth blustered in to find the fire. [P] The dawn came quickly now... Kino looked down to cover his eyes from the glare. (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 4)

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<sup>6</sup> emphasis added by Zubin & Hewitt in examples 5) to 32)

### **Complementation:**

The WHO doesn't switch to the definite subject Juana because it is a complement to the verb *hear*:

- 9) Kino stood perfectly still. He could hear Juana whispering the old magic again, and he could hear the evil music of the enemy. (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 7)

Three devices can be used to shift to another actor as WHO:

### **Perception and mental predicates:**

The verb *felt* switches the deictic centre to the scorpion which can be seen through the use of the verb *come* with scorpion as its deictic centre:

- 10) He [Kino] could not move until the scorpion moved, and it *felt* for the source of the death that was coming to it. Kino's hand went forward very slowly, very smoothly. (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 7)

### **Definite noun phrases (including names) in subject position:**

The emphasised pronoun *he* switches the WHO from Kino to the servant.

- 11) He [Kino] brought out a paper folded many times. Crease by crease he unfolded it, until at last there came to view eight small misshapen seed pearls, as ugly and gray as little ulcers, flattened and almost valueless. The servant took the paper and closed the gate again, but this time he was not long gone. *He* opened the gate just wide enough to pass the paper back. (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 15)

### **A shift in the WHERE:**

The shift to the doctor's chambers also shifts the WHO:

- 12) The gate closed a little, and the servant refused to speak in the old language. "A little moment," he said. "I go to inform myself," and he closed the gate and slid the bolt home. The glaring sun threw the bunched shadows of the people blackly on the white wall. [P] In his chamber the doctor sat up in his high bed. He had on his dressing gown of red watered silk that had come from Paris, a little tight over the chest now it was buttoned. (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 13)



Finally, **chained indefinite reference** is used to temporarily void the WHO (words with indefinite references, such as *crabs* and *lobsters* evoke typicality but there is no definite WHO in the excerpt):

13) The beach was yellow sand, but at the water's edge a rubble of shell and algae took its place. Fiddler crabs bubbled and sputtered in their holes in the sand, and in the shallows little lobsters popped in and out of their tiny homes in the rubble and sand. (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 14)

Zubin and Hewitt (1995: 149- 150) list devices that are used to affect the **WHERE**. To establish a location as a potential WHERE, two devices are used:

**go/take + noninitial goal adverbial:**

14) And rage surged in Kino. He rolled up to his feet and followed her as silently as she had gone, and he could hear her quick footsteps *going toward the shore*. (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 75-76)

**Preposed adverbials:** (they introduce and maintain at the same time)

15) Thus, *in La Paz*, it was known in the early morning through the whole town that Kino was going to sell his pearl that day. (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 53-54)

The devices that maintain the WHERE are simple maintaining and antishifting devices. Maintaining is achieved in three ways.

**Clause conjoining** (as in example 6)

**Spatial deictic adverbs *here* and *there*:**

16) And in the pearl he saw Juana with her beaten face crawling home through the night. "Our son must learn to read," he said frantically. And *there* in the pearl Coyotito's face, thick and feverish from the medicine. (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 93-94)

**Deictic verbs *come*, *go*, *bring*, *take*:**

Maintenance of the WHERE is indicated by the verb *come*:

17) Kino squatted by the fire pit and rolled a hot corncake and dipped it in sauce and ate it... When Kino had finished, Juana *came* back to the fire and ate her breakfast. (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 2)

It is often the case that the verbs *bring* and *come* do not have a specified goal; they mark movement toward the deictic centre, which is already known to the reader:

18) Juana *brought* a little piece of consecrated candle and lighted it at the flame and set it upright on the fireplace stone. (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 49)

The antishifting devices are: **complement clauses** (as in example 9), **relative clauses** and **perception verbs**.

Devices that shift the WHERE to another location are:

**Spatial deictic adverbs: *here* and *there*** (although, if they agree with the previous DC, they are maintaining devices):

19) Even in the distance he could see the two on foot moving slowly along, bend low to the ground. *Here*, one would pause and look at the earth, while the other joined him. They were the trackers, they could follow the trail of a bighorn sheep in the stone mountains. They were as sensitive as hounds. *Here*, he and Juana might have stepped out of the wheel rut, and... these hunters, could follow, could read a broken straw or a little tumbled pile of dust. (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 95-96)

**Preposed locative adverbials:**

20) He [Kino] slipped his feet into his sandals and went outside to watch the dawn. [P] *Outside the door* he squatted down and gathered the blanket ends about his knees. He saw the specks of Gulf clouds flame high in the air. (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 3)

**Verbs with directional valence** (e.g., *come*, *go*, *enter*, *leave*, *bring*, and *take*): in the following example the word *come* shifts the WHERE as well as the WHO:

21) The news *came* to the doctor where he sat with a woman whose illness was age... the doctor grew stern and judicious at the same time... [P] The news *came* early to the beggars in front of the church, and it made them giggle a little with pleasure... (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 28-29)

In example 22), *go* and *come* combined indicate a change in the WHERE:

22) The world was awake now, and Kino arose and *went* into his brush house. [P] As the news *came* through the door Juana stood up from the glowing fire pit. (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 2)

**A shift in the WHO** can shift the WHERE, as in 23):

23) The scorpion moved delicately down the rope toward the box. Under her breath Juana repeated an ancient magic to guard against such evil, and on top of that she muttered a Hail Mary between clenched teeth. (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 6)

Lastly, the devices used to affect the **WHEN** are introduced:

**Initial adverbial** is used to both introduce and shift to a WHEN:

24) *In the afternoon*, when the sun had gone over the mountains of the Peninsula to sink in the outward sea, Kino squatted in his house with Juana beside him. (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 30)

The devices that maintain the WHEN do it by updating it. The simple maintenance comes in three forms:

**Tense chaining** (simple past, simple present):

25) And the newcomers, particularly the beggars from the front of the church who were great experts in financial analysis, *looked...* *saw* the tears in her shawl, *appraised* the green ribbon, *read* the age of Kino's blanket...and *set* them down as poverty people... (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 11)

**Accomplishment and achievement predicates** (Vendler 1957 in Zubin & Hewitt 1995: 151)

26) Then from his bag he *took* a little bottle of white powder and a capsule of gelatine. He *filled* the capsule with the powder and *closed* it, and then around the first capsule he *fitted* a second capsule and *closed* it. (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 40-41)

**Clause conjoining** (as in example 6)

Antishifting devices indicate that the event is out of general sequence, but that in itself it is still sequential. Beyond the scope of the antishifting device, the sequence returns to normal. This is achieved by two devices:

**Conjunction adverbs: *while, after, before, when*:**

27) And as always *when* he came near to one of this race, Kino felt weak... (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 12)

**Past perfect:**

28) In the pearl he saw Coyotito sitting at a little desk at a school, just as Kino *had once seen* him through an open door. (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 33)

The WHEN can be shifted by means of a **preposed temporal adverbial**:

29) *And then*, in the first light, he heard the creak of a wagon, and he crouched beside the road and watched the heavy two-wheeled cart go by, drawn by slouching oxen. (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 92)

Four devices are used to switch the WHEN to null i.e., to void it:

**Stative and activity verbs:** (Vendler 1957 in Zubin & Hewitt 1995: 152)

30) She, who *was* obedient and respectful and cheerful and patient, she *could arch* her back in child pain with hardly a cry. She *could stand* fatigue and hunger almost better than Kino himself. In the canoe she *was* like a strong man. (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 9)

**Habitual and iterative adverbs:**

31) *For centuries* men had dived down and torn oysters from the beds and ripped them open, looking for the coated grains of sand. (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 21)

**Imperfective aspect:**

32) Kino *was not breathing*, but his back arched a little and the muscles of his arms and legs stood out with tension and a line of sweat formed on his upper lip. (Steinbeck 1975 [1945]: 97)

**Absence of a WHO:** in example no. 13, the chained indefinite subjects do not refer to a focalizing WHO, hence they void the WHO, as well as the WHEN.

After we have adopted the story world deictic centre as primary one, we can still move between different deictic centres. Galbraith (1995: 47) explains that by means of the terms PUSH and POP. She claims that a PUSH is when readers are submerged from the central deictic plane to a less available one, for example in an episodic memory (flashback), fictional story (story within a story), or fantasy. A POP happens when readers emerge from a deictic field into a more basic or higher one, similar to awakening from a dream or looking up from reading. She also defines deictic decay which is the decay of deictic fields which are not re-activated after being introduced. (ibid.)

McIntyre (2006: 91), in his book explains how deictic shift model can be used to explain what happens when readers are exposed to a range of different viewpoints. Nevertheless, he points out the weaknesses in the model and suggests it to be complemented by Emmott's contextual frame theory in order for it to become "a fully workable and applicable framework for analysis".(ibid.)

Two basic terms borrowed from Emmott (1997: 121-123) are *priming* and *binding*. Binding can be described as characters and location being bound to a specific context, whereas priming represents one particular deictic frame being the primary one, the one in focus.

McIntyre's re-conceptualisations of the deictic centre and how we move between them is summarised by McIntyre himself (2006: 117): In everyday life, the deictic field where we are at the centre, is the one that is primed and in focus. When we begin reading fiction, the fictional deictic field becomes primed, while our own deictic centre becomes unprimed. If we are not disturbed while reading, our own real life deictic centre decays, and we are more and more immersed in the fictional deictic centre. Whilst absorbed in the fictional deictic field, we can encounter other fictional deictic centres and shift between them prompted by linguistic and contextual triggers. In case we are disturbed while reading or the text refers to

the real world, our own deictic centre becomes more prominent again. Finally, after we have finished reading, the fictional deictic field becomes unprimed and our real world deictic centre is again solely in focus.

### 2.3.2. Spatial deixis

The primary objective of **spatial deixis** is to locate objects relative to the deictic centre. There are two basic ways of talking about objects: by describing or naming them, and by locating them: either by referring to a fixed reference point or by referring to another object. (Levinson 1983: 79):

33) The bank is in Alserstrasse.

34) The bank is 100 meters away from the University

Participants of a conversation can be used as reference points as well:

35) He is just a few meters away (from here)

In spatial deixis it is often the case that deictic terms are used combined with non-deictic ones. Some words are purely deictic: most basic examples would be adverbs *here*, *there* and demonstrative pronouns *this* and *that*. (Levinson, 1983: 79)

*Here* and *there* make the distinction of proximity vs. distance, meaning proximity to the deictic centre, and distance from the deictic centre, respectively. If we were to say

36) It is warm *here* – we would be referring to a space which contains the deictic centre, or zero point of the utterance

37) It is warm *there* – assumes *there* is a space which does not contain the zero point of the utterance.

There are three ways in which deictic terms can be used: symbolic, gestural, and anaphoric. The difference between them can be seen in the following examples in which the word *there* is used in three different ways: (Fillmore, 1997 [1975]: 63)

38) I want you to put it there. –gestural use

39) Is Johnny there? – symbolic use

40) I drove the car to the parking lot and left it there. – anaphoric use

In the first example, we would have to be physically present at the moment of utterance in order to know what the speaker is pointing at. In the second example, *there* refers to the place where the addressee is, and finally, in the third example, *there* refers to a referent of a term identified previously in the sentence-the parking lot.

Sometimes, anaphoric and deictic functions of *there* coincide, as in the example: (Lyons, 1977: 676)

41) I was born in London, and have lived there all my life – *there* refers to previously mentioned London, and is also used to deictically signify that the speaker is not currently in London, otherwise the proximal *here* would be used

It is usually the case that pronouns used anaphorically succeed the term they refer to. In some cases, nevertheless, the pronoun precedes the term it refers to, and in these cases we would be talking about cataphora. The example for cataphora would be:

42) He came into the room, the perfect man. – *He* refers forwards to *the perfect man*

Spatial terms can be used both deictically and non-deictically. Fillmore (1997[1975]: 28) explains the two uses as follows: There is a crucial difference between a sculpture and a photograph of a human body: The sculpture does not reveal any specific point-of-view, whereas a photograph reveals the point-of-view of the photographer at that one moment when he took the picture: he positioned his camera a certain way, and hence created a unique deictic projection.

Linguistic elements, as well, can be used both deictically and non-deictically. If we consider the word *left*, the speaker can use it either relative to his/her own point of view as in 43), or irrelevant of his point-of-view as in 44): (Fillmore 1997[1975]: 28)

43) She is standing right over there- to the left of that tree.

44) She is standing at the Principal's left side.

In order to understand sentences that locate objects non-deictically, relative to some other object or person, we need to think about the nature of the human body. We walk upright, which establishes the vertical dimension. Due to the forces of gravity, we differentiate up and down – sky is above, ground is below us. All this makes the vertical dimension the most salient one of all spatial dimensions and linguistically as well, it is the primary dimension. (Lyons, 1977: 690)

Furthermore, we have two more dimensions: the left-right and front-back. Our front dimension is where our face is, the back dimension is the opposite of the front one. The final dimension- the left-right one, is the most peculiar since the distinction is learned (by demonstration) – not seen. Some dictionaries define the left side as the side that faces west when a person is facing north, (Fillmore, 1997[1975]: 35) which further means that we can only differentiate left and right after we have established the directionality of the front-back axis. (Lyons, 1977: 691)

For inanimate objects it can be said to have left and right sides only if they possess both front-back axis and up-down axis. More commonly, however, we will refer to the sides of inanimate objects with reference to our own point-of-view – especially and exclusively so if the object does not have one or both of other dimensions.

Objects with spatial orientation sometimes have one dimension more salient than others and that affects the way we use terms of measurement for those objects. The example Fillmore (1997[1975]: 39) used is that of a plot of land. If we were to express the measures of the plot, we would say that it is (for example) 200 meters wide and 700 meters long. But, if there is a road bordering the 700 meters of the plot, then we would express measurement by saying that the plot is 700 meters wide and 200 meters deep. The road designates one dimension as the salient one, that is, the 700 meters length becomes the front side of the parcel, and we use terms *wide* and *deep* for objects that have their front-back axis as the salient one.

Furthermore, when the top-bottom dimension is more salient, then the object can be deep or tall, depending on whether the top or the bottom boundary is taken as the base line: the building is tall because the bottom boundary is the more salient one within the up-down axis, and a pond is deep because the top boundary is more salient within the axis. (Fillmore, 1997[1975]: 39) When we characterize something as deep, it will most likely be a stationary



object. The same dimension, but on a moving object, will be named length. Thus, a drawer is deep, but a car is long. (ibid. 40)

Locative prepositions can ascribe properties of dimensionality to entities with which they are used. (Fillmore, 1997[1975]: 28) Namely, the preposition *at* is said to ascribe no particular dimension to entities, preposition *on* is said to ascribe the property of being a line or a surface, the preposition *in* is said to ascribe the entity the notion of bounded two-or tree-dimensional space. (ibid. 28-29)

The use of different prepositions can change the meaning of the noun. For example, if we were to say that something is *in the grass*, then grass is considered to be a tree-dimensional object, but if we said *on the grass*, then grass would be regarded only as a surface. (Fillmore 1997[1975]: 29)

Furthermore, prepositions, when used to describe motion, can also change the meaning of the noun with which they are used. So, if *X* is the zero point for the movement, *from X* and *to X* will add no particular dimensionality to *X*, *out of X* and *into X* will add the property of having an interior, and *off of X* and *onto X* will add the property of being a surface.

#### **2.3.4. Temporal deixis**

Temporal deixis deals with expressions that can be understood only in reference to the time when they were produced. As indicated in Grenoble (1998: 52), time exists independent of lexical content, in the form of time spans located relative to other time spans. It is temporal deixis that further defines their relations and anchors them to specific points in time.

There are two different ways of describing temporal order: the so called A-series and B-series descriptions. The distinction, according to Bender & Beller (2014: 346), goes back as far as 1908 when it was first introduced by the philosopher John McTaggart. On the one hand, A-series description of time is concerned with the order of temporal events relative to an observer's deictic center, which makes them inherently deictic. On the other hand, B-series describes events irrelevant of any deictic center; it merely deals with the sequential order of events – what is earlier and what is later. Hence, B-series descriptions are non-deictic. (see, e.g. Traugott 1975: 208)

There are two different temporal perspectives: the Moving Time and the Moving Ego perspective (Traugott 1975: 217-218; see also: Tenbrink 2008: 15, Bender&Beller 2014: 346-347). Namely, we generally speak of past events as being behind us, the present moment as colliding with the location of the ego, and the future as being in front of us. We *look forward* to the summer and we have *left all* the suffering *behind us*, for example. This concept of time is called the Moving Ego concept, as it represents the view that we are moving through time which is stationary. In contrast, The Moving Time concept would represent past as in the front and future behind us (as in: *in the following years, preceding administrations*, etc), because in this view we are stationary and time is moving towards us and passing us by; or as Traugott (1975: 217) poetically puts it, the future is sneaking behind us, trying to surprise us. She also notes that the use of Moving Time concept usually involves reference points other than the deictic centre (*speaker-here-now*).

Under the scope of temporal deixis, deictic elements can be used combined with non-deictic units of time measurement. The naturally imposed recurring cycles, such as day and night, lunar months and years (i.e.: the annual movements of Sun and the change in seasons), are the most common measuring units. Fillmore(1997[1975]: 48-49) explains that there are two uses of these units: calendric and non-calendric. If they are used as units of measure, we are talking about non-calendric use. If they are used for absolute time measure and with fixed starting points, then it is calendric use. To illustrate, we can say *next week* and have in mind the next Monday-Sunday temporal unit (calendric use), or the next seven days starting from the day when we utter the words (non- calendric use).

Words like *yesterday*, *today*, and *tomorrow* pre-empt the calendrical way of referring to days. (Levinson 1983: 75) Hence, if *I will see you on Monday* is said on a Sunday, it will be referring to the next Monday, otherwise, *tomorrow* would be used.

In the canonical language situation – the face-to face interaction, the moment the speaker produces an utterance (**Coding Time**) is the same as the moment the addressee receives the utterance (**Receiving Time**). This is called deictic simultaneity- the two zero points, that of the sender and of the receiver, are identical. The geographical position of the conversation participants is irrelevant. They can agree that *it is raining now in Vienna* even if they are not actually in Vienna at the moment of speaking. (Lyons 1977: 685, Levinson 1983: 73)

Nevertheless, CT and RT do not always coincide; such is the case of literature. There is one CT, but many RTs. The writer has to decide whether the deictic centre remains with the CT, or will it be projected onto the receiver and RT. (Levinson 1983: 73)

The basic elements of the so called pure deixis (used without non-deictic elements), are tenses and time adverbials such as: *now, then, tomorrow, recently, soon, last week, two days ago, etc...*

The time adverbials are also called deictic specifiers. (Huddleston 1969: 799) The main representative is *now* which can be defined as: the time span which includes the CT – whether it is the exact moment of the utterance production, or an interminable period that contains the CT. On the other hand, *then* is defined as: *not now* and can be used to distinguish time spans that do not include CT – both preceding or following the time span containing CT. (Levinson 1983: 74)

Deictic specifiers can refer to the past, the present, and the future. (Huddleston 1969:800) , e.g.

Specifiers like: yesterday, ... ago, last,... are past

Tomorrow, next... , in.. are future

*Today, Nowadays, now...* are present.

*This X* expression has an irregular use: if we say *this morning*, we can only be referring to the past or the present, not the future, because morning is the first part of the day. Similarly, if we say *this evening*, we can only be referring to the present, or the future, not the past. *This* used with afternoon can have all three references. Furthermore, due to the already mentioned pre-emptive use of *today*, if we say *this Friday* we can only be thinking of some past or future Friday. (Huddleston 1969: 800)

#### 2.3.4.1. Tenses and deixis

Tenses order the events with respect to a particular point of reference, past, present, and future present events before, simultaneous with, and after the reference point, respectively. If the reference point coincides with the CT, tenses should be treated as deictic categories. (Huddleston 1969: 790)

Lyons (1977: 678) claims that “temporal reference...grammaticalizes the relationship which holds between the time of the situation that is being described and the temporal zero point of the deictic context”. Levinson (1983: 77) further states that tenses are “one of the main factors ensuring that nearly all sentences when uttered are deictically anchored to a context of utterance.”

Not all tense use is deictic – when the reference point is not the CT, but some other point in time, then the use of tenses is not deictic. Example for this can be found in Huddleston (1969: 790) and in this example we are dealing with future in the past:

45) I intended to do it yesterday.

The future tense in *to do* is not a reference to the time of the utterance, but it is a reference to the time of the intending.

Furthermore, general truths, or timeless propositions (Lyons 1977: 680), do not refer to any particular time point and therefore are not deictic.

It is important to distinguish surface structure realized in a language’s tense system (named L-Tense by Levinson 1983: 77), and the deep structure, which is a theoretical category of tense, a kind of a metalinguistic tense, or M-Tense (also named by Levinson 1983: 77).

By means of M-Tense analysis, we can easily distinguish: past (time span before the time span containing CT), present (time span including the CT), and future (time span after the time span containing CT). We can also distinguish points from spans. Nevertheless, M-Tenses do not correspond completely to L-Tenses because L-Tenses almost always include some aspectual and modal features. (Levinson 1983: 77-78)

#### 2.3.4.2. Tenses in fiction

No realm of language demonstrates more clearly than literature that the system of syntax can be too constricting a vestment for the creative life of language, which as such has its source in the more comprehensive sphere of thought and mental representation. (Hamburger, 1973: 67-68)

Huddleston (1969: 800) noticed some peculiarities in the relations between time adverbials (what he calls deictic specifiers) and tenses: The historical present tense is used to refer to a process in the past, but does not always influence the temporal specifiers:

46) Yesterday he comes to see me...

Present specifiers can be used with past tense as in:

47) Today was his birthday.

As we have seen in 46) and 47), tense and temporal specifiers can be treated separately.

Furthermore, present specifiers can be used with both past and future if they refer to a period of time longer than the period occupied by the mentioned process: (Huddleston 1969: 801)

48) He died this year (this year is when he died as well as when the utterance was produced and these two events do not overlap)

49) Do it now. (Now extends to the future time of doing, not just the time of the utterance production)

Nevertheless, expressions as: *nowadays*, *at this moment*, and *these days* can only be used with deictic present.

Past specifiers cannot be used with future in the present, but they can be used with future in the past: (ibid.)

50) He intended doing it yesterday.

Future specifiers cannot be used with deictic past, but can be used with past in the future:

51) Come and see us after we get back tomorrow.

Finally, present specifiers can be used both with past tense relative to a future reference point(52), and future tense relative to a past reference point(53): (Huddleston, 1969: 802)

52) You had better not tell him that you were with me now.

53) He intended to be here at this moment.

This subject was further elaborated by Hamburger (1973), Fleischman (1990), Tatishvili (2011), and others. Hamburger (1973: 71) notes that “past tense of fictional narration is no statement of past-ness”, since it is often the case in fiction that deictic temporal adverbs are used with the past tense. It is not unusual to read a sentence such as: *Tomorrow was Christmas* in a novel and to not find it peculiar. Hamburger (1973: 73) further notes that adverb *yesterday* seems not to function in semantic contradiction to the past tense, and that the use of deictic past adverbs is a bit different than the use of deictic future adverbs. Namely, *yesterday* in fiction is used with past perfect. Nevertheless, a sentence like: *The maneuvers yesterday had lasted eight hours* (Hamburger, 1973: 73), can still only be found in fiction. In ordinary speech, we would use simple past tense with the adverb *yesterday*. Hamburger (1973: 73) claims that the combination of yesterday + past perfect denotes that it is used in a novel as much as the tomorrow + past tense construction. She further mentions that we would be hard-pressed to find a sentence *Yesterday was Christmas* in a novel: the only combinations could be: *Tomorrow was Christmas* and *Yesterday had been Christmas*.

Fleischman (1990) has introduced the term markedness and proposed that, if there is an opposition of two elements, such as between PRESENT and PAST in the English language, one part of the opposition is considered to be unmarked, normal, and less specific, whereas the other part is marked. Usually the markedness is brought about by a presence of a feature which cannot be found in the unmarked element. (Fleischman, 1990: 52)

In languages that grammaticalize the opposition between past and present (or non-past), it is the present that is unmarked, and the past is marked. The past carries the feature of time reference, or past-ness; whereas the use of present is many-faceted: it doesn't specify past or present, although it can be used to refer to both past and present situations: it can carry past

time reference or non-past (present and future) time reference, or it can carry no time-reference at all. (Fleischman, 1990: 53)

Fleischman (1990: 5) explains the phenomenon described by Hamburger (1973: 71-73) by means of markendess reversal in narrative. Namely, she states that, since the use of tenses in narratives is anomalous when compared to everyday use, narrative represents a marked linguistic context, and when markendess-reversal is applied, the result is that in narrative, past tense is the one that is unmarked, while the present is marked.

Narration does not have to be fictional, and in non-fictional narration we can find words such as *here* and *today* being used with the past tense. Nevertheless, it is the combination of verbs of inner action and third person subjects that can only be found in fictional narration. Only in fictional narration can an author claim with certainty that we know how someone else feels and what they are thinking. The use of inner action verbs with past tense and third person subjects in fictional narration is another proof that the past tense in narration does not serve the purpose of presenting past events any more. (Hamburger 1973: 83)

Hamburger (1973:83) further mentions the peculiarity of the verb *to say*, which can be said to belong to a category half way between verbs of inner and outer action. The verb represents an inner action being articulated which can then be perceived. Nevertheless, it doesn't represent the acoustic material that is being articulated (as with the verbs such as *to sing*, *to scream...*), but rather the meaning of what is being articulated. Hamburger claims that when it is reported that someone hoped or believed something, it is implied that what was hoped or believed was also said. For this reason, she continues, the verb *to say* can be equated with the verbs of inner action in narrative fiction.

There are further peculiarities about tense use in fiction. Present and past tense can be used to point to the deictic centre of the narrator, and that is when they are used without markendess reversal. The narrator can talk about her/himself at a current moment and remember events that are in his past. Sentences like these, spoken by the narrator and anchored in his deictic centre are called reality statements, even though they are known to be a fantasy. (Hamburger, 1973: 76) Narrator can further describe a scene from the story. Hamburger (1973: 77) called this tabular present and explained it as describing mute images. Only when those mute

images become living figures does the simple past tense set in and the reversal takes place, and the deictic centre switches from the narrator to the actors of the story.

After we have entered the fictive world and the past tense has commenced, present tense can be used, but it becomes historical present and the use differs from the ordinary use. This happens because the deictic centre changes and fictionalization employs the deictic centre of the fictive persons, which “nullifies the temporal meaning of tense in which a piece of narrative literature is narrated: the preteritive meaning of the grammatical past tense, as well as the present meaning of the historical present” (Hamburger, 1973: 98)

As we have already mentioned, the present used in fiction is the marked tense. It can have three applications in fiction. Fleischman called them three possible interpretations and we shall follow her terminology while describing them shortly. The first is the zero-interpretation, which for present tense holds the basic meaning of timelessness or a-temporality. This interpretation is employed when reference to time needs to be minimized. The second is the minus-interpretation, which is the only interpretation that references present time. It refers to the present of the speaker in sentences such as: *I have a class (now)*. The third interpretation is the plus-interpretation which is the one that allows for historical present: it is “the meaning of past time that surfaces specifically – and exclusively – in narrative contexts” (Fleischman, 1991: 81-82)

Authors convey information even by choosing whether to use past or present to describe a past event. If present, as marked tense in narration is used, some special information is being presented. It is usually the case that the narrator has inserted her/himself into the fabulæ, breaking the events of the story and offering an evaluation of the characters or the action. Features of the minus-interpretation of the present tense are lack of distance and lack of objectivity (Fleischman, 1991: 82-83) which contributes to the use of present tense in narration being highly evaluative. Other than the evaluation of the events, present tense is used (on a metalinguistic level) for description, directly reported speech, or for comments by the narrator. (ibid 85)

Fleischman (1991:85) also claims that authors choose present instead of past to express notions that the past cannot, such as a-temporality, which allows for events to be detached from the progression of the story and to have a certain sense of timelessness. Furthermore,



the present provides the eyewitness perspective, since one of its meaning is *simultaneous with now*. Finally, it is used in inner monologues because of its immediacy and subjectivity.

Tatishvili (2011: 4) claims that if a location and an action in a narrative are described in present tense, the choice of tense contributes to the imagined permanence of the location, and habituality of the action. She goes on that the abovementioned permanence can be considered ontological universality, which renders the descriptions in present tense as, not only temporally, but ontologically distinct from the narrative. She calls this type of present tense use suprafictional and supradiegetic (alongside other elements that serve as ontological linkers between the fictional and authorial dimensions, such as dates, historical events and figures, gnomic statements, etc.).

### **2.3.5. Person (perceptual) deixis**

Person deixis is concerned with identification of participants' roles in a speech event of the utterance (Levinson 1983: 62). We use first person category to identify the speaker, second person category to identify the recipient of the message, and third person category to identify the person(s) who is neither the speaker nor the recipient.

There is a difference between the first-person and second-person category and third-person category because third person does not correlate with any positive participant role (Lyons, 1977: 638). That is why it is sometimes called *the non-person*. Furthermore, the first person plural does not coincide with first person singular the way third person plural coincides with third person singular: *we* does not mean there is more than one speaker as *they* means there is more than one third person individual. (Levinson 1983: 69) As Levinson (1983: 69) points out, in some languages there are two first person plural pronouns: *we*-including the addressee, and *we*-excluding the addressee. Nevertheless, all languages have a pronominal system, which is the most representative of the person deixis .

Still, there are other ways to convey participant role information which is not evident in pronouns. In some languages, person category can be expressed through morphological grammaticalization in the verb. (Lyons 1977: 639) The example for that can be found in the French language, as shown by Levinson (1983: 70):

54) Vous parlez français?

55) Vous êtes le professeur?

French takes its polite form from the second person plural, and the verb agrees with the pronoun, so in some cases it might be difficult to differentiate the intended audience, as in 54). Yet, in 54), the nominal predicate is morphologically marked to agree with the natural number of the referent, therefore there is no doubt as to who the intended recipient of the utterance is.

The use of second person pronoun has a long history in the English language, as described by Lass (2000: 148-155): In Old English, the second person, like other pronouns, had a number contrast: nominative singular and plural, dative/accusative singular and plural. When the French language started influencing English in the 13<sup>th</sup> century, the old obligatory plural *you* started to be used for singular address. Furthermore, in Middle English, *you* was established as unmarked form of address. As a result, *thou* became the marked form of address, which led to English developing a T/V system, in which *thou* was used for T, and *you* was used for V. The system was not as rigid as in French and German, and its main use was to mark asymmetrical relationships (for example parent address their children with T, and children their parents with V). Starting with fourteenth century and into the seventeenth, *you* became a neutral term of singular address, and *thou* was used emphatically or affectively. Toward the end of the seventeenth century, according to personal correspondence from the period, the distinction between *you* and *thou* becomes a deictic one: *you* is the distal pronoun, and *thou* is proximal. By the middle of the eighteenth century, *you* became the only normal spoken form; *thou* was used only in high-register discourse. The loss of the *you/thou* distinction caused asymmetry in the pronominal system because the second person does not mark number. There have been attempts in Modern English to rectify this asymmetry, for example by the appearance of the forms: *yous* [ju:z], or *jiz/jez* (both instead of *you* +plural *s*), or the version spoken in the south of the US, which has become a regional standard, *you-all* (which even has its own genitive: *you-all's*).

Another way to mark participant roles is by means of a vocative. Vocative serves the purpose of asking a person to assume the position of the addressee (Lyons 1977: 575), but are not incorporated into the predicate but rather set apart from the sentence that may or may not

accompany them. (Levinson 1983: 71) Vocatives are connected with social deixis, which shall be discussed below.

It was suggested by Stockwell (2000:27) that the name for the category of person deixis should be perceptual deixis because in science fiction, creatures other than humans have perception and use deictic expressions (such as alines, machines, animals, inanimate objects). Since this applies very much to this analysis, we shall from now on, use the term perceptual deixis.

### **2.3.6. Social deixis**

Another subcategory of deixis is social deixis. It has to do with the social construct of the world in which we communicate, and how it affects the language and communication. Instruments for marking social deixis are: (Fillmore, 1997[1975]: 112) personal pronouns, the use of names, titles, kinship terms, honorifics, the ways in which linguistic performances count as social acts, etc.

We identify the speaker and the addressee by using personal pronouns, namely first and second personal pronouns. When we use the first person plural pronoun, we can be including the addressee or excluding him. Furthermore, first person plural pronoun has two more peculiar uses: (Fillmore 1997[1975]: 113) it can be used as singular, by editors, clergymen and royalty; in that case, the verb agreement treats it as plural, but the choice of reflexive pronoun treats it as singular (ourselves rather than ourselves). Furthermore, it can include individuals that are not human – animals for example.

According to Levinson (1983: 90), there are two types of information that get encoded into languages: relational and absolute, the former being the significant one. It expresses four relations:

- i) Speaker and referent (referent honorifics)
- ii) Speaker and addressee (addressee honorifics)
- iii) Speaker and bystander (bystander/audience honorifics)
- iv) Speaker and setting (formality levels)

The difference between referent and addressee honorifics is that in referent honorifics can only be used when referring to the object of respect, whereas addressee honorifics can be used without directly referring to the object of respect (most notably used in S. E. Asian languages). The examples of bystander/audience honorifics can be found in Dyirbal<sup>7</sup> alternative vocabulary (for taboo relatives), or in some Pacific languages, for example Ponapean. Finally, formality of speech changes according to the formality of setting, which is firmly grammaticalized in languages such as Japanese (encoded morphologically) and Tamil (encoded in every level of grammar). (Levinson 1983: 90-91)

Absolute social deictic information deals with forms reserved for certain speakers (authorized speakers) or recipients (authorized recipients). In Thai there are certain morphemes that are used only by men - authorized speakers, while in English for example, there are restrictions on titles of address (*Your Honour, Mr President*) – authorized recipients. (Levinson 1983: 91)

In French, German, and many other languages, e.g. Spanish, the Scandinavian languages, most Slavic languages, pronoun forms are used to indicate the level of intimacy or the difference/similarity in social standing. We call that T/V distinction and it dates back to Latin which is the predecessor of the two forms in French: tu/Vous. Levinson (1983: 90) named this relational deictic information, because it deals with relations in terms of rank or respect. The T/V distinction would belong to the speaker-referent relational deictic information or referent honorifics, because respect can only be expressed by referring to the object of respect directly. (ibid.) Titles of address belong to referent honorifics as well.

Social deixis in the English language is not widely dispersed, as opposed do languages such as Japanese or Korean, which encode social deictic information into every sentence. (Levinson, 1983: 94)

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<sup>7</sup> Australian Aboriginal language

### 2.3.7. Discourse (text) deixis

Discourse deixis is in general similar to anaphora. It deals with “the choice of lexical or grammatical elements which indicate or otherwise refer to some portion or aspect of the ongoing discourse” (Fillmore, 1997[1975]: 103)

The similarity between anaphora and discourse deixis is that they both serve the purpose of text cohesion devices. (Cummings, 2005: 29) Unlike anaphora, linguistic expressions in discourse deixis do not refer to the referent of previously mentioned term, but to some part of a wider discourse in which they occur. (ibid. 28)

Consider the example: (from Lyons, 1977: 667)

56) A: That’s a rhinoceros. B: A what? Spell it for me.

In this example, *it* does not refer to the same referent rhinoceros refers to, but to the word itself, to linguistic form.

Utterance-initial use of certain words such as: *but, therefore, in conclusion, to the contrary, still, however, anyway, well, besides, actually, all in all, after all*, etc. indicates the relationship between that sentence and the previous discourse. (Levinson, 1983: 87)

The terms used in discourse deixis are borrowed from both deictic and non-deictic temporal expressions, since any point in a discourse can be considered a point in time, with preceding parts of discourse regarded as occurring earlier in time, and later portions of discourse regarded as occurring later in time. (Fillmore, 1997[1975]: 103) Hence, similar to *last week* and *next Thursday*, we can talk about *last paragraph* and *next chapter* (Levinson, 1983: 85). Likewise, as Grenoble (1998: 15) explains, discourse can be seen metaphorically as having spatial dimensions with directions, so spatial deixis terms are borrowed by discourse deixis as well, most commonly demonstratives *this* and *that*, which can be used to indicate forthcoming and preceding portions of the discourse, respectively. (Levinson, 1983: 85) Grenoble (1998:16) names the temporal and spatial deictic elements directional deictics, when they are used to reference parts of a text.

Furthermore, Grenoble (1998: 16) states that discourse deictics can be anaphoric or cataphoric, depending on the direction in which they point. Anaphoric deictics look backwards in the text, whereas cataphoric discourse deictics look forward in the text. Both anaphoric and cataphoric deictics belong to endomorphic deixis, which, according to Grenoble, incorporates those deictics that connect text with co-text. On the other hand, exomorphic deixis includes out-of-text entities into the text. Grenoble (1998: 16-17) concludes the systematization of discourse deixis by introducing two basic categories:

- Directional discourse deictics, “which reference parts of the text, treating the text either as a physical body, with spatial dimensions, or as a metaphorical mapping of a time line...” (Grenoble 1998:16)
- “those discourse deictics which reference parts of the text content including those which signal topic openings and closings, introduce new participants, signal topic continuity or change in topic, as well as those which... signal the speaker’s attitude towards the text content (Grenoble 1998: 17)

The distinction between deixis and anaphora is not a difficult one to see: as Grenoble (1998: 18) explains, anaphora links the text to its co-text and is co-referential with the part of the text it refers to. Anaphoric pronouns substitute the noun they index. On the other hand, deictic pronouns reference entities in the extralinguistic context, and cannot be understood outside of the context they occur in.

Furthermore, Grenoble (1998:19) claims that differentiating between deictic and anaphoric use of discourse deictics is not so simple because discourse deictics “provide link between text, co-text, setting and content”, which puts them at the crossroads between deixis and anaphora. This characteristic is what creates confusion about identifying discourse deixis, and is what Lyons (1977: 668-669) tried to resolve by differentiating pure and impure deixis. In the example:

57) I have never seen her in my life. B: *That’s* a lie! ,

*that* refers not to an expression in the previous sentence, but to the proposition expressed by the sentence, or the speech act, which is an example for impure deixis. It is not always easy to differentiate between pure and impure deixis which was demonstrated in Schiffrin (1990:

247). She has illustrated the gradual transition and text dependence of pure deixis as opposed to context dependence of impure deixis:

58) The newspapers say that the recession is over.

59) That's a sentence with eight words.

60) That's not a true proposition.

61) That's a lie.

62) That's a good point.

According to Schifffrin, in 59., *that* refers to the sentence from example 58. as a string of words, which is a clear case of pure discourse deixis. In 60., the reference to 58. as a proposition is still a linguistic characterization, which would make it pure discourse deixis if it were not for the description of sentence in 58. as true: that makes it similar to 61., where we have a case of impure deixis, as we have seen in 57. Finally. 62. is the furthest away from pure textual deixis, because judging if something is or is not a good point can be done by speakers and listeners only in the context of that event.

Contemporary papers on discourse deixis often deal with such specificities as: how *this* and *that* access the surrounding text in narrative discourse as opposed to spoken discourse (Çokal, Sturt & Ferreira: 2014), how to construct an automated system that would recognize verbal antecedents the discourse deictic refers to (Jauhar, Guerra, González & Recasens, 2015: 299-308), or how discourse deictic forward reference in headlines is used to lure readers to access online news (Blom & Hansen: 2015).

### **3. Research methodology and previous research**

In this chapter, research methodology and an overview of previous relevant research is presented.

#### **3.1. Research methodology**

Three books were analysed in this thesis: H.G. Wells' *The first men in the Moon*, which was originally published in 1901, however here the edition published by Arc Manor in Rockville (Maryland) in 2008 has been used. For the second book, C.S. Lewis' *Out of the silent planet*,

published in 1938, an edition published in London by Harper Collins in 2005 was used. Finally, for Douglas Adams' *The Hitchhiker's guide to the Galaxy*, published in 1979, an edition from 2002 which was published by Pan Books in London, was used.

The events from all three books take place firstly on Earth, then during space travel, and finally on a different planet. For each of the three locations, around ten pages were randomly chosen from the text and for each book 27 pages overall, which amounts up to around 8000 words. For the analysis of *The first men in the Moon*, pages 7-17 were chosen for the events on Earth, pages 36-42 for space travel, and pages 81-93 for the events set on the Moon. For *Out of the silent planet*, pages 1-10 were chosen for the event on Earth, pages 25-31 for space travel, and pages 79-89 for the event on Malacandra. Lastly, from the book *The Hitchhiker's guide to the Galaxy*, for events set on Earth, pages 5-15 were analyzed, pages 87-93 for space travel, and pages 132-143 for events on Magrathea.

The excerpts chosen for analysis are considered to represent the events of the entire book. The pages were chosen for the only one reason: they describe events on Earth, during space travel, and on another planet (events on other planets include contact with aliens), respectively. The observation of the use of deixis and how deictic shifts are introduced didn't require a special sampling procedure.

This thesis dealt with content analysis and the qualitative data collection model was used.

### **3.2. Previous research**

The interest in the relationship between deixis and (various types of) literature, although not new itself, is a part of the paradigm shift that took place only recently and led to a cognitive turn in social science research. Some of the important investigative texts that can be linked with thesis are the following:

Stockwell (2002), who is considered one of the founders of cognitive poetics, analyzes the deictic shifts in *Wuthering Heights*, based on the deictic shift theory (presented in 2.3.1. in this thesis). Prepone (2004) in her article "Initiating the viewer: deixis and visual perceptions in Alcman's lyric drama" focuses on sight in archaic poetry and performance. She claims that the combination of deixis and metaphors contributes to alternations of mere visions with



imaginary visions. Werner's article "Speaking from experience: narrative schemas, deixis, and authenticity effects in Verena Stefan's feminist confession *Shedding*" focuses on the concept of authentic voice. In order to explain the authenticity that is contributed to Verena's book, Werner employs Fludernik's narrative schemas and theories of deixis in literature within the scope of cognitive poetics. Semino (2011), in an article entitled "Deixis and fictional minds", uses a corpus-based method to compare texts with larger corpora to provide support for her claim that egocentricity of deictic expressions can be used to represent egocentric fictional minds. The same year, Tatishvili published an article "Deictic implications of tense forms in short narratives", in which she investigates deictic implications of narrative tenses and the deictic fields they create in short stories, novellas, and tales. Sorlin (2015) in her article "Person deixis and impersonation in Ian Banks's *Complicity*", explores the use of second person pronoun and its relationship with first person pronoun which is its counterpart in the novel.

These are just some of the many authors working in the field, and the variety of topics researched shows the diversity of cognitive poetics.

## **4. Analysis**

Based on the theoretical background, I will analyse the three books by looking at the narrative situation, deictic centre shifts,

### **4.1. *The First Men in the Moon* – H.G. Wells**

#### **4.1.1. Narrative situation**

In this novel, the events are presented by the use of embodied perspective from an internal vantage point: the first person narrator is the protagonist as well, and he is describing events from his past while addressing an implied reader, or an ideal reader figure. This is a case of homodiegetic narrative.

The narrator employs past tense to talk about the main events of the book and his commentaries are marked by present tense. Furthermore, the dialogues are presented by direct speech.

### 4.1.2. Deictic centre

The very first sentence of the novel, establishes all the parameters of the narrator's deictic centre, as established by Bühler (2011 [1934]: 118), i.e. contains marks of the sender, the moment, and the place.

63) As *I*<sup>8</sup> sit down to write *here amidst the shadows of vine-leaves under the blue sky of southern Italy*, it comes to me with a certain quality of astonishment [...] Wells 2008 [1901]: 7)

The time is the narrator's present, which can be seen in the use of the present tense. This is not an instance of historical present because, as Hamburger (1973: 76) explains, present tense can be used in novels for reality statements, i.e. to point to deictic centre of the narrator, and in that case we are dealing with an ordinary use of present tense, not the marked use which is employed in literary works.

The actual reader does not know the exact time when the narrator is sitting in southern Italy, but the ideal reader figure knows. The fact that the narrator assumes that readers know the time of the events, has elements of *in media res*: beginning a story in the middle of the action, assuming the information about the story world is common knowledge. Zubin & Hewitt (1995: 142) list *in media res* device as a tool for achieving better textual economy in text, especially in science fiction novels.

#### 4.1.2.1. The WHO of the deictic centre

After the initial deictic centre has been established, we can look at the ways the WHO of the deictic centre is introduced, maintained, or shifted in the text.

The WHO of the deictic centre is the narrator, which is maintained by an overall frequency of mention, i.e. he references himself often using pronouns (italicised), as well as by the use of

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<sup>8</sup> Emphasis added by the author of this thesis in all examples in this chapter

conjoined clauses<sup>9</sup> (underlined). Zubin & Hewitt (1995: 145) claim that the stability of the deictic centre is maintained in conjoined clauses because members of a conjunction are considered to be bound together. The following example shows both instances combined:

64) *I* fell into these things at a time when I thought *myself* removed from the slightest possibility of disturbing experiences. *I had gone to Lymgne because I had imagined it the most uneventful place in the world.* “Here, at any rate,” said *I*, “*I shall find peace and a chance to work!*” (Wells 2008 [1901]: 7)

The combination of different maintenance devices contributes to greater certainty of the WHO of the deictic centre. Even when other potential actors are introduced, in most cases, there is no deictic shift: it could be said that the stability of the WHO component is owed partly to the frequency of mention, but, as can be seen in the following example, antishifting devices, which prevent the shift to a new WHO, are used as well:

65) [...], and I have *heard* that at times the postman used to traverse the more succulent portions of his route with board upon his feet. I never saw him doing so [...] (Wells 2008 [1901]: 8)

In this example, another character is mentioned in a relative clause that is preceded by a perception predicate<sup>10</sup>. Zubin & Hewitt (1995: 147) claim that if another character is introduced in a relative clause (underlined), or is part of a clause that is a complement of a perception predicate (italicised), the deictic centre doesn't shift.

The WHO in this text is in most cases on narrator and it is a part of a broad scope, whose parameters are set and don't shift for longer stretches of text. In the text analysed, shifts in the WHO usually happen within narrow scopes, for example:

66) *He* had his watch out as *I came* up to him. He had a chubby, rubicund face with reddish brown eyes - previously *I* had seen him only against the light. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 10)

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<sup>9</sup> Two or more independent clauses connected with a conjunction (Steffani, 2007: 48)

<sup>10</sup> Perception predicate: non-action-like predicates such as hear, see, smell (Davidse & Olivier, 2008: 171)

The shift happened in the first sentence, only to be brought back to the narrator in the second sentence by the use of first person pronoun: The shifted WHO was introduced by the pronoun *he* in the subject position and the use of the verb *come* which signifies movement toward the deictic centre. Had the deictic centre still been on the narrator he would have written *as I went up to him*.

The narrator's grasp on the deictic field is firm. Even when Mr. Cavor temporarily takes over the centre, the narrator shows up in the scope of antishifting devices: the deictic centre is shifted to the narrator by the use of mental predicate<sup>11</sup> *feel*, but the shift does not happen outside the narrow scope of the direct object *me*. The rule proposed by the deictic shift model states that when a potential WHO is introduced as a definite noun phrase in indirect/direct object position, the deictic centre does not shift (Zubin & Hewitt, 1995: 147). In the following example we can see that the same could be said for personal pronouns in direct object position:

67) [H]e spent some time in the preparation of a sickly tasting drink which he insisted on my sharing. *It made me feel* a little numb, but otherwise had no affect on me. Then he permitted me to begin unscrewing. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 53)

During the reading of this book, the reader switches between 4 different deictic centres: the first one is the reader's own deictic centre in the real world. The first deictic field we encounter in the book is centred on the narrator, i.e. Mr. Bedford, and it the primed one. Two more WHOs are present in the story: that of Mr. Cavor and the Selenites.

#### **4.1.2.2. The WHERE of the deictic centre**

At the beginning of the book, the readers are introduced to two WHEREs: the first one is the narrator's WHERE, i.e. his locative point of view at the time of the telling of the story, "amidst the shadows of vine-leaves under the blue sky of southern Italy" (Wells 2008 [1901]: 7), and the other one is the narrator's WHERE during the story proper ("I had gone to

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<sup>11</sup> Mental predicate: "verbs depicting a conscious being processing a phenomenon of perception, affection or cognition" such as *feel*, *think*, etc. (Davidse & Olivier, 2008: 170)

Lympne [...]” (Wells 2008 [1901]: 7)). Devices used to introduce the two locations are preposed adverbial (example 64), and *go* + non initial goal adverbial (example 69 - underlined), as defined by Zubin & Hewitt (1995: 149)

The two WHEREs can be differentiated by the use of tenses: the narrator states, using present tense, that he is in southern Italy (example 63), and afterwards mentions Lympne, Kent by using past perfect, presumably to clarify to the reader that he will explain the circumstances that preceded the main events of the book, as shown in the following example:

68) I had gone to Lympne because I had imagined it the most uneventful place in the world. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 7)

It should be mentioned here that the aforementioned tense use is regular, without fictional markedness reversal (Fleischman 1990: 5), because we are dealing with narrator commentary, or reality statements, as explained by Hamburger (1973:76).

By delineating the two WHEREs like this, the narrator can switch back and forth between two deictic centres and the WHERE of the narrator could be known to the readers simply by looking at the tense use: even after the narration begins, and past tense becomes the most commonly used tense, present tense is still in most cases used for narrator commentary. Present tense is also used in dialogues, but the tense use will be looked at in more detail in 4.1.5..

After the overarching location of the story events is set, i.e. Lympne in Kent, we can look at the way shifts occur inside the main location.

The narrator describes where the story began, and the device he uses for introduction of locations is preposed (locative) adverbial (underlined):

69) Certainly if any one wants solitude, the place is Lympne. It is in the clay part of Kent, and my bungalow stood on the edge of an old sea cliff and stared across the flats of Romney Marsh at the sea. [...] Outside the doors of the few cottages and houses that make up the present village big birch besoms are stuck, to wipe off the worst of the clay [...] (Wells 2008 [1901]: 8)

Locations are maintained mostly by use of spatial terms in relation to the current deictic centre, for example (underlined):

70) I suppose Dungeness was fifteen miles away; it lay like a raft in the sea, and farther westward were the hills by Hastings under the setting sun. [...] And all the nearer parts of the marsh were laced and lit by ditches and canals. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 9)

There are two interchanging WHEREs: the one belonging to the broader scope and other belonging to the narrower scope. For example, when Mr. Bedford and Mr. Cavor meet for the first time, the WHERE of the deictic centre moves to where Mr. Cavor is – Mr. Bedford is the one to approach him. The narrow scope WHERE is on the location where the two of them speak, as could be seen from the use of the verb *come* which has directional valence: it describes movement toward the deictic centre (Zubin & Hewitt: 1995: 150):

71) He had his watch out as I came up to him. [...] “Not in the least,” said I, placing myself beside him. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 10)

Shortly after, the readers are reminded of the broader scope and that the overarching WHERE of the deictic centre is on the narrator, Mr. Bedford:

72) Every night you come making a noise. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 11)

The narrow scope can be said to be cancelled by the use of another verb with directional valence, *go*: movement away from the deictic centre:

73) He responded convulsively and we went our ways. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 11)

Once again, the broader scope is re-established:

74) At the stile I looked back at his receding figure. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 12) –

By means of preposed adverbial of place, *at the stile*, the WHERE can be said to be re-established and strengthened by the use of *looking back* from the deictic centre to the receding figure.

After the initial conversation of the two characters, Mr. Cavor started visiting Mr. Bedford in his bungalow, i.e. he joined him in his deictic centre, as could be concluded from the use of deictic verbs with directional valence<sup>12</sup> and spatial deictic terms<sup>13</sup>:

75) For a time I was puzzled to think what had brought him. He made indifferent conversation in the most formal way, then abruptly he came to business. He wanted to buy me out of my bungalow. "You see," he said, "I don't blame you in the least, but you've destroyed a habit, and it disorganizes my day. I've walked past here for years – years. No doubt I've hummed.... You've made all that impossible!"

I suggested he might try some other direction.

"No. There is no other direction. This is the only one. I've inquired. And now – every afternoon at four – I come to a dead wall." [...]

[...] I live" – he paused and seemed to think. "Just over there," [...] (Wells 2008 [1901]: 12)

[...] I think I said I was glad to be of any service to him, and he turned away. Immediately the train of thought that our conversation had suggested must have resumed its sway. His arms began to wave in their former fashion. The faint echo of "zuzzoo" came back to me on the breeze. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 14)

The WHERE of the deictic centre can be said to follow the narrator because it is mostly where he is, as could be seen in the following example, when the narrator leaves his usual WHERE of the deictic centre, his bungalow:

76) At the earliest opportunity I went to see his house. It was large and carelessly furnished [...] (Wells 2008 [1901]: 14)

The narrator continues to describe Mr. Cavor's house, and so the new WHERE of the deictic centre is established. The WHERE is not mentioned or strengthened again in the next few pages while the narrator explains the science (as much as he understood) behind the Cavorite invention<sup>14</sup>. No devices for voiding WHERE were used. The next time, WHERE is simply introduced by mentioning the narrator's bungalow, which is a WHERE with which the readers are presumably well acquainted so it is easily activated:

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<sup>12</sup> Such as: come, go, bring, take, leave, enter (Zubin & Hewitt, 1995: 150)

<sup>13</sup> Such as: here, this: denoting proximity, there, that: denoting distance (Zubin & Hewitt, 1995: 150)

<sup>14</sup> Fictitious material that is not influenced by gravitation

77) And the premature birth of his invention took place just as he was coming across the field to my bungalow for our afternoon talk and tea. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 19)

In this book, the WHERE of the deictic centre, as well as the WHO, follows the narrator and moves with him: the broader scope of the deictic location is mostly on the narrator, whereas the narrow scope shifts as the events of the story unfold.

#### 4.1.2.3. The WHEN of the deictic centre

At the beginning of the story, the narrator uses adverbs *here* and *now* to introduce a WHEN of the deictic centre. That first deictic centre is his current location, the place and time of retelling of the story:

78) Sitting *now* surrounded by all the circumstances of wealth [...](Wells 2008 [1901]: 7)

The temporal frame of the events proper are mentioned as something that had happened in the past, and by means of distal determiner *those*, as in the following example:

79) But in *those days* I was young, [...](Wells 2008 [1901]: 7)

The narration switches between past and present mostly by introducing present with present temporal adverbials (such as *nowadays*), and the past with aforementioned distal determiner *those* combined usually with the noun *days*.

After the circumstances that led to the events described in the book have been introduced, and the story proper commences, the WHEN of the deictic centre is often both introduced and shifted by means of initial temporal adverbials, as proposed by Zubin and Hewitt (1995: 150-151)

80) *The next evening*, I saw nothing of him, nor the next. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 12)

81) He came *the next day*, and again the next day after that and delivered two lectures on physics [...](Wells 2008 [1901]: 14)

82) *At the earliest opportunity* I went to see his house. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 14)

83) *Presently* Cavor extinguished the light. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 36)

The maintenance of the WHEN is achieved by means of both tense chaining (example 84) and the use of accomplishment and achievement predicates (example 85) as explained by Zubin and Hewitt (1995: 151)



84) Presently he *told* me he *wished* to alter our course a little y letting the earth tug at us for a moment. He was going to open one earthward blind for thirty seconds. He *warned* me that it would make my head swim, and *advised* me to extend my hands against the glass, to break my fall. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 39)

85) The thick-set Selenite *had gone* some paces unheeded. He *came* back and *stood* between us and the great machine. I *avoided* seeing him because I guessed somehow that his idea was to beckon us onward. He *walked* away in the direction he wished us to go, and *turned* and *came* back, and *flicked* our faces to attract our attention. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 83)

As can be seen in these examples, the predicates that do not further the action, serve the purpose of describing and explaining the circumstances; in example 86, the text after *because* (because I guessed somehow that his idea was to beckon us onward) does not update the WHEN, but explains the previous predicate, why the narrator avoided seeing the Selenite.

Two antishifting devices that are described by Zubin and Hewitt (1995: 151) can be found in the text. For example, the adverb *when* creates a narrow scope in which the deictic centre shortly shifts to *there* (the moon), but outside of that narrow scope, the deictic centre returns to its previous position: inside the space sphere:

86) We shall see *when we get there*. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 39)

Furthermore, the use of past perfect switches the WHEN of the deictic centre to one that has already happened, that is in the past. Similarly as with the previous example, when the scope of the past perfect is cancelled, the WHEN returns to the previously established deictic centre:

87) We saw that four of the Selenites standing in the doorway were much taller than the others, and clothed in the same manner as those we *had seen in the crater*, namely, with spiked round helmets and cylindrical body-cases, and that each of the four carried a goad with spike and guard made of that same dull-looking metal as the bowls. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 82)

Next, let us have a look at the strategies for voiding, or shifting to null, of the WHEN of the deictic centre. According to Zubin and Hewitt (1995: 151-152), there are four ways to do it: by the use of stative and activity verbs, by means of habitual and iterative adverbs, by using imperfective aspect, and by voiding the WHO which in return voids the WHEN.

The examples of voided WHO which also voids WHEN can mostly be found in the narrator's evaluative commentary which is written in present tense:

88) I knew there *is* nothing *a man* can do outside legitimate business transactions that has such opulent possibilities [...](Wells 2008 [1901]: 8)

89) In these things *there is* invariably a certain amount of give and take [...](Wells 2008 [1901]: 7)

Furthermore, the examples of the use of imperfective aspect to void the WHEN are used often, and most of the uses are within a dependent clause, describing and complementing the main clause:

90) I should think of you at your play – *watching* me irritated – instead of *thinking* of my work. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 12)

91) Moreover, the possibility of his *being* in pursuit of some valuable invention also interested me. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 12-13)

92) Life must fit itself to a day as long as fourteen earthly days, a cloudless sun-blaze of fourteen days, and then a night of equal length, *growing* ever colder and colder under these cold, sharp stars. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 38-39)

Habitual and iterative adverbs are mostly used in descriptions detached from the chronology of events, i.e. in descriptions of places, people, circumstances, etc, hence the voiding of WHEN should not be considered unusual:

93) One cannot *always* be magnificent, but simplicity is *always* a possible alternative. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 8)

94) *Sometimes* they hung close and clear, *sometimes* they were faded and low, and *often* the drift of the weather took them clean out of sight. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 9)

95) Why he did so I do not know, for the *never* cycled and he *never* played cricket. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 9)

Not surprisingly, the use of stative verbs is also mostly used for descriptions and additional information, detached from the event chronology:

96) I had gone to Lympne because *I had imagined it the most uneventful place in the world*.

97) He hesitated, and chose a black mouth *that seemed to promise good hiding*. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 92)

The shifting, maintaining and voiding of the WHEN of the deictic centre can be said to be one of the most complex and crucial aspects of narration; the way a writer handles it might determine his personal writing style and influence even the readers' understanding of the events chronicled in the book.

### 4.1.3. Spatial deixis

This chapter will look at the use of spatial deixis in *The first men in the moon*:

The spatial deixis can be said to be different during their space travel than on Earth, and later on the Moon, presumably because of their position which is neither on Earth nor on the Moon.

During space travel there could be observed two spatial deictic centres: the one belonging to the broader scope is the space sphere in which the characters travel relative to the positions of the Earth and the Moon; the other spatial deictic centre belongs to the narrow scope and represents the characters' location within the sphere.

The broader scope can be seen in sentences like the following:

98) "What is our direction?"

"We are flying away from the earth at a tangent, and as the moon is near her third quarter we are going somewhere towards her. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 36)

The new location can be said to be announced by the use of an introduction device, as proposed by Zubin & Hewitt (1995:149), i.e. the use of *go+* non-initial goal adverbial (*we are going somewhere towards her*). The use of first person plural could denote that the speakers are referring to themselves and the sphere as one unit.

In the following example, we can see the change in spatial relations when Mr. Bedford is talking about the events that take place inside the sphere, and the WHERE belongs to the narrow scope (*italicized*):

99) Four windows were open in order that the gravitation of the moon might act upon all the substances in our sphere. *I found I was no longer floating freely in space, but that my feet were resting on the glass in the direction of the moon.* The blankets and cases of provisions were also *creeping slowly down the glass*, and presently came to rest so as to block put a portion of the view. It seemed to me, of course, that I looked "down" when I looked at the moon. On earth "down" means earthward, the way things fall, and "up" the reverse direction. Now the pull of gravitation was toward the moon, and for all I knew to the contrary our earth was overhead. And, of course, *when all the Cavorite blinds were closed, "down" was toward the centre of our sphere, and "up" towards its outer wall.* (Wells 2008 [1901]: 3)

Figure 1 presents the spatial properties during space travel:

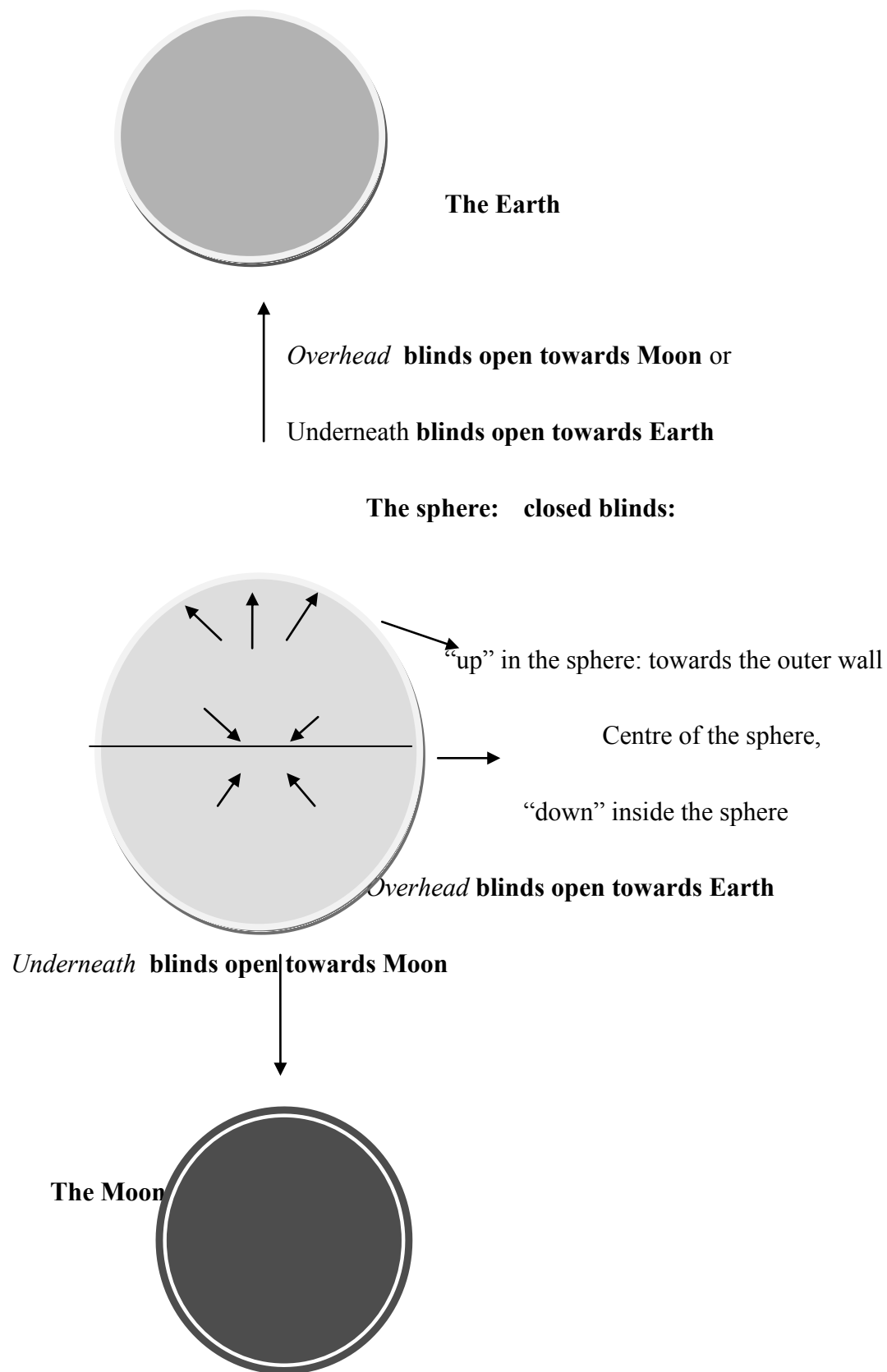


Figure 1. Spatial properties during space travel

The narrow scope of the spatial centre is activated when the Cavorite blinds are closed, and there is no gravitation pull on the sphere. Broader scope is activated upon the opening of the blinds, and depends on the position of the blinds: if they are opened towards the Earth, the Earth is underneath; if they are opened towards the Moon, then the Moon is underneath, as shown in Figure 1.

The detailed description of space travel and its circumstances can be said to be an important part of any science fiction book involving space travel: the typical reader would probably want to know both how to get to another planet as well as what he could encounter there. The stretching the limits of imagination might be one of the most important properties of science fiction literature.

When the two space travellers finally approached the Moon, the spatial expressions mostly represent the Moon as being beneath them, as can be seen in the following examples:

100) And so, sleeping, and sometimes talking and reading a little, and at times eating, although without any keenness of appetite, but for the most part in a sort of a quiescence that was neither waking nor slumber, we fell through a space of time that had neither night nor day in it, silently, softly, and swiftly down towards the moon. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 40)

101) But little time we had for watching then. For now we have come to the real danger of our journey. We had to drop ever closer to the moon as we spun about it, to slacken our pace and watch our chance, until at last we could dare to drop upon its surface. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 41)

The spatial expressions used while Mr. Bedford and Mr. Cavor are on the Moon can be said to serve the purpose of expressing psychological state of the narrator, Mr. Bedford, at the time of the events. The narrator seems not to give much importance to their general location as to the fact that they are surrounded by the Moon creatures – the Selenites, as can be seen in the following examples:

102) These four closed about us, one on either side of each of us, as we emerged from our chamber into the cavern from which the light had come. We did not get our impressions of that cavern all at once. Our attention was taken up by the movements and attitudes of the Selenites immediately about us. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 82)

103) It became apparent that the source of much, at least, of the tumult of sounds [...] was a vast mass of machinery in active movement, whose flying and whirling parts were visible indistinctly over the heads and between the bodies of the Selenites who walked about us. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 83)

The most typical spatial terms used in spatial deixis are adverbs *here* and *there*, and demonstrative pronouns *this* and *that*. (Levinson, 1983: 79) Looking at the use of *here* and *there* in this book, I have discovered that in most cases the word *here* is employed to refer to the surrounding text or the book itself, as in:

104) And now to the nature of those inquiries. *Here*, unhappily, comes a grave difficulty. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 15)

105) But no one reading the story of it *here* will sympathise fully [...](Wells 2008 [1901]: 16)

Furthermore, the narrator does not use the words *here* and *there* consistently when he uses them spatially. In some examples he chooses the word *here* as if he is imagining himself to be experiencing the events of the story at the same time as he is telling them (example 106), in other examples he chooses the word *there*, which distances him from the events and could suggest he is only remembering the events (example 107) :

106) On Earth light falls from above, or comes slanting down sideways, but *here* [the space sphere] it came from beneath our feet [...](Wells 2008 [1901]: 37)

107) The overwhelming folly of our presence *there* [on the Moon] loomed over me in black, enormous reproach. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 85)

Naturally, in dialogues the words *here* and *there* are used as if they would have been in real life, for example:

108) [...] What are we going to see? Think of what is bellow us *here*. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 87)

Through the inconsistent use of adverbs *here* and *there*, the effect of personal connection of the narrator and his story can be said to be intensified: he sometimes gets lost in his story, and sometimes he is back in southern Italy, where the readers meet him at the beginning of the book. The readers might get the impression that, even though he was a part of this colossal and epic journey, the narrator is still an imperfect human, as the rest of them, and they might feel closer to him.

In this book, the word *there* is in most cases used as existential there, which is not relevant for this topic. Nevertheless, there are instances of gestural use of the word, as described by Fillmore (1997 [1975]: 63). The narrator mentions the gesture itself, which would have been seen in face-to-face conversation, and the wording that accompanies the gesture can be seen in the dialogue:

109) [...] ‘I live –‘ he paused and seemed to think. ‘Just over there,’ he said, and pointed suddenly dangerously near my eye. ‘The house with white chimneys you see just over the trees [...](Wells 2008 [1901]: 12)

Additionally, there is an example of gestural use of an adverb, where the gesture itself is not explained by the narrator, but the readers have to imagine what exactly the character did:

110) My mind settled down to the question of my chains. If I were to slip off one turn *so*, and then to twist it *so*...<sup>15</sup> (Wells 2008 [1901]: 86)

As we have seen, spatial deixis can be used to describe something other than just spatial relations, for example, the psychological state of the characters, or the narrator’s personality, feelings or how immersed he is in the story. Later in the analysis it will be shown that each writer uses the spatial terms *here*, *there*, *this*, and *that* a bit differently.

#### 4.1.4. Temporal deixis

Bender and Beller (2014: 346) write about two ways of describing temporal order: the A-series, which is deictic and describes events relative to a relevant deictic centre, and B-series, which is not deictic and chronicles the events as they occur, irrelevant of the deictic centre. The book *The first men in the moon* features both types of event description: A-series is mostly used when the text in question deals with the story events (example 111), whereas B-series is mostly used for descriptions and different kind of digressions in the text (example 112):

111) Presently Cavor extinguished the light. [...] For a time, whether it was long or short I do not know, there was nothing but blank darkness. [...](Wells 2008 [1901]: 36)

112) Think of the difference in conditions! Life must fit itself to a day as long as fourteen earthly days, a cloudless sun blaze of fourteen days, and then a night of equal length, growing ever colder and colder under these, cold, sharp stars. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 36)

The structure of the book, i.e. the narrator reminiscing about events from the past, combined with the introduction which is set in the present moment, give the impression that Coding time (time when the text is performed) is the same as Receiving time (time when the text is received by readers). Considering that the text is not written in the past to be read in the

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<sup>15</sup> Emphasis in the original

future, nor written in the future to be read in the past; rather it is written in the present to be read in the present, CT and RT appear to be the same. From this we could conclude that the narrator does not take into account the actual RTs, but the story takes revolves around CT only (see following example):

113) “Radiant energy,” he made me understand, was anything like light or heat, or those Rontgen Rays there was so much talk about *a year or so ago* [...](Wells 2008 [1901]: 15)

Fillmore (1997[1975]: 48-49) wrote about naturally recurring cycles being used for measuring time (day, month, year). In this book, nouns *day*, *year*, and *evening* are mostly used as measuring units:

114) [...] at first I had reckoned *ten days* for it [...](Wells 2008 [1901]: 8)

115) Life must fit itself *to a day as long as fourteen earthly days* [...](Wells 2008 [1901]: 38)

116) But when *the next evening* the apparition was repeated [...](Wells 2008 [1901]: 10)

117) [...] was one of those chances that come *once in a thousand years*. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 17)

Fillmore (1997[1975]: 48-49) further states that these measuring units can be used calendrically (next year: from January to December), or non-calendrically (next year: 12 months from now). In the analysed text there are instances of both calendric (examples 114 and 116) and non-calendric uses (examples 115 and 117).

To sum up, the text analysed from the book *The first men in the Moon* exhibits both types for chronicling the order of events, deictic and non-deictic alike. Next, coding time is the one in focus, not the actual receiving times of readers. Finally, naturally recurring cycles are used as measuring units, both calendrically and non-calendrically. All of these choices made by the writer of the book could be said to contribute to his own personal writing style.

#### **4.1.5. Tenses and deixis**

The narrative technique used in this novel can be said to have affected the tense use noticeably. The narrator tells the story from his current spatial and temporal position, and uses present tense to refer to them. That first sentence is what is called a reality statement, as explained by Hamburger (1973: 76), it is spoken by the narrator and anchored in his deictic centre:



118) As I *sit*<sup>16</sup> down to write amidst the shadows of vine-leaves under the blue sky of southern Italy, it *comes* to me with a certain quality of astonishment that my participation in these amazing adventures of Mr. Cavor *was*, after all, the outcome of the purest accident. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 7)

After establishing his current deictic centre, the narrator uses the past tense to refer to the events from the past. This kind of tense use is without markedness reversal, as defined by Fleischman (1990:5), and it is not unusual for fiction because the reader still knows he is reading fiction even though reality statements are used.

The text at the beginning contains plenty present tense uses, some of which express a-temporality and give the sentences a sense of timelessness (Fleischman, 1991: 85):

119) So utterly at variance is destiny with all the little plans of men. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 7)

120) Nowadays, even about business transactions there is a strong spice of adventure. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 7)

121) In these things there is invariably a certain amount of give and take [...](Wells 2008 [1901]: 7)

Beside a-temporality and timelessness, present tense, when used in narration, is considered to be highly evaluative. According to Fleischman (1991: 82-83), feature of present tense when used to express the narrator's present is that of lack of distance and objectivity. It can be said for all three previous examples that they are evaluative, in addition to being timeless. Additionally, present tense is used for direct speech.

Even though it may not seem like we are dealing with narration, a little detail on the first page shows us that we are after all, reading fiction:

122) I may perhaps mention here that *very recently* I had come an ugly copper in certain business enterprises. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 7)

If we were not dealing with narration, that sentence would sound like this: ...very recently I came an ugly copper in...

Furthermore, in the text, expressions like this occur:

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<sup>16</sup> Emphasis added by the author of this thesis

123) *The next evening* I saw nothing of him. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 12)

124) He came *the next day*. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 14)

According to Hamburger (1973: 73), combinations like future deictic temporal adverbials (in this case *the next evening* and *the next day*) and past tense (I saw, he came) are sure indicators we are dealing with narration.

Overall, the book *First men in the moon* is fiction and written with application of markedness reversal, but the many occurrences of the present tense, used for narrator's commentary and evaluation, give it its peculiar structure.

#### 4.1.6. Perceptual deixis

Through the use of perceptual deixis, the readers could get more information on such aspects of the narrative as the relationship between characters.

In *The first men in the moon*, the narrator, a greedy, self-centred failed businessman mostly talks about himself, up until the moment he realises that the other character in the book, Mr. Cavor, was on the verge of the biggest scientific breakthrough known to man, at what point he uses personal pronouns to make clear that he wants to be a part of this breakthrough:

125) ... Among other things I saw in it my redemption as a business man. I saw a parent company, and daughter companies, applications to right of us, applications to left, rings and trusts, privileges, and concessions spreading and spreading, until one vast, stupendous Cavorite company ran and ruled the world.

And I was in it!

I took my line straight away. I knew I was staking everything, but I jumped there and then.

"We're on absolutely the biggest thing that has ever been invented," I said, and put the accent on "we." "If you want to keep me out of this, you'll have to do it with a gun. I'm coming down to be your fourth labourer to-morrow." (Wells 2008 [1901]: 17)

As the events in the book unfold, and the narrator's destiny gets tied to Mr. Cavor's, the WHO of the deictic centre can be said to go through some changes to illustrate the change in circumstances. Space travel is an extremely stressful time for the narrator (Mr. Bedford), he and Mr. Cavor feel very alienated from the rest of the world, considering they are the first

people ever to enter the outer space. Nested comfortably in their little sphere, they become a team and that can be seen in the use of first person plural pronouns combined with first person singular pronouns:

126) He said *we* had not overmuch energy stored, and that what *we* had *we* must economise for reading... A question floated up out of the void. "How are *we* pointing?" I said. "What is *our* direction?" -"We are flying away from the earth on a tangent, and the moon is near her third quarter *we* are going somewhere towards her."... (Wells 2008 [1901]: 36)

The combination of singular and plural pronouns continues in the third part as well, when they land on the moon, especially because now Mr. Bedford and Mr. Cavor encounter aliens. The aliens do not communicate with them, so we have no way of telling how they would use personal pronouns.

127) We did that, and finding it ineffectual, attempted an imitation of the Selenites' movements. That seemed to interest them. At any rate they all set up the same movement. But as that seemed to lead to nothing, we desisted at last and so did they, and fell into a piping argument among themselves. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 82)

All through the hard and difficult times, Mr. Cavor and Mr. Bedford were a team, because they only had each other. The third part describes the troubles the two space explorers had with the species they encountered on the Moon, and the prevailing personal pronoun used is the first person plural pronoun. However, the moment the narrator switches to first person singular pronoun, a difference in attitude could be perceived: he is distancing himself from Mr. Cavor, blaming him for his misfortunes and perhaps even subconsciously attaching the adjective *mad* to Mr. Cavor, not just to the expedition:

128) The overwhelming folly of *our* presence there loomed over *me* in black, enormous reproach. Why had *I* ever launched *myself* on this mad, inhuman expedition? (Wells 2008 [1901]: 85)

By seeing this change of attitude, the reader might be reminded of the first time Mr. Bedford used the first person plural pronoun to connect his fate to Mr. Cavor's because he expected he was going to make him rich (example 125). Here, by the use of first person singular pronoun, it could be said he officially detached himself from Mr. Cavor, which can further be said to prepare the readers to the events that follow shortly: Mr. Cavor and Mr. Bedford split in

search of their space ship, and Mr. Bedford ends up going back to Earth alone, leaving Mr. Cavor behind.

From the previous examples, it could be said that perceptual deixis can be used as a useful tool for gaining insight into how characters perceive the actions and the world around them, as well as their psychological state.

#### 4.1.7. Social deixis

One of the linguistic means for expressing social relationships are personal pronouns, so it should not be surprising that perceptual and social deixis have much in common: as we have seen in the previous chapter, the use of personal pronouns can point to camaraderie between the two characters (examples 125-126), or the psychological state of the narrator and his feeling toward the other character (example 127).

In the excerpts chosen for this analysis, only two characters engage in direct conversation, from which we can glimpse their relationship. At the beginning, when they first meet and talk, their conversation is on a much more formal level than later in the book, which is logical. Furthermore, it could be concluded from their conversations in the first excerpt that they intentionally choose their language so as to recognize that they are of the same social standing: they use formal language and refer to each other as *sir*:

129) He had his watch out as I came up to him. He had a chubby, rubicund face with reddish brown eyes [...] “One moment, sir,” said I as he turned. He stared. “One moment,” he said, “certainly. Or if you wish to speak to me for longer, and it is not asking too much – your moment is up – would it trouble you to accompany me?” (Wells 2008 [1901]: 10)

Since English does not have a T/V distinction, respect is, according to Levinson (1983: 90) expressed by referring directly to the object of respect, which is the case in the previous example, where both participants of the conversation express respect toward each other: one by using the honorific *sir* and the other by using formal language (compare: *would it trouble you to accompany me* and *come with me*)

The honorific *sir* shows up nine more times in the first excerpt, and does not show up at all in the second and third text excerpts, because the two characters establish a relationship and their camaraderie is, as already mentioned, marked by the use of personal pronouns.

To sum up, social deixis is one of the instruments used by writers to help the readers understand the relationship between characters.

#### 4.1.8. Discourse deixis

By looking at the examples of discourse deixis borrowing spatial terms in the book *The First Men in the Moon*, we can see that the word *that* is in most cases used to point to previous text. Other than *that*, *this* and *here* are used as well. Furthermore, relationship with previous text is usually signalled by sentence initial use of the temporal phrases: *after all*, *now*, *but then* and *presently*. Most of the examples of discourse deixis in this book belong to the subtype of directional discourse deictics, as classified by Grenoble (1998: 17).

130) This book is the sequel. (Wells 2008[1901]: 7)

In this example, Mr. Bedford had previously explained which circumstances led to the events described in the book, and he refers to the book directly in the text.

Fillmore (1997[1975]: 104-105) wrote about the use of the words *this* and *that* in discourse deixis. He explains that *this* is used cataphorically, to announce the text/speech to follow, whereas *that* is used anaphorically, to post-announce text/speech. He also adds that, in some dialects, *this* can have both forward- and backward-pointing function, but that there seem to be tense restrictions for the use, because, as he suggests, it is more acceptable to use *this* with present tenses and *that* with past tenses than other way around. (as in: *This has been fun* instead of *This was fun*; and *That was fun* instead of *That has been fun*) In the example 130., *this* is used to announce the text that is yet to follow, i.e. it has a forward-pointing function. In the following examples, *that* has a backwards-pointing function:

131) I knew there is nothing a man can do outside legitimate business transactions that has such opulent possibilities, and very probably *that* biased my opinion. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 8)

132) It was the big port of England in Roman times, Portus Lemanis, and now the sea is four miles away. All down the steep hill are boulders and masses of Roman

brickwork, and from it old Watling Street, still paved in places, starts like an arrow to the north... And now just a few lumps of rumble on a grassy slope, and a sheep or two – and I... *That* outlook on the march was, indeed, one of the finest views I have ever seen. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 9)

133) “...I’ve walked past here for years – years. No doubt I’ve hummed... You’ve made all *that* impossible” (Wells 2008 [1901]: 12)

134) If he made it, it would go down to posterity as Cavorite or Cavorine, and he would be made an F.R.S., and his portrait given away as a scientific worthy with Nature, and things like *that*. And *that* was all he saw. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 17)

135) “Cavor,” I said, “*this* takes me queerly. Those companies we were going to run, and all that about minerals?” – “Well?” – “I don’t see ‘em here.” – “No,” said Cavor; “but you’ll get over *all that*.” (Wells 2008 [1901]: 37)

In example 131., *that* refers to the underlined sequence of words before it. In 132., it refers to the described view from a window. In 133. it refers to the humming and walking, and in 134. It refers to the way Mr. Cavor imagined his invention would impact the world. In example 135., *this* from the beginning and *all that* from the end refer to the same part of discourse: the fact that Mr. Bedford cannot see anything on the surface of the Moon, as he had hoped.

Nevertheless, in *The First Men in the Moon*, *this* used with a backwards-pointing function can also be found, as in:

The narrator describes (in two paragraphs) the first time he laid eyes on Mr. Cavor, and after finishing the description, he writes:

136) This occurred on the first day of my sojourn... (Wells 2008 [1901]: 9)

The following examples show ‘this’ used with both forward and backward looking function:

137) We had to drop ever closer to the moon as we spun about it, to slacken our pace and watch our chance, until at last we could dare to drop upon its surface. For Cavor *that* was a time of intense exertion. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 41)

138) Then Cavor switched on the electric light, and told me he proposed to bind all our luggage together with the blankets about it, against the concussion of our descent. We did *this* with our windows closed, because in that way our goods arranged themselves naturally at the centre of the sphere. *That* too was a strange

business; we two men floating loose in that spherical space, and packing and pulling ropes. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 42)

In example 137., *that* refers backwards to the entire sentence that precedes it, and, simultaneously, forwards to the phrase *a time of intense exertion* that follows it. It has both backwards- and forwards pointing functions.

In example 138. we can once again see why discourse deixis is considered to be vital for text cohesion: The first *this* refers backwards to binding of the luggage, whereas, *that* in the third sentence refers both to the way Bedford and Cavor did *this*, and to the description that follows the use of the demonstrative. Without discourse deixis, the example 138. would look like this:

139) Then Cavor switched on the electric light, and told me he proposed to bind all our luggage together with the blankets about it, against the concussion of our descent. We did the binding [of the luggage] with our windows closed, because by closing the windows our goods arranged themselves naturally at the centre of the sphere. Binding our luggage with the windows closed too was a strange business; we too men floating loose in the spherical space we were in, and packing and pulling ropes. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 42)

The narrator references the text directly in the examples: 140., 141., 142., and 143.:

140) I may perhaps mention here that... (Wells 2008 [1901]: 7), *here* meaning ‘in this book’, as a physical space

141) And now, to the nature of these inquiries. *Here*, unhappily, comes a grave difficulty. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 15) - again, *here* refers to the text as if it were a physical space.

142) Suffice it for *this story* that he believed he might be able to manufacture this possible substance opaque to gravitation...” (Wells 2008 [1901]: 16) – *this story* refers directly to the text.

143) But no one reading the story of it *here* will sympathise fully, because from *my barren narrative* it will be impossible to gather the strength of my conviction that this astonishing substance was positively going to be made. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 16) – *here*, and *my barren narrative* refer to the text as well.

Temporal terms are most commonly used to connect the entire sentence with the surrounding discourse, as we can see in the following examples (144-147)

144) *Now* almost all substances are opaque to some form or other of radiant energy. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 15)

145) *Now* all known substances are “transparent” to gravitation. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 16)

146) The shorter, thicker Selenite marched at first on our right flank, but *presently* came in front of us again. (Wells 2008 [1901]: 86)

147) *But then*, how was I to foresee the necessity of taking notes? (Wells 2008 [1901]: 16)

Taking into consideration the topic of this novel, it could be said that the use of *this* and *that* as discourse deixis markers considerably increases the readability of the text as it makes the text coherent. Were there no discourse deixis, it would be more challenging for the readers to follow the string of thoughts as science fiction books abound in different locations, characters, and events.

## **4.2. Out of the silent planet – C. S. Lewis**

### **4.2.1. Narrative situation**

The narration in this book employs a reflector figure, as defined by Fludernik (2009: 37): the events in the life of Ransom, a professor of philology, are told by a covert, impersonal narrator. The narrator has insight into Ransom’s feelings, but not into feelings of other characters in the book. This is an example of heterodiegetic, or a third person, narrative, but with an internal perspective.

Toward the end of the book, after all the account of the previous events has been completed, the covert narrator reveals her/himself and becomes the overt protagonist of a first person, homodiegetic narrative. In this part, he addresses an implied reader, and explains how he came to know Ransom’s story. The lives and stories of the narrator and the reflector figure then come together.

### **4.2.2. Deictic centre**

The first sentences in this novel establish the reflector figure, whose identity is not yet known, as the centre of the deictic field (*italicised*). The spatial and temporal components of the deictic centre are very narrow and specific to the situation (temporal underlined, **spatial bold**):



148) ... The last drops of the thundershower had hardly ceased falling when the Pedestrian stuffed *his* map into *his* pocket, settled *his* backpack more comfortably on *his* tired shoulders, **and stepped out from the shelter of a large chestnut tree into the middle of the road.** A violent yellow sunset was pouring through a rift in the clouds to **westward**, but **straight ahead over the hills** the sky was the colour of dark slate... If *he* had chosen to look back, which *he* did not, *he* could have seen the spire of Much Nadderby, and seeing it, might have uttered a malediction [...] His only chance now was Sterk, **on the far side of the hills, and a good six miles away.** (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 1)

Even though we are not dealing with an *I* of the deictic centre, but with a *he*, it is still clear that *he* is at the centre: all the spatial deictics are tied to him, and the spatial centre of the deictic field moves with him. The personal pronouns all point to one person, and mark every object as belonging to him (italicised). Thus, a primary deictic field is established, even though the reader does not know exactly who the Pedestrian is.

#### 4.2.2.1. The WHO of the deictic centre

The primary WHO of the deictic field is introduced by the use of a definite noun phrase in subject position, which, according to Zubin & Hewitt (1995: 148) is a device used to shift to another WHO. Nevertheless, as we can see from the previous example, it could be said that the use of definite noun phrases in subject position can be used to introduce a WHO as well. We don't know the identity of the Pedestrian, but we know that deictic field is centred on someone, it is not voided, because definite article is used, combined with capital letter used for a common noun. Voiding a WHO can be accomplished by the use of chained indefinite reference, for example (Zubin & Hewitt 1995: 148). The Pedestrian's identity is revealed on page 2:

149) In fact, he was a philologist, and fellow of a Cambridge college. His name was Ransom. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 2)

Ransom remains the dominant centre of the deictic field in the novel, until the part where the narrator reveals his identity and the deictic field centres on him instead.

The deictic centre usually changes in direct speech, for example, when Ransom talks to a woman about where he could find a bed for the night. Even then, the centre is not on the woman alone, but on both of them, which can be seen in the following example by the use of

the second instance of the verb *come*: if the deictic centre was on the woman alone, she would have said: I *went* out (of the house, where she was), instead she *came out* to where her and Ransom were having the talk:

150) ‘Then I don’t know, I’m sure, sir,’ she replied. ‘There isn’t hardly any house before Sterk, not what you want. There’s only The Rise, where my Harry works, and I thought he was *coming* from that way, sir, and that’s why I *come out* when I heard you, thinking it might be him. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 3)

After the dialogue with the woman is over, the deictic field asserts its WHO once more very clearly, with personal, spatial, and temporal components pointing to Ransom.

151) *Ransom* reassured the woman as well as he could and bade her goodbye, after ascertaining that he would find The Rise *on his left in about five minutes*. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 4)

The same is true for Ransom’s conversations with Weston and Devin. As we can see from the use of spatial terms in 152 (italicized), the deictic centre is where Devine and Ransom both are.

152) Devine drew Ransom aside. ‘Barmy,’ he said in a low voice.’ Works like a beaver as a rule but gets these fits. We are only trying to get him into the wash house and keep him quiet for an hour or so till he’s normal again. Can’t let him *go home* in his present state. All done by kindness. You can *take him home* yourself presently if you like – and *come back and sleep here*.’ (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 10)

From the text analysed, what arises is a conclusion that, in this book, Ransom is the centre of the deictic field. Changes happen in dialogues, when the character who is talking becomes the WHO of the deictic centre, but, in most cases, the centre doesn’t change spatial components – the spatial centre is where Ransom is.

Overall, it could be said that the readers inhabit only two deictic centres: their own, which becomes unprimed as they start reading the book, and that of Ransom, considering that, in the text analysed, other character mostly appear as parts of Ransom’s deictic centre. Other than that, third deictic centre appears at the end of the book when the narrator reveals himself.

#### 4.2.2.2. The WHERE of the deictic centre

The introduction of the reflector figure's WHERE (example 148) can be said to have elements of *in media res*: the readers are immediately introduced to the specific location of the reflector figure, as if they were already familiar with his general location. The use of definite article (*the thundershower, the Pedestrian, the shelter, the middle of the road...*) enhances the artificial familiarity of the reader with the narrative situation. All this contributes to textual economy: according to Zubin & Hewitt (1995: 142), the use of *in media res* device is particularly common in science fiction (and fantasy) novels, because they contribute to textual economy which is especially important.

After introducing the temporary WHERE of the reflector figure (temporary- because the reflector figure is walking, hence, changing the spatial coordinates constantly), the WHERE expands to include the more general location, namely the villages Much Nadderby and Sterk. The WHERE does not expand anymore which can be said to be another indicator of the reader supposed knowledge of the story world.

Even though the village Much Nadderby is mentioned, presumably in order to locate the story spatially, the deictic centre does not shift to it: it is only introduced within a narrow scope by means of a perception verb (*he could have **seen** the spire of Much Nadderby*), which is an antishifting device, according to Zubin & Hewitt (1995: 149). After the narrow scope is cancelled, the WHERE is back on the reflector figure (the Pedestrian), which can be seen in the use of spatial expressions dependent in the deictic centre (*His only chance now was Sterk, on **the far side of the hills**, and a good six miles **away***). The narrow scope is further cancelled with the help of tense use: the events that took place in Much Nadderby are described by the use of past perfect (*...the inhospitable little hotel which, though obviously empty, **had refused** him a bed*), whereas the events that are tied to the current WHERE of the deictic centre are described by the use of the narrative past tense often combined with present deictic specifiers (*His only chance **now was** Sterk*).

To sum up, the shifting between the description of events before the beginning of the story and the present moment could be said is achieved by the use of tenses and proximal and distal adjectives *this* and *that*: the events prior to the story are marked by past perfect tense and the

distal adjective *that*, whereas, the story time is marked by past tense (of fictional narration – Hamburger (1973: 71), and proximal adjective *this*:

153) He had hoped when he left Nadderby that he might find a night's lodging at some friendly farm before he had walked as far as Sterk. But the land this side of the hills seemed almost uninhabitable. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 2)

As is mostly the case with the WHERE of the deictic centre, a new location is introduced by means of a preposed locative adverbial:

154) He was close under the hills by now and it was nearly dark... (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 2)

155) “Then where are we ?”

‘Standing out from Earth about eighty-five thousand miles.’

‘You mean we’re in space,’ [...] (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 25)

156) It was with a kind of stupefaction each morning that he found himself neither arriving in, nor escaping from, but simply living on, Malacandra; [...](Lewis 2005 [1938]: 79)

Anti-shifting devices that can be found in the text are, besides perception verbs (Zubin & Hewitt, 1995: 149): in example 148: *he could have seen the spire of Much Nadderby*, temporal adverbials as well. They are not listed as antishifting devices by Zubin & Hewitt, but, not unlike relative clauses and complementation, they can be said to create a narrow scope within which new location is temporarily introduced:

157) *Ever since he awoke on the space ship Ransom had been thinking about the amazing adventure of going to another planet, and about his chances of returning from it. What he had not thought about was *being*<sup>17</sup> on it. It was with a kind of stupefaction each morning that he found himself neither arriving in, nor escaping from, but simply living on, Malacandra.* (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 79)

The location of the space ship is introduced within the narrow scope of a temporal adverbial and, but, can be seen from the context, the WHERE of the deictic centre is not the space ship, but the planet Malacandra. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 79)

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<sup>17</sup> Emphasis in the original

What could be concluded from this analysis is that the writer makes extensive use of spatial deixis and deictic centre shift in order to make the text more effective and economical. Some of the strategies he employs to locate the story spatially but also economically, are the use of the definite article, introducing locations that clarify context inside a narrow scope of antishifting devices, or delineating two different locations by means of tense.

#### 4.2.2.3. The WHEN of the deictic centre

The WHEN in this book shows characteristics of in media res device: it is partly introduced in the first sentence, but overall it presupposes that the readers already have knowledge of the WHEN:

158) The last drops of the thundershower had hardly ceased falling when the Pedestrian *stuffed his map into his pocket*, *settled* his pack more comfortably on his tired shoulders, and *stepped out* from the shelter of a large chestnut tree into the middle of the road. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 1)

The underlined section shows the establishment of the WHEN: the use of definite article with ‘thundershower’ is taken to imply that the readers already know of the thundershower in question and when it happened, and the action continues without further specifying the circumstances of WHEN. The italicised section shows how the WHEN is further maintained by means of accomplishment and achievement predicates – in this case *stuffed*, *stepped out*, *settled* (as proposed by Zubin and Hewitt 1995: 151).

Additionally, WHEN is maintained by means of tense chaining (Zubin & Hewitt 1995: 151):

159) He looked<sup>18</sup> at the bowl again. It was covered with fine etching. He saw pictures of *hrossa*<sup>19</sup> and of smaller, almost frog-like animals, and then, [he saw pictures] of *sorns*. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 84)

The sentence *it was covered in fine etching* does not promote the time flow but illustrates an aspect of the current situation,, it is an example of voided WHEN as a result of voided WHO, similarly as in the following example:

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<sup>18</sup> Emphasis added by the author of this thesis

<sup>19</sup> Emphasis in the original

160) But the land this side of the hills seemed almost uninhibited. It was a desolate, featureless, sort of country mainly devoted to cabbage and turnip, with poor hedges and few trees. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 2)

WHEN can further be voided by means of stative and activity verbs (Zubin & Hewitt 1995: 152):

161) He *knew* that it would be possible, if one really wanted, *to force* a way through the hedge. [...] A nice fool he would *look, blundering in* upon some retired eccentric [...](Lewis 2005 [1938]: 5)

What these verbs accomplish is to stop the time flow in order to further describe the current circumstances.

The use of habitual adverbs voids the WHEN (Zubin & Hewitt 1995: 152), as it describes something that is generally truth and is not inherently part of the time flow of the story:

162) Their dwellings were beehive-shaped huts of stiff leaf and the villages – there were several in the neighbourhood – were *always* built beside rivers for warmth and well upstream towards the walls [...](Lewis 2005 [1938]: 80)

Lastly, the use of imperfective aspect voids the WHEN (Zubin & Hewitt 1995: 152) because it is mostly used for descriptions: (specifically in the following example it is used combined with voided WHO)

163) [...] Devine had been speaking to Weston, in a low voice, but no lower than was to be expected of a man *discussing* hospitable arrangements in the presence of a guest. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 10)

Overall, WHEN is mostly voided when WHO is voided (Zubin & Hewitt 1995: 152), in descriptions of places, because the narrator often describes the many facets of the planet Malacandra, as in the following example:

164) About a mile down the *handramit*<sup>20</sup> one came to broad lands free of forest and clothed for many miles together in low pulpy vegetation in which yellow, orange and blue predominated [...](Lewis 2005 [1938]: 81)

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<sup>20</sup> Emphasis in the original

The WHEN is shifted to time before current temporal frame by using past perfect, which is an antishifting device: the WHEN of the deictic centre returns to previously established parameters after the scope of past perfect expires (Zubin & Hewitt 1995: 151):

165) In actual fact Ransom *had disliked* Devine *at school* as much as anyone he could remember. "Touching, isn't it?" said Devine (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 9)

166) Preceded by Devine and Harry, he entered the house and found himself a moment later seated in an armchair and awaiting the return of Devine, who *had gone* to fetch refreshments. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 11)

Another way of temporarily shifting the WHEN is by using conjunction adverbs, such as *after*, *when* and *before* (Zubin & Hewitt 1995: 151):

167) Would he want his dinner all day or want to sleep *after* *he had slept*? I do not understand." (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 89)

168) [...] so that if he had starved *before* *Hyoï found him he would have starved amidst abundance*. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 80)

169) If you know how to find out *when* *we get there*, you are welcome to do so. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 27)

To summarize, nothing of great importance can be found in the textual excerpts which were analyzed; apart from in media res beginning of the novel, other features pertaining to the introduction, shifting, and voiding WHEN can be considered mostly stabile, without extreme exceptions.

#### 4.2.3. Spatial deixis

The use of the typical representatives of spatial deixis, words *there*, *here*, *this*, *that* could provide insight into intricacies of the specific writing style of each writer. As we have seen in *The first men in the moon*, for example, *here* is often used to point to the surrounding text whereas the inconsistent use of adverbs *here* and *there* could be said to show the imperfections of the narrator.

In *Out of the silent planet*, the narrator tends to use the adverb *that* in a way which, according to Carter and McCarthy (2006: 370), has an involving function in narratives; *that* is used instead of the demonstrative *the*, to indicate to readers they are reading about something familiar, already known. This kind of use could be considered to help improve the text

economy, by presupposing a mutual background knowledge that both narrator and the readers share, for example:

170) The kindly old landlord on whom he had reckoned had been replaced by someone whom the barmaid referred to as ‘the lady’, and the lady was apparently a British innkeeper *of that orthodox school who regard quests as nuisance*. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 1)

171) He was tall, but a little round-shouldered, about thirty-five to forty years of age, and dressed *with that particular kind of shabbiness which marks a member of the intelligentsia on a holiday*. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 2)

Other than that, the word *here* has been used in a way which could be said to be comparable to a gesture, to turn attention to the speaker, as in the following examples:

172) [...] but the words that actually came – in rather an unimpressive voice were, ‘*Here!* I say!...’ (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 8)

173) The latter made a fresh beginning. ‘Look *here*,’ he said [...](Lewis 2005 [1938]: 8)

Furthermore, there are instances of emotional deixis, as in:

174) ‘It weren’t the wash-house,’ sobbed the halfwit, ‘you know it weren’t. I don’t want to go in *that* thing again.’ (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 10)

The emphasis on *this* is found in the original text, which should help readers be quite sure of the negative feelings expressed in the sentence.

Additionally, gestural use is found in the text, without the gesture being announced by the narrator:

175) ‘Did you not see him?’

‘I saw nothing.’

‘*There! There!*’ she cried suddenly. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 87)

Finally, a part that would probably be the most interesting to science fiction fans is the description of the inside of the sphere in which the characters travel from Earth to Mars. It is described as an extremely small version of the Earth, or, what would Earth look like if we were big enough to see over the horizon:

176) It seemed to Ransom that Weston went up a hill toward the doorway and disappeared suddenly downwards when he passed it. When he followed- which he did with caution – he had the curious impression that he was walking up to the edge



of a precipice: the new room beyond the doorway seemed to be built on its side so that its farther wall lay almost in the same plane as the floor of the room he was leaving. When, however, he ventured to put forward his foot, he found that the floor continued flush and as he entered the second room the walls suddenly righted themselves and the rounded ceiling was over his head. Looking back, he perceived that the bedroom in its turn was now heeling over – its roof a wall and one of its walls a roof.

‘You will soon get used to it,’ said Weston, following his gaze. ‘The ship is roughly spherical, and now that we are outside the gravitational field of the Earth “down” means – and feels – towards the centre of our own little metal world. [...] As the centre is always “down”, the piece of floor you are standing on always feels flat or horizontal and the wall you are standing against always seems vertical. On the other hand, the globe of floor is so small that you can always see over the edge of it – over what would be the horizon if you were a flea – and then you see the floor and the walls of the next cabin in a different plane.’ (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 29-30)

This description is very similar to the one we have seen in the book *First men in the moon*, which is not surprising because they are describing the same phenomena. Nevertheless, there are no two deictic centres present during space travel in this novel, as opposed to the first novel, i.e. there are no two gravitational forces acting upon the space travellers in *Out of the silent planet*.

The use of spatial terms and spatial deixis, as has been concluded for the first book, can achieve not just positioning in space, but other effects as well, such as achieving better textual economy by introducing knowledge that is presumed to be already known to readers, or expressing negative feelings.

#### 4.2.4. Temporal deixis

Similarly as in the first book analysed, in this book too, there are both A-series and B-series descriptions of temporal order, according to Bender and Beller (2014: 346). In the following example we can see the non deictic description of events, i.e. the chronicling of events irrelevant of any deictic centre:

177) The last drops of the thundershower had hardly ceased falling when the Pedestrian stuffed his map into his pocket, settled his pack more comfortably on his tired shoulders, and stepped out from the shelter of a large chestnut tree into the middle of the road. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 1)

Furthermore, there are more examples of the A-type event chronicling, i.e. the deictic type, dependent on a deictic centre:

178) Ransom's legs failed him, and he must have sunk back upon the bed, but he only became aware of this many minutes later. At the moment he was unconscious of everything except his fear. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 25)

It is to be expected for both types of event chronicling to be found in a literary work. That being said, it is the distribution of the two types that could be considered one of the weapons in a writer's arsenal for creating memorable and unique texts.

Considering that literary works, including this one, are mostly written in past tense but without the feature of past-ness, the Coding Time cannot be said to be in the present while talking about past events. In this particular book, the story is narrated by an omniscient narrator of whom we know nothing about (yet), hence, the time when the story is written is not highlighted, i.e. there are no metalinguistic references to the world outside the text<sup>21</sup>. For that reason, we could conclude that the categories of CT and RT are not relevant for this text: the only thing that is highlighted is Ransom's present as he is experiencing the events described in the book, as can be seen by the use of deictic specifiers (such as *now* and proximal demonstratives *this* and *these* that point to the present moment):

179) He felt sure *now* that *this* must be the gate of the Rise and that these trees surrounded a house and garden. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 5)

Finally, naturally recurring cycles are used to measure time in this book, most relevant of them could be said to be the use of the unit *day* to measure journey time: in our everyday lives we usually do not travel anywhere for days, or on foot; nevertheless, in order to describe the time necessary to travel from Earth to another planet, a different measure than the one used on actual Earth must be used:

180) Malacandra is much nearer than that: we shall make it in about twenty-eight days. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 26)

Readers can discover, while reading this book, inhabitants of Malacandra use *day* to measure journey time, when they are describing travelling on foot:

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<sup>21</sup> Not counting the final chapter when the narrator reveals himself and how he got to know of Ransom's extraordinary adventure: this chapter is not part of the analysis, but for it, the description of CT and RT would be different

181) ‘More than ten days’ journey<sup>22</sup> to the west,’ said Hnohra. ‘The *harandra* sinks down not into the *handramir*<sup>23</sup> but into a broad place, an open place, spreading every way. Five days’ journey from the north to the south of it; ten days’ journey from the east to the west. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 84)

The use of *day* to mark journey length could be said to differentiate this text and marks it as science fiction considering that it is not commonly used in everyday modern life on earth.

#### 4.2.5. Tenses and deixis

Contrary to the tense use and style of narration we have seen in the previous book, in *Out of the silent planet* we are dealing with regular, literary use of past tense as unmarked tense (as proposed by Fleischman, 100: 52), i.e., the story is told in past tense, which is used with present deictic specifiers (such as *now*, as in example 182) and furthermore, the narrator has access to the main character’s thoughts and feelings which is shown by the use of inner action verbs combined with third person subjects, (such as *know* and *want*, as in example 183) ,and which is a certain sign we are dealing with fictional narration (as explained by Hamburger 1973: 83)

182) His only chance *now was* Sterk, on the far side of the hills [...] (Lewis, 2005 [1938]: 1)

183) *He knew* that it would be possible, if one really wanted, to force a way through the hedge. *He did not want* to. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 1)

Events that happened before the current moment (i.e. events being described in the book) are delineated by means of past perfect tense:

184) If he *had chosen* to look back, which he did not, he could have seen the spire of Much Nadderby, and seeing it might have uttered a malediction on the inhospitable little hotel which, though obviously empty, *had refused* him a bed. The place *had changed* hands since he last went on a walking tour in these parts. The kindly old landlord on whom he *had reckoned had been replaced* by someone whom the barmaid referred to as ‘the lady’ [...](Lewis 2005 [1938]: 1)

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<sup>22</sup> Underlined by the author of this thesis

<sup>23</sup> Emphasized in the original

Pertaining to this particular example, the use of *could have* and *might have* are used often in everyday life to express present feelings about past events, and their use combined with past perfect tense could be said to additionally help delineate past from present events in the book.

Present tense in this book is mostly used for dialogues. Other than that, present tense is found in descriptions or general truths which are not part of the temporal flow; these descriptions and general truths are mostly short parts of another sentence which they clarify, such as:

185) Instead, the lifelong self-control of a social man, *the virtues which are half hypocrisy or the hypocrisy which is half a virtue*, came back to him [...](Lewis 2005 [1938]: 25)

186) ‘Of course. I should think I do!’ said Ransom as the two men shook *hands with the rather laboured cordiality which is traditional in such meetings*. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 9)

Overall, the book is written consistently and mostly in past tense, with sporadic occurrences of past perfect and present tense. Just the tense use alone could be said to differentiate this book from *The first men in the moon*, which is specific for its diverse use of present tense as a marked tense.

#### 4.2.6. Perceptual deixis

We have seen in *The first men in the moon* how space travel brings people together psychologically, which may be said affects the use of perceptual deixis. In *Out of the silent planet*, the psychological situation of participants could be glimpsed through the use of perceptual deixis. Ransom has been kidnapped by Weston and Devine and was being taken to Mars in their space ship. The conversation between Ransom and Weston during the space travel reveals that not even being the only three people from Earth in space can bring them together. This was accomplished by the use of inclusive and exclusive *we*, i.e. *we*-including the addressee and *we*-excluding the addressee:

187) ‘Then where are *we*?’ - ‘Standing out from the Earth about eighty-five thousand miles.’  
- ‘You mean *we*’re – in space,’ Ransom uttered the word with difficulty... (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 25)

In example 187, we can see that Ransom considers himself to be a part of the team because he uses the first person plural to refer to all of them. Nevertheless, in the following example, 188, we can see that Ransom’s feelings are not reciprocated: Weston considers him and

Devin to be a team, which he confirms by using the exclusive we (underlined). It can be inferred from the context that the underlined pronouns do not refer to Ransom. However, the last two instances of the first person plural pronouns (*italicised*) are inclusive of all three participants, because it is a matter that of common interest. By switching between exclusive and inclusive first person plural pronoun, the author wants to portray the relationship between the characters, i.e. the captors and the captures, so it could be said that deictic means are employed with the aim of depicting the characters.

In the example 189) Weston solidifies the exclusive *we-ness* of him and Devine, separating them from the rest of the humanity and giving them rights outside the terrestrial legal systems. The way they address Ransom after the speech about infinities and eternities: what is a small little *you* compared to the advancement of the entire human race? In these words we could glimpse the real reason Ransom was kidnapped: to be sacrificed to the alien race living on Malacandra.

188) ‘And what on earth have you kidnapped me for? And how have you done it?’ - For a moment Weston seemed disposed to give no answer; then, as if on a second thought, he sat down on the bed beside Ransom and spoke as follows: ‘I suppose it will save trouble if I deal with these questions at once, instead of leaving you to pester us with them every hour for the next month. As to how we do it – I suppose you mean how the space-ship works [...] and if there were any chance of your understanding you certainly wouldn’t be told. [...] you may say we work by exploiting the less observed properties of solar radiation. As to why *we* are here, *we* are on our way to Malacandra... (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 26)

189) If you had minded your own business you would not be here. As it is, I admit that we have had to infringe your rights. My only defence is that small claims must give way to great. As far as we know, we are doing what has never been done in the history of man, perhaps never in the history of the universe. We have learned how to jump off the speck of matter on which our species began; infinity, and therefore perhaps eternity, is being put in the hands of the human race. *You* can’t be so small minded as to think that the rights or the life of an individual or of a million individuals are of the slightest importance in comparison with this. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 27-28)

When Ransom meets the creatures that live on Malacandra, we can see that they use personal pronouns in the same way humans do:

190) ‘He is not a *hnau*,<sup>24</sup> said the *hrossa*. – ‘What is *hnau*?’ asked Ransom. – ‘You are *hnau*. I am *hnau*. The *séroni* are *hnau*. The *pfiflitriggi* are *hnau*.’ (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 83)

In this section we have seen how the use of perceptual deixis, namely the use of inclusive and exclusive *we*, could affect the reader’s perception of the characters and their relations. The effect of the inclusive and exclusive *we* is difficult to notice and elaborate because it is heavily dependent on the context.

#### 4.2.7. Social deixis

Not only by means of personal pronouns use, the readers’ perception of the relationship between characters in this book could be said to depend on the use of social deixis, as well. The way they speak to each other, i.e. their linguistic performance in conversations, shows us what they think of each other and through that, what they think of themselves as well.

The narrator hints at Ransom’s character by describing his clothing as “that particular kind of shabbiness which marks a member of the intelligentsia on a holiday” (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 2). Shortly after the readers could confirm their suspicions (that he dresses that way so as to show his social standing which is very important to him) about Ransom when he talks to a simple lady, who often uses the honorific *sir* to refer to him, while he talks to her in an extremely informal way:

191) ‘Then I don’t know I’m sure, sir,’ she replied. ‘There isn’t hardly any house before Sterk, not what you want. There’s only The Rise, where my Harry works, and I thought you was coming from that way, sir, and that’s why I come out when I heard you, thinking it might be him. [...]’  
‘The Rise,’ said Ransom. ‘What’s that? A farm? Would they put me up?’ (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 3)

As opposed to the woman’s manner of speech, the conversations the readers witness afterwards is noticeably different, as is the social standing of the participants: upon discovering that Ransom broke into his yard, Weston says: “May I ask [...] who the devil you may be and what are you doing here?” (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 8) (compare with: Who are you

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<sup>24</sup> Emphasis in the original

and what are you doing here?), and as a result Ransom adjusts his manner of speaking and says: “I haven’t the least wish to interfere in your private affairs, but –” (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 8).

Devine takes the polite speech a step further, and it could be said that he mocks the formality of it, which is comical in the situation where Ransom broke into the yard and found Weston and Devine in the act of kidnapping their hired help, Harry. Devine introduces Ransom and Weston in the following way:

192) You don’t know Weston perhaps?’ [...] ‘*The*<sup>25</sup> Weston,’ he added. ‘You know. The great physicist. Has Einstein on toast and drinks a pint of Schrödinger’s blood for breakfast. Weston, allow me to introduce my old schoolfellow, Ransom. Dr Elwin Ransom. *The* Ransom, you know. The great philologist. Has Jespersen on toast and drinks a pint –’ (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 9)

Devine builds on this comical effect with the following discrepancy in speech style:

193) ‘Don’t be an ass, Weston,’ [...] ‘His dropping in is a delightfully apropos. You mustn’t mind Weston’s little way, Ransom. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 9)

In the second excerpt, after Weston and Devine kidnapped Ransom, the way they talk to each other changes. The fact that Weston considers himself to be intellectually superior to Ransom can be seen in the following sentence he says to Ransom:

194) ‘*Even you*<sup>26</sup> can hardly suppose we are going out of the solar system” (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 26)

As we have seen in this chapter, and as suggested by Fillmore (1997[1975]: 112), linguistic performance is one of the instruments for marking social deixis, i.e. it can reveal the character’s social standing and their relationship to each other.

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<sup>25</sup> Emphasis in the original

<sup>26</sup> Emphasis added by the author of this thesis

#### 4.2.8. Discourse deixis

Instances of *this* with forward pointing function, and *that* with backward pointing function are used, as in *The first men in the moon*:

195) “The Pedestrian wasted no time on the landscape but set out at once with the determined stride of a good walker who has lately realised that he will have to walk further than he intended. *That* indeed was his situation. (Lewis 2005 [1938] : 1)

196) ‘The Rise,’ said Ransom. ‘What’s that? A farm? Would they put me up?’ ‘Oh no, sir. You see there’s no one there now except the Professor and the gentleman from London, not since Miss Alice died. They wouldn’t do anything like *that*, sir.’ (Lewis, 2005 [1938]: 3)

In 195., *that* points to a part of the previous sentence and the fact that the pedestrian will have to walk further than he intended. The *that* in the example 196. points further back than usual, to the first sentence of the example, and the question whether they would put Ransom up at the Rise.

197) He had a momentary vision of a tall chimney, a low door filled with red firelight, and a huge round shape that rose black against the stars, which he took for the dome of a small observatory: then *all this* was blotted out of his mind by the figures of three men... (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 7)

198) Which of the *hnau*<sup>27</sup> rule?’ he asked

‘Oyarsa rules,’ was the reply.

‘Is he *hnau*?’

*This* puzzled them a little. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 85)

199) He tried to ask what would happen if the *sorns* used their wisdom to make the *hrossa* do things – this was as far as he could get in his halting Malacandrian. The question did not sound nearly so urgent in this form as it would have done if he had been able to say ‘used their scientific resources for the exploitation of their uncivilised neighbours’. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 85)

200) “And what has *all this* to do with me?’ he broke out. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 27)

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<sup>27</sup> Emphasis in the original



In 197., *all this* refers back to all the objects Ransom saw, mentioned in the first sentence. In 198. *this* refers to the question previously asked, whereas in 199. both underlined words *this* refer to the same part of the previous discourse, to Ransom's attempt to ask the Martian inhabitants about their relationships with each other.

In the previous example, 200., Ransom is referencing the entire situation he was in at that point in the story. Weston provided an explanation on two pages of text. Ransom's question and the use of *all this* refers to the entirety of the text describing the situation. The similar situation can be seen in the following example as well:

201) As far as we know, we are doing what has never been done in the history of man, perhaps never in the history of the universe. We have learned how to jump off the speck of matter on which our species began; infinity, and therefore perhaps eternity, is being put into the hands of the human race. You cannot be so small-minded as to think that the rights or the life of an individual or of a million individuals are of the slightest importance in comparison with *this*. (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 27-28)

The final word, *this* refers to the entire paragraph, in its entirety; it refers to the situation they are in, but on a larger scale than in 200.

202) "Ransom hesitated to follow, but Devine assured him that Weston would be very glad to see him. *The lie* was barefaced..." (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 11)

In 202. we can see the use of impure discourse deixis: noun *the lie* indexes the claim that Weston would be glad to see Ransom, uttered in the previous sentence. Not only does it index the claim, but also establishes the truthfulness (or untruthfulness) of the proposition behind the claim. Example 203. contains another instance of impure deixis:

203) 'There isn't a planet called Malacandra,' objected Ransom.

'I am giving it its real name, not the name invented by terrestrial astronomers,' said Weston.

'But surely *this is nonsense*,' said Ransom. 'How the deuce did you find out its real name, as you call it?' (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 26)

Ransom claiming that what Weston said is nonsense is an example of impure deixis because *this is nonsense* refers to the proposition expressed by Weston's sentence and is highly contextually dependent, which, as we have seen, is a characteristic of impure deixis.

In the following examples, the phrase *the latter* is used to point to a person mentioned previously:

204) "He was nearly as tall as the other, but slender, and apparently the younger of the two, and his voice sounded vaguely familiar to Ransom. *The latter* made a fresh beginning." (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 8)

205) "He glanced at Weston again, but the latter held up his hand." (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 31)

206) "He saw pictures of *hrossa*<sup>28</sup> and of smaller, almost frog-like animals; and then, of *sorns*. He pointed to the latter inquiringly." (Lewis 2005 [1938]: 84)

Use of the word *the latter*, as well as the general lack of instances of the text directly referring to itself, could suggest a more reader-friendly writing style than in *The First Men in the Moon*. The difference is not unexpected, considering that *The First Men in the Moon* was narrated by Mr. Bedford, who is a character (and a rather funny and discerning one) in the story, and his personality can be considered to influence the text style. On the other hand, in *Out of the Silent Planet*, the narrator is an omniscient and objective one, and the style of the text can be said to mirror it, even in the use of discourse deixis.

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<sup>28</sup> Emphasis in the original

### **4.3. *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* – Douglas Adams**

#### **4.3.1. Narrative situation**

The events chronicled in this book are presented by a covert, omniscient narrator, who has access to the psychological states of all characters, but is not a character in the book her/himself.

#### **4.3.2. Deictic centre shift**

There are two layers of deictic centering at the beginning of *The hitchhiker's guide to the Galaxy*: Firstly the omniscient narrator introduces the readers to the world of the book: it is both extremely similar to the real world and exceptionally different from it. In order to introduce the reader to this new reality, the narrator uses in media res device: the opening sentences tells us the principal difference:

207) Far out in the uncharted backwaters of the unfashionable end of the Western Spiral Arm of the Galaxy lies a small unregarded yellow sun. Orbiting this at a distance of roughly ninety-two million miles is an utterly insignificant little blue-green planet whose ape-descended life forms are so amazingly primitive that they still think digital watches are a pretty neat idea. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 5)

These sentences establish the overarching deictic field, and the Earth is by no means at the centre of it.

Initially in the introduction, temporal background is voided, as there is no passage of time in the description of the state of affairs (in this example time is voided by means of stative and activity verbs – further explanation in subchapter 4.3.2.3)

208) This planet has – or rather had – a problem, which was this: most of the people living on it were unhappy for pretty much of the time. Many solutions were suggested for this problem, but most of these were largely concerned with the movements of small green pieces of paper, which is odd because on the whole it wasn't the small green pieces of paper that were unhappy. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 5)

Subsequently, temporal frame is introduced, and it transfers to the more central deictic field in which the events proper of the novel take place (example 209). The spatial center (italicized) is a narrow one and refers to the scope inside which it appears; the sentence *This*

*is not her story* ends the scope of the spatial frame but not the temporal one, which can be understood through context in the text that follows.

209) And then, one Thursday, nearly two thousand years after one man had been nailed to a tree saying how great it would be to be nice to people for a change, a girl *sitting on her own in a small café in Rickmansworth* suddenly realized what it was that had been going wrong all this time [...] Sadly, however, before she could get to a phone to tell anyone about it, a terrible, stupid catastrophe occurred, and the idea was lost forever. This is not her story. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 5-6)

Finally, at the end of the introduction, temporal frame is confirmed and expanded, and the spatial frame is announced:

210) But the story of this terrible stupid Tuesday, the story of its extraordinary consequences, and the story of how these consequences are inextricably intertwined with this remarkable book begins very simply. It begins with *a house*. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 6)

This sentence ends the introduction, and at the beginning of the story the spatial frame is described in more detail and switched from outer space to the Earth, and the WHO of the deictic centre is introduced:

211) The house stood on a slight rise just on the edge of the village. It stood on its own and looked out over a broad spread of West Country farmland [...] The only person for whom the house was in any way special was Arthur Dent, and that was only because it happened to be the one he lived in. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 7)

Next, we will look at the specificities of the WHO of the deictic centre in this book.

#### **4.3.2.1. The WHO of the deictic centre**

The first WHO of the deictic centre is introduced as a predicate complement, which is not one of the devices listed by Zubin and Hewitt (1995: 145-149) for introducing the WHO. Nevertheless, it can be said that introducing a WHO as a predicate complement is similar to introducing it by means of definite noun phrases (including names) in subject position, as suggested by Zubin and Hewitt (1995: 148), because the introductory sentence can be rearranged to look like this: Arthur Dent was the only person for whom the house was in any way special.

Even though Arthur can be considered to be the main character of the novel, he is not the only one that the book focuses on. The advantage of the omniscient narrator is that s/he can show readers the world from the perspective of more than one character. Hence, in this book, new WHOs are often introduced, for example by combination of a new paragraph combined with a device for the introduction of WHO (in this particular case the device used is definite noun phrase (personal name) in subject position):

212) Mr L Prosser was, as they say, only human. In other words he was a carbon-based bipedal life form descended from an ape [...] He shifted his weight from foot to foot but it was equally uncomfortable on each. Obviously somebody had been appallingly incompetent and he hoped to God it wasn't him. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 10)

Furthermore, the narrator uses the lengthy introductions of new WHOs to create a comic effect which can be considered to be one of the reasons why this particular book is so entertaining. In the following example we shall see the entire introduction of one of one of the central characters, Ford Prefect:

213) [...] By a curious coincidence, *None at all* is exactly how much suspicion the ape descendant Arthur Dent had that one of his closest friends was not descended from an ape, but was in fact from a small planet somewhere in the vicinity of Betelgeuse and not from Guilford as he usually claimed. Arthur Dent had never, ever suspected this. This friend of his had first arrived on the planet Earth years previously, and he had worked hard to blend himself into Earth society – with, it must be said, some success. For instance he had spent those fifteen years pretending to be an out-of-work actor, which was plausible enough. He had made one careless blunder, though, because he had skimmed a bit on his preparatory research. The information he had gathered had led him to choose the name 'Ford Prefect' as being nicely inconspicuous. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 12-13)

Another way of introducing a new WHO is by switching the WHERE. In the following example, the focus switches from Arthur and Ford who were in number 2 entry bay, to the cabin of the spaceship Heart of Gold, where Zaphod Beeblebrox is, so he becomes the new WHO, which is confirmed by the insight into his consciousness that follows:

214) Ford stared at him. 'Did that robot say Zaphod Beeblebrox?' he said.

A loud clatter of gunk music flooded through the *Heart of Gold*<sup>29</sup> cabin as Zaphod searched the sub-etha radio wavebands for news of himself. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 87)

Furthermore, the WHO of the deictic field can be switched by simply tuning into other character's consciousness, combined with a new paragraph, for example:

215) 'Mmmmm,' said Zaphod, 'ZZ 9 Plural Z Alpha?'

'Well?' said Trillian.

'Er... what does Z mean?' said Zaphod.

'Which one?'

'Any one.'

One of the major difficulties Trillian experienced in her relationship with Zaphod was learning to distinguish between him pretending to be stupid just to get people off their guard, pretending to be stupid because he couldn't be bothered to think and wanted someone else to do it for him [...] (Adams 2002 [1979]: 89)

Some chapters, such as chapter 13 on page 93, begin with a new deictic centre: a new WHO and WHERE but the same WHEN because the story continues. Introducing the new WHO simply by putting them in the subject position is usually the narrator's choice. The lengthy introductions are not so often used because the reader has already 'met' all the major characters, and now narrator switches them in the WHO position.

216) Marvin trudged on down the corridor, still moaning. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 93)

The switches between deictic centres seen in this text could best be explained by means of Emmott's (1997: 121-123) contextual frame theory and the two terms he proposes: binding and priming. When characters and locations are bound together to a certain context, we are dealing with binding: in this book we have several characters that are bound to their spatial and temporal locations, and the switch of any one of them, switches them all. When the focus is on one particular deictic centre, it becomes primed, i.e. in focus.

The type of deictic switches that are found in this book could be considered one of the things that make it so different than the first two books.

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<sup>29</sup> Emphasis in the original

#### 4.3.2.2. The WHERE of the deictic centre

The WHERE of the introductory part of this book could be said to serve the same purpose - to introduce the reader to the new Universe they are about to enter: the WHEREs of the deictic centre are presented in a chained contraction: starting with the most general place, the Galaxy and ending with a small café in Rickmansworth. The adjectives used while describing the WHEREs help paint the picture of the state of affairs in this new Universe: the sun is described as small and unregarded, and the Earth as little and insignificant. This way of presenting the spatial coordinates of the novel's story contribute to text economy.

The order of descending WHEREs is marked from 1 to 5 in the following example:

217) Far out in the uncharted backwaters of the unfashionable end (3) of the Western Spiral Arm(2) of the Galaxy (1) lies a small unregarded yellow sun (4). Orbiting this at a distance of roughly ninety-two million miles is an utterly insignificant little blue-green planet (5) whose ape-descended life forms are so amazingly primitive that they still think digital watches are a pretty neat idea. [...] And then, one Thursday, nearly two thousand years after one man had been nailed to a tree for saying how great it would be to be nice to people for a change, a girl sitting in a small café in Rickmansworth (6) suddenly realized [...] (Adams 2002 [1979]: 5)

When inspected in detail, the WHEREs are introduced by means of preposed locative adverbial: the sun is introduced by preposition *in* + locative adverbial (*in + the uncharted waters of the unfashionable end of the Western Spiral Arm of the Galaxy*), and the earth is introduced by the preposition *at* + locative adverbial (*at + a distance of roughly ninety-two million miles*).

After the general location is known to the reader, the story begins and more detailed WHERE is described: Arthur Dents' house:

218) The house stood on a slight rise just on the edge of the village. It stood on its own and looked out over a broad spread of West Country farmland. Not a remarkable house by any means – it was about thirty years old, squattish, squarish, made of brick, and had four windows set in the front of a size and proportion which more or less exactly failed to please the eye.

The WHERE of the deictic centre remains the same in the first text excerpt and through the introduction of three characters (Arthur Dent, Mr L Prosser, and Ford Prefect): on Earth, in a small village in the West Country, in front of Arthur Dent's house.

In the second text excerpt, deictic centre switches by simply switching the WHO and the WHERE without further explanation. The readers have already been introduced to the location of the character Zaphod Beeblebrox (the cabin of the *Heart of Gold* space ship), and the mention of both the character and his location switches the deictic centre. Furthermore, another shift happens, where the story switches focus on the robot Marvin and his location, i.e., a corridor of the *Heart of Gold* space ship, where he is accompanied by Ford Perfect and Arthur Dent who have left Earth in the meantime. Then, the two WHEREs merge when the robot says: “This is the entrance to the bridge. I was told to take you to the bridge.” (Adams 2002 [1979]: 93). By announcing where they have arrived, the robot notifies the readers that all the characters will find themselves in the same space soon, i.e. the bridge of the *Heart of Gold* space ship.

All the aforementioned characters (that is: Arthur Dent, Ford Perfect, Zaphod Beeblebrox, Trillian – Tricia McMillan, and Marvin the robot) find themselves on an abandoned planet Magrathea, in the third text excerpt. The text focuses on Arthur and his encounter with Slartibartfast, a Magrathean, who explains to him the actual history and purpose of the Earth. During the conversation, Slartibartfast drives Arthur in his aircraft deep into the heart of Magrathea, the so called factory floor. The change of spatial position of the two characters is explained as it happens, because where they finally end up is “a vast tract of hyperspace” (Adams 2002 [1979]: 139) and it is new and unknown to both Arthur and the readers. Aside from the enormous size of the factory floor (this is where planets are made), the WHERE is not important as much in this text excerpt. The characters share the initial WHERE and, subsequently, change the WHERE together, so there is no confusion about their spatial location. The description of the factory floor is of interest, but for the topic of spatial deixis, not the shifting of spatial components of the deictic centre, and will be addressed in section 4.3.3.

The importance of the deictic centre shift for readers’ understanding of the story could be best seen in this book: the narrator often uses the shift of one element of the deictic centre to indicate the shift in another (shifting the WHERE sometimes shifts the WHO). Furthermore, because of the greater number of focalizing characters and the way the narrator switches between them, knowing the current (and previous) elements of the deictic centre could be said to help make the switches smoother and more understandable for readers.



#### 4.3.2.3. The WHEN of the deictic centre

The WHEN is not immediately introduced; before the actual WHEN, the readers are told what the main character did before the current moment by using past perfect:

219) He *had lived* in it for about three years, ever since *he had moved out* of London because it made him nervous and irritable. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 7)

Only after is the WHEN introduced:

220) On Wednesday night it had rained very heavily, the lane was wet and muddy, but the Thursday morning sun was bright and clear as it shone on Arthur Dent's house [...] (Adams 2002 [1979]: 7)

New WHENs are mostly introduced and shifted by means of initial temporal adverbial such as in example 221. (Zubin & Hewitt 1995: 150-151), or preposed temporal adverbial as in example 222. (Zubin & Hewitt 1995:151),

221) *Fifteen seconds later* he was out of the house and lying in front of a big yellow bulldozer [...](Adams 2002 [1979]: 9)

222) He stuttered for a moment *and then* pulled himself together. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 12)

In this text, WHEN is sometimes shifted by means of description, as in the following example:

223) The Earth moved slowly in its diurnal course.

The sun was beginning to dry out the mud that Arthur lay in. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 15)

Additionally, the writer of this book weaves the shifting of WHEN into the story and creates remarkable imagery:

224) And then, one Thursday, nearly two thousand years after one man had been nailed to a tree saying how great it would be to be nice to people for a change, [...](Adams 2002 [1979]: 5)

WHEN is maintained mostly by use of accomplishment and achievement predicates and tense chaining (Zubin & Hewitt, 1995: 151), or the combination of both such as in example 225, which could be said to additionally speed up the action, creating a sense of automatism and rush, such as watching a video in fast forward mode:

225) He woke up blearily, got up, wandered blearily round his room, opened a window, saw a bulldozer, found his slippers, and stomped off to the bathroom to wash. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 7-8)

WHEN is voided for a couple of reasons: mostly to stop the story while the narrator describes a new character, or circumstance, or some aspect of the new Universe. The introduction of new characters is different than in other two books because in this one, the narrator is omniscient and has access to many characters' subconscious. In the following examples, WHEN is voided by way of stative and activity verbs (Zubin & Hewitt, 1995: 152):

226) Mr L Prosser *was*, as they say, only human. In other words he *was* a carbon-based bipedal life form descended from an ape. More specifically he *was* forty, fat and shabby, and worked for the local council. Curiously enough, though he didn't know it, he *was* also a direct male-line descendant of Genghis Kahn, though intervening generations and racial mixing had so juggled his genes that he had no discernible Mongoloid characteristics and the only vestiges left in Mr L Prosser of his mighty ancestry were a pronounced stoutness about the tum and a predilection for little fur hats. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 9)

Additionally, time is voided by means of habitual and iterative adverbs (Zubin & Hewitt, 1995: 152), such as *often* and *sometimes*:

227) For instance, he would *often* gatecrash university parties, get badly drunk and start making fun of any astrophysicist he could find till he got thrown out. *Sometimes* he would get seized with oddly distracted moods and stare into the sky as if hypnotized until someone asked him what he was doing. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 13)

Furthermore, imperfective aspect is used to void the WHEN (Zubin & Hewitt, 1995: 152):

228) One of the major difficulties Trillian experienced in her relationship with Zaphod was learning to distinguish between him *pretending* to be stupid because he couldn't be bothered to think and wanted someone else to do it for him, *pretending* to be outrageously stupid to hide the fact that he actually didn't understand what was going on, and really being genuinely stupid. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 89)

Finally, voided WHO leads to voided WHEN (Zubin & Hewitt, 1995: 152), mostly in narrator's remarks or general descriptions of places:

229) The house stood on a slight rise just on the edge of the village. It stood on its own and looked out over a broad spread of West Country farmland. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 7)

230) It's an important and popular fact that things are not always what they seem. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 136)

Antishifting devices are used to shift the focus onto a new WHERE within a narrow scope; the WHEN returns to the previously established one after the narrow scope is cancelled. This is achieved by the use of past perfect tense and conjunction adverbs such as *while*, *after*, *before*, or *when* (Zubin & Hewitt, 1995: 151):

231) Why was he hung over? *Had he been drinking the night before?* He supposed that he must have been. [...] Something about a new bypass he *had just found out about*. *It had been in the pipeline for months only no one seemed to have known about it*. Ridiculous. He took a swig of water. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 7)

232) In fact what he was really looking out for when he stared distractedly into the night sky was any kind of flying saucer at all. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 14)

The writer of *The Hitchhiker's guide to the Galaxy* could be said to manipulate the WHEN of the deictic centre skillfully and often creates a humorous effect in the process.

### 4.3.3. Spatial deixis

As has been already mentioned, the most typical spatial terms to be used in spatial deixis are *here*, *there*, *this*, and *that*. (Levinson, 1983: 79) In the book *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, the terms *here* and *there* are not often used. Furthermore, in first textual excerpt of the book, the one taking place on Earth, there are no instances of the word *here*, and the word *there* is used four times, two of which are instances of existential there and are not relevant for this topic. The two uses of there can be seen in the following example:

233) Bypasses are devices which allow some people to dash from point A to point B very fast whilst other people dash from point B to point A very fast. People living at point C, being a point directly in between, are often given to wonder what's so great about point A that so many people from point B are so keen to get *there*, and what's so great about point B that so many people from point A are so keen to get *there*. They often wish that people would just once and for all work out where the hell they want to be. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 10)

This use of the adverb *there* shows that the sentence is said as if from the point of view of a resident of point C, which is neither A nor B, i.e. it shows spatial distance, but it can be also said that it represents emotional distance as well, because the last sentence in the example confirms the negative feelings of residents of point C toward the people travelling between point A and point B.

The use of the words *here* and *there* (and the lack thereof) could be considered to be a matter of style of a particular writer.

In the excerpt the uses of the words *this* and *that* are numerous, but not all of them represent spatial distance and proximity. Mostly they are used as relative pronouns as in:

234) The thing *that* used to worry him most was the fact *that* people always used to ask him what he was looking so worried about. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 7)

,or to point to another segment in the discourse (analysed in chapters about discourse deixis), as in:

235) By a curious coincidence, *None at all*<sup>30</sup> is exactly how much suspicion the ape descendant Arthur Dent had that one of his closes friends was not descended from an ape [...] Arthur Dent had never, ever suspected *this*<sup>31</sup>. *This* friend of his had first arrived on the planet Earth some fifteen Earth years previously [...] (Adams 2002 [1979]: 12)

The use of the second *this* (in bold) shows us its another use; according to Carter & McCarthy (2006: 370), determiners *this* and *these* can be used in narratives, anecdotes or jokes to “create a sense of immediacy and to encourage a listener or reader to become involved”. Another example of this is shown in the following example:

236) ‘How did you know I was an Earthman?’ demanded Arthur.  
*These things* will become clear to you’, said the old man gently [...](Adams 2002 [1979]: 138)

The instances when *this* and *that* are used for spatial distance and proximity could be recognized by adding the word *here* to the word *this*, or the word *there* to the word *that*, as in:

237) *That man [there]* wants to knock my house down! (Adams 2002 [1979]: 15)

The same wouldn’t be possible in examples 234. and 235. (Arthur Dent had never, ever suspected *this here*; The thing *that there* used to worry him most..)

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<sup>30</sup> Emphasis in the original

<sup>31</sup> Emphasis added by the author of this thesis

In the second and third text excerpts, which take place during space travel and on a different planet, we can see examples of gestural use, as described by Fillmore (1997 [1975]: 63) in writing. The gesture, which would have been seen in face-to-face conversation, is in writing pointed out by the narrator and the words that accompany the gesture are found in the dialogue:

238) She sighed and punched up a star map on the visiscreen so she could make it simple for him [...] ‘There’, she pointed, ‘right there’. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 90)

239) He pointed down into the crater. ‘Is that robot yours?’ (Adams 2002 [1979]: 134)

The words *this* and *that* are sometimes used to show emotional distance and proximity, which will be shown in the following examples, where the readers can conclude from the context the existence of negative emotions the characters have towards cheerful, talking computers, and the use of the distancing *that* only confirms it:

240) Zaphod knocked his two heads together in irritation and gritted his teeth.

‘OK,’ he said. ‘Computer!’

The voice circuits sprang to life again. ‘Why hello there!’ they said [...] ‘All I want to do is make your day nicer and nicer and nicer...’

‘Yeah, well shut up and word something out for me.’ [...]

[...] ‘Have you flipped?’ he said.

‘No, but you will when I tell you that...’

Trillian gasped. She scrabbled at the buttons on the Improbability flight path screen. ‘Telephone number?’ she said. ‘Did *that thing*<sup>32</sup> say *telephone number*<sup>33</sup>?’ (Adams 2002 [1979]: 92)

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<sup>32</sup> Emphasis added by the author of this thesis

<sup>33</sup> Emphasis in the original

By the combined use of distancing determiner *that* and the noun *thing* without naming the actual computer, Trillian is undoubtedly showing the readers that she too, as well as Zaphod, has negative feelings toward the talking computer.

Another example of emotional deixis that shows negative feelings towards an object can be found when Marvin the robot is standing right in front of a door but still chooses the distancing determiner *those* instead of proximal *these* to mention it:

241) ‘We’ve arrived at another one of *those* doors.’ (Adams 2002 [1979]: 93)

As we have seen, the book *The Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy* can be said to exhibit various uses for the spatial terms *here*, *there*, *this*, and *that*, some of which are rather regular (showing proximity and distance), and some of which are more complex (emotional distance).

Furthermore, *The Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy* contains some interesting descriptions of space outside of the constraints of our planet. Specifically, the topic of size stands out. In the part of the book when the actions take place on the planet Magrathea, Arthur is led to the factory floor where actual planets are made. According to the book, the factory is too large to exist on the actual planet, instead, it is located in a “vast tract of hyperspace” (Adams 2002 [1979]: 139) It is described as follows:

242) The car shot forward straight into the circle of light, and suddenly Arthur had a fairly clear idea of what infinity looked like.

It wasn’t infinity, in fact. Infinity itself looks flat and uninteresting. Looking up into the night sky is looking into infinity – distance is incomprehensible and therefore meaningless. The chamber into which the aircar emerged was anything but infinite, it was just very very very big, so big that it gave the impression of infinity far better than infinity itself. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 139)

243) The wall. The wall defied imagination – seduced it and defeated it. The wall was so paralytically vast and sheer that its top, bottom and sides passed away beyond the reach of sight. The mere shock of vertigo could kill a man.

The wall appeared perfectly flat. It would take the finest laser-measuring equipment to detect that as it climbed, apparently to infinity, as it dropped dizzily away, as it planed out to either side, it also curved. It met itself again thirteen light-seconds away. In other words the wall formed the inside of a hollow sphere, a sphere over three million miles across and flooded with unimaginable light. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 139-140)

Descriptions like this could be said to represent one of the reasons why science fiction literature is so popular. The kind of factory described in examples above could never be made on Earth and imagining the unimaginable, the unknown and different is all inextricable part of the lure of science fiction literature.

#### **4.3.4. Temporal deixis**

Considering that this book is about a completely different universe than the one we know about, it should not be surprising that the narrator often interjects with explanation of this new reality. In those explanations (but not only in them), the B-series event chronicling is used: it is used to talk about event chronology irrelevant of any deictic centre (Bender and Beller, 2014: 346):

244) It is an important and popular fact that things are not always what they seem. For instance, on the planet Earth, man had always assumed that he was the more intelligent than dolphins because he had achieved so much – the wheel, New York, wars and so on – whilst all the dolphins had ever done was much about in the water having a good time. But conversely, the dolphins had always believed they were far more intelligent than man – for precisely the same reasons. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 136)

Another way of chronicling events is the A-series, i.e. the event chronology relative to some deictic centre:

245) Then a tiny glow of light appeared in the far distance and within seconds had grown so much in size that Arthur realized it was travelling towards them at a colossal speed, and he tried to make out what sort craft it might be. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 137)

Even though it is not overtly stated, the description from the previous example is tied to the WHEN of Arthur's deictic centre, because that has been the deictic centre mostly in focus: if there is no change in the components of the DC, there is no need to reinforce them: the readers assume that they are still dealing with the previously established deictic centre, which is the result of mental operation of maintaining stability of the deictic centre, performed by the readers on the deictic centre (proposed by Zubin & Hewitt, 1995: 141)

In the introductory part of this book, the categories of Coding Time and Receiving Time are activated, as opposed to the rest of the book where they are considered irrelevant because the only thing in focus is the characters' present. Nevertheless, the introductory part treats the

readers as if they are present at the time of the coding, i.e. that the Coding Time and Receiving Time is the same, which can be seen by the use of proximal *this* combined with present tense in the following example:

246) *This is not her story. But it is the story of that terrible stupid catastrophe and some of its consequences. It is also a story of a book [...]*(Adams 2002 [1979]: 6)

This sentence could be said to give the impressions of being told a story in person, while being in the same room, and sharing a deictic centre with the narrator.

Naturally imposed recurring cycles are used as measuring units (Fillmore 1997 [1975]: 48-49), and similarly as in the second book, it could be said they are used differently than they would have been on Earth and in our current universe as we know it. For example, when we talk about the length of naps, or research programs, we wouldn't usually use *years*, or we would consider it redundant to call them *Earth years*: all that is different in this new universe, where we have: 'a ten-million-year research programme' (Adams 2002 [1979]: 143), and 'five-million year slumber' (Adams 2002 [1979]: 135), and 'this friend of his had first arrived on the planet Earth some *fifteen Earth years previously*' (Adams 2002 [1979]: 12).

Overall, it could be said that the temporal deixis is important for creating the new universes in science fiction literature, as well as for furthering establishment of one's own specific writing style.

#### **4.3.5. Tenses and deixis**

As is the case with almost all aspects of this book, the tense use is specific as well. At the beginning of the book, a new Universe is introduced in media res, as something everybody is familiar with: the fact that Earth is somewhere in the far corner of the Universe and it is fairly insignificant. This part is written in present tense, supposedly because that is a general truth, the state of affairs, and there is nothing fictive about it (example 247, italicized). Very soon, the narrator corrects himself (example 247, underlined) and starts using the past tense in the text that follows. Soon, reader realizes that the reason the narrator uses past tense to refer to Earth and what happened on it, is because Earth has been destroyed. Swiftly, the readers are brought back into the present, non-fictive moment, because present tense is again used to



describe a book that exists and is well known in the Universe, that the readers are supposedly familiar with (example 248):

247) Far out in the uncharted backwaters of the unfashionable end of the Western Spiral Arm of the Galaxy *lies* a small unregarded yellow sun. Orbiting this at a distance of roughly ninety-two million miles *is* an utterly insignificant little blue-green planet whose ape descended life forms are so amazingly primitive that they still *think* digital watches *are* a pretty neat idea.

This planet has – or rather had- a problem, which was this: most of the people living in it were unhappy for pretty much of the time. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 5)

248) But it *is* the story of that terrible stupid catastrophe and some of its consequences. It *is* also a story of a book, a book called *The Hitchhiker's guide to the Galaxy* [...](Adams 2002 [1979]: 6)

After the peculiar introductory past, story proper begins and from the start, the narrative past tense is used:

249) The house stood on a slight rise just on the edge of the village. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 7)

As is expected in narration, the combination of present deictic specifiers and past tense can be found in the text:

250) He turned toward his craft which, though no apparent signal had been given, *now drifted* quietly towards them through the dark. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 134)

Present tense is used for narrator's commentary in which he, for instance, clarifies the peculiarities of this new Universe to the readers (example 251), but also to makes humorous digressions by over explaining general truths (251, 253)

251) By a curious coincidence, *None at all*<sup>34</sup> is<sup>35</sup> exactly how much suspicion the ape descendant Arthur Dent had that one of his closes friends was not descended from an ape [...](Adams 2002 [1979]: 12)

252) Bypasses are devices which allow some people to dash from point A to point B very fast whilst other people dash from point B to point A very fast. People living at point C, being a point directly in between, are often given to wonder what's so great about point A that so many people from point B are so keen to get there, and what's

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<sup>34</sup> Emphasis in the original

<sup>35</sup> Underlined by the author of this thesis

so great about point B that so many people from point A are so keen to get there.  
(Adams 2002 [1979]: 10)

253) It is an important and interesting fact that things are not always what they seem. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 136)

Fleischman (1991: 82-83) claims that present tense used in narration is highly evaluative because it expresses lack of distance and objectivity, which can be seen in the examples of present tense use in this text, as well as expressing a-temporality and timelessness (Fleischman 1991: 85).

Furthermore, present tense is used in dialogues. Possibly, the present tense is used for other purposes, but the text chosen for analysis in this thesis does not show all uses.

Overall, the present tense used in the introductory part could be said to serve the purpose of familiarizing the readers with the new universe, whereas the rest of the text is mostly written in narrative past tense.

#### 4.3.6. Perceptual deixis

The perceptual deixis in *The Hitchhiker's guide to the galaxy* is different than in the previous two books because in it, animals and inanimate objects can speak and interact with intelligent life forms<sup>36</sup>. The first talking machine we encounter in the selected text is a spaceship's board computer:

254) The Sirius Cybernetics Shipboard Computer which controlled and permeated every particle of the ship switched into communication mode.

'Hi there!' it<sup>37</sup> said brightly and simultaneously spewed out a tiny ribbon of thicker tape just for the record. The ticker tape said, *Hi there!*<sup>38</sup>

'Oh God,' said Zaphod, he hadn't worked with this computer for long but he had already learned to loathe it.

The computer continued, brash and cheery as if it was selling detergent.

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<sup>36</sup> We cannot say humans here because we cannot be sure what other types of beings have achieved consciousness in this universe; perhaps the term humans does not include all of them. The term *intelligent life forms* has been taken from the text itself, (Adams 2002 [1979]: 88)

<sup>37</sup> Underlined by the author of this thesis

<sup>38</sup> Emphasis in the original

‘I want you to know that whatever your problem, I am here to help you solve it’.  
 ‘Yeah, yeah,’ said Zaphod. ‘Look, I think I’ll just use a piece of paper.’  
 ‘Sure thing,’ said the computer, spilling out its message into the waste bin at the same time, ‘I understand. If you ever want – ‘  
 ‘Shut up!’ said Zaphod, and snatching up a pencil he sat down next to Trillian at the console.  
 ‘OK, OK...’ said the computer in a hurt tone of voice and closed down its speech channel again. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 90-91)

As we can see, the computer’s communication skills are no different than any other intelligent life form’s, and, apparently, the computer has feelings as well (it can be cheery but also feel hurt). Furthermore, the computer is extremely advanced and intelligent (the context for this example: Zaphod and Trillian are trying to calculate a probability forecast based on improbability data<sup>39</sup>, which is extremely complicated, but they decide to try it themselves instead of asking the computer because they cannot stand how cheerful the computer is; nevertheless, they finally have to ask the computer to do the math because they weren’t able to). Despite all the computer’s properties, Zaphod and Trillian treat it poorly and don’t appreciate its effort. Furthermore, the personal pronoun used to reference the computer is *it*. However, considering how advanced the computers are, it wouldn’t be odd if they actually considered themselves male or female (or something third), but that is unclear from the context of this book.

What is clear, however, is that the robot Marvin does have a gender: he is a male robot. The readers know that through the use of personal pronouns, but they don’t know anything else about the robot’s gender properties:

255) Marvin trudged on down the corridor, still moaning.  
 ‘...and then of course I’ve got this terrible pain in all the diodes down my left-hand side...’  
 ‘No?’ said Arthur grimly as he walked along beside *him*. ‘Really?’  
 ‘Oh yes,’ said Marvin, ‘I mean I’ve asked for them to be replaced but no one ever listens.’ (Adams 2002 [1979]: 93)

A number of things could be concluded from this example: We can see that Marvin the robot is much more similar to intelligent life forms than the spaceship’s board computer from the previous example. The robot is depressed (which is known from context) and experiences

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<sup>39</sup> Fictitious number value

pain in a similar way as humans would (terrible pain in all the diodes down his left left-hand side). He is most certainly not the cheery, perfect machine as the board computer. Nevertheless, regardless of the differences between them, they are being treated the same, as less worthy (Marvin complains that no one ever listens to him). The next example shows us more clearly how machines are treated by intelligent life forms (even though Marvin is more intelligent than all the characters in this book<sup>40</sup>):

256) He pointed down into the crater  
'Is that robot yours?' he said.  
'No,' came a thin metallic voice from the crater. 'I'm mine.'  
'If you'd call *it* a robot,' muttered Arthur. *It's* more a sort of electronic sulking machine.'  
'Bring *it*,' said the old man. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 134)

The two participants of the dialogue, Arthur and Slartibartfast, pay no heed to the extraordinary expression of independence and rationality expressed by a machine, but refer to it with the third person pronoun *it* and consider it someone's property.

In this book, the name perceptual deixis is finally the better choice than person deixis, because, as Stockwell (2000:27) pointed out, creatures other than humans have perception and communicate using deixis. Furthermore, in this book, perceptual deixis has shown us that creatures other than humans are not treated equally and are considered inferior in this Universe.

#### **4.3.7. Social deixis**

The concept of social deixis is significantly less frequently exploited in this book, compared to the previous two books. A minute discrepancy in the conversation Arthur leads with Mr Prosser is noticeable, but not unexpected: Mr Prosser is there on official duty, as a head of a group of workers that have come to demolish Arthur's house. As he is there in official capacity, Mr Prosser's style of speech is more polite and formal than Arthur's, who is lying in the mud in his bathrobe, trying to save his house from being demolished:

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<sup>40</sup> Marvin often in the book talks about how much more intelligent he is than anyone else, but there are no examples for it in the selected text excerpts

257) ‘Appropriate time?’ hooted Arthur. ‘Appropriate time? The first I knew about it was when a workman arrived at my home yesterday. [...] First he wiped a couple of window and charged me a fiver. Then he told me.’  
 ‘But, Mr Dent, the plans have been available in the local planning office for the last nine months.’  
 [...]  
 ‘Oh shut up.’ said Arthur Dent. ‘Shut up and go away and you’re your bloody bypass with you. (Adams 2002 [1979]: 11)

Furthermore, as seen in the previous chapter, the intelligent life forms apparently consider themselves to be superior to the machines, which can be seen in the way they communicate with them. Other than that, no specific linguistic performance or other instruments for marking social deixis are used in the analysed text (which cannot be said for the entire book)

#### 4.3.8. Discourse deixis

While in the first two novels the use of discourse deixis does not seem to depend of the type of text – whether is it a dialogue or a description – in *The Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy* different types of discourse deixis are present in different types of text. Namely, in dialogues, the most common examples of discourse deixis are demonstratives *this* and *that*, especially if the dialogues are not about some serious and profound topics (as they often are in this book), but rather more casual or technical ones.

258) “Zaphod turned and glared at Trillian – she had thrown the pencil.

‘Hey,’ he said, ‘what you do *that* for?’

“Can we drop your ego for a moment? *This* is important.”

[...] ‘Listen,’ she said, ‘we picked up those couple of guys[...]

[...] Trillian said quietly: ‘Does *that* mean anything to you?’”

[...] ‘We should have zapped straight into the middle of the Horsehead Nebula. How did we come to be there? I mean *that’s* nowhere.’ She ignored *this*.

[...] ‘We pass through every point in the Universe, you know *that*.’ ‘Yeah, but *that’s* one wild coincidence, isn’t it?’

[...] ‘Can we work out,’ said Zaphod, ‘from their point of view what the Improbability of their rescue was?’ ‘Yes, *that’s* a constant’ said Trillian, ‘two to the power of two hundred and seventy-six thousand seven hundred and nine to one against.’ ‘*That’s* high [...]

[...]’Yes,’ agreed Trillian, and looked at him quizzically. “*That’s* one big whack of Improbability to be accounted for.’

[...]’Look, what is *this*?’ said Zaphod. “(Adams 2002 [1979]: 88-92)

The dialogue takes place on 4 pages with 11 instances of discourse deictic use of *this* and *that* (both backward and forward pointing), whereas, a dialogue between Arthur and the creature from Magrathea takes place (on and off) on 10 pages with only one instance of discourse deixis:

259) ‘*This*,’ said Slartibartfast, ‘is where we make most of our planets, you see.’ (Adams 2002 [1979]: 140)

In this example we say a gestural use of *this* – we can imagine Slartibartfast pointing with his hand while talking. In the dialogue, Slartibartfast explains to Arthur that it were the mice who had commissioned the building of Earth, and why. The dialogue is not a casual one and the speaker, Slartibartfast is a member of a reputable alien race that is quite different from humans: the lack of discourse deixis in his speech differentiates him from other characters. Arthur hence adjusts his speech to fit the situation and his fellow speaker.

Finally, the humorous interruptions by the narrator show the initial use of certain words that connect the sentence with its co-text, or signal the narrator’s attitude towards the text content:

260) “*But conversely*, the dolphins had always believed that they were far more intelligent than man – for precisely the same reasons. *Curiously enough*, the dolphins had long known of the impending destruction of the planet Earth...” (Adams 2002 [1979]: 136)

Use of discourse deixis as in 260. might be said to contribute to the humorous effect of the text.

Overall, in *The Hitchhiker’s guide to the Galaxy*, it could be said that there are fewer instances of discourse deixis than in the previous two novels.

## 5. Conclusion

If we look at the deictic centres of the aforementioned novels, it could be said that deictic centres in the novels pertaining to the first two stages of the development of the science fiction genre have relatively stable deictic centres, while the third novel exhibits shifts in deictic centre. One of the potential reasons for such a discrepancy is the narrative situation of the third novel: the omniscient narrator has access to the minds of more than one character and the focus is not on only one character and his deictic centre, but on multiple characters and therefore on their different deictic centres. As opposed to the narrative situation of the third novel, the novels from the first and the second period of the science fiction literature focus mostly on only one focal character and the narrator has access only to their inner thoughts and feelings. Divergence between the styles should not be unexpected considering that the main premise of the third period of science fiction is to create texts different than the one in the previous stages. Nevertheless, first book has less stable deictic centre than the second one, in that it exhibits two different spatial and temporal coordinates for the same perceptual component: the narrator begins the story in the present moment and then reminisce about the events in the past. The third book has an introductory part in which no special character or time is emphasized, but only the general state of affairs is described. All three books have elements of *in media res* device which advances textual economy.

What all the novels have in common, however, is that they can all be said to confirm Zubin and Hewitt's (1995) deictic shift model theory with: the spatial, temporal, and perceptual components of the deictic centre are introduced, maintained and voided according to the deictic shift model. Minor additions could be added to the theory, namely: two additional antishifting devices were discovered: pertaining to the maintenance of the WHO, personal pronouns in direct object position have been found to create an antishifting device, as well as temporal adverbials that can be used to create antishifting device to prevent the shifting of the WHEN. Finally, predicate complement has been found to introduce the WHO. Nevertheless, the way those components are manipulated can be considered to affect the style and originality of these texts. For example, in the first two texts, deictic centre components change focus only within narrow scopes, and are switched back to the primed character and his spatial and temporal components after the narrow scope is cancelled, whereas, in the third book, more than one deictic centre is primed and the components are bound together, so if the

spatial component changes, the readers know that the perceptual and temporal components have changed as well.

Space travel is an important part of all three books, and so are the descriptions pertaining specifically to that part of the text. The first two books contain similar descriptions: a space ship (or sphere) created on Earth by humans in times when space travel is unheard of by any other human. For the sake of the readers who are presumably unacquainted with the specifics of space travel, the circumstances during the journey are described in both books. In the first book the presence of two deictic centres, i.e. two gravitational forces acting on the sphere are what sets it apart, whereas in the second book, the description of the space sphere as a miniature version of Earth is of importance. In the third book, the approach to space travel is completely different. Space travel exists in this Universe (even though it is similarly not familiar to people of Earth, the rest of the universe is well versed in that type of travel), and no specific information on the mechanics of it are given. The technology in the third book, with talking machines and robots, seems to be light years ahead of the technology in the first two books, even though the actual difference in publication years is very similar: the second book has been published 37 years after the first one, whilst the third book has been published 41 years after the second one.

Some specificities in all three books have been noticed within the scope of spatial deixis: in the first book, spatial terms could be said are utilized in order to express psychological state of the characters. Other than that, the inconsistent use of adverbs *here* and *there* could point to the character of the narrator and his emotional relationship to the story. Finally, the narrator often uses discourse deixis, i.e. he references the text itself. In the second book, *that* is used instead of definite article in order to artificially familiarize the readers with the circumstances, which facilitates the textual economy. Similarly, in the third book, *this* and *these* are used in a way that creates immediacy and encourages the reader to become involved. All three books utilize spatial terms to express emotional proximity or distance.

The two ways of presenting event chronology are present in all three books, still, the ways they are combined could be said contribute to text authenticity. Next, Coding Time and Receiving Time are the same in the first book, not emphasized in the second book, and only relevant in the introductory part of the third book, as opposed to the rest of the text. Mostly,



the focus is on the present moment of the book events, except in the first book, where the present and the past are mixed together.

Naturally imposed recurring cycles are used in the second and third books differently than they would have been on earth, whereas the first book presents no such discrepancy.

Tense use could be said is one of the most important ways the writers have to express their creativity in the domain of deixis: all the books adhere to the Fleischman's (1990) markedness reversal concept, i.e. they are written in narrative past tense which does not carry the meaning of pastness. The first book even introduces the narrative past tense as if it was used without markedness reversal, but the use of present deictic specifiers reveals its narrative nature. Nevertheless, it is the use of present tense that is of importance: the first book abounds in present tense which the narrator uses to interject in the story with his evaluations and explanations. It is used similarly in all three books, mostly to express timelessness, a-temporality, and evaluative commentary. In the third book, the introduction consists of reality statements that appear as if they are not fiction, but the readers know they actually are.

Perceptual deixis, similarly as social deixis, could be considered paramount for expressing the relationship between characters: the use of personal pronouns could express camaraderie or animosity whilst social deixis could express characters' opinion about other characters, or the chance in the intimacy of a relationship without having to express it out loud. All these uses can be found in all three books, which could lead to the conclusion that perceptual and social deixis contribute more to the narrative than one might think.

Finally, discourse deixis could be said is important for text economy in all three books. While the first book exhibits the largest number of referencing the text itself (which is understandable because of its style), the second book shows smaller number of those occurrences, and it is the only one which uses the expression 'the latter' in service of discourse deixis: this could be said to contribute to the overall impression of a more serious text, as opposed to the first book. The third book shows us how the use of lack of discourse deixis can help differentiate different types of conversations: the more discourse deixis is used, the more informal the conversation, and vice versa.

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## **Appendix**

### ***The first men in the Moon***

Wells, Herbert G. 2008 [1901]. *The first men in the Moon*. Rockville, ML: Arc Manor.

#### **Part 1. (7-17)**

As I sit down to write here amidst the shadows of vine-leaves under the blue sky of southern Italy, it comes to me with a certain quality of astonishment that my participation in these amazing adventures of Mr. Cavor was, after all, the outcome of the purest accident. It might have been any one. I fell into these things at a time when I thought myself removed from the slightest possibility of disturbing experiences. I had gone to Lympne because I had imagined it the most uneventful place in the world. "Here, at any rate," said I, "I shall find peace and a chance to work!"

And this book is the sequel. So utterly at variance is destiny with all the little plans of men. I may perhaps mention here that very recently I had come an ugly cropper in certain business enterprises. Sitting now surrounded by all the circumstances of wealth, there is a luxury in admitting my extremity. I can admit, even, that to a certain extent my disasters were conceivably of my own making. It may be there are directions in which I have some capacity, but the conduct of business operations is not among these. But in those days I was young, and my youth among other objectionable forms took that of a pride in my capacity for affairs. I am young still in years, but the things that have happened to me have rubbed something of the youth from my mind. Whether they have brought any wisdom to light below it is a more doubtful matter.

It is scarcely necessary to go into the details of the speculations that landed me at Lympne, in Kent. Nowadays even about business transactions there is a strong spice of adventure. I took risks. In these things there is invariably a certain amount of give and take, and it fell to me finally to do the giving reluctantly enough. Even when I had got out of everything, one



cantankerous creditor saw fit to be malignant. Perhaps you have met that flaming sense of outraged virtue, or perhaps you have only felt it. He ran me hard. It seemed to me, at last, that there was nothing for it but to write a play, unless I wanted to drudge for my living as a clerk. I have a certain imagination, and luxurious tastes, and I meant to make a vigorous fight for it before that fate overtook me. In addition to my belief in my powers as a business man, I had always in those days had an idea that I was equal to writing a very good play. It is not, I believe, a very uncommon persuasion. I knew there is nothing a man can do outside legitimate business transactions that has such opulent possibilities, and very probably that biased my opinion. I had, indeed, got into the habit of regarding this unwritten drama as a convenient little reserve put by for a rainy day. That rainy day had come, and I set to work.

I soon discovered that writing a play was a longer business than I had supposed; at first I had reckoned ten days for it, and it was to have a pied-a-terre while it was in hand that I came to Lympne. I reckoned myself lucky in getting that little bungalow. I got it on a three years' agreement. I put in a few sticks of furniture, and while the play was in hand I did my own cooking. My cooking would have shocked Mrs. Bond. And yet, you know, it had flavour. I had a coffee-pot, a sauce-pan for eggs, and one for potatoes, and a frying-pan for sausages and bacon—such was the simple apparatus of my comfort. One cannot always be magnificent, but simplicity is always a possible alternative. For the rest I laid in an eighteen-gallon cask of beer on credit, and a trustful baker came each day. It was not, perhaps, in the style of Sybaris, but I have had worse times. I was a little sorry for the baker, who was a very decent man indeed, but even for him I hoped.

Certainly if any one wants solitude, the place is Lympne. It is in the clay part of Kent, and my bungalow stood on the edge of an old sea cliff and stared across the flats of Romney Marsh at the sea. In very wet weather the place is almost inaccessible, and I have heard that at times the postman used to traverse the more succulent portions of his route with boards upon his feet. I never saw him doing so, but I can quite imagine it. Outside the doors of the few cottages and houses that make up the present village big birch besoms are stuck, to wipe off the worst of the clay, which will give some idea of the texture of the district. I doubt if the place would be there at all, if it were not a fading memory of things gone for ever. It was the big port of England in Roman times, Portus Lemanis, and now the sea is four miles away. All down the steep hill are boulders and masses of Roman brickwork, and from it old Watling

Street, still paved in places, starts like an arrow to the north. I used to stand on the hill and think of it all, the galleys and legions, the captives and officials, the women and traders, the speculators like myself, all the swarm and tumult that came clanking in and out of the harbour. And now just a few lumps of rubble on a grassy slope, and a sheep or two—and I. And where the port had been were the levels of the marsh, sweeping round in a broad curve to distant Dungeness, and dotted here and there with tree clumps and the church towers of old medieval towns that are following Lemanis now towards extinction.

That outlook on the marsh was, indeed, one of the finest views I have ever seen. I suppose Dungeness was fifteen miles away; it lay like a raft on the sea, and farther westward were the hills by Hastings under the setting sun. Sometimes they hung close and clear, sometimes they were faded and low, and often the drift of the weather took them clean out of sight. And all the nearer parts of the marsh were laced and lit by ditches and canals.

The window at which I worked looked over the skyline of this crest, and it was from this window that I first set eyes on Cavor. It was just as I was struggling with my scenario, holding down my mind to the sheer hard work of it, and naturally enough he arrested my attention.

The sun had set, the sky was a vivid tranquillity of green and yellow, and against that he came out black—the oddest little figure.

He was a short, round-bodied, thin-legged little man, with a jerky quality in his motions; he had seen fit to clothe his extraordinary mind in a cricket cap, an overcoat, and cycling knickerbockers and stockings. Why he did so I do not know, for he never cycled and he never played cricket. It was a fortuitous concurrence of garments, arising I know not how. He gesticulated with his hands and arms, and jerked his head about and buzzed. He buzzed like something electric. You never heard such buzzing. And ever and again he cleared his throat with a most extraordinary noise.

There had been rain, and that spasmodic walk of his was enhanced by the extreme slipperiness of the footpath. Exactly as he came against the sun he stopped, pulled out a watch, hesitated. Then with a sort of convulsive gesture he turned and retreated with every manifestation of haste, no longer gesticulating, but going with ample strides that showed the

relatively large size of his feet—they were, I remember, grotesquely exaggerated in size by adhesive clay—to the best possible advantage.

This occurred on the first day of my sojourn, when my play-writing energy was at its height and I regarded the incident simply as an annoying distraction—the waste of five minutes. I returned to my scenario. But when next evening the apparition was repeated with remarkable precision, and again the next evening, and indeed every evening when rain was not falling, concentration upon the scenario became a considerable effort. "Confound the man," I said, "one would think he was learning to be a marionette!" and for several evenings I cursed him pretty heartily. Then my annoyance gave way to amazement and curiosity. Why on earth should a man do this thing? On the fourteenth evening I could stand it no longer, and so soon as he appeared I opened the french window, crossed the verandah, and directed myself to the point where he invariably stopped.

He had his watch out as I came up to him. He had a chubby, rubicund face with reddish brown eyes—previously I had seen him only against the light. "One moment, sir," said I as he turned. He stared. "One moment," he said, "certainly. Or if you wish to speak to me for longer, and it is not asking too much—your moment is up—would it trouble you to accompany me?"

"Not in the least," said I, placing myself beside him.

"My habits are regular. My time for intercourse—limited."

"This, I presume, is your time for exercise?"

"It is. I come here to enjoy the sunset."

"You don't."

"Sir?"

"You never look at it."

"Never look at it?"

"No. I've watched you thirteen nights, and not once have you looked at the sunset—not once."

He knitted his brows like one who encounters a problem.

"Well, I enjoy the sunlight—the atmosphere—I go along this path, through that gate"—he jerked his head over his shoulder—"and round—"

"You don't. You never have been. It's all nonsense. There isn't a way. To-night for instance—"

"Oh! to-night! Let me see. Ah! I just glanced at my watch, saw that I had already been out just three minutes over the precise half-hour, decided there was not time to go round, turned—"

"You always do."

He looked at me—reflected. "Perhaps I do, now I come to think of it. But what was it you wanted to speak to me about?"

"Why, this!"

"This?"

"Yes. Why do you do it? Every night you come making a noise—"

"Making a noise?"

"Like this." I imitated his buzzing noise. He looked at me, and it was evident the buzzing awakened distaste. "Do I do that?" he asked.

"Every blessed evening."

"I had no idea."

He stopped dead. He regarded me gravely. "Can it be," he said, "that I have formed a Habit?"

"Well, it looks like it. Doesn't it?"

He pulled down his lower lip between finger and thumb. He regarded a puddle at his feet.

"My mind is much occupied," he said. "And you want to know why! Well, sir, I can assure you that not only do I not know why I do these things, but I did not even know I did them. Come to think, it is just as you say; I never *have* been beyond that field.... And these things annoy you?"

For some reason I was beginning to relent towards him. "Not annoy," I said. "But—imagine yourself writing a play!"

"I couldn't."

"Well, anything that needs concentration."

"Ah!" he said, "of course," and meditated. His expression became so eloquent of distress, that I relented still more. After all, there is a touch of aggression in demanding of a man you don't know why he hums on a public footpath.

"You see," he said weakly, "it's a habit."

"Oh, I recognise that."

"I must stop it."

"But not if it puts you out. After all, I had no business—it's something of a liberty."

"Not at all, sir," he said, "not at all. I am greatly indebted to you. I should guard myself against these things. In future I will. Could I trouble you—once again? That noise?"

"Something like this," I said. "Zuzzoo, zuzzoo. But really, you know—"

"I am greatly obliged to you. In fact, I know I am getting absurdly absent-minded. You are quite justified, sir—perfectly justified. Indeed, I am indebted to you. The thing shall end. And now, sir, I have already brought you farther than I should have done."

"I do hope my impertinence—"

"Not at all, sir, not at all."

We regarded each other for a moment. I raised my hat and wished him a good evening. He responded convulsively, and so we went our ways.

At the stile I looked back at his receding figure. His bearing had changed remarkably, he seemed limp, shrunken. The contrast with his former gesticulating, zuzzoing self took me in some absurd way as pathetic. I watched him out of sight. Then wishing very heartily I had kept to my own business, I returned to my bungalow and my play.

The next evening I saw nothing of him, nor the next. But he was very much in my mind, and it had occurred to me that as a sentimental comic character he might serve a useful purpose in the development of my plot. The third day he called upon me.

For a time I was puzzled to think what had brought him. He made indifferent conversation in the most formal way, then abruptly he came to business. He wanted to buy me out of my bungalow.

"You see," he said, "I don't blame you in the least, but you've destroyed a habit, and it disorganises my day. I've walked past here for years—years. No doubt I've hummed.... You've made all that impossible!"

I suggested he might try some other direction.

"No. There is no other direction. This is the only one. I've inquired. And now—every afternoon at four—I come to a dead wall."

"But, my dear sir, if the thing is so important to you—"

"It's vital. You see, I'm—I'm an investigator—I am engaged in a scientific research. I live—" he paused and seemed to think. "Just over there," he said, and pointed suddenly dangerously near my eye. "The house with white chimneys you see just over the trees. And my circumstances are abnormal—abnormal. I am on the point of completing one of the most important—demonstrations—I can assure you one of the most important demonstrations that

have ever been made. It requires constant thought, constant mental ease and activity. And the afternoon was my brightest time!—effervescing with new ideas—new points of view."

"But why not come by still?"

"It would be all different. I should be self-conscious. I should think of you at your play—watching me irritated—instead of thinking of my work. No! I must have the bungalow."

I meditated. Naturally, I wanted to think the matter over thoroughly before anything decisive was said. I was generally ready enough for business in those days, and selling always attracted me; but in the first place it was not my bungalow, and even if I sold it to him at a good price I might get inconvenienced in the delivery of goods if the current owner got wind of the transaction, and in the second I was, well—undischarged. It was clearly a business that required delicate handling. Moreover, the possibility of his being in pursuit of some valuable invention also interested me. It occurred to me that I would like to know more of this research, not with any dishonest intention, but simply with an idea that to know what it was would be a relief from play-writing. I threw out feelers.

He was quite willing to supply information. Indeed, once he was fairly under way the conversation became a monologue. He talked like a man long pent up, who has had it over with himself again and again. He talked for nearly an hour, and I must confess I found it a pretty stiff bit of listening. But through it all there was the undertone of satisfaction one feels when one is neglecting work one has set oneself. During that first interview I gathered very little of the drift of his work. Half his words were technicalities entirely strange to me, and he illustrated one or two points with what he was pleased to call elementary mathematics, computing on an envelope with a copying-ink pencil, in a manner that made it hard even to seem to understand. "Yes," I said, "yes. Go on!" Nevertheless I made out enough to convince me that he was no mere crank playing at discoveries. In spite of his crank-like appearance there was a force about him that made that impossible. Whatever it was, it was a thing with mechanical possibilities. He told me of a work-shed he had, and of three assistants—originally jobbing carpenters—whom he had trained. Now, from the work-shed to the patent office is clearly only one step. He invited me to see those things. I accepted readily, and took care, by a remark or so, to underline that. The proposed transfer of the bungalow remained very conveniently in suspense.

At last he rose to depart, with an apology for the length of his call. Talking over his work was, he said, a pleasure enjoyed only too rarely. It was not often he found such an intelligent listener as myself, he mingled very little with professional scientific men.

"So much pettiness," he explained; "so much intrigue! And really, when one has an idea—a novel, fertilising idea—I don't want to be uncharitable, but—"

I am a man who believes in impulses. I made what was perhaps a rash proposition. But you must remember, that I had been alone, play-writing in Lympne, for fourteen days, and my compunction for his ruined walk still hung about me. "Why not," said I, "make this your new habit? In the place of the one I spoilt? At least, until we can settle about the bungalow. What you want is to turn over your work in your mind. That you have always done during your afternoon walk. Unfortunately that's over—you can't get things back as they were. But why not come and talk about your work to me; use me as a sort of wall against which you may throw your thoughts and catch them again? It's certain I don't know enough to steal your ideas myself—and I know no scientific men—"

I stopped. He was considering. Evidently the thing, attracted him. "But I'm afraid I should bore you," he said.

"You think I'm too dull?"

"Oh, no; but technicalities—"

"Anyhow, you've interested me immensely this afternoon."

"Of course it would be a great help to me. Nothing clears up one's ideas so much as explaining them. Hitherto—"

"My dear sir, say no more."

"But really can you spare the time?"

"There is no rest like change of occupation," I said, with profound conviction.



The affair was over. On my verandah steps he turned. "I am already greatly indebted to you," he said.

I made an interrogative noise.

"You have completely cured me of that ridiculous habit of humming," he explained.

I think I said I was glad to be of any service to him, and he turned away.

Immediately the train of thought that our conversation had suggested must have resumed its sway. His arms began to wave in their former fashion. The faint echo of "zuzzoo" came back to me on the breeze....

Well, after all, that was not my affair....

He came the next day, and again the next day after that, and delivered two lectures on physics to our mutual satisfaction. He talked with an air of being extremely lucid about the "ether" and "tubes of force," and "gravitational potential," and things like that, and I sat in my other folding-chair and said, "Yes," "Go on," "I follow you," to keep him going. It was tremendously difficult stuff, but I do not think he ever suspected how much I did not understand him. There were moments when I doubted whether I was well employed, but at any rate I was resting from that confounded play. Now and then things gleamed on me clearly for a space, only to vanish just when I thought I had hold of them. Sometimes my attention failed altogether, and I would give it up and sit and stare at him, wondering whether, after all, it would not be better to use him as a central figure in a good farce and let all this other stuff slide. And then, perhaps, I would catch on again for a bit.

At the earliest opportunity I went to see his house. It was large and carelessly furnished; there were no servants other than his three assistants, and his dietary and private life were characterised by a philosophical simplicity. He was a water-drinker, a vegetarian, and all those logical disciplinary things. But the sight of his equipment settled many doubts. It looked like business from cellar to attic—an amazing little place to find in an out-of-the-way village. The ground-floor rooms contained benches and apparatus, the bakehouse and scullery boiler had developed into respectable furnaces, dynamos occupied the cellar, and there was a gasometer in the garden. He showed it to me with all the confiding zest of a man who has

been living too much alone. His seclusion was overflowing now in an excess of confidence, and I had the good luck to be the recipient.

The three assistants were creditable specimens of the class of "handy-men" from which they came. Conscientious if unintelligent, strong, civil, and willing. One, Spargus, who did the cooking and all the metal work, had been a sailor; a second, Gibbs, was a joiner; and the third was an ex-jobbing gardener, and now general assistant. They were the merest labourers. All the intelligent work was done by Cavor. Theirs was the darkest ignorance compared even with my muddled impression.

And now, as to the nature of these inquiries. Here, unhappily, comes a grave difficulty. I am no scientific expert, and if I were to attempt to set forth in the highly scientific language of Mr. Cavor the aim to which his experiments tended, I am afraid I should confuse not only the reader but myself, and almost certainly I should make some blunder that would bring upon me the mockery of every up-to-date student of mathematical physics in the country. The best thing I can do therefore is, I think to give my impressions in my own inexact language, without any attempt to wear a garment of knowledge to which I have no claim.

The object of Mr. Cavor's search was a substance that should be "opaque"—he used some other word I have forgotten, but "opaque" conveys the idea—to "all forms of radiant energy." "Radiant energy," he made me understand, was anything like light or heat, or those Rontgen Rays there was so much talk about a year or so ago, or the electric waves of Marconi, or gravitation. All these things, he said, *radiate* out from centres, and act on bodies at a distance, whence comes the term "radiant energy." Now almost all substances are opaque to some form or other of radiant energy. Glass, for example, is transparent to light, but much less so to heat, so that it is useful as a fire-screen; and alum is transparent to light, but blocks heat completely. A solution of iodine in carbon bisulphide, on the other hand, completely blocks light, but is quite transparent to heat. It will hide a fire from you, but permit all its warmth to reach you. Metals are not only opaque to light and heat, but also to electrical energy, which passes through both iodine solution and glass almost as though they were not interposed. And so on.

Now all known substances are "transparent" to gravitation. You can use screens of various sorts to cut off the light or heat, or electrical influence of the sun, or the warmth of the earth

from anything; you can screen things by sheets of metal from Marconi's rays, but nothing will cut off the gravitational attraction of the sun or the gravitational attraction of the earth. Yet why there should be nothing is hard to say. Cavor did not see why such a substance should not exist, and certainly I could not tell him. I had never thought of such a possibility before. He showed me by calculations on paper, which Lord Kelvin, no doubt, or Professor Lodge, or Professor Karl Pearson, or any of those great scientific people might have understood, but which simply reduced me to a hopeless muddle, that not only was such a substance possible, but that it must satisfy certain conditions. It was an amazing piece of reasoning. Much as it amazed and exercised me at the time, it would be impossible to reproduce it here. "Yes," I said to it all, "yes; go on!" Suffice it for this story that he believed he might be able to manufacture this possible substance opaque to gravitation out of a complicated alloy of metals and something new—a new element, I fancy—called, I believe, *helium*, which was sent to him from London in sealed stone jars. Doubt has been thrown upon this detail, but I am almost certain it was *helium* he had sent him in sealed stone jars. It was certainly something very gaseous and thin. If only I had taken notes...

But then, how was I to foresee the necessity of taking notes?

Any one with the merest germ of an imagination will understand the extraordinary possibilities of such a substance, and will sympathise a little with the emotion I felt as this understanding emerged from the haze of abstruse phrases in which Cavor expressed himself. Comic relief in a play indeed! It was some time before I would believe that I had interpreted him aright, and I was very careful not to ask questions that would have enabled him to gauge the profundity of misunderstanding into which he dropped his daily exposition. But no one reading the story of it here will sympathise fully, because from my barren narrative it will be impossible to gather the strength of my conviction that this astonishing substance was positively going to be made.

I do not recall that I gave my play an hour's consecutive work at any time after my visit to his house. My imagination had other things to do. There seemed no limit to the possibilities of the stuff; whichever way I tried I came on miracles and revolutions. For example, if one wanted to lift a weight, however enormous, one had only to get a sheet of this substance beneath it, and one might lift it with a straw. My first natural impulse was to apply this

principle to guns and ironclads, and all the material and methods of war, and from that to shipping, locomotion, building, every conceivable form of human industry. The chance that had brought me into the very birth-chamber of this new time—it was an epoch, no less—was one of those chances that come once in a thousand years. The thing unrolled, it expanded and expanded. Among other things I saw in it my redemption as a business man. I saw a parent company, and daughter companies, applications to right of us, applications to left, rings and trusts, privileges, and concessions spreading and spreading, until one vast, stupendous Cavorite company ran and ruled the world.

And I was in it!

I took my line straight away. I knew I was staking everything, but I jumped there and then.

"We're on absolutely the biggest thing that has ever been invented," I said, and put the accent on "we." "If you want to keep me out of this, you'll have to do it with a gun. I'm coming down to be your fourth labourer to-morrow."

He seemed surprised at my enthusiasm, but not a bit suspicious or hostile. Rather, he was self-depreciatory. He looked at me doubtfully. "But do you really think—?" he said. "And your play! How about that play?"

"It's vanished!" I cried. "My dear sir, don't you see what you've got? Don't you see what you're going to do?"

That was merely a rhetorical turn, but positively, he didn't. At first I could not believe it. He had not had the beginning of the inkling of an idea. This astonishing little man had been working on purely theoretical grounds the whole time! When he said it was "the most important" research the world had ever seen, he simply meant it squared up so many theories, settled so much that was in doubt; he had troubled no more about the application of the stuff he was going to turn out than if he had been a machine that makes guns. This was a possible substance, and he was going to make it! V'la tout, as the Frenchman says.

Beyond that, he was childish! If he made it, it would go down to posterity as Cavorite or Cavorine, and he would be made an F.R.S., and his portrait given away as a scientific worthy with Nature, and things like that. And that was all he saw! He would have dropped this

bombshell into the world as though he had discovered a new species of gnat, if it had not happened that I had come along. And there it would have lain and fizzled, like one or two other little things these scientific people have lit and dropped about us.

## **Part 2. (36-42)**

Presently Cavor extinguished the light. He said we had not overmuch energy stored, and that what we had we must economise for reading. For a time, whether it was long or short I do not know, there was nothing but blank darkness.

A question floated up out of the void. "How are we pointing?" I said. "What is our direction?"

"We are flying away from the earth at a tangent, and as the moon is near her third quarter we are going somewhere towards her. I will open a blind—"

Came a click, and then a window in the outer case yawned open. The sky outside was as black as the darkness within the sphere, but the shape of the open window was marked by an infinite number of stars.

Those who have only seen the starry sky from the earth cannot imagine its appearance when the vague, half luminous veil of our air has been withdrawn. The stars we see on earth are the mere scattered survivors that penetrate our misty atmosphere. But now at last I could realise the meaning of the hosts of heaven!

Stranger things we were presently to see, but that airless, star-dusted sky! Of all things, I think that will be one of the last I shall forget.

The little window vanished with a click, another beside it snapped open and instantly closed, and then a third, and for a moment I had to close my eyes because of the blinding splendour of the waning moon.

For a space I had to stare at Cavor and the white-lit things about me to season my eyes to light again, before I could turn them towards that pallid glare.

Four windows were open in order that the gravitation of the moon might act upon all the substances in our sphere. I found I was no longer floating freely in space, but that my feet were resting on the glass in the direction of the moon. The blankets and cases of provisions were also creeping slowly down the glass, and presently came to rest so as to block out a portion of the view. It seemed to me, of course, that I looked "down" when I looked at the moon. On earth "down" means earthward, the way things fall, and "up" the reverse direction. Now the pull of gravitation was towards the moon, and for all I knew to the contrary our earth was overhead. And, of course, when all the Cavorite blinds were closed, "down" was towards the centre of our sphere, and "up" towards its outer wall.

It was curiously unlike earthly experience, too, to have the light coming up to one. On earth light falls from above, or comes slanting down sideways, but here it came from beneath our feet, and to see our shadows we had to look up.

At first it gave me a sort of vertigo to stand only on thick glass and look down upon the moon through hundreds of thousands of miles of vacant space; but this sickness passed very speedily. And then—the splendour of the sight!

The reader may imagine it best if he will lie on the ground some warm summer's night and look between his upraised feet at the moon, but for some reason, probably because the absence of air made it so much more luminous, the moon seemed already considerably larger than it does from earth. The minutest details of its surface were acutely clear. And since we did not see it through air, its outline was bright and sharp, there was no glow or halo about it, and the star-dust that covered the sky came right to its very margin, and marked the outline of its unilluminated part. And as I stood and stared at the moon between my feet, that perception of the impossible that had been with me off and on ever since our start, returned again with tenfold conviction.

"Cavor," I said, "this takes me queerly. Those companies we were going to run, and all that about minerals?"

"Well?"

"I don't see 'em here."

"No," said Cavor; "but you'll get over all that."

"I suppose I'm made to turn right side up again. Still, *this*—  
For a moment I could half believe there never was a world."

"That copy of *Lloyd's News* might help you."

I stared at the paper for a moment, then held it above the level of my face, and found I could read it quite easily. I struck a column of mean little advertisements. "A gentleman of private means is willing to lend money," I read. I knew that gentleman. Then somebody eccentric wanted to sell a Cutaway bicycle, "quite new and cost 15 pounds," for five pounds; and a lady in distress wished to dispose of some fish knives and forks, "a wedding present," at a great sacrifice. No doubt some simple soul was sagely examining these knives and forks, and another triumphantly riding off on that bicycle, and a third trustfully consulting that benevolent gentleman of means even as I read. I laughed, and let the paper drift from my hand.

"Are we visible from the earth?" I asked.

"Why?"

"I knew some one who was rather interested in astronomy. It occurred to me that it would be rather odd if—my friend—chanced to be looking through some telescope."

"It would need the most powerful telescope on earth even now to see us as the minutest speck."

For a time I stared in silence at the moon.

"It's a world," I said; "one feels that infinitely more than one ever did on earth. People perhaps—"

"People!" he exclaimed. "No! Banish all that! Think yourself a sort of ultra-arctic voyager exploring the desolate places of space. Look at it!"

He waved his hand at the shining whiteness below. "It's dead—dead! Vast extinct volcanoes, lava wildernesses, tumbled wastes of snow, or frozen carbonic acid, or frozen air, and everywhere landslip seams and cracks and gulfs. Nothing happens. Men have watched this planet systematically with telescopes for over two hundred years. How much change do you think they have seen?"

"None."

"They have traced two indisputable landslips, a doubtful crack, and one slight periodic change of colour, and that's all."

"I didn't know they'd traced even that."

"Oh, yes. But as for people—!"

"By the way," I asked, "how small a thing will the biggest telescopes show upon the moon?"

"One could see a fair-sized church. One could certainly see any towns or buildings, or anything like the handiwork of men. There might perhaps be insects, something in the way of ants, for example, so that they could hide in deep burrows from the lunar light, or some new sort of creatures having no earthly parallel. That is the most probable thing, if we are to find life there at all. Think of the difference in conditions! Life must fit itself to a day as long as fourteen earthly days, a cloudless sun-blaze of fourteen days, and then a night of equal length, growing ever colder and colder under these cold, sharp stars. In that night there must be cold, the ultimate cold, absolute zero, 273 degrees Centigrade, below the earthly freezing point. Whatever life there is must hibernate through that, and rise again each day."

He mused. "One can imagine something worm-like," he said, "taking its air solid as an earth-worm swallows earth, or thick-skinned monsters—"

"By the bye," I said, "why didn't we bring a gun?"

He did not answer that question. "No," he concluded, "we just have to go. We shall see when we get there."



I remembered something. "Of course, there's my minerals, anyhow," I said; "whatever the conditions may be."

Presently he told me he wished to alter our course a little by letting the earth tug at us for a moment. He was going to open one earthward blind for thirty seconds. He warned me that it would make my head swim, and advised me to extend my hands against the glass to break my fall. I did as he directed, and thrust my feet against the bales of food cases and air cylinders to prevent their falling upon me. Then with a click the window flew open. I fell clumsily upon hands and face, and saw for a moment between my black extended fingers our mother earth—a planet in a downward sky.

We were still very near—Cavor told me the distance was perhaps eight hundred miles and the huge terrestrial disc filled all heaven. But already it was plain to see that the world was a globe. The land below us was in twilight and vague, but westward the vast gray stretches of the Atlantic shone like molten silver under the receding day. I think I recognised the cloud-dimmed coast-lines of France and Spain and the south of England, and then, with a click, the shutter closed again, and I found myself in a state of extraordinary confusion sliding slowly over the smooth glass.

When at last things settled themselves in my mind again, it seemed quite beyond question that the moon was "down" and under my feet, and that the earth was somewhere away on the level of the horizon—the earth that had been "down" to me and my kindred since the beginning of things.

So slight were the exertions required of us, so easy did the practical annihilation of our weight make all we had to do, that the necessity for taking refreshment did not occur to us for nearly six hours (by Cavor's chronometer) after our start. I was amazed at that lapse of time. Even then I was satisfied with very little. Cavor examined the apparatus for absorbing carbonic acid and water, and pronounced it to be in satisfactory order, our consumption of oxygen having been extraordinarily slight. And our talk being exhausted for the time, and there being nothing further for us to do, we gave way to a curious drowsiness that had come upon us, and spreading our blankets on the bottom of the sphere in such a manner as to shut out most of the moonlight, wished each other good-night, and almost immediately fell asleep.

And so, sleeping, and sometimes talking and reading a little, and at times eating, although without any keenness of appetite,[\*] but for the most part in a sort of quiescence that was neither waking nor slumber, we fell through a space of time that had neither night nor day in it, silently, softly, and swiftly down towards the moon.

[\* Footnote: It is a curious thing, that while we were in the sphere we felt not the slightest desire for food, nor did we feel the want of it when we abstained. At first we forced our appetites, but afterwards we fasted completely. Altogether we did not consume one-hundredth part of the compressed provisions we had brought with us. The amount of carbonic acid we breathed was also unnaturally low, but why this was, I am quite unable to explain.]

I remember how one day Cavor suddenly opened six of our shutters and blinded me so that I cried aloud at him. The whole area was moon, a stupendous scimitar of white dawn with its edge hacked out by notches of darkness, the crescent shore of an ebbing tide of darkness, out of which peaks and pinnacles came glittering into the blaze of the sun. I take it the reader has seen pictures or photographs of the moon and that I need not describe the broader features of that landscape, those spacious ring-like ranges vaster than any terrestrial mountains, their summits shining in the day, their shadows harsh and deep, the gray disordered plains, the ridges, hills, and craterlets, all passing at last from a blazing illumination into a common mystery of black. Athwart this world we were flying scarcely a hundred miles above its crests and pinnacles. And now we could see, what no eye on earth will ever see, that under the blaze of the day the harsh outlines of the rocks and ravines of the plains and crater floor grew gray and indistinct under a thickening haze, that the white of their lit surfaces broke into lumps and patches, and broke again and shrank and vanished, and that here and there strange tints of brown and olive grew and spread.

But little time we had for watching then. For now we had come to the real danger of our journey. We had to drop ever closer to the moon as we spun about it, to slacken our pace and watch our chance, until at last we could dare to drop upon its surface.

For Cavor that was a time of intense exertion; for me it was an anxious inactivity. I seemed perpetually to be getting out of his way. He leapt about the sphere from point to point with an agility that would have been impossible on earth. He was perpetually opening and closing the Cavorite windows, making calculations, consulting his chronometer by means of the glow

lamp during those last eventful hours. For a long time we had all our windows closed and hung silently in darkness hurling through space.

Then he was feeling for the shutter studs, and suddenly four windows were open. I staggered and covered my eyes, drenched and scorched and blinded by the unaccustomed splendour of the sun beneath my feet. Then again the shutters snapped, leaving my brain spinning in a darkness that pressed against the eyes. And after that I floated in another vast, black silence.

Then Cavor switched on the electric light, and told me he proposed to bind all our luggage together with the blankets about it, against the concussion of our descent. We did this with our windows closed, because in that way our goods arranged themselves naturally at the centre of the sphere. That too was a strange business; we two men floating loose in that spherical space, and packing and pulling ropes. Imagine it if you can! No up nor down, and every effort resulting in unexpected movements. Now I would be pressed against the glass with the full force of Cavor's thrust, now I would be kicking helplessly in a void. Now the star of the electric light would be overhead, now under foot. Now Cavor's feet would float up before my eyes, and now we would be crossways to each other. But at last our goods were safely bound together in a big soft bale, all except two blankets with head holes that we were to wrap about ourselves.

Then for a flash Cavor opened a window moonward, and we saw that we were dropping towards a huge central crater with a number of minor craters grouped in a sort of cross about it. And then again Cavor flung our little sphere open to the scorching, blinding sun. I think he was using the sun's attraction as a brake. "Cover yourself with a blanket," he cried, thrusting himself from me, and for a moment I did not understand.

Then I hauled the blanket from beneath my feet and got it about me and over my head and eyes. Abruptly he closed the shutters again, snapped one open again and closed it, then suddenly began snapping them all open, each safely into its steel roller. There came a jar, and then we were rolling over and over, bumping against the glass and against the big bale of our luggage, and clutching at each other, and outside some white substance splashed as if we were rolling down a slope of snow....

Over, clutch, bump, clutch, bump, over....

Came a thud, and I was half buried under the bale of our possessions, and for a space everything was still

### **Part 3. (81-93)**

When at last we had made an end of eating, the Selenites linked our hands closely together again, and then untwisted the chains about our feet and rebound them, so as to give us a limited freedom of movement. Then they unfastened the chains about our waists. To do all this they had to handle us freely, and ever and again one of their queer heads came down close to my face, or a soft tentacle-hand touched my head or neck. I don't remember that I was afraid then or repelled by their proximity. I think that our incurable anthropomorphism made us imagine there were human heads inside their masks. The skin, like everything else, looked bluish, but that was on account of the light; and it was hard and shiny, quite in the beetle-wing fashion, not soft, or moist, or hairy, as a vertebrated animal's would be. Along the crest of the head was a low ridge of whitish spines running from back to front, and a much larger ridge curved on either side over the eyes. The Selenite who untied me used his mouth to help his hands.

"They seem to be releasing us," said Cavor. "Remember we are on the moon! Make no sudden movements!"

"Are you going to try that geometry?"

"If I get a chance. But, of course, they may make an advance first."

We remained passive, and the Selenites, having finished their arrangements, stood back from us, and seemed to be looking at us. I say seemed to be, because as their eyes were at the side and not in front, one had the same difficulty in determining the direction in which they were looking as one has in the case of a hen or a fish. They conversed with one another in their reedy tones, that seemed to me impossible to imitate or define. The door behind us opened wider, and, glancing over my shoulder, I saw a vague large space beyond, in which quite a little crowd of Selenites were standing. They seemed a curiously miscellaneous rabble.

"Do they want us to imitate those sounds?" I asked Cavor.

"I don't think so," he said.

"It seems to me that they are trying to make us understand something."

"I can't make anything of their gestures. Do you notice this one, who is worrying with his head like a man with an uncomfortable collar?"

"Let us shake our heads at him."

We did that, and finding it ineffectual, attempted an imitation of the Selenites' movements. That seemed to interest them. At any rate they all set up the same movement. But as that seemed to lead to nothing, we desisted at last and so did they, and fell into a piping argument among themselves. Then one of them, shorter and very much thicker than the others, and with a particularly wide mouth, squatted down suddenly beside Cavor, and put his hands and feet in the same posture as Cavor's were bound, and then by a dexterous movement stood up.

"Cavor," I shouted, "they want us to get up!"

He stared open-mouthed. "That's it!" he said.

And with much heaving and grunting, because our hands were tied together, we contrived to struggle to our feet. The Selenites made way for our elephantine heavings, and seemed to twitter more volubly. As soon as we were on our feet the thick-set Selenite came and patted each of our faces with his tentacles, and walked towards the open doorway. That also was plain enough, and we followed him. We saw that four of the Selenites standing in the doorway were much taller than the others, and clothed in the same manner as those we had seen in the crater, namely, with spiked round helmets and cylindrical body-cases, and that each of the four carried a goad with spike and guard made of that same dull-looking metal as the bowls. These four closed about us, one on either side of each of us, as we emerged from our chamber into the cavern from which the light had come.

We did not get our impression of that cavern all at once. Our attention was taken up by the movements and attitudes of the Selenites immediately about us, and by the necessity of controlling our motion, lest we should startle and alarm them and ourselves by some excessive stride. In front of us was the short, thick-set being who had solved the problem of

asking us to get up, moving with gestures that seemed, almost all of them, intelligible to us, inviting us to follow him. His spout-like face turned from one of us to the other with a quickness that was clearly interrogative. For a time, I say, we were taken up with these things.

But at last the great place that formed a background to our movements asserted itself. It became apparent that the source of much, at least, of the tumult of sounds which had filled our ears ever since we had recovered from the stupefaction of the fungus was a vast mass of machinery in active movement, whose flying and whirling parts were visible indistinctly over the heads and between the bodies of the Selenites who walked about us. And not only did the web of sounds that filled the air proceed from this mechanism, but also the peculiar blue light that irradiated the whole place. We had taken it as a natural thing that a subterranean cavern should be artificially lit, and even now, though the fact was patent to my eyes, I did not really grasp its import until presently the darkness came. The meaning and structure of this huge apparatus we saw I cannot explain, because we neither of us learnt what it was for or how it worked. One after another, big shafts of metal flung out and up from its centre, their heads travelling in what seemed to me to be a parabolic path; each dropped a sort of dangling arm as it rose towards the apex of its flight and plunged down into a vertical cylinder, forcing this down before it. About it moved the shapes of tenders, little figures that seemed vaguely different from the beings about us. As each of the three dangling arms of the machine plunged down, there was a clank and then a roaring, and out of the top of the vertical cylinder came pouring this incandescent substance that lit the place, and ran over as milk runs over a boiling pot, and dripped luminously into a tank of light below. It was a cold blue light, a sort of phosphorescent glow but infinitely brighter, and from the tanks into which it fell it ran in conduits athwart the cavern.

Thud, thud, thud, thud, came the sweeping arms of this unintelligible apparatus, and the light substance hissed and poured. At first the thing seemed only reasonably large and near to us, and then I saw how exceedingly little the Selenites upon it seemed, and I realised the full immensity of cavern and machine. I looked from this tremendous affair to the faces of the Selenites with a new respect. I stopped, and Cavor stopped, and stared at this thunderous engine.

"But this is stupendous!" I said. "What can it be for?"

Cavor's blue-lit face was full of an intelligent respect. "I can't dream! Surely these beings—Men could not make a thing like that! Look at those arms, are they on connecting rods?"

The thick-set Selenite had gone some paces unheeded. He came back and stood between us and the great machine. I avoided seeing him, because I guessed somehow that his idea was to beckon us onward. He walked away in the direction he wished us to go, and turned and came back, and flicked our faces to attract our attention.

Cavor and I looked at one another.

"Cannot we show him we are interested in the machine?" I said.

"Yes," said Cavor. "We'll try that." He turned to our guide and smiled, and pointed to the machine, and pointed again, and then to his head, and then to the machine. By some defect of reasoning he seemed to imagine that broken English might help these gestures. "Me look 'im," he said, "me think 'im very much. Yes."

His behaviour seemed to check the Selenites in their desire for our progress for a moment. They faced one another, their queer heads moved, the twittering voices came quick and liquid. Then one of them, a lean, tall creature, with a sort of mantle added to the puttee in which the others were dressed, twisted his elephant trunk of a hand about Cavor's waist, and pulled him gently to follow our guide, who again went on ahead. Cavor resisted. "We may just as well begin explaining ourselves now. They may think we are new animals, a new sort of mooncalf perhaps! It is most important that we should show an intelligent interest from the outset."

He began to shake his head violently. "No, no," he said, "me not come on one minute. Me look at 'im."

"Isn't there some geometrical point you might bring in apropos of that affair?" I suggested, as the Selenites conferred again.

"Possibly a parabolic—" he began.

He yelled loudly, and leaped six feet or more!

One of the four armed moon-men had pricked him with a goad!

I turned on the goad-bearer behind me with a swift threatening gesture, and he started back. This and Cavor's sudden shout and leap clearly astonished all the Selenites. They receded hastily, facing us. For one of those moments that seem to last for ever, we stood in angry protest, with a scattered semicircle of these inhuman beings about us.

"He pricked me!" said Cavor, with a catching of the voice.

"I saw him," I answered.

"Confound it!" I said to the Selenites; "we're not going to stand that! What on earth do you take us for?"

I glanced quickly right and left. Far away across the blue wilderness of cavern I saw a number of other Selenites running towards us; broad and slender they were, and one with a larger head than the others. The cavern spread wide and low, and receded in every direction into darkness. Its roof, I remember, seemed to bulge down as if with the weight of the vast thickness of rocks that prisoned us. There was no way out of it—no way out of it. Above, below, in every direction, was the unknown, and these inhuman creatures, with goads and gestures, confronting us, and we two unsupported men!

Just for a moment that hostile pause endured. I suppose that both we and the Selenites did some very rapid thinking. My clearest impression was that there was nothing to put my back against, and that we were bound to be surrounded and killed. The overwhelming folly of our presence there loomed over me in black, enormous reproach. Why had I ever launched myself on this mad, inhuman expedition?

Cavor came to my side and laid his hand on my arm. His pale and terrified face was ghastly in the blue light.



"We can't do anything," he said. "It's a mistake. They don't understand. We must go. As they want us to go."

I looked down at him, and then at the fresh Selenites who were coming to help their fellows. "If I had my hands free—"

"It's no use," he panted.

"No."

"We'll go."

And he turned about and led the way in the direction that had been indicated for us.

I followed, trying to look as subdued as possible, and feeling at the chains about my wrists. My blood was boiling. I noted nothing more of that cavern, though it seemed to take a long time before we had marched across it, or if I noted anything I forgot it as I saw it. My thoughts were concentrated, I think, upon my chains and the Selenites, and particularly upon the helmeted ones with the goads. At first they marched parallel with us, and at a respectful distance, but presently they were overtaken by three others, and then they drew nearer, until they were within arms length again. I winced like a beaten horse as they came near to us. The shorter, thicker Selenite marched at first on our right flank, but presently came in front of us again.

How well the picture of that grouping has bitten into my brain; the back of Cavor's downcast head just in front of me, and the dejected droop of his shoulders, and our guide's gaping visage, perpetually jerking about him, and the goad-bearers on either side, watchful, yet open-mouthed—a blue monochrome. And after all, I do remember one other thing besides the purely personal affair, which is, that a sort of gutter came presently across the floor of the cavern, and then ran along by the side of the path of rock we followed. And it was full of that same bright blue luminous stuff that flowed out of the great machine. I walked close beside it, and I can testify it radiated not a particle of heat. It was brightly shining, and yet it was neither warmer nor colder than anything else in the cavern.

Clang, clang, clang, we passed right under the thumping levers of another vast machine, and so came at last to a wide tunnel, in which we could even hear the pad, pad, of our shoeless feet, and which, save for the trickling thread of blue to the right of us, was quite unlit. The shadows made gigantic travesties of our shapes and those of the Selenites on the irregular wall and roof of the tunnel. Ever and again crystals in the walls of the tunnel scintillated like gems, ever and again the tunnel expanded into a stalactitic cavern, or gave off branches that vanished into darkness.

We seemed to be marching down that tunnel for a long time. "Trickle, trickle," went the flowing light very softly, and our footfalls and their echoes made an irregular paddle, paddle. My mind settled down to the question of my chains. If I were to slip off one turn *so*, and then to twist it *so* ...

If I tried to do it very gradually, would they see I was slipping my wrist out of the looser turn? If they did, what would they do?

"Bedford," said Cavor, "it goes down. It keeps on going down."

His remark roused me from my sullen pre-occupation.

"If they wanted to kill us," he said, dropping back to come level with me, "there is no reason why they should not have done it."

"No," I admitted, "that's true."

"They don't understand us," he said, "they think we are merely strange animals, some wild sort of mooncalf birth, perhaps. It will be only when they have observed us better that they will begin to think we have minds—"

"When you trace those geometrical problems," said I.

"It may be that."

We tramped on for a space.

"You see," said Cavor, "these may be Selenites of a lower class."

"The infernal fools!" said I viciously, glancing at their exasperating faces.

"If we endure what they do to us—"

"We've got to endure it," said I.

"There may be others less stupid. This is the mere outer fringe of their world. It must go down and down, cavern, passage, tunnel, down at last to the sea—hundreds of miles below."

His words made me think of the mile or so of rock and tunnel that might be over our heads already. It was like a weight dropping, on my shoulders. "Away from the sun and air," I said. "Even a mine half a mile deep is stuffy."

"This is not, anyhow. It's probable—Ventilation! The air would blow from the dark side of the moon to the sunlit, and all the carbonic acid would well out there and feed those plants. Up this tunnel, for example, there is quite a breeze. And what a world it must be. The earnest we have in that shaft, and those machines—"

"And the goad," I said. "Don't forget the goad!"

He walked a little in front of me for a time.

"Even that goad—" he said.

"Well?"

"I was angry at the time. But—it was perhaps necessary we should get on. They have different skins, and probably different nerves. They may not understand our objection—just as a being from Mars might not like our earthly habit of nudging."

"They'd better be careful how they nudge me."

"And about that geometry. After all, their way is a way of understanding, too. They begin with the elements of life and not of thought. Food. Compulsion. Pain. They strike at fundamentals."

"There's no doubt about that," I said.

He went on to talk of the enormous and wonderful world into which we were being taken. I realised slowly from his tone, that even now he was not absolutely in despair at the prospect of going ever deeper into this inhuman planet-burrow. His mind ran on machines and invention, to the exclusion of a thousand dark things that beset me. It wasn't that he intended to make any use of these things, he simply wanted to know them.

"After all," he said, "this is a tremendous occasion. It is the meeting of two worlds! What are we going to see? Think of what is below us here."

"We shan't see much if the light isn't better," I remarked.

"This is only the outer crust. Down below— On this scale— There will be everything. Do you notice how different they seem one from another? The story we shall take back!"

"Some rare sort of animal," I said, "might comfort himself in that way while they were bringing him to the Zoo.... It doesn't follow that we are going to be shown all these things."

"When they find we have reasonable minds," said Cavor, "they will want to learn about the earth. Even if they have no generous emotions, they will teach in order to learn.... And the things they must know! The unanticipated things!"

He went on to speculate on the possibility of their knowing things he had never hoped to learn on earth, speculating in that way, with a raw wound from that goad already in his skin! Much that he said I forget, for my attention was drawn to the fact that the tunnel along which we had been marching was opening out wider and wider. We seemed, from the feeling of the air, to be going out into a huge space. But how big the space might really be we could not tell, because it was unlit. Our little stream of light ran in a dwindling thread and vanished far ahead. Presently the rocky walls had vanished altogether on either hand. There was nothing to be seen but the path in front of us and the trickling hurrying rivulet of blue phosphorescence. The figures of Cavor and the guiding Selenite marched before me, the sides of their legs and heads that were towards the rivulet were clear and bright blue, their darkened sides, now that the reflection of the tunnel wall no longer lit them, merged indistinguishably in the darkness beyond.

And soon I perceived that we were approaching a declivity of some sort, because the little blue stream dipped suddenly out of sight.

In another moment, as it seemed, we had reached the edge. The shining stream gave one meander of hesitation and then rushed over. It fell to a depth at which the sound of its descent was absolutely lost to us. Far below was a bluish glow, a sort of blue mist—at an infinite distance below. And the darkness the stream dropped out of became utterly void and black, save that a thing like a plank projected from the edge of the cliff and stretched out and faded and vanished altogether. There was a warm air blowing up out of the gulf.

For a moment I and Cavor stood as near the edge as we dared, peering into a blue-tinged profundity. And then our guide was pulling at my arm.

Then he left me, and walked to the end of that plank and stepped upon it, looking back. Then when he perceived we watched him, he turned about and went on along it, walking as surely as though he was on firm earth. For a moment his form was distinct, then he became a blue blur, and then vanished into the obscurity. I became aware of some vague shape looming darkly out of the black.

There was a pause. "Surely!—" said Cavor.

One of the other Selenites walked a few paces out upon the plank, and turned and looked back at us unconcernedly. The others stood ready to follow after us. Our guide's expectant figure reappeared. He was returning to see why we had not advanced.

"What is that beyond there?" I asked.

"I can't see."

"We can't cross this at any price," said I.

"I could not go three steps on it," said Cavor, "even with my hands free."

We looked at each other's drawn faces in blank consternation.

"They can't know what it is to be giddy!" said Cavor.

"It's quite impossible for us to walk that plank."

"I don't believe they see as we do. I've been watching them. I wonder if they know this is simply blackness for us. How can we make them understand?"

"Anyhow, we must make them understand."

I think we said these things with a vague half hope the Selenites might somehow understand. I knew quite clearly that all that was needed was an explanation. Then as I saw their faces, I realised that an explanation was impossible. Just here it was that our resemblances were not going to bridge our differences. Well, I wasn't going to walk the plank, anyhow. I slipped my wrist very quickly out of the coil of chain that was loose, and then began to twist my wrists in opposite directions. I was standing nearest to the bridge, and as I did this two of the Selenites laid hold of me, and pulled me gently towards it.

I shook my head violently. "No go," I said, "no use. You don't understand."

Another Selenite added his compulsion. I was forced to step forward.

"I've got an idea," said Cavor; but I knew his ideas.

"Look here!" I exclaimed to the Selenites. "Steady on! It's all very well for you—"

I sprang round upon my heel. I burst out into curses. For one of the armed Selenites had stabbed me behind with his goad.

I wrenched my wrists free from the little tentacles that held them. I turned on the goad-bearer. "Confound you!" I cried. "I've warned you of that. What on earth do you think I'm made of, to stick that into me? If you touch me again—"

By way of answer he pricked me forthwith.

I heard Cavor's voice in alarm and entreaty. Even then I think he wanted to compromise with these creatures. "I say, Bedford," he cried, "I know a way!" But the sting of that second stab seemed to set free some pent-up reserve of energy in my being. Instantly the link of the wrist-chain snapped, and with it snapped all considerations that had held us unresisting in the hands

of these moon creatures. For that second, at least, I was mad with fear and anger. I took no thought of consequences. I hit straight out at the face of the thing with the goad. The chain was twisted round my fist.

There came another of these beastly surprises of which the moon world is full.

My mailed hand seemed to go clean through him. He smashed like—like some softish sort of sweet with liquid in it! He broke right in! He squelched and splashed. It was like hitting a damp toadstool. The flimsy body went spinning a dozen yards, and fell with a flabby impact. I was astonished. I was incredulous that any living thing could be so flimsy. For an instant I could have believed the whole thing a dream.

Then it had become real and imminent again. Neither Cavor nor the other Selenites seemed to have done anything from the time when I had turned about to the time when the dead Selenite hit the ground. Every one stood back from us two, every one alert. That arrest seemed to last at least a second after the Selenite was down. Every one must have been taking the thing in. I seem to remember myself standing with my arm half retracted, trying also to take it in. "What next?" clamoured my brain; "what next?" Then in a moment every one was moving!

I perceived we must get our chains loose, and that before we could do this these Selenites had to be beaten off. I faced towards the group of the three goad-bearers. Instantly one threw his goad at me. It swished over my head, and I suppose went flying into the abyss behind.

I leaped right at him with all my might as the goad flew over me. He turned to run as I jumped, and I bore him to the ground, came down right upon him, and slipped upon his smashed body and fell. He seemed to wriggle under my foot.

I came into a sitting position, and on every hand the blue backs of the Selenites were receding into the darkness. I bent a link by main force and untwisted the chain that had hampered me about the ankles, and sprang to my feet, with the chain in my hand. Another goad, flung javelin-wise, whistled by me, and I made a rush towards the darkness out of which it had come. Then I turned back towards Cavor, who was still standing in the light of the rivulet near the gulf convulsively busy with his wrists, and at the same time jabbering nonsense about his idea.

"Come on!" I cried.

"My hands!" he answered.

Then, realising that I dared not run back to him, because my ill-calculated steps might carry me over the edge, he came shuffling towards me, with his hands held out before him.

I gripped his chains at once to unfasten them.

"Where are they?" he panted.

"Run away. They'll come back. They're throwing things! Which way shall we go?"

"By the light. To that tunnel. Eh?"

"Yes," said I, and his hands were free.

I dropped on my knees and fell to work on his ankle bonds. Whack came something—I know not what—and splashed the livid streamlet into drops about us. Far away on our right a piping and whistling began.

I whipped the chain off his feet, and put it in his hand. "Hit with that!" I said, and without waiting for an answer, set off in big bounds along the path by which we had come. I had a nasty sort of feeling that these things could jump out of the darkness on to my back. I heard the impact of his leaps come following after me.

We ran in vast strides. But that running, you must understand, was an altogether different thing from any running on earth. On earth one leaps and almost instantly hits the ground again, but on the moon, because of its weaker pull, one shot through the air for several seconds before one came to earth. In spite of our violent hurry this gave an effect of long pauses, pauses in which one might have counted seven or eight. "Step," and one soared off! All sorts of questions ran through my mind: "Where are the Selenites? What will they do? Shall we ever get to that tunnel? Is Cavor far behind? Are they likely to cut him off?" Then whack, stride, and off again for another step.



I saw a Selenite running in front of me, his legs going exactly as a man's would go on earth, saw him glance over his shoulder, and heard him shriek as he ran aside out of my way into the darkness. He was, I think, our guide, but I am not sure. Then in another vast stride the walls of rock had come into view on either hand, and in two more strides I was in the tunnel, and tempering my pace to its low roof. I went on to a bend, then stopped and turned back, and plug, plug, plug, Cavor came into view, splashing into the stream of blue light at every stride, and grew larger and blundered into me. We stood clutching each other. For a moment, at least, we had shaken off our captors and were alone.

We were both very much out of breath. We spoke in panting, broken sentences.

"You've spoilt it all!" panted Cavor. "Nonsense," I cried. "It was that or death!"

"What are we to do?"

"Hide."

"How can we?"

"It's dark enough."

"But where?"

"Up one of these side caverns."

"And then?"

"Think."

"Right—come on."

We strode on, and presently came to a radiating dark cavern. Cavor was in front. He hesitated, and chose a black mouth that seemed to promise good hiding. He went towards it and turned.

"It's dark," he said.

"Your legs and feet will light us. You're wet with that luminous stuff."

"But—"

A tumult of sounds, and in particular a sound like a clanging gong, advancing up the main tunnel, became audible. It was horribly suggestive of a tumultuous pursuit. We made a bolt for the unlit side cavern forthwith. As we ran along it our way was lit by the irradiation of Cavor's legs. "It's lucky," I panted, "they took off our boots, or we should fill this place with clatter." On we rushed, taking as small steps as we could to avoid striking the roof of the cavern. After a time we seemed to be gaining on the uproar. It became muffled, it dwindled, it died away.

I stopped and looked back, and I heard the pad, pad of Cavor's feet receding. Then he stopped also. "Bedford," he whispered; "there's a sort of light in front of us."

I looked, and at first could see nothing. Then I perceived his head and shoulders dimly outlined against a fainter darkness. I saw, also, that this mitigation of the darkness was not blue, as all the other light within the moon had been, but a pallid gray, a very vague, faint white, the daylight colour. Cavor noted this difference as soon, or sooner, than I did, and I think, too, that it filled him with much the same wild hope.

"Bedford," he whispered, and his voice trembled. "That light—it is possible—"

He did not dare to say the thing he hoped. Then came a pause. Suddenly I knew by the sound of his feet that he was striding towards that pallor. I followed him with a beating heart.

### ***Out of the silent planet***

Lewis, Clive S. 2005 [1938]. *Out of the silent planet*. London: Harper Collins.

#### **Part 1. (1-10)**

THE LAST drops of the thundershower had hardly ceased falling when the Pedestrian stuffed his map into his pocket, settled his pack more comfortably on his tired shoulders, and stepped

out from the shelter of a large chestnut tree into the middle of the road. A violent yellow sunset was pouring through a rift in the clouds to westward, but straight ahead over the hills the sky was the colour of dark slate. Every tree and blade of grass was dripping, and the road shone like a river. The Pedestrian wasted no time on the landscape but set out at once with the determined stride of a good walker who has lately realized that he will have to walk farther than he intended. That, indeed, was his situation. If he had chosen to look back, which he did not, he could have seen the spire of Much Nadderby, and, seeing it, might have uttered a malediction on the inhospitable little hotel which, though obviously empty, had refused him a bed. The place had changed hands since he last went for a walking tour in these parts. The kindly old landlord on whom he had reckoned had been replaced by someone whom the barmaid referred to as 'the lady,' and the lady was apparently a British innkeeper of that orthodox school who regard guests as a nuisance. His only chance now was Sterk, on the far side of the hills, and a good six miles away. The map marked an inn at Sterk. The Pedestrian was too experienced to build any very sanguine hopes on this, but there seemed nothing else within range.

He walked fairly fast, and doggedly, without looking much about him, like a man trying to shorten the way with some interesting train of thought. He was tall, but a little round-shouldered, about thirty-five to forty years of age, and dressed with that particular kind of shabbiness which marks a member of the intelligentsia on a holiday. He might easily have been mistaken for a doctor or a schoolmaster at first sight, though he had not the man-of-the-world air of the one or the indefinable breeziness of the other. In fact, he was a philologist, and fellow of a Cambridge college. His name was Ransom.

He had hoped when he left Nadderby that he might find a night's lodging at some friendly farm before he had walked as far as Sterk. But the land this side of the hills seemed almost uninhabited. It was a desolate, featureless sort of country mainly devoted to cabbage and turnip, with poor hedges and few trees. It attracted no visitors like the richer country south of Nadderby and it was protected by the hills from the industrial areas beyond Sterk. As the evening drew in and the noise of the birds came to an end it grew more silent than an English landscape usually is. The noise of his own feet on the metalled road became irritating.

He had walked thus for a matter of two miles when he became aware of a light ahead. He was close under the hills by now and it was nearly dark, so that he still cherished hopes of a substantial farmhouse until he was quite close to the real origin of the light, which proved to be a very small cottage of ugly nineteenth-century brick. A woman darted out of the open doorway as he approached it and almost collided with him.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said. "I thought it was my Harry."

Ransom asked her if there was any place nearer than Sterk where he might possibly get a bed.

"No, sir," said the woman. "Not nearer than Sterk. I dare say as they might fix you up at Nadderby."

She spoke in a humbly fretful voice as if her mind were intent on something else. Ransom explained that he had already tried Nadderby.

"Then I don't know, I'm sure, sir," she replied. "There isn't hardly any house before Sterk, not what you want. There's only The Rise, where my Harry works, and I thought you was coming from that way, sir, and that's why I come out when I heard you, thinking it might be him. He ought to be home this long time."

"The Rise," said Ransom. "What's that? A farm? Would they put me up?"

"Oh no, sir. You see there's no one there now except the Professor and the gentleman from London, not since Miss Alice died. They wouldn't do anything like that, sir. They don't even keep any servants, except my Harry for doing the furnace like, and he's not in the house."

"What's this professor's name?" asked Ransom, with a faint hope.

"I don't know, I'm sure, sir," said the woman. "The other gentleman's Mr Devine, he is, and Harry says the other gentleman is a professor. He don't know much about it, you see, sir, being a little simple, and that's why I don't like him coming home so late, and they said they'd

always send him home at six o'clock. It isn't as if he didn't do a good day's work, either."

The monotonous voice and the limited range of the woman's vocabulary did not express much emotion, but Ransom was standing sufficiently near to perceive that she was trembling and nearly crying. It occurred to him that he ought to call on the mysterious professor and ask for the boy to be sent home: and it occurred to him just a fraction of a second later that once he were inside the house - among men of his own profession - he might very reasonably accept the offer of a night's hospitality. Whatever the process of thought may have been, he found that the mental picture of himself calling at The Rise had assumed all the solidity of a thing determined upon. He told the woman what he intended to do.

"Thank you very much, sir, I'm sure," she said. "And if you would be so kind as to see him out of the gate and on the road before you leave, if you see what I mean, sir. He's that frightened of the Professor and he wouldn't come away once your back was turned, sir, not if they hadn't sent him home themselves like."

Ransom reassured the woman as well as he could and bade her goodbye, after ascertaining that he would find The Rise on his left in about five minutes. Stiffness had grown upon him while he was standing still, and he proceeded slowly and painfully on his way.

There was no sign of any lights on the left of the road - nothing but the flat fields and a mass of darkness which he took to be a copse. It seemed more than five minutes before he reached it and found that he had been mistaken. It was divided from the road by a good hedge and in the hedge was a white gate: and the trees which rose above him as he examined the gate were not the first line of a copse but only a belt, and the sky showed through them. He felt quite sure now that this must be the gate of The Rise and that these trees surrounded a house and garden.

He tried the gate and found it locked. He stood for a moment undecided, discouraged by the silence and the growing darkness. His first inclination, tired as he felt, was to continue his journey to Sterk: but he had committed himself to a troublesome duty on behalf of the old woman. He knew that it would be possible, if one really wanted, to force a way through the

hedge. He did not want to. A nice fool he would look, blundering in upon some retired eccentric - the sort of a man who kept his gates locked in the country - with this silly story of a hysterical mother in tears because her idiot boy had been kept half an hour late at his work! Yet it was perfectly clear that he would have to get in, and since one cannot crawl through a hedge with a pack on, he slipped his pack off and flung it over the gate. The moment he had done so, it seemed to him that he had not till now fully made up his mind - now that he must break into the garden if only in order to recover the pack. He became very angry with the woman, and with himself, but he got down on his hands and knees and began to worm his way into the hedge.

The operation proved more difficult than he had expected and it was several minutes before he stood up in the wet darkness on the inner side of the hedge smarting from his contact with thorns and nettles. He groped his way to the gate, picked up his pack, and then for the first time turned to take stock of his surroundings. It was lighter on the drive than it had been under the trees and he had no difficulty in making out a large stone house divided from him by a width of untidy and neglected lawn. The drive branched into two a little way ahead of him - the right-hand path leading in a gentle sweep to the front door, while the left ran straight ahead, doubtless to the back premises of the house. He noticed that this path was churned up into deep ruts - now full of water - as if it were used to carrying a traffic of heavy lorries. The other, on which he now began to approach the house, was overgrown with moss. The house itself showed no light: some of the windows were shuttered, some gaped blank without shutter or curtain, but all were lifeless and inhospitable. The only sign of occupation was a column of smoke that rose from behind the house with a density which suggested the chimney of a factory, or at least of a laundry, rather than that of a kitchen. The Rise was clearly the last place in the world where a stranger was likely to be asked to stay the night, and Ransom, who had already wasted some time in exploring it, would certainly have turned away if he had not been bound by his unfortunate promise to the old woman.

He mounted the three steps which led into the deep porch, rang the bell, and waited. After a time he rang the bell again and sat down on a wooden bench which ran along one side of the porch. He sat so long that though the night was warm and starlit the sweat began to dry on his face and a faint chilliness crept over his shoulders. He was very tired by now, and it was

perhaps this which prevented him from rising and ringing the third time: this, and the soothing stillness of the garden, the beauty of the summer sky, and the occasional hooting of an owl somewhere in the neighbourhood which seemed only to emphasize the underlying tranquillity of his surroundings. Something like drowsiness had already descended upon him when he found himself startled into vigilance. A peculiar noise was going on - a scuffling, irregular noise, vaguely reminiscent of a football scrum. He stood up. The noise was unmistakable by now. People in boots were fighting or wrestling or playing some game. They were shouting too. He could not make out the words but he heard the monosyllabic barking ejaculations of men who are angry and out of breath. The last thing Ransom wanted was an adventure, but a conviction that he ought to investigate the matter was already growing upon him when a much louder cry rang out in which he could distinguish the words, "Let me go. Let me go," and then, a second later, "I'm not going in there. Let me go home."

Throwing off his pack, Ransom sprang down the steps of the porch, and ran round to the back of the house as quickly as his stiff and footsore condition allowed him. The ruts and pools of the muddy path led him to what seemed to be a yard, but a yard surrounded with an unusual number of outhouses. He had a momentary vision of a tall chimney, a low door filled with red firelight, and a huge round shape that rose black against the stars, which he took for the dome of a small observatory: then all this was blotted out of his mind by the figures of three men who were struggling together so close to him that he almost cannoned into them. From the very first Ransom felt no doubt that the central figure, whom the two others seemed to be detaining in spite of his struggles, was the old woman's Harry. He would like to have thundered out, "What are you doing to that boy?" but the words that actually came - in rather an unimpressive voice - were, "Here! I say!..."

The three combatants fell suddenly apart, the boy blubbing. "May I ask," said the thicker and taller of the two men, "who the devil you may be and what you are doing here?" His voice had all the qualities which Ransom's had so regrettably lacked.

"I'm on a walking tour," said Ransom, "and I promised a poor woman -"

"Poor woman be damned," said the other. "How did you get in?"

"Through the hedge," said Ransom, who felt a little ill-temper coming to his assistance. "I don't know what you're doing to that boy, but -"

"We ought to have a dog in this place," said the thick man to his companion, ignoring Ransom.

"You mean we should have a dog if you hadn't insisted on using Tartar for an experiment," said the man who had not yet spoken. He was nearly as tall as the other, but slender, and apparently the younger of the two, and his voice sounded vaguely familiar to Ransom.

The latter made a fresh beginning. "Look here," he said, "I don't know what you are doing to that boy, but it's long after hours and it is high time you sent him home. I haven't the least wish to interfere in your private affairs, but -"

"Who are you?" bawled the thick man.

"My name is Ransom, if that is what you mean. And -"

"By Jove," said the slender man, "not Ransom who used to be at Wedenshaw?"

"I was at school at Wedenshaw," said Ransom.

"I thought I knew you as soon as you spoke," said the slender man. "I'm Devine. Don't you remember me?"

"Of course. I should think I do!" said Ransom as the two men shook hands with the rather laboured cordiality which is traditional in such meetings. In actual fact Ransom had disliked Devine at school as much as anyone he could remember.

"Touching, isn't it?" said Devine. "The far-flung line even in the wilds of Sterk and Nadderby. This is where we get a lump in our throats and remember Sunday evening Chapel



in the D.O.P. You don't know Weston, perhaps?" Devine indicated his massive and loud-voiced companion. "The Weston," he added. "You know. The great physicist. Has Einstein on toast and drinks a pint of Schrodinger's blood for breakfast. Weston, allow me to introduce my old schoolfellow, Ransom. Dr Elwin Ransom. The Ransom, you know. The great philologist.

Has Jespersen on toast and drinks a pint -"

"I know nothing about it," said Weston, who was still holding the unfortunate Harry by the collar. "And if you expect me to say that I am pleased to see this person who has just broken into my garden, you will be disappointed. I don't care twopence what school he was at nor on what unscientific foolery he is at present wasting money that ought to go to research. I want to know what he's doing here: and after that I want to see the last of him."

"Don't be an ass, Weston," said Devine in a more serious voice. "His dropping in is delightfully apropos. You mustn't mind Weston's little way, Ransom. Conceals a generous heart beneath a grim exterior, you know. You'll come in and have a drink and something to eat, of course?"

"That's very kind of you," said Ransom. "But about the boy -"

Devine drew Ransom aside. "Balmy," he said in a low voice. "Works like a beaver as a rule but gets these fits. We are only trying to get him into the wash-house and keep him quiet for an hour or so till he's normal again. Can't let him go home in his present state. All done by kindness. You can take him home yourself presently if you like - and come back and sleep here."

Ransom was very much perplexed. There was something about the whole scene suspicious enough and disagreeable enough to convince him that he had blundered on something criminal, while on the other hand he had all the deep, irrational conviction of his age and class that such things could never cross the path of an ordinary person except in fiction and could least of all be associated with professors and old schoolfellows. Even if they had been

ill-treating the boy, Ransom did not see much chance of getting him from them by force.

While these thoughts were passing through his head, Devine had been speaking to Weston, in a low voice, but no lower than was to be expected of a man discussing hospitable arrangements in the presence of a guest. It ended with a grunt of assent from Weston. Ransom, to whose other difficulties a merely social embarrassment was now being added, turned with the idea of making some remark. But Weston was now speaking to the boy.

"You have given enough trouble for one night, Harry," he said. "And in a properly governed country I'd know how to deal with you. Hold your tongue and stop snivelling. You needn't go into the wash-house if you don't want -"

"It weren't the wash-house," sobbed the halfwit, "you know it weren't. I don't want to go in that thing again."

"He means the laboratory," interrupted Devine. "He got in there and was shut in by accident for a few hours once. It put the wind up him for some reason. Lo, the poor Indian, you know." He turned to the boy. "Listen, Harry," he said. "This kind gentleman is going to take you home as soon as he's had a rest. If you'll come in and sit down quietly in the hall I'll give you something you like." He imitated the noise of a cork being drawn from a bottle - Ransom remembered it had been one of Devine's tricks at school - and a guffaw of infantile knowingness broke from Harry's lips.

"Bring him in," said Weston as he turned away and disappeared into the house. Ransom hesitated to follow, but Devine assured him that Weston would be very glad to see him. The lie was barefaced, but Ransom's desire for a rest and a drink were rapidly overcoming his social scruples. Preceded by Devine and Harry, he entered the house and found himself a moment later seated in an armchair and awaiting the return of Devine, who had gone to fetch refreshments.

## Part 2. (25-31)

RANSOM'S LEGS failed him, and he must have sunk back upon the bed, but he only became aware of this many minutes later. At the moment he was unconscious of everything except his fear. He did not even know what he was afraid of: the fear itself possessed his whole mind, a formless, infinite misgiving. He did not lose consciousness, though he greatly wished that he might do so. Any change - death or sleep, or, best of all, a waking which should show all this for a dream - would have been inexpressibly welcome. None came. Instead, the lifelong self-control of social man, the virtues which are half hypocrisy or the hypocrisy which is half a virtue, came back to him and soon he found himself answering Weston in a voice not shamefully tremulous.

"Do you mean that?" he asked.

"Certainly."

"Then where are we?"

"Standing out from Earth about eighty-five thousand miles."

"You mean we're - in space." Ransom uttered the word with difficulty as a frightened child speaks of ghosts or a frightened man of cancer.

Weston nodded.

"What for?" said Ransom. "And what on earth have you kidnapped me for? And how have you done it?"

For a moment Weston seemed disposed to give no answer; then, as if on a second thought, he sat down on the bed beside Ransom and spoke as follows:

"I suppose it will save trouble if I deal with these questions at once, instead of leaving you to pester us with them every hour for the next month. As to how we do it - I suppose you mean

how the space-ship works - there's no good your asking that. Unless you were one of the four or five real physicists now living you couldn't understand: and if there were any chance of your understanding you certainly wouldn't be told. If it makes you happy to repeat words that don't mean anything - which is, in fact, what unscientific people want when they ask for an explanation - you may say we work by exploiting the less observed properties of solar radiation. As to why we are here, we are on our way to Malacandra...."

"Do you mean a star called Malacandra?"

"Even you can hardly suppose we are going out of the solar system. Malacandra is much nearer than that: we shall make it in about twenty-eight days."

"There isn't a planet called Malacandra," objected Ransom.

"I am giving it its real name, not the name invented by terrestrial astronomers," said Weston.

"But surely this is nonsense," said Ransom. "How the deuce did you find out its real name, as you call it?"

"From the inhabitants."

It took Ransom some time to digest this statement. "Do you mean to tell me you claim to have been to this star before, or this planet, or whatever it is?"

"Yes."

"You can't really ask me to believe that," said Ransom. "Damn it all, it's not an everyday affair. Why has no one heard of it? Why has it not been in all the papers?"

"Because we are not perfect idiots," said Weston gruffly.

After a few moments' silence Ransom began again. "Which planet is it in our terminology?"

he asked.

and for all," said Weston, "I am not going to tell you. If you know how to find out when we get there, you are welcome to do so: I don't think we have much to fear from your scientific attainments. In the meantime, there is no reason for you to know."

"And you say this place is inhabited?" said Ransom.

Weston gave him a peculiar look and then nodded. The uneasiness which this produced in Ransom rapidly merged in an anger which he had almost lost sight of amidst the conflicting emotions that beset him.

"And what has all this to do with me?" he broke out. "You have assaulted me, drugged me, and are apparently carrying me off as a prisoner in this infernal thing. What have I done to you? What do you say for yourself?"

"I might reply by asking you why you crept into my backyard like a thief. If you had minded your own business you would not be here. As it is, I admit that we have had to infringe your rights. My only defence is that small claims must give way to great. As far as we know, we are doing what has never been done in the history of man, perhaps never in the history of the universe. We have learned how to jump off the speck of matter on which our species began; infinity, and therefore perhaps eternity, is being put into the hands of the human race. You cannot be so small-minded as to think that the rights or the life of an individual or of a million individuals are of the slightest importance in comparison with this."

"I happen to disagree," said Ransom, "and I always have disagreed, even about vivisection. But you haven't answered my question. What do you want me for? What good am I to do you on this - on Malacandra?"

"That I don't know," said Weston. "It was no idea of ours. We are only obeying orders."

"Whose?"

There was another pause. "Come," said Weston at last. "There is really no use in continuing this cross-examination. You keep on asking me questions I can't answer: in some cases because I don't know the answers, in others because you wouldn't understand them. It will make things very much pleasanter during the voyage if you can only resign your mind to your fate and stop bothering yourself and us. It would be easier if your philosophy of life were not so insufferably narrow and individualistic. I had thought no one could fail to be inspired by the role you are being asked to play: that even a worm, if it could understand, would rise to the sacrifice. I mean, of course, the sacrifice of time and liberty, and some little risk. Don't misunderstand me."

"Well," said Ransom, "you hold all the cards, and I must make the best of it. I consider your philosophy of life raving lunacy. I suppose all that stuff about infinity and eternity means that you think you are justified in doing anything - absolutely anything - here and now, on the off chance that some creatures or other descended from man as we know him may crawl about a few centuries longer in some part of the universe."

"Yes - anything whatever," returned the scientist sternly, "and all educated opinion - for I do not call classics and history and such trash education - is entirely on my side. I am glad you raised the point, and I advise you to remember my answer. In the meantime, if you will follow me into the next room, we will have breakfast. Be careful how you get up: your weight here is hardly appreciable compared with your weight on Earth."

Ransom rose and his captor opened the door. Instantly the room was flooded with a dazzling golden light which completely eclipsed the pale earthlight behind him.

"I will give you darkened glasses in a moment," said Weston as he preceded him into the chamber whence the radiance was pouring. It seemed to Ransom that Weston went up a hill towards the doorway and disappeared suddenly downwards when he had passed it. When he followed - which he did with caution - he had the curious impression that he was walking up to the edge of a precipice: the new room beyond the doorway seemed to be built on its side so that its farther wall lay almost in the same plane as the floor of the room he was leaving.

When, however, he ventured to put forward his foot, he found that the floor continued flush and as he entered the second room the walls suddenly righted themselves and the rounded ceiling was over his head. Looking back, he perceived that the bedroom in its turn was now keeling over -its roof a wall and one of its walls a roof.

"You will soon get used to it," said Weston, following his gaze. "The ship is roughly spherical, and now that we are outside the gravitational field of the Earth 'down' means - and feels - towards the centre of our own little metal world. This, of course, was foreseen and we built her accordingly. The core of the ship is a hollow globe - we keep our stores inside it - and the surface of that globe is the floor we are walking on. The cabins are arranged all round this, their walls supporting an outer globe which from our point of view is the roof. As the centre is always 'down,' the piece of floor you are standing on always feels flat or horizontal and the wall you are standing against always seems vertical. On the other hand, the globe of floor is so small that you can always see over the edge of it - over what would be the horizon if you were a flea - and then you see the floor and walls of the next cabin in a different plane. It is just the same on Earth, of course, only we are not big enough to see it."

After this explanation he made arrangements in his precise, ungracious way for the comfort of his guest or prisoner. Ransom, at his advice, removed all his clothes and substituted a little metal girdle hung with enormous weights to reduce, as far as possible, the unmanageable lightness of his body. He also assumed tinted glasses, and soon found himself seated opposite Weston at a small table laid for breakfast. He was both hungry and thirsty and eagerly attacked the meal which consisted of tinned meat, biscuit, butter and coffee.

But all these actions he had performed mechanically. Stripping, eating and drinking passed almost unnoticed, and all he ever remembered of his first meal in the spaceship was the tyranny of heat and light. Both were present in a degree which would have been intolerable on Earth, but each had a new quality. The light was paler than any light of comparable intensity that he had ever seen; it was not pure white but the palest of all imaginable golds, and it cast shadows as sharp as a floodlight. The heat, utterly free from moisture, seemed to knead and stroke the skin like a gigantic masseur: it produced no tendency to drowsiness: rather, intense alacrity. His headache was gone: he felt vigilant, courageous and

magnanimous as he had seldom felt on Earth. Gradually he dared to raise his eyes to the skylight. Steel shutters were drawn across all but a chink of the glass, and that chink was covered with blinds of some heavy and dark material; but still it was too bright to look at.

"I always thought space was dark and cold," he remarked vaguely.

"Forgotten the sun?" said Weston contemptuously.

Ransom went on eating for some time. Then he began, "If it's like this in the early morning," and stopped, warned by the expression on Weston's face. Awe fell upon him: there were no mornings here, no evenings, and no night - nothing but the changeless noon which had filled for centuries beyond history so many millions of cubic miles. He glanced at Weston again, but the latter held up his hand.

"Don't talk," he said. "We have discussed all that is necessary. The ship does not carry oxygen enough for any unnecessary exertion; not even for talking."

Shortly afterwards he rose, without inviting the other to follow him, and left the room by one of the many doors which Ransom had not yet seen opened.

### **Part 3. (79-89)**

EVER SINCE he awoke on the space-ship Ransom had been thinking about the amazing adventure of going to another planet, and about his chances of returning from it. What he had not thought about was being on it. It was with a kind of stupefaction each morning that he found himself neither arriving in, nor escaping from, but simply living on, Malacandra; waking, sleeping, eating, swimming, and even, as the days passed, talking. The wonder of it smote him most strongly when he found himself, about three weeks after his arrival, actually going for a walk. A few weeks later he had his favourite walks, and his favourite foods; he was beginning to develop habits. He knew a male from a female hross at sight, and even individual differences were becoming plain. Hyoi who had first found him - miles away to the north - was a very different person from the grey-muzzled, venerable Hnohra who was daily teaching him the language; and the young of the species were different again. They



were delightful. You could forget all about the rationality of hrossa in dealing with them. Too young to trouble him with the baffling enigma of reason in an inhuman form, they solaced his loneliness, as if he had been allowed to bring a few dogs with him from the Earth. The cubs, on their part, felt the liveliest interest in the hairless goblin which had appeared among them. With them, and therefore indirectly with their dams, he was a brilliant success.

Of the community in general his earlier impressions were all gradually being corrected. His first diagnosis of their culture was what he called 'old stone age.' The few cutting instruments they possessed were made of stone. They seemed to have no pottery but a few clumsy vessels used for boiling, and boiling was the only cookery they attempted. Their common drinking vessel, dish and ladle all in one was the oyster-like shell in which he had first tasted hross hospitality; the fish which it contained was their only animal food. Vegetable fare they had in great plenty and variety, some of it delicious. Even the pinkish-white weed which covered the whole handramit was edible at a pinch, so that if he had starved before Hyoui found him he would have starved amidst abundance. No hross, however, ate the weed (honodraskrud) for choice, though it might be used *faute de mieux* on a journey. Their dwellings were beehive-shaped huts of stiff leaf and the villages - there were several in the neighbourhood - were always built beside rivers for warmth and well upstream towards the walls of the handramit where the water was hottest. They slept on the ground. They seemed to have no arts except a kind of poetry and music which was practised almost every evening by a team or troupe of four hrossa. One recited half chanting at great length while the other three, sometimes singly and sometimes antiphonally, interrupted him from time to time with song. Ransom could not find out whether these interruptions were simply lyrical interludes or dramatic dialogue arising out of the leaders' narrative. He could make nothing of the music. The voices were not disagreeable and the scale seemed adapted to human ears, but the time pattern was meaningless to his sense of rhythm. The occupations of the tribe or family were at first mysterious. People were always disappearing for a few days and reappearing again. There was a little fishing and much journeying in boats of which he never discovered the object. Then one day he saw a kind of caravan of hrossa setting out by land each with a load of vegetable food on its head. Apparently there was some kind of trade in Malacandra.

He discovered their agriculture in the first week. About a mile down the handramit one came

to broad lands free of forest and clothed for many miles together in low pulpy vegetation in which yellow, orange and blue predominated. Later on, there were lettuce-like plants about the height of a terrestrial birch tree. Where one of these overhung the warmth of water you could step into one of the lower leaves and lie deliciously as in a gently moving, fragrant hammock. Elsewhere it was not warm enough to sit still for long out of doors; the general temperature of the handramit was that of a fine winter's morning on Earth. These food-producing areas were worked communally by the surrounding villages, and division of labour had been carried to a higher point than he expected. Cutting, drying, storing, transport and something like manuring were all carried on, and he suspected that some at least of the water channels were artificial.

But the real revolution in his understanding of the hrossa began when he had learned enough of their language to attempt some satisfaction of their curiosity about himself. In answer to their questions he began by saying that he had come out of the sky. Hnohra immediately asked from which planet or earth (handra). Ransom, who had deliberately given a childish version of the truth in order to adapt it to the supposed ignorance of his audience, was a little annoyed to find Hnohra painfully explaining to him that he could not live in the sky because there was no air in it; he might have come through the sky but he must have come from a handra. He was quite unable to point Earth out to them in the night sky. They seemed surprised at his inability, and repeatedly pointed out to him a bright planet low on the western horizon - a little south of where the sun had gone down. He was surprised that they selected a planet instead of a mere star and stuck to their choice; could it be possible that they understood astronomy? Unfortunately he still knew too little of the language to explore their knowledge. He turned the conversation by asking them the name of the bright southern planet, and was told that it was Thulcandra - the silent world or planet.

"Why do you call it Thulc?" he asked. "Why silent?" No one knew.

"The seroni know," said Hnohra. "That is the sort of thing they know."

Then he was asked how he had come, and made a very poor attempt at describing the spaceship - but again:

"The seroni would know."

Had he come alone? No, he had come with two others of his kind - bad men ('bent' men was the nearest hrossian equivalent) who tried to kill him, but he had run away from them. The hrossa found this very difficult, but all finally agreed that he ought to go to Oyarsa. Oyarsa would protect him. Ransom asked who Oyarsa was. Slowly, and with many misunderstandings, he hammered out the information that Oyarsa (1) lived in Meldilorn; (2) knew everything and ruled everyone; (3) had always been there; and (4) was not a hross, nor one of the seroni. Then Ransom, following his own idea, asked if Oyarsa had made the world. The hrossa almost barked in the fervour of their denial. Did people in Thulcandra not know that Maleldil the Young had made and still ruled the world? Even a child knew that. Where did Maleldil live, Ransom asked.

"With the Old One."

And who was the Old One? Ransom did not understand the answer. He tried again.

"Where was the Old One?"

"He is not that sort," said Hnobra, "that he has to live anywhere," and proceeded to a good deal which Ransom did not follow. But he followed enough to feel once more a certain irritation. Ever since he had discovered the rationality of the hrossa he had been haunted by a conscientious scruple as to whether it might not be his duty to undertake their religious instruction; now, as a result of his tentative efforts, he found himself being treated as if he were the savage and being given a first sketch of civilized religion - a sort of hrossian equivalent of the shorter catechism. It became plain that Maleldil was a spirit without body, parts or passions.

"He is not a hnau," said the hrossa.

"What is hnau?" asked Ransom.

"You are hnau. I am hnau. The seroni are hnau. The pfifltriggi are hnau."

"Pfifltriggi?" said Ransom.

"More than ten days' journey to the west," said Hnobra. "The harandra sinks down not in to handramit but into a broad place, an open place, spreading every way. Five days' journey from the north to the south of it; ten days' journey from the east to the west. The forests are of other colours there than here, they are blue and green. It is very deep there, it goes to the roots of the world. The best things that can be dug out of the earth are there. The Pfifltriggi live there. They delight in digging. What they dig they soften with fire and make things of it. They are little people, smaller than you, long in the snout, pale, busy. They have long limbs in front. No hnau can match them in making and shaping things as none can match us in singing. But let Hman see."

He turned and spoke to one of the younger hrossa and presently, passed from hand to hand, there came to him a little bowl. He held it close to the firelight and examined it. It was certainly of gold, and Ransom realized the meaning of Devine's interest in Malacandra.

"Is there much of this thing?" he asked.

Yes, he was told, it was washed down in most, of the rivers; but the best and most was among the pfifltriggi, and it was they who were skilled in it. Arbol hru, they called it - Sun's blood. He looked at the bowl again. It was covered with fine etching. He saw pictures of hrossa and of smaller, almost frog-like animals; and then, of sorns. He pointed to the latter inquiringly.

"Seroni," said the hrossa, confirming his suspicions. "They live up almost on the harandra.

In the big caves." The frog-like animals - or tapir-headed, frog-bodied animals - were pfifltriggi. Ransom turned it over in his mind. On Malacandra, apparently, three distinct species had reached rationality, and none of them had yet exterminated the other two. It concerned him intensely to find out which was the real master.

"Which of the hnau rule?" he asked.

"Oyarsa rules," was the reply.

"Is he hnau?"

This puzzled them a little. The seroni, they thought, would be better at that kind of question.

Perhaps Oyarsa was hnau, but a very different hnau. He had no death and no young.

"These seroni know more than the hrossa?" asked Ransom.

This produced more a debate than an answer. What emerged finally was that the seroni or sorns were perfectly helpless in a boat, and could not fish to save their lives, could hardly swim, could make no poetry, and even when hrossa had made it for them could understand only the inferior sorts; but they were admittedly good at finding out things about the stars and understanding the darker utterances of Oyarsa and telling what happened in Malacandra long ago - longer ago than anyone could remember.

'Ah - the intelligentsia,' thought Ransom. 'They must be the real rulers, however it is disguised.'

He tried to ask what would happen if the sorns used their wisdom to make the hrossa do things - this was as far as he could get in his halting Malacandrian. The question did not sound nearly so urgent in this form as it would have done if he had been able to say "used their scientific resources for the exploitation of their uncivilized neighbours." But he might have spared his pains. The mention of the sorns' inadequate appreciation of poetry had diverted the whole conversation into literary channels. Of the heated, and apparently technical, discussion which followed he understood not a syllable.

Naturally his conversations with the hrossa did not all turn on Malacandra. He had to repay

them with information about Earth. He was hampered in this both by the humiliating discoveries which he was constantly making of his own ignorance about his native planet, and partly by his determination to conceal some of the truth. He did not want to tell them too much of our human wars and industrialisms. He remembered how H. G. Wells's Cavor had met his end on the Moon; also he felt shy. A sensation akin to that of physical nakedness came over him whenever they questioned him too closely about men - the hmana as they called them. Moreover, he was determined not to let them know that he had been brought there to be given to the sorns; for he was becoming daily more certain that these were the dominant species. What he did tell them fired the imagination of the hrossa: they all began making poems about the strange handra where the plants were hard like stone and the earth-weed green like rock and the waters cold and salt, and hmana, lived out on top, on the harandra.

They were even more interested in what he had to tell them of the aquatic animal with snapping jaws which he had fled from in their own world and even in their own handramit. It was a hnakra, they all agreed. They were intensely excited. There had not been a hnakra in the valley for many years. The youth of the hrossa got out their weapons - primitive harpoons with points of bone - and the very cubs began playing at hnakra-hunting in the shallows. Some of the mothers showed signs of anxiety and wanted the cubs to be kept out of the water, but in general the news of the hnakra seemed to be immensely popular. Hyoi set off at once to do something to his boat, and Ransom accompanied him. He wished to make himself useful, and was already beginning to have some vague capacity with the primitive hrossian tools. They walked together to Hyoi's creek, a stone's throw through the forest.

On the way, where the path was single and Ransom was following Hyoi, they passed a little she-hross, not much more than a cub. She spoke as they passed, but not to them: her eyes were on a spot about five yards away.

"Who do you speak to, Hrikki?" said Ransom.

"To the eldil."

"Where?"

"Did you not see him?"

"I saw nothing."

"There! There! " she cried suddenly. "Ah! He is gone. Did you not see him?"

"I saw no one."

"Hyoï," said the cub, "the hman cannot see the eldil!"

But Hyoi, continuing steadily on his way, was already out of earshot, and had apparently noticed nothing. Ransom concluded that Hrikki was 'pretending' like the young of his own species. In a few moments he rejoined his companion.XII

THEY WORKED hard at Hyoi's boat till noon and then spread themselves on the weed close to the warmth of the creek, and began their midday meal. The war-like nature of their preparations suggested many questions to Ransom. He knew no word for war, but he managed to make Hyoi understand what he wanted to know. Did seroni and hrossa and pfifltriggi ever go out like this, with weapons, against each other?

"What for?" asked Hyoi.

It was difficult to explain. "If both wanted one thing and neither would give it," said Ransom, "would the other at last come with force? Would they say, give it or we kill you?"

"What sort of thing?"

"Well - food, perhaps."

"If the other hnau wanted food, why should we not give it to them? We often do."

"But how if we had not enough for ourselves?"

"But Maleldil will not stop the plants growing."

"Hyoï, if you had more and more young, would Maleldil broaden the handramit and make enough plants for them all?"

"The seroni know that sort of thing. But why should we have more young?"

Ransom found this difficult. At last he said:

"Is the begetting of young not a pleasure among the hrossa?"

"A very great one, Hman. This is what we call love."

"If a thing is a pleasure, a hman wants it again. He might want the pleasure more often than the number of young that could be fed."

It took Hyoï a long time to get the point.

"You mean," he said slowly, "that he might do it not only in one or two years of his life but again?"

"Yes."

"But - why? Would he want his dinner all day or want to sleep after he had slept? I do not understand."

"But a dinner comes every day. This love, you say, comes only once while the hross lives?"

"But it takes his whole life. When he is young he has to look for his mate; and then he has to



court her; then he begets young; then he rears them; then he remembers all this, and boils it inside him and makes it into poems and wisdom."

"But the pleasure he must be content only to remember?"

"That is like saying 'My food I must be content only to eat.' "

"I do not understand."

"A pleasure is full grown only when it is remembered. You are speaking, Hman, as if the pleasure were one thing and the memory another. It is all one thing. The seroni could say it better than I say it now. Not better than I could say it in a poem. What you call remembering is the last part of the pleasure, as the crah is the last part of a poem.

### ***The Hitchhiker's guide to the Galaxy***

Douglas, Adams. 2002 [1979]. *The Hitchhiker's guide to the Galaxy*. London: Pan Books.

#### **Part 1. (5-15)**

The house stood on a slight rise just on the edge of the village. It stood on its own and looked over a broad spread of West Country farmland. Not a remarkable house by any means – it was about thirty years old, squattish, squarish, made of brick, and had four windows set in the front of a size and proportion which more or less exactly failed to please the eye. The only person for whom the house was in any way special was Arthur Dent, and that was only because it happened to be the one he lived in. He had lived in it for about three years, ever since he had moved out of London because it made him nervous and irritable. He was about thirty as well, dark haired and never quite at ease with himself. The thing that used to worry him most was the fact that people always used to ask him what he was looking so worried about. He worked in local radio which he always used to tell his friends was a lot more interesting than they probably thought. It was, too – most of his friends worked in advertising. On Wednesday night it had rained very heavily, the lane was wet and muddy, but the Thursday morning sun was bright and clear as it shone on Arthur Dent's house for what

was to be the last time It hadn't properly registered with Arthur that the council wanted to knock down his house and build an bypass instead. At eight o'clock on Thursday morning Arthur didn't feel very good. He woke up blearily, got up, wandered blearily round his room, opened a window, saw a bulldozer, found his slippers, and stomped off to the bathroom to wash. Toothpaste on the brush – so. Scrub. Shaving mirror – pointing at the ceiling. He adjusted it. For a moment it reflected a second bulldozer through the bathroom window. Properly adjusted, it reflected Arthur Dent's bristles. He shaved them off, washed, dried, and stomped off to the kitchen to find something pleasant to put in his mouth. Kettle, plug, fridge, milk, coffee. Yawn. The word bulldozer wandered through his mind for a moment in search of something to connect with. The bulldozer outside the kitchen window was quite a big one. He stared at it. "Yellow," he thought and stomped off back to his bedroom to get dressed. Passing the bathroom he stopped to drink a large glass of water, and another. He began to suspect that he was hung over. Why was he hung over? Had he been drinking the night before? He supposed that he must have been. He caught a glint in the shaving mirror. "Yellow," he thought and stomped on to the bedroom. He stood and thought. The pub, he thought. Oh dear, the pub. He vaguely remembered being angry, angry about something that seemed important. He'd been telling people about it, telling people about it at great length, he rather suspected: his clearest visual recollection was of glazed looks on other people's faces. Something about a new bypass he had just found out about. It had been in the pipeline for months only no one seemed to have known about it. Ridiculous. He took a swig of water. It would sort itself out, he'd decided, no one wanted a bypass, the council didn't have a leg to stand on. It would sort itself out. God what a terrible hangover it had earned him though. He looked at himself in the wardrobe mirror. He stuck out his tongue. "Yellow," he thought. The word yellow wandered through his mind in search of something to connect with. Fifteen seconds later he was out of the house and lying in front of a big yellow bulldozer that was advancing up his garden path. Mr. L. Prosser was, as they say, only human. In other words he was a carbon-based life form descended from an ape. More specifically he was forty, fat and shabby and worked for the local council. Curiously enough, though he didn't know it, he was also a direct male-line descendant of Genghis Khan, though intervening generations and racial mixing had so juggled his genes that he had no discernible Mongoloid characteristics, and the only vestiges left in Mr. L. Prosser of his mighty ancestry were a pronounced stoutness about the tum and a predilection for little fur hats. He was by no means a great

warrior: in fact he was a nervous worried man. Today he was particularly nervous and worried because something had gone seriously wrong with his job – which was to see that Arthur Dent's house got cleared out of the way before the day was out. "Come off it, Mr. Dent," he said, "you can't win you know. You can't lie in front of the bulldozer indefinitely." He tried to make his eyes blaze fiercely but they just wouldn't do it. Arthur lay in the mud and squelched at him. 5 "I'm game," he said, "we'll see who rusts first." "I'm afraid you're going to have to accept it," said Mr. Prosser gripping his fur hat and rolling it round the top of his head, "this bypass has got to be built and it's going to be built!" "First I've heard of it," said Arthur, "why's it going to be built?" Mr. Prosser shook his finger at him for a bit, then stopped and put it away again. "What do you mean, why's it got to be built?" he said. "It's a bypass. You've got to build bypasses." Bypasses are devices which allow some people to drive from point A to point B very fast whilst other people dash from point B to point A very fast. People living at point C, being a point directly in between, are often given to wonder what's so great about point A that so many people of point B are so keen to get there, and what's so great about point B that so many people of point A are so keen to get there. They often wish that people would just once and for all work out where the hell they wanted to be. Mr. Prosser wanted to be at point D. Point D wasn't anywhere in particular, it was just any convenient point a very long way from points A, B and C. He would have a nice little cottage at point D, with axes over the door, and spend a pleasant amount of time at point E, which would be the nearest pub to point D. His wife of course wanted climbing roses, but he wanted axes. He didn't know why – he just liked axes. He flushed hotly under the derisive grins of the bulldozer drivers. He shifted his weight from foot to foot, but it was equally uncomfortable on each. Obviously somebody had been appallingly incompetent and he hoped to God it wasn't him. Mr. Prosser said: "You were quite entitled to make any suggestions or protests at the appropriate time you know." "Appropriate time?" hooted Arthur. "Appropriate time? The first I knew about it was when a workman arrived at my home yesterday. I asked him if he'd come to clean the windows and he said no he'd come to demolish the house. He didn't tell me straight away of course. Oh no. First he wiped a couple of windows and charged me a fiver. Then he told me." "But Mr. Dent, the plans have been available in the local planning office for the last nine month." "Oh yes, well as soon as I heard I went straight round to see them, yesterday afternoon. You hadn't exactly gone out of your way to call attention to them had you? I mean like actually telling anybody or anything."

"But the plans were on display . . ." "On display? I eventually had to go down to the cellar to find them." "That's the display department." 6 "With a flashlight." "Ah, well the lights had probably gone." "So had the stairs." "But look, you found the notice didn't you?" "Yes," said Arthur, "yes I did. It was on display in the bottom of a locked filing cabinet stuck in a disused lavatory with a sign on the door saying Beware of the Leopard." A cloud passed overhead. It cast a shadow over Arthur Dent as he lay propped up on his elbow in the cold mud. It cast a shadow over Arthur Dent's house. Mr. Prosser frowned at it. "It's not as if it's a particularly nice house," he said. "I'm sorry, but I happen to like it." "You'll like the bypass." "Oh shut up," said Arthur Dent. "Shut up and go away, and take your bloody bypass with you. You haven't got a leg to stand on and you know it." Mr. Prosser's mouth opened and closed a couple of times while his mind was for a moment filled with inexplicable but terribly attractive visions of Arthur Dent's house being consumed with fire and Arthur himself running screaming from the blazing ruin with at least three hefty spears protruding from his back. Mr. Prosser was often bothered with visions like these and they made him feel very nervous. He stuttered for a moment and then pulled himself together. "Mr. Dent," he said. "Hello? Yes?" said Arthur. "Some factual information for you. Have you any idea how much damage that bulldozer would suffer if I just let it roll straight over you?" "How much?" said Arthur. "None at all," said Mr. Prosser, and stormed nervously off wondering why his brain was filled with a thousand hairy horsemen all shouting at him. By a curious coincidence, "None at all" is exactly how much suspicion the ape-descendant Arthur Dent had that one of his closest friends was not descended from an ape, but was in fact from a small planet in the vicinity of Betelgeuse and not from Guildford as he usually claimed. Arthur Dent had never, ever suspected this. This friend of his had first arrived on the planet some fifteen Earth years previously, and he had worked hard to blend himself into Earth society – with, it must be said, some success. For instance he had spent those fifteen years pretending to be an out of work actor, which was plausible enough. 7 He had made one careless blunder though, because he had skimmed a bit on his preparatory research. The information he had gathered had led him to choose the name "Ford Prefect" as being nicely inconspicuous. He was not conspicuously tall, his features were striking but not conspicuously handsome. His hair was wiry and gingerish and brushed backwards from the temples. His skin seemed to be pulled backwards from the nose. There was something very slightly odd about him, but it was difficult to say what it was. Perhaps it was that his eyes didn't blink often enough and when

you talked to him for any length of time your eyes began involuntarily to water on his behalf. Perhaps it was that he smiled slightly too broadly and gave people the unnerving impression that he was about to go for their neck. He struck most of the friends he had made on Earth as an eccentric, but a harmless one – an unruly boozier with some oddish habits. For instance he would often gatecrash university parties, get badly drunk and start making fun of any astrophysicist he could find till he got thrown out. Sometimes he would get seized with oddly distracted moods and stare into the sky as if hypnotized until someone asked him what he was doing. Then he would start guiltily for a moment, relax and grin. "Oh, just looking for flying saucers," he would joke and everyone would laugh and ask him what sort of flying saucers he was looking for. "Green ones!" he would reply with a wicked grin, laugh wildly for a moment and then suddenly lunge for the nearest bar and buy an enormous round of drinks. Evenings like this usually ended badly. Ford would get out of his skull on whisky, huddle into a corner with some girl and explain to her in slurred phrases that honestly the colour of the flying saucers didn't matter that much really. Thereafter, staggering semi-paralytic down the night streets he would often ask passing policemen if they knew the way to Betelgeuse. The policemen would usually say something like, "Don't you think it's about time you went off home sir?" "I'm trying to baby, I'm trying to," is what Ford invariably replied on these occasions. In fact what he was really looking out for when he stared distractedly into the night sky was any kind of flying saucer at all. The reason he said green was that green was the traditional space livery of the Betelgeuse trading scouts. Ford Prefect was desperate that any flying saucer at all would arrive soon because fifteen years was a long time to get stranded anywhere, particularly somewhere as mindboggingly dull as the Earth. 8 Ford wished that a flying saucer would arrive soon because he knew how to flag flying saucers down and get lifts from them. He knew how to see the Marvels of the Universe for less than thirty Altairan dollars a day. In fact, Ford Prefect was a roving researcher for that wholly remarkable book *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*. Human beings are great adaptors, and by lunchtime life in the environs of Arthur's house had settled into a steady routine. It was Arthur's accepted role to lie squelching in the mud making occasional demands to see his lawyer, his mother or a good book; it was Mr. Prosser's accepted role to tackle Arthur with the occasional new ploy such as the For the Public Good talk, the March of Progress talk, the They Knocked My House Down Once You Know, Never Looked Back talk and various other cajoleries and threats; and it was the bulldozer drivers' accepted role to sit

around drinking coffee and experimenting with union regulations to see how they could turn the situation to their financial advantage. The Earth moved slowly in its diurnal course. The sun was beginning to dry out the mud Arthur lay in. A shadow moved across him again. "Hello Arthur," said the shadow. Arthur looked up and squinting into the sun was startled to see Ford Prefect standing above him. "Ford! Hello, how are you?" "Fine," said Ford, "look, are you busy?" "Am I busy?" exclaimed Arthur. "Well, I've just got all these bulldozers and things to lie in front of because they'll knock my house down if I don't, but other than that . . . well, no not especially, why?" They don't have sarcasm on Betelgeuse, and Ford Prefect often failed to notice it unless he was concentrating. He said, "Good, is there anywhere we can talk?" "What?" said Arthur Dent. For a few seconds Ford seemed to ignore him, and stared fixedly into the sky like a rabbit trying to get run over by a car. Then suddenly he squatted down beside Arthur. "We've got to talk," he said urgently. "Fine," said Arthur, "talk." "And drink," said Ford. "It's vitally important that we talk and drink. Now. We'll go to the pub in the village." He looked into the sky again, nervous, expectant. "Look, don't you understand?" shouted Arthur. He pointed at Prosser. "That man wants to knock my house down!"

## **Part 2. (87-93)**

A loud clatter of gunk music flooded through the Heart of Gold cabin as Zaphod searched the sub-etha radio wavebands for news of himself. The machine was rather difficult to operate. For years radios had been operated by means of pressing buttons and turning dials; then as the technology became more sophisticated the controls were made touch-sensitive - you merely had to brush the panels with your fingers; now all you had to do was wave your hand in the general direction of the components and hope. It saved a lot of muscular expenditure of course, but meant that you had to sit infuriatingly still if you wanted to keep listening to the same programme.

Zaphod waved a hand and the channel switched again. More gunk music, but this time it was a background to a news announcement. The news was always heavily edited to fit the rhythms of the music.

". . . and news brought to you here on the sub-etha wave band, broadcasting around the galaxy around the clock," squawked a voice, "and we'll be saying a big hello to all intelligent life forms everywhere . . . and to everyone else out there, the secret is to bang the rocks together, guys. And of course, the big news story tonight is the sensational theft of the new Improbability Drive prototype ship by none other than Galactic President Zaphod Beeblebrox. And the question everyone's asking is . . . has the big Z finally flipped? Beeblebrox, the man who invented the Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster, ex-confidence trickster, once described by Eccentrica Gallumbits as the Best Bang since the Big One, and recently voted the Worst Dressed Sentient Being in the Known Universe for the seventh time . . . has he got an answer this time? We asked his private brain care specialist Gag Halfrunt . . . "

The music swirled and dived for a moment. Another voice broke in, presumably Halfrunt. He said: "Well, Zaphod's just zis guy you know?" but got no further because an electric pencil flew across the cabin and through the radio's on/off sensitive airspace. Zaphod turned and glared at Trillian - she had thrown the pencil.

"Hey," he said, what do you do that for?"

Trillian was tapping her fingers on a screenful of figures.

"I've just thought of something," she said.

"Yeah? Worth interrupting a news bulletin about me for?"

"You hear enough about yourself as it is."

"I'm very insecure. We know that."

"Can we drop your ego for a moment? This is important."

"If there's anything more important than my ego around, I want it caught and shot now."  
Zaphod glared at her again, then laughed.

"Listen," she said, "we picked up those couple of guys . . . "

"What couple of guys?"

"The couple of guys we picked up."

"Oh, yeah," said Zaphod, "those couple of guys."

"We picked them up in sector ZZ9 Plural Z Alpha."

"Yeah?" said Zaphod and blinked. Trillian said quietly, "Does that mean anything to you?"

"Mmmmm," said Zaphod, "ZZ9 Plural Z Alpha. ZZ9 Plural Z Alpha?"

"Well?" said Trillian.

"Er . . . what does the Z mean?" said Zaphod.

"Which one?"

"Any one."

One of the major difficulties Trillian experienced in her relationship with Zaphod was learning to distinguish between him pretending to be stupid just to get people of their guard, pretending to be stupid because he couldn't be bothered to think and wanted someone else to do it for him, pretending to be outrageously stupid to hide the fact that he actually didn't understand what was going on, and really being genuinely stupid. He was renowned for being amazingly clever and quite clearly was so - but not all the time, which obviously worried him, hence the act. He preferred people to be puzzled rather than contemptuous. This above all appeared to Trillian to be genuinely stupid, but she could no longer be bothered to argue about it.

She sighed and punched up a star map on the visiscreen so she could make it simple for him, whatever his reasons for wanting it to be that way.

"There," she pointed, "right there."



"Hey . . . Yeah!" said Zaphod.

"Well?" she said.

"Well what?"

Parts of the inside of her head screamed at other parts of the inside of her head. She said, very calmly, "It's the same sector you originally picked me up in."

He looked at her and then looked back at the screen.

"Hey, yeah," he said, "now that is wild. We should have zapped straight into the middle of the Horsehead Nebula. How did we come to be there? I mean that's nowhere."

She ignored this.

"Improbability Drive," she said patiently. "You explained it to me yourself.

We pass through every point in the Universe, you know that."

"Yeah, but that's one wild coincidence isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Picking someone up at that point? Out of the whole of the Universe to choose from? That's just too . . . I want to work this out. Computer!"

The Sirius Cybernetics Corporation Shipboard Computer which controlled and permeated every particle of the ship switched into communication mode.

"Hi there!" it said brightly and simultaneously spewed out a tiny ribbon of ticker tape just for the record. The ticker tape said, Hi there! "Oh God," said Zaphod. He hadn't worked with this computer for long but had already learned to loathe it.

The computer continued, brash and cheery as if it was selling detergent.

"I want you to know that whatever your problem, I am here to help you solve it."

"Yeah yeah," said Zaphod. "Look, I think I'll just use a piece of paper."

"Sure thing," said the computer, spilling out its message into a waste bin at the same time, "I understand. If you ever want . . . "

"Shut up!" said Zaphod, and snatching up a pencil sat down next to Trillian at the console.

"Okay, okay," said the computer in a hurt tone of voice and closed down its speech channel again. Zaphod and Trillian pored over the figures that the Improbability flight path scanner flashed silently up in front of them.

"Can we work out," said Zaphod, "from their point of view what the Improbability of their rescue was?"

"Yes, that's a constant", said Trillian, "two to the power of two hundred and seventy-six thousand seven hundred and nine to one against."

"That's high. They're two lucky lucky guys."

"Yes."

"But relative to what we were doing when the ship picked them up . . . "

Trillian punched up the figures. They showed tow-to-the-power-of-Infinity-minus-one (an irrational number that only has a conventional meaning in Improbability physics).

"It's pretty low," continued Zaphod with a slight whistle.

"Yes," agreed Trillian, and looked at him quizzically.

"That's one big whack of Improbability to be accounted for. Something pretty improbable has got to show up on the balance sheet if it's all going to add up into a pretty sum." Zaphod scribbled a few sums, crossed them out and threw the pencil away.

"Bat's dos, I can't work it out."

"Well?" Zaphod knocked his two heads together in irritation and gritted his teeth. "OK," he said. "Computer!" The voice circuits sprang to life again. "Why hello there!" they said (ticker tape, ticker tape). "All I want to do is make your day nicer and nicer and nicer . . . "

"Yeah well shut up and work something out for me."

"Sure thing," chattered the computer, "you want a probability forecast based on . . . "

"Improbability data, yeah."

"Okay," the computer continued. "Here's an interesting little notion. Did you realize that most people's lives are governed by telephone numbers?"

A pained look crawled across one of Zaphod's faces and on to the other one.

"Have you flipped?" he said.

"No, but you will when I tell you that . . . "

Trillian gasped. She scrabbled at the buttons on the Improbability flight path screen.

"Telephone number?" she said. "Did that thing say telephone number?"

Numbers flashed up on the screen.

The computer had paused politely, but now it continued.

"What I was about to say was that . . . "

"Don't bother please," said Trillian.

"Look, what is this?" said Zaphod.

"I don't know," said Trillian, "but those aliens - they're on the way up to the bridge with that wretched robot. Can we pick them up on any monitor cameras?"

Marvin trudged on down the corridor, still moaning.

"And then of course I've got this terrible pain in all the diodes down my left hand side . . . "

"No?" said Arthur grimly as he walked along beside him. "Really?"

"Oh yes," said Marvin, "I mean I've asked for them to be replaced but no one ever listens."

"I can imagine." Vague whistling and humming noises were coming from Ford. "Well well well," he kept saying to himself, "Zaphod Beeblebrox . . . "

Suddenly Marvin stopped, and held up a hand.

"You know what's happened now of course?"

"No, what?" said Arthur, who didn't what to know.

"We've arrived at another of those doors."

There was a sliding door let into the side of the corridor. Marvin eyed it suspiciously.

"Well?" said Ford impatiently. "Do we go through?"

"Do we go through?" mimicked Marvin. "Yes. This is the entrance to the bridge. I was told to take you to the bridge. Probably the highest demand that will be made on my intellectual capacities today I shouldn't wonder."

Slowly, with great loathing, he stepped towards the door, like a hunter stalking his prey. Suddenly it slid open.

"Thank you," it said, "for making a simple door very happy."

Deep in Marvin's thorax gears ground.

"Funny," he intoned funerially, "how just when you think life can't possibly get any worse it suddenly does."

### **Part 3. (132-143)**

[...] and when Arthur looked for the source of the light he saw that a few yards away stood a small craft of some kind { a small hovercraft, Arthur guessed. It shed a dim pool of light around it. The man looked at Arthur, sadly it seemed.

"You choose a cold night to visit our dead planet," he said.

"Who . . . who are you?" stammered Arthur.

The man looked away. Again a kind of sadness seemed to cross his face.

"My name is not important," he said.

He seemed to have something on his mind. Conversation was clearly something he felt he didn't have to rush at. Arthur felt awkward.

"I . . . er . . . you startled me . . . " he said, lamely.

The man looked round to him again and slightly raised his eyebrows.

"HMMMM?" he said.

"I said you startled me."

"Do not be alarmed, I will not harm you."

Arthur frowned at him. "But you shot at us! There were missiles . . . "

he said.

The man gazed into the pit of the crater. The slight glow from Marvin's eyes cast very faint red shadows on the huge carcass of the whale.

The man chuckled slightly.

"An automatic system," he said and gave a small sigh. "Ancient computers ranged in the bowels of the planet tick away the dark millennia, and the ages hang heavy on their dusty data banks. I think they take the occasional pot shot to relieve the monotony."

He looked gravely at Arthur and said, "I'm a great fan of science you know."

"Oh . . . er, really?" said Arthur, who was beginning to find the man's curious, kindly manner disconcerting.

"Oh, yes," said the old man, and simply stopped talking again.

"Ah," said Arthur, "er . . . " He had an odd feeling of being like a man in the act of adultery who is surprised when the woman's husband wanders into the room, changes his trousers, passes a few idle remarks about the weather and leaves again.

"You seem ill at ease," said the old man with polite concern.

"Er, no . . . well, yes. Actually you see, we weren't really expecting to find anybody about in fact. I sort of gathered that you were all dead or something . . . "

"Dead?" said the old man. "Good gracious no, we have but slept."

"Slept?" said Arthur incredulously.

"Yes, through the economic recession you see," said the old man, apparently unconcerned about whether Arthur understood a word he was talking about or not.

Arthur had to prompt him again.

"Er, economic recession?"

"Well you see, five million years ago the Galactic economy collapsed, and seeing that custom-made planets are something of a luxury commodity you see . . . "

He paused and looked at Arthur.

"You know we built planets do you?" he asked solemnly.

"Well yes," said Arthur, "I'd sort of gathered . . . "

"Fascinating trade," said the old man, and a wistful look came into his eyes, "doing the coastlines was always my favourite. Used to have endless fun doing the little bits in fjords . . . so anyway," he said trying to find his thread again, "the recession came and we decided it would save us a lot of bother if we just slept through it. So we programmed the computers to revive us when it was all over."

The man stifled a very slight yawn and continued.

"The computers were index linked to the Galactic stock market prices you see, so that we'd all be revived when everybody else had rebuilt the economy enough to afford our rather expensive services."

Arthur, a regular Guardian reader, was deeply shocked at this.

"That's a pretty unpleasant way to behave isn't it?"

"Is it?" asked the old man mildly. "I'm sorry, I'm a bit out of touch."

He pointed down into the crater.

"Is that robot yours?" he said.

"No," came a thin metallic voice from the crater, "I'm mine."

"If you'd call it a robot," muttered Arthur. "It's more a sort of electronic sulking machine."

"Bring it," said the old man. Arthur was quite surprised to hear a note of decision suddenly present in the old man's voice. He called to Marvin who crawled up the slope making a big show of being lame, which he wasn't.

"On second thoughts," said the old man, "leave it here. You must come with me. Great things are afoot." He turned towards his craft which, though no apparent signal had been given, now drifted quietly towards them through the dark.

Arthur looked down at Marvin, who now made an equally big show of turning round laboriously and trudging off down into the crater again muttering sour nothings to himself.

"Come," called the old man, "come now or you will be late."

"Late?" said Arthur. "What for?"

"What is your name, human?"

"Dent. Arthur Dent," said Arthur.

"Late, as in the late Dentarthurdent," said the old man, sternly. "It's a sort of threat you see." Another wistful look came into his tired old eyes.

"I've never been very good at them myself, but I'm told they can be very effective."

Arthur blinked at him.

"What an extraordinary person," he muttered to himself.

"I beg your pardon?" said the old man.

"Oh nothing, I'm sorry," said Arthur in embarrassment. "All right, where do we go?"

"In my aircar," said the old man motioning Arthur to get into the craft which had settled silently next to them. "We are going deep into the bowels of the planet where even now our race is being revived from its five-million year slumber. Magrathea awakes."

Arthur shivered involuntarily as he seated himself next to the old man.

The strangeness of it, the silent bobbing movement of the craft as it soared into the night sky quite unsettled him.

He looked at the old man, his face illuminated by the dull glow of tiny lights on the instrument panel.

"Excuse me," he said to him, "what is your name by the way?"



"My name?" said the old man, and the same distant sadness came into his face again. He paused. "My name," he said, ". . . is Slartibartfast."

Arthur practically choked.

"I beg your pardon?" he spluttered.

"Slartibartfast," repeated the old man quietly.

"Slartibartfast?"

The old man looked at him gravely.

"I said it wasn't important," he said.

The aircar sailed through the night.

It is an important and popular fact that things are not always what they seem. For instance, on the planet Earth, man had always assumed that he was more intelligent than dolphins because he had achieved so much - the wheel, New York, wars and so on - whilst all the dolphins had ever done was muck about in the water having a good time. But conversely, the dolphins had always believed that they were far more intelligent than man - for precisely the same reasons.

Curiously enough, the dolphins had long known of the impending destruction of the planet Earth and had made many attempts to alert mankind of the danger; but most of their communications were misinterpreted as amusing attempts to punch footballs or whistle for tidbits, so they eventually gave up and left the Earth by their own means shortly before the Vogons arrived.

The last ever dolphin message was misinterpreted as a surprisingly sophisticated attempt to do a double-backwards somersault through a hoop whilst whistling the "Star Sprangled Banner", but in fact the message was this: So long and thanks for all the fish.

In fact there was only one species on the planet more intelligent than dolphins, and they spent a lot of their time in behavioural research laboratories running round inside wheels and conducting frighteningly elegant and subtle experiments on man. The fact that once again

man completely misinterpreted this relationship was entirely according to these creatures' plans.

Silently the aircar coasted through the cold darkness, a single soft glow of light that was utterly alone in the deep Magrathean night. It sped swiftly.

Arthur's companion seemed sunk in his own thoughts, and when Arthur tried on a couple of occasions to engage him in conversation again he would simply reply by asking if he was comfortable enough, and then left it at that.

Arthur tried to gauge the speed at which they were travelling, but the blackness outside was absolute and he was denied any reference points. The sense of motion was so soft and slight he could almost believe they were hardly moving at all.

Then a tiny glow of light appeared in the far distance and within seconds had grown so much in size that Arthur realized it was travelling towards them at a colossal speed, and he tried to make out what sort of craft it might be.

He peered at it, but was unable to discern any clear shape, and suddenly gasped in alarm as the aircraft dipped sharply and headed downwards in what seemed certain to be a collision course. Their relative velocity seemed unbelievable, and Arthur had hardly time to draw breath before it was all over. The next thing he was aware of was an insane silver blur that seemed to surround him. He twisted his head sharply round and saw a small black point dwindling rapidly in the distance behind them, and it took him several seconds to realize what had happened.

They had plunged into a tunnel in the ground. The colossal speed had been their own relative to the glow of light which was a stationary hole in the ground, the mouth of the tunnel. The insane blur of silver was the circular wall of the tunnel down which they were shooting, apparently at several hundred miles an hour.

He closed his eyes in terror.

After a length of time which he made no attempt to judge, he sensed a slight subsidence in their speed and some while later became aware that they were gradually gliding to a gentle halt.

He opened his eyes again. They were still in the silver tunnel, threading and weaving their way through what appeared to be a crisscross warren of converging tunnels. When they finally stopped it was in a small chamber of curved steel. Several tunnels also had their terminus here, and at the farther end of the chamber Arthur could see a large circle of dim irritating light.

It was irritating because it played tricks with the eyes, it was impossible to focus on it properly or tell how near or far it was. Arthur guessed (quite wrongly) that it might be ultra violet.

Slartibartfast turned and regarded Arthur with his solemn old eyes.

"Earthman," he said, "we are now deep in the heart of Magrathea."

"How did you know I was an Earthman?" demanded Arthur.

"These things will become clear to you," said the old man gently, "at least," he added with slight doubt in his voice, "clearer than they are at the moment."

He continued: "I should warn you that the chamber we are about to pass into does not literally exist within our planet. It is a little too . . . large. We are about to pass through a gateway into a vast tract of hyperspace. It may disturb you."

Arthur made nervous noises.

Slartibartfast touched a button and added, not entirely reassuringly. "It scares the willies out of me. Hold tight."

The car shot forward straight into the circle of light, and suddenly Arthur had a fairly clear idea of what infinity looked like.

It wasn't infinity in fact. Infinity itself looks at and uninteresting. Looking up into the night sky is looking into infinity { distance is incomprehensible and therefore meaningless. The chamber into which the aircar emerged was anything but infinite, it was just very very big, so that it gave the impression of infinity far better than infinity itself.

Arthur's senses bobbed and span, as, travelling at the immense speed he knew the aircar attained, they climbed slowly through the open air leaving the gateway through which they had passed an invisible pinprick in the shimmering wall behind them.

The wall.

The wall defied the imagination - seduced it and defeated it. The wall was so paralysingly vast and sheer that its top, bottom and sides passed away beyond the reach of sight. The mere shock of vertigo could kill a man.

The wall appeared perfectly at. It would take the finest laser measuring equipment to detect that as it climbed, apparently to infinity, as it dropped dizzily away, as it planned out to either side, it also curved. It met itself again thirteen light seconds away. In other words the wall formed the inside of a hollow sphere, a sphere over three million miles across and flooded with unimaginable light.

"Welcome," said Slartibartfast as the tiny speck that was the aircar, travelling now at three times the speed of sound, crept imperceptibly forward into the mindboggling space, "welcome," he said, "to our factory floor."

Arthur stared about him in a kind of wonderful horror. Ranged away before them, at distances he could neither judge nor even guess at, were a series of curious suspensions, delicate trceries of metal and light hung about shadowy spherical shapes that hung in the space.

"This," said Slartibartfast, "is where we make most of our planets you see."

"You mean," said Arthur, trying to form the words, "you mean you're starting it all up again now?"

"No no, good heavens no," exclaimed the old man, "no, the Galaxy isn't nearly rich enough to support us yet. No, we've been awakened to perform just one extraordinary commission for very . . . special clients from another dimension. It may interest you . . . there in the distance in front of us."

Arthur followed the old man's finger, till he was able to pick out the floating structure he was pointing out. It was indeed the only one of the many structures that betrayed any sign of activity about it, though this was more a subliminal impression than anything one could put one's finger on.

At the moment however a flash of light arced through the structure and revealed in stark relief the patterns that were formed on the dark sphere within. Patterns that Arthur knew, rough blobby shapes that were as familiar to him as the shapes of words, part of the furniture of his mind. For a few seconds he sat in stunned silence as the images rushed around his mind and tried to find somewhere to settle down and make sense.

Part of his brain told him that he knew perfectly well what he was looking at and what the shapes represented whilst another quite sensibly refused to countenance the idea and abdicated responsibility for any further thinking in that direction.

The ash came again, and this time there could be no doubt.

"The Earth . . . " whispered Arthur.

"Well, the Earth Mark Two in fact," said Slartibartfast cheerfully. "We're making a copy from our original blueprints."

There was a pause.

"Are you trying to tell me," said Arthur, slowly and with control, "that you originally . . . made the Earth?"

"Oh yes," said Slartibartfast. "Did you ever go to a place . . . I think it was called Norway?"

"No," said Arthur, "no, I didn't."

"Pity," said Slartibartfast, "that was one of mine. Won an award you know Lovely crinkly edges. I was most upset to hear about its destruction."

"You were upset!"

"Yes. Five minutes later and it wouldn't have mattered so much. It was a quite shocking cock-up."

"Huh?" said Arthur.

"The mice were furious."

"The mice were furious?"

"Oh yes," said the old man mildly.

"Yes well so I expect were the dogs and cats and duckbilled platypuses, but . . . "

"Ah, but they hadn't paid for it you see, had they?"

"Look," said Arthur, "would it save you a lot of time if I just gave up and went mad now?"

For a while the aircar flew on in awkward silence. Then the old man tried patiently to explain.

"Earthman, the planet you lived on was commissioned, paid for, and run by mice. It was destroyed five minutes before the completion of the purpose for which it was built, and we've got to build another one."

Only one word registered with Arthur.

"Mice?" he said.

"Indeed Earthman."

"Look, sorry - are we talking about the little white furry things with the cheese fixation and women standing on tables screaming in early sixties sit coms?"

Slartibartfast coughed politely.

"Earthman," he said, "it is sometimes hard to follow your mode of speech.

Remember I have been asleep inside this planet of Magrathea for five million years and know little of these early sixties sit coms of which you speak. These creatures you call mice, you see, they are not quite as they appear. They are merely the protrusion into our dimension of vast hyperintelligent pandimensional beings. The whole business with the cheese and the squeakin is just a front."

The old man paused, and with a sympathetic frown continued. "They've been experimenting on you I'm afraid."

Arthur thought about this for a second, and then his face cleared.

"Ah no," he said, "I see the source of the misunderstanding now. No, look you see, what happened was that we used to do experiments on them.

They were often used in behavioural research, Pavlov and all that sort of stuff. So what happened was that the mice would be set all sorts of tests, learning to ring bells, run around mazes and things so that the whole nature of the learning process could be examined. From our observations of their behaviour we were able to learn all sorts of things about our own . . .  
"

Arthur's voice tailed off.

"Such subtlety . . . " said Slartibartfast, "one has to admire it."

"What?" said Arthur.

"How better to disguise their real natures, and how better to guide your thinking. Suddenly running down a maze the wrong way, eating the wrong bit of cheese, unexpectedly dropping dead of myxomatosis, - if it's finely calculated the cumulative effect is enormous."

He paused for effect.

"You see, Earthman, they really are particularly clever hyperintelligent pan-dimensional beings. Your planet and people have formed the matrix of an organic computer running a ten-million-year research programme . . . "Let me tell you the whole story. It'll take a little time."

"Time," said Arthur weakly, "is not currently one of my problems."