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THE ULTIMATE LOST AND PHILOSOPHY

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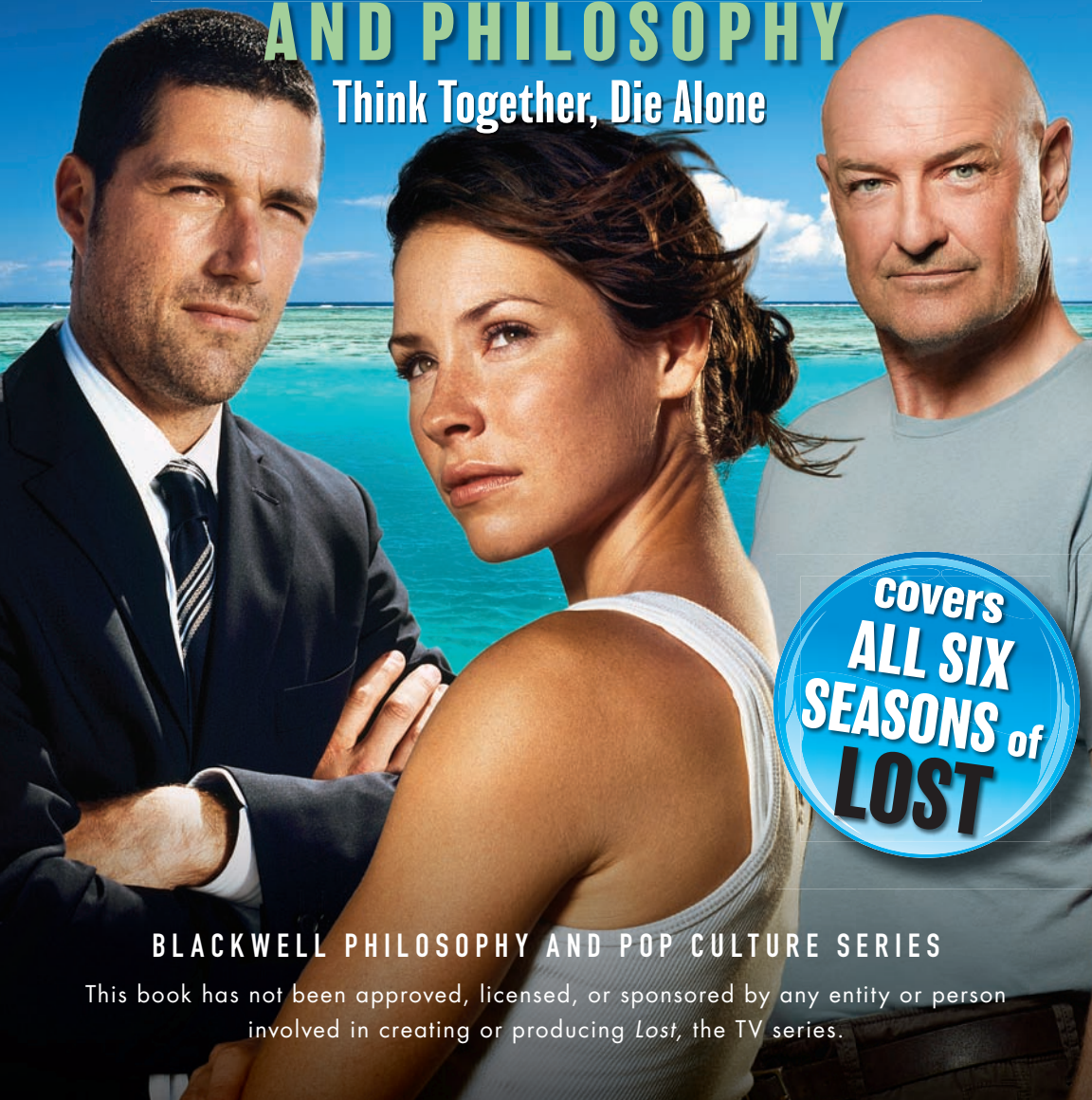

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THE ULTIMATE *LOST* AND PHILOSOPHY

THINK TOGETHER, DIE ALONE

Edited by
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INTRODUCTION

Lost and F.O.U.N.D.

As an avid fan of *Lost*, I've been trying to figure out what it is about this show that has such a hold on me. Other fans I've talked to feel the same way. It sinks its teeth into you and won't let go. After wondering about it for some time now, I think I finally figured out what it is. And so I have a question for you.

Have you ever been lost? Or rather, how did you feel when you were lost? Because you have been. We all have. Few of us have been stranded on a tropical island, but we have all had those moments when, far from home, we are suddenly struck by the horror that we will never find our way back.

[Fade to flashback.]

It's a meltingly hot, sunny day, June 1974, and we're at the annual summer carnival. The carnival comes to Madison, Wisconsin, for ten days every summer. It is the highlight of the year. Kids spend long, grueling hours babysitting, mowing lawns, and begging their parents for cash to buy the longest possible strip of tickets. One ticket will only get you on a

baby ride; the best rides—the ones that gave you bat belly and bring you closest to mystical transcendence—cost four.

[Carnival music. Chillingly alluring. Then children's voices.]

"Are you going on the Zipper this year?"

"No way!"

"Wus!"

"Well, not if they have that same guy strapping people in."

"It's never the same guys."

"That's true. Okay, I get the outside seat . . ."

At the carnival there are dangers of every kind, and each child is called on to perform at least one truly outstanding feat of bravery. I didn't know any of this, though. I was only three years old, tagging along with the big kids for the first time.

True, I spent most of my time with my parents, observing my sisters and their friends, sampling the cuisine, and taking in the occasional baby ride. But my special challenge came at the end of the day.

There were seven of us, all sweaty and a bit dazed but still chattering away, as we trooped through the converted farmer's field back to our car. It was a 1967 Volvo. A midnight-blue two-door with a brick-red vinyl interior and no seatbelts. This was the age of innocence, when you packed as many people into cars as you could fit, the littlest ones perching on the biggest ones' laps.

Getting everyone in was a bit of a trick that day, with all of our carnival paraphernalia and the seats being hot enough to burn striped patterns on your butt right through your terry-cloth short shorts. Everyone vied for the best positions, and there was some bickering. Yet soon enough the little Volvo was on its way. Windows were cranked all the way down, and a windy discussion of the plan for the rest of the evening commenced.

Then, halfway home, Marcy, our neighbor, suddenly said, "Where's Sherri?"

"She's in the front."

"No, she isn't. She's in the back."

"Come on, quit kidding around."

"We're not kidding. She isn't here.

"Oh, my gosh! We left her."

It never occurred to anyone, not even to my parents, that I may have been snatched up by a pervert. (Such was the age of innocence.) Their only theory was that I must have somehow been hit by a car. As they sped back to the fairgrounds, my mother scanned for emergency vehicles. Everyone was asking the same question: Why didn't she get in the car?

Why, indeed. It remains a mystery.

There were no emergency vehicles in the parking lot, and I was nowhere to be seen amid the cars. On reentering the carnival gates, however, my dad soon spotted me. I was sitting serenely on a bench between two old ladies. They had apparently found me wandering and bought me a soda. Although I was not crying, my face was red and streaked.

When I heard my name and caught sight of my family, a crushing wave of mixed emotions passed across my face. I welcomed their enthusiastic hugs and kisses, but I didn't answer anyone's questions, and I was quiet for the rest of the night. Once you have been lost, you are never quite the same.

The ABC hit drama *Lost* speaks to our deepest fear: the fear of being cut off from everything we know and love, left to fend for ourselves in a strange land. This fear is a philosophical fear, because it speaks to the human condition. It forces us to confront profound questions about ourselves and the world.

Why am I here?
Does my life matter?
Do I have a special purpose?
Can I make a difference?

[Fade to flash-sideways. More carnival music.]

How can it already be time to go home?

I am watching my feet as I shuffle along the fairgrounds. Bits of hay and interesting pieces of garbage are scattered about everywhere.

I stop to examine a paper boat containing a half-eaten hot dog. Though it looks just like many hot dogs I have eaten before, I strongly suspect I will not be allowed to taste it. I glance up to see if anyone is watching.

"Sherri, come on!" my sister shouts.

She does not see me pick up the hot dog. I grip it tighter and hurry along. I will bide my time and find the right moment for at least a taste.

My cheeks feel hot from a long afternoon in the sun, and the cotton candy sugar high that had me singing "Baa Baa, Black Sheep" at the top of my lungs not long ago has crashed hard, leaving me lethargic and irritable.

We reach the front gate of the carnival. My parents turn to see that everyone is in tow. My sister stops to take my hand. I shake her off, whining, "No!"

"Well, come on, then."

Everyone is heading for the Volvo. I know that once we reach it, my salty, greasy treat will be discovered. I look around desperately for cover.

A white van is parked not far ahead. The side door slides open. Just inside sits the clown who made me a kitty cat out of a long skinny pink balloon earlier today. He is eating a hot dog and looking right at me.

I slow to a stop, staring. He beckons me to come to him.

I cast a glance at my family, already loading the detritus of our day into the trunk, and begin to angle toward the van.

As I think about how tragic that day at the carnival might have turned out, I begin to wonder more about the two old ladies who saved me. Who were they? Was one of them me—time

traveling from the future? What if they were two different future flash-sideways versions of me teaming up to make sure that I didn't come to an untimely end?

As I ask myself these questions, I begin to feel that my life may be important in ways I have not yet realized. Once you have been found, you are never quite the same.

The nineteen essays contained in this volume search for answers through the deepest philosophical labyrinth ever portrayed on television. We published the first version of this volume, *Lost and Philosophy*, in 2008, after the show's third season. The ultimate guide you now hold in your hand updates its best chapters in light of the second half of the series and adds six new chapters. I have organized them loosely into five main groups.

Part One: F Is for Fortune

The first set of essays probes the issue of time travel and alternate time lines, which became such an integral component of the show. Great thinkers throughout history have suggested that time travel is possible. What about the resulting metaphysical paradoxes, though? Metaphysics is the branch of philosophy that concerns phenomena that lie beyond the explanation of science—but not beyond our philosophers.

Part Two: O Is for Origin

The second set of essays explores crucial epistemological issues raised by the show. Epistemology is the branch of philosophy that concerns the nature and extent of human knowledge. What have our survivors learned about the capacities and limits of the human mind?

Part Three: U Is for Unity

The third set of essays looks at the most pressing social and political issues raised by the show. Social and political philosophy

concerns all of the difficulties that arise when humans try to live together and form a unit larger than the individual. The island is a microcosm of the power dynamics we observe in our own communities.

Part Four: N Is for Necessity

The fourth set of essays examines the most heart-wrenching ethical issues raised by the show. Ethics is the branch of philosophy that concerns values, along with the nature of right and wrong. Being in such extreme circumstances, the characters on *Lost* face difficult decisions that reveal insights for the rest of us to consider in our own moral lives.

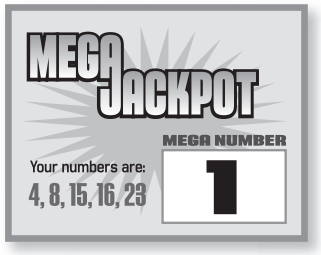
Part Five: D Is for Destiny

The fifth set of essays investigates the most intriguing religious issues raised by the show. Philosophy and religion are historically two sides of the same coin. By applying a rational analysis to some of the mystical moments portrayed on *Lost*, we can more fully appreciate their significance.

As a bonus, a handy appendix that gives you the lowdown on the philosophers' names that crop up on the show is included at the end of this volume. I hope you enjoy it as much as I did. On behalf of the authors, let me wish you the best of luck in your search for answers.

PART ONE

F IS FOR FORTUNE



LOST IN *LOST*'S TIMES

Richard Davies

Lost and Losties have a pretty bad reputation: they seem to get too much fun out of telling and talking about stories that everyone else finds just irritating. Even the *Onion* treats us like a bunch of fanatics. Is this fair? I want to argue that it isn't. Even if there are serious problems with some of the plot devices that *Lost* makes use of, these needn't spoil the enjoyment of anyone who finds the series fascinating.

Losing the Plot

After airing only a few episodes of the third season of *Lost* in late 2007, the Italian TV channel Rai Due canceled the show. Apparently, ratings were falling because viewers were having difficulty following the plot. Rai Due eventually resumed broadcasting, but only after airing *The Lost Survivor Guide*, which recounts the key moments of the first two seasons and gives a bit of background on the making of the series.

Even though I was an enthusiastic Lostie from the start, I was grateful for the *Guide*, if only because it reassured me

that I wasn't the only one having trouble keeping track of who was who and who had done what.

Just how complicated can a plot become before people get turned off? From the outset, *Lost* presented a challenge by splicing flashbacks into the action so that it was up to viewers to work out the narrative sequence. In the fourth and fifth seasons, things got much more complicated with the introduction of flash-forwards and time travel. These are two types of narrative twists that cause special problems for keeping track of a plot and that also open a can of philosophical worms about time itself.

Constants and Variables

To set the scene about plot complication, I want to call on some very influential thoughts first put forward by the ancient Greek philosopher Aristotle (384–322 B.C.E.).

In his *Poetics*, Aristotle discussed tragedy, a form of theater written for civic and religious celebrations, in which the best plays were awarded prizes. Because ancient Greek tragedy was designed to gain the approval of the judges and the public, it followed certain formulas (think the Oscars, rather than Cannes or Sundance). Aristotle's analysis of these formulas can provide us with pointers for assessing the difficulty with *Lost*.

Most tragedies are based on well-known historical or mythic events. For instance, *Ajax* by Euripides (480 B.C.E.–406 B.C.E.) concerns a great hero of the Trojan War who commits suicide in a fit of shame and self-disgust when he does not receive the reward he thinks he deserves.

Using this example, Aristotle argued for two principles. First, every tragedy should deal with a single episode in the life of its main character. The audience should follow a clear causal chain from start to finish. Let's call this "the principle of closure." In line with this principle, Euripides' play begins with Ajax's coveted reward being given to someone else and ends with his death.

Second, there should be some unity to the action, which is to say that merely accidental or unrelated events should be excluded. Let's call this "the principle of relevance." In line with this principle, Euripides' play does not recount Ajax's boyhood, regardless of how interesting this topic might be.

Does *Lost* follow Aristotle's principles of closure and of relevance? At the outset of the series, Oceanic flight 815 crashes, providing a clear starting point for the succeeding chain of events. We are introduced to the survivors, who all share the same predicament. Although the flashbacks begin right away, they are all carefully designed to shed light on the island narrative.

Complications, however, arrive with the Others. Although at first they function merely as antagonists for our survivors, they soon take on lives of their own. For example, through the character of Juliet, we follow a causal chain that begins before the crash of Oceanic flight 815 and ends before the resolution of the survivors' predicament. Aristotle would not give up on *Lost* so easily, though.

In addition to single tragedies, Aristotle discussed longer poetic compositions, known as epics, such as the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* of Homer. These are big stories, the former dealing with the Trojan War and the latter with the ten-year journey home of one of its heroes. In epics, the narrative structure is much more complex than that of the standard tragedy. Yet Aristotle notes that even here, the story concentrates on a sequence of interconnected phases of action.

Thus, the *Odyssey* effectively begins, in Book One, not by focusing on its hero, Odysseus, who has not yet returned from the war, but on his son Telemachus, who is told to go and track down his father. The two don't actually meet until Book Fifteen (out of twenty-four). In the meantime, they are wandering around the Mediterranean and often find themselves recounting their travels to others, thus supplying the hearer/reader with backstories. For example, during his journey (and before the time of the events recounted in Book One), Odysseus

outwitted the one-eyed monster known as Cyclops, but we find out about this only much later, in Book Nine, when Odysseus narrates his trick to the Phaeacian king. In this way, even though many events are presented out of their chronological order, we don't have too much trouble constructing a coherent time line.

It seems that *Lost* is not so much a tragedy as an epic. Any given episode of *Lost* features a single individual who stands at the center of attention and who is the primary subject of the flashbacks and the flash-forwards. Although many episodes finish with cliff-hangers, the principles of closure and relevance are still at work over the longer run.

So Juliet's causal chain can become part of the story as long as the audience cares about her connection to the survivors of Oceanic flight 815. If her mud fight with Kate wasn't enough to make us care, then her relationship with Sawyer was.

A blur of unrelated incidents that is spread out over too long a time and that involves too many characters will not hold our attention. The point seems obvious. On the other hand, a story that is too simple is just boring. The hard part is finding a balance between narratives that are challenging and those that are merely confusing.

We're All in This Together

Aristotle has a lot of other rules, and perhaps *Lost* does occasionally break them. But so did Shakespeare, and we can gain more pointers from what critics have said about him.

Taking a cue from a brief passage in Aristotle's *Poetics*, some critics have objected that many of Shakespeare's plays bring together an inappropriate array of characters. For example, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, nobles interact with "rude mechanicals." Although there may be more than a little elitism behind this concern, we can take a point about the importance of portraying plausible social relations.

The premise of *Lost* deliberately throws unlikely people together. For sure, there are differences between those who were previously mixed up in crime (Sawyer, Kate, and Jin) and those who had been "pillars of the community" (Jack, Marshal Mars, and, in a sense that might make Americans uncomfortable, perhaps Sayid). But we're on the Island of Second Chances, and such distinctions have been erased by the crash of Oceanic flight 815.

Aristotle made the further claim, however, that tragedy properly concerns noble persons (not merely those with noble titles), whereas persons of little worth are the suitable subjects of comedy. After all, why would an audience cry over someone they didn't care about? And how could they laugh at someone they did?

Clearly, *Lost* evokes both laughter and tears, but there is an easy out here. We can consider it a tragicomic epic that involves both noble and ignoble characters, or—better still—both noble and ignoble phases in its characters' lives. We do laugh at those we love in their lesser moments, and we cry for those we don't love in their best.

The same readers of Aristotle, however, have further objected that Shakespeare's plays do not observe the so-called unity of genre. What this means is that Shakespeare often alternated scenes of dramatic tension with knockabout farce and facetious wordplay.

And, of course, so does *Lost*. For example, scenes of Hurley building a golf course are interspersed with scenes of Sayid being taken prisoner ("Solitary").

Yet who says genre should be unified anyway? Would Aristotle really have approved of a play that was unrelentingly tragic? Unlikely. Surely, even Ajax could provoke a giggle or two, depending on exactly how the actor played the part.

Another Aristotelian rule concerns realism. Thus, someone might object to Shakespeare's *The Tempest* on the grounds that it demands that we believe in a magic island where witches and

various types of monsters lurk. Likewise, the polar bear and the Smoke Monster of *Lost* might put viewers off.

But who's to say that what we're doing when we are watching these sorts of productions should be described as "believing" anything? For my part, I don't find Shakespeare's magic island any less believable than the Dharma Initiative. Yet I'd have to be very literal- (not to say narrow-) minded to let that get in the way of my enjoyment. Indeed, suspending disbelief is an important part of the fun. More on this to come.

The Aristotelian tradition has two things to say about the presentation of the characters in a play. One is that there should not be too many, and the other is that they should be consistent during the course of the action.

The first of these can be applied to Shakespeare's *King Lear*, a chaotic business in which lots of men with the names of English counties shout at one another. For sure, telling your Northumberland from your Westmoreland takes a bit of work to begin with, but it is a labor of love! Consider the average soap opera. Although soaps repeatedly introduce "your-mother-is-your-sister-but-your-uncle-doesn't-know" sorts of complications, they are followed by millions of uncomplaining viewers.

Of the forty-eight survivors of Oceanic flight 815, only relatively few—hardly a quarter of the total, when you think about it—come into any sort of focus. The rest have little more than walk-on parts. Likewise with the Others: most of them do little more than stroll about on the lawns. In this sense, *Lost* is hardly more abundant in characters than the average TV show.

As to the idea that the persons depicted should be consistent over time, Aristotle seemed to mean by this that each person should correspond to some virtue or vice or other stable character trait. Yet we have to be very careful not to interpret this in a way that contradicts Aristotle's rule about realism. After all, people don't stay the same; they change, as does Shakespeare's Henry V, when he goes from listless prince to

brave king. Aristotle may simply have meant that the decisions a character makes at any given stage should be psychologically plausible. In any case, if, again, our point of reference is the epic (or the soap), lapse of time and variation in influences can make significant differences to temperament.

We may consider a couple of cases where the stability-of-character criticism might be applied to *Lost*. Perhaps the least problematic is that of Kate. Once we grasp why she led the tear-away life she did before being arrested, we can understand why, on the island, she behaves, as Jack testifies at her trial, as someone who cares for others ("Eggtown"). It's not Kate who's changed but her circumstances. Perhaps something of the same can be said about Sawyer.

Slightly more demanding is the case of Locke. In terms of psychology, his rugged individualism remains pretty constant. What does, of course, change is his physical state. He was in a wheelchair on boarding Oceanic flight 815 and gains the use of his legs once on the island. It's only when we first see him in flashback ("Walkabout") that we begin to have ominous thoughts about the healing powers of the island. If anything, this transformation—not to mention the later one when he returns to the island in a coffin ("There's No Place Like Home: Part 3")—is a challenge to what we are prepared to believe. But, as I said before and we shall see again, strict believability is not really the point: once we grant Locke's situation, his responses to it are what catch our interest.

The case of Ben is altogether more puzzling. As we try to find some principle or project that drives his various behaviors and attitudes, we suppose there must be *something* he's up to, but it is hard to tell what. At some level, much of his motivation derives from his vendetta against Charles Widmore. Yet the various positions and expedients he adopts seem to fall into the category of the predictably unpredictable. Ben makes me think of Shakespeare's character Iago: someone whose actions, for good or ill, seem underdetermined. As with Iago, what

makes Ben interesting is that it is hard to guess what he'll say or do next.

Two other rules laid down by the Aristotelian tradition deal with limits on space and time. Concerning space, Aristotle suggested that the action of a play should take place in a single location. This follows from the physical configuration of theaters from Ancient Greece down to at least the time of Shakespeare: the substantial lack of props meant that it was hard to signal clearly that the action had moved from, say, the royal court to a tavern or a graveyard. But with the modern means to make obvious the difference between a scene set on the island and one set in an L.A. psychiatric institution (even when they are both actually filmed in Hawaii), this sort of criticism is a bit hollow if leveled at *Lost*.

A more aesthetic consideration in favor of the unity of place derives from the idea of the unity of plot. Yet also in this case, we may say that the island provides the spatial focus for everything else that goes on, and the backstories set elsewhere help us understand the problems of the individuals we find there. Even though they are spread out in space from Iraq to Australia, from Britain to the United States, these background episodes are funneled through the check-in at Sydney Airport. And on the island itself, we come to identify certain sites, such as the camp on the beach, the Dharma bunkers, and the Others' compound, as being places where the action is most decisive.

I submit that *Lost* is in the clear with regard to space and the other Aristotelian rules so far considered. Although *Lost* may sometimes push up against the limits of what viewers can handle by way of coordinated action and coherent character, it is not in flagrant breach of the Aristotelian standard of evaluation. Neither Aristotle himself nor Shakespeare and his admirers should object to the complexity of *Lost*, whatever some readers of Aristotle may say.

What about time, though? This question deserves careful attention.

"We Have to Go Back"

According to Aristotle, a tragedy should recount the action of not much more than a day. Although a television series of 120 episodes need not be this limited, a single episode that observes this rule helps the viewer keep track of things.

In its first three seasons, *Lost* uses flashbacks much more than most TV shows do. This doesn't cause real headaches, because the survivors come to life more if we know about Jack's "Daddy Issues," Kate's criminal deeds, and Hurley's lottery win. Yet the final scene of the last episode of season 3 ("Through the Looking Glass") introduces a very unusual sort of complication.

We've been watching scenes of Jack bearded and drink-and-drug-sodden but still capable of saving people from car wrecks. All the while, we've been assuming, perhaps somewhat uneasily, that they are flashbacks. What a shock, then, when this Jack meets Kate out near LAX and says, "We have to go back."

Up to this point, all of the off-island business we have seen is at least consistent with being earlier than 2004. Suddenly, just as things seem to be coming to a close (we know that this is the last episode in the season, and we're a bit afraid that there won't be a fourth), we are shown a meeting that, at the moment of first viewing, admits of two interpretations.

In one interpretation, Jack and Kate knew each other before boarding Oceanic flight 815—but this won't hold water. The sequence of their relationship—meeting after the crash, getting to know each other, and falling in love—couldn't have been a pretense. So we have to revise our assumption that what we are seeing is a flashback.

In the other interpretation, even if we have become accustomed to flashbacks as the narrative mode of *Lost*, we are pushed to understand "We have to go back" as a *return* to the island, meaning Jack and Kate have already left the island. Meaning

we are at a date later than the narration of the preceding three seasons. After all, the on-island action into which this scene is inserted has a freighter arriving on the island. So we are ready to believe that the survivors are about to be saved.

As soon as I got over the shock, my first thought was, Well, at least we can look forward to a fourth season!

Then a second thought kicked in: Now that we have seen the "We have to go back" meeting, everything that happens on the island and whatever means Jack and Kate find to get off the island cannot *not* have their meeting as its outcome. The narrated time up to this point has counted as the past and the present. We know the past through flashbacks to off-island incidents, and we take the on-island narrative as the narrative present. Suddenly, though, just as Hurley and Desmond see Naomi parachute in before she actually does so, we can "see the future," and the future contains—already contains—Jack meeting Kate out near LAX.

I want to look a bit harder at what it can mean for the future relative to the freighter's approach to the island already to "contain" the meeting between Jack and Kate. There is a separate and very difficult question about what it might mean to "*see* the future." Yet I want to get clear why it might be puzzling to think that there is anything there to be seen.

The Course of the Future

To get a grip on why there's a problem here, it is a good idea to make a couple of distinctions. (This is a standard philosopher's trick to delay having to give an answer.)

First, we must distinguish a little bit more carefully between the narrative time of the characters' lives and the viewer's time in watching *Lost* on TV or DVD (assuming that the viewer respects the sequence of the seasons and the episodes). In one sense, the narrative time begins on September 22, 2004, and the events can be ordered as a sequence of presents from that

point on. In another sense, the times of the flashbacks are earlier than that date and make up the past relative to what is happening in on-island time. In the sequence that the viewer sees, narrative times earlier than September 22 are spliced into times later than that date. This, if you like, is a description of what a flashback is: the past of the narration is shown as present to the viewer. In terms of this distinction, we can say that a flash-forward is showing the future of the narration as present to the viewer.

Second, we must distinguish two ways of understanding time itself. According to one way, the whole history of the world is, in some sense, already fixed or determined or written or scripted, and the relations of before and after, and of earlier and later, among events do not themselves change. In the other way of thinking, as time passes and the date of the present becomes successively later and later, events come into being as they are produced by what went before them. The English philosopher John McTaggart (1866–1925) first called attention to these two different ways of thinking about time. Philosophers have come to call the first position *eternalism* and the second *presentism*.

Because it is not immediately obvious what difference the distinction between eternalism and presentism might make, it may help to give a little bit more detail about these two views.

Eternalism is the view that a sentence such as "Oceanic flight 815 has crashed" is, in a certain sense, incomplete as it stands. To say what makes a sentence like this true, we have to separate two elements. The first is the element that describes a kind of event. Thus, in the eternal sentence "Oceanic flight 815 crashes," the verb "crashes" does not refer to a particular time, in just the way that the "is" in "two and two is four" does not refer to a particular time. So the second element is a relativization to a time or a date such as "on September 22, 2004." In this view, then, "Oceanic flight 815 crashes on September 22, 2004," can express the self-same truth whether someone

says it in 1977 or in 2010. For eternalists, only sentences that spell out a date can express a genuine or complete truth about an event in time.

Presentism, on the other hand, takes it that there is nothing difficult about tense and no analysis is needed of "Oceanic flight 815 has crashed." According to presentists, eternalism puts the cart before the horse in thinking that we have to use a system of time or date coordinates when we talk about what is happening "now." Many presentists (including myself) think of the story of the world as becoming ever fuller and more complete as time passes: the future doesn't (yet) exist, but what is happening and has happened are genuine facts in their own right.

McTaggart himself thought that because eternalism cannot give an adequate account of change over time and because presentism cannot give a satisfactory analysis of when the present is, time is not really real but rather an all-pervasive illusion. Most of his readers, however, have not wanted to accept this conclusion. Eternalists bear the burden of showing that their account of change is, after all, adequate, while presentists have to explain why there is no need to say when the present is (other than by saying what the time is now).

What difference does the difference between eternalism and presentism make toward understanding what a flash-forward is? For eternalists, there is no problem. The arrival of the freighter occurs long before the "We have to go back" meeting. The fact that we initially thought that it was a flashback and knew nothing of what happened in between is irrelevant. The distance in time between the two events is a fixed quantity, just like the distance in space between Sydney and L.A.

For eternalists, then, TV can use props and locations to show first a scene in Sydney and then a scene in L.A., or vice versa. There is nothing puzzling about this as long as we have some markers of the difference, such as the Sydney Opera House. Likewise, TV can use props and locations to show first