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THE MAPS OF INNER SPACE:  
J. G. BALLARD'S "THE REPTILE ENCLOSURE"  
IN THE LIGHT OF R. D. LAING'S *THE POLITICS OF EXPERIENCE*

**Abstract.** In 1962, J. G. Ballard wrote his artistic manifesto "Which Way to Inner Space," in which he claims that ambitious science fiction should abandon repetitive space stories and investigate the inner space of the human mind. Two years later, in 1964, his short story "The Reptile Enclosure" was published. While the story appears to focus on the launch of a new satellite, it is really a profound study of "inner space," the timeless mindscape of contemporary humans inherited from the distant past as it depicts instincts and unconscious urges dating back to the early period of Cro-Magnon.

My aim in this paper is to read "The Reptile Enclosure" in the light of Ballard's manifesto and in the context of R. D. Laing's long paper "The Politics of Experience." Both Ballard and Laing attempt to explain the intricacies of human behaviour by referring to our evolutionary past, a physical and social milieu that no longer exists but which they believe to be preserved in our latent collective memory.

**Keywords:** J. G. Ballard; R. D. Laing; inner space; science fiction.

J. G. Ballard's literary career started in the nineteen-fifties, his early stories were published in popular magazines specializing in science fiction and fantasy. It is worth noticing that before becoming a distinguished mainstream novelist, his style went through numerous metamorphoses. During the five decades of his career, Ballard changed his style and experimented with different genres. He was, in turn, a science fiction writer, a member of the avant-garde literary group called New Wave, and a postmodernist, Pynchon-like experimenter. His *The Atrocity Exhibition* (1970) is now considered a post-modernist classic and *Crash* (1975), at least according to Jean Baudrillard, remains one of the best studies of simulacra in contemporary culture. In the

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eighties, however, Ballard wrote *Empire of the Sun* (1984), a very successful semi-autobiographical novel, which won him many prizes and established his position as a respected novelist. He is now deemed to be one of the major English literature writers and his popularity continues to grow.

The stories Ballard published in science fiction magazines in his early years concerned the inner landscapes of the characters' minds. "The Reptile Enclosure," published in 1964 in a collection titled *The Terminal Beach*, is a prime example of such a text. The story appears to be science fiction, focused on the launch of a new satellite; however, it is, in fact, a profound study of "inner space," the timeless mindscape of contemporary humans inherited from the distant past. Instincts and unconscious urges dating back to the early period of Cro-Magnon history are shown to still be potent and, once the right stimuli occur, humans re-enact scenarios from previous epochs/ages. My aim in this paper is to read "The Reptile Enclosure" in the context of Ballard's non-fiction and R. D. Laing's long paper *The Politics of Experience*. Both Ballard and Laing attempt to explain the intricacies of human behaviour by referring to our evolutionary past, the physical and social milieu which no longer exist but which they believe to have been preserved in our instinctive behaviour. Accordingly, although on the rational level we know we are immersed in the modern world with its complex social structures and cultural codes, once some strong impulse prompts us, we instinctively react as if we were living under prehistoric circumstances. This is precisely what Ballard is interested in—he cherishes science fiction's potential for creating improbable narratives that enable us to chart the unknown regions of our minds.

Ballard began publishing his short stories in 1956; at this time, he was an ambitious science fiction writer dissatisfied with the low artistic standards of the genre. He wrote for *Science Fantasy*, *Ambit* and *Encounter*—magazines which promoted a new, unique type of fiction different than American pulp space fiction which after the war flooded the British market. A small group of young SF writers who later were dubbed the New Wave were looking for a periodical which would publish intellectual SF, or "speculative fiction" as they insisted on calling it. Speculative fiction was to be a medium to talk about current social and cultural issues in experimental, often dramatic way.

In 1962, J. G. Ballard published his artistic manifesto, the famous article "Which Way to Inner Space," in which he claims that ambitious science fiction should abandon repetitive outer space stories and investigate the inner space of the human mind. Contrary to sci-fi films, which in the 1960s were

formally experimental, wholeheartedly speculative, and "more and more concerned with the creation of new states of mind" (Ballard, *A User's Guide to the Millennium* 197), and to surrealist fantastic paintings, which have the power to mesmerize the onlooker, Ballard argues that recently written stories are repetitive and based on minor variations of well-known themes.

First published in *New Worlds*, an avant-garde literary magazine, "Which Way to Inner Space" is crucial to understanding Ballard's early fiction, "The Reptile Enclosure" included. This manifesto is about the need to invigorate contemporary literature, which has lost its power to stimulate the imagination. Ballard argues that, among all genres, it is science fiction that has the potential to evolve and become the true literature of tomorrow, able to depict the internal experience of living in a highly developed, artificial civilization. The human response to the unnatural milieu we live in—the abundance of simulacra, high-tech gadgets, indirect communication with other individuals—is encoded inside of our minds, in the regions traditional literature cannot reach. With its concentration on the future, science fiction, if it is focused on a subjective idiosyncratic vision of reality, might become the only medium capable of rendering "truth." In the near future, Ballard claims, the biggest developments "will take place not on the Moon or Mars, but on Earth, and it is inner space, not outer, that needs to be explored" (197).

In the remainder of the article, Ballard suggests ways of rendering inner space in literary texts, especially science fiction. Primarily, the emphasis should switch from "the physical sciences – rocketry, electronics, cybernetics," to biological sciences. Moreover, every apparently objective phenomenon, such as time, should be described as "what it is, one of the perspectives of the personality" (198), thus making all reality subjective. The major narrative strategy should be speculation. "I'd like to see more psycho-literary ideas, more meta-biological and meta-chemical concepts, private time-systems, synthetic psychologies and space-times" (197), he concludes.

Ballard's artistic creed, as presented in this manifesto, is also pronounced in his other articles from the 1960s, such as his short essay "Time, Memory and Inner Space." Writing that his childhood experience of living in wartime South-East Asia still influences his imagination, he suggests that speculative literature is "an especially potent method of using one's imagination to construct a paradoxical universe where dream and reality become fused together, each retaining its own distinctive quality and yet in some way assuming the role of its opposite, and whereby an undeniable logic black simultaneously becomes white" (200). Such is the way in which dream-worlds should be

created—they are the external equivalent of the inner world of the psyche. Visual allusions to surrealist paintings, constructing elaborate symbols and similes and referencing psychoanalytical classics and anti-psychiatry might help chroniclers of inner space. What is more, by depicting the subjective experience of the world, we transgress the limits of time and history. Minds are timeless, in scrutinizing them we reach back to prehistoric times: “this zone I think of as *inner space*, the internal landscape of today that is the transmuted image of the past, and one of the most fruitful areas for the imaginative writer” (200).

In “Time, Memory and Inner Space” Ballard lists De Chirico, Dali and Ernst as examples of “iconographers of inner space” (200), and he praises their ability to picture psyche by painting landscapes, especially “luminous beaches.” It is the sea, the seashore, the waves, and promontories that, for some reason, resonate with the human mind. In “The Reptile Enclosure,” it is precisely there, at the place where the ocean meets the land, that suppressed collective memories of the human race are awakened and invade the inner space of every single person on Earth.

The story is set at some kind of a sea resort, on a day which, although not particularly warm, attracts thousands of people to the beach. It is not clear why nearly everybody on the planet has taken to their cars and driven to the nearest shore, which might well be quite far away. Gigantic traffic-jams force the holidaymakers to abandon their vehicles and march on foot to the sea, where they squeeze between other sun-bathing tourists and lie on the sand listening to their portable radios. Not a square inch of any beach is left empty; people also crowd in the fairgrounds near the ocean, on the promenades and at the beach bars. In one café, the main characters, a university teacher named Pelham and his sharp-tongued wife, sit with their backs to the hundreds of cola-drinking, ice-cream-eating figures crammed elbow to elbow on the terrace. The dull hum of thousands of voices and thousands of radios fills the air. This very day, most of the announcements on all the radio stations are devoted to “the news of imminent satellite launching, the last stage of the world-wide communication network which would now provide every square foot of the globe with a straight-line visual contact with one or other of the score of satellites in orbit” (Ballard, *The Terminal Beach* 112).

Pelham works at the Physiology Department, where they have recently discussed the human perception of infra-red radiation and suggests that “some of the infra-red light reflected from the sun might be perceived subliminally by their retinas” (113). He is vaguely aware that the strange compulsion to

seek the nearest seashore and the palpable atmosphere of growing anticipation in the crowd are somewhat related to the satellite launch. His awareness cannot prevent the Pelhams from joining the run, however, and neither does his wife's misanthropy. They are repulsed by the crowds and reluctant to mingle, and yet they do precisely that. Pelham obsessively tries to remember one of his colleague's new theories concerning eyesight, collective memory, and the inner space of contemporary people. According to this theory, some regions of our minds are timeless, inherited from very distant ancestors and filled with latent contents which we cannot rationally control. Pelham tells his wife:

The psychological role of the beach is much more interesting. The tide-line is a particularly significant area, a penumbral zone that is both of the sea and above it, forever half-immersed in the great time-womb. If you accept the sea as an image of the unconscious, then this beachward urge might be seen as an attempt to escape from the existential role of ordinary life and return to the universal time-sea... (113)

His monologue is interrupted by news of the successful launch. He is later proved right as far as the latent attraction of the tide-line is concerned, yet it is not abhorrence of the "ordinary life" that drives people back to "the great time-womb" but a far more physiological reflex. Pelham's colleague from the department has rightly maintained that human logic-loving rationality is evolutionarily young and thus weak, and once the right stimuli are detected by our eye, the subtlest and the most potent of organs, we are doomed to re-enact primordial scenarios.

Pelham's manages to remember the gist of the hypothesis concerning IRMs—innate releasing mechanisms—and yet he is internally forced to run lemming-like with the other humans into the ocean the moment the satellite starts emitting its signal from orbit. The mass suicide of the human race makes perfect sense if we accept that outer space influences inner space directly, without the mediation of human conscious minds: "we can see some of the infra-red light shining from the satellites, they may form a pattern setting off IRMs laid down millions of years ago when other space vehicles were circling the earth" (117). Recent paleontological finds show that "Cro-Magnon Man was driven frantic by panic.... most of the bone-beds have been found under lake shores" (118). Once, aeons later, the same stimulus is recorded by the retinas of modern, civilized people, and they react in an identical manner—"with a galvanic urge, everyone on the beach began to walk forward into the water" (118).

The intellectual affinity of “The Reptile Enclosure” and “Which Way to Inner Space” is undeniable: the story focuses on the biological conditioning of apparently rational behaviour; people are not aware that their decision to travel to the beach is dictated by some primordial part of the brain. Moreover, in the story, just as the manifesto suggests, the latent contents of inner space are stronger than manifest thoughts; the human mind is timeless, and human individuality just a surface layer of the complex, collective humanness we all share in and are subjected to.

Science fiction (the story is apparently about a technical invention, i.e., the new satellite system) by its ability to transcend everyday social reality, enables the writer to exposed secret dimensions of inner space. Just as in the case of the surrealist painters, Ballard enumerates in “Time, Memory, and Inner Space,” that the major artistic technique in the story is collage, the juxtaposition of very diverse images and objects derived from conflicting symbolic orders. It is by forcing the reader to ponder the resulting patchwork imagery that the artistic effect is produced. As far as setting is concerned, Ballard juxtaposes the primordial Jungian images of the water's edge with the commercial rubbish of a resort beach. The ocean is the past, the womb, the latent attraction, the omnipotent site of the collective unconscious dating from before the dawn of civilization—“the sea resembled an enormous pelagic beast roused from its depths and blindly groping a the sand” (115). Yet the beach is covered with dirty torn wrappers, colourful refuse, broken sunglasses, and the din of the radios is more audible than the waves.

Consequently, thanks to the collage method, we are persuaded that the people in the story are both modern tourists and timeless humanoids. Tourists represent the essence of a late-capitalist, money-oriented culture: they buy and consume goods, and they indulge in the modern lifestyle. Thus, rationally, they come to sunbathe, or to eat ice-cream, or because they want to take the kids out. Yet these motivations are just the “objective” alibis; in fact, the people come because they are internally urged to do so. Their Cro-Magnon ancestors also probably had their own reasons for approaching the water's edge on a certain day tens of thousands of years before. Both human groups are not much different, and when their retinas are stimulated, they become identical mindless animals running into the water. People rationalize their behaviour to themselves, but to see what is really going on, one has to adopt a biological perspective of human psychology. There is a rational physiological reason people behave in the manner they do, but this reason is beyond their understanding.

The story's focalization adds to the effect of estrangement. Pelham and his wife, through whose eyes we see the events on the beach, are capable of looking at the human crowd from the outside, and, simultaneously, they are a reluctant part of it. Placed in the corner of the terrace, they belong to the crowd and are separated from it; a paradox which is resolved in the last scene when everybody mindlessly surges to the water. Their initial distance to the rest of mankind is strengthened by Pelham's wife's "pitiless lack of sympathy for the rest of the human race" (111), and by Pelham's manner of examining human behaviour in a scientific way.

Moreover, the similes used in the narrative focalized from the misanthropic perspective emphasize the innate beastliness of humans. People sprawled on the sand are described as animals: they "look like pigs" (107), their "limbs lay in serpentine coil" (107), and the noise they produce reverberate "like a swarm of flies" (108). The beach, full of sun-bathing white and boiled-pink bodies, is compared to "an immense pit of seething white snakes" (111), and their "albino flesh sprawled on the beach resembled the diseased anatomical fantasy of a surrealist painter" (112). Generally, Pelham cannot help to realize that "homo sapiens en masse presented a more unsavoury spectacle than almost any other species of animal" (112). He feels "a spasm of nausea contract his gullet" (112), and the estrangement from "the vulgar, stupid herd" (114).

Overcoming his disgust, Pelham surveys the crowd and studies their territorial instincts. The titular reptile enclosure is the nest in the sand every family group prepare for themselves. Families try to defend their enclosures, urged by an instinct reaching back far behind the Cro-Magnons, to the millennia when life newly crept out of the sea near which it felt compelled to dwell. Pelham notes how "a large family group had formed a private enclosure.... the adolescent members of the family had dug their own nest, their sprawling angular bodies, in their damp abbreviated swimming suits, entwined in and out of each other like a curious annular animal" (110).

It is worth noticing that, according to Pelham, each individual in the enclosure merges with the group, the "curious annular animal" is a collective organism, humans are a social species. Human families warming in the sand are for him like mindless iguanas, huge lizards, or coiling snakes. They reenact a behaviour from the Triassic era, from the volcanic rocks of today's Galapagos; Darwin might have watched and described them, explaining their urges by referring to our evolutionary past.

The reptile enclosure comparison is prominent in the story—by juxtaposing a family of swimming-suit clad contemporary westerners with the reptilian pattern of their behaviour, Ballard skips millions of years of apparent development and points to how much of our ancestors' features we have retained. Yet alongside the reptile simile there is another very important comparison in the text: the twice repeated "Gadarene swine" (107, 118) simile, which opens and closes the story. "They remind me of the Gadarene swine" (107), says Mrs Pelham in the first sentence of the story, and in one of the last sentences her husband adds that aeons ago, panic-driven Cro-Magnons also ran to their doom "like the Gadarene swine" (118).

This simile used to describe the human surge into the sea, the moment when the compulsion overcomes everybody and mass hysteria causes them to perish, derives from the Gospels. Saint Mark describes how Jesus and his disciples came over unto the other side of the sea, into the country of the Gadarenes and met there "a man with an unclean spirit" who hid among the tombs and could not be tamed or contained, as the spirit made him break every chain. Yet this man worshipped Jesus and asked him for help. Jesus agreed and performed an exorcism:

<sup>8</sup>For he said unto him, Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit.

<sup>9</sup>And he asked him, What is thy name? And he answered, saying, My name is Legion: for we are many.

<sup>10</sup>And he besought him much that he would not send them away out of the country.

<sup>11</sup>Now there was there nigh unto the mountains a great herd of swine feeding.

<sup>12</sup>And all the devils besought him, saying, Send us into the swine, that we may enter into them.

<sup>13</sup>And forthwith Jesus gave them leave. And the unclean spirits went out, and entered into the swine: and the herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea (they were about two thousand) and were choked in the sea. (Mark 5:1–20)

Combining an allusion to the Gospels with references to mass psychology, Ballard inscribes his story into the frame of psychoanalyst reflection on human instincts. In the story, humans are described as prone to irrational behaviour, their conscious, logic-loving minds are easily silenced by "unclean spirits"—the drives and instincts dictated by their collective evolutionary heritage. However, when we take into account the existence of timeless inner space, the most bizarre behaviour ceases to be irrational—only its rationale dates back to previous epochs. Such a proposition echoes of Sigmund Freud's famous statement:

The Kantian proposition that time and space are necessary modes of thought may be submitted to discussion today in the light of certain knowledge reached through psycho-analysis.... unconscious mental processes are in themselves timeless. That is to say, they are not arranged chronologically, time alters nothing in them, nor can be the idea of time applied to them. (Freud 54)

Ballard's "The Reptile Enclosure" was written in 1964, when Freud was widely read, and psychoanalysis was undergoing a profound change. In the same decade, R. D Laing, the most well-known exponent of anti-psychiatry, poet, mystic and philosopher, adopted the Freudian definition of the instinct and developed his own psychoanalytical theory. He claimed that the contemporary cult of rationality, logic and common sense makes us forget the pre-historic times when human inner space could also encompass what is now considered to be clinical madness. In his books, which were cultic for the hippie generation, Laing argues for regaining the lost wholeness of the human psyche at any cost, social ostracism included. For him and his acolytes, the idea of finding the lost wholeness of the human mind is not a metaphor, but a matter of free will and perseverance. Interestingly, Samuel Francis in *Psychological Fictions of J. G. Ballard* notices similar attitude to madness in Ballard's fiction. He comments on the phrase a "benevolent psychopathology" used by Ballard in his novel *Crash*:

Risking synecdoche for a moment, one might consider "benevolent psychopathology" as a route marker ... through the strange mindscapes of Ballard's fiction.... How can one have a "benevolent psychopathology"? In what real sense is it possible to envisage a well-meaning sickness of soul? Such is the connotation of the phrase, conjuring in its calculated unlikelihood the strange reversals of meaning and unwelcome psychological contradictions which were the stock-in-trade of Sigmund Freud's writings. Ballard's works are in some sense engaged in arguing the beneficial nature, the necessity, of madness or psychopathology for contemporary people. (Francis 1)

Yet, one should remember that Laing and Ballard do not always agree: for Laing the Western civilization is evil, for Ballard it is not equipped to cope with psychopathology. In the interview with V. Vale he claims that the liberal, humane edifice that rules life in the West "can't cope with the very notion of psychopathology, in a way, because liberalism has constantly underestimated the latent psychopathology of all human beings" (Vale 99).

Nevertheless Laing, just like Ballard, attempts to define the relationship between the inner and the outer worlds, experience, and behaviour. In *The*

*Politics of Experience*, a book that, although written by a psychiatrist, reads like a strange mixture of philosophy, sociology and New Wave fiction, he stresses that inner experience is not enclosed in one's head but "happens" in the outside world, which again seems to be echoed in "The Reptile Enclosure":

The stars as I perceive them are no more or less in my brain than the stars as I imagine them. I do not imagine them to be in my head, any more than I see them in my head. The relation of experience to behaviour is not that of inner to outer. My experience is not inside my head. My experience of this room is out there in this room. (Laing 18)

Interestingly, *The Politics of Experience* was published in 1966, two years after "The Reptile Enclosure," and Ballard could not have had the book in mind while writing the story. Yet Laing not only reiterates Ballard's thesis that inner space is externalized onto landscapes-mindscapes, but he also uses the very same Gadarene swine simile. It is by referring to Saint Mark, that Laing defines the psychological roots of the social demand to conform:

From an ideal vantage point on the ground, a formation of planes may be observed in the air. One plane may be out of formation. But the whole formation may be off course. The plane that is "out of formation" may be abnormal, bad or "mad," from the point of view of the formation. But the formation itself may be bad or mad from the point of view of the ideal observer...

The "out of formation" criterion is the clinical positivist criterion.

The "off course" criterion is the ontological. One needs to make two judgements along these different parameters. In particular, it is of fundamental importance not to confuse the person who may be "out of formation" by telling him he is "off course" if he is not. It is of fundamental importance not to make the positivist mistake of assuming that, because a group are "in formation," this means they are necessarily "on course." This is the Gadarene swine fallacy. (98)

Ballard and Laing are both interested in how people are subliminally governed by extremely archaic impulses coming from inner space. Ballard falls for the Freudian notion that *physiology is destiny*, and one cannot help joining the herd of the Gadarene swine when the right trigger is pulled. For him, inner space conditions our behaviour; as in the Gadarene swine simile; it makes modern people repeat the Cro-Magnon scenario. There is no question whether we should or should not externalize inner space because we always live in it and only it.

Laing, who is under the influence of Carl Gustav Jung, maintains the opposite. "The Gadarene swine fallacy" is a fact of social life, and not evolutionary

heritage. Western society has chosen to extinguish their true selves, "as men of the world, we hardly know the existence of the inner world.... [O]ur capacity even to see, hear, touch, taste and smell is so shrouded in veils of mystification that the intensive discipline of un-learning is necessary for anyone before one can begin to experience the world afresh" (22–23). Rationality makes us forget who we really are and stick to 'normalcy', which is defined as doing what everybody else does. A few non-conforming individuals are pronounced mad and never listened to.

Some people wittingly, some people unwittingly, enter or are thrown into more or less total inner space and time. We are socially conditioned to regard total immersion in outer space and time as normal and healthy. Immersion in inner space and time tends to be regarded as anti-social withdrawal, a deviancy, invalid, pathological per se, in some sense discreditable. (103)

*The Politics of Experience* persuades the reader to distrust normalcy: "normal men have killed perhaps 100,000,000 of their fellow normal men in the last fifty years" (24), Laing warns. Journeys to "the inner realm" are to cure us and save us from the approaching self-induced annihilation of the species. We should go "back and through and beyond into the experience of all mankind" (104).

Though Ballard and Laing re-write the Freudian notion of the archaic regions of the human mind in different ways, they both accept that there is no chronology and no calendar when self-time and space merge. The mind is spacious, and it is with the help of spacious metaphors: inner space, inner realm, mindscapes, that we can talk about it. Charting of the inner space is what these authors attempt to do: Ballard in literature, Laing in anti-psychiatry.

It is undeniable that numerous psychoanalytical and philosophical schools in the twentieth century attempted to find their own key to inner space, as did the surrealist painters. J. G. Ballard's uniqueness lies in his attempt to examine (or at least recreate) this space in writing: through the use of elaborate similes, visual imagery juxtaposed in bizarre collages, and references to biological sciences and Sigmund Freud. Jeanette Baxter in *J. G. Ballard's Surrealist Imagination* comments on this technique:

Repudiating conventional forms of historical representation which rely on realist (linear, chronological, teleological) strategies of documentation, Ballard modifies a diverse range of Surrealist aesthetic forms and practices (painting, collage, montage, photography, performance art, convulsive autobiography, *fait divers*) in order

to access the historical unconscious and, in turn, recover latent material and psychological realities which have been either suppressed by, or discarded from, standard historico-cultural accounts. (Baxter 219)

Unexpectedly, Ballard chooses science fiction, at that time a minor branch of pulp fiction, to serve as his vehicle. In his articles written in the 1960s, “Which Way to Inner Space?” and “Time, Memory and Inner Space,” he formulates his artistic manifesto and his short story, “The Reptile Enclosure,” illustrates his points. In his seminal *The Angle Between Two Walls: The Fiction of J. G. Ballard* Roger Luckhurst notes:

*The Encyclopaedia of Science Fiction* gives the coinage of the term ‘inner space’ to Ballard in 1962, but the term’s history is more complex than this simple ascription suggests. In the more emphatically Jungian sense ‘inner space’ is found in J. B. Priestley’s 1953 article “They Come from Inner Space.” Priestley sees science fiction as a set of contemporary myths, deploying the familiar equation of the popular and the unconscious. (Luckhurst 49)

The prevailing references to Freud, Jung and Laing may seem strange in science fiction, but according to Ballard at present only science fiction and surrealism are able to give imaginative response to reality. As I claim elsewhere (Oramus 193–195), also his novel *The Drowned World* (1962), written when Ballard was associated with *New Worlds*, describes ‘inner space’ of the characters referring to surrealism. In this novel, waters of melted icecaps flood most of the earth and the heat is unbearable. New coastlines resemble those from the very distant past; the remains of human cities are covered with water and looted by all kinds of pirates and savages. Gradually, as climate and geography are returning to the state from millions of years ago, biological evolution is also reversed. Ferns and reptiles dominate the earth; mammals cease to multiply while the remnants of human race, who were formerly forced to move to the poles, now witness the end of civilisation. According to Andrzej Gasiorek, in the descriptions of tropical landscapes Ballard is inspired primarily by Jung. “The terrifying jungle dreams – Jungian archetypes – experienced by the novel’s characters are race memories dredged up from the unconscious and embodied in physical form by the giant, shrieking reptiles that are once again becoming the lords of creation” (Gasiorek 36). Thus, these landscapes are in fact mindscapes.

Ballard purposefully gives these descriptions some surreal quality, thus suggesting the dream-like character of the setting. This setting is composed

from what we remember: either from the twentieth century or, on the cellular genetic level, from the Triassic era. His allusions to the Surrealists echo André Breton who connected the mental return to the past with the unconscious and who, in *Le Surréalisme et la Peinture* (1928), suggested that the search for identity leads, via remembered images, to the things already seen.

Similar to Freud, Ballard's dreams serve to re-enact the past, all mammals retain archaic memories, returning to the inscriptions on their genes in a moment of trauma. All life longs to die and, when the right time comes, regresses to the state of inanimate matter. This regression is "the evolution in reverse." Taking no short cuts, life moves backwards slowly, repeating the remembered stages.

Thus, thanks to Ballard, science fiction became capable of charting inner space. In the following decades, he wrote, among other books, *The Atrocity Exhibition* and *Crash*, in which the inner space of his protagonists is projected onto the modern mediascape. These novels combine surrealism, psychoanalysis and science fiction with the narrative strategies of postmodernism. Novels written during the last decades of the twentieth century by his fellow science fiction writers from the New Wave artistic group—D. M. Thomas and Michael Moorcock—follow the same pattern.

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MAPY KOSMOSU WEWNĘTRZNEGO.  
OPOWIADANIE J. G. BALLARDA „THE REPTILE ENCLOSURE”  
W ŚWIETLE TRAKTATU R. D. LAINGA *POLITYKA DOŚWIADCZENIA*

Streszczenie

W roku 1962 J. G. Ballard opublikował manifest artystyczny „Which Way to Inner Space?”, w którym postulował, by twórcy ambitnej science fiction odeszli od powtarzalnych historii o galaktycznych przygodach, a zajęli się kosmosem wewnętrznym człowieka. Dwa lata później pisarz opublikował opowiadanie „The Reptile Enclosure” („Wybieg dla gadów”, nie tłumaczone na polski), które, choć pozornie poświęcone umieszczeniu na orbicie nowego satelity, stanowi dogłębne studium kosmosu wewnętrznego – beczasowej przestrzeni pradawnych instynktów Człowieka z Cro-Magnon, odziedziczonej przez współczesnych ludzi.

Artykuł interpretuje „The Reptile Enclosure” w kontekście tez Ballarda wyrażonych w manifestie oraz traktatu R. D. Lainga *Polityka doświadczenia*. Zarówno Ballard, jak i Laing starają się wytłumaczyć niezrozumiałe z pozoru ludzkie odruchy, odwołując się do przeszłości ewolucyjnej rasy ludzkiej, fizycznego i społecznego środowiska, które już nie istnieje, ale które – ich zdaniem – wciąż nosimy w pamięci genetycznej.

**Słowa kluczowe:** J. G. Ballard; R. D. Laing; kosmos wewnętrzny; science fiction.