Kerry Mullan · Bert Peeters ·
Lauren Sadow *Editors*

Studies in Ethnopragmatics, Cultural Semantics, and Intercultural Communication

Ethnopragmatics and Semantic Analysis

Springer

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Editors

Kerry Mullan
RMIT University
Melbourne, VIC, Australia

Bert Peeters
Australian National University
Canberra, ACT, Australia

Lauren Sadow
Australian National University
Canberra, ACT, Australia

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*Dedicated to our good friend and colleague
Cliff Goddard*

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Chapter 1

Lift Your Game, Cliff!

A Fun Tribute to Cliff Goddard

Bert Peeters

It must be around twenty years ago now, but the words “Lift your game, Cliff!” still resonate loud and clear around the world-famous Armidale tennis courts that, every month of January, host the New England Open tennis tournament. The event attracts the world’s best players to country New South Wales, where they come to face local talent such as Cliff Goddard, now retired—from tennis at least. That year, Goddard was playing an early round match; he was in superb form and heading for an easy win. Nevertheless, during a change of ends, a spectator called out the infamous words that would inspire the champion, who also knows a thing or two about linguistics, to pen one of his well-known papers (published as Chap. 3 of Goddard 2006) misleadingly titled “Lift your game, Martina!”. Being the non-assuming bloke we all know he is, Goddard cleverly extracted himself from the account of what had occurred and made it look as though it had happened at the Australian Open in Melbourne, to another champion known by the name of Martina Hingis. We know better, don’t we?

Since the paper was written, many Australians have informally endorsed the spectator’s comment as “a classic”, and as “so Australian”. In the absence of an obvious, salient lexical label for the Australian English speech practice it illustrates, Goddard called it “deadpan jocular irony”, which is quite a mouthful. So, what was that spectator getting at when he admonished Cliff to “lift his game”? One possibility that should be immediately rejected is that he was levelling some sort of

B. Peeters (✉)
Australian National University, Canberra, Australia
e-mail: Bert.Peeters@anu.edu.au

Universiteit Antwerpen, Antwerp, Belgium
e-mail: Bert.Peeters@uantwerpen.be

“indirect criticism” at his idol. The spectator’s attitude was not critical in the least. Instead, he was expressing something like admiration. The fan’s comment was intended to be amusing and at the same time to express high praise.

Which is exactly what this “fun tribute”, which celebrates Goddard’s more than forty years in academia, intends to be and to do as well. Granted, it has not displayed the highest possible academic standards so far, plagiarizing as it does two publications that are part of Goddard’s prolific output. The first is the above-mentioned Chap. 3 of Goddard (2006); the second, a more recent paper titled “Ethnopragmatic perspectives on conversational humour, with special reference to Australian English” (Goddard 2017). Give or take a few minor (and not so minor) adjustments, entire chunks of the first two paragraphs are lifted (that verb again!) out of these two publications.

Not that Goddard never played tennis. He did, he *really* did. He must, however, have grown tired of it, because he eventually gave up the sport and turned to squash and badminton instead. Goddard was always too slight to play rougher sports like rugby, and besides, he is a self-acknowledged “no contact” kind of person whose favourite martial art is Tai Chi. According to reliable sources, even a hug makes him uncomfortable. Many might, therefore, be surprised to learn of his once sporting prowess. His preferred weapon while at the University of New England was the racquet, and over his years in Armidale Goddard organized tennis games and played matches with his colleagues in linguistics, matches that later morphed into squash tournaments and, later again, into badminton competitions. Although he cultivated the professorial look that some might call “unthreatening”, behind that façade Goddard was surprisingly athletic—nimble and light on his feet, combining a fine serve with a mean volley, an uncanny ability to dominate the centre of a squash court, and the deft touch that turns a badminton smash into a float-n-drop over the net. And while these competitions were fierce, they were also the source of much hilarity among the participants and will be remembered fondly.

Anecdotes, according to Tridgell (2006: 286), “can be suggestive in indicating the existence of particular cultural phenomena, and Cliff Goddard opens his linguistic analysis of Australian irony with an anecdote”. The analysis she refers to is Chap. 3 of Goddard (2006), which she had somehow laid her hands on before it was available in print. Anecdotes can also be suggestive in indicating the existence of a phenomenon *tout court*, and Cliff Goddard is one such phenomenon. Let us be honest about it: there is absolutely no way Goddard could possibly “lift his game”—even if he tried.

Baby Cliff was a bit of a latecomer, a fact of life that as a grown-up he has consistently and valiantly tried to overcome by (mostly successfully) trying never to run late. Goddard’s parents had tied the knot in the early 1940s and had decided that, because of the war, this was not the right time to start a family. *Horresco referens*: if they had not restrained themselves, Goddard would by now be almost eighty. We all hope, of course, he will eventually get there and still be the bright young man he is today, but that’s a different story. Back to Bill and Norma Goddard, they waited for a whopping eleven years, before conceiving their first child, early in the Australian autumn of 1953. Exactly nine months later, on a

Saturday, probably around 6 pm, it was delivery time. Baby Cliff came into the world. It was 5 December 1953, and it would be another 23 months before Goddard's only sibling—a boy by the name of Alan—would join the family.

Goddard's birthdate had not been planned to coincide with that of dancer Elisabeth Clarke in Camden, New Jersey, nor with that of singer and voice actress Sachiko Kobayashi in Niigata, Japan, or of journalist, publisher and activist Gwen Lister in East London, South Africa. They would all shoot to fame—with Cliff Goddard in hot pursuit. They would all be immortalized on the Take Me Back To website (<https://takemeback.to/05-December-1953>)—with Cliff Goddard missing out “by that much” (Maxwell Smart, personal communication). Goddard had one insurmountable handicap: whereas the others were all born in places that, in December 1953, had a six-figure population, Goddard's birthplace was nothing short of a small backwater. Sure, Canberra was Australia's national capital, but it had little else going for it. Population-wise, according to a short article on page 2 of the *Canberra Times* of 31 December 1953, it was believed to have about 29,200 residents. Which only goes to show that, to adopt a way of saying things that Goddard's parents' gifted son would in due course help popularize, “good things happen in big places; at the same time, good things can happen in small places if people want them to happen there”.

By the time Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II and her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, arrived in Canberra on a Royal Australian Air Force plane that landed at Fairbairn airfield on 13 February 1954 at 3 p.m. for their first visit ever to the Australian capital, young Cliff was exactly ten weeks old. How did Mr. and Mrs. Goddard get it so right? At ten weeks, he was just ready to follow his parents as they ventured out of their Canberra suburb of Reid to welcome the Queen and her Royal Consort. We cannot be sure that they were in the crowd of adoring Australians lining the streets of Canberra. However, since there were more people (around 40,000) welcoming the royal couple than there were residents in the national capital at the time, there is a reasonable chance they were. As one would expect, the royal visit was accompanied by a lot more fanfare than baby Cliff's birth ten weeks earlier. Not that he cared very much: he probably slept his way through all the kerfuffle. The Queen and the Duke only stayed for five days; he stayed a lot longer.

Canberra was home for Goddard until his early twenties. It is where he attended preschool in Reid and later primary school at Our Lady of Mercy in Braddon and Daramalan College in Dickson. The nuns at Our Lady of Mercy were relentless in their efforts to stamp out Australia's favourite b-word, which came naturally to most young Australians, including the Goddard brothers. At age 7, Cliff was overheard by his mother as he advised brother Alan, who was about to start school at age 5, not to use the word *bloody* in the classroom (or in the schoolyard for that matter). “Why, Cliffie?” asked trusting little brother. Cliff's answer was an utterly sincere “Because the bloody nuns don't bloody like it!” At Daramalan College, the nuns made way for teachers of a different kind, and Goddard became one of the top students, not only in the remainder of primary school, but also later on—with a few dips here and there. He stayed at Daramalan throughout high school and college

and, while there, was reportedly bullied for being “brainy”. However, putting his own spin on the school’s motto, “Fortes in fide” [“Strong in faith”], he proved over and over again that he, at least, had a lot of faith in himself and was able to deal with the taunts of the not-so-brainy who had nothing better to do than to have a go at him.

By the time Goddard reached the age of 18, university beckoned. It had not all been smooth sailing, though. For a moment, it looked as though Goddard was about to throw it all away, even before passing his High School Certificate. To his credit, he did not. Now living in Watson, a different suburb, closer to Daramalan but further away from the university campus, he gained early entrance to what was at the time Canberra’s only university, appropriately called the Australian National University. He already knew that the so-called hard sciences were not his thing (even though he had been awarded a medal for winning a science competition while a student at Daramalan College). A few years before entering university, he had managed to get his first summer job at the ANU. Asked to transport some large flasks of liquid nitrogen, he had attempted to wheel them up a slope by himself. Not only was he reprimanded quite quickly, but he also lost his job, which is almost certain to have put him off the sciences. So, what would he be studying?

While at the university as an undergraduate student, Goddard soon discovered that mathematics and psychology, which formed part of his degree, were not for him either. The real love of his life, which he pursued with much more dedication than the frantic social life he had engaged in earlier and the few girls he had started to date and fallen in and out of love with, was linguistics—or so he thought, because he had not set eyes on wife-to-be Mee Wun just yet. Linguistics, led by R. M.W. (aka Bob) Dixon, was booming at ANU: 48 EFTSUs (Effective Full Time Student Units) in 1973, 70 in 1974, 97 in 1975 (Dixon 2011: 112). Goddard took classes with most of the staff in the department, but one of them would mark him for life. Her name was Anna Wierzbicka, a Polish-born semanticist who had migrated from the US to Australia in the early seventies. The author of a book called *Semantic primitives*, published in (1972), she had already made a name for herself but could not have known at the time that, in due course, Goddard and she would develop into the most formidable tandem in Australian linguistics.

Not that university was all work and no play. Taking some time off between semesters, Goddard went overseas with a friend. The idea was to see Europe and Morocco, perhaps other places as well. They went for one year but the trip ended after six months, when they ran out of money. Had Goddard not bought that acoustic guitar while travelling through Spain, he might have been able to stay a little longer. But the acoustic guitar, no doubt bought on a whim, has proven to be an invaluable purchase: he still has it and, decades later, continues to turn to it when he wants to take his mind off academia. Goddard would no doubt have made a talented musician, but he realized he was no match for either Uncle Cliff, the musician in the family after whom he had been named, or another Cliff, who had already shot to stardom with a name uncomfortably close to Goddard’s. We have all heard of Cliff RichAArd, haven’t we—and he is *not* Goddard’s uncle. Goddard might also have made a good salesman, according to some, as he can sell ideas very

well. Aren't we lucky he preferred linguistics to linguini sticks, though, which he would no doubt have successfully flogged to the most suspicious home cooks, together with some ideas as to how to use these things in their recipes?

After graduating from ANU as a Bachelor of Arts with First Class Honours, Goddard left Canberra. The year was 1976. He moved to Adelaide, where he spent some time working for a community radio station. He also tried his hand at script writing, producing a politically sensitive film script for which he dreamt up the title "The gap between". The setting was Alice Springs and surroundings, Australia's gateway into the Red Centre, the country's interior desert region. The script had a strong female protagonist. Why this is important I do not know, but it was put to me in no uncertain terms that I might as well add this bit of information, because Goddard would appreciate it. Unfortunately, the script was shelved after Goddard fell out with the film director; the film itself never saw the light of day. Instead, Goddard went on to bigger and better things, at least from a linguist's point of view. Answering the call to help document Aboriginal languages, which were disappearing at an alarming rate, he returned to academia in 1980 and embarked on extensive research into one of the dialects of the Western Desert Language, a cluster of mutually intelligible dialects spoken in vast areas of Western Australia, South Australia, and the Northern Territory. Goddard's fieldwork in the northwest of South Australia culminated in a 1983 ANU Ph.D., published two years later as *A grammar of Yankunytjatjara*.

From 1985 to 1987, Goddard lived in Alice Springs, the town of his doomed film script. He was a National Research Fellow at the Institute for Aboriginal Development (IAD), an independent Aboriginal community-controlled language resource and adult education centre serving the Aboriginal community of Central Australia. While at the IAD, and for about ten years after that, he continued his work on Yankunytjatjara and on the neighbouring dialect Pitjantjatjara, producing several language resources for both communities, including wordlists and dictionaries, mostly published by the IAD Press.

But Aboriginal linguistics was not the only thing on Goddard's radar. As mentioned earlier, one name was destined never to drop off it. Anna Wierzbicka's belief in the descriptive power of "semantic primitives" had left a lasting impression on our Yankunytjatjara/Pitjantjatjara specialist. In 1986, together with David Wilkins, Goddard organized a workshop on semantic primitives during the Australian Linguistics Society's annual conference held that year at the University of Adelaide. Not content with merely publicizing the approach, he contributed a paper provocatively titled "Wild ideas about the natural semantic metalanguage". As far as is known, this is where the term *natural semantic metalanguage*, later abbreviated as NSM and often capitalized as *Natural Semantic Metalanguage*, was born. The paper was published three years later (Goddard 1989), and its title somewhat toned down. Wierzbicka knew that Goddard was on to something; it did not take long for her to acknowledge that "the Workshop [...] proved to be in some ways a turning point in the search for the universal semantic primitives and in the development of the Natural Semantic Metalanguage" (Wierzbicka 1992: 223).

What would eventually become known as the “Natural Semantic Metalanguage (or NSM) approach” effectively saw the light of day in the latter half of the 1980s.

In 1987, Goddard left the IAD to become a Senior Linguist for the South Australian Education Department, which he served in an official capacity for the next three years. At the beginning of 1990, he joined the linguistics team at the University of New England as a lecturer and was soon to develop a reputation as one of the most inspiring and engaging academic teachers on campus. There are many ways of explaining to a LING100 class that the word *tree* does not always correspond to the object “tree”; however, it takes something special to do so in a way that gets your students hooked on semantics instead of distracted by a huge huntsman spider crawling on the wall behind the lecturer.

1990 was the year the Department of Linguistics at UNE became an entity in its own right. A full degree program in the discipline had only just been established thanks to the unrelenting efforts of the late Steve Johnson, who had been appointed to the University in 1986. Johnson’s tragic death in August 1990 was a devastating blow for the team, from which it managed to recover only thanks to the moral support of colleagues from around the country. A special issue of the Australian Journal of Linguistics, in remembrance of Steve Johnson and co-edited by Goddard and Nick Evans, was published in 1992.

In the following decade, a gradual shift occurred in Goddard’s research activity. He initially remained faithful to his early focus on the dialects of the Western Desert Language, but increasingly started to turn his attention away from Australia, towards another language on the semantics and cultural pragmatics (later called ethnopragmatics) of which he would soon produce a variety of studies. That language was Malay, otherwise known as Bahasa Melayu. The fact that wife Mee Wun, a native speaker of Cantonese born in Malaysia, had something to do with this sudden interest is of course entirely fortuitous. The two had met in Alice Springs, where they were introduced to one another by a mutual friend. They married in Armidale on 7 January 1994, only weeks after Goddard had been promoted to senior lecturer. Kwan, their only son, was born in Malaysia in 1996 and, once back in country New South Wales, would for a short time become an object of scientific observation. Goddard—noblesse oblige—wrote a paper for which, together with Mee Wun, he followed Kwan around the family home, trying to ascertain which semantic primes the toddler would produce as he learned to talk, when he would produce them, and in which order. It is not entirely impossible that Kwan’s dislike for linguistics using simple words goes back to that very period. The paper was published in (2001).

Mee Wun has a vivid recollection of a conference at the University of New South Wales, where her husband was one of the presenters. *She* was sitting in the back row, holding two-year-old Kwan, and as soon as *he* started his talk, Kwan called out: “Papa!” Everyone looked up and took notice, an unforgettable moment. Equally unforgettable, from Kwan’s point of view, were the many times he was asked by Papa whether he was a little fool or a big fool, to which he would invariably respond “I’m a big fool”. Kwan obviously had some difficulties with Papa’s sophisticated sense of humour. Aged 5, Kwan was well on his way to

become the competent native speaker of English he is today, but he had not yet discovered what “deadpan jocular irony” was all about. One day, according to Chap. 3 of Goddard (2006), a colleague dropped by to give father and son a lift into town. As they got into the colleague’s car, it was clear that the vehicle was in an advanced state of untidiness. “Just cleaned the car, have you Nick?” Goddard asked matter-of-factly, without any audible sarcasm. Nick just smiled, but Kwan was nonplussed. “Papa”, he said later, “that car was a big mess”.

Meanwhile, Goddard had once again risen through the ranks, becoming an associate professor in 1999. DOIs were introduced the year after, and they ensured Goddard was able to reach for unseen heights. How he does it is still under investigation, but the fact of the matter is that, whenever DOIs are distributed, Goddard is standing in the front row. An impressive number of his Digital Object Identifiers end in the first three letters of his surname. Now, let us be honest about it: how much fun is it to be referred to as “God”, time after time, when reference is made to one of your publications? Especially when others, like the present author, keep on being pushed towards the back row, where they end up with DOIs ending in “pee”. And, while we are on that topic, I might as well mention that there is another set of DOIs Goddard has been cunning enough to avoid. They are the ones that adorn the numerous publications that he has co-authored with Anna Wierzbicka. It’s always (or just about always) Goddard first and Wierzbicka second: if you can choose between DOIs that end in “god” and DOIs that end in “wie”, once again, you do not think twice, do you?

The noughties saw Goddard’s attention increasingly turn to his own native language, Australian English. Unfortunately, Wierzbicka beat him at writing that paper about *bloody* (Wierzbicka 2002) in which he, if he had authored it, could and no doubt would have referred to the *bloody nuns* episode of his childhood. In 2003, a year after receiving a UNE Vice-Chancellors Award for Research Excellence, Goddard made it to full professor, effectively reviving UNE’s Chair of Linguistics, which had been established in 1995 (upon the appointment of Anne Pauwels) but had become vacant again in June 1998. It would not be until 4 October 2004, though, that Goddard, in true university tradition, delivered his inaugural professorial lecture. No university venue was good enough for that solemn occasion, which took place at the Armidale Town Hall. Meanwhile, Goddard had also been elected as a Fellow of the Academy of the Humanities of Australia. He would eventually (for three years, starting in November 2015) act as head of its Linguistics Section.

While a professor at the University of New England, Goddard added semantic molecules and semantic templates (both of which have historical precedents that lacked adequate theoretical underpinnings) to the NSM toolkit and further consolidated the approach he and others refer to as ethnopragmatics, a take on pragmatics inspired by NSM principles. Ethnopragmatics was the answer to the “Seven Deadly Sins of Universalist Pragmatics” (Goddard 2006), a reference that ruffled several feathers, including—it seems—those of a certain Roger. Being a bird (the feathers were for real), Roger didn’t have a name, but it was clear why Goddard had decided to call the winged monster Roger: he had feathers, in German *Feder*, and as

a former tennis player Goddard still had nightmares of being at the receiving end of Roger Federer's unrelenting attacks. All of a sudden, the nightmares were becoming a reality, albeit that Goddard's nemesis had turned into a magpie which, for quite some time, made a point of terrorizing the professor (and at times some of his Ph.D. students as well) with its swooping behaviour and other intimidating tactics whenever he (and they) approached the university campus on their bicycle(s). Goddard liked cycling and for many years cycled to his office at the university. Bike helmets with spikes proved no match for the vindictive bird, who eventually disappeared as unexpectedly as he had surfaced. After traumatizing the local NSM community, he had perhaps found something better to do.

2010 was a watershed year for Goddard. It was the year when, as he would have it, luck came knocking on his door. Armidale was not a bad place to be, not even during the Roger years, but it was not entirely challenge-free. Goddard found himself in the grip of that nagging feeling that many academics experience sooner or later when they come to the realization that there are other opportunities to be had. The classic case, in other words, of grass that tends to look greener on the other side. Goddard certainly thought he had seen some very green and lush lawns some distance away from country New South Wales, and consequently had applied for a professorial position at Griffith University, Brisbane. He was shortlisted and interviewed, only to find out that the position was eventually offered to the other shortlisted candidate. Weird luck, some would say... But hang on, the story does not end there.

A short time later, out of the blue, Goddard received a phone call from a highly placed individual at Griffith University, who told him that the selection panel had been so impressed with both candidates that the initial decision to appoint one candidate only (as would happen just about everywhere else) was revised in favour of a double appointment. Goddard, too, was offered the chance to move to Brisbane. Faced with the prospect that a paper dream was suddenly a lot closer to becoming reality, he thought it over long and hard, discussed the pros and cons with wife Mee Wun and son Kwan, and finally decided that leaving Armidale was the right thing to do. One of the main motivations was that husband and wife both suspected Kwan would prefer to pursue university studies away from Armidale. Moving the family to Brisbane would provide Kwan with a number of possibilities without the obligation to leave home. For the record, Kwan has in the meantime finished his undergraduate studies in physics and is working towards a Ph.D.

Goddard did not renounce his links with the University of New England, where until today he remains an adjunct professor. Physically, though, he and his family did leave land-locked Armidale and moved to Brisbane, which, for those not in the know, is situated in South East Queensland. Yes: Queen's Land. Goddard had missed out on his private audience with the Queen in Canberra at the tender age of ten weeks and would finally get a chance of actually meeting Her Majesty—or so he thought. Unfortunately, the latest news from Buckingham Palace, Balmoral Castle, and other such unpretentious hide-outs is that the Queen, now in her nineties, is no longer prepared to travel all the way down under.

Fortunately, there is something to take Goddard's mind off royal encounters—apart from linguistics, wife Mee Wun and son Kwan (not necessarily in that order). Goddard loves nature, and he is lucky that Mee Wun and Kwan do too. There was plenty of it around Armidale, as far as the eye would reach, and the family often spent time away from the daily humdrum by undertaking bushwalks in the surrounding national parks, pitching their tent where they pleased and staying away from civilization sometimes for days on end. The outings continue in and around Brisbane, where nature has a different kind of appeal. There is no doubt, though, that it provides as much of a distraction as it did back in country New South Wales.

Goddard has been Professor of Linguistics at Griffith University since 2011, where he continues to rally his troops around the NSM canon—not the piece of artillery, mind you, which is where troops are usually found; it is canon with one “n” in the middle, not two. One of Goddard's favourite hangouts at Griffith is Café Rossa, on the Nathan campus, where some of his current Ph.D. students take time off linguistics by playing a game called “Finding Cliff”. The rules are simple: the first one to spot Goddard at a Café Rossa table wins, and if no one is successful, players rub their eyes and wonder whether they are walking past the right café... Café Rossa coffee seems to do miracles in terms of Goddard's productivity and intellectual insight. It is available in mugs as well, but ever since the publication of *Meaning and Universal Grammar* (Goddard and Wierzbicka 2002), MUG for short, Goddard has formed the view that only cups will do for coffee. MUG is for reading; cups are for drinking. It's at Café Rossa that Goddard tends to meet with students and colleagues alike; it is where the long blacks, Goddard's preferred style of coffee, always served in a cup, are even better than they were in Armidale, where they were not bad at all.

It's not just his love of coffee that keeps Goddard going. One thing he made sure not to leave behind in Armidale was his bike. He may have bought one or two new ones since the big move, but let's not be too fussy about details. Now no longer plagued by Roger, Goddard is occasionally seen cycling to work. He cycles even when he is abroad. In Aarhus (Denmark), Goddard has been known, not only for giving lectures where local students sit on the window sills, just to get a chance to hear him talk, but for cycling the streets on a luminescent yellow bike. It is rumoured that, on a sunny spring day, while buying himself an ice cream in downtown Aarhus to cool down after several kilometres on the bike, the ice cream vendor recognized him and roared in an almost biblical voice: “Oh my God, you are the world-famous semanticist Cliff Goddard!!!”

World-famous, Goddard most certainly is. His fame extends well beyond Canada and Scandinavia, the two regions for which, in recent years, he has developed a special affinity and where some of his closest research associates are to be found. His network of research associates includes colleagues and former students within but also outside of NSM circles. Many of them, upon being asked, immediately and enthusiastically agreed to contribute to the celebratory volume that Kerry Mullan and Lauren Sadow, eventually joined by the present author, took it upon themselves to publish in Goddard's honour, to mark his 65th birthday. Such was the response rate that one volume became two and that two became three.

A handful of potential contributors, unfortunately, could not be reached. Others had to reluctantly decline or bow out because of other commitments. If they had all said yes, three might have become four... Of those who declined, many did kindly agree, together with others, to undertake double-blind peer reviews of the work submitted by their colleagues or to contribute savvy stories worked into this tribute. As a general rule, all contributions were peer-reviewed by one NSM scholar and by one other relevant expert. Non-NSM papers were peer-reviewed by non-NSM scholars. The papers were divided into five broad themes. Like the title of this tribute, all five hint at selected titles of Goddard's published work. Together, they reflect most if not all of Goddard's research interests, which straddle language, culture, and meaning.¹

Volume 1 is titled *Ethnopragmatics and Semantic Analysis*; its main editor is Kerry Mullan. Apart from the present tribute and a brief introduction to the Natural Semantic Metalanguage approach by Lauren Sadow and Kerry Mullan, this volume includes two parts. Part I, *Ethnopragmatics* (cf. Goddard 2006), comprises work by Reza Arab, Gian Marco Farese, Michael Haugh and Lara Weinglass, Kerry Mullan, Lien-Huong Vo, and John Wakefield, Winnie Chor and Nikko Lai. Part II, *Semantic Analysis* (cf. Goddard 1998/2011), comprises work by Keith Allan, Mengistu Amberber, Susanna Karlsson, and Radoslava Trnavac and Maite Taboada.

Volume 2, titled *Meaning and Culture*, also includes two parts; its main editor is Bert Peeters. Part I, *Words as Carriers of Cultural Meaning* (cf. Goddard 2015), comprises work by Yuko Asano-Cavanagh and Gian Marco Farese, Stella Butter and Zuzanna Bułat Silva, Sandy Habib, Jan Hein, Bert Peeters and Margo Lecompte-Van Poucke, Roslyn Rowen, and Rachel Thompson. Part II, *Understanding Discourse in Cultural Context* (cf. the subtitle of Goddard 2006), comprises work by Helen Leung and Carsten Levisen.

Volume 3, titled *Minimal English (and Beyond)*, includes the fifth part; its main editor is Lauren Sadow. The title of this volume refers to Goddard's edited collection *Minimal English for a global world* (Goddard 2018) and comprises work by María Auxiliadora Barrios Rodríguez, Deborah Hill, Susana S. Fernández, Alex Forbes, Anna Gladkova, Lauren Sadow, Jiashu Tao, Ulla Vanhatalo and Camilla Lindholm, Anna Wierzbicka, and Jock Wong.

The editors and contributors wish Cliff Goddard many more years of research engagement and are delighted to offer him herewith a token of their appreciation for what he has meant and continues to mean for them. An exhaustive list of Goddard's

¹Adrian Tien sadly passed away on 30 April 2018, when planning was well underway. Did he have a premonition he himself "was headed for the West, riding a crane" when he wrote about this and other phrases used in Chinese in the wake of someone's passing (Tien 2017)? We will never know. The editors are convinced, though, that they could have counted on him as well, had he lived.

publications, many of which are referred to throughout these volumes, is included at the end of each of the three volumes—and DOIs have been added where available. Just a matter of reminding everyone that there is a front row whenever DOIs are being allocated and that Goddard knows where that front row is.

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Bert Peeters is an Honorary Associate Professor at the Australian National University and a Gastprofessor at the University of Antwerp. His main research interests are in French linguistics, intercultural communication, and language and cultural values. His publications include *Les primitifs sémantiques* (ed., 1993), *The lexicon-encyclopedia interface* (ed., 2000), *Semantic primes and universal grammar* (ed., 2006), *Tu ou vous: l’embarras du choix* (ed. with N. Ramière, 2009), *Cross-culturally speaking, speaking cross-culturally* (ed. with K. Mullan and C. Béal, 2013), and *Heart- and soul-like constructs across languages, cultures, and epochs* (ed., 2019).