

**UNIVERSITY OF MISAN  
COLLEGE OF EDUCATION  
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH**



**A PRAGMATIC STUDY OF DEIXIS IN  
SELECTED SHORT STORIES BY ERNEST  
HEMINGWAY**

**A THESIS SUBMITTED TO THE COUNCIL OF THE COLLEGE  
OF EDUCATION/ MISAN UNIVERSITY IN PARTIAL  
FULFILMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF  
MASTER OF ARTS IN ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LINGUISTICS**

**BY  
ISRAA FALAH ABDULZAHRA**

**SUPERVISED BY  
PROF. ABDULKAREEM LAZIM BAHEER (PHD)**

**2019 A.D**

**1441 A.H**

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

﴿وَمِنْ آيَاتِهِ خَلْقُ السَّمَاوَاتِ وَالْأَرْضِ وَاخْتِلَافُ  
اللُّغَاتِ وَالْوَلَوَانِ إِنَّ فِي ذَلِكَ لَآيَاتٍ لِّلْعَالَمِينَ﴾

صَدَقَ اللَّهُ الْعَلِيُّ الْعَظِيمُ

سورة الروم الآية (22)

*(And among His Signs is the creation of the heavens and the earth, and the difference of your languages and colours. Verily, in that are indeed signs for men of sound knowledge.)*

*(Al-Rum: 22)  
(Al-Hillali, p. 726)*

## **Dedication**

To my father's soul who has not able to see me in this day.

To my beloved husband.

To my precious family.

To my teachers.

## **Acknowledgments**

All praises be to Allah, the Lord who has bestowed the blessing upon me in completing this thesis. Peace upon our prophet Muhammad SAW, His families, His companion, and His followers. My appreciation goes to my supervisor Prof. Dr. Abdulkareem Lazim who had given me his time, his meaningful guidance, correction, and suggestion for completing my thesis and supporting me to improve my English. My deep gratitude also presents for my teachers in the English department especially Dr. Sameer Abdulkareem Al-Sheikh, Prof. Dr. Ala' Dhafer Amer and Dr. Tahseen Ali Mhodar for valuable help, guidance, and suggestion for completing my thesis. Sincere thanks are due to the staff members of the libraries of the College of Education. The great regard and gratitude are given to my beloved husband Zaid Ali Al-Rammahi, my precious mother, my brothers, and sisters, who always give me support, pray, finance, they are my role model in the world, special thanks to all my friends.

## **Abstract**

Humans always use signs and symbols to communicate to express their desire, intention, or thought to the others. So, language is more than a sign as it can function as a tool for communication among humans. One of the fields that studies the language is pragmatics. Pragmatics can be defined as the study of contextual meaning; therefore, there should be a relationship between language and the context. However, this relationship is recognised through deixis.

Deixis is a linguistic phenomenon that deals with signs and meanings. It is used by the speaker to refer to something or someone in which they signify to convey to the addressee. Whereas deixis is frequently treated as one of the core areas within pragmatics. It is a universal feature of human communication which links utterances to the contexts in which they are produced.

This study is purposed to find the types of deixis (person deixis, time deixis, place deixis, discourse deixis, and social deixis) and which type is the most dominant. As well as it aims to investigate the use of deixis in the utterances that is used in selected seven short stories: (A Train Trip, The Porter, Black Ass at the Cross Roads, Landscape with Figures, I Guess Everything Reminds You of Something, Great News from the Mainland, and The Strange Country) which has been written by Ernest Hemingway. These short stories are chosen because they are unpublished and are not subject to analyse previously, as well as they are selected from part III of "The Complete Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway: The Finca Vigía Edition" (1987).

The deixis model is a complementary one: in analysing the utterances of Hemingway's narrative text. This study adopts Levinson (1983)

classification of deixis which includes person, time, place, discourse, and social deixis.

This thesis is divided into five chapters. Chapter One introduces the fundamentals of the study. It unravels the problem of the study, the aims, the hypothetical statements, the limits of the study and the procedures to be applied to verify the hypotheses of the study. Chapter Two reviews the literary sphere of the study. It explores the theoretical aspects of pragmatics and deixis. It also clarifies the types of deixis, person, place, time, social and discourse deixis with their functions and concepts. Chapter Three basically clarifies the methodology of the study i.e., source of the data, techniques of collecting, and analysing the data. It tends to analyse the five types of deixis through a text of seven short stories by Ernest Hemingway. Chapter Four tends to discuss and present the interpretations with reasons for the previous results. Chapter Five includes the results elicited from the deixis analysis, the pedagogical recommendations and the suggestions for further studies.

## Table of Contents

No.	Subject	Page
	<b>Dedication</b>	<b>V</b>
	<b>Acknowledgements</b>	<b>VI</b>
	<b>Abstract</b>	<b>VII</b>
	<b>Table of Contents</b>	<b>IX</b>
	<b>List of Figures</b>	<b>XIII</b>
	<b>List of Tables</b>	<b>XV</b>
	<b>Chapter One: Introduction</b>	<b>1</b>
1.1	The Problem	1
1.2	The Hypotheses	2
1.3	The Procedures	2
1.4	The Aims	3
1.5	The Data	3
1.6	The Limits	4
1.7	The Value	4
	<b>Chapter Two: Review of Literature</b>	<b>5</b>
2.1	What is Pragmatics?	5
2.2	Deixis	6
2.3	Definitions of Deixis	8
2.4	Types of Deixis	11
2.4.1	Person Deixis	11
2.4.1.1	First Person Deixis	13
2.4.1.2	Second Person Deixis	13
2.4.1.3	Third Person Deixis	14
2.4.2	The Concept of "Pronoun"	15
2.4.3	The Concept of "Person"	16
2.4.4	Place Deixis	17
2.4.4.1	Demonstratives	18
2.4.4.2	The Pragmatic Features of Demonstratives	18
2.4.4.2.1	Deictic Features	19
2.4.4.2.2	Qualitative Features	20
2.4.5	Time Deixis	21
2.4.5.1	Lexicalization of Time Deixis	22

2.4.5.2	Gramaticalization of Time Deixis	25
2.4.6	Discourse Deixis	27
2.4.6.1	Discourse	28
2.4.7	Social Deixis	31
2.5	Function of Deixis	33
2.6	Different Uses of Deixis	34
2.6.1	Gestural Use	35
2.6.2	Symbolic Use	37
2.6.3	Anaphoric Use	38
2.7	Deixis from Pragmatic Perspective	39
2.8	Deixis and Literature	41
2.8.1	Deixis and Literary Genres	42
	<b>Chapter Three: Methodology</b>	<b>45</b>
3.1	The Data	45
3.2	The Procedures of Analysis	45
3.3	Short Story No. 1 (A Train Trip)	46
3.3.1	Preview	46
3.4	Types of Deixis Used in the Short Story No. (1)	47
3.4.1	Person Deixis	47
3.4.2	Place Deixis	49
3.4.3	Time Deixis	49
3.4.4	Discourse Deixis	49
2.4.5	Social Deixis	50
3.5	Short Story No. 2 (The Porter)	51
3.5.1	Preview	51
3.6	Types of Deixis Used in the Short Story No. (2)	52
3.6.1	Person Deixis	53
3.6.2	Place Deixis	55
3.6.3	Time Deixis	55
3.6.4	Discourse Deixis	55
3.6.5	Social Deixis	55
3.7	Short Story No. 3 (Black Ass at the Cross Roads)	57
3.7.1	Preview	57
3.8	Types of Deixis used in the Short Story No. (3)	58
3.8.1	Person Deixis	59
3.8.2	Place Deixis	60



3.8.3	Time Deixis	60
3.8.4	Discourse Deixis	60
3.8.5	Social Deixis	61
3.9	Short Story No. 4 (Landscape with Figures)	63
3.9.1	Preview	62
3.10	Types of Deixis Used in the Short Story No. (5)	63
3.10.1	Person Deixis	64
3.10.2	Place Deixis	66
3.10.3	Time Deixis	66
3.10.4	Discourse Deixis	66
3.10.5	Social Deixis	66
3.11	Short Story No. 5 (I Guess Everything Reminds You Of Something)	68
3.11.1	Preview	68
3.12	Types of Deixis Used in the Short Story No. (5)	69
3.12.1	Person Deixis	70
3.12.2	Place Deixis	71
3.12.3	Time Deixis	71
3.12.4	Discourse Deixis	71
3.12.5	Social Deixis	72
3.13	Short Story No. 6 (Great News from the Mainland)	73
3.13.1	Preview	73
3.14	Types of Deixis Used in the Short Story No. (6)	74
3.14.1	Person Deixis	74
3.14.2	Place Deixis	76
3.14.3	Time Deixis	76
3.14.4	Discourse Deixis	76
3.14.5	Social Deixis	77
3.15	Short Story No. 7 (The Strange Country)	78
3.15.1	Preview	78
3.16	Types of Deixis Used in the Short Story No. (7)	79
3.16.1	Person Deixis	80
3.16.2	Place Deixis	82
3.16.3	Time Deixis	82
3.16.4	Discourse Deixis	82
3.16.5	Social Deixis	83

	<b>Chapter Four: Analysis and Interpretations</b>	87
4.1	Analysis and Interpretations of Person Deixis	88
4.2	Analysis and Interpretations of Place Deixis	97
4.3	Analysis and Interpretations of Time Deixis	101
4.4	Analysis and Interpretations of Discourse Deixis	104
4.5	Analysis and Interpretations of Social Deixis	108
	<b>Chapter Five: Conclusions, Pedagogical Recommendations and Suggestions for Further Studies</b>	114
5.1	Conclusions	114
5.2	Pedagogical Recommendations	117
5.3	Suggestions for Further Studies	118
	<b>Bibliography</b>	119
	<b>Appendices</b>	125
	<b>Appendix No. 1</b>	126
	<b>Appendix No. 2</b>	137
	<b>Appendix No. 3</b>	143
	<b>Appendix No. 4</b>	152
	<b>Appendix No. 5</b>	158
	<b>Appendix No. 6</b>	162
	<b>Appendix No. 7</b>	164
	<b>Abstract in Arabic</b>	i

## List of Figures

No.	Figure	Page
(1)	Linear Time Conceptualization	25
(2)	Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (1)	48
(3)	Percentages of Person Deixis Types in Short Story No. (1)	49
(4)	Frequency of Deixis Types in Short Story No. (1)	50
(5)	Deixis Types Percentages in Short Story No. (1)	51
(6)	Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (2)	54
(7)	Types of Person Deixis Percentages in Short Story No. (2)	54
(8)	Types of Deixis in Short Story No. (2)	56
(9)	Deixis Types Percentages in Short Story No. (2)	57
(10)	Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (3)	59
(11)	Types of Person Deixis Percentages in Short Story No. (3)	60
(12)	Types of Deixis in Short Story No. (3)	61
(13)	Deixis Types Percentages in Short Story No. (3)	62
(14)	Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (4)	65
(15)	Types of Person Deixis Percentages in Short Story No. (4)	65
(16)	Types of Deixis in Short Story No. (4)	67
(17)	Deixis Types Percentages in Short Story No. (4)	68
(18)	Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (5)	70
(19)	Person Deixis Types Percentages in Short Story No. (5)	71
(20)	Types of Deixis in the Short Story No. (5)	72
(21)	Deixis Types Percentages in Short Story No. (5)	73
(22)	Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (6)	75
(23)	Person Deixis Types Percentages in Short Story No. (6)	76
(24)	Types of Deixis in Short Story No. (6)	77
(25)	Deixis Types Percentages in Short Story No. (6)	78
(26)	Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (7)	81
(27)	Percentages of Person Deixis types in Short Story No. (7)	82
(28)	Types of Deixis in the Short Story No. (7)	83
(29)	Deixis Types Percentages in Short Story No. (7)	84
(30)	Frequency of Deixis Types in the Seven Short Stories	85
(31)	Total of Deixis Types in Each Short Stories	86
(32)	Frequency of Parson Deixis	89
(33)	Percentage of Person Deixis	89

(34)	Types of Person Deixis in the Seven Short Stories	92
(35)	Person Deixis Percentage in the Seven Short Stories	93
(36)	Frequency of Place Deixis	97
(37)	Percentage of Place Deixis	97
(38)	Frequency of Time Deixis	101
(39)	Percentage of Time Deixis	102
(40)	Frequency of Discourse Deixis	105
(41)	Percentage of Discourse Deixis	105
(42)	Frequency of Social Deixis	109
(43)	Percentage of Social Deixis	109
(44)	Frequency of Deixis Types in Seven Short Stories	112
(45)	Percentage of Deixis Types in Seven Short Stories	112

## List of Tables

<b>No.</b>	<b>Table</b>	<b>Page</b>
(1)	Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (1)	48
(2)	Percentages of Deixis Types in Short Story No. (1)	50
(3)	Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (2)	53
(4)	Types of Deixis in Short Story No. (2)	56
(5)	Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (3)	59
(6)	Types of Deixis in Short Story No. (3)	61
(7)	Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (4)	64
(8)	Types of Deixis in Short Story No. (4)	67
(9)	Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (5)	70
(10)	Types of Deixis in Short Story No. (5)	72
(11)	Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (6)	75
(12)	Types of Deixis in Short Story No. (6)	77
(13)	Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (7)	81
(14)	Types of Deixis in Short Story No. (7)	83
(15)	Total of Deixis Types in Each Short Story	85
(16)	Deixis Types Frequency and Percentage in Seven Short Stories	87
(17)	Types of Person Deixis Frequency and Percentage in Seven Short Stories	92

# **Chapter One**

## **Introduction**

### **1.1 The Problem**

Language is very important tool to express human needs. It is the means of interaction by linking phrases or utterances with each other. In verbal communication, humans interrelate one another by using specific language process. Holmes (2013: 2) states that languages set some various ways to say something, to address and greet others, to give compliments, or in any occasion to style things.

Humans need to combine selection of words which are part of language to sort utterances. Every utterance in human language carries meaning whereas meaning is very important message. It is very important to know that the context, real-world knowledge, and inference are very important pragmatic factors. Language and context are two rings connected in one chain and they cannot be separated from each other. So every utterance or word shows different things that are related to the speaker's meaning. Deixis represents one of the main parts of speech to understand the meaning of specific words and phrases that require contextual information like place, time, etc. Whereas human language includes deixis that can help the communicative needs of the language users (Huang, 2007: 6). Hence, the main purpose of using deixis in a written text is to make the text comprehensively understandable, so that the reader will get the idea from the text. The existence of deixis in a text also gives an aid to the

author to avoid repetition of using the same words and to make the reader understand the interpretation of the text.

Therefore, the researchable questions that are possibly raised as follows:

1. What are the types of deixis that can be found in the selected short stories of Ernest Hemingway?
2. What is the dominant type that is used by the writer?
3. How does deixis of each deictic expression is used by Hemingway in his short stories?

## **1.2 The Hypotheses**

1. It is hypothesized that the categories of deixis (person, place, and discourse) are more dominant than time (deixis and social deixis) in the seven short stories.

## **1.3 The Procedures**

The procedures that are followed in this study are:

1. Identifying and surveying the theoretical background which is related to the study.
2. Choosing seven short stories written by Ernest Hemingway then analysing it according to the kinds of deixis following Levinson (1983) classification of deixis.

3. Drawing conclusions based on the findings and the results of the analysis, suggesting some recommendations and proposals for future studies.

## **1.4 The Aims**

The study aims at investigating the following questions:

1. How are deixis used by Ernest Hemingway in the seven short stories that are chosen to be analysed in the study?
2. Are deixis implemented differently from other writers by Ernest Hemingway?
3. How are deixis contributed to the literary structure of the seven short stories?

## **1.5 The Data**

In this study, the researcher selects seven short stories in titles "A Train Trip, The Porter, Black Ass at the Cross Roads, Landscape with Figures, I Guess Everything Reminds You of Something, Great News from the Mainland, and The Strange Country" which are written by Ernest Hemingway.



## **1.6 The Limits**

This study adopts Levinson (1983) classification of deixis which includes person, time, place, discourse, and social deixis in seven selected short stories written by Ernest Hemingway.

## **1.7 The Value**

This study is hoped to be of a theoretical and practical value. The theoretical value is a constructive support to the theoretical pragmatics in the sense that it sheds lights on the deixis. The practical value of the study can be of importance for those who are interested in pragmatics especially researchers and teachers.

# **Chapter Two**

## **Review of Literature**

This chapter is dedicated to discuss the theoretical aspects of pragmatics and deixis. It also clarifies the types of deixis, person, place, time, social and discourse deixis with their functions and concepts.

### **2.1 What is Pragmatics?**

Pragmatics is a branch of linguistics that deals with the intend meaning in context. It means that how context affects speaker's utterances. Levinson (1983: 5-8) states that pragmatics is a contemporary term which means the study of language in use. Pragmatics is the study of ideologies of the reason behind a certain sentence. For instance, why this term is used instead of the other one.

Pragmatics tries to state that this term is unsuitable or not ordinary according to the context in which they can be used. Therefore, pragmatics is a kind of performance during a specific situation and in specific contexts. Thus, pragmatics is the study of the connection between language and context that are basic to an account of language understanding.

Mey (1993: 4) says that "Pragmatics tells us that it is acceptable to use a language in various, unconventional ways, as long as we know, as language user, what we are doing". Consequently, pragmatics is the utterance meaning study, sentences use in communication, and also the study of meaning in language interface between a speaker and a hearer.

She summaries that:

Pragmatics is the science of language seen in relation to its users. That is to say, not the science of language in its own right, or the science of language as seen and studied by the linguists, or the science of language as the expression of our desire to play schoolmarm, but the science of language as it is used by real, live people, for their own purposes and within their limitations and affordances. (ibid: 5).

Leech (1983: 11) describes that general pragmatics is glimmer between the study of language in full abstraction from the situation and the study of more socially specific uses of language. So, it is evident that pragmatics is the study of the connection between language and context which are used in the community. Hence, it can be concluded that pragmatics is the field of linguistic study in which it does not clear about only language but also it explains how to produce and comprehend the use of language in our existent life following the reasons that affect the language choice.

## **2.2 Deixis**

People can use different forms as daily expressions to express the meaning in the different context in forms of discourse or utterance. It is not easy for a person to control the meaning of different kinds of linguistic expressions because the listener or the speaker has to be able to understand and interpret the reader's or the writer's meaning by his/her expression.

Deixis is a very important aspect of language study because it depends on conditions or circumstances to be understood well (Caron, 1992: 22).

Deixis deals with the associations between discourse and the location in which discourse is used. So deixis is the most evident way in which the connection between language and context is reflected through the phenomenon of deixis. It originally presents into language in order to serve face-to-face interaction. Then, it spreads variously to include innumerable forms of communication, such as letter writing, phone calling, etc. (Lyons, 1977: 648).

According to Grenoble (1998: 4) deixis is a universal feature of human language that its interpretation depends on context. While Lyons (1981: 170) states that deixis is broader and narrower than reference. He illustrates that reference can be either deictic or non-deictic; and deixis does not necessarily contain reference. So, Lyons, (1977: 636) shows that the stretch deixis

.....is now used in linguistics to refer to the function of personal and demonstrative pronouns, of tense and of variety of other grammatical and lexical features which relates utterances to the spatiotemporal co-ordinates of the act of utterance.

Levinson (1983: 54) agrees with Lyons (1977: 636) that deixis is a Greek word for pointing or indicating and is considered as the most obvious and direct linguistic reflection of the relationship between language and context. He illuminates that:

....deixis concerns the ways in which languages encode or grammaticalize features of the context of utterance or speech event, and thus also concerns ways in which the interpretation of utterances depends on the analysis of that context of utterance. Thus the pronoun '*this*' does not name or refer to any particular entity on all occasions of use; rather it is a variable

or place holder for some particular entity given by the context (e.g. by a gesture).

He, (ibid: 55) also adds that deixis represents a reference that depends completely upon the situational context of the utterance where that is "anchoring" of language in real world is realised by "pointing". Hence, the pointers that are used to form this phenomenon are called "indexical".

### **2.3 Definitions of Deixis**

Levinson (1983: 54) defines deixis as word or phrase that cannot be fully understood without additional contextual information.

Consequently, in a wide sense, deixis is possibly context-dependent on linguistic expression and typically anchoring in the viewpoint of the speaker. In this concern, the view that deixis is, in fact, a part of pragmatics is highly sponsored, as its interpretation relies directly and primarily on features of the context involved, i.e., context-dependent, such as the speaker and the addressee, their location in space and time, etc.

Lyons (1977: 637) also defines deixis as follows:

By deixis, is meant the location and identification of persons, objects, events, processes and activities talked about, or referred to, in relation to the spatio-temporal context created and sustained by the act of utterance and the participation in it, typically, of a single speaker and at least one addressee.

Crymes (1968: 63) defines deixis as "any pointing that locates either a real-world referent or a linguistic referent in expressions of its orientation

to the speaker spatially, temporally, discriminately, affectively". Fillmore (1982: 35) states that deixis is the name given to uses of items and types of lexicon and grammar that are controlled by particular details of the interactional situation in which the expressions are produced.

According to Yule (1996: 9), deixis is a technical term (from Greek) for one of the most basic ones that means "pointing" by the use of language. Deixis can be defined as a language phenomenon that reflects the relationship between language and context. Deixis means pointing or indicating via something, and has as ideal or central exemplars the use of demonstratives, first and second person pronouns, tense, exact time and place adverbs like *now* and *here*, and a variation of other grammatical features tied directly to the situations of utterance.

Basically, deixis is concerned with the ways in which language encodes or grammaticalizes features of the context of expression or speech event, and thus also interests ways in which the understanding of utterances relies on analysis of that context of utterance. For instance, the pronoun *this* or *that* does not refer to any specific entity on all aspects of use; rather it can take a multiple or different target on a specific entity given by context according to gesture. Therefore, there is a fact that deixis can act as a fixed reminder to theoretical linguists of the simple but enormously important fact that natural languages primarily design, so to speak, for use in face-to-face communication, and consequently there are limits to the extent to which they can analyse without considering this (Levinson, 1983: 54).

In deictic information, some misconception or interpretation of utterances happen when the utterances lack or miss some information for example:

(1) I'll be back in a half hour.

Here the listener out of context does not know when the sentence was written thus he does not know when the writer will return. Thus cutting utterances from context is leading to a lack of information. Hence, deixis can be deictic (when it refers to a specific thing) or non-deictic (when it refers in general) (ibid).

Hurford (2007: 66) explains that a deictic term takes some component of its meaning from the situation (i.e. the sender, the receiver, the time, and the place) of the expression in which it is used.

According to Lyons (1981: 170) deixis is similar to reference, in which they are related to their context, however, deixis is more restricted than reference. Deixis controls the structure and the interpretation of words in relation to the time and place of their situation, the identity of the speaker and the addressee, objects and events in the actual state of expression. Huang defines (2007: 132) deixis as phenomena come from Greek terms and it means referring or pointing to thing. Deixis is a term that connects the structure of language and context in which language is used. Deixis is a universal deictic linguistic term and it is found in all of languages, because it serves the communicative needs of language users. In somehow without deictic information, the person cannot know where or when, who or whom they can meet. Thus, deixis is a technique of referring to something connected to the speaker context. So deixis is a process of words or expressions that depends completely on context.

## 2.4 Types of Deixis

According to Levinson (1983: 62), deixis can be divided into five categories; person, space, time, social, and discourse deixis. Here is a preview for each category:

### 2.4.1 Person Deixis

Person deixis is one of the most important aspects of communication because it encodes the role of participants in speech events such as speaker, addressee, and other entities. Person deixis is divided into three categories. It is encoded in the first person deixis as: *I, me, my, mine, we, us, our, ours* where person refers to himself, second person deixis where the speaker refers to one or more addressee for example: *you, your, yourself, yourselves, yours*, and third person deixis which refers for others as a person or entities neither speakers nor addressees such as: *he, she, it, him, her, his, they, them, their*.

Person deixis also contains the singular and plural form. So person deixis consequently makes reference to the speaker as the deictic center of the speech event and addressee and it does not only refer to someone or somebody but for something in the utterances too (Levinson, 1983: 62).

Fromkin, Rodman, and Hyams (2011: 170-171) state that sometimes person deixis is expressed by pronouns, such as *I, my, mine, you, your, yours, we, ours, us, etc.* Hence, those pronouns require identification of speaker and listener for understanding. In addition, other expressions such as *this person, that boy, these girls, those children, etc.* are also deictic since the listeners can make a referential association and realise what is meant, they need pragmatic information. Person deixis is considered as



nowadays expressions used in newspaper, televisions, conversations, letters, poem, novels, short stories, and so on.

Person deixis is a word that depends on context and reflects directly to person with participant roles. So in order to understand the use of person deixis it needs to understand the role of the speaker, source of expression, target or addressee of the expression, and hearer who does not belong to addressee or target. Person deixis traditionally called personal pronoun where express person, number, and gender. It depends on deictic center of utterance where there is communicative environment like vocal and gestural from side and physical environment like visual from another side. Person deixis also depends on grammatical category of person as a participant role according to particular languages. So first person and second person depend on the speaker and addressee as a positive participant while third person is negative in participant role. As well as person deixis categories are distinguished by plural and singular forms with gender relation and so on. The distinction is found in the inclusive-*we* when the speaker includes the addressee and exclusive-*we*, when the speaker exclude the addressee. Hence inclusive-*we* has positive speaker and addressee while exclusive-*we* has a positive speaker and negative addressee (Levinson, 1983: 68-69).

For example:

- (2) Let's go to the park. Shall *we*? (inclusive)
- (3) *We* will go to see you tomorrow. (exclusive)

In addition, person deixis can be variable in greetings, demonstratives according to the idea of identification, and vocatives (in second person usage such as *you*). Vocative is a noun phrase refers to addressee and it is

classified into calls or summonses as in (4), and addresses as in (5) in which it represents a kind of social status. (ibid: 71-72).

(4) Hey *you*, watch your steps.

(5) The life is, *Sir* more complicated than before.

#### **2.4.1.1 First Person Deixis**

First person deixis is a kind of deixis refers to the speaker, or both the speaker and groups of speakers. First person deixis can be singular as *I, my, mine, myself, and me* or plural as *we, us, our, ours, ourselves* whereas by it the person can refer to himself. The first person deixis *I* and *we* show the number but not gender as well as *we* can be inclusive (positive speaker and addressee) and exclusive (positive speaker and negative addressee) (as in example (2) and (3)). The first person *I* shows the speaker role in utterance and it is subjective reference (Levinson, 1983: 68).

#### **2.4.1.2 Second Person Deixis**

Second person deixis is a kind of reference encoding to one or more addressees. Second person deixis can be singular or plural according to the speaker and the addressee such as: *you* (singular or plural), *your, yours, yourself* when the speaker is negative with other persons in singular with positive addressee as in example (6) and the negative speaker with a positive addressee with others in plural as in example (7).

(6) John, *you* are fired. (singular)

(7) *You* are all leaving the hall. (plural)

Second person deixis shows a vocative function as a social status in calls or summonses conditions as in example (4) (ibid: 71-72).

Second person vocative *you* in most languages is divided into two forms; formal when respect to person or to show 'honorific' and informal use with friends (8) and (9) (Grundy, 2008: 26). For example:

(8) Can I ask *you* sir? (formal)

(9) I invite *you* to go to my birthday party. (informal)

Therefore in English *you* deixis stays confusing and ambiguous for instance when it is used by teachers as a distinction term *you all* for selecting and to vacate someone as a ritual when he sneezes (ibid: 27). See example (10) and (11):

(10) *You all* listen to me.

(11) Bless *you*.

### **2.4.1.3 Third Person Deixis**

Third person deixis is another division of person deixis in which the reference entities are neither the speaker nor the addressee and it usually indicates the gender that the utterance refers to. Third person deixis can be singular such as: *he, him, himself, his, she, her, hers, herself, it, its*, and plural like: *they, them, their, theirs, themselves*. Third person deixis is less important reference in context, so in deictic features it is negative in speaker and addressee but it is positive in others like people whether they refer to male, female or both, and also to things. Third person deixis can be definite and specific pronouns: *this, that, these* or *those* as well as it can be

indefinited and specific pronoun: *somebody, something, who, what* and indefinite and non-specific pronouns: *someone, something, nobody, and nothing* (Levinson, 1983: 69).

Third person deixis are distinguished from first and second person deixis because it does not necessarily refer to any specific participant-role in the speech event and in most cases it is non-deictic category thus most of other languages lack this kind of deixis or pronouns (Huang, 2007: 137).

#### **2.4.2 The Concept of "Pronoun"**

Pronoun is an early term of person deixis as person pronoun. Crystal (2008: 391) says that pronoun is "a term used in the grammatical classification of words, referring to the closed set of items which can be used to substitute for a noun phrase or single noun." Pronouns refer to a set of words varying in types such as: personal pronouns (*I, we, you, me, mine, he, it, etc.*), possessive pronouns (*mine, yours, his, hers, its, ours, yours, theirs*), demonstrative pronouns (*this, that, etc.*), interrogative pronouns (*who, which, that, etc.*), reflexive pronouns (*myself, yourself, etc.*), indefinite pronouns (*somebody, nobody, etc.*), relative pronouns (*who, whom, etc.*) and resumptive or shadow pronouns (*him, her, etc.*) (ibid: 391-392).

Bhat (2004: 1) also says "The term 'pronoun' is generally used for referring to several different sets of words such as personal pronouns, demonstratives, interrogatives, indefinites, relatives, correlatives, etc." so Bhat (ibid: 4) classifies pronouns into two types person pronouns and the other rest of pronouns. Further, precisely pronouns are variable in classes

and substitutive according to noun class that is being pronominalised. Pronouns represent the environment in which deixis develops.

Pronouns are essentially variable and inherent in reference to certain conditions that exist outside the language expression itself and are specified by the whole situation. Traditionally it studies relation to nouns and it is developed to be used as a grammatical substitution form (Bloomfield, 1973: 249).

Huddleston (1984: 272) supposes that pronouns as a subclass of noun rather than a separate part of speech because of that the phrases that the pronouns head are the same as nouns claim. It is very important to select pronouns carefully according to the social acceptance and property because pronouns symbolise a man's social position in relation to people around the speaker.

### **2.4.3 The Concept of "Person"**

Person is a grammatical category depends on the role of participant according to situation. Person comes in three different types; first person (the speaker), second person (the listener) and the third person (everyone and everything).

Person can be restricted by three grammatical categories which are number, gender, and sex (Trask, 1993: 206).

Person is defined by Jespersen (1924: 212):

Each of the three classes of personal pronouns, and corresponding distinctions in verbs, denoting or indicating respectively the person speaking

(*first person*), the person spoken to (*second person*), and the person or thing spoken of (*third person*).

Person is a grammatical expression comes from Latin word 'persona' in which means "mask" where stands for translating the Greek word 'role' or 'dramatic character' as derived from the dramatic role in plays or drama as first, second or third person (Lyons, 1977: 638).

Person is one of deictic expression type in which it is divided traditionally into three types: person, place, and time (Bühler, 1934: 102).

Then Levinson (1983: 62-63) following Lyons (1968: 170, 1977: 640) and Fillmore (1971: 223, 1997: 68) adds two other deictic types: social deixis and discourse deixis.

#### **2.4.4 Place Deixis**

Place deixis is one of deixis categories which is related to the spatial location of the speaker. Place deixis can be distinguished in two expressions which are proximal (close to speaker) such as: (*this, these, here, etc.*) and distal expression (non-proximal or close to the addressee and far from speaker) such as: (*that, those, there, etc.*) where here and there are locative adverbs and this, that those, these are demonstrative adjectives. Some verbs represent movement or show a relative location like *left, right, up, down, up, below, in front of, behind, bring, take, go, come, away, etc.* (Levinson, 1983: 62).

Cruse (2006: 166-167) states that "deixis is used to indicate location in space relative to the speaker". So the location is important to the role of

speaker and listener as an atmosphere that surround them and with fixation of location mentally and physically from speaker perspective.

#### **2.4.4.1 Demonstratives**

Demonstratives represent a deictic reference and they have a very important role in language use and grammar. They are related with pointing gestures to get listener's attention on elements in the speech situations. Traditionally demonstratives are named as deictic article then they are titled as article. Each language has different demonstratives that are vary in number and type (Lyons, 1977: 636).

Dixon (2003: 61-62) considers demonstrative as "any item, other than 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> person pronouns, which can have pointing (or deictic) reference". He also divides demonstratives into three types; first, nominal in a noun phrase with a noun or pronoun (e.g. *this* as in example 12), second, local adverbial occur either alone or with a local noun (e.g. *here*, *there*, etc. as in example 13), third, verbal as the only verb in a predicate (e.g. *this* as in example 14).

(12) *This* plate is hot.

(13) Put it *here*.

(14) Do it like *this*.

#### **2.4.4.2 The Pragmatic Features of Demonstratives**

From the previous examples, it is evident that the speaker wants to draw the reader or listener attention to a referent that satisfies the

description implied by the use of the pronoun in relations of gender, number, status, etc. Hence, demonstratives have two kinds of features which are deictic feature with referent to location and qualitative feature with referent characterization (Lyons: 1977: 648).

#### **2.4.4.2.1 Deictic Features**

Demonstratives as deictics are linguistic features in which they interpret to make an essential reference to some aspect of speech situation. Deictic features represent referent features in which it is near or far and moving toward or away from the deictic center. Demonstratives and deixis are separate concepts. Hence, deixis represent a variety of meaningful expression whose interpretation includes the deictic center as a reference point, and demonstratives represent a deictic subclass aim to focus on hearer's attention in a specific referent frame (Diessel, 2003: 634).

Most of languages have two demonstratives as in English language has first pronoun and second pronoun demonstratives e.g. *this* and *that*, demonstrative adjective, and adverb demonstratives like *here* and *there*. These demonstratives have two different points on scale of distance: proximal demonstratives in which represent things that are near to deictic center and distal demonstratives which are far in local from deictic center. So demonstrative pronouns, adjectives, and adverbs are deictic and depend on location within context.

Demonstratives can be distinguished by proximity to deictic context for example *this pen* means the pen near the speaker while *that pen* means the pen that far from the speaker whereas in both cases demonstratives depend on participant-role of speaker (Lyons, 1977: 646).



Huang (2007: 152-158) shows four parameters to state demonstratives or deictics. First deictic as distance in which it is proximal or distant, second visibility in which the entity in question is within sight of the speaker or not, third elevation which represents the physical dimension of height relative to the deictic center or speaker while it is above or below the speaker, and finally side concept in which it represent the place of speaker whether he inside or outside the location.

#### **2.4.4.2.2 Qualitative Features**

Qualitative features are kinds of information classificatory of referent and this features show whether the referent is animate or inanimate, male or female, human or non-human or whether it is a single entity or a set. Diessel (1999: 47) divides qualitative features into six types: ontology, animacy, humanness, sex, number, and boundedness. Ontology in which demonstratives refer to a location or to person or object where demonstrative adverbs refer to location and demonstrative pronouns or adjectives refer to persons or objects. For example:

(15) *This* tape is for you, john. (identify an object)

(16) *That* women is my mom. (identify a person)

(17) *Place* it here. (identify a location)

Animacy, humanness, and sex are demonstratives categories overlap, for instance, animate or inanimate in animacy category, human or nonhuman in humanness type, and male or female for sex category. In number, demonstratives are distinguished by singular and plural like *this* and *these*. The last type is boundedness, which represents the persons or

objects location to the speaker sight whether things in eyesight (restricted or bound) or out eyesight (extended or unbound) in which the speaker is inside, outside, come, or go etc., so references depend on speaker conceptualization (ibid: 49).

#### **2.4.5 Time Deixis**

Time deixis or temporal deixis is a kind of deixis which refers to time. Deictic time word shows the timing of an event relative to the speaking time. Time deixis represents an event of an expression happens in any time relative to the time of speaking so it is represented by tense, time adverbials and other time expressions (Cruse, 2006: 179-180).

Time deixis has one direction and unidirectional. So if two events happen at a different moment of time it must be one of them is earlier where the other is later. All of languages have different ways of locating events in time (Lyons, 1977: 679).

Time deixis represents the moment of utterance and they are divided into three expressions classes. The first one is grammatical expressions or tense like (present past, etc.), second is lexical expressions like (today, tomorrow, now, etc.), third is lexically composite or mixed expressions like (five minutes ago, seven days ago, etc.). So when a speaker uses to express time deixis there is two distinction of time of using speaking utterances which are coding time or (CT) and receiving time or (RT). So the (CT) would be the time when the speaker produces the utterance in exact time while the (RT) where the speaker transmits the utterance later (Levinson, 1983: 73). For example

(18) I'll see you tomorrow. (CT)

(19) He said that he would see you tomorrow. (RT)

(20) I write this letter while chewing cookies. (CT)

(21) I wrote this letter while chewing cookies. (RT)

So in examples (18) and (20), the moment time of utterance is different from the moment time of example (19) and (21). So it is important to know the moment of utterance to know whether the deictic center will remain on the speaker (CT) or will be projected on the addressee (RT) (ibid).

#### **2.4.5.1 Lexicalization of Time Deixis**

Lexicalization of time or temporal deixis means 'pure' time deixis in which there is no direct contact with non-deictic methods of time counting. Lexicalization of time deixis includes two divisions: simple lexical deictics and lexically complex deictics. These include the deictic time adverbs such as *now*, *soon*, *then*, *tomorrow*, *today* and *this day*, *the day before yesterday*, *last or next Monday*, etc. For instance, the time deixis expression '*now*' represents a stretch period from one point to another and including (CT). Where that distance or span may be the direct connection with the invention of the morpheme itself, as in the gestural use in (22), or the perhaps infinite period indicated in (23) (ibid: 73).

(22) A. Wash the car *now*.

B. You must do it *now* but *now*.

(23) A. I'm *now* doing my homework.

B. *Now* I'm running my own business.

The word *now* can be used in two voices as a gestural way in one utterance as in sentence (22 A) and when the speaker uses the word *just* or *right* he expresses a kind of narrowing the ambiguity. For example:

(24) Put the knife *right now*.

(25) I finish my work *just now*.

Thus, in the expression with *right*, the receiver is supposed to be observing the message as it is being produced, and is then able to identify the intended time point but *just now* is usually used to show a short period of time before the coding time (ibid).

The time deixis expression *then* is opposite to *now* where *then* means *not now* for the future and past time use. The expression *then* is anaphoric in nature and does not have a gestural deictic usage.

(26) I was just a kid *then*.

In time deixis there is a measurement of time where some time deixis are absolute and non-deictic like (today, tomorrow, yesterday) in which they are diurnal spans in (CT) (ibid). For example:

(27) Free snack tomorrow.

In sentence (27), the time deixis *tomorrow* means every day has come after it is tomorrow and it is span in time.

So these expressions have two kinds of referents, either refer to the whole span itself, as in (28), or to a point within the connected span, as in (29): (ibid: 74)

(28) Tomorrow is *Tuesday*.

(29) John broke his leg *yesterday*.

The other distinction in time deixis is calendrical and non-calendrical, for instance, when the speaker uses (Jun, Thursday, etc.) as a fixed period's length are calendrical. Non-calendrical are time deixis sort in which time measure periods are used only as units of measurements that relative to some fixed points of interest as (fortnight, morning, etc.).

So calendrical time deixis are more ambiguous than non-calendrical when they take other additional words like (next Tuesday, last June, etc.) hence, it can refer to the whole period within the relevant span. The explanation of such adverbials in English is determined systematically by the calendrical versus non-calendrical first (and specifically deictic) styles of calculating, and second, the difference between common noun units, like (*weeks, months, years*), and proper name units, like (*Tuesday, November*), and perhaps afternoon, which cannot be used as measures (ibid: 76). For example:

(30) I'll do it *this week /this year /this December*.

This sentence is ambiguous between assuring realization within seven days from utterance time, or within the calendar unit beginning on Sunday (or Monday) including utterance time. *This year* means the calendar year containing the time of utterance (or in some circumstances the 360 day unit starting at the time of utterance), but *this December* means the next 141 monthly unit so named (usually, the December of the year including CT), while *this morning* refers to the first half of the daily unit including CT, even if that is in the afternoon. Concerning *next* to calendrical names of days arises an ambiguity: *next Tuesday* can refer either to the Tuesday of the week that succeeds the week which includes CT, or that Thursday which first follows CT. Note that on a *Friday* or a *Saturday*, these will

accord; and given the rule that *today* and *tomorrow* prevent calendrical day names, on Monday and Tuesday, *next Tuesday* can only mean the Tuesday of next week. It follows that, if one starts the week on *Monday*, *next Tuesday* is ambiguous only on *Monday* and *Tuesday* (ibid).

#### 2.4.5.2 Grammaticalization of Time Deixis

In language description grammaticalization means tense and it is considered as a major topic in linguistics and philosophy. Whereas it remains theoretically argumentative. It has not received a unified explanation in literature. This indicates that there is less agreement on the kind of tense, the number of tense that is used. Tense means time in Greek and it is derived from Latin. Time shows a straight line on its left there is past where future on its right and present is located in the middle. So time is a universal notion with three parts in which it lies in every grammar of any language (Quirk, 1972: 79).

Time conceptualizes as a linear perception, which is called time ruler as follows:

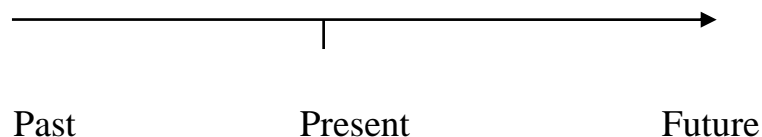


Figure (1) Linear Time Conceptualization

In English tense represents a semantic category whose function is to show time concepts in three dimensions: past, present and future (ibid).

Crystal (2003: 385) defines tense as "a category used in the grammatical description of verbs (along with aspect and mood), referring primarily to the way the grammar marks the times at which the action denoted by the verb took place."

Some linguists do not include future tense for instance, Quirk et al (1972: 87) (1985: 213) support the view that there is no clear future tense in English identical to the time or tense parallel for present and past. Therefore, tense in English can be classified into present and past as Jespersen (1933: 231) says: "the English verb has only two tenses proper, the present and the preterite". So according to Quirk (1985: 214) by morphological inflection of verb, tense is expressed, and the future is expressed by the use of an auxiliary verb construction.

Chung and Timberlake (1985: 203) describe tense in terms of a temporal dimension that is directional with a specific point or interval of time. For them, there are two most essential considerations in tense systems which are the selection of the tense position (a specific point or interval of time) and the nature of the association between the tense position and the event frame (the existence of an event on an interval time). Hence, all human languages have events that are located in time and English language is one of the most languages that grammaticalize the time dimension of the deictic context in its tense system.

## 2.4.6 Discourse Deixis

Discourse deixis are also entitled as text deixis where they are kind of reference expressions within an utterance used to refer to parts of discourse that includes the utterance itself. Discourse deixis are any expressions that are carry out to refer to prior or forthcoming parts of the discourse (Diessel, 1999: 101). Levinson (1983: 87) conditions that discourse deixis is an expressions which is used to indicate the relationship between an utterance and the prior discourse as (*this, that, these, those, therefore, in conclusion, still, finally, first, next, previous, but, well, anyway, so, after all, etc.*) For example:

(31) Have you heard *this* joke?

(32) In the *next* chapter.

(33) Is *that* a good news?

So discourse deixis is kind of referring to some portions of discourse and signposts or markers for the reader to follow the speaker's or writer's train of his thought and his intended meaning (Locastro, 2003: 73). Birner (2013: 119) states that in discourse or text deixis, the deictic term that are used in reference is not to a chunk of the context of utterance (such as its place, time, or speaker), but rather to a chunk of the utterance itself, or a suggestion which is suggested by the utterance itself.

Levinson (1983: 85-88) shows that there is a confusion between discourse and anaphoric deixis as a reference although there is a close relation but with a wide difference. So it should be differentiated between discourse and anaphora deixis furthermore discourse and anaphora with cataphora share the capacity to function as a text cohesion device. So



anaphora interests with the use of a pronoun to refer to the same referent as some earlier word.

Anaphora can conclude within sentences, across sentences, and across at speaking in a conversation. Deictic or other referring utterances are used to present a referent and anaphoric pronouns that refer to the same thing later. On the other hand, it is significant to think of that deictic and anaphoric usages are not commonly special. Consequently, in standard the difference is clear: it is discourse deictic when a pronoun refers to a linguistic expression itself. It is anaphoric when a pronoun refers to the same unit as an earlier linguistic expression that refers to it. Hence, discourse deixis is an expression which is used to refer to specific discourse that holds the utterance or as a sign and its associations to the surrounding text.

#### **2.4.6.1 Discourse**

Discourse is a kind of communication with people in a particular context. It is in fact language in use. Discourse can be written or spoken or any shape of communication. It can follow the grammar rules when it needs to, but departing from them when it does not. Discourse is anything from the grantor single expletive (Cook, 1989: 7-12). According to Schiffrin, Tannen and Hamilton (2001: 1) discourse is anything beyond the sentence and it is a wider variety of social practice that contains nonlinguistic and indefinite examples of language.

The term "discourse" utters to cover a whole range of human communicating activities. Thorat (2002: 9) says that any meaningful communication between or among interactants can legally be considered as

discourse. Associated by means of certain logical, sequential, or psychological links, utterances do not occur at random in a discourse. Discourse consequently means any continuous composition of the utterances in which they show changed levels of anchorage. Van Dijk (1977: 3), states discourse as: "a sequence of sentences or utterances on any specific topic, on a particular occasion". A discourse means any connected piece of speech or writing and can be produced by a particular speaker or writer, or by two or more people engaging in a dialogue or (rarely) in a written exchange (Trask, 1993: 84).

The study of discourse is characterized by having two essential properties, which are cohesion and coherence. Cohesion is the existence of obvious linguistic links which offer identifiable structure, such as (*she, after, this, therefore, and but*). Most researchers regard cohesion as a firmly linguistic phenomenon (Karmiloff-Smith, 1985: 62). Coherence refers to the connectivity of the components of a text. In relation to Lyons (1981: 199), the connectivity of the elements of a text is basically a matter of meaning and reference; a matter of content instead of form.

Halliday and Hasan (1976: 4) semantically characteristic coherence to the "intra-textual semantic relations" which are "primarily non-structural" (Halliday, 1978: 133). For Halliday, coherence suggests that "discourse well-formedness in terms of discourse relevance in addition to discourse topic". Coherence, therefore, is the general principle that simplifies the production and interpretation of human communication (*ibid*).

Coherence is viewed from two directions: local and global. Local coherence denotes the organisation of suggestions at the level of sentences, whereas global coherence refers to the further organisation of thoughts at

the level of higher units like paragraphs, chapters, sections, volumes or books, etc. within the text.

Local coherence is the organising principle underlying the structure of a paragraph, while global coherence is the organising principle underlying the structure of the text as one piece. At both local and global levels, there is both semantic and pragmatic coherence, the first distinct in terms of propositions, and the second in terms of speech acts (Patil, 1994: 23).

So discourse is classified into two major classes: verbal and non-verbal discourse. Non-verbal discourse (e.g. mimes or gestures) is by meaning non-linguistic.

Based on the medium of expression, verbal discourse sorts into two sub-categories, namely, spoken and written discourse. In relation to the nature and the role of speakers' mutual participation, spoken or written discourse is classified into two major classes: "monologic" and "dialogic" discourse.

A monologic discourse lies in a continuous flow of communicative activity on the part of one person. A dialogic discourse, on the other hand, is created by one or more utterances by two or more speakers on a given topic, on a given event (Van Dijk, 1977: 3).

Thus, discourse depends on knowledge of a particular language for instance memories of things they have heard seen, listen or even touch and so on. Hence, from this knowledge people can state rules about what the meaning of words in general, about what goes where in a sentence and so on. For example, if someone wants to enter the toilet and he sees a note hang over the door (out of working), this person will get that he cannot enter to the toilet and he changes his mind to find another one.

Therefore, this person concepts or what he gets from this note reflects discourse as a source of knowledge and a result of it (Johnstone, 2008: 3). Discourse is opposite to text in which text is used for written language only. It denotes social interaction while text denotes linguistic components. It acts as Saussurean "Parole" or Chomskyan "performance" of utterance and it is morph and phone, talk and text or spoken and written of language.

So studying text requires studying the words that communicate some information as structure, theme meaning, rhetorical devices, etc. While studying discourse is about who is communicating with whom through what medium and for what social purposes (Schneider and Barron, 2014: 1-2).

#### **2.4.7 Social Deixis**

Social deixis is a kind of reference that covers social relationship and other social differentiation. It interests with a social relationship between participants, their position, and relation to the topic of discourse. In addition to that, social deixis is treated as a marker to know social relationship between speaker and addressee or audience. Social deixis can be rearranged into two types: relational and absolute social deixis references. The relational classification of deictic reference purposes to locate a person in relation to speaker rather than their roles in society as a whole, so it is a kind of respect or relative rank such as (*my husband, teacher, cousin, etc.*). The absolute deictic type relates to a social role in which they apart from any relative rank of the speaker and the addressee such as (*Your Majesty, Your Excellency, Mr. President, Your Honor, etc.*) (Hatch, 1992: 213).

Locastro (2003: 68-70) says that social deixis "allows the speaker to express degrees of closeness or involvement and of distance or independence from the addressee". For instance in a particular context when the listener addresses with a form of a higher status than him, like teacher-student, master-servant, etc. or by using lesser or greater social distance linguistic form as a sign. The pronoun *he* and the exclusive and inclusive *we* sometimes perform the function of social deixis such as when somebody does not clean his room and the others say:

(34) *We* clean up after ourselves around here.

So the exclusive *we* represents a social deixis because it sends a message to addressee (ibid).

Thus Levinson (1983: 90) states that social deixis deals with the social information that is the sign of the different expressions. So social deixis is interested with the features of sentences that express, establish, or determined by a specific reality of participants or the social situation in which the speech event takes place. The social deixis concerns with the problem or characteristic of sentences use within social circumstance of audience in the speech event. Therefore, social deixis differs from the other types of deixis because social deixis does not refer to the time, place, or person, but it refers to the social ranking and positions between the sender and the receiver in the society using language. For example:

(35) Good day, dad. (*relational*)

(36) Thank you, sir. (*absolute*)

Levinson (2006: 119) illuminates that: "Social deixis involves the marking of social relationships in linguistic expressions, with direct or oblique reference to the social status or role of participants in the speech event."

## **2.5 Functions of Deixis**

Deixis is a kind of connection between discourse and situation in the discourse. Deixis is a word, which is used to point to something in various referents whether in space, time, or social context (Levinson, 1983: 54).

Deixis function is pointing to things like person, place, etc. in an expression. Pointing here is to point to thing or person such as person deixis. The purpose of person deixis is to refer to the thing or person who is a speaker in an utterance. Person deixis is divided into three kinds they are first person deixis, second person deixis, and third person deixis. The function of first person deixis is the word that denotes to the speaker him or herself as the sender of the message. The function of second person deixis is the word that referred to the addressee as the hearer or receiver of the message. The function of third person deixis is the word that denotes to whom is neither speaker nor addressee. The function of spatial deixis is the word that states or point the location of the speaker. It can be proximal form or close from the speaker and distal form or away from the speaker. The function of temporal deixis is the word that indicates the time when utterance does (Yule,1996: 14).

Discourse deixis agrees with "the encoding of reference to portions of the unfolding discourse in which the utterance (which includes the text referring expression) is located" (Levinson, 1983: 62). Therefore, the

function of discourse deixis is a kind of using an expression with some utterances to refer to some portions of the discourse that holds the utterance (counting the use of the utterance itself). For instance, (*this*) is used to refer to a forthcoming portion of the discourse as in (37) and (*that*) to a forgoing portion, as in (38) in which they presenting the token-reflexivity of a sentence (ibid: 86).

(37) I bet you haven't heard *this* novel.

(38) *That* was the funniest story I've ever heard.

Social deixis is functioning as a kind of using code in social differences that are relative to the participant role in social relationship between speaker and addressee or speaker and some reference. There are two basic classes of social deixis, relational and absolute. Relational function is to refer to the relation between the speaker and other in an honorific manner like (brother, lady, etc.). While in absolute type is function to authorize the speaker or the listener like (Mr. President, Your Majesty, etc.) (ibid: 90). Thus, a language without deictic expressions cannot serve the communicative needs of its users as well as a real human language.

## **2.6 Different Uses of Deixis**

There are essential differences in the uses of deictic expressions where a deictic can be used in one or more three ways. Fillmore (1971, 1997) calls these ways: gestural, symbolic, and anaphoric. Levinson states (1983: 65), that it is important to distinguish deictic from non-deictic usages of deictic expressions.

### 2.6.1 Gestural Use

Gestural use is the most basic purpose of deixis as it expresses the referent in the actual world to the linguistic form used to show that referent. According to Rauh (1983: 44), this type personifies the existence and connection of the deictic expression and the object stated to at the location of the utterance in which utterances are considered as location bound. The connotation of visual and acoustic gestures with the utterances of deictic expressions is also probable.

Lyons (1995: 307) calls this type as (pure deixis) whose expression meaning can be accounted for totally in expressions of the notion of deixis. That is, they refer to the locutionary agent and the receiver lacking to convey any additional information about them such as the first-person and second-person pronouns in English, (*I* and *you*), are purely deictic. In the same way, the demonstrative adjectives and adverbs (in contrast with the demonstrative pronouns), (*this* versus *that* and *here* versus *there*), while they are used with spatio-temporal reference, are pure deictics: they distinguish the referent (an entity or a place) in relation to the position of the locutionary act and its participants. Centered on these fundamentals, it is probable to accompany utterances of deictic expressions by visual and acoustic gestures. For example:

(39) Hans can only speak about *this loud*.

(40) Don't do it *now*, but *NOW!*

In the same manner, Himmelmann (1996: 240) expresses this type as situational use, which consists of the concept of relative distance to some deictic center and obliges to create a referent in the universe of discourse.



Halliday (1978: 202) highlights that the child's semiotic acts are Gestural, rather than vocal, and that the earlier exophoric (i.e., deictic) expressions resort to be joined with a gesture of attention.

Fillmore (1971: 223) denotes to gestural use of deictics as the use by which the expressions are fully understood only if the addressee is able to observe and display specific physical aspects of the communication act. That is to say, deictics used in a gestural deictic way can only be understood with reference to an audio-visual-tactile, and in overall a physical monitoring of the speech event. Examples would be demonstrative pronouns used with a selecting gesture, as in:

(41) *This* one's honest, but *this* one is a fake.

In addition second person pronoun with a certain gesture as in:

(42) I want *you*, and *you*, and *you*, to go there with me. (said while stabbing one's arms in a group of people) (ibid).

Levinson (1983: 67) clarifies that it is also quite probable for the gestural usage to be joint with the non-deictic anaphoric usage too:

(43) I cut a finger: *this* one.

Here *this one* refers to any kind of a *finger*, but at the same time must be accompanied by an appearance of the relevant finger.

Fillmore (1971: 223) admits that the majority of words in a language are unable of being used gesturally, and that contains the distal time (deictic adverb). That is, in English, there are gestural uses for (*I, you, here, there, that, this, and now*) but none for (*then*). He also declares that there is just one word in English which obligatorily goes along with by a gesture, and that is the informal extent indicator (*yea*), as in:

(44) It's about *yea* huge. (said holding up hands to show size)

### 2.6.2 Symbolic Use

Symbolic use calls "deictic-center expansion". Where the speaker is placed in this use, the deictic center itself is a referent and it increases to the extent that the speaker can imagine (Fillmore, 1971: 227). For example:

(45) *This* city stinks.

So the basic symbolic usage is the usage by which positions are known relation to their connotation with the speaker, or with the hearer, the usage whose understanding hang on the hearer's knowing where the relevant speaker is. Thus, symbolic usage of deictic terms involves for their understanding only knowledge of, in specific, the basic spatio-temporal limits of the speech event (but also, on occasion, participant-role and discourse and social parameters) (ibid). For instance:

(46) *This town* is really beautiful.

(47) Is John *there*? (on the telephone)

Knowing the general location of the participants is satisfactory to understand the previous utterances. Trying to formulate the difference between gestural and symbolic uses of deictics, Levinson (1983: 65-66) states:

Gestural usages require a moment by moment physical (or vocal) monitoring of the speech event for their interpretation, while symbolic usages make reference only to contextual co-ordinates available to participants antecedent to the utterance.

### 2.6.3 Anaphoric Use

Anaphoric pronoun refers back to what earlier stated about. It is a kind of pragmatic uses of demonstrative where the deictic center is shifted to specific place in the progressing discourse. Fillmore (1997: 62-63) refers to anaphoric as the use which can be correctly interpreted by knowing what other portion of the same discourse that the expression is coreferential with, for example:

(48) I drove the coach to *the parking lot* and left it *there*.

In the preceding utterance, (*there*) is used anaphorically, by referring to the expression (*the parking lot*) mentioned before in the discourse.

Lyons (1977: 660) describes an anaphor as that anaphoric expression that refers to the referent of the antecedent expression with which it can be connected. Himmelmann (1996: 240) calls it "tracking use" and states it as the use of demonstratives for referents which have previously been mentioned.

Text and discourse deixis sometimes are used interchangeably however they differ in a narrow sense. Levinson (1983: 62) seems not to distinguish the two types of use as he states that discourse deixis has the function to relate the encoding of reference to parts of the open discourse in which the utterance, which contains the text referring expression, is situated. For instance:

(49) Puff puff puff: *that* is what it called like.

(50) *This* (in creaky voice) is what phoneticians call creaky voice.

The previous two examples descent into text deixis in a narrow sense. Text deixis is the literal reference to a physical text part (ibid). Discourse deixis in a narrow sense is a reference to a suggestion expressed by the text (Himmelmann, 1996: 240). This use is similar to what Lyons (1977: 660) calls "impure text deixis" whose expressions meaning is somewhat deictic and partly non-deictic, such as the third person in English: (*he, she, and it*). The examples below explain this use as being located between anaphora and deixis:

(51) I've never even seen here.

(52) *That's* a lie.

Here, it is unknown whether *that* refers to what is said in the first sentence or any referent outside the sentence (ibid).

## **2.7 Deixis from Pragmatic Perspective**

Pragmatics is defined according to Leech (1983: 6) as "the study of meaning in relation to speech situation". Pragmatics is how people understand the meaning of the conversation based on the context.

Yule (1996: 3) indicates that pragmatics "is the study of speaker's meaning as communicated by a speaker and interpreted by listener". Pragmatics deals with both; the relationship between the study of context and the study of sentence's meaning hence, it studies language in use. Deixis is an essential field of language study, so some words in the language that cannot be comprehended at all without the physical context and linguistic context.

Linguistic context occasionally is called co-text is the set of words that frame the lexical items in question in the same phrase, or sentence and the physical context is the position of given word. Deixis is the study of how to analyse words or phrase directly associated to person, time, places, discourse, and social. These are words like (*here, there, this, that, now, then, and yesterday*) (Saeed, 2003: 23), for example:

(53) Bring it this morning because he will be here by then.

Out of the context, some of the expressions offerings here depend on the information of context in order to be understood. Expressions such as (*this morning, there, and here*) can only be interrupted in the terms of the speaker's intended meaning (ibid).

Moreover, expression is used to point to person (*me, you, him, them*) as well as most pronoun, such as (*I, here, and him*) are examples of person deixis. The term deictic applies to a word which states an identity or a temporal or spatial location from the awareness of a speaker or a listener in the situation in which the communication occurs like (*now, tonight, here, this, that, etc.*). However, a distal term is distinguished away from the speaker, it consists of (*last, next, below*) as examples of discourse deixis and social deixis such as (*the teacher, Mr. President*) (Yule, 1996: 9-130). All these deictic expressions have to be understood in terms of what are the persons, place, time, discourse, and social expressions.

## 2.8 Deixis and Literature

It is essential to analyse and discuss the relation of deixis to literary texts and to examine the universal features of such texts in the light of the probable deictic features and terms which are mobilised. Although literature on deixis is intensive, detailed analysis of the functioning of literary deixis is absent.

Many critics stress the importance of deixis in literary texts but unsuccessful to give adequately comprehensive reasons why this is so. Such critics do not consider it appropriate to investigate the connection between deixis "literary" and "nonliterary". They may begin with a pragmatic description of literary functioning, but this often finishes by decreasing the text to an imitation-deictic discourse location somewhere where the deixis imitators that of 'ordinary' discourse. The questions stay as to how exactly deixis features in prose and how it varies from the deixis occurring in other kinds of text (Culler, 2002: 136). This is not exactly true, however, pragmatics does stress language-in-use rather than language-as-system. Reference to extra-linguistic reality is one aspect of pragmatics. If pragmatics is concerned with the connection between text and extra linguistic reality, and to position deixis within pragmatics, then it is a comparatively short step to see literary deixis as part of a pseudo-situation. With this focus, deictic theory may not adapt to accommodate the literary utterance.

The idea of a pseudo-context may lead us to think that deixis works in exactly the same manner in both the literary and non-literary utterance. Nevertheless, it must be wary of decreasing "context" to a certain, stable extralinguistic certainty which allows deictic features and terms to be clearly confirmed.

The role of grammaticalisation and the relatives between contributors (whether implied or actual) complexly disturb the functioning of deixis in any text irrespective of any unchanging context element (even if such a thing can occur in the universe of discourse) (ibid: 137).

Culler (ibid) claims that the deictic adverb *here* does not primarily give the reader a spatial position, but points to the kind of imaginary act with which the reader can challenge. Most of the analyses of deixis in literary texts are synchronic and based on the readings of different prose texts. Culler (ibid) perceives deixis in relations of a whole concept of reading.

### **2.8.1 Deixis and Literary Genres**

Language mainly occurs in particular locations at particular times between specific participants (Lyons, 1977: 637). Deixis encodes the connections between these components. It may appear that deixis functions with minimum force in the "literary" text. Such a text is often separated from any direct context; so referents cannot be assigned to the indexical elements of the text, nor it can be transferred from the *symbolic* aspects of the language to the *indexical* with any certainty.

Deixis becomes difficult when contextual elements are not directly apparent and when the utterance does not accompany by supra-segmentals or extralinguistic activity. Nevertheless, this is not to say that deixis functioning within the familiar situation is unproblematic and clear. The difference is one of degree instead of kind (Pinto, 2004: 651).

Every text assumes a context of some kind, an addresser and an addressee, and will contain functional features which concern the *origo*, the

context and the language system. Much human communication, in fact, does not happen with face-to-face interaction. Whether free from the bonds of context or not, language holds functioning deictic features. Deixis does not just face the addresser and addressee to context (ibid).

Deixis mobilises within a certain pragmatic frame and it helps to create that frame. The written language, literary or non-literary, is not free of deictic elements and terms, but there is commonly (though not invariably) a more complex association between indexical and symbolic meanings. However, the literary text significantly removes from any easily obvious context. Literary genres act as analogous contexts within which deictic elements and terms perform in specific ways. The dialogue between indexical and symbolic meanings can only take place within an assumed context (ibid).

In drama actors fill vicariously the gap between symbolic and indexical meanings: indexical meanings partly understand. Currently, there are potential problems with the dramatic text because it can realise that to read the drama as text is an essential error; that it is in the nature of drama that until the symbolic meanings realise quasi-indexically, by actors, there are particularly dealing with half a text (Auer, 1988: 263). Hence, the actors and director are only "symbolically" not in the deictic sense or vicariously providing indexical meaning to the text. They do not, in fact, give the observer any "pure" indexical meaning.

This is seen by the fact that the *now* of each act is different, even though indexical meaning may temporarily understand. This kind of temporary realisation is exactly the kind of act the reader must do when meeting any text. Therefore, readers must understand symbolic meaning



within the generic or sub-generic frame in an effort to process its indexical or deictic meaning (ibid: 264).

## **Chapter Three**

### **Methodology**

This chapter clarifies the methodology of the study i.e., source of the data and the analysis of the data. It tends to analyse the types of deixis (person, time, place, discourse, and social deixis) through a text of seven short stories written by Ernest Hemingway.

#### **3.1 The Data**

The data of the study is seven short stories. These stories are "A Train Trip, The Porter, Black Ass at the Cross Roads, Landscape with Figures, I Guess Everything Reminds You of Something, Great News from the Mainland, and The Strange Country" which are taken from "*The Complete Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway: The Vinca Vigía Edition*" by Hemingway (1987). These short stories are chosen because they are unpublished and are not subject to analyse previously. Hemingway's selected short stories are considered as great literary works that should be taken more seriously than has been done until now, hence, they are unpublished, not analysed before, and represents a prototype of people communication in American society.

#### **3.2 The Procedures of Analyses**

The study adopts Levinson classification of deixis (1983) to analyse the seven short stories. This model is based on five types of deixis: person, time, place, discourse, and social deixis. Levinson is chosen as a deixis

model to the study because he explain deixis in a clear and adequate way he also offers a high degree of comprehensiveness to the literary work. This research is conducted with some topics and theories but different in object.

### **3.3 Short Story No. 1 (A Train Trip)**

This short story signifies the first four chapters of an uncompleted and untitled "*Lardneresque*" novel. These scenes shape a fine short story in the vein of "The Battler" and "Fifty Grand" (Hemingway, 1987: 557).

#### **3.3.1 Preview**

A Train Trip is unknown short story. It is unpublished fiction written by Ernest Hemingway (ibid). This story is about what happens on a train trip directed to Canada. The main characters in this story are (Jimmy) the narrator, and his (father) go on train trip to Canada together. Jimmy portrays the country the train passes through, traveling east from Michigan. While on the train, they find out that there are two criminals. The criminals stab a guard and escape.

The conflict is that the father witnesses a crime but does not say anything about it. Jimmy's father is someone who is well known and friendly but is confused about his part in the crime on the train. Jimmy is a boy that thinks he knows what life and family are all about, but his father attempts to teach him what he believes is the truth.

### 3.4 Types of Deixis Used in the Short Story No. (1)

In short story No. (1) five types of deixis are found. They are person, place, time, discourse, and social deixis. Person deixis are *I, you, he, it, she, her, they, your, them, everybody, we, yourself, us, him, something, everything, anything, anyone, my, me, his, him, yours, and your*. Person deixis gets (97).

Place deixis gets (46). They are *there, here, come, go, this, those, these, that, opposite to, above, behind, beside, in front of, at the other side of, on the other side, inside, outside, upwards, through, across, and towards*.

Time deixis expressions are *then, now, a while, a minute, night, day, spring, summer, at lunch, age, early morning, later, time, just, in the fall, long time ago, present tense, future tense, if clause, and past tense*. Time deixis gains (28).

Discourse deixis gains (32). They are *that, this, than, well, so, and, but, and while*.

Social deixis expressions are *father, gentlemen, sergeant, sir, lad, senator, doctor, partner, bastard, Italian, excellency, fellow, prisoner, and detective*. It gains (9). Hence, the total number of deixis is (212).

#### 3.4.1 Person Deixis

Person deixis that is found in short story no. (1) is (97) deixis and it is the most dominant type that consists of (64) first person deixis, (15) second person deixis, and (18) third person deixis as in table (1).

The person deixis in this story gets (45.75%). It is clear that the most dominant deixis has (65.98%) as first person, (18.65%) as third person, and (15.46%) as second person. See figure (2) and (3).

Table: (1) Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (1)

	Types of Person Deixis	Number	Percentage
1-	First Person Deixis	64	65.98%
2-	Third Person Deixis	18	18.65%
3-	Second Person Deixis	15	15.46%
	Total	97	100%

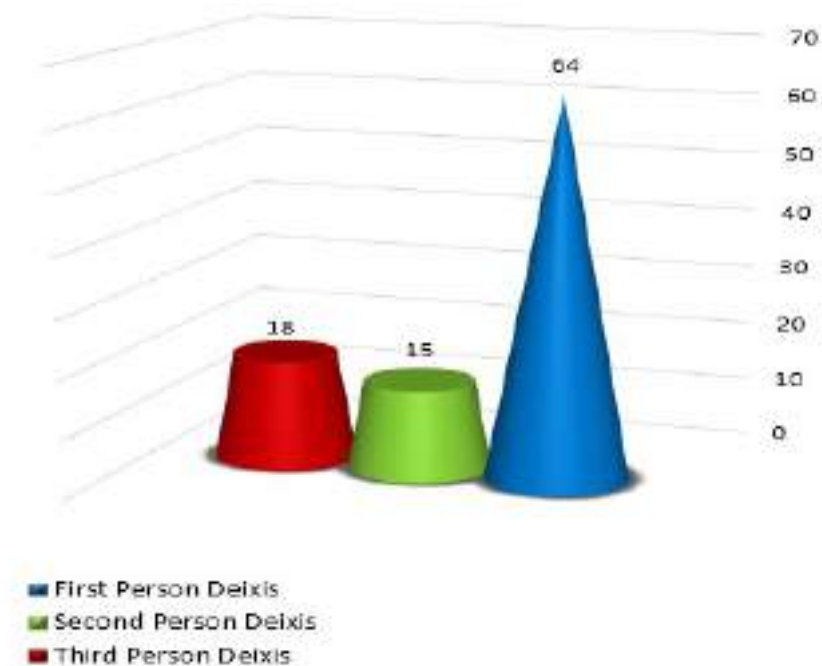


Figure (2) Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (1)

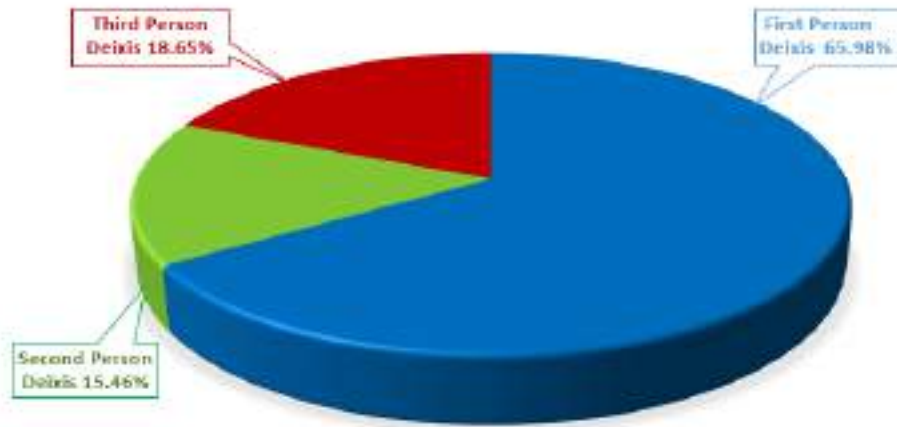


Figure (3) Percentages of Person Deixis Types in Short Story No. (1)

### 3.4.2 Place Deixis

Place deixis in short story no. (1) gets (46) deixis that is adopted in "A Train Trip" as in table (2). Place deixis gets (21.7%). See figure (4) and (5).

### 3.4.3 Time Deixis

Time deixis gets (28) deixis in short story no. (1). It gains (13.2%) as in figure (4) and (5).

### 3.4.4 Discourse Deixis

In short story no. (1) there is (32) discourse deixis which is found in "A Train Trip" as in table (2). Discourse deixis gains (15.1%) as in figure (4) and (5).

### 3.4.5 Social Deixis

In short story no. (1) there is (9) social deixis which is implemented in table (2). Social deixis gains (4.25%) as in figure (4) and (5).

Table: (2) Percentages of Deixis Types in Short Story No. (1)

	Types of Deixis	Number	Percentage
1-	Person Deixis	97	45.75%
2-	Place Deixis	46	21.7%
3-	Discourse Deixis	32	15.1%
4-	Time Deixis	28	13.2%
5-	Social Deixis	9	4.25%
	Total	212	100%

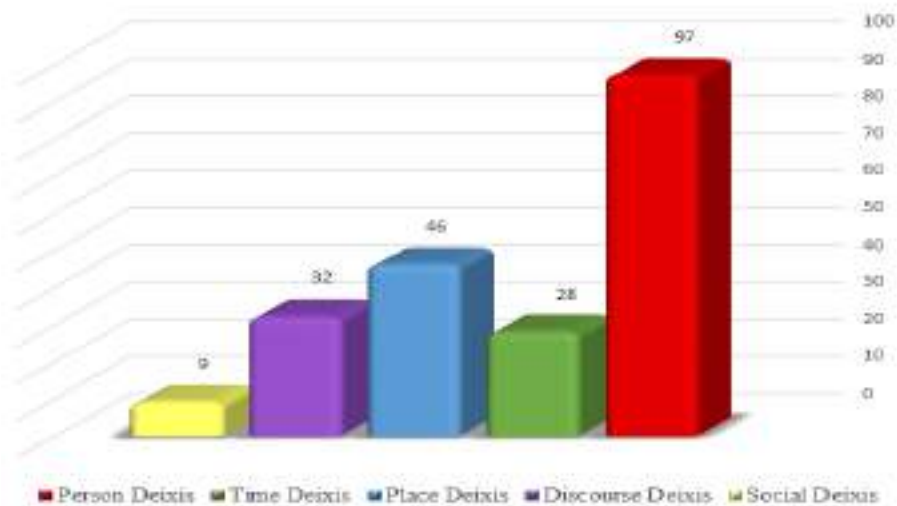


Figure (4) Frequency of Deixis Types in Short Story No. (1)

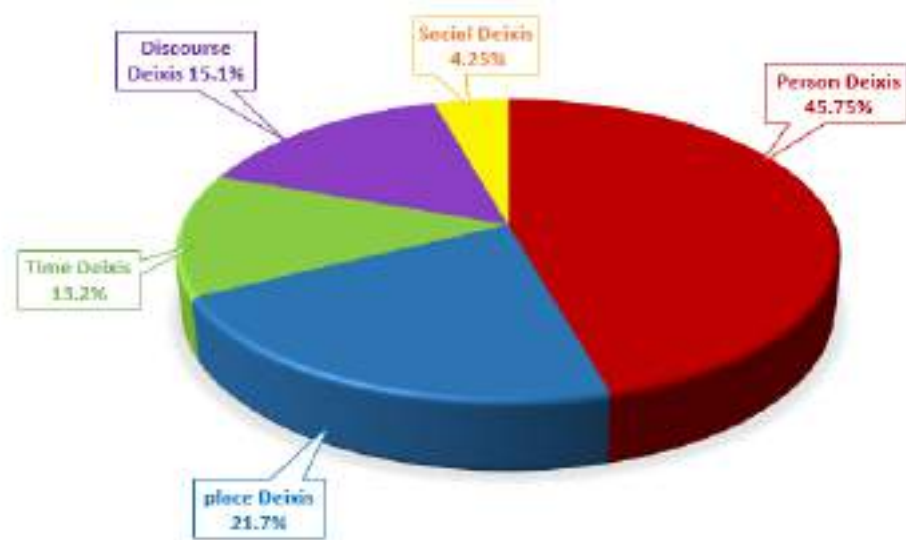


Figure (5) Deixis Types Percentages in Short Story No. (1)

### 3.5 Short Story No. (2) (The Porter)

Short story no. (2) "The Porter" represents a scene from the same unfinished and untitled novel as "A Train Trip" (Hemingway, 1987: 571).

#### 3.5.1 Preview

The Porter is a short story written by Hemingway and it is also unknown and unpublished fiction (ibid). This story is about a young white boy and his father who are met by an African-American black porter. The boy and his father are served by the porter during their trip in a night train to Canada. The train's black porter, "uncle" George, befriends the boy Jimmy and temporarily takes him in charge while the father sleeps. The porter has the boy joined him on his tour as he visits the train's staff. The porter tends to give Jimmy a lesson in razor fighting between allocated duties.



This story represents an explanation of 20<sup>th</sup> century American race relationships. It carries the reader close to the nightmare afflicting white America's collective imagination throughout the twentieth century's formative years, when white and black clashed and racial definition conflated the reader has been driven by Hemingway to see the world through the young boy's eyes and through the divided lens of racial stereotype. However, through the black porter's interference, the reader comes to recognise that the lens of racial stereotype is imperfect, faulty even, and that concepts of white power and the colour line are dangerous illusions.

### **3.6 Types of Deixis Used in the Short Story No. (2)**

In short story no. (2) five types of deixis are highlighted. The five types of deixis are person, place, time, discourse, and social deixis. Person deixis are *I, we, my, myself, me, you, your, yours, yourselves, he, him, himself, his, she, her, it, its, they, their, them, our, everybody, anybody, yourself, us, something, and somebody*. Person deixis gets (86).

Place deixis gains (39). They are *there, here, come, go, this, that, these, those, opposite to, beside, back, under, inside, outside, across, lower part of, through, over, south, and away*.

Time deixis gets (21). They are *then, now, long day, a while, night, last night, Sunday dinner, early morning, in the morning, dark, always, the fall, in an hour, until, again, present tense, future tense, if clause, and past tense*.

Discourse deixis gets (51). They are *that, this, those, than, well, so, but, because, sure, all right, and, anyway, and mostly*.

Social deixis gains (28). They are *boy, father, gentlemen, uncle, sir, lady, porter, Mrs., son, Chef., friend, and noble Christian gentleman*. Hence, the total number of deixis is (225).

### 3.6.1 Person Deixis

The person deixis that is found in short story no. (2) is (86) deixis that consists of (58) first person deixis, (17) second person deixis, and (11) third person deixis as in table (3). The person deixis in this story gets (38.22%) and it is the most dominant type. It is obvious that the most dominant deixis has (67.44%) as first person, (19.77%) as second person, and (12.79%) as third person. See figure (6) and (7).

Table: (3) Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (2)

	Types of Person Deixis	Number	Percentage
1-	First Person Deixis	58	67.44%
2-	Second Person Deixis	17	19.77%
3-	Third Person Deixis	11	12.79%
	Total	86	100%

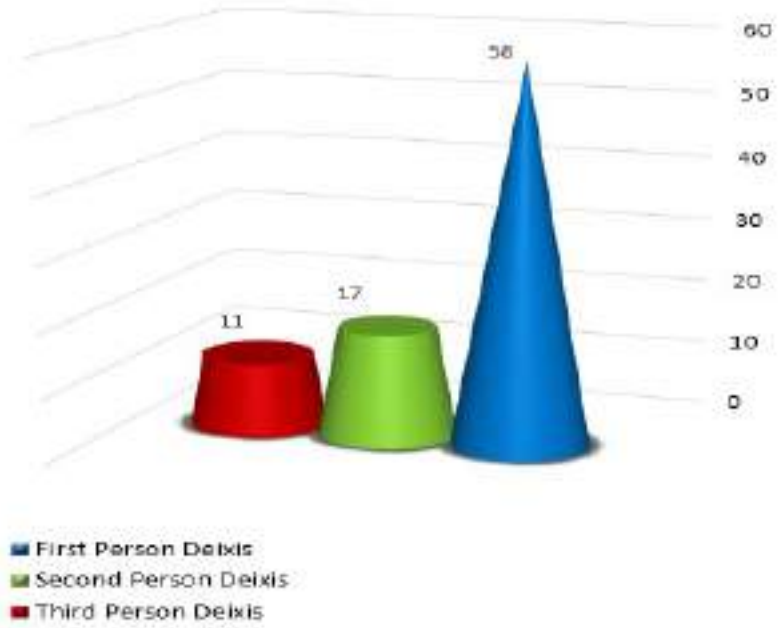


Figure (6) Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (2)

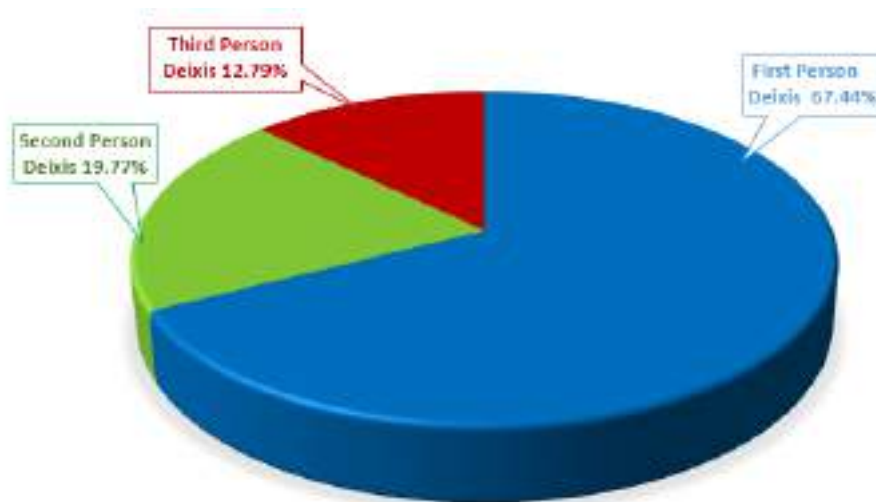


Figure (7) Types of Person Deixis Percentages in Short Story No. (2)

### **3.6.2 Place Deixis**

Place deixis that is found in short story no. (2) is (39) deixis that is applied in "The Porter" as in table (4). Place deixis gains (17.33%). See figure (8) and (9).

### **3.6.3 Time Deixis**

Time deixis in short story no. (2) is (21) deixis. It acquires (9.33%) as in figure (8) and (9).

### **3.6.4 Discourse Deixis**

In short story no. (2) there is (51) discourse deixis. It gains (22.67%) as in figure (8) and (9).

### **3.6.5 Social Deixis**

In short story no. (2) social deixis gains (28). This type gets (12.45%) as in figure (8) and (9).

Table: (4) Types of Deixis in Short Story No. (2)

	Types of Deixis	Number	Percentage
1-	Person Deixis	86	38.22%
2-	Discourse Deixis	51	22.67%
3-	Place Deixis	39	17.33%
4-	Social Deixis	28	12.45%
5-	Time Deixis	21	9.33%
	Total	225	100%

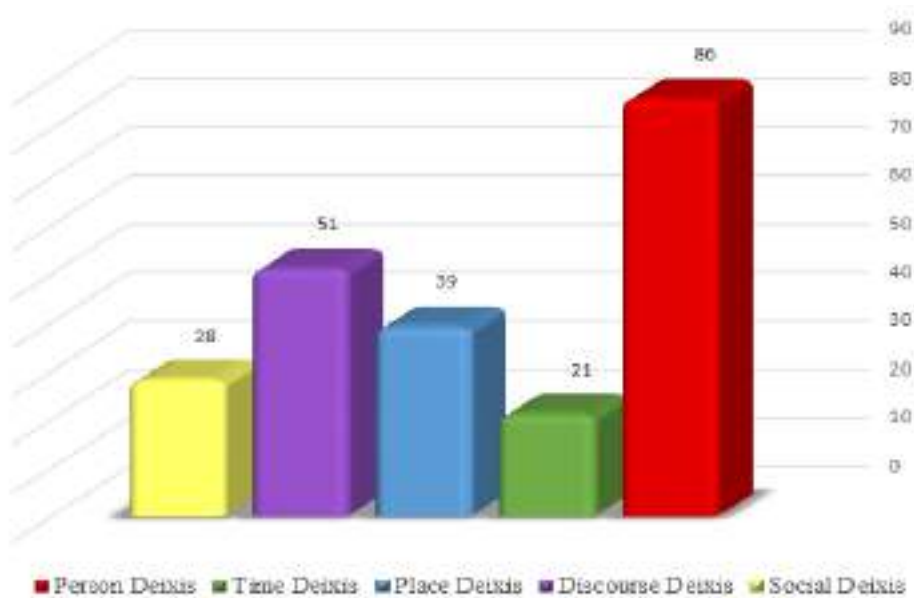


Figure (8) Types of Deixis in Short Story No. (2)



Figure (9) Deixis Types Percentages in Short Story No. (2)

### 3.7 Short Story No. (3) (Black Ass at the Cross Roads)

The short story no. (3) "Black Ass at the Cross Roads" is a completed short story, and a realistic one was written between the end of World War II and 1961. This story is never published in Hemingway's lifetime because it is too incriminating. It tells the story of an ambush of German soldiers by an American infantryman who suffers great remorse for what he has done (Hemingway, 1987: 579).

#### 3.7.1 Preview

The short story "Black Ass at the Cross Roads" is written by Ernest Hemingway in realistic events to reflex the violence of World War II. This story has a narrator who talks about himself and his friends guard a crossroads where German troops pass into France. They kill the Germans and rob them of their money and valuables. They by accident kill some

Frenchmen. They kill many Germans on bicycles. At the end of the day, they clean the blood off their clothes and share both the spoils of war and the regrets about their action. So the harshness of the war is presented in this story, yet with a strange twist. The narrator and his friends are not soldiers, but they are fighting for the French side. However, at this point in the war, France is controlled by Germany.

### **3.8 Types of Deixis Used in the Short Story No. (3)**

The analysis of short story no. (3) clarifies that there are five types of deixis. The five types of deixis are person, place, time, discourse, and social deixis. Person deixis gets (88). They are *I, you, he, she, it, we, us, our, they, your, them, her, yourself, myself, him, his, something, nobody, their, my, and me.*

Place deixis gains (40). They are *there, here, come, go, this, that, those, these, above, behind, beside, in front of, on the other side, back, inside, outside, upwards, towards, under, over, further, beyond, around, against, and again.*

Time deixis gets (27). They are *then, now, September, tomorrow, tonight, until, afternoon, this morning, while, a minute, night, day, noon, today, light, later, half the time, always, ago, late summer day, that day, present tense, future tense, if clause, and past tense.*

Discourse deixis gains (31). They are *and, so, all right, anyway, these, as soon as, of course, because, that, than, well, all, but, and this.*

Social deixis gets (2) expressions they are *captain, and prisoners.* So, the total number of deixis is (188).

### 3.8.1 Person Deixis

The person deixis that is found in short story no. (3) is (88) deixis and it is the most dominant type. Person deixis consists of (53) first person deixis, (21) second person deixis, and (14) third person deixis as in table (5). The person deixis in this story gets (46.81%). It is clear that the most dominant deixis is the first person (60.23%), (23.86%) as second person, and (15.91%) as third person. See figure (10) and (11)

Table: (5) Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (3)

	Types of Person Deixis	Number	Percentage
1-	First Person Deixis	53	60.23%
2-	Second Person Deixis	21	23.86%
3-	Third Person Deixis	14	15.91%
	Total	88	100%

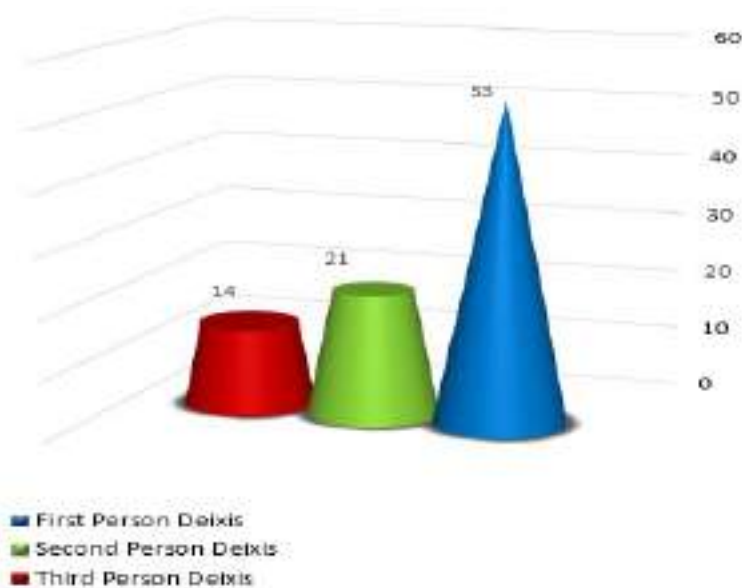


Figure (10) Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (3)



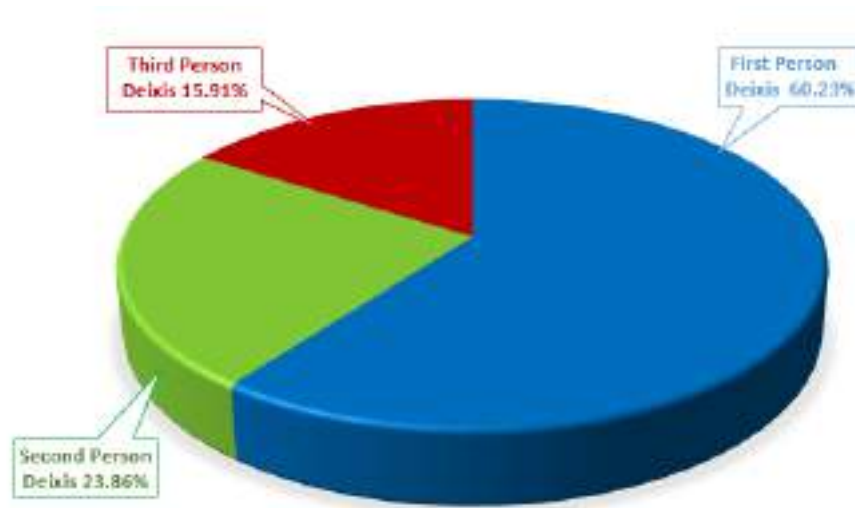


Figure (11) Types of Person Deixis Percentages in Short Story No. (3)

### 3.8.2 Place Deixis

Place deixis in short story no. (3) gains (40) deixis that is implemented in "Black Ass at the Cross Roads" as in table (6). Place deixis acquires (21.28%). See figure (12) and (13).

### 3.8.3 Time Deixis

Time deixis in short story no. (3) gets (27) deixis. Time deixis gets (14.36%) as in figure (12) and (13).

### 3.8.4 Discourse Deixis

In short story no. (3) there are (31) discourse deixis which are implemented in "Black Ass at the Cross Roads". Discourse deixis acquires (16.49%) in figure (12) and (13).

### 3.8.5 Social Deixis

In short story no. (3) there is (2) social deixis which is carried out in "Black Ass at the Cross Roads". Social deixis gains (1.06%) as in figure (12) and (13).

Table: (6) Types of Deixis in Short Story No. (3)

	Types of Deixis	Number	Percentage
1-	Person Deixis	88	46.81%
2-	Place Deixis	40	21.28%
3-	Discourse Deixis	31	16.49%
4-	Time Deixis	27	14.36%
5-	Social Deixis	2	1.06%
	Total	188	100%

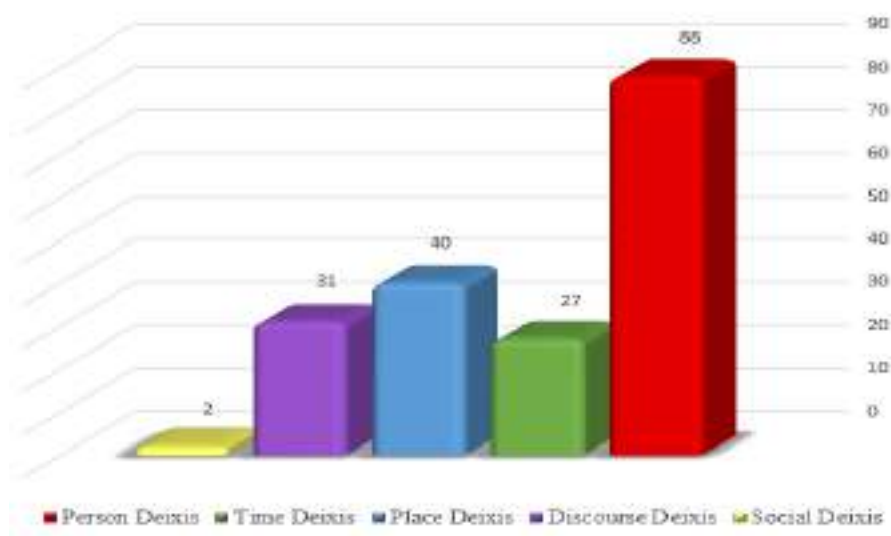


Figure (12) Types of Deixis in Short Story No. (3)



Figure (13) Deixis Types Percentages in Short Story No. (3)

### 3.9 Short Story No. 4 (Landscape with Figures)

The short story no. (4) "Landscape with Figures" has been written around 1938 about the Spanish Civil War, and is chosen by Hemingway to be included as one of new collection that he suggested in a letter to the editor Maxwell Perkins on February 7, 1939. (Hemingway, 1987: 590).

#### 3.9.1 Preview

The short story "Landscape with Figures" is written by Ernest Hemingway to show the real life of characters in a battle view during the Spanish Civil War in outlying hill. The writer opens the paragraph by describing the principle setting of the story, the apartment house "Old Homestead". Edwin is used by Hemingway as narrator who describes the house as if the readers walking along on a tour of the building so that develop a sense of dramatic tension and the narrator shows what is the

result of direct blasts from explosive shells does to a building. Edwin Henry and his film crew have been living in a bombed out house. Two others live there: an American female journalist and a British Authority. One afternoon the British man sits out on the veranda despite everyone's warnings. This causes an attack on the house and everyone flees. Edwin and the woman talk over the attack, which is the first that the woman has witnessed. After the attack, everyone goes on his or her social activities in order to bond together.

### **3.10 Types of Deixis Used in the Short Story No. (4)**

In short story no. (4) five types of deixis are found. The five types of deixis are person, place, time, discourse, and social deixis. Person deixis is illustrated in *I, me, myself, you, your, yours, yourself, he, his, him, she, her, it, we, us, our, them, and somebody*. Person deixis gains (46).

Place deixis gains (42). They are *there, that, this, here, come, go, behind, below, on front of, in the back, toward, under, over, beyond, around, against, away, and forward*.

Time deixis scores (21). They are *just, then, now, that, tonight, afternoon, while, a couple of minutes, day, a time, sometimes, always, again, next day, for several days, that time, began, first time, dark, tomorrow, present tense, future tense, if clause, and past tense*.

Discourse deixis gets (23). They are *and, so, very, all, anyway, these, that, those, this, as soon as, of course, because, so that, than, well, but, fortunately, oh, and next*.

Social deixis gets (9). They are *Great Authority, Authority, and daughter*. Thus, the total number of deixis is (141).

### 3.10.1 Person Deixis

The person deixis that is found in short story no. (4) is (46) deixis and it is the most dominate type. Person deixis consists of (15) first person deixis, (11) second person deixis, and (20) third person deixis as in table (7). Person deixis in this story gets (32.63%). It is evident that the most dominant deixis has (43.48%) as third person, (32.61%) as first person, and (23.91%) as second person. See figure (14) and (15).

Table: (7) Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (4)

	Types of Person Deixis	Number	percentage
1-	Third Person Deixis	20	43.48%
2-	First Person Deixis	15	32.61%
3-	Second Person Deixis	11	23.91%
	Total	46	100%

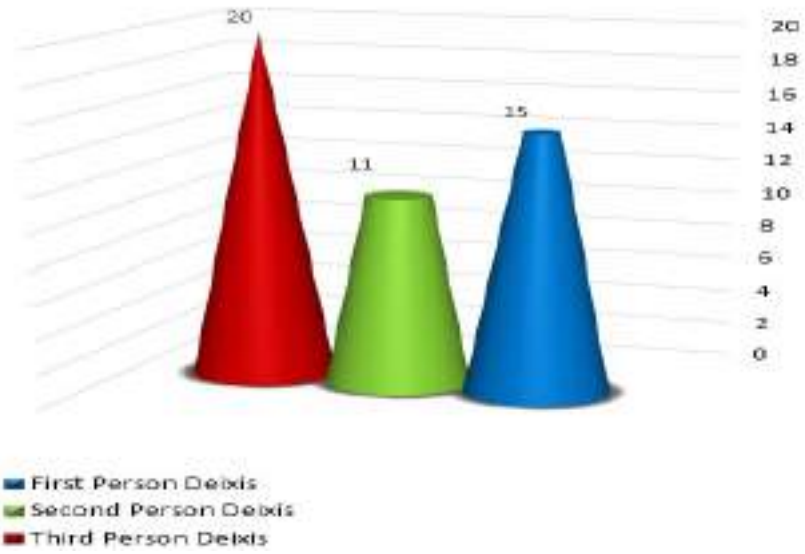


Figure (14) Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (4)

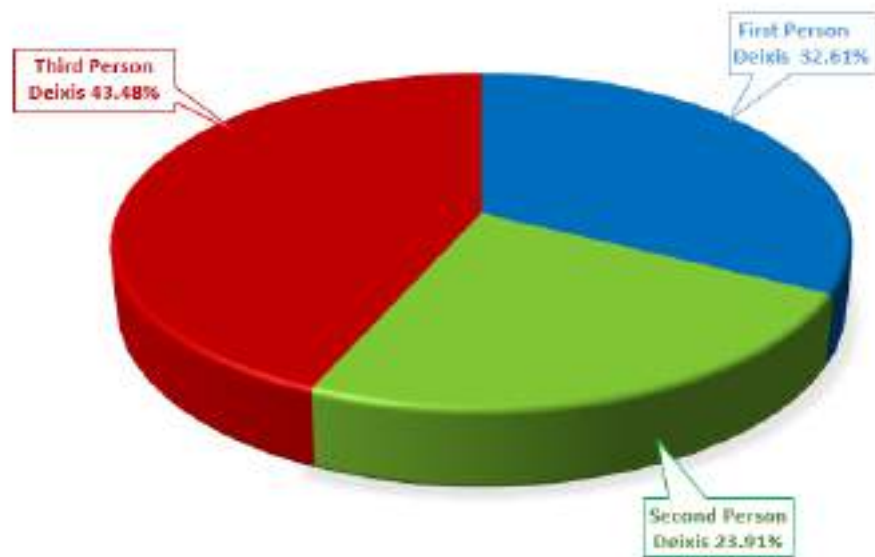


Figure (15) Types of Person Deixis Percentages in Short Story No. (4)

### **3.10.2 Place Deixis**

Place deixis in short story no. (4) are (42) deixis that are implemented in "Landscape with Figures" as in table (8). Place deixis gets (29.79%). See figure (16) and (17).

### **3.10.3 Time Deixis**

Time deixis in short story no. (4) are (21) deixis. It gets (14.89%) as in figure (16) and (17).

### **3.10.4 Discourse Deixis**

In short story no. (4) there are (23) discourse deixis which are implemented in "Landscape with Figures". Discourse deixis gains (16.31%) as in figure (16) and (17).

### **3.10.5 Social Deixis**

In short story no. (4) there are (9) social deixis which are implemented in "Landscape with Figures". Social deixis gains (6.38%) as in figure (14) and (15).

Table: (8) Types of Deixis in Short Story No. (4)

	Types of Deixis	Number	Percentage
1-	Person Deixis	46	32.63%
2-	Place Deixis	42	29.79%
3-	Discourse Deixis	23	16.31%
4-	Time Deixis	21	14.89%
5-	Social Deixis	9	6.38%
	Total	141	100%

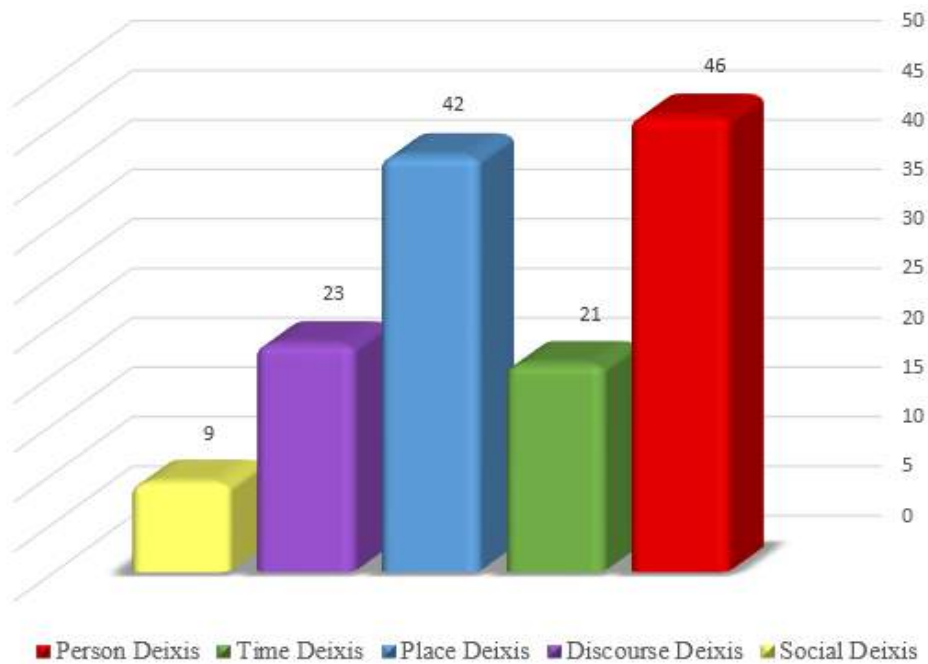


Figure (16) Types of Deixis in Short Story No. (4)



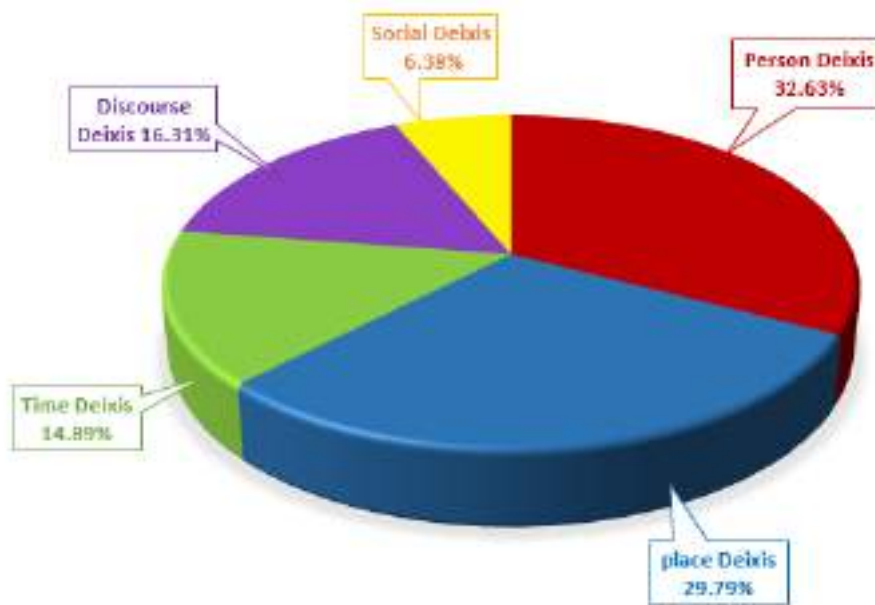


Figure (17) Deixis Types Percentages in Short Story No. (4)

### 3.11 Short Story No. 5 (I Guess Everything Reminds You of Something)

The short story no. (5) "I Guess Everything Reminds You of Something" has set by Hemingway in Cuba when he made his home at the Finca Vigía from 1939 to 1959. It is a complete short story about writing a story and shooting. It is a tale of father and son, teacher and pupil, pride and despondence, success and disgrace (Hemingway, 1987: 597).

#### 3.11.1 Preview

Short story "I guess Everything Reminds You of Something" is written by Ernest Hemingway showing the relationship between the father, Mr. Wheeler and his son, Stevie. Stevie is a student in prep school and he brings to his father a professional story that he writes that has won a prize.

The father is very proud of his son and he wants to help him and to develop his son's writing ability. He suggests different activities that they could do together. The son rejects and wants to work on his own. The other talent that they both share is shooting. The boy is a very good shooter for someone at his age. Years later, the father finds the prize-winning short story in a library book and understands that his son has copied it from another writer. It goes along with the rest of the son's life and his father is disappointed.

### **3.12 Types of Deixis Used in the Short Story No. (5)**

There are five types of deixis in short story no. (5). They are person, place, time, discourse, and social deixis. Each category associates with specific deictic expressions: *I, me, my, you, your, he, his, him, himself, she, her, it, we, us, they, and them* are person deixis. Person deixis gets (59).

Place deixis gets (21). They are *there, that, come, go, behind, back to center, over, against, inside, and far away*.

Time deixis gets (17). They are *then, day, now, that summer, again, long time ago, long ago, until, age, seven years, summer, later, present tense, future tense, if clause, and past tense*.

Discourse deixis acquires (20). They are *but, and, so, all, that, those, this, because, well, and but*.

Social deixis obtains (8) like *papa and you*. Hence, the total number of deixis is (125).

### 3.12.1 Person Deixis

The analysis yields that person deixis gains (59). It is the most dominant type. Person deixis consists of (28) first person deixis, (12) second person deixis, and (19) third person deixis as in table (9). The person deixis in this story gets (47.2%). It is obvious that the most dominant deixis has (47.46%) as first person, (32.2%) as third person, and (20.34%) as second person. See figure (18) and (19).

Table: (9) Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (5)

	Types of Person Deixis	Number	Percentage
1-	First Person Deixis	28	47.46%
2-	Third Person Deixis	19	32.2%
3-	Second Person Deixis	12	20.34%
	Total	59	100%

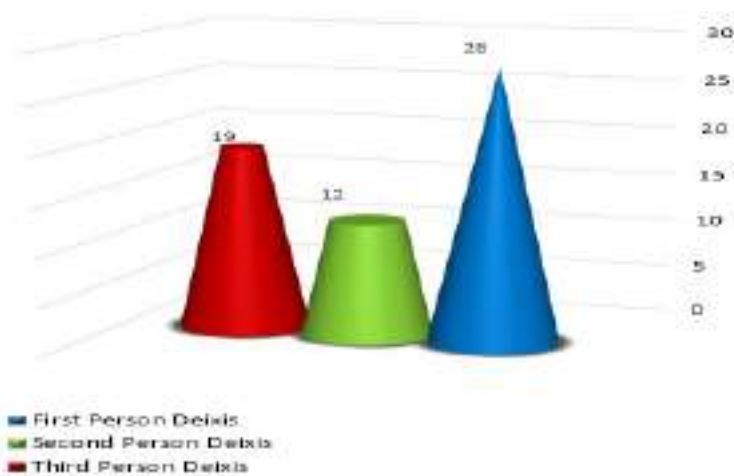


Figure (18) Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (5)

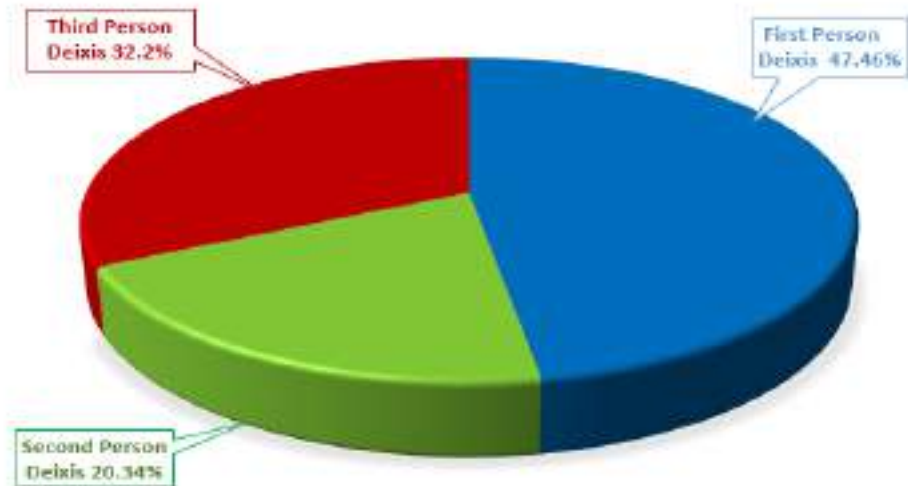


Figure (19) Person Deixis Types Percentages in Short Story No. (5)

### 3.12.2 Place Deixis

Place deixis in short story no. (5) are (21) deixis as in table (10). It gets (16.8%). See figure (20) and (21).

### 3.12.3 Time Deixis

Time deixis in short story no. (5) gets (17) deixis. Time deixis acquires (13.6%) as in figure (20) and (21).

### 3.12.4 Discourse Deixis

In short story no. (5) there are (20) discourse deixis. It gets (16%) as in figure (20) and (21).

### 3.12.5 Social Deixis

In short story no. (5) there are (8) social deixis which are implemented in "I Guess Everything Reminds You of Something". Social deixis gains (6.4%) as in figure (20) and (21).

Table: (10) Types of Deixis in Short Story No. (5)

	Types of Deixis	Number	Percentage
1-	Person Deixis	59	47.2%
2-	Time Deixis	17	13.6%
3-	Place Deixis	21	16.8%
4-	Discourse Deixis	20	16%
5-	Social Deixis	8	6.4%
	Total	125	100%

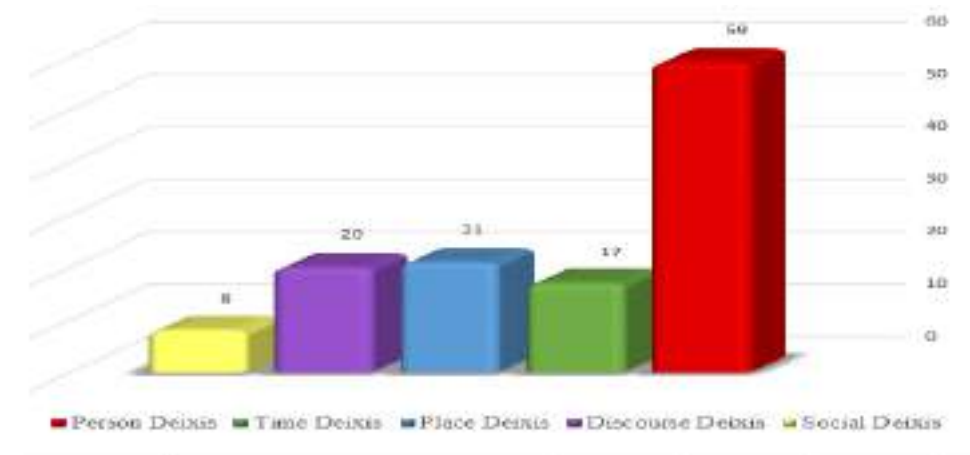


Figure (20) Types of Deixis in the Short Story No. (5)

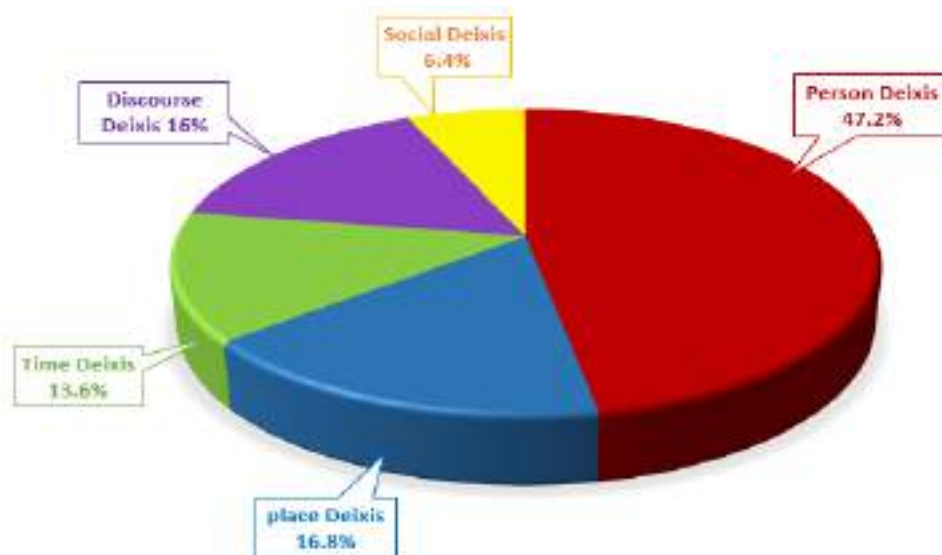


Figure (21) Deixis Types Percentages in Short Story No. (5)

### 3.13 Short Story No. 6 (Great News from the Mainland)

Hemingway also sets this short story in Cuba. It is about the father-son relationship after disappointment in previous short story No. (5) "I Guess Everything Reminds You of Something". Short story No. (6) "Great News from the Mainland" redeems the relation from total destruction (Hemingway, 1987: 602).

#### 3.13.1 Preview

Short story "Great News from the Mainland" is written by Ernest Hemingway communicates the messages of the pain and frustration between Mr. Wheeler, the father and Stevie, the son. This story presents to the reader one more instance of a fractured relationship, and yet the characters of this story strive to regain the relationship instead of throwing it away. The father receives a report on his son's progress at a mental

institution. His son is undergoing electric shock therapy among other treatments. The father, Mr. Wheeler, sits at his home in Cuba. He speaks briefly to his son on the telephone. His son and his son's doctor both feel that Stevie is making good development in his treatment and is beginning to return to reality.

### **3.14 Types of Deixis Used in the Short Story No. (6)**

The analysis of short story no. (6) profits five types of deixis. They are person, place, time, discourse, and social deixis. Person deixis acquires (30). They are *I, me, my, you, he, his, him, it, its, we, they, them, something, and we*.

Place deixis gets (12). They are *there, come, go, this, that, those, these, south, and here*.

Time deixis gains (8). They are *then, today, now, tomorrow, Tuesday, Thursday, present tense, and past tense*.

Discourse deixis gains (17). They are, *and, so, all, that, this, because, well, but, and of course*.

Social deixis gains (1) as *sir*. So, the total number of deixis is (68).

#### **3.14.1 Person Deixis**

The investigation arrives at (30) person deixis in short story no. (6). So person deixis is the most dominant type. It consists of (9) first person deixis, (7) second person deixis, and (14) third person deixis as in table (11). The person deixis in this story gets (44.12%) and the most dominant

deixis has (46.67%) as third person, (30%) as first person, and (23.33%) as second person. See figure (22) and (23).

Table: (11) Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (6)

	Types of Person Deixis	Number	Percentage
1-	Third Person Deixis	14	46.67%
2-	First Person Deixis	9	30%
3-	Second Person Deixis	7	23.33%
	Total	30	100%

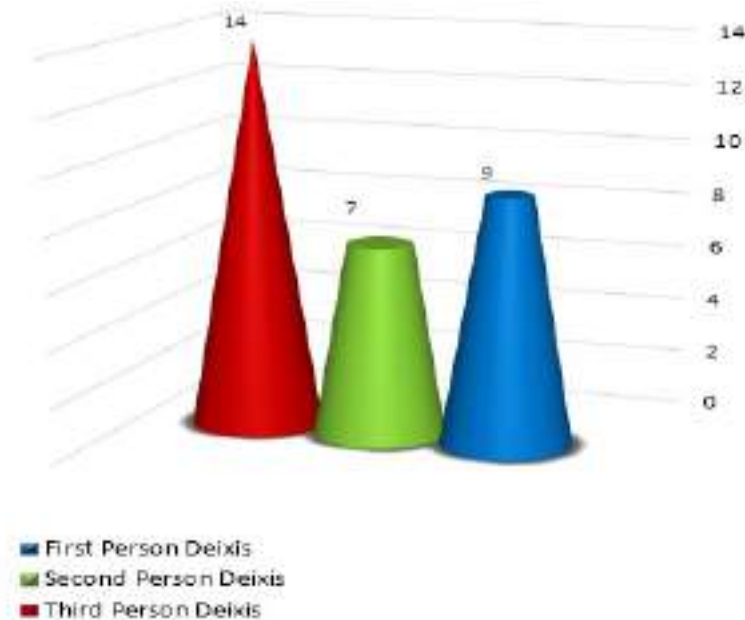


Figure (22) Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (6)



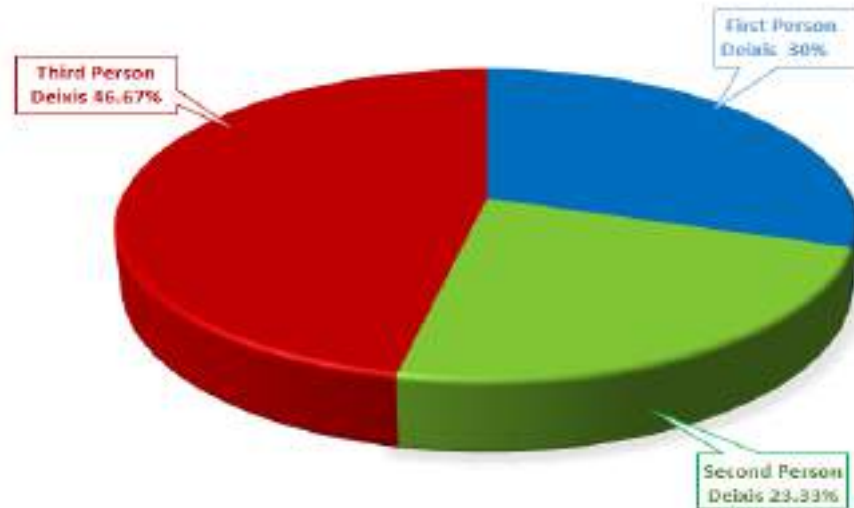


Figure (23) Person Deixis Types Percentages in Short Story No. (6)

### 3.14.2 Place Deixis

The study yields that place deixis in short story no. (6) are (12) deixis as in table (12). It gets (17.65%). See figure (24) and (25).

### 3.14.3 Time Deixis

Time deixis in short story no. (6) are (8) deixis. It gets (11.76%) as in figure (24) and (25).

### 3.14.4 Discourse Deixis

In short story no. (6) are (17) discourse deixis. It gets (25%) as in figure (24) and (25).

### 3.14.5 Social Deixis

The analysis produces that social deixis in short story no. (6) gets (1). It gains (1.47%) as in figure (24) and (25).

Table: (12) Types of Deixis in Short Story No. (6)

	Types of Deixis	Number	Percentage
1-	Person Deixis	30	44.12%
2-	Discourse Deixis	17	25%
3-	Place Deixis	12	17.65%
4-	Time Deixis	8	11.76%
5-	Social Deixis	1	1.47%
	Total	68	100%

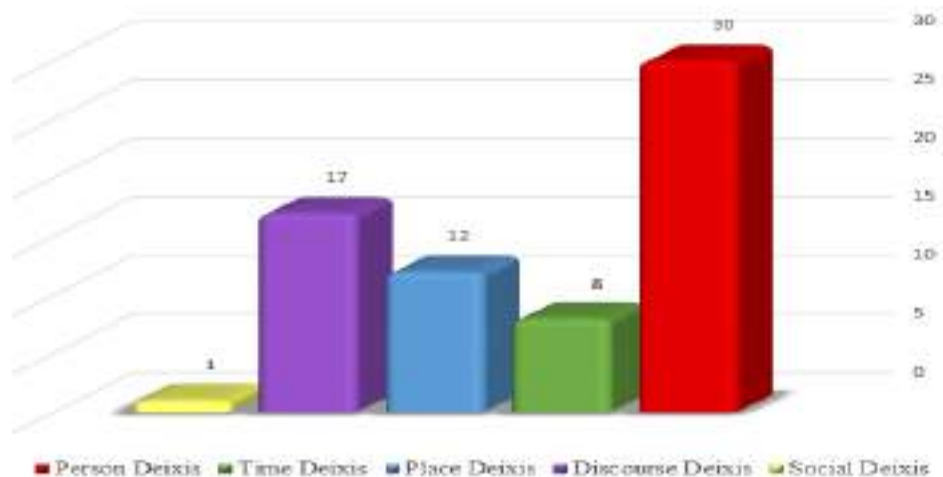


Figure (24) Types of Deixis in Short Story No. (6)

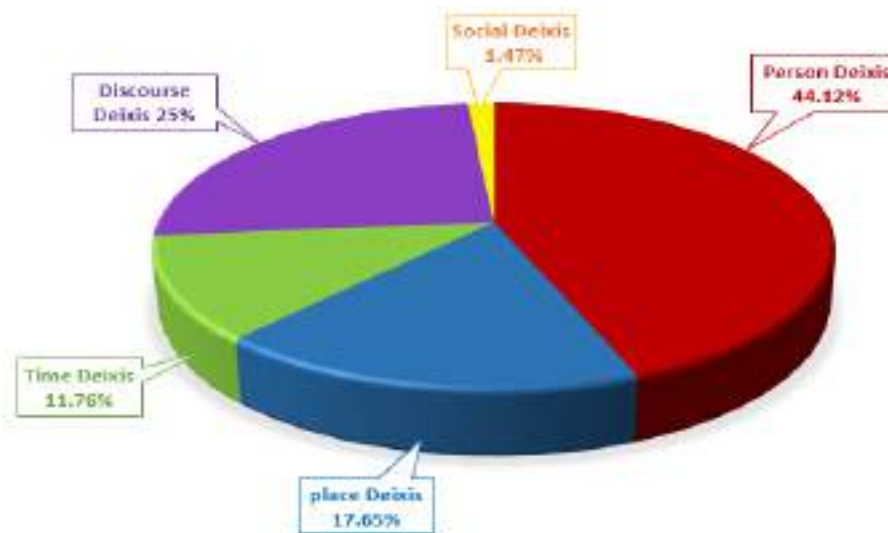


Figure (25) Deixis Types Percentages in Short Story No. (6)

### 3.15 Short Story No. 7 (The Strange Country)

The short story no. (7) "The Strange Country" is an uncompleted novel set by Hemingway. The unfinished novel is a late piece of Hemingway's work that has been portrayed the beginning of Hemingway's relationship with Martha Gellhorn as the cracks started to surface. A doomed relationship is a fascinating sketch in this novel (Hemingway, 1987: 605).

#### 3.15.1 Preview

The unfinished novel "The Strange Country" is written by Ernest Hemingway. It is thinly indirect autobiography. It is described in "A Strange Country," four chapters from an early draft for "Islands in the Stream," written in 1946-47 and 1950-51. This story describes the couple's relationship (old writer, Roger and young wife, Helena). Robert and Helena

are new couple traveling across the country from Miami to California. They use fake last names as they travel. The husband is much older than the wife, so that he calls her daughter. They break in Miami only as long as it takes to buy a car and get a wire transfer of money.

They start their journey. As they drive, Robert remembers the many trips he has taken before with his prior wives and with his children. At the first stop, they rent a cabin where they complete their relationship for the first time. While there, Robert reads newspaper news about the beginnings of war in Spain. He feels that he has to go to Spain and helps in the war effort, but he wants to take a break and stays with Helena. At the end of the day, Helena convinces him to talk about the worst times through his past trips. So he shares her the unpleasant experience of a day when his first wife Hadley missing the suitcase with all his stories and all the carbons inside the train unattended for a moment at the Gar de Lyon, where the suitcase was stolen. It was the work of three years, and none of it can be recreated or rewritten, therefore, he has learnt during his newspaper days to "wipe his memory clean" each day, like a blackboard with a sponge. After that, he tries to be more hopeful to start from the beginning. Finally, it comes to him that he had to do something to replace what was lost. Thus he can start over again.

### **3.16 Types of Deixis Used in the Short Story No (7)**

In short story no. (7) the analysis uncovers five types of deixis. They are person, place, time, discourse, and social deixis. Person deixis gets (368). They are *I, me, my, myself, us, our, ours, you, your, yours, he, his, him, she, her, herself, it, its, we, they, them, someone, something, their, theirs, and they.*

Place deixis gains (197). They are *there, here, come, go, that, this, those, these, in the back, somewhere, west, inside, right, left, crossed, ahead, toward, under, above, behind, alongside of, north, east, around, straight, underwater, through, over, against, outside, away, south, between, and forward.*

Time deixis gets (125). They are *then, today, night, now, this, those, these, at lunch, day after, time of a year, tonight, later, then, that year, five years, in winter, summer, tomorrow, old days, afternoon, northwest, sometimes, Thursday,, present tense, future tense, if clause, and past tense.*

Discourse deixis scores (212). They are *and, so, very, after all, so that, almost, those, these, that, this, because, well, but, awfully, of course, as well as, well, and anyway.*

Social deixis gets (61). They are *wife, daughter, Mr., Mrs., conscience, father, brother banker, darling, mummy, girl, cap, old woman, lady, mother, sir, madam, and Miss.* Thus, the total number of deixis is (963).

### **3.16.1 Person Deixis**

The person deixis that is found in short story no. (7) is (368) deixis. It is obvious that person deixis is the most dominant type and it gets (38.21%). Person deixis consists of (217) first person deixis, (60) in second person deixis, and (91) third person deixis as in table (13). First person deixis is the most dominant type and it gets (58.97%), third person deixis gets (24.73%), and second person deixis gets (16.3%). See figure (26) and (27).

Table: (13) Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (7)

	Types of Person Deixis	Number	Percentage
1-	First Person Deixis	217	58.97%
2-	Third Person Deixis	91	24.73%
3-	Second Person Deixis	60	16.3%
	Total	368	100%

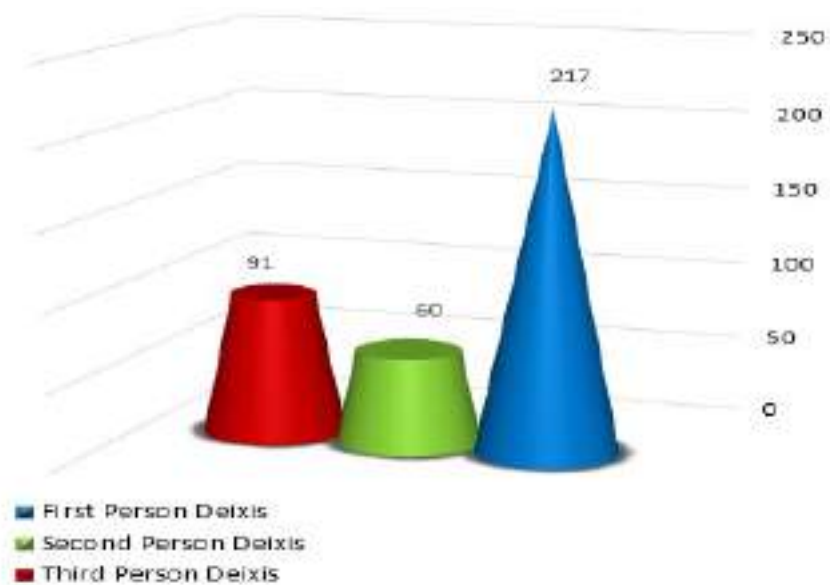


Figure (26) Types of Person Deixis in Short Story No. (7)

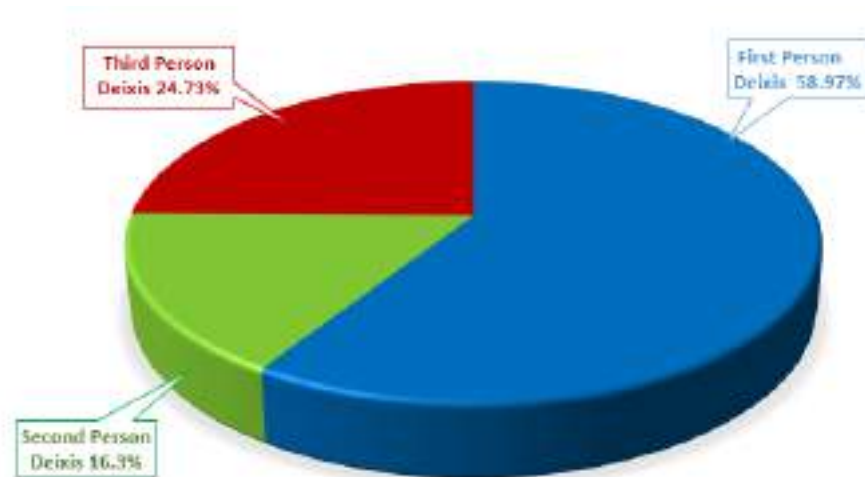


Figure (27) Percentages of Person Deixis types in Short Story No. (7)

### 3.16.2 Place Deixis

Place deixis in short story no. (7) is (197) deixis. That are implemented in "The Strange Country" as in table (13). Place deixis gets (20.46%). See figure (28) and (29).

### 3.16.3 Time Deixis

Time deixis in short story no. (7) is (125) deixis. It gets (12.98%) as in figure (28) and (29).

### 3.16.4 Discourse Deixis

In short story no. (7) the analysis yields (212) discourse deixis. It is realised in "The Strange Country". Discourse deixis gets (22.02%) as in figure (28) and (29).

### 3.16.5 Social Deixis

In short story no. (7) social deixis gets (61). It is implemented in "The Strange Country". Social deixis gains (6.33%) as in figure (28) and (29).

Table: (14) Types of Deixis in Short Story No. (7)

	Types of Deixis	Number	Percentage
1-	Person Deixis	368	38.21%
2-	Discourse Deixis	212	22.02%
3-	Place Deixis	197	20.46%
4-	Time Deixis	125	12.98%
5-	Social Deixis	61	6.33%
	Total	963	100%

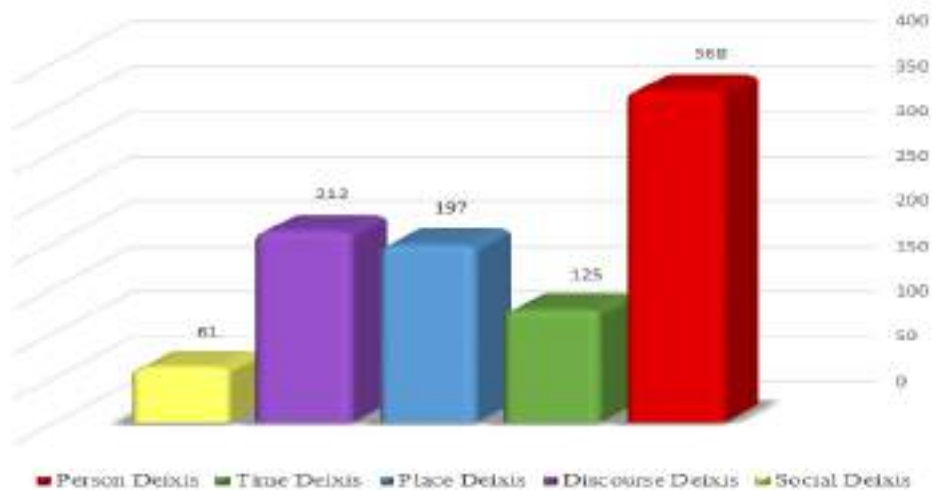


Figure (28) Types of Deixis in the Short Story No. (7)



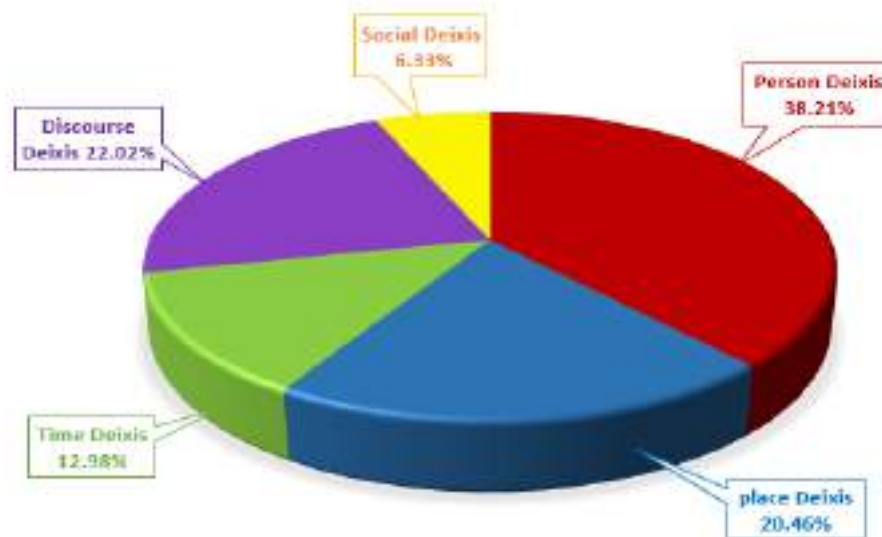


Figure (29) Deixis Types Percentages in Short Story No. (7)

In the seven short stories, the analysis produces that the number of all deixis comes (1922) as total hence, short story no. (1) gets (212) deixis with person and place as the most dominant deixis. The most dominant type in short story no. (2) is person deixis and discourse while in short story no. (3) person and place is the most dominant deixis hence, short story no. (2) gets (225) deixis and short story no. (3) gets (188) deixis. The most dominant type of deixis in short story no. (4) is person and place deixis so this short story gets (141).

Short story no. (5) gets (125) and the most dominant deixis is person and place while short story no. (6) gets (68), and short story no. (7) gets (963) where person and discourse deixis is the most dominant. See, figure (30), (31) and table (15).

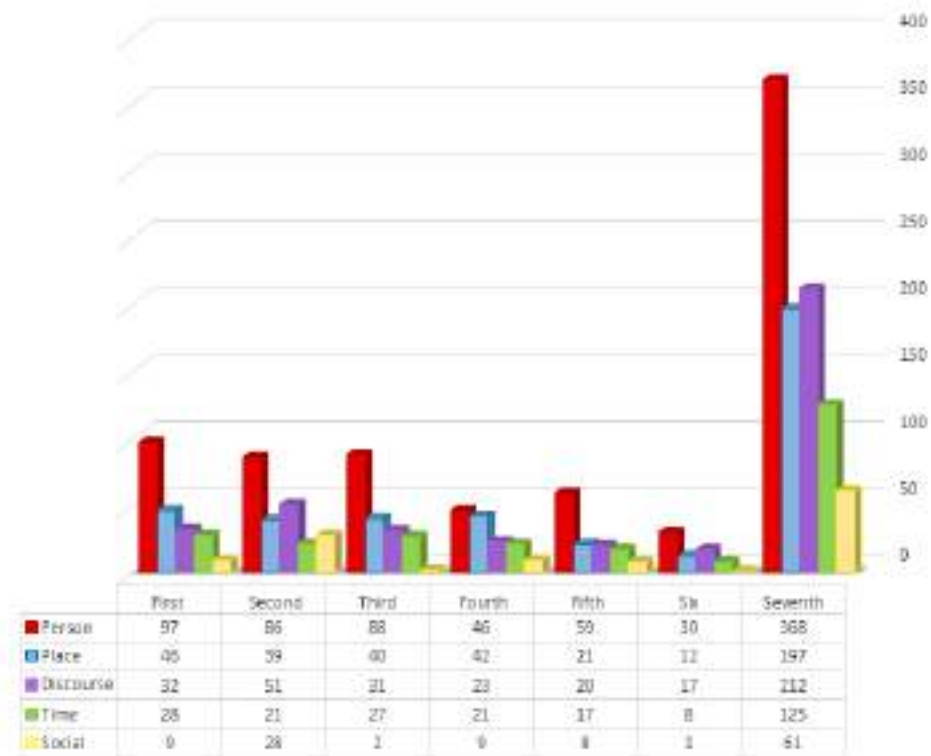


Figure (30) Frequency of Deixis Types in the Seven Short Stories

Table: (15) Total of Deixis Types in Each Short Story

No.	The Short Story	Number of Deixis
1-	A Train Trip	212
2-	The Porter	225
3-	Black Ass at the Cross Road	188
4-	Landscape with Figures	141
5-	I Guess Everything Reminds You of Something	125
6-	Great News From The Mainland	68
7-	The Strange Country	963
Total		1922

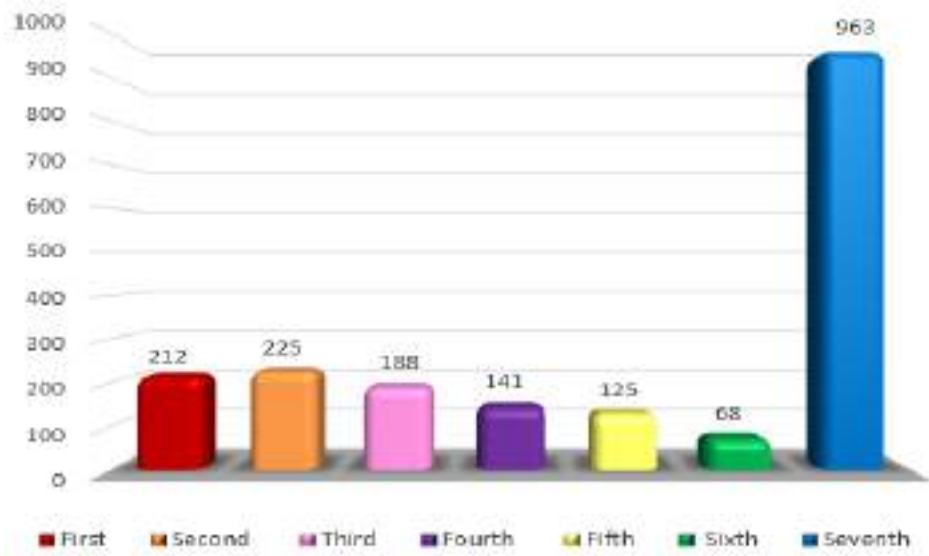


Figure (31) Total of Deixis Types in Each Short Stories

## Chapter Four

### Analysis and Interpretations

This chapter is dedicated to discuss and presents the interpretations of the study. The writer of the seventh short stories tends to use the fifth types of deixis (Person deixis, Place deixis, Time deixis, Discourse deixis, and Social deixis) that are different in numbers and Percentages. See table (16).

Table (16) Deixis Types Frequency and Percentage in Seven Short Stories

No	Deixis Types The Short Story	Person Deixis	Place Deixis	Discourse Deixis	Time Deixis	Social Deixis	Total
2	The Porter	86	39	51	21	28	225
3	Black Ass at the Cross Road	88	40	31	27	2	188
4	Landscape with Figures	46	42	23	21	9	141
5	I Guess Everything Reminds you of Something	59	21	20	17	8	125
6	Great News from the Mainland	30	12	17	8	1	68
7	The Strange Country	368	197	212	125	61	983
Total (1922)		774	397	386	247	118	1922
Percentage (100%)		40.27%	20.66%	20.08%	12.85%	6.14%	100%

## **4.1 Analysis and Interpretations of Person Deixis**

According to Levinson's model of deixis, it is found that there is a variety in frequency of using deixis in all short stories. The total number of all deixis types scores (1922) in the seven short stories (as stated in table (15) and figure (31)). This result conveys that there is a good frequency of using deixis in the seventh short stories. So it is interpreted that this is governed by the simple, vigorous, personal, short, and direct style of using stretches with unadorned prose in writing. Even though the plot is simple (public), yet highly complex and difficult.

It is difficult to understand the sentences easily without relaying them to context. So in order to manage this problem, Hemingway lets his characters in these short stories speak and from them the reader can discover the events gradually. The using of repeating phrases is another reason behind high level of some deixis categories like person, place, and discourse.

Person deixis is the most dominant type then place and discourse as in table (16). Person deixis gets (774) and (40.27%) as in figure (32) and (33). This variety of deixis usages and the observation of high numbers of this type relates to the ability to control context and the facility of converting participant roles in the speech event. It is interpreted that the writer concentrates on the role of participants in the speech event.

So the protagonist is the speaker himself shifting through time where the reader can get person deixis meaning directly through utterance context.

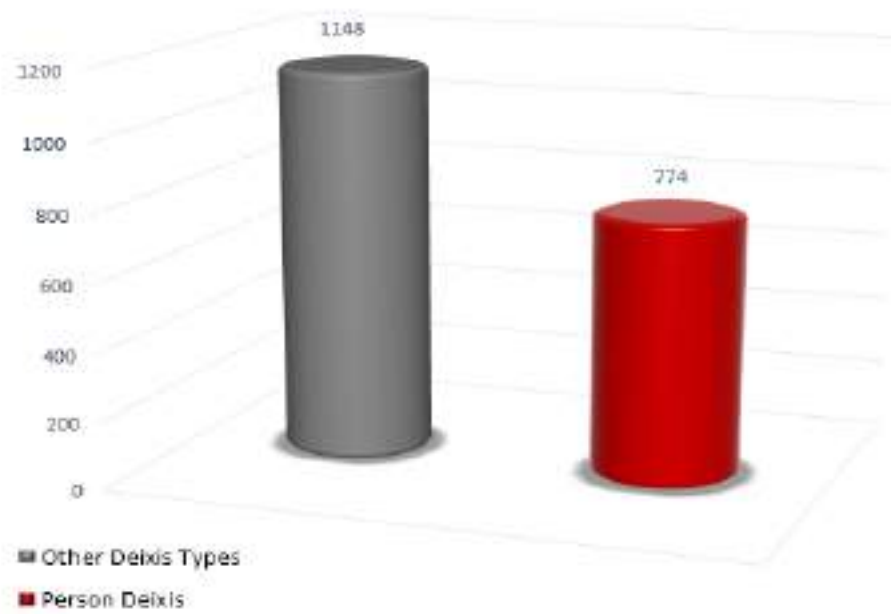


Figure (32) Frequency of Parson Deixis

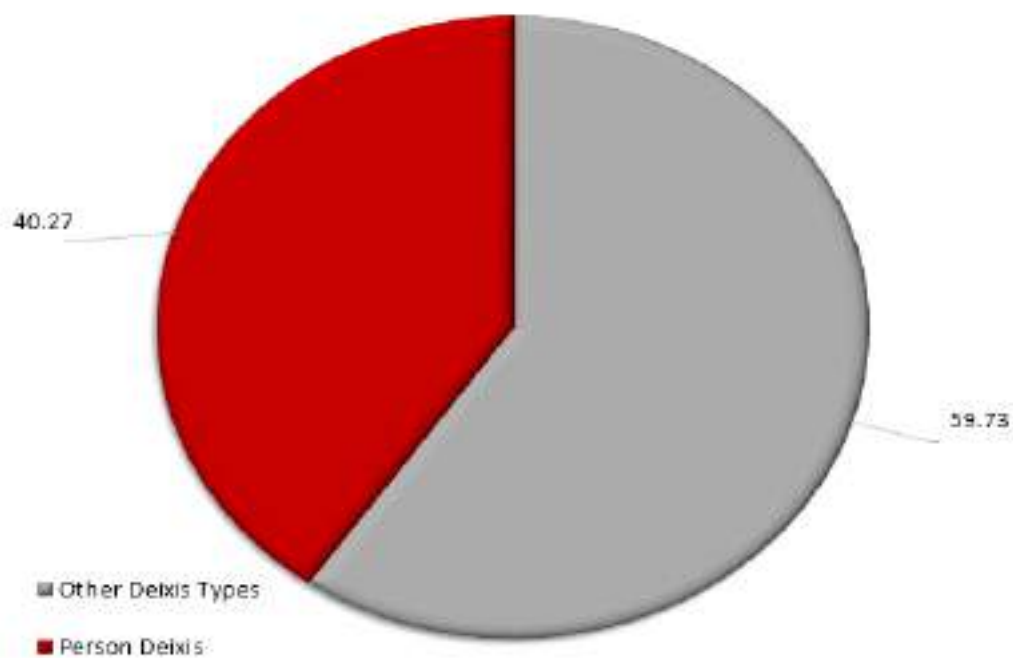


Figure (33) Percentage of Person Deixis

The frequency of person deixis identifies to locate in trace the participants' roles. The best manifestations of personal deixis are personal pronouns (first, second, and third personal pronouns). Person deixis is vocative when it works in commonplace but if vocatives works in converse way or at other coin side it will be social deixis (Levinson, 1983: 63).

Vocative takes two kinds (first) Calls/Summonses, which are conversational-initial and which represent independent speech acts in their own right. (Second) Addressees, which are parenthetical and can occur wherever other parentheticals can occur. For instance

- "Okay. *You* Take German rifle each and two Packs of ammo and go up the road two hundred yards on our right and killed any Germans that get by use". (story no. 3, page 145, line 42).

The narrator as the captain here refers to both rummy *camarades* by *you*.

- "Can *you* get it just like that?" (story no. 7, page 164, line 8).

Here Helena refers by you to Roger.

- "*You're* not so innocuous...". (story no. 7, page 165, line 34).

Here Helena talks with Roger. The deixis *you* is used by Helena to refer to Roger.

The high frequency of person deixis type also portrays the writer's identity in stories and it is a tool of simplicity to attract the readers' mind or attention to be with central character as leader role. Whereas the writer reflects himself and shows his personality through his writing like a face and mirror.

Ernest Hemingway in his entire stories tries to show his idea or to reflex his identity through his writing and this makes his words more effective in readers' souls. The hero of his stories has been the photocopy of his personality or lifestyle. According to Cutting (2002: 131) the point of view is the way that the writer shows the story.

Rasley (2008: 9) argues that showing the point of view is the way to make the character appear in the story and it is a kind of making the story come to life within the readers' heads. So the point of view is represented as a vehicle for the reader to travel through the story. From those definitions, it is obvious that the point of view is a technique used by the author in appearing the character of the story. As well as the writer has attempted to show himself through the point of view tool (person deixis).

Moreover, the point of view is not the only way for appearing the character, but in the stories, most of the points of views have showed the story about the character, action, set and many occurrences that make the story more literate because of repetition. Whereas the dominant type of person deixis is related to the existence of characters as the driving narrative, forming a storyline.

Person deixis that is found in the seven short stories consists of (444) in first person deixis, (143) in second person deixis, and (187) third person deixis. (See table (17)). The most dominant type is the first person deixis, which gets (57.36%) while third person deixis gains (24.16%) and second gets (18.48%). See figure (34) and (35).



Table (17) Types of Person Deixis Frequency and Percentage in Seven Short Stories

Person Deixis	First	Second	Third	Total
Frequency	444	143	187	774
Percentage	57.36%	18.48%	24.16%	100%

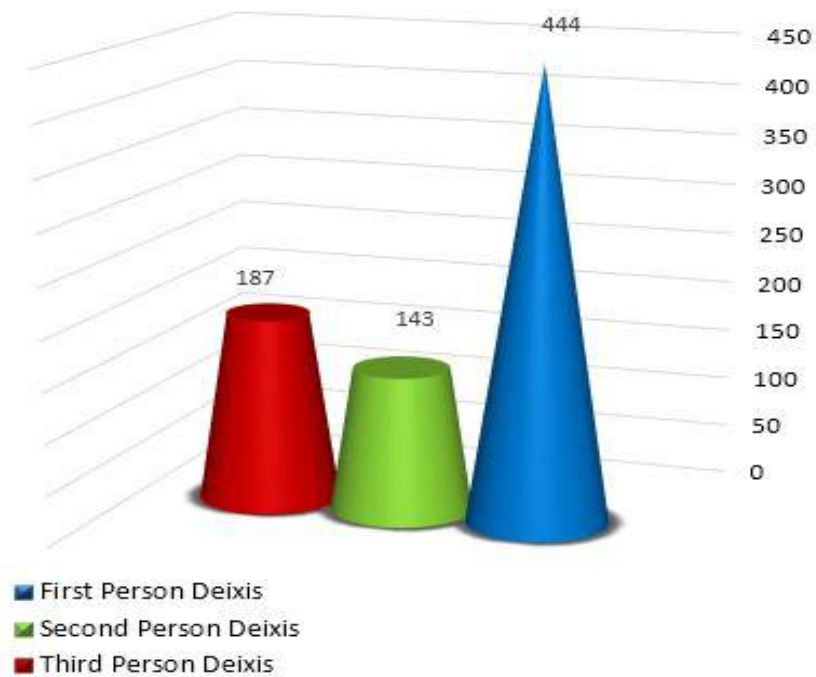


Figure (34) Types of Person Deixis in the Seven Short Stories

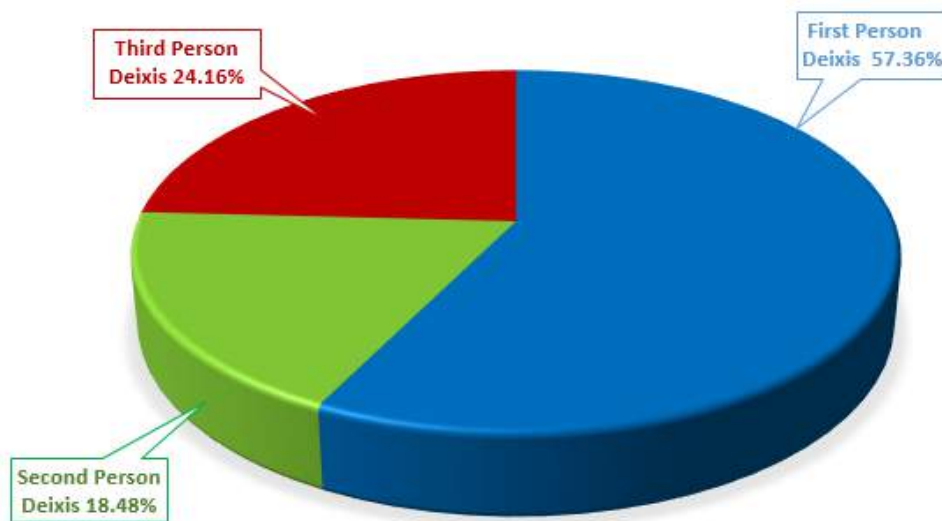


Figure (35) Person Deixis Percentage in the Seven Short Stories

It appears from analysis that first person deixis is the higher in percentage than second and third person deixis. This percentage relies to use first person pronoun *I* particularly and *me, we, our, ours*, and so on in general. The writer is also used to speak by himself as a main protagonist who witnesses of what is happened through past and present to future as first narrator in all stories.

The writer implements the third person deixis as a second prominent role in this strategy to establish a bond between the characters and the reader to make the story as much as in the real world. In those contexts, the writer allows the characters to have a direct conversation that is enjoyed by the readers in the situation.

It is noticed that the events in most of the short stories portray the protagonist as a mirror to Hemingway's real life or what he has witnessed during his voyages.

On the other hand, in the way the characters play their role, they also tell him/herself and sometimes tell others by combining both of first, second and third person deixis.

So first person deixis is implemented to link the events and the characters with the writer in which represents the first narrator and direct conversation as areal situation.

The second person deixis is applied to express a one to one relationship and the third person deixis indicates the shared knowledge between the characters and the readers. The uses of a high frequency of person deixis in the short story, in general, allows the characters to be closer and in a real spot to attract the reader's mind into the story atmosphere.

In addition, the speaking role is given centrality, the importance of the addressee role is reflected in a number of special grammatical phenomena, e.g. vocative case like (*you*) and special forms for titles as (*this man, the man* etc.), kin-terms and proper names are used in address as in social relations but in different use.

Hemingway uses these techniques of writing because of his work as a journalist and this gives him exactly how to write short sentences and how to communicate with people directly. He pictures the words as they are used in his society and this enjoys readers to be connected with the story atmosphere.

See the examples below:

- "*It* is the first drink *we've* had...". (Story no. 7, page 170, line 14).

This utterance has been said by Roger to his girlfriend Helena. The person deixis "*it*" refers to the drink and the word deixis "*we*" refers to the two couple Roger and Helena.

- "*They're* on the chair," my father said. "Put on *your* shoes and stockings too." He went out of the room. It was cold and complicated getting dressed; *I* had not worn shoes and stockings all summer and *it* was not pleasant putting them on. My father came back in the room and sat on the bed. "Do the shoes hurt?" "They pinch." "If the shoe pinches put it on." "I'm putting it on." "*We'll* get some other shoes," *he* said. (story no. 1, page 126, line 11).

The father here talks with his son Jimmy about the shoes. So *they* refers to clothes, *your* shoes refers to third person deixis in which it distant from the speaker. *I* refers to the narrator, *it* refers to thing which is not human. *We* refers to father and exclusive the son. *He* refers to the father by narrator.

- "Well why didn't *we* take the night train?" "Did *you* want to sleep with these?" "Sure. Why not?" "It's more comfortable this way." "The hell it's comfortable." (short story no.1, page 129, line 41 ).

The two men (detective and the sergeant) who sat on the aisle are chatted in the train.

- "Do *you* know how good *it* is?" "*I* didn't want *her* to send *it* to you, Papa." "What else have *you* written?" (short story no.5, page 158, line 1).

The father (Mr. Wheeler) argues with his son (Stevie) about son's fake in writing story. *You* refers to Stevie. *It* refers to the gull of son. Then he speaks with his father and refers to himself *I* and *her* refers to a teacher in prep school. The other *it* refers to the prize that the son has gotten. Then the father refers to his son by *you*.

- *He* sang softly, the nail keg juice no good to him now. *I* took another good drink of the juice as *we* lay and checked everything and looked up the road to *our* left. Then *it* came in sight. It was a Kraut halftrack and it was crowded to standing room only. (Short story no. 3, page 147, line 8).

Here the narrator talks about himself and his colleagues when they were lying in the grass after stealing drinks and money from dead Germans' bodies. *He* refers to narrator's friend Red. *I* refers to narrator. *We* and *our* refer to his friend. *It* refers to armed vehicle.

- "Wait for *us*. *We*'re coming". (short story no. 4, page 156, line 26).

Elizabeth said this to steel-hatted Authority. Here *us* and *we* are person deixis and they are exclusive.

- "*He* could not say anything to that" (short story no.7, page 189, line 20).

The narrator said this to readers. Here he refers to Roger.

- "Of course. In London. But *I* could cry". (short story no. 7, page 200, line 8).

Helena said this to Roger. Person deixis *I* refers to Helena.

## 4.2 Analysis and Interpretations of Place Deixis

The analysis reveals that there are (397) place deixis in the seven short stories and this type gets (20.66%) as in figure (36) and (37).

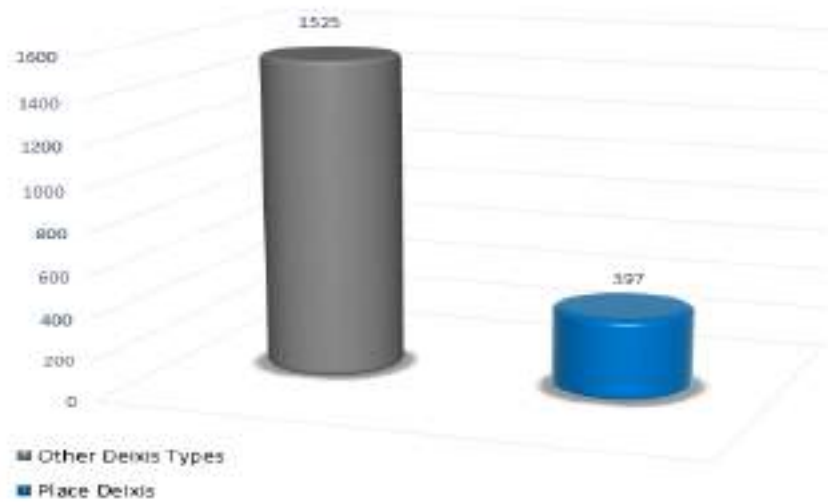


Figure (36) Frequency of Place Deixis

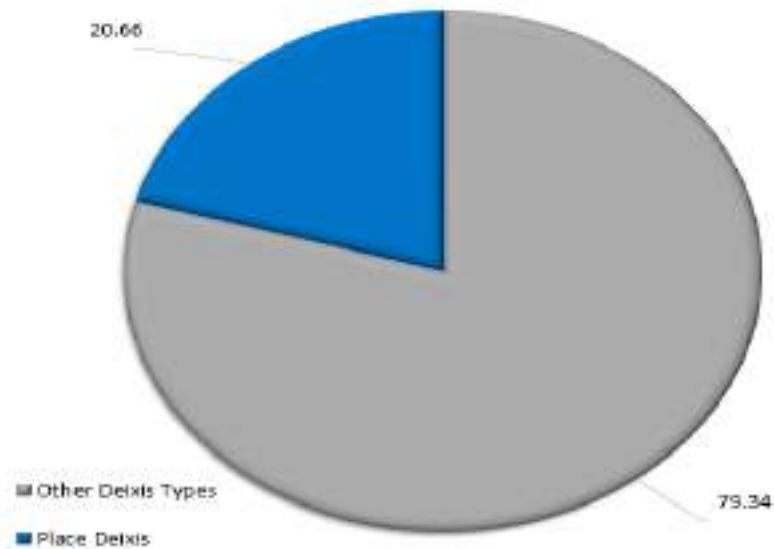


Figure (37) Percentage of Place Deixis

Place deixis is a word that refers to the speaker location of expression or it gives the shape of the location. According to Levinson model, there are two expressions in deictic of place, proximal and distal. Proximal expression means that the place is near the speaker or a very specific place such as *here* and *this*.

In distal expression means away from the speaker such as *there* and *that*. Some expressions occupy space or entities may serve to identify the spaces that they occupy like (*over, this house, that city, down there ....* etc.). For example:

- Sit *down there*.... (short story no. 1, page 134, line 20 ).

The utterance is said by Jimmy's father during their trip in the train after the murdering. There is a place deixis here "there". It refers to the location where the boy to be sit. The deixis *down there* is used by the father and he wants his son to go far from the situation so the speaker uses distal term "*there*".

- "*Come* on, you.... ." (short story no. 1, page 134, line 28).

This utterance is said by the detective in the train. The deictic expression *come* shows that the listener is far from the speaker. So he uses *come* as place deixis.

- "What do you see?" he said. .... "You certainly do look at it." .... "That your father *that* stayed up *here* reading?" .... "He certainly can drink liquor." .... "He certainly is a great drinker. That's it, a great drinker." (short story no. 2, page 138, line 22).

These utterances are uttered by the porter to Jimmy referring to father. The place deixis term is *that* and *here*.

- "I'm not scared." "I should say you're not," said George. "You're *here* with your greatest friend." (short story no. 2, page 140, line 25).

The porter (George) talks to Jimmy about rude treatment of people. *here* refers to a proximal place which is train.

- "We have to work *here*. From where you're sitting your glasses make a blink that everybody on *that* hill can see. (short story no. 4, page 135, line 23).

The narrator here utters this quote to the German man (the Authority). *Here* refers to a proximate while *that* refers to a distant referent.

- "Can you get it just like *that*?" (short story no. 7, page 164, line 8).

Here Helena asks Roger pointing to a car is classified in paper. The place deixis is that.

- "Look," he said. "*There* are the birds. The first of them." (short story no.7, page 169, line 31).

Here Roger is pointed with deictic *there* to show Helena the birds on trees. There refers to distal place deixis. So in order to understand the image of utterance it requires to involve the context in which the word is used.

The concentration on the role of place deixis provides insight into the protagonist's or the speaker's thoughts, feelings, motivations, worries, perceptions and his attitude concerning his world. So the writer tries to use interesting events by adding a point of view.

It is obvious that the appearing of place deixis reflects the emotional or knowledge states of characters' environment that surrounding them. For



instance in seven short stories the analysis reveals a high frequency of using place deixis as a second level as stated in table (16), figure (30), (36), and (37). Hence, the events that happen in that situation signify the most important thing to narrator.

Hemingway yields a technique that the narrator or the characters start to describe the place because he wants the reader to be ready for what is going on in these stories.

Briefly, place deixis in these stories is implemented to show the specific relation of the relative place to the location of a participant in the speech events in order to give the reader a comprehensive knowledge.

The analysis clarifies that Hemingway uses different types of special deixis. For instance the distal and proximal locative adverbs (here, there) and demonstrative (this, that, these, those, the) when they relative to place with adverbs of place (over, under, come, go), and (past, present, future) tense or situations of persons and places. For example "Give me *the* book" where *the* requires for facility use as a picture or special meaning in the speaker's mind. So the hearer is able to individuate where the referent's place in question from other books within the context (Birner and Ward, 1998: 122).

All these examples represent the gestures that accompany spatial deictic expressions as well as the expressions that define time and mental spaces by using place deixis.

Body language is a characteristic of human behavior that is of paramount importance to fully understand the intricacies of language and thus of communication.

The significance of this aspect is passed over by pragmatic theories. An in-depth research with interdisciplinary tools from pragmatics, cultural studies, kinesics, and neuroscience is to be led to further explore how body language punctuates and adds an essentially inseparable layer of meaning to the human language. For instance using of deictic *go* and *went* reflects that there is not close relationship with specific characters or places.

### 4.3 Analysis and Interpretations of Time Deixis

It is obvious that time deixis in the seven short stories gets (247) and this type gets (12.85%). See figure (38) and (39).

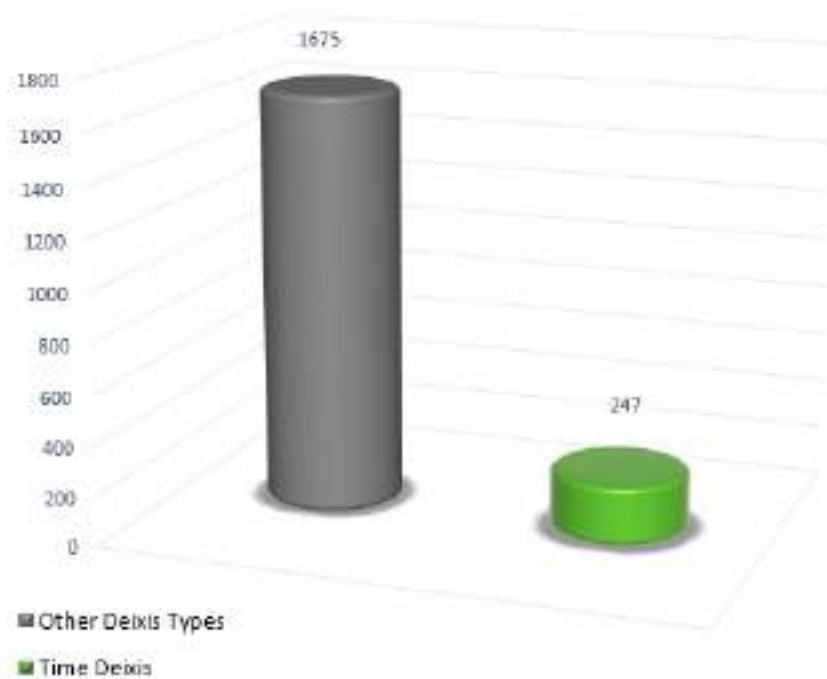


Figure (38) Frequency of Time Deixis

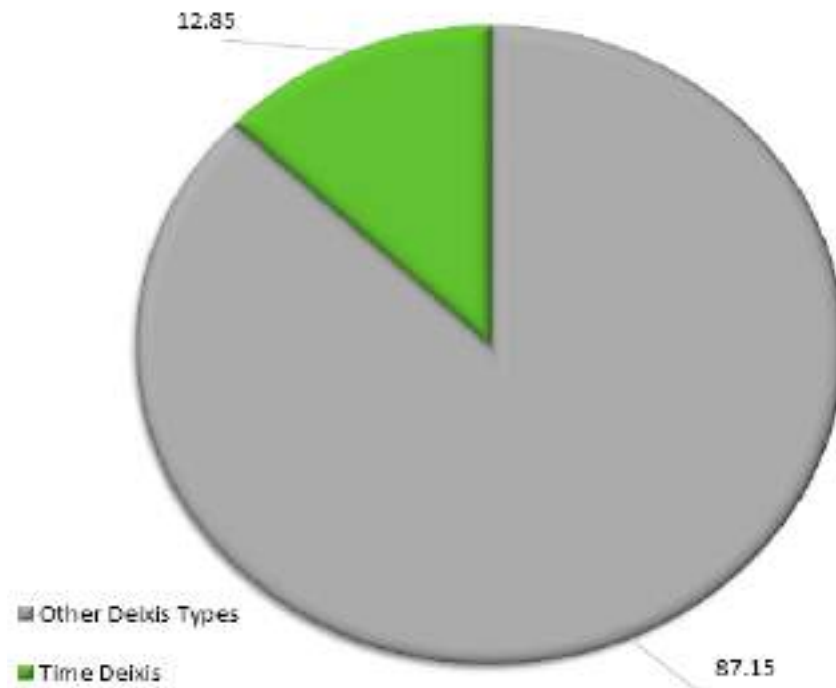


Figure (39) Percentage of Time Deixis

Time deixis is a word that refers to the time of the speaker's utterances. The forms of temporal deixis can be realised by adverbs like *now*, *then*, *yesterday*, *tomorrow*, *today*, *tonight*, *recently*, and so on, complex time adverbials like *last Monday*, *next month*, *next year*, *this afternoon*, *these days*, etc., and the category of tense. The utterance "*then the sleep was gone*" is one of the examples of time deixis. However, the analysis presents one example of the data among the variants occurs. Here is some examples:

- It was all new *now*... (short story no. 1, page 129, line 10).

In this utterance, the narrator talks to the reader in Jimmy's character describing the situation as a new condition in past time. There was a time deixis *now*.

- In *those* days it was very dangerous and always cold and we were always hungry and we joked a great deal. (short story no. 4, page 152, line 18).

The narrator utters this. The deixis word *those* is distant of the referents.

- "Go ahead and shoot it," I said to Claude. He shot it and there was no front compartment and *then* they went in after what would be left of the money and the paybooks. I had a drink and waved to the vehicles. The men on the fifties were shaking their hands over their heads like fighters. Then I sat with my back against the treeto think and to look down the road." (short story no. 3, page 148, 14).

This utterance is said by the narrator who describes a scene from robing trap during battle.

- "We aren't going to fight any more *today*." "We'll fight *tomorrow*." "Maybe we won't have to." (short story no. 3, Page 151, line 28)

This utterance is said by Claude who was very sad after a mistake murder. He is one of the members who make a trap to kill German krauts. *Today* and *tomorrow* are time deixis in which they show the specific period of time during utterance.

- "*Today* we work pretty good .... ." (short story no.4 , page 155, line 21)

This utterance is said by Johnny. *Today* was the time deixis that refers to the activity that done in this day.

- "Do that *then*. I don't want to interfere or influence you. Those *were* just exercises. I'd have been glad to do them with you. They're like

five-finger exercises. Those *weren't* especially good. We can make better ones." (short story no. 5, page 159, line 3).

This is uttered by Stevie's father. The deictic time that is used *then* to refer to previous idea. *Present* and *past tense* or shifting between them shows the previous time of speech events.

So in using time deixis the information will change the shape of the time in which is said according to context shape. Although information is not used explicitly, the form of words are used to show the events that took place so that the design of the sentence is to be understood.

The analysis uncovers that the second dominant type of deixis is time deixis because of the short sentences that is used by the writer to make the stories more understandable and easy to be read.

Time deixis is revealed differently in each story and it seems to be different in percentage deixis types and frequency. The tense (present, past, future, and even if clause) is shifted in the most short stories' context. Hence, it is implemented to show a specific time when events take place and for the time when they are written or to convey the writer's thoughts that are passed over time within context.

#### **4.4 Analysis and Interpretations of Discourse Deixis**

It is found that discourse deixis gains (386) in the seven short stories and this type gets (20.08%) as in figure (40) and (41).

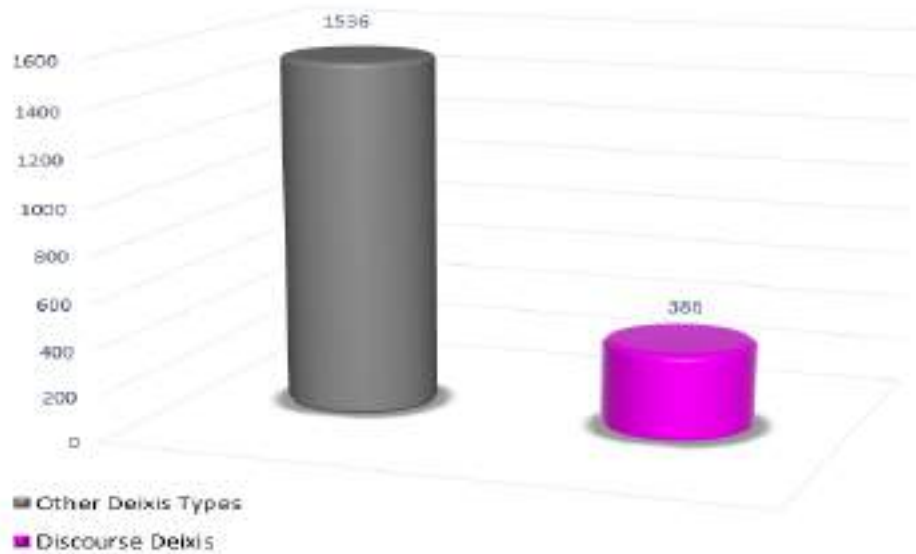


Figure (40) Frequency of Discourse Deixis

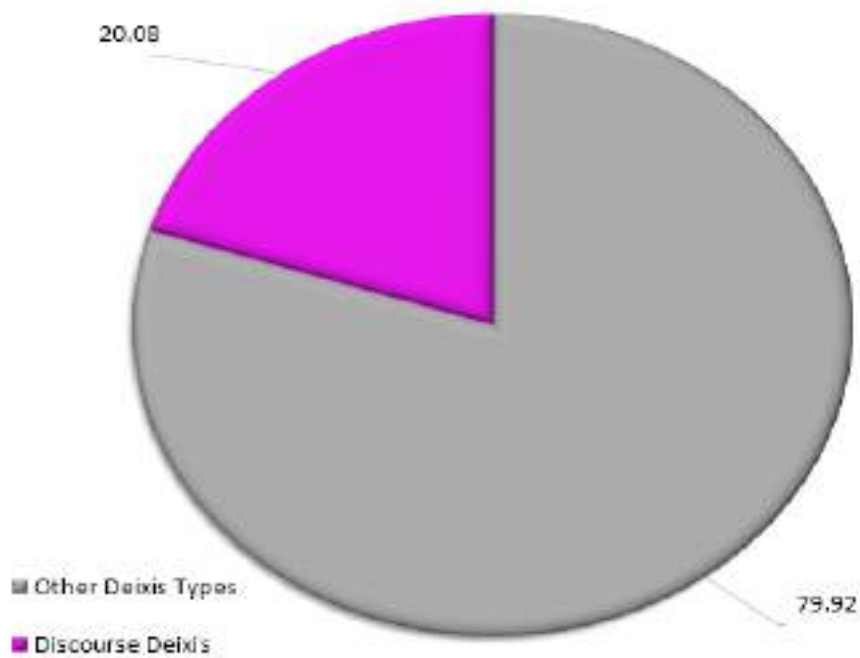


Figure (41) Percentage of Discourse Deixis

Discourse deixis is a reference that is encoded to portions of the unfolding discourse in which the utterance is located. Discourse deixis is used to refer to certain discourse that contains the utterance as a signal or image to surrounding text. It includes certain words and phrases which are initial usages (Levinson, 1983: 62).

The forms of discourse deixis like *but, therefore, still, well, so, all in all, next, oh, of course, and, this, that*, and so on. Discourse deixis is implemented to generate and interpret the discourse as a whole and to indicate the utterances in which they are not immediately preceding but to one or more steps back.

For example, the word *that* in an utterance "*that* was good" is one example of discourse deixis point to past discourse elements. These are several extracts of data that illustrates the discourse deixis.

- "*Well* why didn't we take the night train?" "Did you want to sleep with these?" "Sure. Why not?" (short story no.1, 129, line 41).

Here the detective talks to sergeant. *Well* refers to shift from preceding talk to start a new chat.

- "*Well*, Jimmy, what do you make of *that*?" "I don't know." "Neither do I," said my father." (short story no.1, page 131, line 28).

In this utterance, the father talks with his son about the previous action. *Well* and *that* are discourse deixis. Hence, *well* refers to what is coming after and *that* refers to things that were happened before.

- "*And* what would I do to Jack Johnson with a razor. It is none of it makes any difference, Jimmy." (short story no. 2, page 141, 29).

This utterance is uttered by the porter to Jimmy. *And* refers to the preceding utterance.

- "*Well*, I got twenty-four berths to make up. Maybe that's...." (Short story no. 2, page 142, line 9).

This utterance is said by George to Jimmy. The discourse word is *well*. Its meaning depends on the recovery of a piece of previous discourse to be understood.

- "*That* may have been because it was just after a rain ...." (short story no. 2, page 142, line 32).

Jimmy (as a narrator) expresses a description of a day in train. There is a discourse deixis *that*. It refers to past discourse element.

- "*Of course* he has a morbid fear of electric shock that's completely unjustified and that's why I use the sodium pentothal but there was no question of administering it today. (short story no. 6, page 162, line 18).

The doctor in the preceding utterance talks on phone to tell Stevie's father about Stevie's recovery. Discourse deixis *of course* refers to the preceding idea.

- "*That's* nice of him. How is he?" "Fine," I said. "He says everything is fine." (short story no. 6, page 163, line 39).

This utterance is between the servant and Stevie's father. *That* refers to previous action.



- "*But* we can be jolly... ." (short story no. 7, page 166, line 14).

This utterance is said by Helena to Roger when they were driving west. There is a discourse deixis *but* which is signified to previous idea through utterances.

- "*This* is not friendly". (short story no. 7, page 188, line 44).

This is said by Roger to Helena. *This* refers to a thing mentions before.

- "*Of course* when we hunt it's too cold for butterflies". (short story no. 3, page 146, line 20).

Red is said this to Claude and his friends. *Of Course* is discourse deixis refers to previous idea.

So it is interpreted that the use of discourse deixis in the seven stories serves to facilitate the interpretation or understanding of the discourse. Discourse deixis is implemented differently in frequency of each story and it functions as a third major category.

This type of deixis is used a lot in short stories and this is justified the fact that there are various conversations and dialogues which are spoken by the characters, and the high use of narrative descriptions of events by the writer.

## **4.5 Analysis and Interpretations of Social Deixis**

The analysis reveals that there are (118) social deixis in the seven short stories and this type scores (6.14%). See figure (42) and (43).

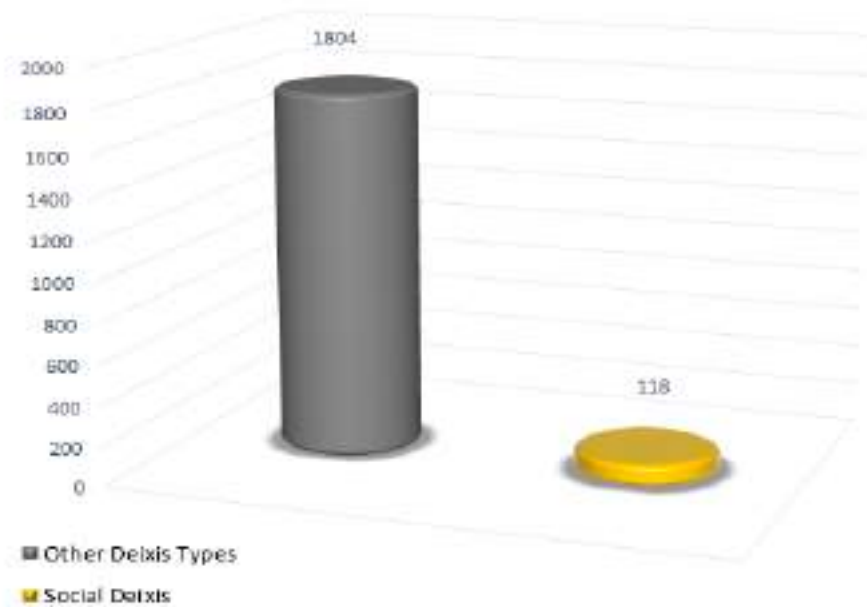


Figure (42) Frequency of Social Deixis

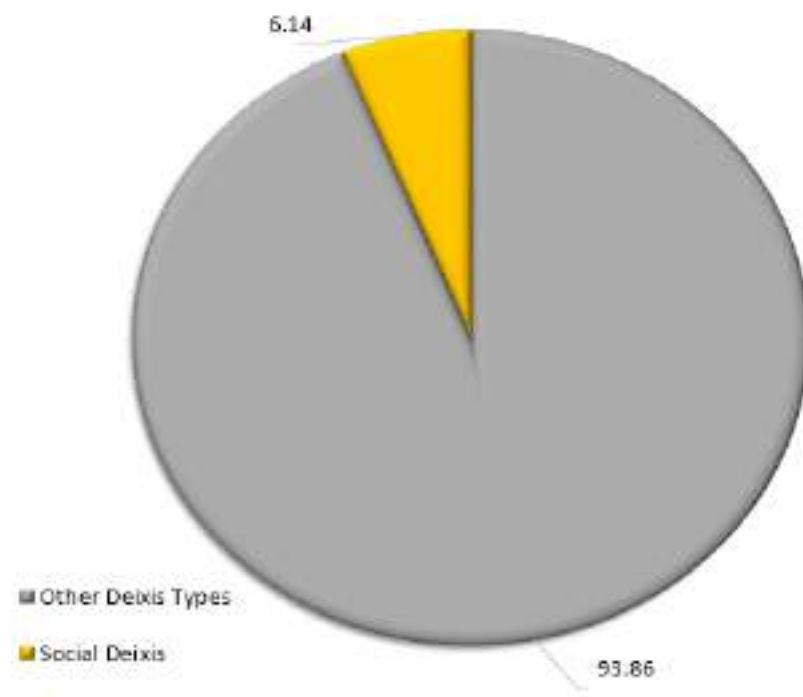


Figure (43) Percentage of Social Deixis

Social deixis is a kind of showing or expressing social differences that exist between the roles of participants especially the aspect of social roles between speaker and referral/other topics.

The forms of social deixis are *best friend, father, daughter, Mrs.*, and so on. Social deixis is implemented to generate and interpret the text of stories as a whole. For example the word "*daughter*" in an utterance "Please don't worry, *daughter*" is one example of social deixis. Those are several examples that illustrate the social deixis.

- "Come on, *you* bastard," .... (short story no. 1, page 134, line 30)

The detective here command the little prisoner by using deictic *you*. This word reflects informal and impolite social deixis.

- "My *father* sat and did not say anything.... ." (short story no. 1, page 136, line 9).

This phrase is said by Jimmy (the narrator). The social deixis is "father". This word represents the relationship between the two persons as father and son.

- "We're specialists," Claude said. "Do what the *captain* says." (short story no. 3, page 145, line 44).

This utterance is said by Claude to the other two fighters. The social deixis reference is *captain* that is referred to the narrator who was one of the guards on a crossroad.

- "I didn't want her to send it to you, *Papa*... ." (short story no. 5, page 158, line 3).

Here Stevie is claimed his father. The social deixis is "*Papa*" which represents the confidence relationship between the son and father.

- *Mummy* was a great comfort.... (short story no. 7, page 169, line 16).

This utterance is said by Helena to Roger. The social deixis is *Mummy* which represents the relationship between Helena and her mother but in fact Helena has a trouble with this relation.

- "Thanks very much for the quarter," the waitress said. "And for writing in my book. I guess I'll be reading about you in the papers. Good luck, *Miss Hancock*." "Good luck," Helena said. "I hope you have a good summer." (short story no. 7, page 183, line 23).

This utterance is said by the waitress and Helena. The waitress calls Helena as *Miss Hancock*. *Miss Hancock* refers to honorific social deixis where it represents a formal situation.

- "It's our good *friend*.... (short story no. 7, page 170, line 14).

This is spoken by Roger to Helena. They talk about their first drink and they call it *friend* as a social deixis to show the close relationship between Roger, his girl, and the drink.

So social deixis category is implemented to mark an opponent said social status. Whereas social deixis is used differently in each story and they vary in percentages too according to characters and their attitudes. It is interpreted that social deixis gets the least deictic expressions. This limit use clarifies that the theme of the short stories is to discuss the life of ordinary people and how they reflect each other.

The study clarifies that the frequency of total deixis in all short stories gets (1922) see figure (44) and (45).

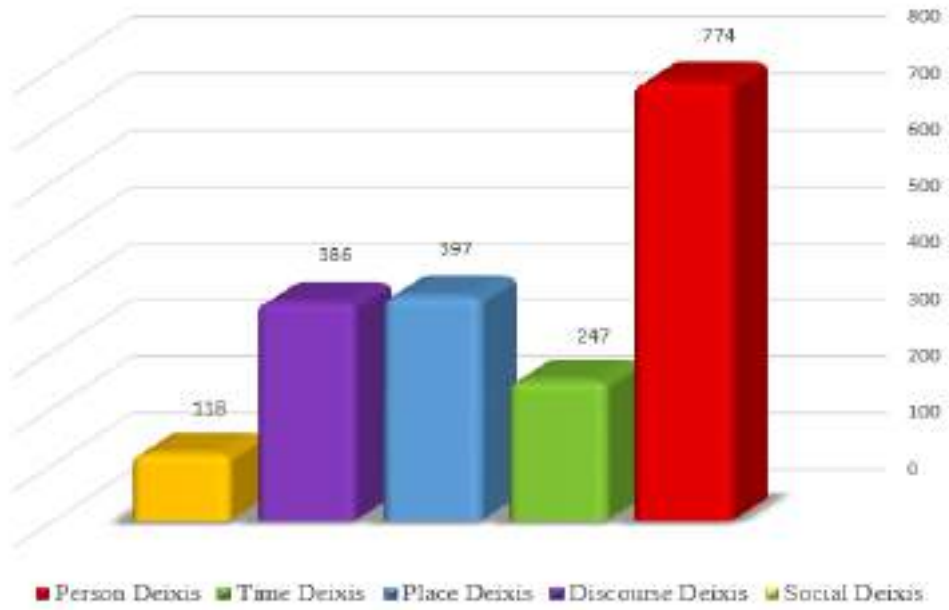


Figure (44) Frequency of Deixis Types in Seven Short Stories

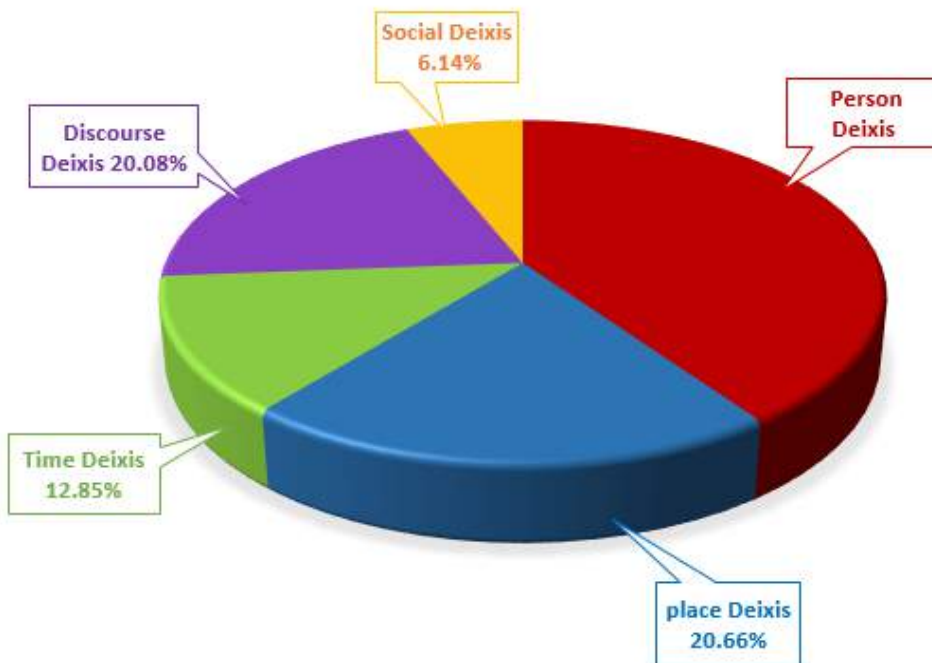


Figure (45) Percentage of Deixis Types in Seven Short Stories

Through analysis, and with comparing to other critics opinions and results of other studies (Setiosari, 2016: xiii-23), it is evident that Hemingway's writing style is different from other American writers at his period like William Faulkner and Shirley Jackson (Young, 2000: 89). For instance, Hemingway has not connected his sentences because he wants his reader to connect. So he uses deixis more to tide his reader with text. This is clear because of Hemingway's work as a journalist teaches him to report facts crisply and succinctly. Hence, the parodies of Hemingway's writing style are perhaps the more fun to read because of Hemingway's absolute simplicity and because he so often uses the same style and the same theme in much of his seven short stories. Deixis in general and person deixis in special is used in a way to attract the reader's attention to certain portions and expressions in the whole stories.

So after analysing these stories, it is signaled that there is a common ground shared by the speaker and the address. Hence, deixis directly concerns the relationship between the structure of languages and contexts in which they are used.

Thus deixis expression takes its meaning from the situation. Furthermore, deictic words arise in utterance meaning where there are words of which referents are determined by the specific context in which a speaker converses with hearer about a certain topic of conversation.

## Chapter Five

### Conclusions, Pedagogical Recommendations and Suggestions for Further Studies

This chapter discusses the conclusions after analysing and interpreting the obtained data in the previous chapter. The conclusions are based on the developed study statement, whereas the suggestion proposed to convey information to the next researchers who will interest in doing related research.

#### 5.1 Conclusions

Deixis is one of the most significant notion in general linguistics and it is a vital link between the real life environment around people (time frame, physical location, people involved etc.) and what people actually say (the utterance, linguistic terms). This notion is a powerful way of positioning the speaker subtly, amongst the people that they want to communicate with, in a technique that shows the reader can see things from their perspective. Hence, the main feature of deixis is to point at the variables while its meaning is anchored in the context.

Deixis is labeled variably as deictics (or non-deictic in face-to-face interaction) and indexicals where deictic constitute an aspect of pragmatics. The meaning of the deictic words change with respect to the position of the speaker and the receiver but the position of the speaker is more important, for example, *come here*, *go there*. In these stretches, deictic words *here* and *there* indicate the position of the speaker.

According to analysis of deixis, it is clear that Ernest Hemingway implements deixis differently and somehow trickily in his seven stories text. He always tries to open his short stories by letting the characters act and speak so that the reader can interpret the text through the characters' dialogues. He uses deixis especially person, place, and discourse more. He also performs deixis in the imagination, where someone imagines himself somewhere by a series of transpositions, especially in the opening line. Therefore, this is made the reader attracted to the context and reads the story more than one time for pleasure. In addition, the technique that is used by Hemingway is different from other American writers in his time like William Falkner and Shirley Jackson. That is to say, that deixis has tied the text contextually and conveyed the characters' psychological and ideological points of view.

Derived from the data analysis, it is inferred that there are five types of deixis found in the seven short stories by Ernest Hemingway (person, place, discourse, time, and social deixis). These types reflect the use of deixis which is built by the characters.

1. The tense that is used in the short stories past and shifts to present in some utterances is intended to show the time when a specific story is written.
2. It is found that deixis gains (1922) and the dominant category of deixis is the person, place, and discourse deixis. The high amount of these categories depends on the major features of the text in each story. So this is associated with the existence of the characters as the driving narrative, creating a storyline. Characters are developed dispositive given form and content by the writer. The main character



as a recurring character in the telling of the story often uses first person and second person deixis.

3. Personal deictic expressions are used a lot in the short stories. These expressions can be reflected by using first person pronouns. This justifies that the short stories is narrated in first person narrator in most of the events. Hence, the total numbers of person deixis (774) it gains (40.27%), first person deixis (444) gets (57.36%), third person deixis (187) gets (24.16%), and second person deixis (143) gets (18.48%).
4. Third person deixis gets the least percentage and most of its expressions are not used deictically in the short stories but anaphorically and for generic reference.
5. It appears that the writer implements singular pronouns than plural in most of his short stories since he usually talks in singular form when he describes the actions and people in the town.
6. Time deixis gains (247) and gets (12.85%) while place deixis gets (397) and gains (20.66%).
7. Discourse deixis scores (386) and gets (20.08%), so it is obvious that it is also works as a major category. The percentage of this type of deixis can be justified by the fact that there are various conversations and dialogues which are uttered by the writer more than by characters as discourse deixis is involved.
8. Concerning the use of time deictic expressions, it seems to be lower than discourse, place, and person deictic expressions. This depends on the writer attention to cinemas the stories to be more vivid and near to readers environments, therefore it is noticed that there are

more punctuations marks like commas, semi colons, quotation marks and so on.

9. It is also found that, discourse deixis, time deixis, and social deixis are associated closely with the grammatical traits speech context or speech events' interpretation. Utterances are highly reliant on the context of the speech.
10. The analysis shows that the social deixis are used (118) and gains (6.14%) hence, this percentage is the least use of deictic expressions and this use illuminates that the atmosphere of short stories is to discuss the life of ordinary people.
11. All types of deixis that is found in the selected short stories are expressions or statements to imitate the social system, educational system, economic system, the idea system, and system of values and beliefs describing what is desired and what is rejected.

## **5.2 Pedagogical Recommendations**

The complete short stories of Ernest Hemingway especially the seven short stories that are chosen represent the raw material for researchers who are interested in American society. Hence, these stories denote a good message and give inspiration to the reader to know about that society.

1. There is a need for more researches on these short stories with special concentration on the pragmatic side and this research will be useful for other researchers as a reference about pragmatic approach, especially about deixis.

2. Levinson's model of deixis can be applied to non-literary text such as social text, movies text, scientific text, pedagogic text, religious text, and political text.
3. It is acclaimed to suite the language functions of both context situation and culture in order to help researchers in achieving knowledge.
4. It is proposed for the reader and the hearer for being carefully on the reference of the deixis used in short stories.

### **5.3 Suggestions for Further Studies**

This study would like to give some suggestions for those involved in this study for the betterments in the future.

1. A pragmatic analysis of deixis types in short stories making use for English learners and translators.
2. The next researchers can analyse different topic by combining a pragmatic theory and translation theory.
3. Levinson's model of deixis can be implemented to make a comparison between Arabic language deixis to other languages or Arabic translation of literary text or non-literary text with other languages translations and vice versa.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Auer, Peter (1988). "On Deixis and Displacement". *Folia Linguistica*. Vol. 22, No. (3-4), pp. 263-292.
- Beaugrande, Robert de and Dressler (1981). *Introduction to Text Linguistics*. London: Longman.
- Bhat, D.N.S. (2004). *Pronouns*. Oxford: Oxford University Press.
- Birner, Betty J. (2013). *Introduction to Pragmatics*. UK: John Wiley & Sons Ltd.
- Birner, Betty J. and Gregory Ward. (1998). *Information Status and Noncanonical Word Order in English*. Amsterdam: Benjamins.
- Bloomfield, Leonard (1973). *Language*. London: George Allen & Unwin LTD.
- Brown, G. and Yule, G. (1983). *Discourse Analysis*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.
- Caron, J. (1992). *An Introduction to Psycholinguistics*. New York: Harvester Wheatsheaf.
- Chung, Sandra & Alan Timberlake (1985). "Tense, aspect, and mood". *Language Typology and Syntactic Description: Grammatical Categories and the Lexicon*, ed. by Timothy Shopen. Vol. 3, No. 1, pp. 202-258. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.
- Cook, Guy (1989). *Discourse*. Oxford: Oxford University Press.
- Cruse, Alan (2006). *A Glossary of Semantics and Pragmatics*. Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press.

- Crymes, Ruth (1968). *Some Systems of Substitutions Correlations in Modern American English*. The Hague and Paris: Mouton.
- Crystal, D. (2003). *The Cambridge Encyclopedia of the English Language*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.
- \_\_\_\_\_, (2008). *A Dictionary of Linguistics and Phonetics*. Oxford: Blackwell Publishing Ltd.
- Culler, Jonathan (2002). *Structuralist Poetics: Structuralism, Linguistics and the study of Literature*. London: Routledge.
- Cutting, Joan (2002). *Pragmatics and Discourse: A Resource Book for Students*. London: Routledge.
- Diessel, Holger (1999). *Demonstratives: Form, Function, and Grammaticalization. Typological Studies in Language 42*. Amsterdam: John Benjamins Publishing Company.
- \_\_\_\_\_, (2003). "The Relationship between Demonstratives and Interrogatives". *Studies in Language*. Vol. 27, No. 3, pp. 635-655.
- Dixon, R.M.W. (2003). "Demonstratives: A Cross Linguistic Typology". *Studies in Languages*. Vol. 27, No. 1, pp. 61-112. Amsterdam: John Benjamins Publishing Company.
- Fairclough, Norman (2003). *Analysing Discourse*. London: Routledge.
- Fillmore, Charles J. (1971). *The Santa Cruz Lectures on Deixis*. India: India University Linguistic Club.
- \_\_\_\_\_, (1982). "Towards a descriptive framework for spatial deixis". In: Jarvella, R., J. and Klein, W. (eds.). *Speech, Place, and Action*. Chichester. John Wiley, p.p. 31–59.

- \_\_\_\_\_, (1997). *Lecture on Deixis*. Stanford: CSLI.
- Fromkin, Victoria, Rodman, Robert, and Hyams, Nina (2011). *An Introduction to Language*. UK: Wordsworth Cengage Learning.
- Grenoble, Lenore A. (1998). *Deixis and Information Packaging in Russian Discourse*. USA: John Benjamins Publishing Company.
- Grundy, Peter (2008). *Doing Pragmatics*. UK: Oxford University Press Ink.
- Halliday, M.A.K. (1978). *Language as Social Semiotic: The Social Interpretation of Language and Meaning*. London: Edward Arnold.
- Halliday, M.A.K. and Hasan, R. (1976). *Cohesion in English*. London: Longman.
- \_\_\_\_\_, (1989). *Language, Context, and Text: Aspects of Language in Social-Semiotic Perspective*. Oxford: Oxford University Press.
- Hatch, Evelyn (1992). *Discourse and Language Education*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.
- Hemingway, Ernest (1987). *The Complete Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway: The Finca Vigía Edition*. New York: Scribner.
- Himmelman, N. (1996). "Demonstratives in Narrative Discourse: A Taxonomy of Universal Uses". *Studies in Anaphora* ed. by Fax, B.A., pp. 205-254. Amsterdam: Benjamins.
- Holmes, Janet (2013). *An Introduction to the Sociolinguistics*. London: Routledge.
- Huang, Yan (2007). *Pragmatics*. Oxford: Oxford University Press.

- Huddleston, Rodney (1984). *Introduction to the Grammar of English*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.
- Hurford, James R., Heasley, Brendan, and Smith, Michael B. (2007). *Semantics: A Course Book*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.
- Jespersen, Otto (1924). *The Philosophy of Grammar*. USA: The University of Chicago Press.
- \_\_\_\_\_, (1933). *Essentials of English grammar*. London: George Allen & Unwin Ltd.
- Johnstone, Barbara (2008). *Discourse Analysis*. USA: Blackwell Publishing.
- Karmiloff-Smith, Annette (1985). "Language and Cognitive Processes from a Developmental Perspective". *Language and Cognitive Process*. Vol. 1, No. 1, pp. 61-85. London: VNU Science Press.
- Leech, Geoffrey N. (1983). *Principles of Pragmatics*. London: Longman.
- Levinson, Stephen C. (1983). *Pragmatics*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.
- \_\_\_\_\_, (2006). "Deixis". In Laurence R. Horn, Gregor L. Ward (eds.). *The Handbook of Pragmatics*, pp. 97-121. Blackwell Publishing.
- Locastro, Virginia (2003). *An Introduction to Pragmatics*. Michigan: Michigan University Press.
- Lyons, John (1968). *Introduction to Theoretical Linguistics*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.

\_\_\_\_\_, (1977). *Semantics: Volume 2 of Semantics*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.

\_\_\_\_\_, (1981). *Language and Linguistics: An Introduction*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.

\_\_\_\_\_, (1995). *Linguistic Semantics: An Introduction*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.

Mey Jacob L. (1993). *Pragmatics: An Introduction*. Oxford: Blackwell.

Patil, Z. N. (1994). *Style in Indian English Fiction: A Study of Politeness Strategies*. New Delhi: Prestige.

Pinto, Derrin (2004). "Indoctrinating the Youth of Post-War Spain: A Discourse Analysis of a Fascist Civics Textbook". *Discourse & Society*. Vol. 15, No. 5, pp. 649-667.

Quirk, Randolph, et al. (1972). *A Grammar of Contemporary English*. London: Longman.

\_\_\_\_\_, (1985). *Comprehensive Grammar of English language*. London: Longman.

Rasley, Alicia (2008). *The Power of Point of View: Make Your Story Come to Life*. UK: Writer's Digest Books.

Rauh, Gisa (1983). *Essays on Deixis*. Germany: Gunter Narr Verlag Tübingen.

Saeed, John (2003). *Semantics*. Somali: Blackwell Publishing.

Schiffrin, Deborah, Tannen, Deborah, and Hamilton, Heidi E. (2001). *The Hand Book of Discourse Analysis*. USA: Blackwell Publishers Ltd.



- Schneider, Klaus P. and Barron, Anne (2014). *Pragmatics of Discourse*. Germany: De Gruyter Mouton.
- Setiosari, Gadis Supandini (2016). *The Study of Deixis Used in Shirley Jackson Short Story The Lottery*. Unpublished M.A. Thesis. Indonesia: University of UIN Sunan Ampel Surabaya.
- Thorat, A. (2002). *Five Great Indian Novels: A Discourse Analysis*. New Delhi: Prestige.
- Trask, R.L. (1993). *A Dictionary of Grammatical Terms in Linguistics*. London: Routledge Inc.
- Van Dijk, T.A. (1977). *Text and Context: Explorations in the Semantics and Pragmatics of Discourse*. London: Longman.
- Van Peer, W. (1989). *The Taming of the Text: Explorations in Language, Literature and Culture*. London: Routledge.
- Widdowson, H.G. (2004). *Text, Context, Pretext: Critical Issues in Discourse Analysis*. USA: Blackwell Publishing.
- Young, Philip (2000). *Ernest Hemingway: A Reconsideration*. USA: Penn State University Press.
- Yule, George (1996). *Pragmatics*. Oxford: Oxford University Press.

# APPENDICES

## Appendix No. 1

### A Train Trip

MY FATHER TOUCHED ME AND I WAS awake. He stood by the bed in the dark. I felt his hand on me and I was wide awake in my head and saw and felt things but all the rest of me was asleep.

"Jimmy," he said, "are you awake?"

"Yes."

"Get dressed then."

"All right."

He stood there and I wanted to move but I was really still asleep.

"Get dressed, Jimmy."

"All right," I said but I lay there. Then the sleep was gone and I moved out of bed.

"Good boy," my father said. I stood on the rug and felt for my clothes at the foot of the bed.

"They're on the chair," my father said. "Put on your shoes and stockings too." He went out of the room. It was cold and complicated getting dressed; I had not worn shoes and stockings all summer and it was not pleasant putting them on. My father came back in the room and sat on the bed.

"Do the shoes hurt?"

"They pinch."

"If the shoe pinches put it on."

"I'm putting it on."

"We'll get some other shoes," he said. "It's not even a principle, Jimmy. It's a proverb."

"I see."

"Like two against one is nigger fun. That's a proverb too."

"I like that one better than about the shoe," I said.

"It's not so true," he said. "That's why you like it. The pleasanter proverbs aren't so true." It was cold and I tied my other shoe and was finished dressing.

"Would you like button shoes?" my father asked.

"I don't care."

"You can have them if you like," he said. "Everybody ought to have button shoes if they like."

"I'm all ready."

"Where are we going?"

"We're going a long way."

"Where to?"

"Canada."

"We'll go there too," he said. We went out to the kitchen. All the shutters were closed and there was a lamp on the table. In the middle of the room was a suitcase, a duffel bag, and two rucksacks. "Sit down at the table," my father said. He brought the frying pan and the coffee pot from the stove and sat down beside me and we ate ham and eggs and drank coffee with condensed cream in it.

"Eat all you can."

"I'm full."

"Eat that other egg." He lifted the egg that was left in the pan with the pancake turner and put it on my plate. The edges were crisped from the bacon fat. I ate it and looked around the kitchen. If I

was going away I wanted to remember it and say good-bye. In the corner the stove was rusty and half the lid was broken off the hot water reservoir. Above the stove there was a wooden-handled dish mop stuck in the edge of one of the rafters. My father threw it at a bat one evening. He left it there to remind him to get a new one and afterwards I think to remind him of the bat. I caught the bat in the landing net and kept him in a box with screen over it for a while. He had tiny eyes and tiny teeth and he kept himself folded in the box. We let him loose down on the shore of the lake in the dark and he flew out over the lake, flying very lightly and with flutters and flew down close over the water and then high and turned and flew over us and back into the trees in the dark. There were two kitchen tables, one that we ate on and one we did dishes on. They were both covered with oilcloth. There was a tin bucket for carrying lake water to fill the reservoir and a granite bucket for well water. There was a roller towel on the pantry door and dish towels on a rack over the stove. The broom was in the corner. The wood box was half full and all the pans were hanging against the wall.

I looked all around the kitchen to remember it and I was awfully fond of it.

"Well," said my father. "Do you think you'll remember it?"

"I think so."

"And what will you remember?"

"All the fun we've had."

"Not just filling the wood box and hauling water?"

"That's not hard."

"No," he said. "That's not hard. Aren't you sorry to go away?"

"Not if we're going to Canada."

"We won't stay there."

"Won't we stay there a while?"

"Not very long."

"Where do we go then?"

"We'll see."

"I don't care where we go," I said.

"Try and keep that way," my father said. He lit a cigarette and offered me the package. "You don't smoke?"

"No."

"That's good," he said. "Now you go outdoors and climb up on the ladder and put the bucket on the chimney and I'll lock up."

I went outside. It was still dark but along the edge of the hills it was lightening. The ladder was leaning against the roof and I found the old berry pail beside the woodshed and climbed the ladder. The leather soles of my shoes felt insecure and slippery on the rungs. I put the bucket over the top of the stove pipe to keep out the rain and to keep squirrels and chipmunks from climbing in. From the roof I looked down through the trees to the lake. Looking down on the other side was the woodshed roof, the fence and the hills. It was lighter than when I started to climb the ladder and it was cold and very early in the morning. I looked at the trees and the lake again to remember them and all around; at the hills in back and the woods off on the other side of the house and down again at the woodshed roof and I loved them all very much, the woodshed and the fence and the hills and the woods and I wished we were just going on a fishing trip and not going away. I heard the door shut and my father put all the bags out on the ground. Then he locked the door. I started down the ladder.

"Jimmy," my father said.

"Yes."

"How is it up there on the roof?"

"I'm coming down."

"Go on up. I'm coming up a minute," he said and climbed up very slowly and carefully. He looked all around the way I had done. "I don't want to go either," he said.

"Why do we have to go?"

"I don't know," he said. "But we do."

We climbed down the ladder and my father put it in the woodshed. We carried the things down to the dock. The motor boat was tied beside the dock. There was dew on the oilcloth cover, the engine, and the seats were wet with dew. I took off the cover and wiped the seats dry with a piece of waste. My father lifted down the bags from the dock and put them in the stem of the boat. Then I untied the bow line and the stern line and got back in the boat and held onto the dock. My father primed the engine through a petcock, rocking the wheel twice to suck the gasoline into the cylinder, then he cranked the flywheel over and the engine started. I held the boat to the dock with a twist of the line around a spile. The propeller churned up the water and the boat pulled against the dock making the water swirl through the spiles.

"Let her go, Jimmy," my father said and I cast off the line and we started away from the dock. I saw the cottage through the trees with the windows shuttered. We were going straight out from the dock and the dock became shorter and the shoreline opened out.

"You take her," my father said and I took the wheel and turned her out toward the point. I looked back and saw the beach and the dock and the boat house and the clump of balm of Gilead trees and then we were past the clearing and there was the cove with the mouth of the little stream coming into the lake and the bank high with hemlock trees and then the wooded shoreline of the point and then I had to watch for the sand bar that came way out beyond the point. There was deep water right up to the edge of the bar and I went along the edge of the channel and then out around the end seeing the channel bank slope off underwater and the pickerel weed growing underwater and sucked toward us by the propeller and then we were past the point and when I looked back the dock and the boat house were out of sight and there was only the point with three crows walking on the sand and an old log half covered in the sand and ahead the open lake.

I heard the train and then saw it coming, first in a long curve looking very small and hurried and cut into little connected sections; moving with the hills and the hills moving with the trees behind it. I saw a puff of white from the engine and heard the whistle then another puff and heard the whistle again. It was still early in the morning and the train was on the other side of a tamarack swamp. There was running water on each side of the tracks, clear spring water with a brown swamp bottom and there was a mist over the center of the swamp. The trees that had been killed in the forest fires were grey and thin and dead in the mist but the mist was not foggy. It was cold and white and early morning. The train was coming straight down the tracks now getting closer and closer and bigger and bigger. I stepped back from the tracks and looked back at the lake with the two grocery stores and the boat houses, the long docks going out into the water and close by the station the gravelled patch around the artesian well where the water came straight up in the sunlight out of a brown water-film covered pipe. The water was splashing in the fountain basin, in back was the lake with a breeze coming up, there were woods along the shore and the boat we had come in was tied to the dock.

The train stopped, the conductor and the brakeman got down and my father said good-bye to Fred Cuthbert who was going to take care of the boat in his boat house.

"When will you be back?"

"I don't know, Fred," my father said. "Give her a coat of paint in the spring."

"Good-bye, Jimmy," Fred said. "Take good care of yourself."

"Good-bye, Fred."

We shook hands with Fred and got on the train. The conductor got on in the car ahead and the brakeman picked up the little box we had stepped up on and swung aboard the train as it started. Fred stood there on the station platform and I watched the station, Fred standing there, then walking away, the water splashing up out of the pipe in the sun and then ties and the swamp and the station very small and the lake looking different and from a new angle and then we were out of sight and crossed the Bear River and went through a cut and there were only the ties and the rails running back and fireweed growing beside the track and nothing more to look at to remember. It was all new now looking out from the platform and the woods had that new look of woods you do not know and if you passed a lake it was the same way. It was just a lake and new and not like a lake you had lived on.

"You'll get all cinders out here," my father said.

"I guess we'd better go in," I said. I felt funny with so much new country. I suppose it really looked just the same as the country where we lived but it did not feel the same. I suppose every patch of hardwood with the leaves turning looks alike but when you see a beech woods from the train it does not make you happy; it only makes you want the woods where you live. But I did not know that then. I thought it would all be like where we lived only more of it and that it would be just the same and give you the same feeling, but it didn't. We did not have anything to do with it. The hills were worse than the woods. Perhaps all the hills in Michigan look the same but up in the car I looked out of the window and I would see woods and swamps and we would cross a stream and it was very interesting and then we would pass hills with a farmhouse and the woods behind them and they were the same hills but they were different and everything was a little different. I suppose, of course, that hills that a railroad runs by can not be the same. But it was not the way I had thought it was going to be. But it was a fine day early in the fall. The air was fine with the window open and in a little while I was hungry. We had been up since before it was light and now it was almost half past eight. My father came back down the car to our seat.

"How do you feel, Jimmy?"

"Hungry."

He gave me a bar of chocolate and an apple out of his pocket.

"Come on up to the smoker," he said and I followed him through the car and into the next one ahead. We sat down in a seat, my father inside next to the window. It was dirty in the smoker and the black leather on the seats had been burned by cinders.

"Look at the seats opposite us," my father said to me without looking toward them. Opposite us two men sat side by side. The man on the inside was looking out the window and his right wrist was handcuffed to the left wrist of the man who sat beside him. In the seat ahead of them were two other men. I could only see their backs but they sat the same way. The two men who sat on the aisle were talking.

"In a day coach," the man opposite us said. The man who sat in front of him spoke without turning around.

"Well why didn't we take the night train?"

"Did you want to sleep with these?"

"Sure. Why not?"

"It's more comfortable this way."

"The hell it's comfortable."

The man who was looking out of the window looked at us and winked. He was a little man and he wore a cap. There was a bandage around his head under the cap. The man he was handcuffed to wore a cap also but his neck was thick, he was dressed in a blue suit and he wore a cap as though it was only for travelling.

The two men on the next seat were about the same size and build but the one on the aisle had the thicker neck.

"How about something to smoke, Jack?" the man who had winked said to my father over the shoulder of the man he was handcuffed to. The thick-necked man turned and looked at my father and me. The man who had winked smiled. My father took out a package of cigarettes.

"You want to give him a cigarette?" asked the guard. My father reached the package across the aisle.

"I'll give it to him," said the guard. He took the package in his free hand, squeezed it, put it in his handcuffed hand and holding it there took out a cigarette with his free hand and gave it to the man beside him. The man next to the window smiled at us and the guard lit the cigarette for him.

"You're awfully sweet to me," he said to the guard.

The guard reached the package of cigarettes back across the aisle.

"Have one," my father said.

"No thanks. I'm chewing."

"Making a long trip?"

"Chicago."

"So are we."

"It's a fine town," the little man next to the window said. "I was there once."

"I'll say you were," the guard said. "I'll say you were."

We moved up and sat in the seat directly opposite them. The guard in front looked around. The man with him looked down at the floor.

"What's the trouble," asked my father.

"These gentlemen are wanted for murder."

The man next to the window winked at me.

"Keep it clean," he said. "We're all gentlemen here."

"Who was killed?" asked my father.

"An Italian," said the guard.

"Who?" asked the little man very brightly.

"An Italian," the guard repeated to my father.

"Who killed him?" asked the little man looking at the sergeant and opening his eyes wide.

"You're pretty funny," the guard said.

"No sir," the little man said. "I just asked you, Sergeant, *who* killed this Italian."

"*He* killed this Italian," the prisoner on the front seat said looking toward the detective. "*He* killed this Italian with his bow and arrow."

"Cut it out," said the detective.

"Sergeant," the little man said. "*I* did not kill this Italian. *I* would not kill an Italian. *I* do not *know* an Italian."

"Write it down and use it against him," the prisoner on the front seat said. "Everything he says will be used against him. *He* did not kill this Italian."

"Sergeant," asked the little man, "who did kill this Italian?"

"You did," said the detective.

"Sergeant," said the little man. "That is a falsehood. I did not kill this Italian. I refuse to repeat it. I did not kill this Italian."

"Everything he says must be used against him," said the other prisoner. "Sergeant, why did you kill this Italian?"

"It was an error, Sergeant," the little prisoner said. "It was a grave error. You should never have killed this Italian."

"Or that Italian," the other prisoner said.

"Shut to hell up the both of you," said the sergeant. "They're dope heads," he said to my father. "They're crazy as bed bugs."

"Bed bugs?" said the little man, his voice rising. "There are no bed bugs on me, Sergeant."

"He comes from a long line of English carls," said the other prisoner. "Ask the senator there," he nodded at my father.

"Ask the little man there," said the first prisoner. "He's just George Washington's age. He cannot tell a lie."

"Speak up, boy," the big prisoner stared at me.

"Cut it out," the guard said.

"Yes, Sergeant," said the little prisoner. "Make him cut it out. He's got no right to bring in the little lad."

"I was a boy myself once," the big prisoner said.

"Shut *your* goddam mouth," the guard said.

"That's right, Sergeant," began the little prisoner.

"Shut *your* goddam mouth." The little prisoner winked at me.

"Maybe we better go back to the other car," my father said to me. "See you later," he said to the two detectives.

"Sure. See you at lunch." The other detective nodded. The little prisoner winked at us. He watched us go down the aisle. The other prisoner was looking out of the window. We walked back through the stroker to our seats in the other car.

"Well, Jimmy, what do you make of that?"

"I don't know."

"Neither do I," said my father.

At lunch at Cadillac we were sitting at the counter before they came in and they sat apart at a table. It was a good lunch. We ate chicken pot pie and I drank a glass of milk and ate a piece of blueberry pie with ice cream. The lunch room was crowded. Looking out the open door you could see the train. I sat on my stool at the lunch counter and watched the four of them eating together. The two prisoners ate with their left hands and the detectives with their right hands. When the detectives wanted to cut up their meat they used the fork in their left hand and that pulled the prisoner's right hand toward them. Both the hands that were fastened together were on the table. I watched the little prisoner eating and he, without seeming to do it purposefully, made it very uncomfortable for the sergeant. He would jerk without seeming to know it and he held his hand so the sergeant's left hand was always being pulled. The other two ate as comfortably as they could. They were not as interesting to watch anyway.

"Why don't you take them off while we eat?" the little man said to the sergeant. The sergeant did not say anything. He was reaching for his coffee and as he picked it up the little man jerked and he spilled it. Without looking toward the little man the sergeant jerked out with his arm and the steel



cuffs yanked the little man's wrist and the sergeant's wrist hit the little man in the face.

"Son of a bitch," the little man said. His lip was cut and he sucked it.

"Who?" asked the sergeant.

"Not you," said the little man. "Not you with me chained to you. Certainly not."

The sergeant moved his wrist under the table and looked at the little man's face.

"What do you say?"

"Not a thing," said the little man. The sergeant looked at his face and then reached for his coffee again with his handcuffed hand. The little man's right hand was pulled out across the table as the sergeant reached. The sergeant lifted the coffee cup and as he raised it to drink it it jerked out of his hand and the coffee spilled all over everything. The sergeant brought the handcuffs up into the little man's face twice without looking at him. The little man's face was bloody and he sucked his lip and looked at the table.

"You got enough?"

"Yes," said the little man. "I've got plenty."

"You feel quieter now?"

"Very quiet," said the little man. "How do you feel?"

"Wipe your face off," said the sergeant. "Your mouth is bloody."

We saw them get on the train two at a time and we got on too and went to our seats. The other detective, not the one they called Sergeant but the one handcuffed to the big prisoner, had not taken any notice of what happened at the table. He had watched it but he had not seemed to notice it. The big prisoner had not said anything but had watched everything.

There were cinders in the plush of our seat in the train and my father brushed the seat with a newspaper. The train started and I looked out the open window and tried to see Cadillac but you could not see much, only the lake, and factories and a fine smooth road along near the tracks. There were a lot of sawdust piles along the lake shore.

"Don't put your head out, Jimmy," my father said. I sat down. There was nothing much to see anyway.

"That is the town Al Moegast came from," my father said.

"Oh," I said.

"Did you see what happened at the table?" my father asked.

"Yes."

"Did you see everything?"

"I don't know."

"What do you think the little one made that trouble for?"

"I guess he wanted to make it uncomfortable so they would take the handcuffs off."

"Did you see anything else?"

"I saw him get hit three times in the face."

"Where did you watch when he hit him?"

"I watched his face. I watched the sergeant hit him."

"Well," my father said. "While the sergeant hit him in the face with the handcuff on his right hand he picked up a steel-bladed knife off the table with his left hand and put it in his pocket."

"I didn't see."

"No," my father said. "Every man has two hands, Jimmy. At least to start with. You ought to watch both of them if you're going to see things."

"What did the other two do?" I asked. My father laughed.

"I didn't watch them," he said.

We sat there in the train after lunch and I looked out of the window and watched the country. It did not mean so much now because there was so much else going on and I had seen a lot of country but I did not want to suggest that we go up into the smoker until my father said to. He was reading and I guess my restlessness disturbed him.

"Don't you ever read, Jimmy?" he asked me.

"Not much," I said. "I don't have time."

"What are you doing now?"

"Waiting."

"Do you want to go up there?"

"Yes."

"Do you think we ought to tell the sergeant?"

"No," I said.

"It's an ethical problem," he said and shut the book.

"Do you want to tell him?" I asked.

"No," my father said. "Besides a man is held to be innocent until the law has proved him guilty. He may not have killed that Italian."

"Are they dope fiends?"

"I don't know whether they use dope or not," my father said. "Many people use it. But using cocaine or morphine or heroin doesn't make people talk the way they talked."

"What does?"

"I don't know," said my father. "What makes anyone talk the way they do?"

"Let's go up there," I said. My father got the suitcase down, opened it up and put the book in it and something out of his pocket. He locked the suitcase and we went up to the smoker. Walking along the aisle of the smoker I saw the two detectives and the two prisoners sitting quietly. We sat down opposite them.

The little man's cap was down over the bandage around his head and his lips were swollen. He was awake and looking out of the window. The sergeant was sleepy, his eyes would shut and then open, stay open a while and then shut. His face looked very heavy and sleepy. Ahead on the next seat the other two were both sleepy. The prisoner leaned toward the window side of the seat and the detective toward the aisle. They were not comfortable that way and as they got sleepier, they both leaned toward each other.

The little man looked at the sergeant and then across at us. He did not seem to recognize us and looked all down the car. He seemed to be looking at all the men in the smoker. There were not very many passengers. Then he looked at the sergeant again. My father had taken another book out of his pocket and was reading.

"Sergeant," the little man said. The sergeant held his eyes open and looked at the prisoner.

"I got to go to the can," the little man said.

"Not now," the sergeant shut his eyes.

"Listen, Sergeant," the little man said. "Didn't you ever have to go to the can?"

"Not now," the sergeant said. He did not want to leave the half asleep half awake state he was in. He was breathing slowly and heavily but when he would open his eyes his breathing would stop. The little man looked across at us but did not seem to recognize us.

"Sergeant," he said. The sergeant did not answer. The little man ran his tongue over his lips.

"Listen Sergeant, I got to go to the can."

"All right," the sergeant said. He stood up and the little man stood up and they walked down the aisle. I looked at my father. "Go on," he said, "if you want to." I walked after them down the aisle.

They were standing at the door.

"I want to go in alone," the prisoner said.

"No you don't."

"Go on. Let me go in alone."

"No."

"Why not? You can keep the door locked."

"I won't take them off."

"Go on, Sergeant. Let me go in alone."

"We'll take a look," the sergeant said. They went inside and the sergeant shut the door. I was sitting on the seat opposite the door to the toilet. I looked down the aisle at my father. Inside I could hear them talking but not what they were saying. Someone turned the handle inside the door to open it and then I heard something fall against it and hit twice against the door. Then it fell on the floor. Then there was a noise as when you pick a rabbit up by the hind legs and slap its head against a stump to kill it. I was looking at my father and motioning. There was that noise three times and then I saw something come out from under the door. It was blood and it came out very slowly and smoothly. I ran down the aisle to my father. "There's blood coming out under the door."

"Sit down there," my father said. He stood up, went across the aisle and touched the detective on the shoulder. The detective looked up.

"Your partner went up to the washroom," my father said.

"Sure," said the detective. "Why not?"

"My boy went up there and said he saw blood coming out from under the door."

The detective jumped up and jerked the other prisoner over on the seat. The other prisoner looked at my father.

"Come on," the detective said. The prisoner sat there. "Come on," the detective said and the prisoner did not move. "Come on or I'll blow your can off."

"What's it all about, your excellency?" the prisoner asked.

"Come on, you bastard," the detective said.

"Aw, keep it clean," the prisoner said.

They were going down the aisle, the detective ahead holding a gun in his right hand and the prisoner handcuffed to him hanging back. The passengers were standing up to see. "Stay where you are," my father said. He took hold of me by the arm.

The detective saw the blood under the door. He looked around at the prisoner. The prisoner saw him looking and stood still. "No," he said. The detective holding his gun in his right hand jerked down hard with his left hand and the prisoner slipped forward on his knees. "No," he said. The detective watching the door and the prisoner shifted the revolver so he held it by the muzzle and hit the prisoner suddenly at the side of the head. The prisoner slipped down with his head and hands on the floor. "No," he said shaking his head on the floor. "No. No. No."

The detective hit him again and then again and he was quiet. He lay on the floor on his face with his head bent down on his chest. Watching the door, the detective laid the revolver down on the floor and leaning over unlocked the handcuff from the wrist of the prisoner. Then he picked up the revolver and stood up. Holding the revolver in his right hand he pulled the cord with his left to stop the train. Then he reached for the handle of the door.

The train was starting to slow.

"Get away from that door," we heard someone say inside the door.

"Open it up," said the detective and stepped back.

"Al," the voice said. "Al, are you all right?"

The detective stood just to one side of the door. The train was slowing down.

"Al," said the voice again. "Answer me if you're all right."

There was no answer. The train stopped. The brakeman opened the door. "What the hell?" he said. He looked at the man on the floor, the blood and the detective holding the revolver. The conductor was coming down from the other end of the car.

"There's a fellow in there that's killed a man," the detective said.

"The hell there is. He's gone out the window," said the brakeman.

"Watch that man," said the detective. He opened the door to the platform. I went across the aisle and looked out the window. Along the tracks there was a fence. Beyond the fence was the woods. I looked up and down the tracks. The detective came running by, then ran back. There was no one in sight. The detective came back in the car and they opened the door of the washroom. The door would not swing open because the sergeant was lying across it on the floor. The window was open about halfway. The sergeant was still breathing. They picked him up and carried him out into the car and they picked up the prisoner and put him in a seat. The detective put the handcuff through the handle of a big suitcase. Nobody seemed to know what to do or whether to look after the sergeant or try and find the little man or what. Everybody had gotten out of the train and looked down the tracks and in the edge of the woods. The brakeman had seen the little man run across the tracks and into the woods. The detective went into the woods a couple of times and then came out. The prisoner had taken the sergeant's gun and nobody seemed to want to go very far into the woods after him. Finally they started the train to get to a station where they could send for the state constabulary and send out a description of the little man. My father helped them with the sergeant. He washed off the wound, it was between the collarbone and the neck, and sent me to get paper and towels from the washroom and folded them over and made a plug for it and tied it tight in with a sleeve from the sergeant's shirt. They laid him out as comfortably as they could and my father washed off his face. His head had been banged against the floor of the washroom and he was still unconscious but my father said the wound was not serious. At the station they took him off and the detective took the other prisoner off too. The other prisoner's face was white and he had a bruised bump on the side of his head. He looked silly when they took him off and seemed anxious to move very fast to do whatever they told him. My father came back in the car from helping them with the sergeant. They had put him in a motor truck that was at the station and were going to drive him to a hospital. The detective was sending wires. We were standing on the platform and the train started and I saw the prisoner standing there, leaning the back of his head against the wall of the station. He was crying.

I felt pretty bad about everything and we went in the smoker. The brakeman had a bucket and a bunch of waste and was mopping up and washing where the blood had been.

"How was he, Doc?" he said to my father.

"I'm not a doctor," my father said. "But I think he'll be all right."

"Two big dicks," said the brakeman. "And they couldn't handle that one little shrimp."

"Did you see him get out the window?"

"Sure," said the brakeman. "Or I saw him just after he lit on the tracks."

"Did you recognize him?"

"No. Not when I first saw him. How do you think he stabbed him, Doc?"

"He must have jumped up on him from behind," my father said.  
"Wonder where he got the knife?"  
"I don't know," said my father.  
"That other poor boob," said the brakeman. "He never even tried to make a break."  
"No."  
"That detective gave him his though. Did you see it, Doc?"  
"Yes."  
"That poor boob," the brakeman said. It was damp and clean where he had washed. We went back to our seats in the other car. My father sat and did not say anything and I wondered what he was thinking.  
"Well, Jimmy," he said, after a while.  
"Yes."  
"What do you think of it all now?"  
"I don't know."  
"Neither do I," said my father. "Do you feel bad?"  
"Yes."  
"So do I. Were you scared?"  
"When I saw the blood," I said. "And when he hit the prisoner."  
"That's healthy."  
"Were you scared?"  
"No," my father said. "What was the blood like?" I thought a minute.  
"It was thick and smooth."  
"Blood is thicker than water," my father said. "That's the first proverb you run up against when you lead an active life."  
"It doesn't mean that," I said. "It means about family."  
"No," said my father. "It means just that, but it always surprises you. I remember the first time I found it out."  
"When was that?"  
"I felt my shoes full of it. It was very warm and thick. It was just like water in your rubber boots when we go duck hunting except it was warm and thicker and smoother."  
"When was that?"  
"Oh, a long time ago," said my father.

**The End**

## Appendix No. 2

### The Porter

WHEN WE WENT TO BED MY FATHER said I might as well sleep in the lower berth because I would want to look out the window early in the morning. He said an upper berth did not make any difference to him and he would come to bed after a while. I undressed and put my clothes in the hammock and put on pajamas and got into bed. I turned off the light and pulled up the window curtain but it was cold if I sat up to look out and lying down in bed I could not see anything. My father took a suitcase out from under my berth, opened it on the bed, took out his pajamas and tossed them up to the upper berth, then he took a book out and the bottle and filled his flask.

"Turn on the light," I said.

"No," he said. "I don't need it. Are you sleepy, Jim?"

"I guess so."

"Get a good sleep," he said and closed the suitcase and put it back under the berth.

"Did you put your shoes out?"

"No," I said. They were in the hammock and I got up to get them but he found them and put them out in the aisle. He shut the curtain.

"Aren't you going to bed, sir?" the porter asked him.

"No," my father said. "I'm going to read a while up in the washroom."

"Yes, sir," the porter said. It was fine lying between the sheets with the thick blanket pulled up and it all dark and the country dark outside. There was a screen across the lower part of the window that was open and the air came in cold. The green curtain was buttoned tight and the car swayed but felt very solid and was going fast and once in a while you would hear the whistle. I went to sleep and when I woke up I looked out and we were going very slowly and crossing a big river. There were lights shining on the water and the iron framework of a bridge going by the window and my father was getting into the upper berth.

"Are you awake, Jimmy?"

"Yes. Where are we?"

"We're crossing into Canada now," he said. "But in the morning we'll be out of it."

I looked out of the window to see Canada but all I could see were railway yards and freight cars. We stopped and two men came by with torches and stopped and hit on the wheels with hammers. I could not see anything but the men crouching over by the wheels and opposite us freight cars and I crawled down in bed again.

"Where are we in Canada?" I asked.

"Windsor," my father said. "Good night, Jim."

When I woke up in the morning and looked out we were going through fine country that looked like Michigan only with higher hills and the trees were all turning. I got dressed in all but my shoes and reached under the curtain for them. They were shined and I put them on and unbuttoned the curtain and went out in the aisle. The curtains were buttoned all down the aisle and everybody seemed to be still asleep. I went down to the washroom and looked in. The nigger porter was asleep in one corner of the leather cushioned seat. His cap was down over his eyes and his feet were up on one of the

chairs. His mouth was open, his head was tipped back and his hands were together in his lap. I went on to the end of the car and looked out but it was drafty and cindery and there was no place to sit down. I went back to the washroom and went in very carefully so as not to wake the porter and sat down by the window. The washroom smelt like brass spittoons in the early morning. I was hungry and I looked out of the window at the fall country and watched the porter asleep. It looked like good shooting country. There was lots of brush on the hills and patches of woods and fine looking farms and good roads. It was a different kind of looking country than Michigan. Going through it it all seemed to be connected and in Michigan one part of the country hasn't any connection with another. There weren't any swamps either and none of it looked burnt over. It all looked as though it belonged to somebody but it was nice looking country and the beeches and the maples were turned and there were lots of scrub oaks that had fine colored leaves too and when there was brush there was lots of sumac that was bright red. It looked like good country for rabbits and I tried to see some game but it went by too fast to concentrate looking and the only birds you could see were birds flying. I saw a hawk hunting over a field and his mate too. I saw flickers flying in the edge of the woods and I figured they were going south. I saw bluejays twice but the train was no good for seeing birds. It slid the country all sideways if you looked straight at anything and you had to just let it go by, looking ahead a little all the time. We passed a farm with a long meadow and I saw a flock of killdeer plover feeding. Three of them flew up when the train went by and circled off over the woods but the rest kept on feeding. We made a big curve so I could see the other cars curved ahead and the engine with the drive wheels going very fast away up ahead and a river valley down below us and then I looked around and the porter was awake and looking at me.

"What do you see?" he said.

"Not much."

"You certainly do look at it."

I did not say anything but I was glad he was awake. He kept his feet up on the chair but reached up and put his cap straight.

"That your father that stayed up here reading?"

"Yes."

"He certainly can drink liquor."

"He's a great drinker."

"He certainly is a great drinker. That's it, a great drinker."

I did not say anything.

"I had a couple with him," the porter said. "And I got plenty of effect but he sat there half the night and never showed a thing."

"He never shows anything," I said.

"No sir. But if he keeps up that way he's going to kill his whole insides."

I did not say anything.

"You hungry, boy?"

"Yes," I said. "I'm very hungry."

"We got a diner on now. Come on back and we'll get a little something."

We went back through two other cars, all with the curtains closed all along the aisles, to the diner and through the tables back to the kitchen.

"Hail fellow well met," the porter said to the chef.

"Uncle George," the chef said. There were four other niggers sitting at a table playing cards.

"How about some food for the young gentleman and myself?"

"No sir," said the chef. "Not until I can get it ready."  
 "Could you drink?" said George.  
 "No sir," said the chef.  
 "Here it is," said George. He took a pint bottle out of his side pocket. "Courtesy of the young gentleman's father."  
 "He's courteous," said the chef. He wiped his lips.  
 "The young gentleman's father is the world's champion."  
 "At what?"  
 "At drinking."  
 "He's mighty courteous," said the chef. "How did you eat last night?"  
 "With that collection of yellow boys."  
 "They all together still?"  
 "Between Chicago and Detroit. We call 'em the White Eskimos now."  
 "Well," said the chef. "Everything's got its place." He broke two eggs on the side of a frying pan. "Ham and eggs for the son of the champion?"  
 "Thanks," I said.  
 "How about some of that courtesy?"  
 "Yes sir."  
 "May your father remain undefeated," the chef said to me. He licked his lips. "Does the young gentleman drink too?"  
 "No sir," said George. "He's in my charge."  
 The chef put the ham and eggs on two plates.  
 "Seat yourselves, gentlemen."  
 George and I sat down and he brought us two cups of coffee and sat down opposite us.  
 "You willing to part with another example of that courtesy?"  
 "For the best," said George. "We got to get back to the car. How is the railroad business?"  
 "Rails are firm," said the chef. "How's Wall Street?"  
 "The bears are bulling again," said George. "A lady bear ain't safe today."  
 "Bet on the Cubs," said the chef. "The Giants are too big for the league."  
 George laughed and the chef laughed.  
 "You're a very courteous fellow," George said. "Fancy meeting you here."  
 "Run along," said the chef. "Lackawannius is calling you."  
 "I love that girl," said George. "Who touches a hair—"  
 "Run along," said the chef. "Or those yellow boys will get you."  
 "It's a pleasure, sir," said George. "It's a very real pleasure."  
 "Run along."  
 "Just one more courteous action."  
 The chef wiped his lips. "God speed the parting guest," he said.  
 "I'll be in for breakfast," George said.  
 "Take your unearned increment," the chef said. George put the bottle in his pocket.  
 "Good-bye to a noble soul," he said.  
 "Get the hell out of here," said one of the niggers who was playing cards.  
 "Good-bye, gentlemen all," George said.  
 "Good night, sir," said the chef. We went out.  
 We went back up to our car and George looked at the number board. There was a number twelve



and a number five showing. George pulled a little thing down and the numbers disappeared.

"You better sit here and be comfortable," he said.

I sat down in the washroom and waited and he went down the aisle. In a little while he came back.

"They're all happy now," he said. "How do you like the railroad business, Jimmy?"

"How did you know my name?"

"That's what your father calls you, ain't it?"

"Sure."

"Well," he said.

"I like it fine," I said. "Do you and the chef always talk that way?"

"No, James," he said. "We only talk that way when we're enthused."

"Just when you have a drink," I said.

"Not that alone. When we're enthused from any cause. The chef and I are kindred spirits."

"What are kindred spirits?"

"Gentlemen with the same outlook on life."

I did not say anything and the bell buzzed. George went out, pulled the little thing in the box and came back in the room.

"Did you ever see a man cut with a razor?"

"No."

"Would you like to have it explained?"

"Yes."

The bell buzzed again. "I'd better go see," George went out.

He came back and sat down by me. "The use of the razor," he said, "is an art not alone known to the barbering profession." He looked at me. "Don't you make them big eyes," he said. "I'm only lecturing."

"I'm not scared."

"I should say you're not," said George. "You're here with your greatest friend."

"Sure," I said. I figured he was pretty drunk.

"Your father got a lot of this?" He took out the bottle.

"I don't know."

"Your father is a type of noble Christian gentleman." He took a drink.

I didn't say anything.

"Returning to the razor," George said. He reached in the inside pocket of his coat and brought out a razor. He laid it closed on the palm of his left hand.

The palm was pink.

"Consider the razor," George said. "It toils not, neither does it spin."

He held it out on the palm of his hand. It had a black bone handle. He opened it up and held it in his right hand with the blade out straight.

"You got a hair from your head?"

"How do you mean?"

"Pull one out. My own are very tenacious."

I pulled out a hair and George reached for it. He held it in his left hand looking at it carefully then flicked the razor and cut it in two. "Keeness of edge," he said. Still looking at the little end of hair that was left he turned the razor in his hand and flicked the blade back the other direction. The blade cut the hair off close to his finger and thumb. "Simplicity of action," George said. "Two

admirable qualities."

The buzzer rang and he folded the razor and handed it to me.

"Guard the razor," he said and went out. I looked at it and opened it and shut it. It was just an ordinary razor. George came back and sat down beside me. He took a drink. There was no more in the bottle. He looked at it and put it back in his pocket.

"The razor, please," he said. I handed it to him. He put it on the palm of his left hand.

"You have observed," he said, "keenness of edge and simplicity of action. Now a greater than these two. Security of manipulation."

He picked up the razor in his right hand, gave it a little flip and the blade came open and lay back, edge out across his knuckles. He showed me his hand; the handle of the razor was in his fist, the blade was open across the knuckles, held in place by his forefinger and his thumb. The blade was solidly in place all across his fist, the edge out.

"You observe it?" George said. "Now for that great requisite skill in the use of."

He stood up and patted out with his right hand, his fist closed, the blade open across the knuckles. The razor blade shone in the sun coming through the window. George ducked and jabbed three times with the blade. He stepped back and flicked it twice in the air. Then holding his head down and his left arm around his neck he whipped his fist and the blade back and forth, back and forth, ducking and dodging. He slashed one, two, three, four, five, six. He straightened up. His face was sweaty and he folded the razor and put it in his pocket.

"Skill in the use of," he said. "And in the left hand preferably a pillow."

He sat down and wiped his face. He took off his cap and wiped the leather band inside. He went over and took a drink of water.

"The razor's a delusion," he said. "The razor's no defense. Anybody can cut you with a razor. If you're close enough to cut them they're bound to cut you. If you could have a pillow in your left hand you'd be all right. But where you going to get a pillow when you need a razor? Who you going to cut in bed? The razor's a delusion, Jimmy. It's a nigger weapon. A regular nigger weapon. But now you know how they use it. Bending a razor back over the hand is the only progress the nigger ever made. Only nigger ever knew how to defend himself was Jack Johnson and they put him in Leavenworth. And what would I do to Jack Johnson with a razor. It none of it makes any difference, Jimmy. All you get in this life is a point of view. Fellows like me and the chef got a point of view. Even if he's got a wrong point of view he's better off. A nigger gets delusions like old Jack or Marcus Garvey and they put him in the pen. Look where my delusion about the razor would take me. Nothing's got any value, Jimmy. Liquor makes you feel like I'll feel in an hour. You and me aren't even friends."

"Yes we are."

"Good old Jimmy," he said. "Look at the deal they gave this poor old Tiger Flowers. If he was white he'd have made a million dollars."

"Who was he?"

"He was a fighter. A damn good fighter."

"What did they do to him?"

"They just took him down the road in one way or another all the time."

"It's a shame," I said.

"Jimmy, there's nothing to the whole business. You get syphed up from women or if you're married your wife'll run around. In the railroad business you're away from home nights. The kind of a girl you want is the kind of a girl that'll jig you because she can't help it. You want her because she can't help it and you lose her because she can't help it and a man's only got so many orgasms to his

whole life and what difference does it make when you feel worse after liquor.”

“Don’t you feel all right?”

“No I don’t. I feel bad. If I didn’t feel bad I wouldn’t talk that way.”

“My father feels bad sometimes too in the morning.”

“He does?”

“Sure.”

“What does he do for it?”

“He exercises.”

“Well, I got twenty-four berths to make up. Maybe that’s the solution.”

It was a long day on the train after the rain started. The rain made the windows of the train wet so you could not see outside clearly and then it made everything outside look the same anyway. We went through many towns and cities but it was raining in all of them and when we crossed the Hudson River at Albany it was raining hard. I stood out in the vestibule and George opened the door so I could see out but there was only the wet iron of the bridge and the rain coming down into the river and the train with water dripping. It smelled good outside though. It was a fall rain and the air coming in through the open door smelled fresh and like wet wood and iron and it felt like fall up at the lake. There were plenty of other people in the car but none of them looked very interesting. A nice looking woman asked me to sit down next to her and I did but she turned out to have a boy of her own just my age and was going to a place in New York to be superintendent of schools. I wished I could have gone back with George to the kitchen of the dining car and heard him talk with the chef. But during the regular daytime George talked just like anyone else, except even less, and very polite, but I noticed him drinking lots of ice water.

It had stopped raining outside but there were big clouds over the mountains. We were going along the river and the country was very beautiful and I had never seen anything like it before except in the illustrations of a book at Mrs. Kenwood’s where we used to go for Sunday dinner up at the lake. It was a big book and it was always on the parlor table and I would look at it while waiting for dinner. The engravings were like this country now after the rain with the river and the mountains going up from it and the grey stone. Sometimes there would be a train across on the other side of the river. The leaves on the trees were turned by the fall and sometimes you saw the river through the branches of the trees and it did not seem old and like the illustrations but instead it seemed like a place to live in and where you could fish and eat your lunch and watch the train go by. But mostly it was dark and unreal and sad and strange and classical like the engravings. That may have been because it was just after a rain and the sun had not come out. When the wind blows the leaves off the trees they are cheerful and good to walk through and the trees are the same, only they are without leaves. But when the leaves fall from the rain they are dead and wet and flat to the ground and the trees are changed and wet and unfriendly. It was very beautiful coming along the Hudson but it was the son of thing I did not know about and it made me wish we were back at the lake. It gave me the same feeling that the engravings in the book did and the feeling was confused with the room where I always looked at the book and it being someone else’s house and before dinner and wet trees after the rain and the time in the north when the fall is over and it is wet and cold and the birds are gone and the woods are no more fun to walk in and it rains and you want to stay inside with a fire. I do not suppose I thought of all those things because I have never thought much and never in words but it was the feeling of all those things that the country along the Hudson River gave me. The rain can make all places strange, even places where you live.

**The End**

## Appendix No. 3

### Black Ass at the Cross Roads

WE HAD REACHED THE CROSS ROADS before noon and had shot a French civilian by mistake. He had run across the field on our right beyond the farmhouse when he saw the first jeep come up. Claude had ordered him to halt and when he had kept on running across the field Red shot him. It was the first man he had killed that day and he was very pleased.

We had all thought he was a German who had stolen civilian clothes, but he turned out to be French. Anyway his papers were French and they said he was from Soissons.

"*Sans doute c'était un Collabo,*" Claude said.

"He ran, didn't he?" Red asked. "Claude told him to halt in good French."

"Put him in the game book as a Collabo," I said. "Put his papers back on him."

"What was he doing up here if he comes from Soissons?" Red asked. "Soissons's way the hell back."

"He fled ahead of our troops because he was a collaborator," Claude explained.

"He's got a mean face." Red looked down at him.

"You spoiled it a little," I said. "Listen, Claude. Put the papers back and leave the money."

"Someone else will take it."

"You won't take it," I said. "There will be plenty of money coming through on Krauts."

Then I told them where to put the two vehicles and where to set up shop and sent Onèsime across the field to cross the two roads and get into the shuttered *estaminet* and find out what had gone through on the escape-route road.

Quite a little had gone through, always on the road to the right. I knew plenty more had to come through and I paced the distances back from the road to the two traps we had set up. We were using Kraut weapons so the noise would not alarm them if anyone heard the noise coming up on the cross roads. We set the traps well beyond the cross roads so that we would not louse up the cross roads and make it look like a shambles. We wanted them to hit the cross roads fast and keep coming.

"It is a beautiful *guet-apens,*" Claude said and Red asked me what was that. I told him it was only a trap as always. Red said he must remember the word. He now spoke his idea of French about half the time and if given an order perhaps half the time he would answer in what he thought was French. It was comic and I liked it.

It was a beautiful late summer day and there were very few more to come that summer. We lay where we had set up and the two vehicles covered us from behind the manure pile. It was a big rich manure pile and very solid and we lay in the grass behind the ditch and the grass smelled as all summers smell and the two trees made a shade over each trap. Perhaps I had set up too close but you cannot ever be too close if you have fire power and the stuff is going to come through fast. One hundred yards is all right. Fifty yards is ideal. We were closer than that. Of course in that kind of thing it always seems closer.

Some people would disagree with this setup. But we had to figure to get out and back and keep the road as clean looking as possible. There was nothing much you could do about vehicles, but other vehicles coming would normally assume they had been destroyed by aircraft. On this day, though, there was no aircraft. But nobody coming would know there had not been aircraft through here.

Anybody making their run on an escape route sees things differently too.

"*Mon Capitaine*," Red said to me. "If the point comes up they will not shoot the shit out of us when they hear these Kraut weapons?"

"We have observation on the road where the point will come from the two vehicles. They'll flag them off. Don't sweat."

"I am not sweating," Red said. "I have shot a proved collaborator. The only thing we have killed today and we will kill many Krauts in this setup. *Pas vrai*, Onie?"

Onèsime said, "*Merde*" and just then we heard a car coming very fast. I saw it come down the beech-tree bordered road. It was an overloaded grey-green camouflaged Volkswagen and it was filled with steel-helmeted people looking as though they were racing to catch a train. There were two aiming stores by the side of the road that I had taken from a wall by the farm, and as the Volkswagen crossed the notch of the cross roads and came toward us on the good straight escape road that crossed in front of us and led up a hill, I said to Red, "Kill the driver at the first stone." To Onèsime I said, "Traverse at body height."

The Volkswagen driver had no control of his vehicle after Red shot. I could not see the expression on his face because of the helmet. His hands relaxed. They did not crisp tight nor hold on the wheel. The machine gun started firing before the driver's hands relaxed and the car went into the ditch spilling the occupants in slow motion. Some were on the road and the second outfit gave them a small carefully hoarded burst. One man rolled over and another started to crawl and while I watched Claude shot them both.

"I think I got that driver in the head," Red said.

"Don't be too fancy."

"She throws a little high at this range," Red said. "I shot for the lowest part of him I could see."

"Bertrand," I called over to the second outfit. "You and your people get them off the road, please. Bring me all the *Feldbuchen* and you hold the money for splitting. Get them off fast. Go on and help, Red. Get them into the ditch."

I watched the road to the west beyond the *estaminet* while the cleaning up was going on. I never watched the cleaning up unless I had to take part in it myself. Watching the cleaning up is bad for you. It is no worse for me than for anyone else. But I was in command.

"How many did you get, Onie?"

"All eight, I think. Hit, I mean."

"At this range—"

"It's not very sporting. But after all it's their machine gun."

"We have to get set now fast again."

"I don't think the vehicle is shot up badly."

"We'll check her afterwards."

"Listen," Red said. I listened, then blew the whistle twice and everybody faded back, Red hauling the last Kraut by one leg with his head shuddering and the trap was set again. But nothing came and I was worried.

We were set up for a simple job of assassination astride an escape route. We were not astride, technically, because we did not have enough people to set up on both sides of the road and we were not technically prepared to cope with armored vehicles. But each trap had two German *Panzerfausten*. They were much more powerful and simpler than the general-issue American bazooka, having a bigger warhead and you could throw away the launching tube; but lately, many that we had found in the German retreat had been booby-trapped and others had been sabotaged. We used

only those as fresh as anything in that market could be fresh and we always asked a German prisoner to fire off samples taken at random from the lot.

German prisoners who had been taken by irregulars were often as cooperative as head waiters or minor diplomats. In general we regarded the Germans as perverted Boy Scouts. This is another way of saying they were splendid soldiers. We were not splendid soldiers. We were specialists in a dirty trade. In French we said, "*un métier très sale.*"

We knew, from repeated questionings, that all Germans coming through on this escape route were making for Aachen and I knew that all we killed now we would not have to fight in Aachen nor behind the West Wall. This was simple. I was pleased when anything was that simple.

The Germans we saw coming now were on bicycles. There were four of them and they were in a hurry too but they were very tired. They were not cyclist troops. They were just Germans on stolen bicycles. The leading rider saw the fresh blood on the road and then he turned his head and saw the vehicle and he put his weight hard down on his right pedal with his right boot and we opened on him and on the others. A man shot off a bicycle is always a sad thing to see, although not as sad as a horse shot with a man riding him nor a milk cow gut-shot when she walks into a fire fight. But there is something about a man shot off a bicycle at close range that is too intimate. These were four men and four bicycles. It was very intimate and you could hear the thin tragic noise the bicycles made when they went over onto the road and the heavy sound of men falling and the clatter of equipment.

"Get them off the road quick," I said. "And hide the four *vélos.*"

As I turned to watch the road one of the doors of the *estaminet* opened and two civilians wearing caps and working clothes came out each carrying two bottles. They sauntered across the cross roads and turned to come up in the field behind the ambush. They wore sweaters and old coats, corduroy trousers and country boots.

"Keep them covered, Red," I said. They advanced steadily and then raised the bottles high above their heads, one bottle in each hand as they came in.

"For Christ sake, get down," I called, and they got down and came crawling through the grass with the bottles tucked under their arms.

"*Nous sommes des copains,*" one called in a deep voice, rich with alcohol.

"Advance, rum-dumb *copains,* and be recognized," Claude answered.

"We are advancing."

"What do you want out here in the rain?" Onésime called.

"We bring the little presents."

"Why didn't you give the little presents when I was over there?" Claude asked.

"Ah, things have changed, *camarade.*"

"For the better?"

"*Rudement,*" the first rummy *camarade* said. The other, lying flat and handing us one of the bottles, asked in a hurt tone, "*On dit pas bonjour aux nouveaux camarades?*"

"*Bonjour,*" I said. "*Tu veux battre?*"

"If it's necessary. But we came to ask if we might have the *vélos.*"

"After the fight," I said. "You've made your military service?"

"Naturally."

"Okay. You take a German rifle each and two packs of ammo and go up the road two hundred yards on our right and kill any Germans that get by us."

"Can't we stay with you?"

"We're specialists," Claude said. "Do what the captain says."

"Get up there and pick out a good place and don't shoot back this way."

"Put on these arm bands," Claude said. He had a pocket full of arm bands. "You're *Franc-tireurs*." He did not add the rest of it.

"Afterwards we can have the *vélos*?"

"One apiece if you don't have to fight. Two apiece if you fight."

"What about the money?" Claude asked. "They're using our guns."

"Let them keep the money."

"They don't deserve it."

"Bring any money back and you'll get your share. *Allez vite. Débîne-toi.*"

"*Ceux, sont des poivrots pourris,*" Claude said.

"They had rummies in Napoleon's time too."

"It's probable."

"It's certain," I said. "You can take it easy on that."

We lay in the grass and it smelled of true summer and the flies, the ordinary flies and the big blue flies started to come to the dead that were in the ditch and there were butterflies around the edges of the blood on the black-surfaced road. There were yellow butterflies and white butterflies around the blood and the streaks where the bodies had been hauled.

"I didn't know butterflies ate blood," Red said.

"I didn't either."

"Of course when we hunt it's too cold for butterflies."

"When we hunt in Wyoming the picket pin gophers and the prairie dogs are holed up already. That's the fifteenth of September."

"I'm going to watch and see if they really eat it," Red said.

"Want to take my glasses?"

He watched and after a while he said, "I'll be damned if I can tell. But it sure interests them." Then he turned to Onésime and said, "Piss *pauvre* Krauts, Onie. *Pas de pistol, pas de binoculaire.* Fuck-all *rien.*"

"*Assez de sous,*" Onésime said. "We're doing all right on the money."

"No fucking place to spend it."

"Some day."

"*Je veux spend maintenant,*" Red said.

Claude opened one of the two bottles with the cork screw on his Boy Scout German knife. He smelled it and handed it to me.

"*C'est du gnôle.*"

The other outfit had been working on their share. They were our best friends but as soon as we were split they seemed like the others and the vehicles seemed like the rear echelon. You split too easy, I thought. You want to watch that. That's one more thing you can watch.

I took a drink from the bottle. It was very strong raw spirits and all it had was fire. I handed it back to Claude who gave it to Red. Tears came into his eyes when he swallowed it.

"What do they make it out of up here, Onie?"

"Potatoes, I think, and parings from horses' hooves they get at the blacksmith shop."

I translated to Red. "I taste everything but the potatoes," he said.

"They age it in rusty nail kegs with a few old nails to give it zest."

"I better take another to take the taste out of my mouth," Red said. "*Mon Capitaine,* should we die together?"

"*Bonjour, toute le monde,*" I said. This was an old joke we had about an Algerian who was about to be guillotined on the pavement outside the Santé who replied with that phrase when asked if he had any last words to say.

"To the butterflies," Onèsime drank.

"To the nail kegs," Claude raised the bottle.

"Listen," Red said and handed the bottle to me. We all heard the noise of a tracked vehicle.

"The fucking jackpot," Red said. "Along ongong de la patree, le fucking jackpot ou le more." He sang softly, the nail keg juice no good to him now. I took another good drink of the juice as we lay and checked everything and looked up the road to our left. Then it came in sight. It was a Kraut half-track and it was crowded to standing room only.

When you set a trap on an escape route you have four or, if you can afford them, five Teller mines, armed, on the far side of the road. They lie like round checker counters wider than the biggest soup plates and toad squatted in their thick deadliness. They are in a semi-circle, covered with cut grass and connected by a heavy tarred line which may be procured at any ship chandler's. One end of this line is made fast to a kilometer marking, called a *borne*, or to a tenth of a kilometer stone, or any other completely solid object, and the line runs loosely across the road and is coiled in the first or second section of the trap.

The approaching overloaded vehicle was of the type where the driver looks out through slits and its heavy machine guns now showed high in anti-aircraft position. We were all watching it closely as it came nearer, so very overcrowded. It was full of combat S.S. and we could see the collars now and faces were clear then clearer.

"Pull the cord," I called to the second outfit and as the cord took up its slack and commenced to tighten the mines moved out of their semi-circle and across the road looking, I thought, like nothing but green grass-covered Teller mines.

Now the driver would see them and stop or he would go on and hit them. You should not attack an armored vehicle while it was moving, but if he braked I could hit him with the big-headed German bazooka.

The half-track came on very fast and now we could see the faces quite clearly. They were all looking down the road where the point would come from. Claude and Onie were white and Red had a twitch in the muscle of his cheek. I felt hollow as always. Then someone in the half-track saw the blood and the Volkswagen in the ditch and the bodies. They were shouting in German and the driver and the officer with him must have seen the mines across the road and they came to a tearing swerving halt and had started to back when the bazooka hit. It hit while both outfits were firing from the two traps. The people in the half-track had mines themselves and were hurrying to set up their own road block to cover what had gone through because when the Kraut bazooka hit and the vehicle went up we all dropped our heads and everything rained down as from a fountain. It rained metal and other things. I checked on Claude and Onie and Red and they were all firing. I was firing too with a Smeizer on the slits and my back was wet and I had stuff all over my neck, but I had seen what fountained up. I could not understand why the vehicle had not been blown wide open or overturned. But it just blew straight up. The fifties from the vehicle were firing and there was so much noise you could not hear. No one showed from the half-track and I thought it was over and was going to wave the fifties off, when someone inside threw a stick grenade that exploded just beyond the edge of the road.

"They're killing their dead," Claude said. "Can I go up and put a couple into her?"

"I can hit her again."

"No. Once was enough. My whole back's tattooed."



"Okay. Go on."

He crawled forward, snaking in the grass under the fire of the fifties and pulled the pin from a grenade and let the lever snap loose and held the grenade smoking grey and then lobbed it underhand up over the side of the half-track. It exploded with a jumping roar and you could hear the fragments whang against the armor.

"Come on out," Claude said in German. A German machine-gun pistol started shooting from the right-hand slit. Red hit the slit twice. The pistol fired again. It was obvious it was not being aimed.

"Come on out," Claude called. The pistol shot again, making a noise like children rattling a stick along a picket fence. I shot back making the same silly noise.

"Come on back, Claude," I said. "You fire on one slit. Red. Onie, you fire on the other."

When Claude came back fast I said, "Fuck that Kraut. We'll use up another one. We can get more. The point will be up anyway."

"This is their rear guard," Onie said. "This vehicle."

"Go ahead and shoot it," I said to Claude. He shot it and there was no front compartment and then they went in after what would be left of the money and the paybooks. I had a drink and waved to the vehicles. The men on the fifties were shaking their hands over their heads like fighters. Then I sat with my back against the tree to think and to look down the road.

They brought what paybooks there were and I put them in a canvas bag with the others. Not one of them was dry. There was a great deal of money, also wet, and Onie and Claude and the other outfit cut off a lot of S.S. patches and they had what pistols were serviceable and some that weren't and put it all in the canvas sack with the red stripes around it.

I never touched the money. That was their business and I thought it was bad luck to touch it anyway. But there was plenty of prize money. Bertrand gave me an Iron Cross, first class, and I put it in the pocket of my shirt. We kept some for a while and then we gave them all away. I never liked to keep anything. It's bad luck in the end. I had stuff for a while that I wished I could have sent back afterwards or to their families.

The outfit looked as though they had been showered by chunks and particles from an explosion in an abattoir and the other people did not look too clean when they came out from the body of the half-track. I did not know how badly I must have looked myself until I noticed how many flies there were around my back and neck and shoulders.

The half-track lay across the road and any vehicle passing would have to slow down. Everyone was rich now and we had lost no one and the place was ruined. We would have to fight on another day and I was sure this was the rear guard and all we would get now would be strays and unfortunates.

"Disarm the mines and pick up everything and we will go back to the farmhouse and clean up. We can interdict the road from there like in the book."

They came in heavily loaded and everyone was very cheerful. We left the vehicles where they were and washed up at the pump in the farmyard and Red put iodine on the metal cuts and scratches and sifted Sulfa on Onie and Claude and me and then Claude took care of Red.

"Haven't they got anything to drink in that farmhouse?" I asked René.

"I don't know. We've been too busy."

"Get in and see."

He found some bottles of red wine that was drinkable and I sat around and checked the weapons and made jokes. We had very severe discipline but no formality except when we were back at Division or when we wanted to show off.

"*Encore un coup manqué*," I said. That was a very old joke and it was a phrase that a crook we had with us for a while always uttered when I would let something worthless go by to wait for something good.

"It's terrible," said Claude.

"It's intolerable," said Michel.

"Me, I can go no further," Onésime said.

"*Moi, je suis la France*," Red said.

"You fight?" Claude asked him.

"*Pas moi*," Red answered. "I command."

"You fight?" Claude asked me.

"*Jamais*."

"Why is your shirt covered with blood?"

"I was attending the birth of a calf."

"Are you a midwife or a veterinary?"

"I give only the name, rank and serial number."

We drank some more wine and watched the road and waited for the point to come up.

"*Où est la fucking point*?" Red asked.

"I am not in their confidence."

"I'm glad it didn't come up while we had the little *accrochage*," Onie said. "Tell me, *mon Capitaine*, how did you feel when you let the thing go?"

"Very hollow."

"What did you think about?"

"I hoped to Christ it would not trickle out."

"We were certainly lucky they were loaded with stuff."

"Or that they didn't back up and deploy."

"Don't ruin my afternoon," Marcel said.

"Two Krauts on bicycles," Red said. "Approaching from the west."

"Plucky chaps," I said.

"*Encore un coup manqué*," said Onie.

"Anybody want them?"

Nobody wanted them. They were pedaling steadily, slumped forward and their boots were too big for the pedals.

"I'll try one with the M-1," I said. Auguste handed it to me and I waited until the first German on the bicycle was past the half-track and clear of the trees and then had the sight on him, swung with him and missed.

"*Pas bon*," said Red and I tried it again swinging further ahead. The German fell in the same disconcerting heartbreaking way and lay in the road with the *vélo* upside down and a wheel still spinning. The other cyclist sprinted on and soon the *copains* were firing. We heard the hard *ta-bung* of their shots which had no effect on the cyclist who kept on pedaling until he was out of sight.

"*Copains* no bloody *bon*," Red said.

Then we saw the *copains* falling back to retire onto the main body. The French of the outfit were ashamed and sore.

"*On peut les fusiller*?" Claude asked.

"No. We don't shoot rummies."

"*Encore un coup manqué*," said Onie and everybody felt better but not too good.

The first *copain* who had a bottle in his shirt which showed when he stopped and presented arms said, "*Mon Capitaine, on a fait un véritable massacre.*"

"Shut up," said Onic. "And hand me your pieces."

"But we were the right flank," the *copain* said in his rich voice.

"You're shit," Claude said. "You venerable alcoholic. Shut up and fuck off."

"*Mais on a battu.*"

"Fought, shit," Marcel said. "*Foute moi le camp.*"

"*On peut fusiller les copains?*" Red asked. He had remembered it like a parrot.

"You shut up too," I said. "Claude, I promised them two *vélos.*"

"It's true," Claude said.

"You and I will go down and give them the worst two and remove the Kraut and the *vélo*. You others keep the road cut."

"It was not like this in the old days," one of the *copains* said.

"Nothing's ever going to be like it was in the old days. You were probably drunk in the old days anyway."

We went first to the German in the road. He was not dead but was shot through both lungs. We took him as gently as we could and laid him down as comfortable as we could and I took off his tunic and shirt and we sifted the wounds with Sulfa and Claude put a field dressing on him. He had a nice face and he did not look more than seventeen. He tried to talk but he couldn't. He was trying to take it the way he'd always heard you should.

Claude got a couple of tunics from the dead and made a pillow for him. Then he stroked his head and held his hand and felt his pulse. The boy was watching him all the time but he could not talk. The boy never looked away from him and Claude bent over and kissed him on the forehead.

"Carry that bicycle off the road," I said to the *copains*.

"*Cette putain guerre,*" Claude said. "This dirty whore of a war."

The boy did not know that it was me who had done it to him and so he had no special fear of me and I felt his pulse too and I knew why Claude had done what he had done. I should have kissed him myself if I was any good. It was just one of those things that you omit to do and that stay with you.

"I'd like to stay with him for a little while," Claude said.

"Thank you very much," I said. I went over to where we had the four bicycles behind the trees and the *copains* were standing there like crows.

"Take this one and that one and *foute moi le camp.*" I took off their brassards and put them in my pocket.

"But we fought. That's worth two."

"Fuck off," I said. "Did you hear me? Fuck off."

They went away disappointed.

A boy about fourteen came out from the *estaminet* and asked for the new bicycle.

"They took mine early this morning."

"All right. Take it."

"What about the other two?"

"Run along and keep off the road until the column gets up here."

"But you are the column."

"No," I said. "Unfortunately we are not the column."

The boy mounted the bicycle which was undamaged and rode down to the *estaminet*. I walked back under the hot summer sky to the farmyard to wait for the point. I didn't know how I could feel

any worse. But you can all right. I can promise you that.

"Will we go into the big town tonight?" Red asked me.

"Sure. They're taking it now, coming in from the west. Can't you hear it?"

"Sure. You could hear it since noon. Is it a good town?"

"You'll see it as soon as the column gets up and we fit in and go down that road past the *estaminet*." I showed him on the map. "You can see it in about a mile. See the curve before you drop down?"

"Are we going to fight any more?"

"Not today."

"You got another shirt?"

"It's worse than this."

"It can't be worse than this one. I'll wash this one out. If you have to put it on wet it won't hurt on a hot day like this. You feeling bad?"

"Yeah. Very."

"What's holding Claude up?"

"He's staying with the kid I shot until he dies."

"Was it a kid?"

"Yeah."

"Oh shit," Red said.

After a while Claude came back wheeling the two *velos*. He handed me the boy's *Feldbuch*.

"Let me wash your shirt good too, Claude. I got Onie's and mine washed and they're nearly dry."

"Thanks very much, Red," Claude said. "Is there any of the wine left?"

"We found some more and some sausage."

"Good," Claude said. He had the black ass bad too.

"We're going in the big town after the column overruns us. You can see it only a little more than a mile from here," Red told him.

"I've seen it before," Claude said. "It's a good town."

"We aren't going to fight any more today."

"We'll fight tomorrow."

"Maybe we won't have to."

"Maybe."

"Cheer up."

"Shut up. I'm cheered up."

"Good," Red said. "Take this bottle and the sausage and I'll wash the shirt in no time."

"Thank you very much," Claude said. We were splitting it even between us and neither of us liked our share.

## The End

## Appendix No. 4

### Landscape with Figures

IT WAS VERY STRANGE IN THAT HOUSE. The elevator, of course, no longer ran. The steel column it slid up and down on was bent and there were several marble stairs in the six flights which were broken so that you had to walk carefully on the edges as you climbed so that you would not fall through. There were doors which opened onto rooms where there were no longer any rooms and you could swing a perfectly sound-looking door open and step across the door sill into space: that floor and the next three floors below having been blasted out of the front of the apartment house by direct hits by high explosive shells. Yet the two top floors had four rooms on the front of the house which were intact and there was still running water in the back rooms on all of the floors. We called this house the Old Homestead.

The front line had, at the very worst moment, been directly below this apartment house along the upper edge of the little plateau that the boulevard circled and the trench and the weather-rotted sandbags were still there. They were so close you could throw a broken tile or a piece of mortar from the smashed apartment house down into them as you stood on one of the balconies. But now the line had been pushed down from the lip of the plateau, across the river and up into the pine-studded slope of the hill that rose behind the old royal hunting lodge that was called the *Caso del Campo*. It was there that the fighting was going on, now, and we used the Old Homestead both as an observation post and as an advantage point to film from.

In those days it was very dangerous and always cold and we were always hungry and we joked a great deal.

Each time a shell bursts in a building it makes a great cloud of brick and plaster dust and when this settles it coats the surface of a mirror so that it is as powdered as the windows which have been calcimined over in a new building. There was a tall unbroken mirror in one of the rooms of that house giving off the stairs as you climbed and on its dusty surface I printed, with my finger, in large letters DEATH TO JOHNNY and we then sent Johnny, the camera-man, into that room on some pretext. When he opened the door, during a shelling, and saw that ghostly announcement staring at him from the glass he went into a white, deadly, Dutch rage and it was quite a time before we were friends again.

Then the next day when we were loading the equipment into a car in front of the hotel I got into the car and cranked up the glass of the side window as it was bitterly cold. As the glass rose I saw, printed on it with large red letters in what must have been a borrowed lipstick, ED IS A LICE. We used the car for several days with that mysterious, to the Spaniards, slogan. They must have taken it for the initials or slogan of some Holland-American revolutionary organization perhaps resembling the F.A.I. or the C.N.T.

Then there was the day when the great British authority on let us forget just what came to town. He had a huge, German-type steel helmet which he wore on all expeditions in the direction of the front. This was an item of clothing which none of the rest of us affected. It was the general theory that since there were not many steel helmets these should be reserved for the shock troops and his wearing of this helmet formed in us an instant prejudice against the Great Authority.

We had met in the room of an American woman journalist who had a splendid electric heater.

The Authority took an instant fancy to this very pleasant room and named it the Club. His proposal was that everyone should bring their own liquor there and be able to enjoy it in the warmth and pleasant atmosphere. As the American girl was exceedingly hardworking and had been trying, perhaps not too successfully, to keep her room from becoming in any sense the Club, this definite baptism and classification came as rather a blow to her.

We were working there in the Old Homestead the next day, shielding the camera lens as carefully as possible against the glare of the afternoon sun with a screen of broken matting, when the Authority arrived accompanied by the American girl. He had heard us discussing the location at the Club and had come to pay a visit. I was using a pair of field glasses, eight power, small Zeisses that you could cover with your two hands so that they gave no reflection, and was observing from the shadow in the angle of the broken balcony. The attack was about to start and we were waiting for the planes to come over and commence the bombardment which substituted for adequate artillery preparation due to the Government's then shortage of heavy artillery.

We had worked in the house, concealing ourselves as carefully as rats do because the success of our work and the possibility of continued observation depended altogether on not drawing any fire on the seemingly deserted building. Now into the room came the Great Authority, and drawing up one of the empty chairs, seated himself in the exact center of the open balcony, steel helmet, over-sized binoculars and all. The camera was at an angle on one side of the balcony window as carefully camouflaged as a machine gun. I was in the angle of shadow on the other, invisible to anyone on the hillside, and always careful never to move across the sunny open space. The Authority was seated in plain sight in the middle of the sunny patch looking, in his steel hat, like the head of all the general staffs in the world, his glasses blinking in the sun like a helio.

"Look," I said to him. "We have to work here. From where you're sitting your glasses make a blink that everybody on that hill can see."

"Ay dont think theys aneh dainjah een a house," the Authority said with calm and condescending dignity.

"If you ever hunted mountain sheep," I said, "you know they can see you as far as you can see them. Do you see how clearly you see the men with your glasses? They have glasses too."

"Ay dont think theys aneh dainjah een a house," the Authority repeated. "Wheah are the tanks?"

"There," I said. "Under the trees."

The two cameramen were making grimaces and shaking their clenched fists over their heads in fury.

"I go to take the big camera into the back," Johnny said.

"Keep well back, daughter," I said to the American girl. Then, to the Authority, "They take you for somebody's staff, you know. They see that tin hat and those glasses and they think we're turning the battle. You're asking for it, you know."

He repeated his refrain.

It was at that minute that the first one hit us. It came with a noise like a bursted steam pipe combined with a ripping of canvas and with the burst and the roar and rattle of broken plaster and the dust smoke over us I had the girl out of the room and into the back of the apartment. As I dove through the door something with a steel hat on passed me going for the stairs. You may think a rabbit moves fast when it first jumps and starts zig-zagging away, but the Authority moved through that smoke-filled hall, down those tricky stairs, out the door, and down the street faster than any rabbit. One of the cameramen said he had no speed on the lens of his Leica which would stop him in motion. This of course is inaccurate but it gives the effect.

Anyway they shelled the house fast for about a minute. They came on such a flat trajectory you hardly had time to hold a breath between the rush and the jolt and roar of the burst. Then after the last one we waited a couple of minutes to see if it had stopped, had a drink of water from the tap in the kitchen sink, and found a new room to set up the camera. The attack was just starting.

The American girl was very bitter against the Authority. "He brought me here," she said. "He said it was quite safe. And he went away and did not even say good-bye."

"He *cahn* be a gentleman," I said. "Look, daughter. Watch. Now. There it goes."

Below us some men stood up, half crouching, and ran forward toward a stone house in a patch of trees. The house was disappearing in the sudden fountains of dust clouds from the shells that were registering on it. The wind blew the dust clear after each shell so that the house kept showing plainly through the dust as a ship comes out of a fog and ahead of the men a tank lurched fast like a round-topped, gun-snouted beetle and went out of sight in the trees. As you watched, the men who were running forward threw themselves flat. Then another tank went forward on the left and into the trees and you could see the flash of its firing and in the smoke that blew from the house one of the men who was on the ground stood up and ran wildly back toward the trench that they had left when they attacked. Another got up and ran back, holding his rifle in one hand, his other hand on his head. Then they were running back from all along the line. Some fell as they ran. Others lay on the ground without ever having got up. They were scattered all over the hillside.

"What's happened?" the girl asked.

"The attack has failed," I said.

"Why?"

"It wasn't pushed home."

"Why? Wasn't it just as dangerous for them to run back as to go forward?"

"Not quite."

The girl held the field glasses to her eyes. Then she put them down.

"I can't see any more," she said. The tears were running down her cheeks and her face was working. I had never seen her cry before and we had seen many things you could cry about if you were going to cry. In a war everybody of all ranks including generals cries at some time or another. This is true, no matter what people tell you, but it is to be avoided, and is avoided, and I had not seen this girl doing it before.

"And that's an attack?"

"That's an attack," I said. "Now you've seen one."

"And what will happen?"

"They may send them again if there's enough people left to lead them. I doubt if they will. You can count the losses out there if you like."

"Are those men all dead?"

"No. Some are too badly wounded to move. They will bring them in in the dark."

"What will the tanks do now?"

"They'll go home if they're lucky."

But one of them was already unlucky. In the pine woods a black dirty column of smoke began to rise and was then blown sideways by the wind. Soon it was a rolling black cloud and in the greasy black smoke you could see the red flames. There was an explosion and a billowing of white smoke and then the black smoke rolled higher; but from a wider base.

"That's a tank," I said. "Burning."

We stood and watched. Through the glasses you could see two men get out of an angle of the

trench and start up a slant of the hill carrying a stretcher. They seemed to move slowly and ploddingly. As you watched the man in front sank onto his knees and then sat down. The man behind had dropped to the ground. He crawled forward. Then with his arm under the first man's shoulder he started to crawl, dragging him toward the trench. Then he stopped moving and you saw that he was lying flat on his face. They both lay there not moving now.

They had stopped shelling the house and it was quiet now. The big farmhouse and walled court showed clear and yellow against the green hillside that was scarred white with the dirt where the strong points had been fortified and the communication trenches dug. There was smoke from small fires rising now over the hillside where men were cooking. And up the slope toward the big farmhouse lay the casualties of the attack like many scattered bundles on the green slope. The tank was burning black and greasy in the trees.

"It's horrible," the girl said. "It's the first time I've ever seen it. It's really horrible."

"It always has been."

"Don't you hate it?"

"I hate it and I always have hated it. But when you have to do it you ought to know how. That was a frontal attack. They are just murder."

"Are there other ways to attack?"

"Oh sure. Lots of them. But you have to have knowledge and discipline and trained squad and section leaders. And most of all you ought to have surprise."

"It makes now too dark to work," Johnny said putting the cap over his telephoto lens. "Hello you old lice. Now we go home to the hotel. Today we work pretty good."

"Yes," said the other one. "Today we have got something very good. It is too damn bad the attack is no good. Is better not to think about it. Sometime we film a successful attack. Only always with a successful attack it rains or snows."

"I don't want to see any more ever," the girl said. "I've seen it now. Nothing would ever make me see it for curiosity or to make money writing about it. Those are *men* as we are. Look at them there on that hillside."

"You are not men," said Johnny. "You are a woman. Don't make a confusion."

"Comes now the steel hat man," said the other looking out of the window. "Comes now with much dignity. I wish I had bomb to throw to make suddenly a surprise."

We were packing up the cameras and equipment when the steel-hatted Authority came in.

"Hullo," he said. "Did you make some good pictures? I have a car in one of the back streets to take you home, Elizabeth."

"I'm going home with Edwin Henry," the girl said.

"Did the wind die down?" I asked him conversationally.

He let that go by and said to the girl, "You won't come?"

"No," she said. "We are all going home together."

"I'll see you at the Club tonight," he said to me very pleasantly.

"You don't belong to the Club any more," I told him, speaking as nearly English as I could.

We all started down the stairs together, being very careful about the holes in the marble, and walking over and around the new damage. It seemed a very long stairway. I picked up a brass nose-cap flattened and plaster marked at the end and handed it to the girl called Elizabeth.

"I don't want it," she said and at the doorway we all stopped and let the steel-hatted man go on ahead alone. He walked with great dignity across the part of the street where you were sometimes fired on and continued on, with dignity, in the shelter of the wall opposite. Then, one at a time, we



sprinted across to the lee of the wall. It is the third or fourth man to cross an open space who draws the fire, you learn after you have been around a while, and we were always pleased to be across that particular place.

So we walked up the street now, protected by the wall, four abreast, carrying the cameras and stepping over the new iron fragments, the freshly broken bricks, and the blocks of stone, and watching the dignity of the walk of the steel-hatted man ahead who no longer belonged to the Club.

"I hate to write a dispatch," I said. "It's not going to be an easy one to write. This offensive is gone."

"What's the matter with you, boy?" asked Johnny.

"You must write what can be said," the other one said gently. "Certainly something can be said about a day so full of events."

"When will they get the wounded back?" the girl asked. She wore no hat and walked with a long loose stride and her hair, which was a dusty yellow in the fading light, hung over the collar of her short, fur-collared jacket. It swung as she turned her head. Her face was white and she looked ill.

"I told you as soon as it gets dark."

"God make it get dark quick," she said. "So that's war. That's what I've come here to see and write about. Were those two men killed who went out with the stretcher?"

"Yes," I said. "Positively."

"They moved so *slowly*," the girl said pitifully.

"Sometime's it's very hard to make the legs move," I said. "It's like walking in deep sand or in a dream."

Ahead of us the man in the steel hat was still walking up the street. There was a line of shattered houses on his left and the brick wall of the barracks on his right. His car was parked at the end of the street where ours was also standing in the lee of a house.

"Let's take him back to the Club," the girl said. "I don't want anyone to be hurt tonight. Not their feelings nor anything. Heh!" she called. "Wait for us. We're coming."

He stopped and looked back, the great heavy helmet looking ridiculous as he turned his head, like the huge horns on some harmless beast. He waited and we came up.

"Can I help you with any of that?" he asked.

"No. The car's just there ahead."

"We're all going to the Club," the girl said. She smiled at him. "Would you come and bring a bottle of something?"

"That would be so nice," he said. "What should I bring?"

"Anything," the girl said. "Bring anything you like. I have to do some work first. Make it seven thirtyish."

"Will you ride home with me?" he asked her. "I'm afraid the other car is crowded with all that bit."

"Yes," she said. "I'd like to. Thank you."

They got in one car and we loaded all the stuff into the other.

"What's the matter, boy?" Johnny said. "Your girl go home with somebody else?"

"The attack upset her. She feels very badly."

"A woman who doesn't upset by an attack is no woman," said Johnny.

"It was a very unsuccessful attack," said the other. "Fortunately she did not see it from too close. We must never let her see one from close regardless of the danger. It is too strong a thing. From where she saw it is only a picture. Like old-fashioned battle scene."

"She has a kind heart," said Johnny. "Different than you, you old lice."  
"I have a kind heart," I said. "And it's louse. Not lice. Lice is the plural."  
"I like lice better," said Johnny. "It sounds more determined."  
But he put up his hand and rubbed out the words written in lipstick on the window.  
"We make a new joke tomorrow," he said. "It's all right now about the writing on the mirror."  
"Good," I said. "I'm glad."  
"You old lice," said Johnny and slapped me on the back.  
"Louse is the word."  
"No. Lice. I like much better. Is many times more determined."  
"Go to hell."  
"Good," said Johnny, smiling happily. "Now we are all good friends again. In a war we must all be careful not to hurt each other's feelings."

**The End**

## Appendix No. 5

### I Guess Everything Reminds You of Something

"IT'S A VERY GOOD STORY," THE BOY'S father said. "Do you know how good it is?"

"I didn't want her to send it to you, Papa."

"What else have you written?"

"That's the only story. Truly I didn't want her to send it to you. But when it won the prize—"

"She wants me to help you. But if you can write that well you don't need anyone to help you. All you need is to write. How long did it take you to write that story?"

"Not very long."

"Where did you learn about that type of gull?"

"In the Bahamas I guess."

"You never went to the Dog Rocks nor to Elbow Key. There weren't any gulls nor terns nested at Cat Key nor Bimini. At Key West you would only have seen least terns nesting."

"Kill'em Peters. Sure. They nest on the coral rocks."

"Right on the flats," his father said. "Where would you have known gulls like the one in the story?"

"Maybe you told me about them, Papa."

"It's a very fine story. It reminds me of a story I read a long time ago."

"I guess everything reminds you of something," the boy said.

That summer the boy read books that his father found for him in the library and when he would come over to the main house for lunch, if he had not been playing baseball or had not been down at the club shooting, he would often say he had been writing.

"Show it to me when you want to or ask me about any trouble," his father said. "Write about something that you know."

"I am," the boy said.

"I don't want to look over your shoulder or breathe down your neck," his father said. "If you want, though, I can set you some simple problems about things we both know. It would be good training."

"I think I'm going all right."

"Don't show it to me until you want to then. How did you like 'Far Away and Long Ago'?"

"I liked it very much."

"The sort of problems I meant were: we could go into the market together or to the cockfight and then each of us write down what we saw. What it really was that you saw that stayed with you. Things like the handler opening the rooster's bill and blowing in his throat when the referee would let them pick up and handle them before pitting again. The small things. To see what we each saw."

The boy nodded and then looked down at his plate.

"Or we can go into the café and shake a few rounds of poker dice and you write what it was in the conversation that you heard. Not try to write everything. Only what you heard that meant anything."

"I'm afraid that I'm not ready for that yet, Papa. I think I'd better go on the way I did in the story."

"Do that then. I don't want to interfere or influence you. Those were just exercises. I'd have been glad to do them with you. They're like five-finger exercises. Those weren't especially good. We can make better ones."

"Probably it's better for me to go on the way it was in the story."

"Sure," his father said.

I could not write that well when I was his age, his father thought. I never knew anyone else that could either. But I never knew anyone else that could shoot better at ten than this boy could; not just show-off shooting, but shooting in competition with grown men and professionals. He shot the same way in the field when he was twelve. He shot as though he had built-in radar. He never took a shot out of range nor let a driven bird come too close and he shot with beautiful style and an absolute timing and precision on high pheasants and in pass shooting at ducks.

At live pigeons, in competition, when he walked out on the cement, spun the wheel and walked to the metal plaque that marked the black stripe of his yardage, the pros were silent and watching. He was the only shooter that the crowd became dead silent for. Some of the pros smiled as though at a secret when he put his gun to his shoulder and looked back to see where the heel of the stock rested against his shoulder. Then his cheek went down against the comb, his left hand was far forward, his weight was forward on his left foot. The muzzle of the gun rose and lowered, then swept to left, to right, and back to center. The heel of his right foot lifted gently as all of him leaned behind the two loads in the chambers.

"Ready," he said in that low, hoarse voice that did not belong to a small boy.

"Ready," answered the trapper.

"Pull," said the hoarse voice and from whichever of the five traps the grey racing pigeon came out, and at whatever angle his wings drove him in full, low flight above the green grass toward the white, low fence, the load of the first barrel swung into him and the load from the second barrel drove through the first. As the bird collapsed in flight, his head falling forward, only the great shots saw the impact of the second load driving through onto the bird already dead in the air.

The boy would break his gun and walk back in off the cement toward the pavilion, no expression on his face, his eyes down, never giving any recognition to applause and saying, "Thanks," in the strange hoarse voice if some pro said, "Good bird, Stevie."

He would put his gun in the rack and wait to watch his father shoot and then the two of them would walk off together to the outdoor bar.

"Can I drink a Coca-Cola, Papa?"

"Better not drink more than half a one."

"All right. I'm sorry I was so slow. I shouldn't have let the bird get hard."

"He was a strong, low driver, Stevie."

"Nobody'd ever have known it if I hadn't been slow."

"You're doing all right."

"I'll get my speed back. Don't worry, Papa. Just this little bit of Coke won't slow me."

His next bird died in the air as the spring arm of the sunken trap swung him up from the opening in the hidden trench into driving flight. Everyone could see the second barrel hit him in the air before he hit the ground. He had not gone a yard from the trap.

As the boy came in one of the local shooters said, "Well, you got an easy one, Stevie."

The boy nodded and put up his gun. He looked at the scoreboard. There were four other shooters

before his father. He went to find him.

"You've got your speed back," his father said.

"I heard the trap," the boy said. "I don't want to throw you off, Papa. You can hear all of them I know. But now the number two trap is about twice as loud as any of the others. They ought to grease it. Nobody's noticed it I don't think."

"I always swing on the noise of the trap."

"Sure. But if it's extra loud it's to your left. Left is loud."

His father did not draw a bird from the number two trap for the next three rounds. When he did he did not hear the trap and killed the bird with his second barrel far out so that it just hit the fence to fall inside.

"Geez, Papa, I'm sorry," the boy said. "They greased it. I should have kept my damned mouth shut."

It was the night after the last big international shoot that they had ever shot in together that they had been talking and the boy had said, "I don't understand how anyone ever misses a pigeon."

"Don't ever say that to anybody else," his father said.

"No. I mean it really. There's no reason ever to miss one. The one I lost on I hit twice but it fell dead outside."

"That's how you lose."

"I understand that. That's how I lost. But I don't see how any real shooter can miss one."

"Maybe you will in twenty years," his father said.

"I didn't mean to be rude, Papa."

"That's all right," his father said. "Only don't say it to other people."

He was thinking of that when he wondered about the story and about the boy's writing. With all his unbelievable talent the boy had not become the shooter he was on live birds by himself nor without being taught and disciplined. He had forgotten now all about the training. He had forgotten how when he started to miss live birds his father would take his shirt off him and show him the bruise on his arm where he had placed the gun incorrectly. He had cured him of that by having him always look back at his shoulder to be sure he had mounted the gun before he called for a bird.

He had forgotten the discipline of weight on your forward foot, keep your head down and swing. How do you know your weight is on your forward foot? By raising your right heel. Head down, swing and speed. Now it doesn't matter what your score is. I want you to take them as soon as they leave the trap. Never look at any part of the bird but the bill. Swing with their bills. If you can't see the bill swing where it would be. What I want from you now is speed.

The boy was a wonderful natural shot but he had worked with him to make him a perfect shot and each year when he would take him and start on his speed he would start killing a six or eight out of ten. Then move to nine out of ten; hang there, and then move up to a twenty out of twenty only to be beaten by the luck that separated perfect shooters in the end.

He never showed his father the second story. It was not finished to his satisfaction at the end of vacation. He said he wanted to get it absolutely right before he showed it. As soon as he got it right he was going to send it to his father. He had had a very good vacation, he said, one of the best and he was glad he had such good reading too and he thanked his father for not pushing him too hard on the writing because after all a vacation is a vacation and this had been a fine one, maybe one of the very best, and they certainly had had some wonderful times they certainly had.

It was seven years later that his father read the prize-winning story again. It was in a book that he found in checking through some books in the boy's old room. As soon as he saw it he knew where the

story had come from. He remembered the long-ago feeling of familiarity. He turned through the pages and there it was, unchanged and with the same title, in a book of very good short stories by an Irish writer. The boy had copied it exactly from the book and used the original title.

In the last five of the seven years between the summer of the prize-winning story and the day his father ran onto the book the boy had done everything hateful and stupid that he could, his father thought. But it was because he was sick his father had told himself. His vileness came on from a sickness. He was all right until then. But that had all started a year or more after that last summer.

Now he knew that boy had never been any good. He had thought so often looking back on things. And it was sad to know that shooting did not mean a thing.

**The End**

## Appendix No. 6

### Great News from the Mainland

FOR THREE DAYS IT BLEW OUT OF THE south bending the fronds of the royal palms until they were parted in a line forward and away from the grey trunks that bent with the heavy wind. As the wind increased the dark green stems of the fronds blew wildly as the wind killed them. The branches of the mango trees shook and snapped in the wind and its heat burned the mango flowers until they were brown and dusty and their stems dried. The grass dried and there was no more moisture in the soil and it was dust in the wind.

The wind blew day and night for five days and when it stopped half the palm fronds hung dead against the trunks, the green mangos lay on the ground and on the trees and the blossoms were dead and the stems dry. The mango crop was gone along with all the other things that went that year.

The call he had put in on the telephone came through from the mainland and the man said, "Yes, Dr. Simpson," and then heard the cracker voice say, "Mr. Wheeler? Well sir that boy of yours certainly surprised us all today. He really did. We were giving him the usual sodium pentothal before the shock treatment and I've always noticed that boy has an unusual resistance to sodium pentothal. Never took drugs did he?"

"Not as far as I know."

"No? Well naturally one never knows. But he certainly put on a performance today. Threw five of us around just as though we were children. Five grown men I tell you. Had to postpone the treatment. Of course he has a morbid fear of electric shock that's completely unjustified and that's why I use the sodium pentothal but there was no question of administering it today. Now I regard it as an excellent sign. He hasn't revolted against anything Mr. Wheeler. This is the most favorable sign I've seen. That boy's really making progress Mr. Wheeler. I was proud of him. Why I said to him, 'Stephen I didn't know you had it in you.' You can be proud and satisfied at the way he's getting along. He wrote me one of the most interesting and significant letters right after the incident. I'm sending it over to you. You didn't get the other letters? That's right. That's right there was a little delay in getting them off. My secretary has been literally swamped, you know how it is Mr. Wheeler and I'm a busy man. Well he used the vilest language of course when he was resisting the treatment but he apologized to me in the most gentlemanly way. You should see that boy now Mr. Wheeler. He's taking care of his appearance now. He's just the typical fashion plate of a young college gentleman."

"What about the treatment?"

"Oh he'll get the treatment. I'll just have to double up on the quantity of the sodium pentothal first. His resistance to that is simply amazing. You understand these are extra treatments that he requested himself of course. There might be something masochistic in that. He even suggested that himself in his letter. But I don't think so. I think that boy's beginning to get a grasp of reality. I'm sending you the letter. You can be very encouraged about that boy Mr. Wheeler."

"How's the weather over there?"

"What's that? Oh the weather. Well it's just a bit off from what I'd describe as typical for this

time of year. No it's not entirely typical. There has been some unreasonable weather to be frank. You call up anytime Mr. Wheeler. I wouldn't be upset or worried about the progress that boy's making for a moment. I'll send you his letter. You could almost describe it as a brilliant letter. Yes Mr. Wheeler. No Mr. Wheeler I'd say everything's going finely Mr. Wheeler. There's nothing to worry about. You'd like to talk to him? I'll see that your call goes through at the hospital. Tomorrow is better perhaps. He's naturally a little exhausted after the treatment. Tomorrow would be better. You say he didn't have the treatment? That's quite correct Mr. Wheeler. I had no idea that boy was capable of anything like that strength. That's correct. The treatment is for tomorrow. I'll just increase the sodium pentothal. These additional treatments he requested himself, remember. Give him a call day after tomorrow. That's a free day for him and he will have had a rest. That's right Mr. Wheeler that's right. You have no cause for anxiety. I would say his progress could not be more satisfactory. Today's Tuesday. You call him on Thursday. Any time Thursday."

The wind was back in the south on Thursday. There was not much it could do now to trees except blow the dead brown palm branches and bum the few mango blossoms whose stems had not died. But it yellowed the leaves of the alamo trees and blew dust and stripped leaves over the swimming pool. It blew dust through the screens into the house and sifted it into the books and over the pictures. The milk cows lay with their rumps against the wind and the cuds they chewed were gritty. The winds always come in Lent, Mr. Wheeler remembered. That was the local name for them. All bad winds had local names and bad writers always became literary about them. He had resisted this as he had resisted writing that the palm branches blew forward making a line against the trunk as the hair of young women parts and blows forward when they stand with their backs to a storm. He had resisted writing of the scent of the mango blooms when they had walked together on the night before the wind started and the noise of the bees in them outside his window. There were no bees now and he refused to use the foreign word for this wind. There had been too much bad literature made about the foreign names for winds and he knew too many of those names. Mr. Wheeler was writing in longhand because he did not wish to uncover the typewriter in the Lenten wind.

The houseboy who had been a contemporary and a friend of his son when they were both growing up came in and said, "The call to Stevie is ready."

"Hi Papa," Stephen said in a hoarse voice. "I'm fine Papa really fine. This is the time. I've really got this thing beat now. You have no idea. I've really got a grasp of reality now. Dr. Simpson? Oh he's fine. I really have confidence in him. He's a good man Papa. I really have faith in him. He's more down to earth than the majority of those people. He's giving me a few extra treatments. How's everybody? Good. How's the weather. Good that's fine. No difficulty about treatments. No. Not at all. Everything's fine really. Glad everything's so good with you. This time I've really got the answer. Well we mustn't waste money on the telephone. Give my love to everyone. Good-bye Papa. See you soon."

"Stevie sent you his best," I said to the houseboy.

He smiled happily, remembering the old days.

"That's nice of him. How is he?"

"Fine," I said. "He says everything is fine."

## The End



## Appendix No. 7

### The Strange Country

MIAMI WAS HOT AND MUGGY AND THE land wind that blew from the Everglades brought mosquitoes even in the morning.

"We'll get out as soon as we can," Roger said. "I'll have to get some money. Do you know anything about cars?"

"Not very much."

"You might look and see what there is advertised in the classified in the paper and I'll get some money here to Western Union."

"Can you get it just like that?"

"If I get the call through in time so my lawyer can get it off."

They were up on the thirteenth floor of a hotel on Biscayne Boulevard and the bellboy had just gone down for the papers and some other purchases. There were two rooms and they overlooked the bay, the park and the traffic passing on the Boulevard. They were registered under their own names.

"You take the corner one," Roger had said. "It will have a little breeze in it maybe. I'll get on the telephone in the other room."

"What can I do to help?"

"You run through the classifieds on motorcars for sale in one paper and I'll take the other."

"What sort of a car?"

"A convertible with good rubber. The best one we can get."

"How much money do you think we'll have?"

"I'm going to try for five thousand."

"That's wonderful. Do you think you can get it?"

"I don't know. I'll get going on him now," Roger said and went into the other room. He shut the door and then opened it. "Do you still love me?"

"I thought that was all settled," she said. "Please kiss me now before the boy comes back."

"Good."

He held her solidly against him and kissed her hard.

"That's better," she said. "Why did we have to have separate rooms?"

"I thought I might have to be identified to get the money."

"Oh."

"If we have any luck we won't have to stay in these."

"Can we really do it all that fast?"

"If we have any luck."

"Then can we be Mr. and Mrs. Gilch?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Gilch."

"Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Brat-Gilch."

"I'd better make the call."

"Don't stay away an awfully long time though."

They had lunch at a seafood restaurant owned by Greeks. It was an air-conditioned oasis against the heavy heat of the town and the food had certainly originally come out of the ocean but it was to

Eddy's cooking of the same things as old re-used grease is to fresh browned butter. But there was a good bottle of really cold, dry, resinous tasting Greek white wine and for dessert they had cherry pie.

"Let's go to Greece and the islands," she said.

"Haven't you ever been there?"

"One summer. I loved it."

"We'll go there."

By two o'clock the money was at the Western Union. It was thirty-five hundred instead of five thousand and by three-thirty they had bought a used Buick convertible with only six thousand miles on it. It had two good spares, set-in well fenders, a radio, a big spotlight, plenty of luggage space in the rear and it was sand colored.

By five-thirty they had made various other purchases, checked out of the hotel and the doorman was stowing their bags into the back of the car. It was still deadly hot.

Roger, who was sweating heavily in his heavy uniform, as suitable to the subtropics in summer as shorts would be to Labrador in winter, tipped the doorman and got into the car and they drove along Biscayne Boulevard and turned west to get onto the road to Coral Gables and the Tamiami Trail.

"How do you feel?" he asked the girl.

"Wonderful. Do you think it's true?"

"I know it's true because it's so damned hot and we didn't get the five thousand."

"Do you think we paid too much for the car?"

"No. Just right."

"Did you get the insurance?"

"Yes. And joined the A.A.A."

"Aren't we fast?"

"We're terrific."

"Have you got the rest of the money?"

"Sure. Pinned in my shirt."

"That's our bank."

"It's all we've got."

"How do you think it will last?"

"It won't have to last. I'll make some more."

"It will have to last for a while."

"It will."

"Roger."

"Yes, daughter."

"Do you love me?"

"I don't know."

"Say it."

"I don't know. But I'm going to damn well find out."

"I love you. Hard. Hard. Hard."

"You keep that up. That will be a big help to me."

"Why don't you say you love me?"

"Let's wait."

She had been holding her hand on his thigh while he drove and now she took it away.

"All right," she said. "We'll wait."

They were driving west now on the broad Coral Gables road through the flat heat-stricken outskirts of Miami, past stores, filling stations and markets with cars with people going home from the city passing them steadily. Now they passed Coral Gables to their left with the buildings that looked out of the Basso Veneto rising from the Florida prairie and ahead the road stretched straight and heat-welted across what had once been the Everglades. Roger drove faster now and the movement of the car through the heavy air made the air cool as it came in through the scoop in the dash and the slanted glass of the ventilators.

"She's a lovely car," the girl said. "Weren't we lucky to get her?"

"Very."

"We're pretty lucky don't you think?"

"So far."

"You've gotten awfully cautious on me."

"Not really."

"But we can be jolly can't we?"

"I'm jolly."

"You don't sound awfully jolly."

"Well maybe then I'm not."

"Couldn't you be though? You see I really am."

"I will be," Roger said. "I promise."

Looking ahead at the road he had driven so many times in his life, seeing it stretch ahead, knowing it was the same road with the ditches on either side and the forest and the swamps, knowing that only the car was different, that only who was with him was different, Roger felt the old hollowness coming inside of him and knew he must stop it.

"I love you, daughter," he said. He did not think it was true. But it sounded all right as he said it. "I love you very much and I'm going to try to be very good to you."

"And you're going to be jolly."

"And I'm going to be jolly."

"That's wonderful," she said. "Have we started already?"

"We're on the road."

"When will we see the birds?"

"They're much further in this time of year."

"Roger."

"Yes, Bratchen."

"You don't have to be jolly if you don't feel like it. We'll be jolly enough. You feel however you feel and I'll be jolly for us both. I can't help it today."

He saw on ahead where the road turned to the right and ran northwest through the forest swamp instead of west. That was good. That was really much better. Pretty soon they would come to the big osprey's nest in the dead cypress tree. They had just passed the place where he had killed the rattlesnake that winter driving through here with David's mother before Andrew was born. That was the year they both bought Seminole shirts at the trading post at Everglades and wore them in the car. He had given the big rattlesnake to some Indians that had come in to trade and they were pleased with the snake because he had a fine hide and twelve rattles and Roger remembered how heavy and thick he was when he lifted him with his huge, flattened head hanging and how the Indian smiled when he took him. That was the year they shot the wild turkey as he crossed the road that early morning coming out of the mist that was just thinning with the first sun, the cypresses showing black in the silver mist

and the turkey brown-bronze and lovely as he stepped onto the road, stepping high-headed, then crouching to run, then flopping on the road.

"I'm fine," he told the girl. "We get into some nice country now."

"Where do you think we'll get to tonight?"

"We'll find some place. Once we get to the gulf side this breeze will be a sea breeze instead of a land breeze and it will be cool."

"That will be lovely," the girl said. "I hated to think of staying the first night in that hotel."

"We were awfully lucky to get away. I didn't think we could do it that quickly."

"I wonder how Tom is."

"Lonely," Roger said.

"Isn't he a wonderful guy?"

"He's my best friend and my conscience and my father and my brother and my banker. He's like a saint. Only jolly."

"I never knew anybody as fine," she said. "It breaks your heart the way he loves you and the boys."

"I wish he could have them all summer."

"Won't you miss them terribly?"

"I miss them all the time."

They had put the wild turkey in the back of the seat and he had been so heavy, warm and beautiful with the shining bronze plumage, so different from the blues and blacks of a domestic turkey, and David's mother was so excited she could hardly speak. And then she had said, "No. Let me hold him. I want to see him again. We can put him away later." And he had put a newspaper on her lap and she had tucked the bird's bloodied head under his wing, folding the wing carefully over it, and sat there stroking and smoothing his breast feathers while he, Roger, drove. Finally she said, "He's cold now" and had wrapped him in the paper and put him in the back of the seat again and said, "Thank you for letting me keep him when I wanted him so much." Roger had kissed her while he drove and she had said, "Oh Roger we're so happy and we always will be won't we?" That was just around this next slanting turn the road makes up ahead. The sun was down to the top of the treetops now. But they had not seen the birds.

"You won't miss them so much you won't be able to love me will you?"

"No. Truly."

"I understand it making you sad. But you were going to be away from them anyway weren't you?"

"Sure. Please don't worry, daughter."

"I like it when you say daughter. Say it again."

"It comes at the end of a sentence," he said. "Daughter."

"Maybe it's because I'm younger," she said. "I love the kids. I love them all three, hard, and I think they're wonderful. I didn't know there were kids like that. But Andy's too young for me to marry and I love you. So I forget about them and just am as happy as I can be to be with you."

"You're good."

"I'm not really. I'm awfully difficult. But I do know when I love someone and I've loved you ever since I can remember. So I'm going to try to be good."

"You're being wonderful."

"Oh I can be much better than this."

"Don't try."

"I'm not going to for a while. Roger I'm so happy. We'll be happy won't we?"

"Yes, daughter."

"And we can be happy for always can't we? I know it sounds silly me being Mother's daughter and you with everyone. But I believe in it and it's possible. I know it's possible. I've loved you all my life and if that's possible it's possible to be happy isn't it? Say it is anyway."

"I think it is."

He'd always said it was. Not in this car though. In other cars in other countries. But he had said it enough in this country too and he had believed it. It would have been possible too. Everything was possible once. It was possible on this road on that stretch that now lay ahead where the canal ran clear and flowing by the right-hand side of the road where the Indian poled his dugout. There was no Indian there now. That was before. When it was possible. Before the birds were gone. That was the other year before the turkey. That year before the big rattlesnake was the year they saw the Indian poling the dugout and the buck in the bow of the dugout with his white throat and chest, his slender legs with the delicate shaped hoofs, shaped like a broken heart, drawn up and his head with the beautiful miniature horns looking toward the Indian. They had stopped the car and spoken to the Indian but he did not understand English and grinned and the small buck lay there dead with his eyes open looking straight at the Indian. It was possible then and for five years after. But what was possible now? Nothing was possible now unless he himself was and he must say the things if there was ever to be a chance of them being true. Even if it were wrong to say them he must say them. They never could be true unless he said them. He had to say them and then perhaps he could feel them and then perhaps he could believe them. And then perhaps they would be true. Perhaps is an ugly word, he thought, but it is even worse on the end of your cigar.

"Have you got cigarettes?" he asked the girl. "I don't know whether that lighter works."

"I haven't tried it. I haven't smoked. I've felt so nervous."

"You don't just smoke when you're nervous do you?"

"I think so. Mostly."

"Try the lighter."

"All right."

"Who was the guy you married?"

"Oh let's not talk about him."

"No. I just meant who was he?"

"No one you know."

"Don't you really want to tell me about him?"

"No, Roger. No."

"All right."

"I'm sorry," she said. "He was English."

"Was?"

"Is. But I like was better. Besides you said was."

"Was is a good word," he said. "It's a hell of a lot better word than perhaps."

"All right. I don't understand it at all but I believe you. Roger?"

"Yes, daughter."

"Do you feel any better?"

"Much. I'm fine."

"All right. I'll tell you about him. He turned out to be gay. That was it. He hadn't said anything about it and he didn't act that way at all. Not at all. Truly. You probably think I'm stupid. But he

didn't in any way. He was absolutely beautiful. You know how they can be. And then I found out about it. Right away of course. The same night actually. Now is it all right not to talk about it?"

"Poor Helena."

"Don't call me Helena. Call me daughter."

"My poor daughter. My darling."

"That's a nice word too. You mustn't mix it with daughter though. It's no good that way. Mummy knew him. I thought she might have said something. She just said she'd never noticed and when I said, 'You might have noticed,' she said, 'I thought you knew what you were doing and I had no call to interfere.' I said, 'Couldn't you just have said something or couldn't somebody just have said something?' and she said, 'Darling, everyone thought you knew what you were doing. Everyone. Everyone knows you don't care anything about it yourself and I had every right to think you knew the facts of life in this right little tight little island.'"

She was sitting stiff and straight beside him now and she had no tone in her voice at all. She didn't mimic. She simply used the exact words or as exactly as she remembered them. Roger thought they sounded quite exact.

"Mummy was a great comfort," she said. "She said a lot of things to me that day."

"Look," Roger said. "We'll throw it all away. All of it. We'll throw it all away now right here beside the road. Any of it you want to get rid of you can always tell me. But we've thrown it all away now and we've really thrown it away."

"I want it to be like that," she said. "That's how I started out. And you know I said at the start we'd give it a miss."

"I know. I'm sorry. But I'm glad really because now we have thrown it away."

"It's nice of you. But you don't have to make incantations or exorcisions or any of that. I can swim without water wings. And he was damned beautiful."

"Spit it out. If that's the way you want it."

"Don't be like that. You're so damned superior you don't have to be superior. Roger?"

"Yes, Bratchen."

"I love you very much and we don't have to do this any more do we?"

"No. Truly."

"I'm so glad. Now will we be jolly?"

"Sure we will. Look," he said. "There are the birds. The first of them."

They showed white in the cypress hammock that rose like an island of trees out of the swamp on their left the sun shining on them in the dark foliage and as the sun lowered more came flying across the sky, flying white and slow, their long legs stretched behind them.

"They're coming in for the night. They've been feeding out in the marsh. Watch the way they brake with their wings and the long legs slant forward to land."

"Will we see the ibises too?"

"There they are."

He had stopped the car and across the darkening swamp they could see the wood ibis crossing the sky with their pulsing flight to wheel and light in another island of trees.

"They used to roost much closer."

"Maybe we will see them in the morning," she said. "Do you want me to make a drink while we've stopped?"

"We can make it while we drive. The mosquitoes will get to us here."

As he started the car there were a few mosquitoes in it, the big black Everglades type, but the

rush of the wind took them out when he opened the door and slapped them out with his hand and the girl found two enameled cups in the packages they had brought and the carton that held a bottle of White Horse. She wiped the cups out with a paper napkin, poured in Scotch, the bottle still in the carton, put in lumps of ice from the thermos jug and poured soda into them.

"Here's to us," she said and gave him the cold enameled cup and he held it drinking slowly and driving on, holding the wheel with his left hand, driving along into the road that was dusky now. He put on the lights a little later and soon they cut far ahead into the dark and the two of them drank the whisky and it was what they needed and made them feel much better. There is always a chance, Roger thought, when a drink can still do what it is supposed to do. This drink had done exactly what it should do.

"It tastes sort of slimy and slippery in a cup."

"Enameled," Roger said.

"That was pretty easy," she said. "Doesn't it taste wonderfully?"

"It's the first drink we've had all day. Except that resin wine at lunch. It's our good friend," he said. "The old giant killer."

"That's a nice name for it. Did you always call it that?"

"Since the war. That's when we first used it for that."

"This forest would be a bad place for giants."

"I think they've been killed off a long time," he said. "They probably hunted them out with those big swamp buggies with the huge tires."

"That must be very elaborate. It's easier with an enameled cup."

"Tin cups make it taste even better," he said. "Not for giant killing. Just for how good it can be. But you ought to have ice cold spring water and the cup chilled in the spring and you look down in the spring and there are little plumes of sand that rise on the bottom where it's bubbling."

"Will we have that?"

"Sure. We'll have everything. You can make a wonderful one with wild strawberries. If you have a lemon you cut half of it and squeeze it into the cup and leave the rind in the cup. Then you crush the wild strawberries into the cup and wash the sawdust off a piece of ice from the icehouse and put it in and then fill the cup with Scotch and then stir it till it's all mixed and cold."

"Don't you put in any water?"

"No. The ice melts enough and there's enough juice in the strawberries and from the lemon."

"Do you think there will still be wild strawberries?"

"I'm sure there will be."

"Do you think there will be enough to make a shortcake?"

"I'm pretty sure there will be."

"We better not talk about it. I'm getting awfully hungry."

"We'll drive about another drink more," he said. "And then we ought to be there."

They drove on in the night now with the swamp dark and high on both sides of the road and the good headlights lighting far ahead. The drinks drove the past away the way the headlights cut through the dark and Roger said.

"Daughter, I'll take another if you want to make it."

When she had made it she said, "Why don't you let me hold it and give it to you when you want it?"

"It doesn't bother me driving."

"It doesn't bother me to hold it either. Doesn't it make you feel good?"

"Better than anything."

"Not than anything. But awfully good."

Ahead now were the lights of a village where the trees were cleared away and Roger turned onto a road that ran to the left and drove past a drugstore, a general store, a restaurant and along a deserted paved street that ran to the sea. He turned right and drove on another paved street past vacant lots and scattered houses until they saw the lights of a filling station and a neon sign advertising cabins. The main highway ran past there joining the sea road and the cabins were toward the sea. They stopped the car at the filling station and Roger asked the middle-aged man who came out looking blue-skinned in the light of the sign to check the oil and water and fill the tank.

"How are the cabins?" Roger asked.

"O.K., Cap," the man said. "Nice cabins. Clean cabins."

"Got clean sheets?" Roger asked.

"Just as clean as you want them. You folks fixing to stay all night?"

"If we stay."

"All night's three dollars."

"How's for the lady to have a look at one?"

"Fine and dandy. She won't ever see no finer mattresses. Sheets plumb clean. Shower. Perfect cross ventilation. Modern plumbing."

"I'll go in," the girl said.

"Here take a key. You folks from Miami?"

"That's right."

"Prefer the West Coast myself," the man said. "Your oil's O.K. and so's your water."

The girl came back to the car.

"The one I saw is a splendid cabin. It's cool too."

"Breeze right off the Gulf of Mexico," the man said. "Going to blow all night. All tomorrow. Probably part of Thursday. Did you try that mattress?"

"Everything looked marvelous."

"My old woman keeps them so goddam clean it's a crime. She wears herself to death on them. I sent her up to the show tonight. Laundry's the biggest item. But she does it. There it is. I just got mine into her." He went to hang up the hose.

"He's a little confusing," Helena whispered. "But it's quite nice and clean."

"Well you going to take her?" the man asked.

"Sure," Roger said. "We'll take her."

"Write in the book then."

Roger wrote Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hutchins 9072 Surfside Drive Miami Beach and handed the book back.

"Any kin to the educator?" the man asked, making a note of the license number in the book.

"No. I'm sorry."

"Nothing to be sorry about," the man said. "I never thought much of him. Just read about him in the papers. Like me to help you with anything?"

"No. I'll just run her in and we'll put our things in."

"That's three and nine gallons makes five-fifty with the state tax."

"Where can we get something to eat?" Roger asked.

"Two different places in town. Just about the same."

"You prefer either one?"



"People speak pretty highly of the Green Lantern."

"I think I've heard of it," the girl said. "Somewhere."

"You might. Widow woman runs it."

"I believe that's the place," the girl said.

"Sure you don't want me to help you?"

"No. We're fine," Roger said.

"Just one thing I'd like to say," the man said. "Mrs. Hutchins certainly is a fine looking woman."

"Thank you," Helena said. "I think that's lovely of you. But I'm afraid it's just that beautiful light."

"No," he said. "I mean it true. From the heart."

"I think we'd better go in," Helena said to Roger. "I don't want you to lose me so early in the trip."

Inside the cabin there was a double bed, a table covered with oilcloth, two chairs and a light bulb that hung down from the ceiling. There was a shower, a toilet and a washbowl with a mirror. Clean towels hung on a rack by the washbowl and there was a pole at one end of the room with some hangers.

Roger brought in the bags and Helena put the ice jug, the two cups, and the cardboard canon with the Scotch in it on the table with the paper bag full of White Rock bottles.

"Don't look gloomy," she said. "The bed is clean. The sheets anyway."

Roger put his arm around her and kissed her.

"Put the light out please."

Roger reached up to the light bulb and turned the switch. In the dark he kissed her, brushing his lips against hers, feeling them both fill without opening, feeling her trembling as he held her. Holding her tight against him, her head back now, he heard the sea on the beach and felt the wind cool through the window. He felt the silk of her hair over his arm and their bodies hard and taut and he dropped his hand on her breasts to feel them rise, quick-budding under his fingers.

"Oh Roger," she said. "Please. Oh please."

"Don't talk."

"Is that him? Oh he's lovely."

"Don't talk."

"He'll be good to me. Won't he. And I'll try to be good to him. But isn't he awfully big?"

"No."

"Oh I love you so and I love him so. Do you think we should try now so we'll know? I can't stand it very much longer. Not knowing. I haven't been able to stand it all afternoon."

"We can try."

"Oh let's. Let's try. Let's try now."

"Kiss me once more."

In the dark he went into the strange country and it was very strange indeed, hard to enter, suddenly perilously difficult, then blindingly, happily, safely, encompassed; free of all doubts, all perils and all dreads, held unboldly, to hold, to hold increasingly, unboldly still to hold, taking away all things before, and all to come, bringing the beginning of bright happiness in darkness, closer, closer, closer now closer and ever closer, to go on past all belief, longer, finer, further, finer higher and higher to drive toward happiness suddenly, scaldingly achieved.

"Oh darling," he said. "Oh darling."

"Yes."

"Thank you my dear blessed."  
"I'm dead," she said. "Don't thank me. I'm dead."  
"Do you want—"  
"No please. I'm dead."  
"Let's—"  
"No. Please believe me. I don't know how to say it another way."  
Then later she said, "Roger."  
"Yes, daughter."  
"Are you sure?"  
"Yes, daughter."  
"And you're not disappointed because of anything?"  
"No, daughter."  
"Do you think you'll get to love me?"  
"I love you," he lied. I love what we did he meant.  
"Say it again."  
"I love you," he lied again.  
"Say it once more."  
"I love you," he lied.  
"That's three times," she said, in the dark. "I'll try to make it come true."

The wind blew cool on them and the noise the palm leaves made was almost like rain and after a while the girl said, "It will be lovely tonight but do you know what I am now?"

"Hungry."  
"Aren't you a wonderful guesser?"  
"I'm hungry too."

They ate at the Green Lantern and the widow woman squirted Flit under the table and brought them fresh mullet roe browned crisp and fried with good bacon. They drank cold Regal beer and ate a steak each with mashed potatoes. The steak was thin from grass-fed beef and not very good but they were hungry and the girl kicked her shoes off under the table and put both her bare feet on Roger's. She was beautiful and he loved to look at her and her feet felt very good on his.

"Does it do it to you?" she asked.  
"Of course."  
"Can I feel?"  
"If the widow woman isn't looking."  
"It does it to me too," she said. "Aren't our bodies nice to each other?"

They ate pineapple pie for dessert and each had another cold bottle of Regal fresh from deep in the melting ice water of the cooler.

"I have Flit on my feet," she said. "They'll be nicer when they don't have Flit on them."  
"They're lovely with Flit. Push really hard with them."  
"I don't want to push you out of the widow woman's chair."  
"All right. That's enough."  
"You never felt any better did you?"  
"No," Roger said truly.  
"We don't have to go to the movies do we?"  
"Not unless you want to very much."  
"Let's go back to our house and then start out terribly early in the morning."

"That's fine."

They paid the widow woman and took a couple of bottles of the cold Regal in a paper sack and drove back to the cabins and put the car in the space between cabins.

"The car knows about us already," she said as they came in the cabin.

"It's nice that way."

"I was sort of shy with him at the start but now I feel like he's our partner."

"He's a good car."

"Do you think the man was shocked?"

"No. Jealous."

"Isn't he awfully old to be jealous?"

"Maybe. Maybe he's just pleased."

"Let's not think about him."

"I haven't thought about him."

"The car will protect us. He's our good friend already. Did you see how friendly he was coming back from the widow woman's?"

"I saw the difference."

"Let's not even put the light on."

"Good," Roger said. "I'll take a shower or do you want one first?"

"No. You."

Then waiting in the bed he heard her in the bath splashing and then drying herself and then she came into the bed very fast and long and cool and wonderful feeling.

"My lovely," he said. "My true lovely."

"Are you glad to have me?"

"Yes, my darling."

"And it's really all right?"

"It's wonderful."

"We can do it all over the country and all over the world."

"We're here now."

"All right. We're here. Here. Where we are. Here. Oh the good, fine, lovely here in the dark. What a fine lovely wonderful here. So lovely in the dark. In the lovely dark. Please hear me here. Oh very gently here very gently please carefully Please Please very carefully Thank you carefully oh in the lovely dark."

It was a strange country again but at the end he was not lonely and later, waking, it was still strange and no one spoke at all but it was their country now, not his nor hers, but theirs, truly, and they both knew it.

In the dark with the wind blowing cool through the cabin she said, "Now you're happy and you love me."

"Now I'm happy and I love you."

"You don't have to repeat it. It's true now."

"I know it. I was awfully slow wasn't I?"

"You were a little slow."

"I'm awfully glad that I love you."

"See?" she said. "It isn't hard."

"I really love you."

"I thought maybe you would. I mean I hoped you would."

"I do." He held her very close and tight. "I really love you. Do you hear me?"

It was true, too, a thing which surprised him greatly, especially when he found that it was still true in the morning.

They didn't leave the next morning. Helena was still sleeping when Roger woke and he watched her sleeping, her hair spread over the pillow, swept up from her neck and swung to one side, her lovely brown face, the eyes and the lips closed looking even more beautiful than when she was awake. He noticed her eyelids were pale in the tanned face and how the long lashes lay, the sweetness of her lips, quiet now like a child's asleep, and how her breasts showed under the sheet she had pulled up over her in the night. He thought he shouldn't wake her and he was afraid if he kissed her it might, so he dressed and walked down into the village, feeling hollow and hungry and happy, smelling the early morning smells and hearing and seeing the birds and feeling and smelling the breeze that still blew in from the Gulf of Mexico, down to the other restaurant a block beyond the Green Lantern. It was really a lunch counter and he sat on a stool and ordered coffee with milk and a fried ham and egg sandwich on rye bread. There was a midnight edition of the *Miami Herald* on the counter that some trucker had left and he read about the military rebellion in Spain while he ate the sandwich and drank the coffee. He felt the egg spurt in the rye bread as his teeth went through the bread, the slice of dill pickle, the egg and the ham, and he smelled them all and the good early morning coffee smell as he lifted the cup.

"They're having plenty of trouble over there aren't they," the man behind the counter said to him. He was an elderly man with his face tanned to the line of the sweatband of his hat and freckled dead white above that. Roger saw he had a thin, mean cracker mouth and he wore steel-rimmed glasses.

"Plenty," Roger agreed.

"All those European countries are the same," the man said. "Trouble after trouble."

"I'll take another cup of coffee," Roger said. He would let this one cool while he read the paper.

"When they get to the bottom of it they'll find the Pope there." The man drew the coffee and put the pot of milk by it.

Roger looked up interestedly as he poured the milk into the cup.

"Three men at the bottom of everything," the man told him. "The Pope, Herben Hoover, and Franklin Delano Roosevelt."

Roger relaxed. The man went on to explain the interlocking interests of these three and Roger listened happily. America was a wonderful place he thought. Imagine buying a copy of *Bouvard et Pécuchet* when you could get this free with your breakfast. You are getting something else with the newspaper, he thought. But in the meantime there is this.

"What about the Jews?" he asked finally. "Where do they come in?"

"The Jews are a thing of the past," the man behind the counter told him. "Henry Ford put them out of business when he published *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*."

"Do you think they're through?"

"Not a doubt of it, fella," the man said. "You've seen the last of them."

"That surprises me," Roger said.

"Let me tell you something else," the man leaned forward. "Some day old Henry will get the Pope the same way. He'll get him just like he got Wall Street."

"Did he get Wall Street?"

"Oh boy," the man said. "They're through."

"Henry must be going good."

"Henry? You really said something then. Henry's the man of the ages."

"What about Hitler?"

"Hitler's a man of his word."

"What about the Russians?"

"You've asked the right man that question. Let the Russian bear stay in his own backyard."

"Well that pretty well fixes things up," Roger got up.

"Things look good," the man behind the counter said. "I'm an optimist. Once old Henry tackles the Pope you'll see all three of them crumble."

"What papers do you read?"

"Any of them," the man said. "But I don't get my political views there. I think things out for myself."

"What do I owe you?"

"Forty-five cents."

"It was a first class breakfast."

"Come again," the man said and picked up the paper from where Roger had laid it on the counter. He's going to figure some more things out for himself, Roger thought.

Roger walked back to the tourist camp, buying a later edition of the *Miami Herald* at the drugstore. He also bought some razor blades, a tube of mentholated shaving cream, some Dentyne chewing gum, a bottle of Listerine and an alarm clock.

When he arrived at the cabin and opened the door quietly and put his package on the table beside the thermos jug, the enameled cups, the brown paper bag full of White Rock bottles, and the two bottles of Regal beer they had forgotten to drink, Helena was still asleep. He sat in the chair and read the paper and watched her sleep. The sun was high enough so that it did not shine on her face and the breeze came in the other window, blowing across her as she slept without stirring.

Roger read the paper trying to figure out from the various bulletins what had happened, really, and how it was going. She might as well sleep, he thought. We better get whatever there is each day now and as much and as well as we can because it's started now. It came quicker than I thought it would. I do not have to go yet and we can have a while. Either it will be over right away and the Government will put it down or there will be plenty of time. If I had not had these two months with the kids I would have been over there for it. I'd rather have been with the kids, he thought. It's too late to go now. It would probably be over before I would get there. Anyway there is going to be plenty of it from now on. There is going to be plenty of it for us all the rest of our lives. Plenty of it. Too damned much of it. I've had a wonderful time this summer with Tom and the kids and now I've got this girl and I'll see how long my conscience holds out and when I have to go I'll go to it and not worry about it until then. This is the start all right. Once it starts there isn't going to be any end to it. I don't see any end until we destroy them, there and here and everywhere. I don't see any end to it ever, he thought. Not for us anyway. But maybe they will win this first one in a hurry, he thought, and I won't have to go to this one.

The thing had come that he had expected and known would come and that he had waited all one fall for in Madrid and he was already making excuses not to go to it. Spending the time he had with the children had been a valid excuse and he knew nothing had been planned in Spain until later. But now it had come and what was he doing? He was convincing himself there was no need for him to go. It is liable all to be over before I can get there, he thought. There is going to be plenty of time.

There were other things that held him back too that he did not understand yet. They were the weaknesses that developed alongside his strengths like the crevices in a glacier under its covering of snow, or, if that is too pompous a comparison, like streaks of fat between muscles. These weaknesses

were a part of the strengths unless they grew to dominate them; but they were mostly hidden and he did not understand them, nor know their uses. He did know, though, that this thing had come that he must go to and aid in every way he could, and yet he found varied reasons why he did not have to go.

They were all varyingly honest and they were all weak except one; he would have to make some money to support his children and their mothers and he would have to do some decent writing to make that money or he would not be able to live with himself. I know six good stories, he thought, and I'm going to write them. That will get them done and I have to do them to make up for that whoring on the Coast. If I can really do four out of the six that will pretty well balance me with myself and make up for that job of whoring; whoring hell, it wasn't even whoring it was like being asked to produce a sample of semen in a test tube that could be used for artificial insemination. You had an office to produce it in and a secretary to help you. Don't forget. The hell with these sexual symbols. What he meant was that he had taken money for writing something that was not the absolute best he could write. Absolute best hell. It was crap. Goose-crap. Now he had to atone for that and recover his respect by writing as well as he could and better than he ever had. That sounded simple, he thought. Try and do it some time.

But anyway if I do four as good as I can do and as straight as God could do them on one of his good days (Hi there Deity. Wish me luck Boy. Glad to hear you're doing so good yourself.) then I'll be straight with myself and if that six-ply bastard Nicholson can sell two out of the four that will stake the kids while we are gone. We? Sure. We. Don't you remember about we? Like the little pig we we we all the way home. Only away from home. Home. That's a laugh. There isn't any home. Sure there is. This is home. All this. This cabin. This car. Those once fresh sheets. The Green Lantern and the widow woman and Regal beer. The drugstore and the breeze off the gulf. That crazy at the lunch counter and a ham and egg sandwich on rye. Make it two to go. One with a slice of raw onion. Fill her up and check the water and the oil please. Would you mind checking the tires please? The hiss of compressed air, administered courteously and free was home which was all oil-stained cement everywhere, all rubber worn on pavements, comfort facilities, and Cokes in red vending machines. The center line of highways was the boundary line of home.

You get to think like one of those Vast-Spaces-of-America writers, he said to himself. Better watch it. Better get a load of this. Look at your girl sleeping and know this: Home is going to be where people do not have enough to eat. Home is going to be wherever men are oppressed. Home is going to be wherever evil is strongest and can be fought. Home is going to be where you will go from now on.

But I don't have to go yet, he thought. He had some reasons to delay it. No you don't have to go yet, his conscience said. And I can write the stories, he said. Yes, you must write the stories and they must be as good as you can write and better. All right. Conscience, he thought. We have that all straightened out. I guess the way things are shaping up I had better let her sleep. You let her sleep, his conscience said. And you try very hard to take good care of her and not only that. You *take* good care of her. As good as I can, he told his conscience, and I'll write at least four good ones. They better be good, his conscience said. They will be, he said. They'll be the very best.

So having promised and decided that did he then take a pencil and an old exercise book and, sharpening the pencil, start one of the stories there on the table while the girl slept? He did not. He poured an inch and a half of White Horse into one of the enameled cups, unscrewed the top of the ice jug and putting his hand in the cool depth pulled out a chunk of ice and put it in the cup. He opened a bottle of White Rock and poured some alongside of the ice and then swirled the lump of ice around with his finger before he drank.

They've got Spanish Morocco, Sevilla, Pamplona, Burgos, Saragossa, he thought. We've got Barcelona, Madrid, Valencia and the Basque country. Both frontiers are still open. It doesn't look so bad. It looks good. I must get a good map though. I ought to be able to get a good map in New Orleans. Mobile maybe.

He figured it as well as he could without a map. Saragossa is bad, he thought. That cuts the railway to Barcelona. Saragossa was a good Anarchist town. Not like Barcelona or Lérida. But still plenty there. They can't have put up much of a fight. Maybe they haven't made their fight yet. They'd have to take Saragossa right away if they could. They would have to come up from Catalonia and take it.

If they could keep the Madrid-Valencia-Barcelona railway and open up Madrid-Saragossa-Barcelona and hold Irún it ought to be all right. With stuff coming in from France they ought to be able to build up in the Basque country and beat Mola in the north. That would be the toughest fight. That son of a bitch. He could not see the situation in the south except that the revolt would have to come up the valley of the Tagus to attack Madrid and they would probably try it from the north too. Would have to try it right away to try to force the passes of the Quadarramas the way Napoleon had done it.

I wish I had not been with the kids, he thought. I wish the hell I was there. No you don't wish you hadn't been with the kids. You can't go to everyone. Or you can't be at them the minute they start. You're not a firehorse and you have as much obligation to the kids as to anything in the world. Until the time comes when you have to fight to keep the world so it will be O.K. for them to live in, he corrected. But that sounded pompous so he corrected it to when it is more necessary to fight than to be with them. That was flat enough. That would come soon enough.

Figure this one out and what you have to do and then stick with that, he told himself. Figure it as well as you can and then really do what you have to do. All right, he said. And he went on figuring.

Helena slept until eleven-thirty and he had finished his second drink.

"Why didn't you wake me, darling?" she said when she opened her eyes and rolled toward him and smiled.

"You looked so lovely sleeping."

"But we've missed our early start and the early morning on the road."

"We'll have it tomorrow morning."

"Give kiss."

"Kiss."

"Give hug a lug."

"Big hugalug"

"Feels better," she said. "Oh. Feels good."

When she came out from the shower with her hair tucked under a rubber cap she said, "Darling, you didn't have to drink because you were lonesome did you?"

"No. Just because I felt like it."

"Did you feel badly though?"

"No. I felt wonderful."

"I'm so glad. I'm ashamed. I just slept and slept."

"We can swim before lunch."

"I don't know," she said. "I'm so hungry. Do you think we could have lunch and then take a nap or read or something and then swim?"

"Wunderbar."

"We shouldn't start and drive this afternoon?"

"See how you feel, daughter."

"Come here," she said.

He did. She put her arms around him and he felt her standing, fresh and cool from the shower, not dried yet, and he kissed her slowly and happily feeling the happy ache come in him where she had pressed firm against him.

"How's that?"

"That's fine."

"Good," she said. "Let's drive tomorrow."

The beach was white sand, almost as fine as flour, and it ran for miles. They took a long walk along it in the late afternoon, swimming out, lying in the clear water, floating and playing, and then swimming in to walk further along the beach.

"It's a lovelier beach than Bimini even," the girl said.

"But the water's not as fine. It doesn't have that quality the Gulf Stream water has."

"No I guess not. But after European beaches it's unbelievable."

The clean softness of the sand made walking a sensual pleasure that could be varied from the dry, soft, powdery to the just moist and yielding to the firm cool sand of the line of the receding tide.

"I wish the boys were here to point out things and show me things and tell me about things."

"I'll point out things."

"You don't have to. You just walk ahead a little way and let me look at your back and your can."

"You walk ahead."

"No you."

Then she came up to him and said, "Come on. Let's run side by side."

They jogged easily along the pleasant firm footing above the breaking waves. She ran well, almost too well for a girl, and when Roger forced the pace just a little she kept up easily. He kept the same pace and then lengthened it a little again. She kept even with him but said, "Hi. Don't kill me," and he stopped and kissed her. She was hot from the running and she said, "No. Don't."

"It's nice."

"Must go in the water first," she said. They dove into the surf that was sandy where it broke and swam out to the clean green water. She stood up with just her head and shoulders out.

"Kiss now."

Her lips were salty and her face was wet with the seawater and as he kissed her she turned her head so that her sea wet hair swung against his shoulder.

"Awfully salty but awfully good," she said. "Hold very hard."

He did.

"Here comes a big one," she said. "A really big one. Now lift high up and we'll go over together in the wave."

The wave rolled them over and over holding tight onto each other his legs tight around hers.

"Better than drowning," she said. "So much better. Let's do it once more."

They picked a huge wave this time and when it hung and curled to break Roger threw them across the line of its breaking and when it crashed down it rolled them over and over like a piece of driftwood onto the sand.

"Let's get clean and lie on the sand," she said and they swam and dove in the clean water and then lay side by side on the cool, firm beach where the last inrush of the waves just touched their toes and ankles.

"Roger, do you still love me?"



"Yes, daughter. Very much."

"I love you. You were nice to play."

"I had fun."

"We do have fun don't we."

"It's been lovely all day."

"We only had a half a day because I was a bad girl and slept so late."

"That was a good sound thing to do."

"I didn't do it to be good and sound. I did it because I couldn't help it."

He lay alongside of her, his right foot touching her left, his leg touching hers and he put his hand on her head and neck.

"Old head's awfully wet. You won't catch a cold in the wind?"

"I don't think so. If we lived by the ocean all the time I'd have to get my hair cut."

"No."

"It looks nice. You'd be surprised."

"I love it the way it is."

"It's wonderful short for swimming."

"Not for bed though."

"I don't know," she said. "You'd still be able to tell I was a girl."

"Do you think so?"

"I'm almost sure. I could always remind you."

"Daughter?"

"What, darling?"

"Did you always like making love?"

"No."

"Do you now?"

"What do you think?"

"I think that if I had a good look both ways down the beach and there was no one in sight we'd be all right."

"It's an awfully lonely beach," she said.

They walked back along the sea and the wind was still blowing and the rollers were breaking far out on the low tide.

"It seems so awfully simple and as though there were no problems at all," the girl said. "I found you and then all we ever had to do was eat and sleep and make love. Of course it's not like that at all."

"Let's keep it like that for a while."

"I think we have a right to for a little while. Maybe not a right to. But I think we can. But won't you be awfully bored with me?"

"No," he said. He was not lonely after this last time as he had nearly always been no matter with whom or where. He had not had the old death loneliness since the first time the night before. "You do something awfully good to me."

"I'm glad if I really do. Wouldn't it be awful if we were the kind of people who grated on each other's nerves and had to have fights to love each other?"

"We're not like that."

"I'll try not to be. But won't you be bored just with me?"

"No."

"But you're thinking about something else now."  
"Yes. I was wondering if we could get a *Miami Daily News*."  
"That's the afternoon paper?"  
"I just wanted to read about the Spanish business."  
"The military revolt?"  
"Yes."  
"Will you tell me about it?"  
"Sure."

He told her about it as well as he could within the limitations of his knowledge and his information.

"Are you worried about it?"  
"Yes. But I haven't thought about it all afternoon."  
"We'll see what there is in the paper," she said. "And tomorrow you can follow it on the radio in the car. Tomorrow we'll really get an early start."  
"I bought an alarm clock."  
"Weren't you intelligent? It's wonderful to have such an intelligent husband. Roger?"  
"Yes, daughter."  
"What do you think they will have to eat at the Green Lantern?"

The next day they started early in the morning before sunrise and by breakfast they had done a hundred miles and were away from the sea and the bays with their wooden docks and fish packing houses and up in the monotonous pine and scrub palmetto of the cattle country. They ate at a lunch counter in a town in the middle of the Florida prairie. The lunch counter was on the shady side of the square and looked out on a red bricked court house with its green lawn.

"I don't know how I ever held out for that second fifty," the girl said, looking at the menu.  
"We should have stopped at Punta Gorda," Roger said. "That would have been sensible."  
"We said we'd do a hundred though," the girl said. "And we did it. What are you going to have, darling?"  
"I'm going to have ham and eggs and coffee and a big slice of raw onion," Roger told the waitress.

"How do you want the eggs?"  
"Straight up."  
"The lady?"  
"I'll have corned beef hash, browned, with two poached eggs," Helena said.  
"Tea, coffee, or milk?"  
"Milk please."  
"What kind of juice?"  
"Grapefruit please."  
"Two grapefruits. Do you mind the onion?" Roger asked.  
"I love onions," she said. "Not as much as I love you though. And I never tried them for breakfast."  
"They're good," Roger said. "They get in there with the coffee and keep you from being lonely when you drive."  
"You're not lonely are you?"  
"No, daughter."

"We made quite good time didn't we?"

"Not really good. That's not much of a stretch for time with the bridges and the towns."

"Look at the cowpunchers," she said. Two men on cow ponies, wearing western work clothes, got down from their stock saddles and hitched their horses to the rail in front of the lunch room and walked down the sidewalk on their high-heeled boots.

"They run a lot of cattle around here," Roger said. "You have to watch for stock on all these roads."

"I didn't know they raised many cattle in Florida."

"An awful lot. Good cattle now too."

"Don't you want to get a paper?"

"I'd like to," he said. "I'll see if the cashier has one."

"At the drugstore," the cashier said. "St. Petersburg and Tampa papers at the drugstore."

"Where is it?"

"At the corner. I doubt if you could miss it."

"You want anything from the drugstore?" Roger asked the girl.

"Camels," she said. "Remember we have to fill the ice jug."

"I'll ask them."

Roger came back with the morning papers and a carton of cigarettes.

"It's not going so good." He handed her one of the papers.

"Is there anything we didn't get on the radio?"

"Not much. But it doesn't look so good."

"Can they fill the ice jug?"

"I forgot to ask."

The waitress came with the two breakfasts and they both drank their cold grapefruit juice and started to eat. Roger kept on reading his paper so Helena propped hers against a water glass and read too.

"Have you any chili sauce?" Roger asked the waitress. She was a thin juke-joint looking blonde.

"You bet," she said. "You people from Hollywood."

"I've been there."

"Ain't she from there?"

"She's going there."

"Oh Jesus me," the waitress said. "Would you write in my book?"

"I'd love to," Helena said. "But I'm not in pictures."

"You will be, honey," the waitress said. "Wait a minute," she said, got a pen."

She handed Helena the book. It was quite new and had a grey imitation leather cover.

"I only just got it," she said. "I only had this job a week."

Helena wrote Helena Hancock on the first page in the rather flamboyant untypical hand that had emerged from the mixed ways of writing she had been taught at various schools.

"Jesus beat me what a name," the waitress said. "Wouldn't you write something with it?"

"What's your name?" Helena asked.

"Marie."

To Marie from her friend Helena wrote above the florid name in the slightly suspect script.

"Gee thanks," Marie said. Then to Roger, "You don't mind writing do you?"

"No," Roger said. "I'd like to. What's your last name, Marie?"

"Oh that don't matter."

He wrote Best always to Marie from Roger Hancock.

"You her father?" the waitress asked.

"Yes," said Roger.

"Gee I'm glad she's going out there with her father," the waitress said. "Well I certainly wish you people luck."

"We need it," Roger said.

"No," the waitress said. "You don't need it. But I wish it to you anyway. Say you must have got married awfully young."

"I was," Roger said. I sure as hell was, he thought.

"I'll bet her mother was beautiful."

"She was the most beautiful girl you ever saw."

"Where's she now?"

"In London," Helena said.

"You people certainly lead lives," the waitress said. "Do you want another glass of milk?"

"No thanks," Helena said. "Where are you from, Marie?"

"Fort Meade," the waitress said. "It's right up the road."

"Do you like it here?"

"This is a bigger town. It's a step up I guess."

"Do you have any fun?"

"I always have fun when there's any time. Do you want anything more?" she asked Roger.

"No. We have to roll."

They paid the check and shook hands.

"Thanks very much for the quarter," the waitress said. "And for writing in my book. I guess I'll be reading about you in the papers. Good luck, Miss Hancock."

"Good luck," Helena said. "I hope you have a good summer."

"It'll be all right," the waitress said. "You be careful won't you."

"You be careful too," Helena said.

"O.K.," Marie said. "Only it's kind of late for me."

She bit her lip and turned and went into the kitchen.

"She was a nice girl," Helena said to Roger as they got into the car. "I should have told her it was sort of late for me too. But I guess that only would have worried her."

"We must fill the ice jug," Roger said.

"I'll take it in," Helena offered. "I haven't done anything for us all day."

"Let me get it."

"No. You read the paper and I'll get it. Have we enough Scotch?"

"There's that whole other bottle in the carton that isn't opened."

"That's splendid."

Roger read the paper. I might as well, he thought. I'm going to drive all day.

"It only cost a quarter," the girl said when she came back with the jug. "But it's chipped awfully fine. Too fine I'm afraid."

"We can get some more this evening."

When they were out of the town and had settled down to the long black highway north through the prairie and the pines, into the hills of the lake country, the road striped black over the long, varied peninsula, heavy with the mounting summer heat now that they were away from the sea breeze; but with them making their own breeze driving at a steady seventy on the straight long stretches and

feeling the country being put behind them, the girl said, "It's fun to drive fast isn't it? It's like making your own youth."

"How do you mean?"

"I don't know," she said. "Sort of foreshortening and telescoping the world the way youth does."

"I never thought much about youth."

"I know it," she said. "But I did. You didn't think about it because you never lost it. If you never thought about it you couldn't lose it."

"Go on," he said. "That doesn't follow."

"It doesn't make good sense," she said. "I'll get it straightened out though and then it will. You don't mind me talking when it doesn't make completely good sense do you?"

"No, daughter."

"You see if I made really completely good sense I wouldn't be here." She stopped. "Yes I would. It's super good sense. Not common sense."

"Like surrealism?"

"Nothing like surrealism. I hate surrealism."

"I don't," he said. "I liked it when it started. It kept on such a long time after it was over was the trouble."

"But things are never really successful until they are over."

"Say that again."

"I mean they aren't successful in America until they are over. And they have to have been over for years and years before they are successful in London."

"Where did you learn all this, daughter?"

"I thought it out," she said. "I've had a lot of time to think while I was waiting around for you."

"You didn't wait so very much."

"Oh yes I did. You'll never know."

There was a choice to be made soon of two main highways with very little difference in their mileage and he did not know whether to take the one that he knew was a good road through pleasant country but that he had driven many times with Andy and David's mother or the newly finished highway that might go through duller country.

That's no choice, he thought. We'll take the new one. The hell with maybe starting something again like I had the other night coming across the Tamiami Trail.

They caught the news broadcast on the radio, switching it off through the soap operas of the forenoon and on at each hour.

"It isn't like fiddling while Rome burns," Roger said. "It's driving west northwest at seventy miles an hour away from a fire that's burning up what you care about to the east and hearing about it while you drive away from it."

"If we keep on driving long enough we'll get to it."

"We hit a lot of water first."

"Roger. Do you have to go? If you have to go you should."

"No damnit. I don't have to go. Not yet. I figured that through yesterday morning while you were asleep."

"Didn't I sleep though? It was shameful."

"I'm awfully glad you did. Do you think you got enough last night? It was awfully early when I woke you."

"I had a wonderful sleep. Roger?"

"What, daughter?"

"We were mean to lie to that waitress."

"She asked questions," Roger said. "It was simpler that way."

"Could you have been my father?"

"If I'd begot you at fourteen."

"I'm glad you're not," she said. "God it would be complicated. It's complicated enough I suppose until I simplify it. Do you think I'll bore you because I'm twenty-two and sleep all night long and am hungry all the time?"

"And are the most beautiful girl I've ever seen and wonderful and strange as hell in bed and always fun to talk to."

"All right. Stop. Why am I strange in bed?"

"You are."

"I said why?"

"I'm not an anatomist," he said. "I'm just the guy that loves you."

"Don't you like to talk about it?"

"No. Do you?"

"No. I'm shy about it and very frightened. Always frightened."

"My old Bratchen. We were lucky weren't we?"

"Let's not even talk about how lucky. Do you think Andy and Dave and Tom would mind?"

"No."

"We ought to write to Tom."

"We will."

"What do you suppose he's doing now?"

Roger looked through the wheel at the clock on the dashboard

"He will have finished painting and be having a drink."

"Why don't we have one?"

"Fine."

She made the drinks in the cups putting in handfuls of the finely chipped ice, the whisky and White Rock. The new highway was wide now and ran far and clear ahead through the forest of pines that were tapped and scored for turpentine.

"It doesn't look like the Landes does it," Roger said and lifting the cup felt the drink icy in his mouth. It was very good but the chipped ice melted fast.

"No. In the Landes there is yellow gorse in between the pines."

"And they don't work the trees for turpentine with chain gangs either," Roger said. "This is all convict labor country through here."

"Tell me how they work it."

"It's pretty damned awful," he said. "The state contracts them out to the turpentine and lumber camps. They used to catch everyone off the trains during the worst of the Depression. All the people riding the trains looking for work. Going east or west or south. They'd stop the trains right outside of Tallahassee and round up the men and march them off to jail and then sentence them to chain gangs and contract them out to the turpentine and lumber outfits. This is a wicked stretch of country. It's old and wicked with lots of law and no justice."

"Pine country can be so friendly too."

"This isn't friendly. This is a bastard. There are lots of lawless people in it but the work is done by the prisoners. It's a slave country. The law's only for outsiders."

"I'm glad we're going through it fast."

"Yes. But we really ought to know it. How it's run. How it works. Who are the crooks and the tyrants and how to get rid of them."

"I'd love to do that."

"You ought to buck Florida politics some time and see what happens."

"Is it really bad?"

"You couldn't believe it."

"Do you know much about it?"

"A little," he said. "I bucked it for a while with some good people but we didn't get anywhere. We got the Bejesus beat out of us. On conversation."

"Wouldn't you like to be in politics?"

"No. I want to be a writer."

"That's what I want you to be."

The road was unrolling now through some scattered hardwood and then across cypress swamps and hammock country and then ahead there was an iron bridge across a clear, dark-watered stream, beautiful and clear moving, with live oaks along its bank and a sign at the bridge that said it was the Senwannee (*sic*) River.

They were on it and over it and up the bank beyond and the road had turned north.

"It was like a river in a dream," Helena said. "Wasn't it wonderful so clear and so dark? Couldn't we go down it in a canoe some time?"

"I've crossed it up above and it's beautiful wherever you cross it."

"Can't we make a trip on it sometime?"

"Sure. There's a place way up above where I've seen it as clear as a trout stream."

"Wouldn't there be snakes?"

"I'm pretty sure there'd be a lot."

"I'm afraid of them. Really afraid of them. But we could be careful couldn't we?"

"Sure. We ought to do it in the winter time."

"There are such wonderful places for us to go," she said. "I'll always remember this river now and we saw it only like the lens clicking in a camera. We should have stopped."

"Do you want to go back?"

"Not until we come to it going the other way. I want to go on and on and on."

"We're either going to have to stop to get something to eat or else get sandwiches and eat them while we drive."

"Let's have another drink," she said. "And then get some sandwiches. What kind do you think they'll have?"

"They ought to have hamburgers and maybe barbecue."

The second drink was like the first, icy cold but quick melting in the wind and Helena held the cup out of the rush of the air and handed it to him when he drank.

"Daughter, are you drinking more than you usually do?"

"Of course. You didn't think I drank a couple of cups of whisky and water every noon by myself before lunch did you?"

"I don't want you to drink more than you should."

"I won't. But it's fun. If I don't want one I won't take one. I never knew about driving across the country and having our drinks on the way."

"We could have fun stopping and poking around. Going down to the coast and seeing the old

places. But I want us to get out west.”

“So do I. I’ve never seen it. We can always come back.”

“It’s such a long way. But this is so much more fun than flying.”

“This is flying. Roger, will it be wonderful out west?”

“It always is to me.”

“Isn’t it lucky I’ve never been out so we’ll have it together?”

“We’ve got a lot of country to get through first.”

“It’s going to be fun though. Do you think we’ll come to the sandwich town pretty soon?”

“We’ll take the next town.”

The next town was a lumbering town with one long street of frame and brick buildings along the highway. The mills were by the railroad and lumber was piled high along the tracks and there was the smell of cypress and pine sawdust in the heat. While Roger filled the gas and had the water, oil and air checked Helena ordered hamburger sandwiches and barbecued pork sandwiches with hot sauce on them in a lunch counter and brought them to the car in a brown paper bag. She had beer in another paper sack.

Back on the highway again, and out of the heat of the town, they ate the sandwiches and drank cold beer that the girl opened.

“I couldn’t get any of our marriage beer,” she said. “This was the only kind there was.”

“It’s good and cold. Wonderful after the barbecue.”

“The man said it was about like Regal. He said I’d never be able to tell it from Regal.”

“It’s better than Regal.”

“It had a funny name. It wasn’t a German name either. But the labels soaked off.”

“It’ll be on the caps.”

“I threw the caps away.”

“Wait till we get out west. They have better beer the further out you get.”

“I don’t think they could have any better sandwich buns or any better barbecue. Aren’t these good?”

“They’re awfully good. This isn’t a part of the country where you eat very good either.”

“Roger, will you mind terribly if I go to sleep for a little while after lunch? I won’t if you’re sleepy.”

“I’d love it if you went to sleep. I’m not sleepy at all really. I’d tell you if I was.”

“There’s another bottle of beer for you. Dammit I forgot to look at the cap.”

“That’s good. I like to drink it unknown.”

“But we could have remembered it for another time.”

“We’ll get another new one.”

“Roger, would you really not mind if I went to sleep?”

“No, beauty.”

“I can stay awake if you want.”

“Please sleep and you’ll wake up lonely and we can talk.”

“Good night, my dear Roger. Thank you very much for the trip and the two drinks and the sandwiches and the unknown beer and the way down upon the Swanee River and for where we are going.”

“You go to sleep, my baby.”

“I will. You wake me up if you want me.”

She slept curled up in the deep seat and Roger drove, watching the wide road ahead for stock,



making fast time through the pine country, trying to keep around seventy to try to see how much he could get over sixty miles onto the speedometer in each hour. He had never been on this stretch of highway but he knew this part of the state and he was driving it now only to put it behind him. You shouldn't have to waste country but on a long trip you have to.

The monotony tires you, he thought. That and the fact there are no vistas. This would be a fine country on foot in cool weather but it is monotonous to drive through now.

I have not been driving long enough to settle into it yet. But I should have more resiliency than I have. I'm not sleepy. My eyes are bored I guess as well as tired. I am not bored, he thought. It is just my eyes and the fact that it is a long time since I have been sitting still so long. It is another game and I'll have to relearn it. About day after tomorrow we will start to make real distance and not be tired by it. I haven't sat still this long for a long time.

He reached forward and turned on the radio and tuned it. Helen did not wake so he left it on and let it blur in with his thinking and his driving.

It is awfully nice having her in the car asleep, he thought. She is good company even when she is asleep. You are a strange and lucky bastard, he thought. You are having much better luck than you deserve. You just thought you had learned something about being alone and you really worked at it and you did learn something. You got right to the edge of something. Then you backslid and ran with those worthless people, not quite as worthless as the other batch, but worthless enough and to spare. Probably they were even more worthless. You certainly were worthless with them. Then you got through that and got in fine shape with Tom and the kids and you knew you couldn't be happier and that there was nothing coming up except to be lonely again and then along comes this girl and you go right into happiness as though it were a country you were the biggest landowner in. Happiness is pre-war Hungary and you are Count Károlyi. Maybe not the biggest landowner but raised the most pheasant anyway. I wonder if she will like to shoot pheasant. Maybe she will. I can still shoot them. They don't bother me. I never asked her if she could shoot. Her mother shot quite well in that wonderful dope-head trance she had. She wasn't a wicked woman at the start. She was a very nice woman, pleasant and kind and successful in bed and I think she meant all the things she said to all the people. I really think she meant them. That is probably what made it so dangerous. It always sounded as though she meant them anyway. I suppose, though, it finally becomes a social defect to be unable to believe any marriage has not really been consummated until the husband has committed suicide. Things all ended so violently that started so pleasantly. But I suppose that is always the way with drugs. Though I suppose among those spiders who eat their mates some of the mate eaters are remarkably attractive. My dear she has never, really never, looked better. Dear Henry was just a *bonne bouche*. Henry was nice too. You know how much we all liked him.

None of those spiders take drugs either, he thought. Of course that's what I should remember about this child, exactly as you should remember the stalling speed of a plane, that her mother was her mother.

That's all very simple, he thought. But you know your own mother was a bitch. But you also know you are a bastard in quite different ways from her ways. So why should her stalling speed be the same as her mother's? Yours isn't.

No one had ever said it was. Hers I mean. What you said was that you should remember her mother as you would remember and so forth.

That's dirty too, he thought. For nothing, for no reason, when you need it most you have this girl, freely and of her own will, lovely, loving and full of illusions about you, and with her asleep beside you on the seat you start destroying her and denying her without any formalities of cocks crowing,

twice nor thrice nor even on the radio.

You are a bastard, he thought and looked down at the girl asleep on the seat by him.

I suppose you start to destroy it for fear you will lose it, or that it will take too great a hold on you, or in case it shouldn't be true, but it is not very good to do. I would like to see you have something besides your kids you did not destroy sometime. This girl's mother was and is a bitch and your mother was a bitch. That ought to bring you closer to her and make you understand her. That doesn't mean she has to be a bitch any more than you have to be a heel. She thinks you are a much better guy than you are and maybe that will make you a better guy than you are. You've been good for a long time now and maybe you can be good. As far as I know you haven't done anything cruel since that night on the dock with that citizen with the wife and the dog. You haven't been drunk. You haven't been wicked. It's a shame you're not still in the church because you could make such a good confession.

She sees you the way you are now and you are a good guy as of the last few weeks and she probably thinks that is the way you have been all the time and that people just maligned you.

You really can start it all over now. You really can. *Please don't be silly*, another part of him said. You really can, he said to himself. You can be just as good a guy as she thinks you are and as you are at this moment. There is such a thing as starting it all over and you've been given a chance to and you can do it and you will do it. *Will you make all the promises again?* Yes. If necessary I will make all the promises and I will keep them. *Not all the promises? Knowing you have broken them?* He could not say anything to that. *You mustn't be a crook before you start.* No. I mustn't. *Say what you can truly do each day and then do it. Each day. Do it a day at a time and keep each day's promises to her and to yourself.* That way I can start it all new, he thought, and still be straight.

You're getting to be an awful moralist, he thought. If you don't watch out you will bore her. *When weren't you always a moralist?* At different times. *Don't fool yourself.* Well, at different places then. *Don't fool yourself.*

All right, Conscience, he said. Only don't be so solemn and didactic. Get a load of this, Conscience old friend, I know how useful and important you are and how you could have kept me out of all the trouble I have been in but couldn't you have a little lighter touch about it? I know that conscience speaks in italics but sometimes you seem to speak in very boldfaced Gothic script. I would take it just as well from you, Conscience, if you did not try to scare me; just as I would consider the Ten Commandments just as seriously if they were not presented as graven on stone tablets. You know, Conscience, it has been a long time since we were frightened by the thunder. Now with the lightning: There you have something. But the thunder doesn't impress us so much any more. *I'm trying to help you, you son of a bitch*, his conscience said.

The girl was still sleeping and they were coring up the hill into Tallahassee. She will probably wake when we stop at the first light, he thought. But she did not and he drove through the old town and turned off to the left on U.S. 319 straight south and into the beautiful wooded country that ran down toward the Gulf Coast.

There's one thing about you, daughter, he thought. Not only can you outsleep anybody I've ever known and have the best appetite I've ever seen linked with a build like yours but you have an absolutely heaven-given ability to not have to go to the bathroom.

Their room was on the fourteenth floor and it was not very cool. But with the fans on and the windows open it was better and when the bellboy had gone out Helena said, "Don't be disappointed, darling. Please. It's lovely."

"I thought I could get you an air-conditioned one."

"They're awful to sleep in really. Like being in a vault. This will be fine."

"We could have tried the other two. But they know me there."

"They'll know us both here now. What's our name?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Robert Harris."

"That's a splendid name. We must try to live up to it. Do you want to bathe first?"

"No. You."

"All right. I'm going to really bathe though."

"Go ahead. Go to sleep in the tub if you want."

"I may. I didn't sleep all day did I?"

"You were wonderful. There was some pretty dull going too."

"It wasn't bad. Lots of it was lovely. But New Orleans isn't really the way I thought it would be. Did you always know it was so flat and dull? I don't know what I expected. Marseilles I suppose. And to see the river."

"It's only to eat and drink in. The part right around here doesn't look so bad at night. It's really sort of nice."

"Let's not go out until it's dark. It's all right around here. Some of it is lovely."

"We'll have that and then, in the morning, we'll be on our way."

"That only leaves time for one meal."

"That's all right. We'll come back in cold weather when we can really eat. Darling," she said. "This is the first sort of letdown we've had. So let's not let it let us down. We'll have long baths and some drinks and a meal twice as expensive as we can afford and we'll go to bed and make wonderful love."

"The hell with New Orleans in the movies," Roger said. "We'll have New Orleans in bed."

"Eat first. Didn't you order some White Rock and ice?"

"Yes. Do you want a drink?"

"No. I was just worried about you."

"It will be along," Roger said. There was a knock at the door. "Here it is. You get started on the tub."

"It's going to be wonderful," she said. "There will just be my nose out of water and the tips of my breasts maybe and my toes and I'm going to have it just as cold as it will run."

The bellboy brought the pitcher of ice, the bottled water and the papers, took his tip and went out.

Roger made a drink and settled down to read. He was tired and it felt good to lie back on the bed with two pillows folded under his neck and read the evening and the morning papers. Things were not so good in Spain but it had not really taken shape yet. He read all the Spanish news carefully in the three papers and then read the other cable news and then the local news.

"Are you all right, darling?" Helena called from the bathroom.

"I'm wonderful."

"Have you undressed?"

"Yes."

"Do you have anything on?"

"No."

"Are you very brown?"

"Still."

"Do you know where we swam this morning was the loveliest beach I've ever seen."

"I wonder how it can get so white and so floury."

"Darling are you very, very brown?"

"Why?"

"I was just thinking about you."

"Being in cold water's supposed to be good for that."

"I'm brown under the water. You'd like it."

"I like it."

"You keep on reading," she said. "You are reading aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Is Spain all right?"

"No."

"I'm so sorry. Is it very bad?"

"No. Not yet. Really."

"Roger?"

"Yes."

"Do you love me?"

"Yes, daughter."

"You go back and read now. I'll think about that here underwater."

Roger lay back and listened to the noises that came up from the street below and read the papers and drank his drink. This was almost the best hour of the day. It was the hour he had always gone to the café alone when he had lived in Paris, to read the evening papers and have his aperitif. This town was nothing like Paris nor was it like Orleans either. Orleans wasn't much of a town either. It was pleasant enough though. Probably a better town to live in than this one. He didn't know the environs of this town though and he knew he was stupid about it.

He had always liked New Orleans, the little that he knew of it, but it was a letdown to anyone who expected very much. And this certainly was not the month to hit it in.

The best time he had ever hit it was with Andy one time in the winter and another time driving through with David. The time going north with Andy they had not come through New Orleans. They had bypassed it to the north to save time and driven north of Lake Pontchartrain and across through Hammond to Baton Rouge on a new road that was being built so they made many detours and then they had gone north through Mississippi in the southern edge of the blizzard that was coming down from the north. When they had hit New Orleans was coming south again. But it was still cold and they had a wonderful time eating and drinking and the city had seemed gay and sharp with cold, instead of moist and damp and Andy had roamed all the antique shops and bought a sword with his Christmas money. He kept the sword in the luggage compartment behind the seat in the car and slept with it in his bed at night.

When he and David had come through it had been in the winter and they had made their headquarters in that restaurant he would have to try to find, the non-tourist one. He remembered it as in a cellar and having teakwood tables and chairs or else they sat on benches. It was probably not like that and was like a dream and he did not remember its name nor where it was located except he thought it was in the opposite direction from Antoine's, on an east and west, not a north and south street, and he and David had stayed in there two days. He probably had it mixed up with some other place. There was a place in Lyons and another near the Parc Monceau that always were merged in his dreams. That was one of the things about being drunk when you were young. You made places in your

mind that afterwards you could never find and they were better than any places could ever be. He knew he hadn't been to this place with Andy though.

"I'm coming out," she said.

"Feel how cool," she said on the bed. "Feel how cool all the way down. No don't go away. I like you."

"No. Let me take a shower."

"If you want. But I'd rather not. You don't wash the pickled onions do you before you put them in the cocktail? You don't wash the vermouth do you?"

"I wash the glass and the ice."

"It's different. You're not the glass and the ice. Roger, please do that again. Isn't again a nice word?"

"Again and again," he said.

So tly he felt the lovely curve from her hip bone up under her ribs and the apple slope of her breasts.

"I it a good curve?"

He kissed her breasts and she said, "Be awfully careful when they're so cold. Be very careful and kind. Do you know about them aching?"

"Yes," he said. "I know about aching."

Then she said, "The other one is jealous."

Later she said, "They didn't plan things right for me to have two breasts and you only one way to kiss. They made everything so far apart."

His hand covered the other, the pressure between the fingers barely touching and then his lips wandered up over all the lovely coolness and met hers. They met and brushed very lightly, sweeping from side to side, losing nothing of the lovely outer screen and then he kissed her.

"Oh darling," she said. "Oh please darling. My dearest kind lovely love. Oh please, please, please my dear love."

After quite a long time she said, "I'm so sorry if I was selfish about your bath. But when I came out of mine I was selfish."

"You weren't selfish."

"Roger, do you still love me?"

"Yes, daughter."

"Do you change how you feel afterwards?"

"No," he lied.

"I don't at all. I just feel better afterwards. I mustn't tell you."

"You tell me."

"No. I won't tell you too much. But we do have a lovely time don't we?"

"Yes," he said very truthfully.

"After we bathe we can go out."

"I'll go now."

"You know maybe we ought to stay tomorrow. I ought to have my nails done and my hair washed. I can do it all myself but you might like it better done properly. That way we could sleep late and then have part of one day in town and then leave the next morning."

"That would be good."

"I like New Orleans now. Don't you?"

"New Orleans is wonderful. It's changed a lot since we came here."

"I'll go in. I'll only be a minute. Then you can bathe."

"I only want a shower."

Afterwards they went down in the elevator. There were Negro girls who ran the elevators and they were pretty. The elevator was full with a party from the floor above so they went down fast. Going down in the elevator made him feel hollower than ever inside. He felt Helena against him where they were crowded.

"If you ever get so that you don't feel anything when you see flying fish go out of water or when an elevator drops you better turn in your suit," he said to her.

"I feel it still," she said. "Are those the only things you have to turn in your suit for?"

The door had opened and they were crossing the old-fashioned marble lobby crowded at this hour with people waiting for other people, people waiting to go to dinner, people just waiting, and Roger said, "Walk ahead and let me see you."

"Where do I walk to?"

"Straight toward the door of the air-conditioned bar."

He caught her at the door.

"You're beautiful. You walk wonderfully and if I were here and saw you now for the first time I'd be in love with you."

"If I saw you across the room I'd be in love with you."

"If I saw you for the first time everything would turn over inside of me and I'd ache right through my chest."

"That's the way I feel all of the time."

"You can't feel that way all of the time."

"Maybe not. But I can feel that way an awfully big part of the time."

"Daughter, isn't New Orleans a fine place?"

"Weren't we lucky to come here?"

It felt very cold in the big high-ceilinged, pleasant, dark-wood panelled bar room and Helena, sitting beside Roger at a table, said, "Look," and showed him the tiny prickles of gooseflesh on her brown arm. "You can do that to me too," she said. "But this time it's air conditioning."

"It's really cold. It feels wonderful."

"What should we drink?"

"Should we get tight?"

"Let's get a little tight."

"I'll drink absinthe then."

"Do you think I should?"

"Why don't you try it. Didn't you ever?"

"No. I was saving it to drink with you."

"Don't make up things."

"It's not made up. I truly did."

"Daughter, don't make up a lot of things."

"It's not made up. I didn't save my maidenly state because I thought it would bore you and besides I gave you up for a while. But I did save absinthe. Truly."

"Do you have any real absinthe?" Roger asked the bar waiter.

"It's not supposed to be," the waiter said. "But I have some."

"The real Couvet Pontarlier sixty-eighth-degree? Not the Tarragova?"

"Yes, sir," the waiter said. "I can't bring you the bottle. It will be in an ordinary Pernod bottle."

"I can tell it," Roger said.  
 "I believe you, sir," the waiter said. "Do you want a frappe or drip?"  
 "Straight drip. You have the dripping saucers?"  
 "Naturally, sir."  
 "Without sugar."  
 "Won't the lady want sugar, sir?"  
 "No. We'll let her try it without."  
 "Very good, sir."  
 er the waiter was gone Roger took Helena's hand under the table. "Hello my beauty."  
 "This is wonderful. Us here and this good old poison coming and we'll eat in some fine place."  
 "And then go to bed"  
 "Do you like bed as much as all that?"  
 "I never did. But I do now."  
 "Why did you never?"  
 "Let's not talk about it."  
 "We won't."  
 "I don't ask you about everyone you've been in love with. We don't have to talk about London do we?"  
 "No. We can talk about you and how beautiful you are. You know you still move like a colt?"  
 "Roger, tell me, did I really walk so it pleased you?"  
 "You walk so that it breaks my heart."  
 "All I do is keep my shoulders back and my head straight up and walk. I know there are tricks I ought to know."  
 "When you look the way you do, daughter, there aren't any tricks. You're so beautiful that I'd be happy just to look at you."  
 "Not permanently I hope."  
 "Daytimes," he said. "Look, daughter. The one thing about absinthe is that you have to drink it awfully slowly. It won't taste strong mixed with the water but you have to believe it is."  
 "I believe. Credo Roger."  
 "I hope you'll never change it the way Lady Caroline did."  
 "I'll never change it except for cause. But you're not like him at all."  
 "I wouldn't want to be."  
 "You're not. Someone tried to tell me you were at college. They meant it as a compliment I think but I was terribly angry and made an awful row with the English professor. They made us read you you know. I mean they made the others read it. I'd read it all. There isn't very much, Roger. Don't you think you ought to work more?"  
 "I'm going to work now as soon as we get out west."  
 "Maybe we shouldn't stay tomorrow then. I'll be so happy when you work."  
 "Happier than now?"  
 "Yes," she said. "Happier than now."  
 "I'll work hard. You'll see."  
 "Roger, do you think I'm bad for you? Do I make you drink or make love more than you should?"  
 "No, daughter."  
 "I'm awfully glad if it's true because I want to be good for you. I know it's a weakness and silliness but I make up stories to myself in the daytime and in one of them I save your life. Sometimes

it's from drowning and sometimes from in from of a train and sometimes in a plane and sometimes in the mountains. You can laugh if you want. And then there is one where I come into your life when you are disgusted and disappointed with all women and you love me so much and I take such good care of you that you get an epoch of writing wonderfully. That's a wonderful one. I was making it up again today in the car."

"That's one I'm pretty sure I've seen in the movies or read somewhere."

"Oh I know. I've seen it there too. And I'm sure I've read it too. But don't you think it happens? Don't you think I could be good for you? Not in a wishy-washy way or by giving you a little *baby* but really good for you so you'd write better than you ever wrote and be happy at the same time?"

"They do it in pictures. Why shouldn't we do it?"

The absinthe had come and from the saucers of cracked ice placed over the top of the glasses water, that Roger added from a small pitcher, was dripping down into the clear yellowish liquor turning it to an opalescent milkiness.

"Try that," Roger said when it was the right cloudy color.

"It's very strange," the girl said. "And warming in the stomach. It tastes like medicine."

"It is medicine. Pretty strong medicine."

"I don't really need medicine yet," the girl said. "But this is awfully good. When will we be tight?"

"Almost any time. I'm going to have three. You take what you want. But take them slow."

"I'll see how I do. I don't know anything about it yet except that it's like medicine. Roger?"

"Yes, daughter."

He was feeling the warmth of the alchemist's furnace starting at the pit of his stomach.

"Roger, don't you think I really could be good for you the way I was in the story I made up?"

"I think we could be good to each other and for each other. But I don't like it to be on a basis of stories. I think the story business is bad."

"But you see that's the way I am. I'm a story-maker-upper and I'm romantic I know. But that's how I am. If I was practical I'd never have come to Birmini."

I don't know, Roger thought to himself. If that was what you wanted to do that was quite practical. You didn't just make up a story about it. And the other part of him thought: You must be slipping you bastard if the absinthe can bring the heel in you out that quickly. But what he said was, "I don't know, daughter. I think the story business is dangerous. First you could make up stories about something innocuous, like me, and then there could be all sorts of other stories. There might be bad ones."

"You're not so innocuous."

"Oh yes I am. Or the stories are anyway. Saving me is fairly innocuous. But first you might be saving me and then next you might be saving the world. Then you might start saving yourself."

"I'd like to save the world. I always wished I could. That's awfully big to make a story about. But I want to save you first."

"I'm getting scared," Roger said.

He drank some more of the absinthe and he felt better but he was worried.

"Have you always made up the stories?"

"Since I can remember. I've made them up about you for twelve years. I didn't tell you all the ones. There are hundreds of them."

"Why don't you write instead of making up the stories?"

"I do write. But it's not as much fun as making up the stories and it's much harder. Then they're



not nearly as good. The ones I make up are wonderful."

"But you're always the heroine in the stories you write?"

"No. It's not that simple."

"Well let's not worry about it now." He took another sip of the absinthe and rolled it under his tongue.

"I never worried about it at all," the girl said. "What I wanted, always, was you and now I'm with you. Now I want you to be a great writer."

"Maybe we'd better not even stop for dinner," he said. He was still very worried and the absinthe warmth had moved up to his head now and he did not trust it there. He said to himself. What did you think could happen that would not have consequences? What woman in the world did you think could be as sound as a good secondhand Buick car? You've only known two sound women in your life and you lost them both. What will she want after that? And the other part of his brain said, Hail heel. The absinthe certainly brought you out early tonight.

So he said, "Daughter, for now, let's just try to be good to each other and love each other" (he got the word out though the absinthe made it a difficult word for him to articulate) "and as soon as we get out where we are going I will work just as hard and as well as I can."

"That's lovely," she said. "And you don't mind my telling you I made up stories?"

"No," he lied. "They were very nice stories." Which was true.

"Can I have another?" she asked.

"Sure." He wished now they had never taken it although it was the drink he loved best of almost any in the world. But almost everything bad that had ever happened to him had happened when he was drinking absinthe; those bad things which were his own fault. He could tell that she knew something was wrong and he pulled hard against himself so that there would be nothing wrong.

"I didn't say something I shouldn't did I?"

"No, daughter. Here's to you."

"Here's to us."

The second one always tastes better than the first because certain taste buds are numbed against the bitterness of the wormwood so that without becoming sweet, or even sweeter, it becomes less bitter and there are parts of the tongue that enjoy it more.

"It is strange and wonderful. But all it does so far is just bring us to the edge of misunderstanding," the girl said.

"I know," he said. "Let's stick together through it."

"Was it that you thought I was ambitious?"

"It's all right about the stories."

"No. It's not all right with you. I couldn't love you as much as I do and not know when you're upset."

"I'm not upset," he lied. "And I'm not going to be upset," he resolved. "Let's talk about something else."

"It will be wonderful when we're out there and you can work."

She is a little obtuse, he thought. Or maybe does it affect her that way? But he said, "It will be. But you won't be bored?"

"Of course not."

"I work awfully hard when I work."

"I'll work too."

"That will be fun," he said. "Like Mr. and Mrs. Browning. I never saw the play."

"Roger, do you have to make fun of it?"

"I don't know." Now pull yourself together, he said to himself. Now is the time to pull yourself together. Be good now. "I make fun of everything," he said "I think it will be fine. And it's much better for you to be working when 'm writing."

"Will you mind reading mine sometimes?"

"No. I'll love to."

"Really?"

"No. Of course. I'll be really happy to. Really."

"When you drink this it makes you feel as though you could do anything," the girl said. "I'm awfully glad I never drank it before. Do you mind if we talk about writing, Roger?"

"Hell no."

"Why did you say 'Hell no'?"

"I don't know," he said. "Let's talk about writing. Really I mean it. What about writing?"

"Now you've made me feel like a fool. You don't have to take me in as an equal or a partner. I only meant I'd like to talk about it if you'd like to."

"Let's talk about it. What about it?"

The girl began to cry, sitting straight up and looking at him. She did not sob nor turn her head away. She just looked at him and tears came down her cheeks and her mouth grew fuller but it did not twist nor break.

"Please, daughter," he said. "Please. Let's talk about it or anything else and I'll be friendly."

She bit her lip and then said, "I suppose I wanted to be partners even though I said I didn't."

I guess that was part of the dream and why the hell shouldn't it be? Roger thought. What do you have to hurt her for you bastard? Be good now fast before you hurt her.

"You see I'd like to have you not just like me in bed but like me in the head and like to talk about things that interest us both."

"We will," he said. "We will now. Bratchen daughter, what about writing, my dear beauty?"

"What I wanted to tell you was that drinking this made me feel the way I feel when I am going to write. That I could do anything and that I can write wonderfully. Then I write and it's just dull. The truer I try to make it the duller it is. And when it isn't true it's silly."

"Give me a kiss."

"Here?"

"Yes."

He leaned over the table and kissed her. "You're awfully beautiful when you cry."

"I'm awfully sorry I cried," she said. "You don't really mind if we talk about it do you?"

"Of course not."

"You see that was one of the parts of it I'd looked forward to."

Yes, I guess it was, he thought. Well why shouldn't it be? And we'll do it. Maybe I will get to like it.

"What was it about writing?" he said. "Besides how it seems it's going to be wonderful and then it turns out dull?"

"Wasn't it that way with you when you started?"

"No. When I started I'd feel as though I could do anything and while I was doing it I would feel like I was making the whole world and when I would read it I would think this is so good I couldn't have written it. I must have read it somewhere. Probably in the *Saturday Evening Post*."

"Weren't you ever discouraged?"

‘Not when I started. I thought I was writing the greatest stories ever written and that people just didn’t have sense enough to know it.’

‘Were you really that conceited?’

‘Worse probably. Only I didn’t think I was conceited. I was just confident.’

‘If those were your first stories, the ones I read, you had a right to be confident.’

‘They weren’t,’ he said. ‘All those first confident stories were lost. The ones you read were when I wasn’t confident at all.’

‘How were they lost, Roger?’

‘It’s an awful story. I’ll tell it to you sometime’

‘Wouldn’t you tell it to me now?’

‘I hate to because it’s happened to other people and to better writers than I am and that makes it sound as though it were made up. There’s no reason for it ever happening and yet it’s happened many times and it still hurts like a bastard. No it doesn’t really. It has a scar over it now. A good thick scar.’

‘Please tell me about it. If it’s a scar and not a scab it won’t hurt to will it?’

‘No, daughter. Well I was very methodical in those days and I kept original manuscripts in one cardboard folder and typed originals in another and carbons in another. I guess it wasn’t so cockeyed methodical. I don’t know how else you’d do it. Oh the hell with this story.’

‘No tell me.’

‘Well I was working at the Lausanne Conference and it was the holidays coming up and Andrew’s mother who was a lovely girl and very beautiful and kind—’

‘I was never jealous of her,’ the girl said. ‘I was jealous of David’s and Tom’s mother.’

‘You shouldn’t be jealous of either of them. They were both wonderful.’

‘I was jealous of Dave’s and Tom’s mother,’ Helena said. ‘I’m not now.’

‘That’s awfully white of you,’ Roger said. ‘Maybe we ought to send her a cable.’

‘Go on with the story, please, and don’t be bad.’

‘All right. The aforesaid Andy’s mother thought she would bring down my stuff so I could have it with me and be able to do some work while we had the holiday together. She was going to bring it to me as a surprise. She hadn’t written anything about it and when I met her at Lausanne I didn’t know anything about it. She was a day late and had wired about it. The only thing I knew was that she was crying when I met her and she cried and cried and when I would ask her what was the matter she told me it was too awful to tell me and then she would cry again. She cried as though her heart was broken. Do I have to tell this story?’

‘Please tell me.’

‘All that morning she would not tell me and I thought of all the worst possible things that could have happened and asked her if they had happened. But she just shook her head. The worst thing I could think of was that she had *tromper*-ed me or fallen in love with someone else and when I asked her that she said, ‘Oh how can you say that?’ and cried some more. I felt relieved then and then, finally, she told me.

‘She had packed all the manuscript folders in a suitcase and left the suitcase with her other bags in her first class compartment in the Paris-Lausanne-Milan Express in the Gare de Lyon while she went out on the quai to buy a London paper and a bottle of Evian water. You remember the Gare de Lyon and how they would have sort of push tables with papers and magazines and mineral water and small flasks of cognac and sandwiches with ham between sliced long pointed-end bread wrapped in paper and other push carts with pillows and blankets that you rented? Well when she got back into the

compartment with her paper and her Evian water the suitcase was gone.

"She did everything there was to be done. You know the French police. The first thing she had to do was show her *carte d'identité* and try to prove she was not an international crook herself and that she did not suffer from hallucinations and that she was sure she actually had such a suitcase and were the papers of political importance and besides, madame, surely there exist copies. She had that all night and the next day when a detective came and searched the flat for the suitcase and found a shotgun of mine and demanded to know if I had a *permis de chasse* I think there was some doubt in the minds of the police whether she should be allowed to proceed to Lausanne and she said the detective had followed her to the train and appeared in the compartment just before the train pulled out and said, 'You are quite sure madame that all your baggage is intact now? That you have not lost anything else? No other important papers?'

"So I said, 'But it's all right really. You *can't* have brought the originals and the typed originals and the carbons.'

"'But I did,' she said. 'Roger, I know I did.' It was true too. I found out it was true when I went up to Paris to see. I remember walking up the stairs and opening the door to the flat, unlocking it and pulling back on the brass handle of the sliding lock and the odor of Eau de Tavel in the kitchen and the dust that had sifted in through the windows on the table in the dining room and going to the cupboard where I kept the stuff in the dining room and it was all gone. I was sure it would be there; that some of the manila folders would be there because I could see them there so clearly in my mind. But there was nothing there at all, not even my paper clips in a cardboard box nor my pencils and erasers nor my pencil sharpener that was shaped like a fish, nor my envelopes with the return address typed in the upper left-hand corner, nor my international postage coupons that you enclosed for them to send the manuscripts back with and that were kept in a small Persian lacquered box that had a pornographic painting inside of it. They were all gone. They had all been packed in the suitcase. Even the red stick of wax was gone that I had used to seal letters and packages. I stood there and looked at the painting inside the Persian box and noticed the curious over-proportion of the parts represented that always characterizes pornography and I remember thinking how much I disliked pornographic pictures and painting and writing and how after this box had been given to me by a friend on his return from Persia I had only looked at the painted interior once to please the friend and that after that I had only used the box as a convenience to keep coupons and stamps in and had never seen the pictures. I felt almost as though I could not breathe when I saw that there really were no folders with originals, nor folders with typed copies, nor folders with carbons and then I locked the door of the cupboard and went into the next room, which was the bedroom, and lay down on the bed and put a pillow between my legs and my arms around another pillow and lay there very quietly. I had never put a pillow between my legs before and I had never lain with my arms around a pillow but now I needed them very badly. I knew everything I had ever written and everything that I had great confidence in was gone. I had rewritten them so many times and gotten them just how I wanted them and I knew I could not write them again because once I had them right I forgot them completely and each time I ever read them I wondered at them and at how I had ever done them.

"So I lay there without moving with the pillows for friends and I was in despair. I had never had despair before, true despair, nor have I ever had it since. My forehead lay against the Persian shawl that covered the bed, which was only a mattress and springs set on the floor and the bed cover was dusty too and I smelt the dust and lay there with my despair and the pillows were my only comfort."

"What were they that were gone," the girl asked.

"Eleven stories, a novel, and poems."

"Poor poor Roger."

"No. I wasn't so poor because there were more inside. Not them. But to come. But I was in bad shape. You see I hadn't believed they could be gone. Not everything."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing very practical. I lay there for a while."

"Did you cry?"

"No. I was all dried up inside like the dust in the house. Weren't you ever in despair?"

"Of course. In London. But I could cry."

"I'm sorry, daughter. I got to thinking about this thing and I forgot. I'm awfully sorry."

"What did you do?"

"Let's see I got up and went down the stairs and spoke to the concierge and she asked me about madame. She was worried because the police had been to the flat and had asked her questions but she was still cordial. She asked me if we had found the valise that had been stolen and I said no and she said it was dirty luck and a great misfortune and was it true that all my works were in it. I said yes and she said but how was it there were no copies? I said the copies were there too. Then she said *Mais ça alors*. Why were copies made to lose them with the originals? I said madame had packed them by mistake. It was a great mistake, she said. A fatal mistake. But monsieur can remember them surely. No, I said. But, she said, monsieur will have to remember them. *Il faut le souviennne rappeler*. *Oui*, I said, *mais ce n'est pas possible. Je ne m'en souviens plus. Mais il faut faire un effort*, she said. *Je le ferais*, I said. But it's useless. *Mais qu'est-ce que monsieur va faire?* she asked. Monsieur has worked here for three years. I have seen monsieur work at the café on the corner. I've seen monsieur at work at the table in the dining room when I've brought things up. *Je sais que monsieur travaille comme un sourd. Qu'es-ce que il faut faire maintenant? Il faut recommencer*, I said. Then the concierge started to cry. I put my arm around her and she smelled of armpit sweat and dust and old black clothes and her hair smelled rancid and she cried with her head on my chest. Were there poems too? she asked. Yes, I said. What unhappiness, she said. But you can recall those surely. *Je tâcherai de la faire*, I said. Do it, she said. Do it tonight.

"I will, I told her. Oh monsieur, she said, madame is beautiful and amiable and *tous le qui'il y a de gentil* but what a grave error it was. Will you drink a glass of marc with me? Of course, I told her, and, sniffing, she left my chest to find the bottle and the two small glasses. To the new works, she said. To them, I said. Monsieur will be a member of the Académie Française. No, I said. The Académie Americaine, she said. Would you prefer rum? I have some rum. No, I said. Marc is very good. Good, she said. Another glass. Now, she said, go out and get yourself drunk and, since Marcelle is not coming to do the flat, as soon as my husband comes in to hold down this dirty loge I will go upstairs and clean the place up for you to sleep tonight. Do you want me to buy anything for you? Do you want me to make breakfast? I asked her. Certainly, she said. Give me ten francs and I'll bring you the change. I'd make you dinner but you ought to eat out tonight. Even though it is more expensive. *Allez voir des amis et manger quelque part*. If it wasn't for my husband I'd come with you.

"Come on and have a drink at the Café des Amateurs now, I said. We'll have a hot grog. No I can't leave this cage until my husband comes, she said. *Débine-toi maintenant*. Leave me the key. It will all be in order when you get back.

"She was a fine woman and I felt better already because I knew there was only one thing to do; to start over. But I did not know if I could do it. Some of the stories had been about boxing, and some about baseball and others about horse racing. They were the things I had known best and had been

closest to and several were about the first war. Writing them I had felt all the emotion I had to feel about those things and I had put it all in and all the knowledge of them that I could express and I had rewritten and rewritten until it was all in them and all gone out of me. Because I had worked on newspapers since I was very young I could never remember anything once I had written it down; as each day you wiped your memory clear with writing as you might wipe a blackboard clear with a sponge or a wet rag; and I still had that evil habit and now it had caught up with me.

"But the concierge, and the smell of the concierge, and her practicality and determination hit my despair as a nail might hit it if it were driven in cleanly and soundly and I thought I must do something about this; something practical; something that will be good for me even if it cannot help about the stories. Already I was half glad the novel was gone because I could see already, as you begin to see clearly over the water when a rainstorm lifts on the ocean as the wind carries it out to sea, that I could write a better novel. But I missed the stories as though they were a combination of my house, and my job, my only gun, my small savings and my wife; also my poems. But the despair was going and there was only missing now as after a great loss. Missing is very bad too."

"I know about missing," the girl said.

"Poor daughter," he said. "Missing is bad. But it doesn't kill you. But despair would kill you in just a little time."

"Really kill you?"

"I think so," he said.

"Can we have another?" she asked. "Will you tell me the rest? This is the sort of thing I always wondered about."

"We can have another," Roger said. "And I'll tell you the rest if it doesn't bore you."

"Roger, you mustn't say that about boring me."

"I bore the hell out of myself sometimes," he said. "So it seemed normal I might bore you."

"Please make the drink and then tell me what happened."

## **The End**

## ألمستخلص

يستخدم البشر دائماً العلامات والرموز للتعبير عن رغباتهم و أفكارهم أو ما يعنون للآخرين. إذن اللغة أكثر من مجرد إشارة لأنها يمكن أن تعمل كأداة للتواصل بين البشر. التداولية هي أحد المجالات التي تدرس اللغة. يمكن تعريف التداولية على أنها دراسة لمعنى السياق ؛ لذلك يجب أن تكون هناك علاقة بين اللغة والسياق. ومع ذلك يتم التعرف على هذه العلاقة من خلال الاشارات.

الاشاريات هي ظاهرة اللغويات التي تتعامل مع العلامات والمعاني. يتم استخدام الاشارات من المتحدث للإشارة إلى شيء ما أو شخص ما ينوي نقله إلى المرسل إليه. في حين يتم التعامل مع الاشارات في كثير من الأحيان بوصفها واحدة من المساحات الأساسية داخل التداولية. تعد الاشارات سمة عالمية للتواصل الإنساني، حيث تربط الكلمات المنطوقة بالسياقات التي تُنتج فيها.

إنَّ الغرض من هذه الدراسة هو إيجاد أنواع الاشارات: (الاشاريات الشخصية والاشاريات الزمانية والاشاريات المكانية والاشارات الخطابية والاشارات الاجتماعية)، والنوع الأكثر شيوعاً منها، حيث أنَّ هذه الدراسة تهدف إلى الاستقصاء في استخدام هذه الاشارات في الكلمات التي تمَّ استخدامها في سبع قصص قصيرة مختارة كتبها إرنست همنغواي وهي: (رحلة قطار و الحمال، الحمار الاسود على مفترق الطرق، فن تصوير الطبيعة مع اشخاص، أعتقد أن كل شيء يذكرك بشيء ما، أخبار رائعة من المينلانند، مدينة غرباء). وقد تم اختيار هذه القصص القصيرة لأنها غير منشورة وغير خاضعة للتحليل من قبل ، وكذلك فان اختيارها كان من الجزء الثالث من "القصص القصيرة الكاملة لإرنست همنغواي: طبعة فينكا فيجيا" (١٩٨٧).

إنَّ نموذج الاشارات هو نموذج تكميلي في تحليل نطق النص السردي لدى همنغواي، بيِّد أنَّ هذه الدراسة تعتمد على تصنيف ليفنسون للاشارات لعام (١٩٨٣)، والذي يشمل اشاريات الشخصية والزمانية والمكانية والخطابية والاجتماعية.

تُقسَّم هذه الرسالة على خمسة فصول: الفصل الأول؛ يقدم أساسيات الدراسة، وإنه يكشف عن مشكلة الدراسة والأهداف والبيانات الافتراضية وحدود الدراسة والإجراءات الواجب تطبيقها، للتحقق من فرضيات الدراسة. ويستعرض الفصل الثاني المجال الأدبي للدراسة ويستكشف الجوانب النظرية التداولية والاشاريات، ويوضح أيضاً أنواع الاشارات مثل الشخصية والمكانية والزمانية والخطابية والاجتماعية مع وظائفها ومفاهيمها. ويوضح الفصل الثالث بشكل أساس منهجية الدراسة؛ أي مصدر البيانات وتقنيات جمع البيانات وتحليلها ويميل إلى تحليل أنواع الاشارات

الخمس، من خلال تحليل نصوص سبع قصص قصيرة كتبها إرنست همنغواي. يميل الفصل الرابع لمناقشة وتقديم التفسيرات مع أسباب النتائج السابقة. وأحتوى الفصل الخامس النتائج المستخلصة من تحليل الاشارات ، فضلاً عن التوصيات والاقتراحات لمزيد من الدراسات الاخرى.





جامعة ميسان  
كلية التربية  
قسم اللغة الإنجليزية

دراسة تداولية للأشعاريات في قصص قصيرة  
مختاره لارنست هيمنغواي

رسالة مقدمة إلى مجلس كلية التربية في جامعة ميسان  
كجزء من متطلبات نيل درجة الماجستير في اللغة  
الإنجليزية وعلم اللغة

Misan University

تقدمت بها  
اسراء فلاح عبد الزهره

بأشراف  
الاستاذ الدكتور عبد الكريم لازم بهير

٢٠١٩ م

١٤٤١ هـ