

**University of Alberta**

Plagiarism as Authorship: the Literary Mashup

by

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*For Rachael*

## ABSTRACT

Mashups – texts composed by combining portions from several original texts – are a new literary form. In order to better understand this form, I have created my own literary mashup, *Buchstauben*, which allowed me to encounter first-hand the nuances of the form. As such, my thesis consists of both my own literary mashup, *Buchstauben*, as well as a critical component, in which I explore the history of the mashup, from the Classic poetic technique of the cento to the modern work of mashup artists such as Girl Talk. The critical component also serves as a reflection on my own experiences in composing a mashup, and the challenges this form poses to mashup artist, especially in light of contemporary copyright concerns.

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## Introduction

*Buchstaben* represents a new kind of text, one born of a generation intimately familiar with the promise of the Internet and the Age of Information it ushered in. *Buchstaben* is a literary mashup, a text stitched together, quilt-like, from scraps of other works; it is a response to a world in which we bounce from one text to the next, our primary concern no longer how to find the information we want, but how to control and route the flood of information we are all awash in. Indeed, the literary mashup is only one in a series of mashups that spans electronic media: bands like Girl Talk spin tracks cobbled together from hundreds of samples drawn from dozens of artists; voters express their political views through mashups of news clips; and those looking to move can do so using the help of Housingmaps.com – a mashup of the popular classified ads site Craigslist and Google Maps (Steere). *Buchstaben*, then, is my way of telling a story using the very texts that inspired the story; it is my way of showing my readers the way that I've absorbed and internalised a number of texts, and the way in which those texts have come together in my mind to tell a new story, the story of one man's loss, his inability to cope, and the eventual, cathartic resolution.

There is nothing inherently innovative in the creation of a work stitched together from portions of other texts. Indeed, this is the standard

*modus operandi* of writers in all fields: academics build their careers on essays and books of quotes glued together with careful observations; lawyers, too, move through their field by constructing cases from snippets of laws and precedents (Lessig 52); and writers have an entire palette of derivative, intertextual techniques at hand, including allusion, quotation, and pastiche. Indeed, if we take the notions of quotation and derivation to an extreme, we see that, as Roland Barthes writes, a text is “a multi-dimensional space in which a variety of writings, none of them original, blend and clash,” and that a “text is a tissue of quotations” (Barthes 279). Barring the occasional neologism, every text we create is a weaving together of words we have acquired through the passage of time as a product of our culture and upbringing.

So what, then, is so special about *Buchstauben*? Why did I bother to write it? *Buchstauben* is my own contribution to the blending and clashing of texts surrounding contemporary notions of copyright and intellectual property. I go about this in two distinct ways: *Buchstauben* the creative work blends the texts of a variety of writers into a new narrative, one that incorporates the style and methodology of the musical mashup. *Buchstauben* the critical work clashes with the restrictive model of intellectual property, a model championed by groups such as the Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA) and (MPAA) in the



United States and Alliance of Canadian Cinema, Television, and Radio Artists (ACTRA) in Canada, a model that would outlaw derivative works like the mashup. Furthermore, the critical reflection documents the challenges an atmosphere hostile to derivative works presents to creators like myself, who try to produce these works while remaining within the law.

It is a tricky balancing act, creating derivative works like the mashup without falling afoul of copyright legislation. Both scholars and legal experts support the notion that derivative works can be creative works in their own right, works that move well beyond their source. As Barthes writes in “The Death of the Author,” “a text’s unity lies not in its origin but in its destination” (Barthes 280). Stanford law professor Lawrence Lessig states simply that “[t]he remix is meant to do something new” (52). Despite their origins in preceding texts, the mashup and similar works have their own destinations – they are not bound to their origins. However, this is not a view shared by all.

As mentioned above, The RIAA, MPAA, and ACTRA have been lobbying for a highly restrictive interpretation of copyright. Lessig illustrates the effects of these lobbying efforts by pointing to a 2004 decision in which

the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals held that every sample used in a remixed recording triggered copyright law. There was no “de minimis” exception to copyright that would permit samplers to avoid licensing the sample they used.

(104)

According to this decision, in the realm of music, nothing escapes the long arm of copyright law. What the impact of this decision will mean to creators remains to be seen, but it undoubtedly establishes a harsh environment for anyone with an interest in derivative works. What is immediately evident, however, is that the mashup is a highly contentious work, and that mashup creators must consider the legality of their work carefully.

Perhaps the most compelling reason to explore the literary possibilities presented by the mashup is the great cultural changes of which it is only a symptom. There has been a shift in recent years towards a culture of customisability and personalisation. Lessig refers to this shift as a move away from a Read/Only (RO) culture, one in which there is a strict dichotomy of producers (artists) and consumers (audience), toward a Read/Write (RW) culture, one in which the audience takes an active, collaborative role in producing and reworking the artist’s work, leading to a blurring of the line between the two roles (28-29). Although mashups are

a relatively recent innovation, the culture they represent has caught on quickly with the youth. As Don Tapscott notes in his book *Grown Up Digital: How the Net Generation is Changing Your World*, members of the Net Generation, those born between January 1977 and December 1997 (16), regularly take a collaborative role: 81% of Net Gen Canadians “regularly add or change things online” (51, 54). With so large a percentage of the up-and-coming generation taking so active a role in producing and consuming culture, we must assume that they will, if they are not already doing so, turn their attention to literature. Indeed, if we do not see literary mashups emerging in the near future, it could well be a sign that literature as we know it is on the decline, and that the Net Gen has little interest (in both senses of the word) in literature.

There is one further reason for writing *Buchstauben*, perhaps a more personal reason than those listed above. As Jacques Roubaud, a member of the literary group Oulipo<sup>1</sup>, notes:

the first sonnet, at the moment of becoming a sonnet, is not a sonnet but a Sicilian variant of the Provençal *cobla*. It is only with the thousandth sonnet (or more or less – in any

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<sup>1</sup> Oulipo, the *Ouvroir de Littérature Potentielle*, was formed on 24 November 1960 by a group of writers, mathematicians, university professors, and pataphysicians, and is dedicated to the production and study of experimental works of varying formal constraints (Motte 1-2).

case after many sonnets) that the sonnet appears. (quoted in Motte 8)

I wrote *Buchstauben* in order to increment the literary mashup count by one, bringing the form one step closer to popular and critical acceptance. This reason is a selfish one, as I see the mashup as a valuable form, one that I wish to see progress and to enjoy a healthy life of its own.

Ultimately, the mashup is the most recent iteration of an ancient technique, one that artists have begun to deploy to address contemporary concerns and anxieties surrounding copyright law. By writing *Buchstauben*, I have contributed both to the discussion of the cultural role of mashups, especially in light of contemporary copyright concerns as well as to the steadily increasing body of mashed up works, with the hope that my work will contribute to the establishment of the mashup as a literary form.

## **Cento**

Long before the mashup there was the cento. The cento is, according to the *OED*, “a composition formed by joining scraps from other authors,” and takes its name from the Latin word for a patchwork garment (*OED*). The immediate similarities to the mashup are obvious: in

the 2005 *A Companion to Ancient Epic*, Dennis E. Trout describes the cento as being “composed by sampling early poets” (Trout 553).

However, there are some significant differences. Firstly, the cento is “an artistic response to a literary education grounded in a canon of the classics,” and more often than not drew from the works of Homer and Virgil (Plant 170-71). The cento’s emphasis on canonical authors runs somewhat contrary to the nature of the mashup. Mashup artists do not limit themselves to a canon of great works, but rather bring together disparate artists, painting from a surprisingly broad palette. Girl Talk, for example, samples from Paula Abdul, Aerosmith, Jay-Z, Weezer, Jefferson Airplane, and Mariah Carey, among others (*Night Ripper*). Furthermore, the composition processes of the cento and the mashup differ significantly. “Originally written just for fun,” Plant writes,

“rules” were established for the proper composition of a cento: each line of the new poem had to be formed from a line or two half lines from the source; the repetition of two or more whole lines in succession was frowned upon as being very weak; and of course the centoist had to pay proper attention to the retention of an appropriate poetic metre. Some grammatical changes might need to be made, but

otherwise the cento should be true to the verse of the original. (171)

These strict rules are, so far, unique to the cento; the mashup has not yet become this codified. It is important to consider this progression towards a regulated version of the cento, however, as it could well resemble the future progress of the mashup.

A compelling parallel between the cento and the mashup is the political implications inherent to each form. Faltonia Betitia Proba (322-70 AD) (Plant 170) created a cento that uses the works of Virgil to retell the story of Genesis, *Cento Vergilianus de laudibus Christi*. This cento comes as a reaction to the emperor Julian, who in 362 AD

issued a decree forbidding Christian teachers from teaching pagan texts to their pupils, an attempt to deprive Christian children of an education based upon learning the classics, especially Virgil. (Plant 171)

Proba's retelling neatly sidesteps this prohibition, crafting a text in which the Pagan and Christian elements are inextricable.

Here we see the operation of what Michel de Certeau would later describe as a "strategies" and "tactics." Julian, in his role as Emperor, has access to strategies, which Certeau describes as

the calculation (or manipulation) of power relationships that [become] possible as soon as a subject with will and power [...] can be isolated. It postulates a *place* that can be delimited as its *own* and serve as the base from which relations with an *exteriority* composed of targets or threats [...] can be managed. [emphasis in original] (35-36)

Julian's decree separating pagan and Christian texts "manages" the Christian threat by isolating it from the pagan tradition, putting up a barrier that attempts to prevent any intermingling.

Proba's cento, on the other hand, behaves as a tactic – "a calculated action determined by the absence of a proper locus" (Certeau 37) and "the *absence of power* [emphasis in original]" (38). The tactic has a

mobility, to be sure, but a mobility that must accept the chance offerings of the moment, and seize on the wing the possibilities that offer themselves at any given moment. It must vigilantly make use of the cracks that particular conjunctions open in the surveillance of the proprietary powers. It poaches in them. It creates surprises in them. (37)

By using the work of Virgil as the raw material for her telling of the story of Genesis, Proba strikes at a crack in Julian's forced separation of the

Christian and pagan traditions. By creating a text in which the pagan and Christian mythologies are one and the same, Proba creates a site of resistance, one that confounds Julian's either-or binary and repositions Virgil's work and the *Bible* as part of a continuum.<sup>2</sup>

### **Mashups: Here and Now**

Recent years have seen a flurry of activity by creators of mashups and other related derivative works. From Girl Talk's frenetic mashups to Michel Gondry's feature film *Be Kind Rewind*, there are a great number of contemporary artists preoccupied with the issues surrounding collaborative, derivative works, each of whom explores the issue in productive new ways. Girl Talk brings together hundreds of samples of popular artists that otherwise would have little in common beyond their status in the world of pop music: the song "Smash your Head" incorporates rock acts spanning several generations, from contemporary act Fall Out Boy to 90s group Nirvana to the now-classic performer Elton John, and over a decade's worth of R&B and rap, including Lil' Wayne, Beyoncé, and Notorious B.I.G. (*Night Ripper*). Girl Talk treats all popular works as equal, breaking down barriers of genre and the divide between established, classic performers and contemporary groups.

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<sup>2</sup> In her cento, Proba writes "Virgil sang of the holy gifts of Christ" (23), suggesting that Virgil's work foreshadows the coming of Christ.



Gondry's *Be Kind Rewind*, by contrast, addresses the industry-based model of culture, Lessig's Read Only culture. Where *Girl Talk* sees all popular culture as RW, *Be Kind Rewind*'s plot centres on the conflict between the two cultures. When his friend Jerry accidentally demagnetises all of the tapes in his store, Mike decides to record his own low-budget versions of the movies in order to cover up the damage. When these rerecorded – “sweded” versions, as they are known in the movie – prove highly popular, they attract the attention of lawyers representing Hollywood. When the lawyers destroy the tapes, Mike and Jerry, who need to raise money to save the store, decide to film a movie with the townspeople that tells the story of Fats Waller, a story that the townspeople make up as they go (Gondry). Although this summary skips much of the nuance of the film, it does illuminate the film's central thesis: storytelling, as an act, is open to anyone, and we create our own culture. No one can take away our right to tell our stories.

Like Proba, these artists respond to the restrictive notion of copyright championed by the groups such as the RIAA, mentioned in the introduction, by “making do,” as Certeau says; they deploy tactics to create a site of resistance. Where Proba frustrates Emperor Julian's intentions to separate the pagan and Christian traditions, mashup artists liberate popular culture from overly restrictive bodies, such as the RIAA,

MPAA, and ACTRA, and use it to communicate their own messages of communal creativity, of a creative commons.

### **Theft or Collaboration?**

This notion of a creative commons leads to one of the most publically visible issues surrounding mashups: their (il)legality. While there are legal structures in place to support mashup creators – most noticeably the Creative Commons licenses, spearheaded by the aforementioned Lawrence Lessig – the *Copyright Act* governs the majority of intellectual property in Canada. While the *Copyright Act* does set out clear guidelines as to what is and is not permitted by law, intellectual property is currently a hot issue, one that must be understood beyond the simple letter of the law.

The language surrounding mashups is highly charged, ideologically speaking. Words such as steal, borrow, sample, copy, splice, and recontextualise, among others, can all be applied to the acts involved in the mashup composition process, and each term carries with it a number of associations and implications. Words such as “theft” and “stealing,” which appear in a CNN article discussing mashups (Steere), carry very real legal consequences; words such as “sample” and “copy,” on the other hand, speak to a favourable notion of the mashup, suggesting that it is a non-destructive, indeed generative, process.

It is very important to consider the vocabulary and diction surrounding mashups. As Deleuze and Guattari remind us in “November 20, 1923 – Postulates of Linguistics,”

[w]hen the schoolmistress instructs her students on a rule of grammar or arithmetic, she is not informing them, any more than she is informing herself when she questions a student. She does not so much instruct as 'insign,' give orders or commands. (75)

Language is not merely descriptive of an external, pure state; it often influences that which it describes. To return to Deleuze and Guattari, “[l]anguage is made not to be believed but to be obeyed, and to compel obedience” (76). When one refers to the act of creating a mashup as “stealing” or as “sampling,” one is not simply describing the act, but inscribing it, what Deleuze and Guattari refer to as the “order-word” (76). In the case of the former the speaker inscribes the act as a crime and in the case of the latter as a generative act.

The order-word works intimately with Certeau’s strategies and tactics. If we turn to the example of copyright, we can see the order-word deployed as a strategy: the rights holder, who holds a proper “place,” need only apply the order-word of “infringement” on any external threat to invoke the power of the law, which then “manages” that threat

(Certeau 36). Certeau's notion of tactics works well with another property of the order-word that Deleuze and Guattari highlight – the order-word is also “like a warning cry or a message to flee. It would be oversimplifying to say that flight is a reaction against the order-word; rather, it is included in it, as its other face in a complex assemblage, its other component” (107).

Deleuze and Guattari elaborate on this flight, stating that

[t]his movement pushes language to its own limits, while bodies are simultaneously caught up in a movement of metamorphosis of their contents or a process of exhaustion causing them to reach or overstep the limit of their figures.

(108)

This overextension of the order-word opens up opportunities for the deployment of tactics: as we see below, the same case that can be described as infringement can also be described using a number of other terms, many of which carry few or no legal implications.

As Elizabeth Stark, boardmember of freeculture.org and founder of the Harvard Free Culture group, notes, “current copyright law is 'out of step with general practice at the moment'” (quoted in Steere); because of this disagreement, the words we use to describe the act of creating mashups carry a great deal of ideological baggage, and can help influence public opinion. The common usage of terms such as “stealing” to refer to

mashups advances the agenda of those who would like to convince others that mashups created without the explicit permission of the rights holders whose works appear in the mashup, which aligns the mashup creators with common thieves and criminals; likewise, the use of the term “sample” brings to mind synthesizers, while “splicing” recalls the now-venerable act of tape manipulation, both of which are accepted and entrenched practices in the world of music, advancing the agenda of those who see mashups as a legitimate art form, and who feel that the mashup creator should be able to use other works as a painter might oil paints or, to avoid mixing my metaphors, as a musician might notes. Indeed, as the tortured, labyrinthine nature of the preceding sentence indicates, the language surrounding mashups is so ideologically charged that it is difficult to talk about them without promoting one or another agenda.

Interestingly enough, the order-word problem is not restricted to mashups, and finds close parallels in other fields of literary study. The field of Rhetoric and Composition Studies faces similar difficulties when discussing plagiarism. True plagiarism is a significant problem in the university; however, there are instances in which what appears to be plagiarism is actually an important stage in the learning process. David Bartholomae notes that

[w]hen a student enters into the language of others, when that language is not a language of the student's own invention, he or she approximates – but only approximates – the sentence that is sanctioned or expected by the closed world the student seeks to enter. (“Released into Language” 41)

Here, the unattributed language and ideas of others (precisely that which constitutes plagiarism) are deployed as a way of familiarising oneself with the nuances of a new genre. Bartholomae focuses this statement in “Inventing the University”: A writer does not write [...] but is, himself, written by the languages available to him” (67). Some students

will need to learn to crudely mimic the “distinctive register” of academic discourse before they are prepared to actually and legitimately do the work of the discourse, and before they are sophisticated enough with the refinements of tone and gesture to do it with grace or elegance. (“Inventing the University” 83)

When first exploring a new genre or discursive community, students rely on what Bartholomae calls a commonplace – a “culturally or institutionally authorized concept or statement that carries with it its own necessary elaboration” (“Inventing the University” 63). The commonplace

is, functionally speaking, a form of plagiarism. In deploying a commonplace, students are using the words and ideas of others, a fact made obvious by the commonplaces uneven integration into the students' writing.

The commonplace, however, is only one example of a number of literary techniques that technically qualify as plagiarism. In his book *Palimpsests: Literature in the Second Degree*, Gérard Genette explores what he calls hypertexts, which are "text[s] derived from a previous text either through simple transformation, [...] or through indirect transformation," texts such as Virgil's *Aeneid* or James Joyce's *Ulysses*, both of which reimagine Homer's *Odyssey* (7-8). All of these transformative techniques depend on the works of others, thus potentially qualifying as plagiarism, in the strictest sense of the term<sup>3</sup>. Despite this, Genette writes that hypertextuality "is obviously to some degree a universal feature of literarity: there is no literary work that does not evoke (to some extent and according to how it is read) some other literary work" (9). That said, we must acknowledge the reality that the literary world has not been continually torn asunder by charges of plagiarism or copyright violation.

Occasionally incidents do erupt: In 2006 it was revealed that portions of Ian McEwan's novel *Atonement* bear similarities to the

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<sup>3</sup> Furthermore, whenever the original works are not in the public domain, these derivative techniques stand a very real chance of violating copyright.

memoirs of Lucilla Andrews (Cowell). McEwan “acknowledged using the Andrews book as a source” and noted that he had done the same “with his father’s wartime memories”; McEwan elaborates that

What Andrews described was not an imaginary world – it was not a fiction. It was the world of a shared reality, of those War Museum letters and of my father’s prolonged hospital stay. Within the pages of a conventional life story, she created an important and unique historical document. With painstaking accuracy, so it seemed to me, she rendered in the form of superb reportage, an experience of the war that has been almost entirely neglected, and which I too wanted to bring to life through the eyes of my heroine. As with the Dunkirk section, I drew on the scenes she described. Again, it was important to me that these events actually occurred. For certain long-outdated medical practices, she was my sole source and I have always been grateful to her.

(McEwan)

McEwan draws our attention to the important role that contemporary accounts play in the writing of a historical author. In order to tell the stories he wants to tell, he must draw on the thoughts and ideas of others. What could be called plagiarism (as it has been by some, in this case) also



goes by the names of research and authenticity. This is not simply an attempt by McEwan to rationalise his actions: authors including Margaret Atwood, Zadie Smith, Martin Amis, John Updike, and the elusive Thomas Pynchon came out to publicly support McEwan's use of Andrews' writing (McEwan).

If we return to Deleuze and Guattari's notion of the order-word, we see that the functional definitions of the commonplace and Genette's intertextual techniques are identical to plagiarism – “the action or practice of taking someone's work, idea, etc., and passing it off as one's own” (*OED*) – and that the factor that determines whether these instances of the presentation of the words and ideas of others are understood as legitimate or illegitimate is the naming, the application of the order-word. Likewise, the legitimacy or illegitimacy of the mashup depends largely on the order-word of those in a position of legal power. *The Copyright Act* allows the copyright holder, in most cases the original author (13.1-14.1), to determine whether or not a given use of their copyrighted work is sanctioned. Thus, we can have similar situations in the world of mashups, where the same action can be interpreted equally as both creativity and theft.

It is helpful, here, to think of Deleuze and Guattari's image of merchants crying out (“1837: Of the Refrain” 321). The merchants' cries

define their territory by their cry, their refrain. Several merchants are capable of shouting out over the same piece of ground, to the same potential customers, territorialising the same patch of ground simultaneously. Likewise, it is possible for two artists to territorialise the same piece of music or the same piece of text. Girl Talk's mashups leave their source texts intact, but at the same time, they add a new voice to the mix. Indeed, mashups are only mashups if they are recognisable both as their components and the whole simultaneously. A mashup that is not recognised as such is still a bricolage, but loses an important element: what is Proba's *Cento Virgilianus* if the reader does not perceive it as simultaneously Virgil's poetry and the story of Genesis? The question is not whether two merchants are capable of crying out over the same ground, whether the same text can represent multiple works; the question we now face is whether those in power will permit multiple artists to territorialise the same works, or if one will be given the exclusive right to the territory at hand. Currently, as noted above, this sharing of territory is possible, but this may change in the near future, a fact that artists must be mindful of.

### **The Composition Process**

Writing a literary mashup is an intimidating undertaking. Rarely does an author have to question the legality of his or her own work.

Although a biographer may have to be mindful of the occasional libel suit, legal concerns do not normally loom large on the author's radar. While working on *Buchstaben*, on the other hand, legal concerns were constantly on my mind. In part, this is because Stephen Harper's Conservative government was considering introducing a new copyright bill, Bill C-61, that could have rendered my project illegal mere months in. However, even under the current *Copyright Act* and the supplementary ruling of *CCH Canadian Ltd. v. The Law Society of Upper Canada*, fair dealing is a fine line to balance, one that requires constant attention.

In order to qualify as fair dealing, a document must meet a number of strict guidelines. According to the *Copyright Act*, in order for a work to qualify as fair dealing, it must be carried out for the purposes of research, private study, criticism, review, or news reporting, none of which may be done for profit (29.0-29.3). Interestingly, *Buchstaben* has an advantage over many other works, in that, as a part of my thesis, it is a work of criticism, and as such qualifies for consideration as fair dealing. While it is possible that a work such as Proba's retelling of the story of *Genesis* could be presented as a work of criticism (especially if one considers Proba's work in light of Certau's notion of tactics), it could be considered an aesthetic work, rather than a work of criticism, and as such would not qualify to be considered under fair dealing.

The fact that the *Copyright Act* restricts fair dealing protection to research, private study, criticism, review, and news reporting is troubling. Forcing a work to fit into such limiting roles adds pressure on potential creators to craft a work that fits neatly within the above genres. While a work may be both critical and entertaining, as, I hope, is the case with *Buchstaben*, the law forces creators to hedge their bets, lest they lose the protection of the fair dealing exemptions.

The seeds of *Buchstaben* were planted while I was taking a class on editing and the role of the editor. While discussing the role an editor plays in curating an academic edition of a text, I was struck by an idea. If an academic can bring contextual material into a text to create a certain interpretational framework for a text, what would it look like if one were to alter and emend an existing work by removing unwanted portions and bringing portions of other texts into the body of the work itself? This mishmashing of texts quickly brought to mind two works that had been floating in the back of my mind for some time. The first text is Neil Gaiman's short story "The Sweeper of Dreams," which tells the story of a sweeper who roams our minds at night, cleaning out the shreds of our dreams that remain before we wake up. The second text is German band Einstürzende Neubauten's song "Grundstück," which relates the conversation between a dreamer and someone who is tidying the contents

of the dreamer's mind. As soon as I encountered these two texts, they fused in my mind, became indivisible. They suggested a greater story, one that was begging to be told.

As I contemplated the story that “The Sweeper of Dreams” and “Grundstück” hinted at, I thought about the musical mashup. The two ideas complimented each other, and I began to lay out the foundation for *Buchstaben*. I wanted to create a mashup that expanded on the story of this mysterious sweeper. To borrow a metaphor from Gaiman's comic *Sandman*, I saw the Sweeper of Dreams as a gemstone, of which Gaiman and Einstürzende Neubauten's works are mere facets. *Buchstaben*, then, is just one more facet of this gemstone, one that allows us to see the rich colour of the stone itself, but that also causes light to refract in new ways. *Buchstaben* both compliments and complicates the mythology of the sweeper of dreams suggested by Gaiman and Einstürzende Neubauten's texts.

At the heart of *Buchstaben* is a response to our modern information culture. As Henry Jenkins writes, “[m]ore and more literacy experts are recognizing that enacting, and appropriating elements from pre-existing stories is a valuable and organic part of the process by which children develop cultural literacy” (177). Organising and manipulating information is an important part of personal growth. The image of cleaning up the

disorganised contents of the dreamer's mind is a fascinating analogue to our modern struggle with the every-increasing volume of information the internet provides. In this way, *Buchstauben* is a story about itself. It is a story about cleaning through one's own mind, bringing its scrambled contents into some sense of order and resolution, and it is composed of the scattered contents of my own mind, texts that I've taken in over the past decade, brought together to provide a sense of order and resolution.

The actual composition process was a fascinating undertaking in and of itself. I began by taking Gaiman and Einstürzende Neubaten's texts and looking for moments of concinnity and identifying gaps. Both texts emphasise the mundane-yet-essential nature of the sweeper of dreams, positioning him as a background force, almost a force of nature. He cleans because it is necessary. Each suggests negative consequences were the sweeper to cease his regular maintenance. These two facts suggested to me that the plot should involve a failure of maintenance of some kind. While I had originally intended for this to involve the dreamer somehow angering the sweeper of dreams, the story now revolves around an overwhelming of the sweeper, brought on by the dreamer's unresolved issues with Holly.

I then began to pull material together to construct a story from. At this point the project became intensely personal and, in a selfish way,

instructive. I found myself digging back through books I had once read, searching for half-remembered passages. I was struck both by what I remembered as well as what I had forgotten or confused: some passages I reread were as clear in my mind as the first time I had read them, whereas others I was sure were in one book wound up being in another. At least once I found that a particularly moving passage did not actually exist – rather, I had, in my enthusiasm, put my own words onto the page. At times the composition process seemed more akin to an exercise in reader response theory than to the creative work it was meant to be.

While I was busy searching through texts for pieces to sample, another concern began to loom on the horizon. Although I had already looked into Fair Dealing and found myself to be well within its guidelines, there was a real danger in late 2008 that the Conservative government would bring a new Copyright Act into being, one that promised to offer more rights and protections to copyright holders, and could well have rendered my project illegal. Historically, Canadian authors have been able to write almost anything without having to worry about breaking the law; indeed, most would probably imagine that one would have to travel to a country ruled by a totalitarian regime before penning a novella could ever carry legal repercussions.

Initially, in order to work around these legal concerns, I sampled only small portions of the original texts. While this did eventually change, something I address below, these short samples are still clearly visible in a number of sections. If we turn to page 38, we can see that the individual samples tend to be somewhere between a partial sentence and a full sentence in length. The reason for these short quotes lies in the commonly held belief that there is a limit on the amount of text that may be used in accordance with Fair Dealing. However, if we turn to the *Copyright Act* itself, we see no such clause; indeed, the *Copyright Act* simply states that “Fair Dealing for the purpose of criticism or review does not infringe copyright if the following are mentioned: (a) the source; and (b) if given in the source, the name of the [...] author” (29.1). There are no guidelines whatsoever as to how much of the original work one may use.

Although the *Copyright Act* remains silent on the amount of the original text that may be used under Fair Dealing, there is legal precedent that provides a sense of guidance to potential mashup authors. Unfortunately for groups such as the RIAA, this limit, set out in *CCH Canadian Ltd. v. Law Society of Upper Canada*, is effectively limitless:

Both the amount of the dealing and importance of the work allegedly infringed should be considered in assessing fairness. If the amount taken from a work is trivial, the fair



dealing analysis need not be undertaken at all because the court will have concluded that there was no copyright infringement. [...T]he quantity of the work taken will not be determinative of fairness, but it can help in the determination. It may be possible to deal fairly with a whole work. (56)

Although the ruling does suggest that the amount of the work used has a bearing on whether the resulting work qualifies as Fair Dealing, it also clearly states that there are times in which an entire work may be used without infringing on copyright.

This ruling proved quite helpful, as it allowed me to use larger samples than I had originally planned to. As my work on *Buchstaben* progressed, I found it necessary to incorporate portions of not just one sentence, but often multiple sentences and occasionally whole paragraphs. This is both because the act of assembling individual sentences is prohibitively time consuming, and would have potentially extended the length of this project beyond the deadline, and also because the longer samples gave the project a better feel. Using long samples makes individual sections more apparent than they otherwise may be and also allows the flavour of the original texts to better permeate the resultant mashup. For example, the section starting on page 58 consists primarily of

a large sample drawn from Carlos Ruiz Zafón's *The Shadow of the Wind*, which I use to inject the sense of timorous teenage insecurities and the erotically awkward magic of hormone-fuelled young love that Zafón so wonderfully conveys.

Even before increasing the size of my samples, however, I became almost painfully aware of the important role my source texts play in the composition process. While *Buchstaben* is indeed its own narrative, one that can be understood and enjoyed without knowledge, intimate or otherwise, of the component texts, these same texts held a great sway over the writing process. As I worked at *Buchstaben*, I became increasingly aware that it was not only the story I wanted to tell, but also the story that my sources were willing to let me tell. The sources collaborated with me, shaping the work as I went, just as mountains and valleys shape a road that passes through them. Where I may have been tempted to work in a straight line, the sources added gentle slopes and curves, forcing me to approach my story from new angles and to make the occasional detour. Where I'd originally planned to write the story of the unnamed dreamer and the sweeper of dreams, I soon found myself writing the story of the dreamer and Holly, his lost love, with the sweeper of dreams largely lurking in the background.

This was not an active decision, *per se*, but rather a natural progression, one characterised by negotiation with the source fragments at hand. These fragments and I were in constant conversation: I would conceive of a general narrative flow, and they would either agree with my ideas or hint at a new direction for me to follow. For example, although I had wanted to be able to flesh out the life of the narrator outside of Holly, none of the texts I was working with would support this direction. Ultimately, I think this was for the best, as the tight focus helps the pieces of the story stick together.

The sources of the fragments I used in the creation of *Buchstauben* are, in keeping with the traditions of the mashup, of great import. Integral to Proba's retelling of the story of Genesis is the fact that it draws from Virgil's poetry. Likewise, *Girl Talk* draws exclusively on pop music from diverse genres, such as pop-punker Avril Lavigne, avant-electronic musician Aphex Twin, and classic pop-rock musician Roy Orbison (*Feed the Animals*). These artists play with and respond to their texts, as noted in the discussion above, and I, too, sought to engage in a conversation with the texts I would use in *Buchstauben*. While I knew, as explained above, that Gaiman's "The Sweeper of Dreams" and Einstürzende Neubauten's "Grundstück" were to serve as the skeletal texts of this narrative, I did not initially know what to flesh it out with.

Unlike Proba, who used but a single author and a single work as her source, I was faced with questions of voice and consistency between authors and works. In this regard, *Buchstauben* bears a closer similarity to recent musical mashups. Rather than follow Girl Talks lead and stick to popular texts, which might share certain popular sensibilities, I eventually chose to work primarily with texts concerned with questions of the organisation (or lack thereof) of stories and memories. With this in mind, I turned to Michael Ende's *Der Spiegel im Spiegel: ein Labyrinth*, in its English translation of *The Mirror in the Mirror: a Labyrinth*, a collection of surrealistic short stories, each of which are somehow interrelated; Umberto Eco's *The Mysterious Flame of Queen Loana*, which relates the story of an antique bookseller who wakes from a coma unable to remember anything except for everything he's ever read, which he remembers perfectly; Thomas Wharton's *The Logogryph*, which tells, among other stories, of a boy haunted both by memories of his young love and of a suitcase full of coverless old books; and Carlos Ruiz Zafón's *The Shadow of the Wind*, which revolves around a mysterious figure who is systematically trying to burn every work written by the next-to-unknown Julian Carax, wiping out his legacy to the world. These texts all speak to loss, stories, and memory, which, as I worked, came to be the central concern of *Buchstauben*. Furthermore, I found that, although varied, the authors voices worked well together; although there are moments when the voices

will contrast noticeably, for the most part the individual samples blend smoothly.

My work also draws from several unlikely texts. Witness the appearance of a fragment from one of Jamie Oliver's cookbooks on page 77 of *Buchstaben*. It appears in the original cookbook as follows:

In mid-winter I dug the soil over and mixed in loads of good organic compost. The trees then arrived, all bare-rooted. They were a mixture of 'maiden whips' and 'feathered maidens' (I just love some of these names!). In plain English this means they're one or two years old.

(Oliver 308)

I found this passage while reading through for a recipe, and knew that I had to work it into my story somewhere. Other odd and seemingly misplaced fragments include samples of Havelock Ellis, as quoted in Freud; the poetry of A.F. Moritz; and a quote of Loren Acton's drawn from the introduction to *The Ecocriticism Reader*. In part I used these diverse sample because one of the goals in creating a mashup is to "cleverly juxtapose[...] records that should not even be in the same record collection, let alone the same mix" (Meehan). Mashups gain value when they harmonise diverse sources to create a coherent narrative; it is, in essence, a feat of virtuosity, a show of skill. However, another reason I

used these samples is because they are examples of beautiful writing in diverse genres. The use of works that are not traditionally considered to be artistic highlights the craft of the works' authors. It is a tip of the hat, from one writer to the next; it is recognition of a job well done.

Once I had brought all of the fragments together in the shape I wanted, I still had one small problem: the tenses of different quotes did not match the overall story, and there were a number of instances in which pronouns disagreed. While I could have composed *Buchstaben* using only quotes in which all of these grammatical elements were uniform, this would have made the composition process immeasurably more difficult. Furthermore, existing mashups allow for a certain amount of leeway, so far as these elements are concerned: musical mashup artists have the tools of pitchshifting and time stretching at their disposal, which alter samples to match in both key and tempo, while, as noted above, when centists such as Proba composed their works, “[s]ome grammatical changes might need to be made” (Plant 171). With this in mind, I feel that it is reasonable to make slight alterations to the quotes I use in order to facilitate verb tense and pronoun agreement.

Finally, there is the matter of the title. The titles of mashups frequently reflect their components, and are often witty or humorous. A quick glance at the tracklisting for *Best of Bootie 2008*, an annual

compilation of the most popular mashups of the year, reveals titles such as “If I Were a Free Falling Boy,” a mashup of Tom Petty’s “Free Falling” and Beyoncé Knowles’ “If I Were a Boy,” and “Every Kind of Creep,” a mashup of Radiohead’s “Creep” and Robert Palmer’s “Every Kind of People” (Bootie USA). Musician Jonathan Coulton, when describing his mashup “When I’m 25 or 64,” a combination of Chicago’s “25 or 6 to 4” and the Beatles “When I’m 64,” states that “[l]ike many mashups, this really starts and ends with the title” (“Thing a Week”). Mindful of Coulton’s insistence on the importance of mashup titles, but uncertain of how to create a usable title from those of the various works used in the composition process, I opted to come up with one of my own.

The title, *Buchstauben*, actually stems from a mishearing. When I asked my German professor what the German word for characters (in the sense of letters on the page) is, she replied with what I heard as “Buchstauben.” In German, the word *Buch* means “book,” while the word *Stauben* means “dust” or the act of dusting. The notion of the characters on the page being book dust works well with my text, itself composed of particles of books. *Stauben* also resonates well with the image of the Sweeper, who is so central to this text. Although the word *Buchstauben* is not drawn from the titles of any of the component texts, it is still a title in

the spirit of the word-game-filled titles of mashups, and does great justice to the contents and function of text it names.

## **Conclusion**

Perhaps the most helpful way to think of the mashup, in light of everything above, is as a way of interacting with the world. In that sense, the struggle between various players in the entertainment industry and mashup creators is one of paradigm. The RIAA and its affiliates represent businesses with a business model steeped in a tradition that sees intellectual property as no different from any other form of property, whereas the mashup artists see this same intellectual property as merely a part of the creative commons that they are free to manipulate at will, as they have been doing ever since they started using the Internet.

In some ways, the outcome of this struggle has already been decided: no matter what happens, artists will never stop creating mashups. As Lessig writes “[w]e, as a society, can’t kill this new form of creativity. We can only criminalize it. We can’t stop our kids from using the technologies we give them to remix the culture around them. We can only drive that remix underground” (109). Trying to legislate any form of creativity out of existence is a difficult task, and if we consider that mashup creators like Proba were moved to create their works *because of* legal restrictions, we realise the task to be impossible.



Furthermore, artists have found ways not only to continue creating mashups, but also to monetise these works. Seth Grahame-Smith released his mashed up novel *Pride and Prejudice and Zombies* this March, which, according to the blurb on the back of the book, is “an expanded edition of the beloved Jane Austen novel featuring all-new scenes of bone-crunching zombie mayhem.” Grahame-Smith’s mashup has already proven highly successful, reaching third place on the *New York Times* bestseller list within weeks of publication (*New York Times*). While Grahame-Smith’s work relies on a work firmly within the public domain and, as such, sidesteps many of the obstacles other mashups face, it does demonstrate the commercial viability of the form.

With these facts on its side, the mashup stands to be a significant and fertile form of artistic expression, one that will likely grow in popularity as it gains cultural exposure. Whether in the form of an academic study, as in the case of *Buchstaben*, or of commercial works of art, as in the case of Girl Talk’s music or Grahame-Smith’s novel, the current crop of mashups only scratch the surface of what the form is capable of. To return to Gaiman’s metaphor of the gem stone, we have only seen but a few of the facets of the mashup; its full brilliance has yet to be revealed.

## A Note on the Text

Perhaps the only part of *Buchstaben* that as challenging as the composition process was determining the *mise en page*. I wanted *Buchstaben* to read as cleanly and smoothly as a musical mashup, without any visible apparatus to distract the reader from the text at hand. However, I also wanted to emphasise to the reader the patchwork nature of the narrative and illustrate the difficulty of creating a readable story that properly cites its sources.

While I had originally thought of including the story twice – once with citations and once without – this would create an unwieldy and environmentally unfriendly volume. Instead, I sought to create a system that provides attribution for all the sources used (a requirement of Fair Dealing), allows readers to hunt down the source of each sample, and emphasises the sheer volume of samples used in *Buchstaben* while remaining unobtrusive yet readily accessible. I found that footnoting and endnoting were both far too intrusive, and that a general works cited section would not allow readers to identify specific passages.

The Oxford World Classics 1922 edition of James Joyce's *Ulysses* provided the model I had been searching for. Edited by Jeri Johnson, the OWC 1922 *Ulysses* features a detailed set of notes, often with several dozen notes per page. Despite the extent of these critical notes, Johnson's

system preserves the original *mise en page* without interruption: instead of inserting a note marker on the page itself, the actual notes in the back of the book are preceded by both the page and line numbers. For example, on page 3 of *Ulysses*, we see the line “ – Introibo ad altare Dei” (Joyce). If we turn to the end notes, we see the following entry: “3.4 Introibo ad altare Dei: “I will go unto the altar of God’ (Ps. 43:4). Spoken by the priest at the opening of the former Latin Mass” (769). Here, the number 3 indicates that the note refers to a quote starting on page 3, while the number 5, after the period, indicates that the quote is on line 5 of that same page. In adopting this model, I allow the reader to encounter the original text without interruption or suggesting a specific reading, while at the same time providing the reader with a complete list of the samples used in *Buchstaben*.

Despite this comprehensive solution, I still want to provide a glimpse of my original composition process, as it emphasises the burden of paperwork placed on a mashup author by Fair Dealing legislation. With this in mind, the following three pages are a selection from the working version of *Buchstaben*, as it originally appeared on my computer.

You step quickly from one exposed rock surface to another.

**Comment [MS162]:** Wharton, Thomas. *Icefields*. P. 143

I do not recall distinctly when it began. A lake, perfectly transparent, filled with the purest water on earth. There were no fish in its depths, no sedges or grasses along the shore. No geese, no shore birds gathered here at dusk. Everywhere ice bristles up with glittering frost needles, a garden of tiny ice flowers growing around me, silent and sparkling. I could see the distant flashes, could hear the rumbling of something like thunder. And then everything got substantially darker. Not pitch black mind you.

**Comment [MS163]:** Lovecraft, H.P. "Nyarlathotep." *The Dream Cycle of H.P. Lovecraft*. P. 52

**Comment [MS164]:** Wharton, Thomas. *Icefields*. P. 150

**Comment [MS165]:** Wharton, Thomas. *Icefields*. P. 158

**Comment [MS166]:** Lovecraft, H.P. "What the Moon Brings." *The Dream Cycle of H.P. Lovecraft*. P. 92

**Comment [MS167]:** Eco, Umberto. *The Mysterious Flame of Queen Loana*. P. 306

**Comment [MS168]:** Danielewski, Mark. *House of Leaves*. P. 26

**Comment [MS169]:** Wharton, Thomas. *Icefields*. P. 141

*A rhythmic crackling sound, as if invisible feet were stepping across ice.*

Suddenly I found myself scared: utterly, profoundly scared. My hands had gone all clammy. My hands were shaking, and my mind wasn't far behind. Imagine just beyond your peripheral vision, maybe behind you, maybe to the side of you, maybe even in front of you, but right where you can't see it, something is quietly closing in on you, so quiet in fact you can only hear it as silence.

**Comment [MS170]:** Gaiman, Neil. "The Flints of Memory Lane." Pp. 67

**Comment [MS171]:** Danielewski, Mark. *House of Leaves*. P.27

**Comment [MS172]:** Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*. Pp. 57

**Comment [MS173]:** Danielewski, Mark. *House of Leaves*. P.26

Except I was only looking at shadows; of course, I was alone.

**Comment [MS174]:** Danielewski, Mark. *House of Leaves*. P.71

My face was burning up. Who knows how much adrenaline had just been dumped into my system. Treading the sea of a troubled mind, I tried to relax, I tried to forget. When I raised my eyes I saw that the waters

**Comment [MS175]:** Danielewski, Mark. *House of Leaves*. P.27

**Comment [MS176]:** Folds, Ben. "Landed."

**Comment [MS177]:** Danielewski, Mark. *House of Leaves*. P.150

had ebbed very low. Great rippling rings formed on the surface. An ugly shiver ripped up my back then. My heart started hammering. The ripples on the water grew and came closer; some were already lapping on the shore. Out from the water a long sinuous tentacle crawled, pale-green and luminous and wet.

**Comment [MS178]:** Lovecraft, HP. "What the Moon Brings." *The Dream Cycle of H.P. Lovecraft*. P. 93

**Comment [MS179]:** Tolkien, JRR. *Lord of the Rings*. P. 299

**Comment [MS180]:** Danielewski, Mark. *House of Leaves*. P.149

**Comment [MS181]:** Tolkien, JRR. *Lord of the Rings*. P. 300

**Comment [MS182]:** Tolkien, JRR. *Lord of the Rings*. P. 300

I ran.

**Comment [MS183]:** Gaiman, Neil. "The Flints of Memory Lane." *Fragile Things*. P.68

I ran along the shore, maddened by the fear of unknown things, choking on large irregular gulps of air. Twenty other arms came rippling out. The dark water boiled, and there was a hideous stench – my nostrils flared with the scent of something bitter and foul, something inhuman, reeking with so much rot and years. The groping tentacles writhed across the narrow shore. Tidal waves closed like clapping hands.

**Comment [MS184]:** Lovecraft, HP. "What the Moon Brings." *The Dream Cycle of H.P. Lovecraft*. P.92

**Comment [MS185]:** Danielewski, Mark. *House of Leaves*. p. 27

**Comment [MS186]:** Tolkien, JRR. *Lord of the Rings*. P. 301

**Comment [MS187]:** Danielewski, Mark. *House of Leaves*. P.26

**Comment [MS188]:** Tolkien, JRR. *Lord of the Rings*. P. 301

**Comment [MS189]:** Carey, Mike. *Neocortex*.

*Something clutches at your ankle and you pitch forward with a cry. In the dark a body grapples with you. Bristled limbs slip around you, hauling you down under the water, claws and teeth scrape skin...*

**Comment [MS190]:** Wharton, Thomas. *The Logograph*. Fp. 40-41

The endless void of a dark, black sea.

**Comment [MS191]:** Coulton, Jonathan. "Always the Moon."

Something huge rushed fast in the water under my body, pulling me in a mini whirlpool twist in its wake. I kicked faster, scrabbling against liquid, trying to pull up a solid thought of dry land in my mind. But I could only beat out splashes and scatter sprays. Then another undertow

and I was pulled and buffeted, the thing passing under again and I was knocked and rolled and ducked under by a fierce ripping after-wake.

**Comment [MS192]:** Hall, Steven. *The Raw Shark Texts*. P. 60

It was then, almost without realizing, that I remembered Holly's face. Her light was all that came with me as I descended.

**Comment [MS193]:** Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*. P. 466

When there's no way out, the only way out is to give in.

**Comment [MS194]:** Haines, Emily. "Empty."

You wake shivering in the cool midmorning air, dazed, terrified, exhilarated.

**Comment [MS195]:** Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*. Pp. 40-41

**Comment [MS196]:** Gaiman, Neil. *Coraline*. P. 67

**Comment [MS197]:** Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*. Pp. 40-41

Buchstaben

-Matt Schneider-

To all the kids who download this for free. By any means. To all the kids  
short on loot but high on dreams.



We might even imagine the sleeping consciousness as saying to itself: 'Here comes our master, Waking Consciousness, who attaches such mighty importance to reason and logic and so forth. Quick! gather things up, put them in order – any order will do – before he enters to take possession.'

– Havelock Ellis

What began it all was the bright bone of a dream I could hardly hold onto. It built dreams in the same way that a small irritant may build a pearl in an oyster.

The storm was receding, now barely an echo of cold rain. I pushed my soaking hair away from my eyes and began to run toward it, crossing the deserted avenue.

The small door encased within the gates swung in the wind. Beyond it, a path wound its way up to the house. I slipped in through the door and made my way across the property, an overgrown garden with huge old trees in it. Through the undergrowth I could make out the pedestals of statues that had been knocked down. As I neared I noticed that one of the statues, the figure of an avenging angel, had been dumped into the fountain that was the centrepiece of the garden. Its blackened marble shone ghostlike beneath the sheet of water that flowed over the edge of the bowl. I went up to the edge of the bowl. The sculpted face, with no eyes and no soul, quivered beneath the water. The hand of that fiery angel emerged from the water; an accusing finger, as sharp as a bayonet, pointed toward the front door of the house.

The large windows on the first floor were boarded up with wooden planks that were covered in ivy. The air smelled of weeds and wet earth.

The stone, dark and slimy with rain, shone like the skeleton of a huge reptile.

I walked up the wide staircase that led to the entrance. The carved oak door looked ajar. I pushed it and ventured a few steps into a cavernous entrance hall, its walls flickering under the gentle light of a candle.

There was a tall thin man standing in the shadows with a big feather duster under his arm. His livery was torn and filthy, his white hair tangled and unkempt. The general impression he gave was that of an outsize monument in a cemetery. Only his eyes moved, dark as outer space, as he followed the course of events with serene composure. The manservant pulled out a grubby handkerchief and wiped his nose.

“I don’t know you. Who are you?”

The old man tottered past.

“Good afternoon. I wonder if you’d be kind enough to tell me...”

“It’s pointless starting anything,” he muttered. He yanked at a heavy velvet curtain, which came adrift and sank to the floor in a cloud of dust. “Chaos only grows the more you try to remedy it. The wisest policy is to sit tight and do nothing.”

“If I can give you a hand...”

He paused to mop his eyes with the grubby handkerchief. He spoke in the steely tone of someone used to giving orders and being obeyed instantly. “Here, take this feather duster and get started right away.” He walked to the door, then turned and said sternly, “don’t break anything.”

His silhouette glided through the shadows of the garden.

How to remember the layout of that house? The dining room, a living room with tapestries, the library and three large bedrooms in the section most recessed. Only a corridor with its massive oak door separated that part from the front wing, where there was a bath, the kitchen, the bedrooms and the hall. The house was deeper than it looked, larger and more complex than I had imagined. I peered into the corridor, fearing, or perhaps hoping, that I would find only a stranger, a tramp who had ventured into the ruined mansion looking for shelter on an unpleasant night. But there was no one there, only ribbons of blue air that seemed to blow in through the windows.

Incredible how much dust collected on the furniture. There's too much dust in the air, the slightest breeze and it's back on the marble console tops and in the diamond patterns of the tooled-leather desk set. It's a lot of work to get it off with a feather duster; the motes rise and hang in the air, and settle again a minute later on the pianos and the furniture.

I was at my high school standing at the foot of the stairs, which rose white toward the neoclassical columns that framed the main entrance. I thought I could remember once possibly having read something about a similar staircase in a children's book. It had not been much, probably only the mere mention of its existence; that could not be of any use to me. I was entering my third year, on the verge of turning sixteen, when I saw her coming down the stairs one day at our high school. I would like to remember Holly.... What was Holly like? From the soot of this half-sleep rose other images, but none of her.... Everything around me was clear except for Holly's face. I can make out her slim outline in her black smock, her smooth stride as I follow her like a spy, can see the back of her hair lilt with each step.

*I wonder if you realise you fascinate me so?*

She was running along the highroad, I did not see her, I only noticed how she swung along as she ran, how her feet lifted; I was sitting at the edge of the field, gazing into the water of the little stream. She ran through the villages; children standing in the doorways watched her coming and watched her going.

There was so much I didn't know, and so much I never knew about you.

I heard something in the library or the dining room. The sound came through muted and indistinct, a chair being knocked over onto the carpet or the muffled buzzing of a conversation, the rattling of a mirror not quite firmly fastened to the wall, the rattle of pebbles raked by the waves and the slanting rain cold, cold, pattering and spattering. At the same time or a second later, I heard it at the end of the passage which led from those two rooms toward the door. *Is that the full moon and its dark bruise-like markings, or the shadow of a man in a slouch hat with crumpled brim looking in at our blackness through a round window?*

I tugged at the window, which toppled into the room and was smashed to smithereens. With a sigh, I sat down on a damask-covered sofa. It instantly collapsed beneath my weight, so I struggled to my feet and dusted myself down.

Looking outward to the blackness of space, sprinkled with the glory of a universe of lights, I saw majesty – but no welcome. A raven flapped overhead, croaked once as it climbed into the sky. It weaved slowly from side to side, looped around once as its wings rode the wind currents. The town lied under mist; I was up on my mountain in my black garden, squeezed in between the heavens. I had unlimited time and the view was most lovely over the clouds and the town. Two large black ravens were devouring the plums in the tree. I climbed down the mountain.

The road had been made in a long lost time, and as it went south the wild encroached upon it. The handiwork of old could still be seen in its straight sure flight and level course: now and again it cut its way through hillside slopes, or leaped over a stream upon a wide shapely arch of enduring masonry; but at last all signs of stonework faded, save for a broken pillar here and there, peering out of bushes at the side, or old paving-stones still lurking amid weeds and moss. Heather and trees and bracken scrambled down and overhung the banks, or sprawled out over the surface. Trees laden with thick vines grew upon the trembling slopes. Some hung out into the valley at dangerous angles, their worried roots rising from the hillside soil as they suffered the creeping burden that trusses and binds and weighs like the world across their limbs.



Around me the fog rose, painting the world with a soft insubstantiality. If I could have made out the outlines of houses, I would have seen the fog stealing in to nibble away a roof, starting at the edges. But it had already swallowed everything. I was not sure whether I was floating or walking, but even the ground was only fog. Like tramping over snow. I plunged into the fog, filled my lungs with it, breathed it back out, rolled in it like a dolphin, the way I used to dream of swimming through cream. The friendly fog welcomed me, circled me, coated me, breathed me, caressed my cheeks and then slipped between my collar and my chin and stung my neck and it tasted of something gone sour, of snow, of a drink, of tobacco.

A long, chilling scream of rage and agony rose out of the shadows of night and trailed away. The echo seemed to come from every direction at once. Several silhouettes approach. They seemed at first like many-armed giants. They gave off a weak heat and the fog melted around them, as if they were being lit by a feeble streetlamp, and I shrunk away for fear that they would hurl themselves upon me, dominate me. I went through them the way you can with ghosts, and they dispersed.

I was in the fog again. It reigned supreme in the dark, as the city contrived to vanish from my sight. Buildings loomed above me, high and lightless. The streetlights were coming on, making the shadows into the

dark places in which anything could be happening. I advanced through that fog past empty lots and early graves. Shadows passed each other in the fog. Sometimes a greeting was whispered, or a *pardon me*, and it seemed right that they were whispered. It was as though our silence encouraged the fog to protect our steps, to render us invisible, us and the streets. All across the city men rolled carts with ice clothed in sawdust. There were also certain other people in the city, but they were brief, fleeting people who shimmered and vanished.

The roads mixed me up, turned me around. Here, I would pass a cathedral or museum, there a skyscraper or a fountain – always hauntingly familiar, but I never passed the same landmark twice, could never find the road to return me to the landmark again. A cold wind blew down the thoroughfares and avenues, bringing with it familiar scents: the meat market at dawn; hot television sets from the electrical district; the smell of earth fresh-dug, and of burning tar, of sewers and subways. I began to run, certain that, eventually, I would see a street or building I recognized. I didn't. From time to time, I could feel eyes on me from the windows and doorways. But the faces I saw, when I saw faces, were lost and scared and distant, and no one ever came close enough to me to talk. I had walked the city all of my life. This was not the city, although there are moments when I seemed to recognize fragments of the city, in the manner

of one recognizing a line from a familiar poem in a strange book. I looked for something I knew – a path, or street, or alley; I walked the city of dreams hunting for something I recognized, searching for the real.

A motionless figure stood out in a patch of shadow on the cobbled street. The flickering amber glow of a cigarette was reflected in his eyes. He wore dark clothes, with one hand buried in the pocket of his jacket, the other holding the cigarette that wove a web of blue smoke around his profile. He remained there for almost a minute smoking nonchalantly, his eyes fixed on mine. Then, when the cathedral bells struck midnight, the figure gave a faint nod of the head, followed, I sensed, by a smile that I could not see. I wanted to return the greeting but was paralyzed. The figure turned, and I saw the man walking away, with a slight limp. Any other night I would barely have noticed the presence of that stranger, but as soon as I'd lost sight of him in the mist, I felt a cold sweat on my forehead and found it hard to breathe. I like to believe it was only the cold that made me shiver, only a strand of fog in my throat that caused me to catch my breath. Something was disturbingly familiar.

A reef of clouds and lightning raced across the skies from the sea. I looked up and saw the storm spilling like rivers of blackened blood from between the clouds, blotting out the moon and covering the roofs and facades of the city in darkness. I tried to pick up the pace, but I was

consumed with fear and walked with leaden feet and legs, chased by the rain. I took refuge under the canopy of a newspaper kiosk, trying to collect my thoughts and decide what to do next. A clap of thunder roared close by, and I felt the ground shake under my feet. A few seconds later, the weak current of the lighting system, which had defined the shapes of buildings and windows, faded away. On the flooding sidewalks, the streetlamps blinked, then went out like candles snuffed by the wind. There wasn't a soul to be seen in the streets, and the darkness of the blackout spread with a fetid smell that rose from the sewers. The night became opaque, impenetrable, as the rain folded the city in its shroud.

A stream of black water converged in the centre of the narrow street and made its way across a half-collapsed bridge over a dried-up canal.

There were people trickling in, in ones and twos, in families or alone, each with a white flower, a funeral procession. They walked down the hill in a slow procession, all stepping gravely, all in time, filling the road, five abreast, towards the wandering water. I joined in each deceptive cadence. Even from there, at the foot of the mountain, one could already begin to see the vast city of the dead that scaled the slope to the very top: avenues of tombs, walks lined with gravestones, and alleyways of mausoleums, towers crowned by fiery angels and whole forests of

sepulchres that seemed to grow against one another. The city of the dead was a pit of palaces guarded by an army of rotting stone statues sinking into the mud. I took a deep breath and entered the labyrinth. With every step I took, I could feel the cold, the emptiness, and the fury of that place, the horror of its silences, of the faces trapped in the old photographs that had been abandoned to the company of candles and dead flowers. After a while, I caught a glimpse of distant gas lamps lit around a grave, the shapes of half a dozen people lined up against an ashen sky.

The graveyard proper ended at the bottom of the west side of the hill, beneath the old apple tree, with a fence of rust-brown iron railings, each topped with a small, rusting spearhead, but there was a wasteland beyond that, a mass of nettles and weeds, of brambles and autumnal rubbish.

The coffin, an unpolished pinewood box, rested on the mud. Two gravediggers guarded it, leaning on spades. I scanned those present. I recognised the neighbour who lived opposite. She shook her head, sobbing, while a man stroked her back with a resigned air. Next to them was a woman of about forty, dressed in grey and carrying a bunch of flowers. She cried quietly, looking away from the grave with tight lips. I had never seen her. Separated from the group, clad in a dark raincoat and holding his hat behind his back, was the figure. He raised his eyes and

observed me for a few seconds without blinking, watching me through the smoke of his cigarette. *He will sweep it up, and then he will burn it.* The blind, senseless words of the priest were all that separated us from the terrible silence. I stared at the mud-splattered coffin. I imagined her lying inside it, and I didn't realize I was crying until that woman in grey came up to me and offered me one of the flowers from her bunch. I remained there until the group dispersed. At a sign from the priest, the gravediggers got ready doing their work by the lamplight.

*No, no. I had repressed everything. Am I being selfish? I tried to make you stay, but the world pulled you away.*

I kept the flower in my coat pocket and walked away, unable to express my final farewell. I wanted to see the stars, but the lights of the city were too bright, the air too dirty. The sky was a dirty, starless yellow. Rain in the graveyard, and the world puddled into blurred reflections.

I went down the corridor. The paint on the walls was falling off in shreds. At the end of the passage, the bathroom door was ajar. A face seemed to stare at me from the mirror. It could have been mine, or perhaps the face of the sister who lived there. As I got closer, it withdrew into darkness.

I entered a room that struck me as familiar, caused me to feel that I have been there before in times gone by.

“Look at me,” she said.

I raised my eyes and met her gaze. The wisest man I ever knew had told me that there is not experience in life comparable to the first time a man undresses a woman. For all his wisdom, though he had not lied to me, he hadn't told me all the truth either. He hadn't told me anything about that strange trembling of the hands that turned every button, every zip, into a superhuman challenge. Nor had he told me about that bewitchment of pale, tremulous skin, that first brush of the lips, or about the mirage that seemed to shimmer in every pore of the skin. He didn't tell me any of that because he knew that the miracle happened only once and, when it did, it spoke in a language of secrets that, were they disclosed, would vanish again forever. A thousand times I've wanted to recover that first afternoon with Holly in the rambling house, when the sound of the rain washed the whole world away with it. A thousand times I've wished to return and lose myself in a memory from which I can rescue only one image stolen from the heat of the flames: Holly, naked and glistening with rain, lying by the fire, with open eyes that have followed me since that day. I leaned over her and passed the tips of my fingers over her belly.

“I love it when you sing to me.”

*If I am lost for a day, try to find me*

*But if I don't come back, then I won't look behind me.*



*All of the things that I thought were so easy*

*Just got harder and harder each day...*

Holly lowered her eyelids and smiled, confident and strong. She was seventeen, her entire life shining on her lips.

I caught sight of a marble staircase, broken and covered in rubble. The staircase smelled of damp, of old stone, and of clay.

I descended, step by step, to the bottom of the staircase. The ghostly aura from the candle that was raised behind me seemed to scratch at the shape of a rectangular room, made of bare stone walls that were covered in crucifixes. The icy cold in that chamber took my breath away. Before me stood a marble slab, and on top of it I saw a white object. It reflected the tremor of the candle with more intensity than the rest of the room, and I guessed it was made of lacquered wood. I took one more step forward, and only then did I understand. The object was a white coffin. I felt a shiver. I was in a crypt.

Without realizing what I was doing, I got closer to the marble stone until I was near enough to stretch out my hand and touch it. I then noticed that on the coffin a cross and a name had been carved. A blanket of ash obscured it. I put my hand on the coffin. Slowly, almost in a trance, without stopping to think what I was doing, I brushed off the ashes that covered the lid. I could barely read the words in the dim red candlelight.

We careened up the winding road in the dark, saw the flicker of wild light through the trees, pulled in onto the gravel among the other cars, climbed out into the blare and thump of a car stereo turned too loud, and joined the silhouetted bodies milling around the fire, their black shadows giant in the trees. The music had a beat, and the half-dozen girls were moving gently to it.

Holly Weaver was there, sitting on a log of bleached driftwood, looking into the fire. Her hair was a coppery auburn, and it tumbled around her head in ringlets. It's not a hair style you see much now, but you saw it a lot back then. She wore a thin dress made of a white, silky fabric. Her eyes were a pale green, a colour that would make me think of the measure of a poem that, try as I might, I could not properly remember and would never be able to repeat. I guessed from the way she was staring fixedly at the flames that she was on something. For once she was alone, not surrounded by her friends, most of whom were older than her. That was strange, and I watched her, trying to solve this little riddle. There were people wandering up and down the shore, in the dark, and with my friends I went off to find out what else was going on. Eventually, she saw me and gave a little wave, and I waved back, embarrassed for the both of us. She called my name when she saw me. She asked me how I was enjoying the party; I could hear a manic desperation in her voice.

“Let's sit down and talk, just you and me.” She stopped and put her arm around me. “About how life gets in the way of every little thing.”

I arranged the thin slice of pickled ginger, pink and translucent, on top of the pale yellowtail flesh, and dipped the whole arrangement – ginger, fish, and vinegared rice – into the soy sauce, flesh-side down; then I devoured it in a couple of bites. She said her brain had too many things in it, and she was trying to get rid of the stuff she didn't need anymore. Some of it just wouldn't budge, though. I still didn't know how to talk to the person Holly Weaver had become.

“I'm going away,” she said. “My folks are sending me to Vancouver. I have to learn from my mistakes before they scare me away from the drugs.”

I gloomily ate a salmon skin roll. The pickled ginger was sharp on my tongue.

“I'd been lost in another world, a universe of touches and looks I did not understand, that blotted out both reason and shame.” She looked at me with her green eyes.

“Time can take its toll on the best of us.”

She nodded but said nothing.

“I think I need a cigarette. I think I need a couch.”

“I’m too drunk to care, and everything seems pretty good to me.”

She reached out her hand and took the mug, extremely carefully, as if she were unused to taking things, as if she could trust neither her vision nor her hands.

We were drinking, the sofa was becoming too small for us, the hands of the clock on the wall never ceased to whirl round and round. We were sitting close at the centre of the sofa now. I decided I should put an arm around her, but casually. I would extend my arm along the back of the sofa and eventually sort of creep it down, almost imperceptibly, until it was touching her. I let my arm slide down a little, tentatively, so that it made contact with her back, and she did not tell me to take it away.

I edged closer to her, so I could feel my leg pressing against hers. She seemed to welcome it: she put her hand on my arm, affectionately, and I felt a smile spreading across my face. She leaned into me, put her arms around me, clumsily kissed the side of my face. I turned my head and kissed her on the lips. She leaned into me then, put her arms around me, and – I suppose it was a kiss.... I suppose. She pressed her lips to my lips, anyway, and then, satisfied, she pulled back, as if she had now marked me as her own. Her mouth tasted of cigarettes.

“Don’t let me fall,” she murmured.

I raised my eyes and met her gaze. I didn’t know what to answer. Holly lowered her eyes and walked away. I went after her and stopped her; I led her back. She avoided my eyes. Holly knelt down next to me, with tears in her eyes. I embraced her and felt her breath on my throat.

Suddenly I was sick with rage. I shrugged Holly off me, muttered the first hateful words that came into my head, and walked off down the shore into the dark. I can’t remember what we said or where we went, and I hate memory but I remember her grin in profile, her lashes from above.

It was a very large party, and I knew nobody there.

I went up to the door. It didn't have a lock. It opened with a rusty groan when I touched it. The room was infested with crucifixes. They hung from the ceiling, dangling from the ends of strings, and they covered the walls, hooked on nails. There were dozens of them. You could sense them in every corner, carved with a knife on the wooden furniture, scratched on the floor tiles, painted red on the mirrors. An old wooden desk faced the view of the cathedral towers. On it stood the Underwood typewriter and two piles of writing paper, one blank and the other written on both sides. I went up to the desk and saw the manuscript.

*Sorry for wasting your time.*

*Five long months on the telephone line,  
hours of asking if you were fine  
and saying I was fine too.*

*There's one thing I want to say, so I'll be brave*

*You were what I wanted*

*I gave what I gave.*

*I'm not sorry I met you.*

*I'm not sorry it's over.*

*I'm not sorry there's nothing to save.*

*The bravest that I've ever been*

*was when I ran away from you.*



I put the pages back in their place.

I walked the length of the corridor and stopped down at the very end, where a door was open, just slightly. I knocked on it, but my first knock made the door swing open.

It opened on to a dark hallway. There was a cold, musty smell coming through the open doorway: it smelled like something very old and very slow.

I went through the door.

*You step quickly from one exposed rock surface to another.*

I do not recall distinctly when it began. A lake, perfectly transparent, filled with the purest water on earth. There were no fish in its depths, no sedges or grasses along the shore. No geese, no shore birds gathered here at dusk. Everywhere ice bristles up with glittering frost needles, a garden of tiny ice flowers growing around me, silent and sparkling. I could see the distant flashes, could hear the rumbling of something like thunder. And then everything got substantially darker. Not pitch black mind you.

*A rhythmic crackling sound, as if invisible feet were stepping across ice.*

Suddenly I found myself scared: utterly, profoundly scared. My hands had gone all clammy. My hands were shaking, and my mind wasn't far behind. Imagine just beyond your peripheral vision, maybe behind you, maybe to the side of you, maybe even in front of you, but right where you can't see it, something is quietly closing in on you, so quiet in fact you can only hear it as silence.

Except I was only looking at shadows; of course, I was alone.

My face was burning up. Who knows how much adrenaline had just been dumped into my system. Treading the sea of a troubled mind, I tried to relax, I tried to forget. When I raised my eyes I saw that the waters

had ebbed very low. Great rippling rings formed on the surface. An ugly shiver ripped up my back then. My heart started hammering. The ripples on the water grew and came closer; some were already lapping on the shore. Out from the water a long sinuous tentacle crawled, pale-green and luminous and wet.

I ran.

I ran along the shore, maddened by the fear of unknown things, choking on large irregular gulps of air. Twenty other arms came rippling out. The dark water boiled, and there was a hideous stench – my nostrils flared with the scent of something bitter and foul, something inhuman, reeking with so much rot and years. The groping tentacles writhed across the narrow shore. Tidal waves closed like clapping hands.

*Something clutches at your ankle and you pitch forward with a cry. In the dark a body grapples with you. Bristled limbs slip around you, hauling you down under the water, claws and teeth scrape skin...*

The endless void of a dark, black sea.

Something huge rushed fast in the water under my body, pulling me in a mini whirlpool twist in its wake. I kicked faster, scrabbling against liquid, trying to pull up a solid thought of dry land in my mind. But I could only beat out splashes and scatter sprays. Then another undertow

and I was pulled and buffeted, the thing passing under again and I was knocked and rolled and ducked under by a fierce ripping after-wake.

It was then, almost without realizing, that I remembered Holly's face. Her light was all that came with me as I descended.

When there's no way out, the only way out is to give in.

*You wake shivering in the cool midmorning air, dazed, terrified, exhilarated.*

I was woken by the midmorning sun, full on my face. For a minute I felt utterly dislocated – I didn't know where I was; I wasn't entirely sure who I was. The house looked exactly the same from the outside. Or almost exactly the same. The house itself seemed to have twisted and stretched. It had started to snow, and the sky was melting into slow tears of light that seemed to lie on my breath before fading away.

The weeds had frozen into stems of crystal. The statues of the fallen angels were covered in shrouds of ice. The water in the fountain had iced over, forming a black, shiny mirror, from which only the stone claw of the sunken angel protruded, like an obsidian sword. Tears of ice hung from the index finger. The accusing hand of the angel pointed straight at the main door. I ran up the steps.

Pushing the door open, I walked in. A procession of candles lined the way toward the interior, almost burned down to the ground. I followed their trail and stopped at the foot of the staircase. The path of candles continued up the steps. I had dreamed about her countless times, on that same staircase, with that same blue dress and that same movement of her eyes, without knowing who she was or why she smiled at me. I ventured up the stairs, following my distorted shadow on the walls.

When I reached the landing, I saw two more candles, set along the corridor. A third one flickered outside the room that had once been Holly's. I grabbed hold of the doorknob and slowly opened the door.

The room was white, a shimmer of sheets and curtains made of mist and bright sunshine. From my window I could make out a blue sea.

What will she be like? I tremble and anticipate.

I would simply like her as she was, as I loved her then. I would like the most beautiful woman I have ever been able to conceive, but not that supreme beauty which has led others astray. I would be happy even if she were frail and sick, as she must have been in her final days, and still I would tell her, You are the most beautiful of creatures, I would never trade your broken eyes or your pallor for the beauty of all the angels in heaven! I would like to see her rise midstream, alone and still as she gazes out to sea, a creature transformed by magic into a strange and beautiful seabird, her long slender bare legs delicate as a crane's, and without importuning her with my desire I would leave her to her remoteness, the faraway princess.

She wore an ivory-white dress and held the world in her eyes. I barely remember the priest's words or the faces of the guests, full of hope, who filled the church on that March morning. All that remains in my memory is the touch of her lips and, when I half opened my eyes, the secret oath I carried with me on my skin and would remember all the days of my life.

For a moment all I could see was the blue mist that crept up from the corridor and the snakes of smoke from the candles as they were blown out, rising in a spiral. The doorframe cast fanglike shadows, and I thought I saw an angular figure in the threshold of darkness.

It was the man dressed in black, with somewhat indifferent features and thin lips, like an open scar. His eyes were black and expressionless, fish eyes. Before he disappeared up the stairs, he looked down into the darkness. I leaned against the wall, holding my breath. I waited for his steps to fade away completely before I left my hiding place and went into the apartment.

The huge loft was crammed with objects of every conceivable kind: pieces of furniture, gigantic vases, stuffed animals, lifesize dolls, mysterious gadgets and machines. Nothing could be heard but a rhythmical sound like water dripping – huge drops of it falling, again and again, with overwhelming persistence. Or were they heartbeats? If a heart was beating, whose could it be?

It was a box, carved and painted in gold and red. It was undoubtedly attractive and quite valuable – perhaps even an antique. The latch, unfortunately, was rusted shut, and the key had been lost. Still, it was a remarkable box, heavy and carved and gilt.



At three or so one morning there had come this long-distance call,  
from where I would never know.

“I’m still in love with you.”

Silence, positive and thorough, fell.

Through the double doors leading to the next room, which were open, I could make out some figures seated at a long conference table. I saw, as I approached, that the figures around it were as stiff and motionless as mummies. Their heads, beards, clothes and glasses were thickly coated with dust, and cobwebs swayed gently between them in the draught from the broken window.

Peering under the table, I saw a network of tiny trails in the dust, presumably made by woodlice or beetles.

I pulled a chair up to the long table, sat down between two of the heirs, propped my head on my hand.

Slowly, my head sagged and subsided on to the table top. With my cheek resting on the dust, I dozed off.

The trees then arrived, all bare-rooted. The trees were even higher than in childhood, because they had been growing during all the years since they had been cut down. The moon was a white stain. The moonlight dazzled us. Birds shrieked from tree to tree. There was a buzzing and whizzing in the fields. Spectres moved like pilot flames. A pale human figure, with wings. The white figure lay on its side, the head turned away. Its huge wings were spread wide, one of them cracked obliquely near the tip, the broken pinions slightly detached.

The woman's face was as dark as a peat bog. Broad of hip, she sat perched, chewing. An old man came towards us out of a long empty passage. A strange old man – he had wings. Wide, outspread wings, the tips taller than himself. The woman paid no heed to the giant. She stared past him and spat contemptuously.

“He has wings,” I called out, and fell back somewhat. The woman didn't hear – she was snoring.

“You are amazed,” the old man said. “We all have wings, but they have not been of any avail to us and if we could tear them off, we would do so.”

“Why did you not fly away?” I asked. “Fly away out of our city? Leave home? Leave the dead and the gods?”

“Look at this place again: vast, splendid, even lush, a forest city, with refreshing green softening the human materials and angles, with wind in the leaves a constant washing of clean water. There was an old man with skin baked black by the desert sun who told me that, when he was young, a storm had separated him from his caravan and its spices, and he walked over rock and over sand for days and nights, seeing nothing but small lizards and sand-coloured rats. What are we, who have lain inside that den and through a mossy hole have glimpsed this moon we see now float free over silver towers?”

The place had a marshy smell because incessant moisture had rotted the floorboards away to an almost peatlike consistency and big, snowy excrescences of saltpetre blossomed at numerous points on the mouldering walls. The giant trees squirmed and twisted grotesquely, and the grey ground stretched damply from trunk to trunk.

“I don’t know you. Who are you?”

“You have misunderstood me.” His eyes were black and expressionless, fish eyes. Before he disappeared, he looked up. “I’m cleaning up.”

The world seemed to shimmer a little at the edges. I looked around me. The walls swayed like weeds at the bottom of a pond. The ceiling seemed to be moving away. I could barely hold myself upright.

*You went down a ladder and found yourself in a mine complete with tunnels, narrow passages.*

I was wandering in a tunnel, despairing of ever seeing the light of day again. It seemed to stretch on forever. The silence was of a kind one rarely, if ever, experiences on the surface of the earth. My sense of hearing was inverted, reporting only the murmurs within, the thump of the blood, the rush of the breath. There were fissures and chasms in the walls and floor, the widest more than seven feet across. Broken and rusty chains lay at the edge and trailed down into the black pit. Fragments of stone lay near. The noise of churning water came up from far below, as if some great mill-wheel was turning in the depths. Something rustled under my feet. Rushes. There were rushes on the floor.

*You went along endless dark corridors, you stopped at the edge of bottomless pits, you felt chilled to the bone.*

Looking down, I could see the dark rents where the earth had split open into gaping maws, all roughly parallel, like furrows made by a monstrous plough. Occasionally, the top of buildings poked above the lip of these crevices, as if they had been lowered there gently, on purpose. More often, the ruins of others were visible, some reduced to anonymous piles of rubble. In the deeper fissures, nothing but an ominous,

impenetrable black was visible. Everywhere were ropes and ladders and cables, swarming into the ruins.

From far beneath came a faint, muffled boom, repeated at intervals of a few seconds, each sounding followed by a slight echo that seemed to fathom the deep, setting off the silence all around it. For a brief instant there was blaze like a flash of lightning, a blinding sheet of white flame. Shadows sprang up and fled. I didn't look back. I didn't need to: something was coming up. What it was could not be seen: it was like a great shadow, in the middle of which was a dark form, of man-shape maybe, yet greater; and a power and terror seemed to be in it and to go before it. It smelled of smoke, and roasted meat, and human sweat.

I encountered a series of flat shelves that descend like a gargantuan staircase. I jumped down to the next step four feet below, fell my height, landing on my ankle, which twisted underneath me, painfully, and I dropped, heavily, onto the rock. I could hear the beast running, jumping down towards me, and I tried to wriggle away, to pull myself up onto my feet, but my ankle was useless, now, numb and in pain, and before I could stop myself, I fell again. I fell off the step, away from the rock wall, out into space, off the cliff-side, where I dropped – a nightmarish tumble down distances that I could not even imagine...

I was unconscious. I'd stopped breathing.

My eyes slammed themselves open and my neck and shoulders arched back in a huge inward heave. Litres of dry oxygen and dust whistled in and snagged up my throat with knifey coughing spasms. I choked and spat through heaves and gasps. My eyesight melted into hot blurs over my cheeks.

Slowly, slowly-slowly, the world began to reappear and after maybe a minute, it steadied itself into a shaky-solid kind of balance. I wiped my hands on my jeans and gave in to a last scratchy cough before rubbing out the last of the tears.

The only other sound I heard down here was the occasional stone clattering down the side of the fissure or the wind howling far above, like it was blowing through a troubled place I'd left behind. Down here, though, nothing stirred. Everything was calm. All the countless distractions of the waking world had disappeared without a trace.

Beyond and down was a mammoth cavern, filled with a forest of stalactites and stalagmites painted in breathtaking colours; overarching all, the roof was covered with a dark, lush growth that glittered like the heavens on the clearest of country nights; at the cavern's extremes were



countless passages twisting out of sight, each coloured in its own unique hue.

Under the mantle of darkness, I could only just make out the spectral forms of the book maze. The dark clay walls were dotted with innumerable tiny holes, like the nests of wrens. These pigeonholes contain parchment scrolls and codices that had been embedded in wet clay for an untold number of centuries.

I saw towering stone bookcases and their petrified cargo, rising up orderly, shelf upon shelf, to unguessable heights in the darkness. I lingered here and attempted to decipher the markings on the time-worn spines at eye-level. Many of the titles were worn away. I strolled and marvelled not only at the books of stone but at the images carved upon the walls: scenes taken from plays, poems and novels of an age so remote it seemed like another planet. I followed mute tableaux of children lost in dark forests, sleepless lovers meeting in all-night diners, old women alone at gravesides. I saw the playing out of the immemorial dramas of human desire and greed and the striving for truth. I saw the solitary soul turn at last to face its final journey.

For almost half an hour, I wandered within the winding labyrinth, breathing in the smell of old paper and dust. I let my hand brush across the avenues of exposed spines. Among the titles, faded by age, I

distinguished words in familiar languages and others I couldn't identify. I roamed through galleries filled with hundreds, thousands of volumes. I realised that the folds of the labyrinth bent the passages into spirals that were impossible to recall. Three times I tried to follow a path I thought I had memorised, and three times the maze returned me to the same point.

It stood out timidly on one corner of a shelf, bound in wine-coloured leather. The gold letters of its title gleamed in the light bleeding from the dome above. I drew near and caressed them with the tips of my fingers, reading them to myself.

I had never heard of the title or the author, but I didn't care. The decision had been taken. I pulled the volume down with great care and leafed through the pages, letting them flutter. Once liberated from its prison on the shelf, the book shed a cloud of golden dust. I opened it at random. The characters were unfamiliar to me. The pages, which seemed worn and badly set, were printed in double columns, like a Bible. The text was cramped, and composed into versicles. At the upper corner of each page were Arabic numerals. I was struck by an odd fact: the even-numbered page would carry the number 40, 514, while the odd-numbered page that followed it would be 999. I turned the page; the next page bore an eight-digit number. It also bore a small illustration, like those one sees in dictionaries: an anchor drawn in pen and ink, as though by the unskilled hand of a child. Turning to the inside pages, I became aware that they contained misprints, isolated at first but steadily increasing in frequency. Bit by bit awareness of my immediate surrounds slipped away.

*She was in a makeshift gypsy tent of bedsheets on the lawn of her family home. Every surface that lent itself to the purpose was studded with flickering candles whose wax had run and congealed into skeins, fringes, and cascades. She was laying down a set of homemade tarot cards in front of him, and he was gazing at her with absolute belief and trust as she tells him his fortune. Something in her movement or perfume was disturbingly familiar in that dark, intimate space. She was indeed beautiful, despite the livid mark which went all the way around her neck. His dreams had been full of violence. Tidal waves closing like clapping hands. All the tedious echoes and harbingers of disaster. She turned the cards over one by one and spoke in a soft murmur, with oracular slowness.*

*“Here,” said she, “Is your card, the drowned Phoenician Sailor. Here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks, the Lady of Situations.” She finished speaking, and stared at me.*

*One of the cards was blank. He asks her what that means. She knows and she smiles.*

*“I can’t tell you your fortune; no one can. To force this kind of revelation, to expect wisdom on demand suggests a lack of faith, of commitment. The blind must rely on the feeble light of fingertips and the painful shape of a cracked shin, a tapping cane or the low, eerie flutter in one simple word flung down empty hallways long past midnight.”*

*“Please, what is this place?”*

*She agreed to examine the palm of my hand. All the time the innumerable candle flames danced and swayed and the wax dripped and ran. Instead of the life line, he has a series of broken lines. Like a stream that comes to a stone, parts, and flows together again a metre farther on. The line of a man who must have died many times.*

*“If the sweeper of dreams leaves you, he will never come back. Treat him well, if you see him. Be polite with him. Give him the respect he feels is his due. There are people he no longer visits, the sweeper of dreams – you’ve seen them. Some of them walk the cities in ragged clothes, their belongings under their arms. Others of their number are locked in the dark, in places where they can no longer harm themselves or others.”*

I began to wonder whether I was actually reading a novel or whether the physical book was perhaps an illusion. The thick, heavy book dropped from my fingers. A heavy black curtain, its extremities lost in the darkness overhead and on either side, hung down in perpendicular folds that swayed back and forth from time to time, stirred by an imperceptible current of air. I reached up my hand and pushed at the cloth. It parted.

It was a room and a desert combined. Bare walls loomed on the horizon, hazy with distance; everything was sky-blue – walls, ceiling. The desert was the apotheosis of all deserts, huge, standing to the sky for what looked like eternity in all directions. It was white and blinding and waterless and without feature. Nothing but sand lay all around, dune after dune of it stretching away interminably on every side. High overhead hung a white-hot sun – or was it a lamp with a bluish enamel shade? Its harsh light killed every colour, leaving only white planes and black shadows. It was a skeletal light, dazzling unbearable, murderous: the malign glare of a cosmic welding torch.

Set in the molten blue of the sky, one in the north and another in the south, two huge doors towered above the shimmering skyline.

From the northern door a tortuous trail of little craters wound out into the middle of the desert. The tiny antlike figure of a man was trudging along, sinking ankle-deep into the sand at every step, staggering, flailing his arms. Just as you wake he comes to you; he sweeps up everything you left behind in your dreams, the life you wore, the eyes through which you gazed.

The sweeper talks little, in his gruff grey voice. The top-hat in his left hand was old and battered. The cutaway he wore might once have fitted him but was now so big for him that the tails brushed his heels, and

the threadbare cloth had split in several places. His shirt had escaped from his trousers, which were also too big for him, and he had to hitch them up every few steps. One foot was encased in a patent leather shoe with a flapping sole, the other wrapped in a grimy handkerchief to afford it at least a little protection from the heat of the sand. His pallid face was completely blank, as if the features had been erased.

“It’s you who are with me when I’ve fallen asleep, or is it when I’ve woken up, and my lost love is here.”

Fingers yellow from tobacco, he licks a cigarette paper, thinking about the next move of his brush.

“Please, what is this place?”

He walked on for quite a way before he finally halted and turned with a sigh of resignation, as though pestered by a naughty child who was trying, for the umpteenth time, to stop him on some pretext or other.

“Only a few steps more,” the faceless man replied, as formally as before, “only to that door over there.” The sand-abraded statue of the last great king rose upon our left, the body still discernible, reclined upon a couch, its sightless eyes turned to the frozen wave of an opened scroll.

My failing eyes could just discern the wavering image of an open door. The doorway was a shade darker than the hazy blue of the sky



surrounding it. We reached the entrance just after midday, and its gigantic proportions were fully revealed to us, looming up in startling contrast to the unending landscape of sand and rock and low desert scrub that lay all around. As we clambered up the carved stones to the great doorway, a curious phenomenon caught my attention. A stream of cool air was flowing out of the entrance, and running down the slope below us, just like a river. As we advanced into the entry colonnade, this invisible river rose to our knees, our hips, our chests. Where the broiling air above came into contact with the subterranean stream, a thin film of vapour formed.

Footfalls echo in the memory, down the passage we did not take, towards the door we never opened.

The door gave way like a tombstone, with a sudden groan, exhaling dank, foul-smelling air from within. I pushed the door inward, discovering a corridor that sank into darkness. The place was stuffy and reeked of damp. Spiralling threads of grime and dust hung from the ceiling like white hair. The broken floor tiles were covered by what looked like a layer of ash. I noted what appeared to be footprints making their way in.

I stumble downward through the wreckage in semi-darkness, my path illuminated haphazardly by hidden fires, along narrow passageways through labyrinths. At last I came out into cold stark air, where stars glittered overhead in a sea of ink, some white, some gold, some ruby and violet and pale green. A long luminous streak, exactly like a glowing comet, traced its arc across the sky.

The stranger remained silent and motionless, enveloped in the blue smoke of a cigarette that never seemed to go out. I realized he didn't smell of tobacco, but of burned paper. Good paper, the sort used for books.

"So you were planning to tidy the place up?"

"To dust it," the manservant amended. He gestured to the darkness around us "To dust it, as I have throughout my life. What you once left lying around, I pile it up – it will still be used, I just clear it away.

“We have become littered and crowded because nothing is ever lost: each character, each brief incident or circumstantial detail refuses to remain in its place and be absorbed, subsumed into the growing narrative. Phrase and image pack up their belongings and set up camp at the outskirts of the next scene, crowding in upon the chapters and incidents that are to follow.

“But you can see for yourself what remains of all our toil and dust and ashes. Dust at first and ashes in the end – what’s the difference? It’s as if we’d never existed. We disappear without trace, that’s the worst part.”

“Still,” I said kindly, trying to strike an encouraging note, “at least you’ve let a bit of fresh air in. I can hear the snipe calling out there on the marshes. That’s something, isn’t it?”

The old man chuckled and coughed. “Yes, yes, Mother Nature goes her own sweet way regardless. Our problems leave her cold. There are no second chances in life, except to feel remorse.”

“But what will happen when things are sorted out – what’ll become of me?”

He speaks in a voice I know; sounds like sand when the tide is low.  
“Old stone to new building; old timber to new fires.”

I noticed an intense cold creeping down my throat. I rasp the slime upwards until I catch hold of it. With two fingers I haul its thread up out of my throat, out of my body. It looks a lot like engine oil and tastes like being poor and small and popsicles in the summer. Hanging to it like a charm bracelet are an arrowhead found on the shore of a still mountain lake; the starburst of a dropped milk bottle on the pavement, a grey cat lapping at one white rivulet; the smell of creosote along snow-muted railroad tracks at dusk; peeling flower-patterned wallpaper in the half-light of a gusty spring afternoon, brought to glowing life by fleeting visitations of sunlight; the memory, years later, of the body of a lover; a scraped knee and the taste of one's own blood; an old woman's whisper, telling of the many faces of rain; the sound of a bed creaking softly, in an upper room, under a restless sleeper.

I became a fading signal, an uncertain figure far off on a plain, a speck of fire in a widening darkness. What might have been is only an abstraction, remaining a perpetual possibility only in a world of speculation. What had stuck in and kept me worried is hanging in front of me. Doings alone were what remained of me, beneath layers, years, annual rings. All I know is the world looks beautiful, the world looks so damn beautiful.

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- 61.18 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.
- 61.20 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.
- 61.20 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.
- 61.21 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.
- 62.1 Captain Tractor. "Talk."
- 62.1 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.
- 62.2 Captain Tractor. "Talk."
- 62.3 Gaiman, Neil. "The Facts in the Case of the Departure of Miss Finch."
- 62.6 Foley, Kay. "Her Brain."
- 62.8 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.
- 62.9 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.
- 62.10 Final Fantasy. "Many Lives -> 49 MP."

62.12 Gaiman, Neil. "The Facts in the Case of the Departure of Miss Finch."

62.12 Gaiman, Neil. "The Facts in the Case of the Departure of Miss Finch."

62.14 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.

62.15 Gaiman, Neil. "How to Talk to Girls at Parties."

62.17 Stars. "Heart."

62.18 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.

63.1 Captain Tractor. "Talk."

63.3 Gaiman, Neil. "How to Talk to Girls at Parties."

63.6 Kafka, Franz. *The Blue Octavo Notebooks*.

63.7 Gaiman, Neil. "How to Talk to Girls at Parties."

63.11 Gaiman, Neil. "How to Talk to Girls at Parties."

63.13 Gaiman, Neil. "How to Talk to Girls at Parties."

63.15 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.

63.15 Gaiman, Neil. "How to Talk to Girls at Parties."

63.17 Gaiman, Neil. "How to Talk to Girls at Parties."

- 63.17 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.
- 63.18 Gaiman, Neil. "How to Talk to Girls at Parties."
- 63.20 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.
- 64.1 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.
- 64.2 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.
- 64.8 Moritz, A.F. "Happiness of Wandering."
- 64.10 Kafka, Franz. *The Blue Octavo Notebooks*.
- 65.1 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.
- 65.2 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.
- 65.6 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.
- 65.9 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.
- 66.1 Stars. "The Life Effect."
- 66.5. Stars. "Your Ex-Lover is Dead."
- 66.11 Stars. "Your Ex-Lover is Dead."
- 67.1 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.
- 67.2 Gaiman, Neil. *Coraline*.



- 67.3 Gaiman, Neil. *Coraline*.
- 67.5 Gaiman, Neil. *Coraline*.
- 68.1 Wharton, Thomas. *Icefields*.
- 68.2 Lovecraft, H.P. "Nyarlathotep."
- 68.2 Wharton, Thomas. *Icefields*.
- 68.5 Wharton, Thomas. *Icefields*.
- 68.6 Lovecraft, H.P. "What the Moon Brings."
- 68.7 Eco, Umberto. *The Mysterious Flame of Queen Loana*.
- 68.8 Danielewski, Mark Z. *House of Leaves*.
- 68.10 Wharton, Thomas. *Icefields*.
- 68.11 Gaiman, Neil. "The Flints of Memory Lane."
- 68.11 Danielewski, Mark Z. *House of Leaves*.
- 68.12 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.
- 68.13 Danielewski, Mark Z. *House of Leaves*.
- 68.17 Danielewski, Mark Z. *House of Leaves*.
- 68.18 Danielewski, Mark z. *House of Leaves*.

- 68.19 Folds, Ben. "Landed."
- 68.19 Danielewski, Mark Z. *House of Leaves*.
- 68.19 Lovecraft, H.P. "What the Moon Brings."
- 69.1 Tolkien, J.R.R. *The Lord of the Rings*.
- 69.1 Danielewski, Mark Z. *House of Leaves*.
- 69.2 Tolkien, J.R.R. *The Lord of the Rings*.
- 69.4 Tolkien, J.R.R. *The Lord of the Rings*.
- 69.6 Gaiman, Neil. "The Flints of Memory Lane."
- 69.7 Lovecraft, H.P. "What the Moon Brings."
- 69.8 Danielewski, Mark Z. *House of Leaves*.
- 69.8 Tolkien, J.R.R. *The Lord of the Rings*.
- 69.9 Danielewski, Mark Z. *House of Leaves*.
- 69.11 Tolkien, J.R.R. *The Lord of the Rings*.
- 69.12 Carey, Mike. *Neverwhere*.
- 69.13 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.
- 69.16 Coulton, Jonathan. "Always the Moon."

69.17 Hall, Steven. *The Raw Shark Texts*.

70.3 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.

70.5 Metric. "Empty."

70.6 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.

70.6 Gaiman, Neil. *Coraline*.

70.6 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.

71.1 Gaiman, Neil. *Coraline*.

71.3 Gaiman, Neil. *Coraline*.

71.4 Gaiman, Neil. *Coraline*.

71.4 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.

71.7 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.

71.12 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.

71.13 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.

71.16 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.

71.18 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.

72.1 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.

72.4 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.

73.1 Eco, Umberto. *The Mysterious Flame of Queen Loana*.

73.2 Eco, Umberto. *The Mysterious Flam of Queen Loana*.

73.13 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.

74.1 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.

74.5 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.

74.11 Ende, Michael. *The Mirror in the Mirror*.

74.13 Ende, Michael. *The Mirror in the Mirror*.

74.17 Gaiman, Neil. "Don't Ask Jack."

75.1 Pynchon, Thomas. *The Crying of Lot 49*.

75.3 Stars. "Heart."

75.4 Pynchon, Thomas. *The Crying of Lot 49*.

76.1 Ende, Michael. *The Mirror in the Mirror*.

76.9 Ende, Michael. *The Mirror in the Mirror*.

77.1 Oliver, Jamie. *Jamie at Home*.

77.1 Milosz, Czeslaw. *The Separate Notebooks*.

77.3 McKean, Dave. "Deconstruction."

77.3 Kafka, Franz. *The Blue Octavo Notebooks*.

77.5 Case, Neko. "The Widow's Toast."

77.5 Wharton, Thomas. *Icefields*.

77.9 Ende, Michael. *The Mirror in the Mirror*.

77.10 Kafka, Franz. *The Blue Octavo Notebooks*.

77.12 Kafka, Franz. *The Blue Octavo Notebooks*.

77.14 Ende, Michael. *The Mirror in the Mirror*.

77.16 Kafka, Franz. *The Blue Octavo Notebooks*.

78.1 Moritz, A.F. "Warren."

78.3 Gaiman, Neil. "Desert Wind."

78.7 Moritz, A.F. "Warren."

78.10 Ende, Michael. *The Mirror in the Mirror*.

78.13 Lovecraft, H.P. "Ex Oblivione."

78.15 Ende, Michael. *The Mirror in the Mirror*.

78.16 Ende, Michael. *The Mirror in the Mirror*.

78.16 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.

78.17 Einstürzende Neubauten. "Grundstück."

79.1 Gaiman, Neil. *Coraline*.

79.1 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.

80.1 Eco, Umberto. *Foucault's Pendulum*.

80.3 Eco, Umberto. *Foucault's Pendulum*.

80.4 Wharton, Thomas. *The Shadow of Malabron*.

80.4 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.

80.7 Tolkien, J.R.R. *The Lord of the Rings*.

80.8 Tolkien, J.R.R. *The Lord of the Rings*.

80.10 Tolkien, J.R.R. *The Lord of the Rings*.

80.11 Carey, Mike. *Neverwhere*.

80.12 Eco, Umberto. *Foucault's Pendulum*.

80.14 Boyczuk, Robert. "Query."

81.3 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.

81.5 Tolkein, J.R.R. *The Lord of the Rings*.

81.6 Tolkein, J.R.R. *The Lord of the Rings*.

81.7 Tolkein, J.R.R. *The Lord of the Rings*.

81.7 Carey, Mike. *Neverwhere*.

81.8 Tolkein, J.R.R. *The Lord of the Rings*.

81.11 Carey, Mike. *Neverwhere*.

81.12 Boyczuk, Robert. "Query."

81.13 Gaiman, Neil. *The Graveyard Book*.

82.1 Hall, Steven. *The Raw Shark Texts*.

82.11 Boyczuk, Robert. "Query."

82.16 Boyczuk, Robert. "Query."

83.3 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.

83.4 Wharton, Thomas. *Salamander*.

83.5 Wharton, Thomas. *Salamander*.

83.8 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.

83.19 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.

84.2 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.

- 85.1 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.
- 85.8 Borges, Jorge Luis. "The Book of Sand."
- 85.17 Ende, Michael. *The Mirror in the Mirror*.
- 85.19 Boyczuk, Robert. "Query."
- 86.1 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.
- 86.2 Ende, Michael. *The Mirror in the Mirror*.
- 86.3 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.
- 86.5 Danielewski, Mark. *House of Leaves*.
- 86.6 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.
- 86.6 Gaiman, Neil. "The Goldfish Pool and Other Stories."
- 86.8 Carey, Mike. *Neverwhere*.
- 86.9 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.
- 86.11 Eliot, T.S. "The Waste Land."
- 86.12 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.
- 86.14 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.
- 86.14 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.



86.14 Einstürzende Neubauten. "November/Sie lächelt."

86.16 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.

86.16 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.

86.17 Danielewski, Mark Z. *House of Leaves*.

86.21 Gaiman, Neil. *Coraline*.

87.1 Ende, Michael. *The Mirror in the Mirror*.

87.2 Eco, Umberto. *Foucault's Pendulum*.

87.6 Gaiman, Neil. "The Sweeper of Dreams."

87.6 Gaiman, Neil. "The Sweeper of Dreams."

87.8 Gaiman, Neil. "The Sweeper of Dreams."

88.1 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.

88.2 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.

88.3 Ende, Michael. *The Mirror in the Mirror*.

88.6 Gaiman, Neil. *Coraline*.

89.1 Ende, Michael. *The Mirror in the Mirror*.

89.1 Ende, Michael. *The Mirror in the Mirror*.

89.2 King, Stephen. *The Gunslinger*.

89.5 Ende, Michael. *The Mirror in the Mirror*.

89.16 Gaiman, Neil. "The Sweeper of Dreams."

89.16 Gaiman, Neil. "The Sweeper of Dreams."

89.19 Gaiman, Neil. "The Sweeper of Dreams."

89.19 Ende, Michael. *The Mirror in the Mirror*.

90.5 Ende, Michael. *The Mirror in the Mirror*.

90.6 Moritz, A.F. "Happiness of Wandering."

90.8 Milosz, Czeslaw. *The Separate Notebooks*.

90.10 Gaiman, Neil. *Coraline*.

90.11 Ende, Michael. *The Mirror in the Mirror*.

90.14 Ende, Michael. *The Mirror in the Mirror*.

90.15 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.

90.18 Ende, Michael. *The Mirror in the Mirror*.

91.1 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.

91.4 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.

- 91.9 Eliot, T.S. "Burnt Norton." *Four Quartets*.
- 92.1 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.
- 92.8 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.
- 92.11 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.
- 92.14 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.
- 92.17 Ende, Michael. *The Mirror in the Mirror*.
- 92.18 Wharton, Thomas. *Salamander*.
- 92.20 Einstürzende Neubauten. "Grundstück."
- 93.1 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.
- 93.7 Ende, Michael. *The Mirror in the Mirror*.
- 93.15 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.
- 93.17 Ende, Michael. *The Mirror in the Mirror*.
- 93.19 Stars. "My Radio (AM mix)."
- 93.20 Eliot, T.S. "East Coker." *Four Quartets*.
- 94.1 Zafón, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*.
- 94.1 Einstürzende Neubauten. "Unvollständigkeit."

94.3 Case, Neko. "Deep Red Bells."

94.4 Einstürzende Neubauten. "Unvollständigkeit."

94.5 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.

94.10 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.

94.14 Wharton, Thomas. *The Logogryph*.

94.15 Eliot, T.S. "Burnt Norton." *Four Quartets*.

94.16 Einstürzende Neubauten. "Unvollständigkeit."

93.17 Einstürzende Neubauten. "Susej."

94.18 Coulton, Jonathan. "I Feel Fantastic."