

And

, they

were

not

mouthpiece for his horn out of

he made it into a mouthpiece, and as he set it into the

to blow, the huge horn began to sing on its own

shepherd blowing on his

61

My

by the fire, and the

on the

the king's long day

shepherd mimes

words.

And they were not my words

**an anthology of new stories
cut out and built
from the bones of others**

by

**Jorge Luis Borges
William Burroughs
the Brothers Grimm
Daniil Kharms
and Haruki Murakami**

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Five Entries Recovered From Jorge Luis Borges' Imaginary Book Of Beings

The World

Plato thought the World to be a living being and in the Laws stated that the planets and stars were living as well. Others have it that the earth has its foundation on the water; the water, on the crag, the crag on the bull's forehead; the bull, on a bed of sand; the sand on the World; the World, on a stifling wind; the stifling wind on a mist. Leonardo da Vinci had it that the World fed on fire and in this way renewed its skin. In another version of the myth, the World, burning red-hot, would put its arms around a man and kill him.

What lies under the mist is unknown.

[Assembled from the following Imaginary Beings: Animals In The Form Of Spheres; Bahamut; The Salamander; Talos]

Heaven

Down the ages, Heaven (also known as Hell) grows increasingly ugly and horrendous until today it is forgotten.

Four centuries before the Christian era, Heaven was a magnification of the elephant or of the hippopotamus, or a mistaken and alarmist version of these animals. In India Heaven is a domestic animal. During the Renaissance, the idea of Heaven as an animal reappeared in Lucilio Vanini. In sixteenth-century South America, the name was given by the Spanish Conquistadors to a mysterious animal - mysterious because nobody ever saw it well enough to know whether it was a bird or a mammal, whether it had feathers or fur. In the story 'William Wilson' by Poe, Heaven is the hero's conscience.

Heaven, in Greek, means 'that which looks downward'. 'A vain or foolish fancy' is the definition of Heaven that we now find in dictionaries.

[Assembled from the following Imaginary Beings: The Basilisk; Behemoth; The Elephant That Foretold The Birth Of Buddha; Animals In The Form Of Spheres; The Carbuncle; The Double; The Catoblepas; The Chimera]

The Mirror

We do not know what the Mirror looks like. So immense and dazzling is it that the eyes of man cannot bear its sight.

Sir Thomas Browne gives this description of it in his *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* (1646):

"The Mirror has the ability to assume many shapes, but these are inscrutable. Often for months on end it is not to be seen; then it has presumably moved into other houses; but it always comes faithfully back to our house again. Its beauty delights the other animals, which would all flock to it were it not for the Mirror's terrible stare."

Both Brahmanism and Buddhism offer hells full of Mirrors, which, like Dante's Cerberus, are torturers of souls. This same story is told in the Arabian Nights, in St. Brendan's legend, and in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, which shows us the Mirror 'slumbering on the Norway foam'.

In those days the world of mirrors and the world of men were not, as they are now, cut off from each other. Chuang Tzu tells us of a determined man who at the end of three thankless years mastered the art of slaying Mirrors, and for the rest of his days was not given a single chance to put his art into practice.

It is long now indeed since I dreamed that I saw the Mirror.

[Assembled from the following Imaginary Beings: The Unicorn Of China; Bahamut; The Barometz; The Eastern Dragon; The Odradek; The Panther; Cerberus; Fastitocalon; Fauna Of Mirrors; The Chinese Dragon; The Chinese Phoenix]

The Half

Suggested or stimulated by reflections in mirrors and in water and by twins, the idea of the Double is common to many countries. But among the monstrous creatures of the *Temptation* is the Half, which 'has only one eye, one cheek, one hand, one leg, half a torso and half a heart'. It is also said that it can see with its whole body and that to the touch it is like the skin of a peach. Also that if it is chopped in half, its two parts will join again.

According to the Greeks and Romans, Halves lived in Africa. Pliny (VII, 3) says he saw a Half embalmed in honey that had been brought to Rome from Egypt in the reign of Claudius. This outdoes even the boldest, most imaginative piece of fiction.

[Assembled from the following Imaginary Beings: The Double; The Nasnas; A Bao A Qu; The Amphisbaena; The Lamias; The Centaur; The Zaratan]

Women

Paracelsus limited their dominion to water, but the ancients thought the world was full of Women. Little is known about what they looked like, except that they were tiny and sinister. Many authorities thought of them as witches; others as evil monsters. The Chinese paint them on their dishes in order to warn against self-indulgence.

Yet in the ballad of Athis, we read:

"Earthly things are but emblems of heavenly things. And we wonder at their song."

[Assembled from the following Imaginary Beings: The Nymphs; The Elves; The Lamias; The T'ao T'iehThe Western Dragon; Swedenborg's Angels; An Animal Imagined By CS Lewis]

In The Terminals Of Minraud (a William Burroughs trilogy)

March My Captive Head

There was not much left of Nick. The face was broken. Huge grey eyes with tiny black pupils that seem to spit needles. From his mouth floated coal gas and violets. He did not have the concentration of energy necessary to hold himself together and his organism was always on the point of disintegrating into its component parts. On his T-shirt is ETERNITY in rainbow letters.

In the distance muffled explosions like dynamite in jelly. The war between the sexes split the planet into armed camps right down the middle. The doctor did not seem to hear.

“When the fog lifts you can see their fucking church sticking up. Let’s have that shot,” Nick said.

The doctor was sitting in a surgical chair of gleaming nickel. “One day perhaps you will learn the meaning of patience.”

The room was empty with white tile floors and walls. As the shot of apomorphine cut through poisons of Minraud he felt a tingling numbness. His hair stood up on end. Conversation slackened.

But the subway is moving. Riot noises moving closer. Several nearby fags raise their heads like animals scenting danger. Learn to sit back and watch. Red haired green eyed boys, white skin with a few freckles. Some people you can spot as far as you can see; others you can’t be sure of until you are close enough to touch them. The boys puffed blue smoke two bodies fuzzing the web one shuddering white tile walls in polar distance blue haloes flickering.

The doctor nodded. It’s time. They got off the subway and began to walk on snow-covered sidewalks between tenements.

“Certain things simply must not be allowed to change; otherwise, WE ARE COMPLETELY FUCKED.” The Old Doctor reeled out onto the platform.

“Do I have another appointment?” Hands on his belt Nick hesitated.

The doctor stopped chuckling. “Will you be settling your account today Mr Jones?” The doctor’s voice was barely audible.

The man was smiling, flapping vapor like rusty swamp smell. Sunset through black clouds. It was the end of the line.

“You can’t – You can’t – You can’t.”

“Why not?”

“I’m almost without medicine.”

“Where can you go, Nick?”

“I’m going home.”

“You can’t deny your blood kid,” said the doctor, and walked away before Nick could say anything else.

And there was the dirigible ahead, moored to a tower.

When Nick got back to the house he told his father about it in the attic his father used as a studio. Kim noted the frayed cuffs, the cracked shoes.

"In the terminals of Minraud, the car is waiting to take us to the fiesta. As far as the eye can see, nothing but replicas," Nick says. "Fights erupt like sandstorms, through iron streets a wake of shattered bodies, heads bouncing into the void, hands clutching bank notes from gambling fights."

Kim sat paralyzed like a man who has received a mortal wound, every drop of life ebbing out of him. It was impossible to tell just how much of this story he was expected to believe.

"The boy ejaculates blood over the flower floats. An orchid with brilliant red and green flowers hanging over the swamp mud." Nick had a deprecating little laugh that he used for punctuation. "We waded into the warm mud-water. Arachnid is a grimly unattractive young man with a long face of a strange, slate-blue color. He strapped on his camera gun and walked along ancient paths and stone bridges over canals where the fish people swirled sending up color bubbles of orgasm that broke on the iridescent surfaces. He is as specialized as an insect, for the performance of some inconceivably vile function.

"We came to a street half-buried in sand. I could feel the phantom touch of the lens on my body, light as a breath of wind. Records of the city rotting. In a dusty shop window of trusses and plaster feet, a severed head on sand, red ants crawling through nose and lips. June, July and August walk on.

"On the sea wall met a boy in red and white T-shirt under a circling albatross. He looked at me, sick animal eyes gone out dying inside, hopeless fear reflecting the face of death. And looking into his bright blank eyes I saw that he was. Too quiet like they say in old Westerns. Time runs out. There was nothing there but cloth that fell in a heap on the floor leaking grey dust."

The father holds up a restraining hand.

"That's enough..." He got up, stretched and yawned.

"Well, no, that's the whole story. The story of a 14 year old boy that died in the invasion."

"What is it you do, Nick?" Kim asked politely, in the accents of an educated man.

"Only those for whom the knowledge is intended will find it..." He went through a pantomime of fixing his hair. "You must understand that an undercover agent witnesses the most execrable cruelties while he waits helpless to intervene, sometimes for many years, before he can make a definitive arrest."

"What really happened?" Kim asks.

Nick makes a folding motion with his hands. There was no other place for him to go.

"There were at least two parasites one sexual the other cerebral working together the way parasites will. But a new factor, something that nobody has seen before, is changing the familiar aspect of disaster like the slow beginnings of a disease, so that no one can say just when it began. All out of time and into space. And what is remarkable it seems to be the only or certainly the predominating flora.

"We are turning into plants. You can't breathe in fake lungs."

"Are you crazy?" Kim said.

Wait a bit. "Lord, Lord, I don't even feel like a human." He looked at Kim and smiled.

"The whole structure of reality went up in silent explosions. The valley was desert, and it will be desert again. Eternity yawning on the sands.

"During the months that followed I worked in the fields. Crabs sidle from cone-shaped nests. Everything looks different, sharper. Pool covered with green slime in a ruined French garden. Surges of silence ebbing from ruined suburbs. Hail of crystal skulls shattered the greenhouse to slivers in the winter moon. Flowers and seeds and mist settle down from high jungle above the city." He put a cigarette to his mouth, tapped his pockets, and turned his hands out. "Everything is leaking."

"My dear, it's quite folkloric."

Nick was annoyed to find himself blushing. He straightened up and sees a face not tears at first. His father's eyes are normally invisible behind black glasses.

At the end of three weeks he indicated the time had come to operate. He looked like a corpse slumped there on the dirty, unmade bed, his limp arm stretched out, a drop of blood slowly gathering at the elbow.

Kim walked over to the old railroad. He felt the sharp nostalgia of train whistles, piano music down a city street, burning leaves. He fled down quintillions of years.

[This was assembled from five different William Burroughs novels: Junky, Naked Lunch, The Ticket That Exploded, The Soft Machine, and The Place Of Dead Roads]

Last Of The Gallant Heroes

In moments of excitement Salvador is apt to lapse into broken English.

"Throw it into wind Jack. It's a real Hollywood Spectacular."

The air was cloyed with a sweet evil substance like decayed honey. I smoked some and felt a little dizzy and my throat hurt.

Licensed assassins are the new elite. I looked at him. We were the only riders and as soon as the car started we slipped off our shorts. I moved in for a close-up of the boy's flank and took his shirt off followed the pants down, circled the pubic hair forest in slow autogyros, zeroed in for the first stirrings of tumescence, swooping from the stiffening blood tube to the boy's face, sucking eyes with neon proboscis, licking testicles and rectum.

He laughed. "You trying to push me down the tone scale, baby?"

And I glimpsed a hidden meaning, a forgotten language, sniggering half-heard words of tenderness and doom from lips spotted with decay that send the blood racing to my crotch and singing in my ears as my penis stretches, sways, and stiffens naked lust surfaces in my face from the dark depth of human origins.

So I am a public agent and don't know who I work for, get my instructions from street signs, newspapers and pieces of conversation I snap out of the air the way a vulture will tear entrails from other mouth. I've had every weapon in three galaxies pulled on me one time or another.

Happiness is a by-product of function. It is a long trip. Time jumps like a broken typewriter. In the terminals of Minraud, I woke up in the silent dripping dawn.

The paper and the embassy had warned me that I would be on my own, a thousand years from any help. I know the risks and make preparations.

Naked except for a quiver of silver arrows and a bow, Salvador radiated a calm disdainful authority. His face, devoid of human expression, molded by total function and purpose, blazes with an inner light. He looked at the ceiling, hands behind his head, cock pulsing.

“Finnies nous attendons une bonne chance!”

Time to be up and be gone.

Every citizen of Annexia was required to apply for and carry on his person at all times a whole portfolio of documents. You can't fake it any more than you can fake a painting, a poem, an invention, or a meal for that matter. It won't do you a bit of good on the trip that you're gonna take. You need entirely too much.

The town is built over a vast mud flat criss-crossed by stagnant canals, the buildings on stilts joined by a maze of bridges and cat-walks extend up from the mud flats into higher ground surrounded by tree columns and trailing vines, the whole area presenting the sordid and dilapidated air of a declining frontier post or an abandoned carnival.

A premonition of doom hangs over the valley. The scene looks like a tinted postcard. Silence – Solitude. Streets with flame gates. Rings of Saturn in the morning sky.

I was subject to hallucinations as a child. Flashes in front of my eyes naked and sullen. Cows driven into the slaughter chutes. Poisoned pigeons raining from the Northern Lights. Bodies rolled on the pallet leaving trails of flesh. Smell of blood and excrement in the Tangier streets. Afterbirth of a withered grey monkey.

I learned to use the shield of constant alertness, to see everybody on the street before they saw me. Your mind will answer most questions if you learn to relax and wait for the answer.

Well, things start to go wrong.

The street blew rain from solitude of morning, mixture of dawn and dream in doorways. Darkness fell in heavy chunks blocking out sections of the city. We were walking up tenement stairs. Rusty tracks overgrown with weeds.

The building I never quite saw was the armory. In the doorway Salvador stumbled over a pile of rags that smelled of urine and pulque. His voice falls flat and heavy in the damp air.

“What is word?”

The centipede nuzzled the iron door rusted to thin black paper by the urine of a million fairies. It was about two feet in length of a translucent green color.

Only one blast to free the lungs. Another shot in the side of the head and it rolled sideways, kicked three times, and died.

“Who's that at the door?”

Bradley stood naked with ten subjects in a room lined with metal mirrors. He was putting away his instruments. Couples attached to baroque harnesses with artificial wings copulate in the air, screaming like magpies. Pulsing human skin stuck to faces half-remembered.

"Hello, Jack," he trills, a ghostly child voice from a haunted attic. "Long long expected call from you."

"I told you I would come."

"What's the commission? No one of your race has ever been here before."

Without waiting for my answer he sat down not in a rude or objectionable manner but as if he belonged there looking at me with a familiar style. I felt the concussion of Bradley's shot before I heard it.

"You're dripping blood all over the floor."

He laughed, black insect laughter that seemed to serve some obscure function of orientation like a bat's squeak.

"If the mortality rate seems high we must realize that Nature is a ruthless teacher." The man put on a tape of Arab drum music. "After all they're only human cattle."

Bradley sat in a booth and electrodes were attached to his skull and penis and lips. They cut off tiny bits of their flesh and grew exact replicas of themselves in embryo jelly. From a remote Polar distance I could see the doctor separate the two halves of their bodies and fitting together a composite being.

"Life is so *beautiful*! I can only advise you to leave the area."

And Bradley fell slowly into the deep uterine sleep, frog boys curled between his legs and under his arms and on his chest streaked with iridescent slime from their sucker paws.

The room seems to shake and vibrate with motion. Blood runs in the pale door. There's just no place to go.

I know now when it is too late what we are up against: a biologic weapon that reduces healthy clean-minded men to abject slobbering inhuman things undoubtedly of virus origins. These creatures are transparent like a heat wave, just the outline and the colors that flush through them and you can hear the whirr of wings hovering over you.

And if there is one thing that carries over from one human host to another and established identity of the controller it is habit. It is a humming sound that buzzes out of the larynx through the teeth, which are bared like wild dogs in the act of speech.

They looked up from their work. Salvador stands there all square-jawed and stern and noble like the Virginian getting set to hang his best friend for rustling the sacred cows on which the West is built. Naked and sullen his street boy senses darted around the room for scraps of advantage. Shoot your way to freedom.

KAPOW KAPOW KAPOW

Shooting from the floor, he snapped two quick shots into Bradley's belly...

One after the other, they fell away.

Juxtapositions of light made this dream. Excitement ran through me floating sensation. We could still hear Bradley out on the street.

Scores are coming in. Salvador does an insolent bump as he drills the sheriff right in the heart, and then just for jolly a quick shot to the head, which being a can of tomatoes with the top rusted explodes in a splash of red.

Empty all the hate faces sucked into fear. A frog-faced deputy sidles out of a doorway. Ghost hands twisted together in stone shapes. It is a man from the waist up and below that a giant spider covered with red hairs.

But Salvador is unperturbed. A shotgun blast catches the deputy in the side of the neck, nearly blowing his head off, he is falling against the sheriff's horse streaking blood down the saddle, dead before he hits the street.

I could see people running now suddenly collapse to a heap of clothes. A bearded man falls slowly forward with a dreamy Christlike expression, a blue hole between his eyes from Salvador's 32-20, brains spattering out the back of his head like scrambled eggs.

A flicker pause and the light shrank and the audience sound a vast muttering in Salvador's voice.

"Quien es?" Salvador spoke in his dead, junky whisper. His eyes touched me inside."Quédase con su medicina."

I feel a numbing blow in the chest, sucking, grasping for breath that won't come. I look down at the end. What have I my friend to give?

The birds drop and flutter to the ground, feathers drifting in dawn winds. And the idiot irresponsibles scream.

Well, these are the simple facts of the case and I guess I ought to know. 223 dead. The bodies were decomposed when found and identification was based on documents clothes and wrist watches. No one can ever say they did time because of me. When you ask Death for his credentials you are dead.

The Frisco Kid he never returns. Salvador's body will remain here intact in deep freeze. The only thing I remember about his face is that he wore glasses. Other thoughts and memories separated like mold. The water we live in is time.

My own injuries were slight as usual and I was discharged from the hospital two days later. There was a raw ache through my lungs. Silence to say goodbye.

When I hit the street, I slipped and skidded on the wet sidewalk. The night air, balmy and cool round the edges, fanned my body. I was in a hysterical rage, though exactly why I cannot, in retrospect, understand.

[This was assembled from five different William Burroughs novels: Junky, Naked Lunch, The Ticket That Exploded, The Soft Machine, and The Place Of Dead Roads]

Fading My Name Through Dying Air

So choose your color kid. Stand a little back from the game. Face to the west. Pretend an interest. Get it out of your head and into the machines.

Abruptly the city ends. Tentative half impressions that dissolve in light. Grey shadow on a distant wall. The putrid smell of rotten blood hangs over cities of the world like smog.

I don't know how he got the address. The Empress Hotel is in a rundown shabby area on the edge of a rural slum with shops selling jellied eels and blood pudding.

In a room with metal walls magnetic mobiles under flickering blue light and smell of ozone. There was a jar of KY on a glass shelf. The waiter was singing through his disk mouth a bubbling cave song.

There are two drummers at the bar drinking beer. He looked around resentfully, as though what he saw was unfamiliar and distasteful. She puts on a record, metallic cocaine be-bop. In Minraud time. Screaming neon in the throat.

A portentously inconspicuous man, grey beard and grey face and shabby djebella, sings in slight unplaceable accent without opening his lips. *"A violet by a mossy stone/Half hidden from the eye!"* I handed him a brief case of bank notes and he faded into the shadows furtive and seedy as an old junky.

"You trying to short-time someone, Jack?"

I look up. Doolie looked at me and sucked on his cigarette. We were both emaciated now.

"You know the answer to that a lot better than I do." The words came out so ugly I surprised and shocked myself.

I ordered two beers, and he went on telling me how he was accustomed to reciprocate. The waiter set down a flat limestone shell of squid bodies and crab claws.

"Have a cigarette," he said.

I drew the black berry smoke deep into my lungs and symbol language of an ancient rotting kingdom bloomed in my brain like Chinese flowers. The effect was uncanny. A sweet metal taste burned through stomach intestines and genitals.

Our faces swelled under the eyes and our lips got thicker through some glandular action of the drug. On the smoldering metal I saw a giant crab claw snapping. I noticed that my mouth was bone dry.

"I'm going now. Don't ever look back, kid."

I pulled him back and he threatened me.

"Ain't it a bit unhealthy to know as much as you know? Because all Agents defect and all Resistors sell out..."

Suddenly we are both awake.

"The very same thing occurred to me. When you stop growing, you start dying."

"Don't look so frightened young man. I've told you ten times. Just a professional joke." He made a gesture of a plane flying upwards at a steep angle. "It's more complicated than you think."

"I don't know what you're talking about now," I said.

"The zone has been nationalized. I'm leaving town."

When I told him of my plan to make an expedition to the interior of the island he said it would be impossible.

"The needle is stopped. We have no such powers my son." He stands poised on his toes like a ballet dancer. "Return to base immediately."

Clearly the interview is at an end. I kept on drinking. Empty, sad as the graves of dying peoples.

Thawing hurts.

The cellar is full of light. Doolie sick was an unnerving sight. He crumpled there on the steps and now looking at me silent as all the red hair and smudged freckles and red flesh of the world flushed through him blurring his face out of focus the red swirls and blurs. And there was a blast of hate from the heavy heart of an old servant. "We regard it as a misfortune..."

I felt a sudden pity for the violated veins and tissue.

He starts to say, You'll be all right, bursts into tears instead.

Then the dotted line.

"This man is never to be recalled or reclassified."

This is no longer true. Few beat the house, but no one will talk about anything very long.

I stayed off the junk.

Fadeout.

Shut the whole machine off.

[This was assembled from five different William Burroughs novels: Junky, Naked Lunch, The Ticket That Exploded, The Soft Machine, and The Place Of Dead Roads]

The New Brothers Grimm

The First New Tale

Once upon a time there was a stubborn child who never did what his mother told him to do. One day the child was very naughty, and no matter what the mother said, he would not keep quiet. She became so upset and distraught that she left the table, went into her chamber, and began weeping, while he stayed behind her all the time.

“Now I’ve got you!” the boy said.

The child tried to pull her hair, but his mother sat up and with one hand grabbed the skinny arms of her child and with the other pressed his head into the pillow. She continued doing this until his strength gave out, and he finally lay there dead.

[Assembled from Tale 117: The Stubborn Child; Tale 93: The Raven; Tale 92: The King Of The Golden Mountain; Tale 4: A Tale About The Boy Who Went Forth To Learn What Fear Was; Tale 168: Lean Lisa; Tale 105: Tales About Toads]

The Second New Tale

Once upon a time there was a woman with two daughters, and they had become so poor that they no longer had even a piece of bread to put in their mouths. So she sat down on the ridge of a hill and began to weep, and she wept so much that two little brooks flowed from her eyes. When she paused and looked up in her misery, a man was standing there. He accused her of being a thief and took her to the court.

The next day she was brought to trial, and although she had done no evil, the judge sentenced her to death. She began to weep bitter tears, but they were all in vain. Nothing could move the judge’s heart. She and her daughters were put aboard a ship peppered with holes and sent out to sea, where they soon sank beneath the waves.

Well, many years later, the judge went walking through the forest. When he got to the sea, it was all black and dense, and it began to twist and turn from below so that bubbles rose up, and a strong wind whipped across the surface and made the water curdle. When he turned around, he caught sight of a beautiful woman, who was rising slowly out of the water.

The story does not end here, but my grandmother, who told me the tale, was losing her memory, and she forgot the rest.

[Assembled from: Tale 238: The Children Of Famine; Tale 130: One-Eye, Two-Eyes, And Three-Eyes; Tale 231: The Faithful Animals; Tale 116: The Blue Light; Tale 15: Hansel And Gretel; Tale 186: The True Bride; Tale 16: The Three Snake Leaves; Tale 57: The Golden Bird; Tale 19: The Fisherman And His Wife; Tale 181: The Nixie In The Pond; Tale 179: The Goose Girl At The Spring]

The Third New Tale

Once upon a time there was a sorcerer who used to assume the guise of a poor man and go begging from house to house to catch beautiful girls. No one knew where he took them, since none of the girls ever returned.

One day he went deep into the fields without regard to the way he took, and finally found himself in the forest. When he saw a small light in the darkness, he began walking towards it and soon reached a little cottage. Upon entering, he discovered an old woman sitting by all alone by the fire.

“What am I to do?” she asked.

“Let me keep the rose,” the sorcerer answered.

“Oh, my child,” she said. “You’ve got to die, or else we’ll waste away.”

Iron slippers had already been heated over a fire, and they were brought over to him with tongs. Finally, he had to put on the red-hot slippers and dance until he fell down dead.

[Assembled from Tale 46: Fitcher’s Bird; Tale 199; Tale 199: The Boots Of Buffalo Leather; Tale 29: The Devil With The Three Golden Hairs; Tale 93: The Raven; Tale 248: The Winter Rose; Tale 249: Prince Swan; Tale 53: Snow White]

The Fourth New Tale

One day an old man and his wife sat in front of a wretched looking hut and sought to relax awhile from their work.

“I had a bad dream,” the grandmother said. “I had my hair powdered with snow, but the sun came out and melted it. My dress was made from a spider’s web, but when I passed through some bushes, the thorns tore it apart. My shoes were made of glass, but then I tripped over a stone, and they went ‘clink’ and broke in two.

“At noon I saw a beautiful bird as white as snow sitting on a branch. When the bird finished its song, it flapped its wings and flew ahead of me. I followed it until I came to a little house that was made of bread.

“I went downstairs into the cellar, where I found a very, very old woman who was bobbing her head. I asked her, ““Does my husband live in this house?’ ‘Oh you poor child,’ she responded, ‘you’ve stumbled on a murderers’ den.’

“At nightfall the devil came home.

“When this monster came, he cut a piece of flesh from my own thigh, but I withstood the pain without uttering a sound. He went into the stable, cut out the eyes of all the cows and sheep, and threw them in my face.

“He threw me down, dragged me along by my hair, cut my head off on the block, and chopped me into pieces, so that my blood flowed on the floor. He saw that a gold ring was still on my finger, and since he had trouble pulling it off, he took a hatchet and chopped it off.

“You went out to look for me but found nothing except my bones, which you took away from the gallows and buried in a grave.”

“That’s all fine and good,” the old man answered. “I dreamed there was a fountain at the marketplace that used to gush with wine, and it ran dry!”

[Assembled from Tale 192: The Master Thief; Tale 29: The Devil With The Three Golden Hairs; Tale 84: Hans Gets Married; Tale 15: Hansel And Gretel; Tale 40: The Robber Bridegroom; Tale 242: The Robber And His Sons; Tale 32: Clever Hans; Tale 46: Fitcher’s Bird; Tale 232: The Crows; Tale 4: A Tale About The Boy Who Went Forth To Learn What Fear Was]

The Fifth New Tale

Long, long ago there lived an old queen who was a sorceress, and her daughter was the most beautiful maiden under the sun. The old woman, however, thought of nothing but how to lure people to their doom.

When everything was ready, she dipped herself into a barrel of honey, cut open a bed, and rolled around in the feathers so she looked like a strange bird, and it was impossible to recognise her.

At the sight of this the daughter, who was with child, became so upset that she gave birth that very night to two babies who were not shaped like human beings but like apes.

[Assembled from Tale 134: The Six Servants; Tale 46: Fitcher's Bird; Tale 147: The Rejuvenated Little Old Man]

The Sixth New Tale

There was once a poor farmer who was sitting by the hearth one evening and poking the fire, while his wife was spinning nearby.

"Let that be until tomorrow," said the farmer. "I want you to make a soup for the king."

"Gladly," she replied.

The farmer went away, and his wife made the soup for the king by brewing a bread soup as best she could.

"Bread crumbs. All the meat from the cow I slaughtered three days ago. Lungs and liver boiled in salt. A basket of strawberries. A large fat toad.

"Here are twelve pounds of feathers, a dress as glistening as the sun, twelve coffins already filled with wood shavings. Milk and pancakes with sugar and apples and nuts, put into a barrel that was filled with boiling oil and poisonous snakes."

The king ordered that the soup be brought to him. So delighted was the king by the dish that he ordered the entire court to dine with him the following day. The lights in the hall were lit again, and drums and trumpets were fetched. The flowers were blooming on the steps, and the song of the exotic birds resounded from the room. The entire court assembled in the main hall. Then they went into the palace, sat down at the table, and ate.

When anyone took even a little bite of the food, they became upset. During the rest of their lives the farmer and his wife were tormented by a guilty conscience and spent their days in poverty and misery.

[Assembled from Tale 37: Thumbling; Tale 65: All Fur; Tale 13: The Three Little Gnomes In The Forest; Tale 7: The Good Bargain; Tale 53: Snow White; Tale 15: Hansel And Gretel; Tale 13: The Three Little Gnomes In The Forest; Tale 63: The Three Feathers; Tale 186: The True Bride; Tale 193: The Drummer; Tale 9: The Twelve Brothers; Tale 76: The Pink Flower; Tale 47: The Juniper Tree; Tale 185: The Poor Boy In The Grave]

The Seventh New Tale

There once was a little old lady who lived in a large city, and one evening she sat alone in her room thinking about how she had lost her first husband, next her two children, then little by little all her relatives, and finally her last friend, who had died that very day.

Then she alone was queen and blew her horn until she died.

After she was buried, a rose grew on one side of her grave, and on the other, a lily. Finally nothing was left except an old castle in the forest.

[Assembled from Tale 208: The Little Old Lady; Tale 217: The Tablecloth, The Knapsack, The Cannon Hat, And The Horn; Tale 228: The Three Sisters]

The Eighth New Tale

There once was a queen whom the Lord had prevented from having children. Every morning she went into the garden and begged God in heaven to bestow a son or daughter on her. At dusk the sun shone brightly through the tree trunks and cast its light on the dark green of the garden.

Soon after she gave birth to a little daughter who was as white as snow, as red as blood, and her hair as black as ebony. But the dear child was dead and remained dead. The queen became pale, and her heart trembled greatly.

After the child was lowered into her grave and was covered over with earth, one of her little arms suddenly emerged and reached up into the air. The dead child shouted, "Now I'm going to strangle you!"

Now the woman became so frightened and desperate that she did not allow the neighbours to comfort her and finally hung herself. Indeed, she died a horrible death.

[Assembled from Tale 76: The Pink Flower; Tale 69: Jorinda and Joringel; Tale 53: Snow White; Tale 6: Faithful Johannes; Tale 117: The Stubborn Child; Tale 4: A Tale About The Boy Who Went Forth To Learn What Fear Was; Tale 214: How Some Children Played At Slaughtering; Tale 9: The Twelve Brothers]

The Ninth New Tale

A few hundred years ago, when people were not nearly as smart and cunning as they are nowadays, a strange event took place in a small town.

There was at that time a poor fisherman, who was fishing at sea with his son. He went to the young man, embraced him, and said, "I am Iron Hans and was turned into a wild man by a magic spell. But now all the treasures that I possess shall be yours."

The son did not know what to reply. So he surrendered to fate and went away with his father. They ran off into the forest, and it is from them that we have the race of apes.

Well, children, this story may seem farfetched to you, but it really is true.

[Assembled from Tale 174: The Owl; Tale 137: The Three Black Princesses; Tale 136: Iron Hans; Tale 177: The Messengers Of Death; Tale 147: The Rejuvenated Little Old Man; Tale 187: The Hare And The Hedgehog]

The Tenth New Tale

Once upon a time there was a prince who was tired of living at home in his father's house, and since he feared nothing, he thought, I'll go out into the wide world, where I won't be bored.

He came to a spring and looked at his shape reflected in water that was clear as a mirror. Then there was a shrieking throughout the land, and he jumped over a wall and broke his leg.

Nowadays this does not happen anymore.

[Assembled from Tale 121: The Prince Who feared Nothing; Tale 144: The Donkey; Tale 137: The Three Black Princesses; Tale 179: The Goose Girl At The Spring]

The Eleventh New Tale

A king announced that whoever could tell the best lie would receive his daughter as a bride.

Now the princess was furious and blind with rage. When the king's daughter saw that there was no hope whatsoever of changing her father's inclinations, she decided to run away.

She went home and got undressed until she was completely naked, so that she was not dressed. A swarm of bees flew out and covered her entire body from head to foot. But they did not sting or hurt her. Instead, they carried honey to her lips and her entire body glowed through and through with beauty.

When she appeared at the castle in this dress, the people were so astounded they did not know what to say. Then she lit her pipe, sat down in her father's chair, and said, "You'd better get out of here quickly if you value your life!"

Then the king beat himself and wept and sobbed and screamed with all his heart, so that the whole palace trembled and all his servants rushed to his side. He shed bitter tears and said, "I've done a great wrong and don't deserve to be your father." And he ran away, and to this day nobody knows what has become of him.

After that nobody dared to oppose her, and she made herself queen of the entire country. Music was played, and everyone danced until dawn.

[Assembled from Tale 267: The Liar; Tale 58: The Dog And The Sparrow; Tale 65: All Fur; Tale 94: The Clever Farmer's Daughter; Tale 230: Fragments (Snowflower); Tale 21: Cinderella; Tale 104: The Clever People; Tale 218: The Strange Feast; Tale 277: King Ironhead; Tale 52: King Thrushbeard; Tale 266: Little Kurt Bingeling; Tale 36: The Magic Table, The Golden Donkey, And The Club In The Sack; Tale 54: The Knapsack, The Hat, And The Horn; Tale 222: Okerlo]

The Twelfth New Tale

There once was a miller who lived in a mill. Isn't that a wonderful way to earn a living?

[Assembled from Tale 106: The Poor Miller's Apprentice And The Cat; Tale 131: Pretty Katrinelya And Pif Paf Poltree]

The Thirteenth New Tale

I want to tell you something.

There was a man whose wife had died, and a woman whose husband had died; and the man had a daughter and the woman also had a daughter. There was a woman who had three daughters. A father had two sons. A widow had two daughters, one who was beautiful and industrious, the other ugly and lazy. A poor man had twelve children and had to work day and night just to feed them. A merchant had two children, a boy and a girl, who were still infants and could not walk. A poor woodcutter lived with his wife and his two children on the edge of a large forest. A tailor had a son who turned out to be small, not much bigger than a thumb. A farmer had a son no bigger than a thumb.

A mother had a little boy of seven who was so fair and lovely that no one could look at him without treating him kindly. A sparrow had four young ones in a swallow's nest. A sorceress had three sons, and they loved each other dearly. A poor but pious girl lived alone with her mother. A man and his wife were sitting by the entrance to their house.

A discharged soldier had nothing to live on and no longer knew what to do with his life. A poor widow lived all alone in a small cottage, and in front of the cottage was a garden with two rosebushes. A man and his wife lived in a village, and the wife was so lazy that she never wanted to do any work. A poor woodcutter lived with his wife and three daughters on the edge of a lonely forest. A miller had three sons, a mill, a donkey, and a cat. A dog had loyally served a lion for many years. A rich farmer stood in his yard and looked over his field and gardens.

A poor pious peasant died and arrived at the gate to heaven. A tailor and a goldsmith were travelling together, and one evening, after the sun had set behind the mountains, they heard the

sound of distant music, which became more and more distinct. A poor man who was a day labourer, so to speak, had such sharp ears that he could hear the grass grow.

A merchant had done good business at the fair. An honest and diligent soldier had earned and saved some money because he had been industrious and had not squandered his earnings in the taverns as other soldiers had. As a peasant went to work in the fields, he said to his wife, 'Put the meat in some cabbage, and when it's finished, bring it to me in the field.'

A merchant wanted to take a journey, and he asked his three daughters what he should bring back for them. A king had three daughters, and he wanted to know which one loved him most. A carpenter and a turner wanted to see who could make the best piece of work. A king announced that whoever could tell the best lie would receive his daughter as a bride. Three lazy companions decided to make a bet with one another to decide who was the laziest among them. Twelve servants, who had done nothing all day long, did not want to exert themselves even by evening.

A farmer had a faithful horse that had grown old and could no longer do his work. A donkey was grazing on a hill where the bees were swarming around him. A blood sausage and a liver sausage had been friends for some time, and the blood sausage invited the liver sausage for a meal at her home. A lion had invited most of the animals to a meal, and when they began eating, some animal noticed that the pepper was missing. Little Kurt Bingeling drank from his mother's breast for seven years.

A carter's cart became stuck because it was carrying so much wine. A poor boy had to go outside and gather wood on a sled. A poor goose boy went walking along the bank of a large, turbulent river while looking after a flock of white geese. Three women were transformed into flowers that stood in a field.

A young princess was called Snowflower because she was white like snow and was born during the winter. A maiden was all alone in a large forest when a swan came up to her and gave her a ball of yarn. Two maidens were sitting on the edge of a well spinning.

A queen was sitting at a window made of ebony and began sewing. A king, who had three daughters, was sick and asked for some water from the well in his courtyard. A queen put her child out to sea in a golden cradle and let it float away.

All this took place a long time ago, most likely some two thousand years ago.

[Assembled from Tale 159: A Tall Tale From Ditmarsh; Tale 13: The Three Little Gnomes In The Forest; Tale 130: One-Eye, Two-Eyes, And Three-Eyes; Tale 4: A Tale About The Boy Who Went Forth To Learn What Fear Was; Tale 24: Mother Holle; Tale 44: Godfather Death; Tale 92: The King Of The Golden Mountain; Tale 15: Hansel And Gretel; Tale 45: Thumbling's Travels; Tale 90: The Young Giant; Tale 109: The Little Shroud; Tale 157: The Sparrow And His Four Children; Tale 197: The Crystal Ball; Tale 103: The Sweet Porridge; Tale 145: The Ungrateful Son; Tale 100: The Devil's Sooty Brother; Tale 161: Snow White And Rose Red; Tale 128: The Lazy Spinner; Tale 169: The House In The Forest; Tale 216: Puss In Boots; Tale 273: Why Dogs And Cats And Mice Are Enemies; Tale 195: The Grave Mound; Tale 167: The Peasant In Heaven; Tale 182: The Gifts Of The Little Folk; Tale 275: Sharp Ears, The Runner, The Blower, And The Strongman; Tale 232: The Crows; Tale 184: The Nail; Tale 247: Fool's Gold; Tale 248: The Winter Rose; Tale 223: Princess Mouseskin; Tale 226: The Carpenter And The Turner; Tale 267: The Liar; Tale 268: The Lazy Ones; Tale 151a: The Twelve Lazy Servants; Tale 132: The Fox And The Horse; Tale 262: The War Of The Wasps And The Donkey; Tale 218: The Strange Feast; Tale 274: Why Dogs Sniff One Another; Tale 266: Little Kurt Bingeling; Tale 207: The Blessed Virgin's Little Glass; Tale 200: The Golden Key; Tale 215: Death And The Goose Boy; Tale 160: A Tale With A Riddle; Tale 230a: Fragments (Snowflower); Tale 249: Prince Swan; Tale 245: The Golden Maiden; Tale 251: Snow White, Snow White, or The Unfortunate Child; Tale 243: The Three Daughters And The Frog King; Tale 222: Okerlo; Tale 47: The Juniper Tree]

Five Tributes To The Works Of Daniil Kharms

1.

The artist Michelangelo sits down on a heap of bricks and, propping his head in his hands, begins to think. How hard remembering is, and how easy forgetting.

"What's up with you? Are you ill?" asked Comrade Popugayev.

These words put Michelangelo into such a frenzy that he pressed a finger against one of his nostrils and through his other nostril blew snot at Popugayev.

And that was that.

[Assembled from the following Daniil Kharms' stories: On phenomena and existences - No. 1; The memoirs of a wise old man; Andrey Semyonovich; What they sell in the shops these days; Symphony no. 2]

2.

Khariton the peasant, having just downed some methylated spirit, was standing in front of the women with his trousers undone and uttering bad language.

"I've been waiting for you a whole hour!"

Having said this, he started to increase in height and, upon reaching the ceiling, he crumbled into a thousand little pellets.

A quite ordinary thing, but rather amusing

[Assembled from the following Daniil Kharms' stories: The start of a very nice summer's day (a symphony); What they sell in the shops these days; How a man crumbled; Symphony no. 2]

3.

An amazing thing happened to me today.

I had slight toothache and was not in the greatest of moods. A small dog, which had broken its hind leg, was sprawled on the pavement. Andrey Semyonovich sat down on his haunches and began to howl. Anton Mikhailovich spat, said "yuck", spat again, said "yuck" again, spat again, said "yuck" again and left. Fedya began shaking his head in denial. Koratygin clutched his head with his hands, fell over and died.

That's all.

[Assembled from the following Daniil Kharms' stories: A sonnet; The memoirs of a wise old man; The start of a very nice summer's day (a symphony); Andrey Semyonovich; Symphony no. 2; Fedya Davidovich; What they sell in the shops these days; On phenomena and existences - No. 1]

4.

Because of her excessive curiosity, an old lady fell out of the window and smashed into the ground. In this way a very nice summer's day started.

[Assembled from the following Daniil Kharms' stories: Falling old ladies; The start of a very nice summer's day (a symphony)]

5.

And that's just about all there is to it.

[Assembled from the following Daniil Kharms' stories: An encounter]

What Haruki Murakami Talks About When He Talks About Women

1.

I'd like to tell a story about a woman.

She was a small, slim girl. More cute than beautiful. The kind of face that, if you saw her on the street, you'd forget as soon as you passed by. A wide forehead, beautiful straight hair, her ears on the large side for her build. A small nose, out of balance with the size of her mouth.

She was wearing a sleeveless white dress and her hair had a citrusy shampoo scent. Her accessories and makeup, too, were low-key yet refined. Plus, she wore thick glasses.

She practiced yoga every other day at a gym and had a flat, toned stomach. One afternoon I kissed her small yet full lips and touched her breasts through her bra. Her breasts weren't particularly big, or particularly small. When she smiled, two charming little lines formed beside her lips.

She reached out and gently took my hard penis in her hand. Her vagina was wet, and moved smoothly, naturally, like some living being. She was on the pill, so I could come freely inside her. She had four orgasms in total, every single one genuine, if you can believe it.

While we had sex we hardly said a word. When she looked at me, it was as though she was ignoring the outside (granted it wasn't much to look at anyway) and could see right through me, down to the depths of my being.

I think what makes me feel sad about the girls I knew growing old is that it forces me to admit, all over again, that my youthful dreams are gone forever.

[Taken from the following works by Haruki Murakami: the short stories On A Stone Pillow and With The Beatles; and the novels Killing Commendatore and Colorless Tsukuru Tazaki And His Years of Pilgrimage]

2.

This first girlfriend of mine was petite and charming.

There was nothing special about her face. Her features were not unattractive, but her face lacked focus, so that the impression she left was somehow blurry. She had really strong, healthy-looking teeth. Her large, protruding ears were like satellite dishes placed in some remote landscape. Dressed or undress, she looked five years younger than she was, with pure white skin and beautifully rounded, modestly sized breasts.

That day she wore a white T-shirt, faded jeans, and pink sneakers. Her black hair tossed about, supple as a willow branch in a strong wind. It was hard to believe that this girl - small, bony, with a not-so-great complexion - was the same girl who, the night before, had screamed out passionately in my arms, in the winter moonlight.

[Taken from the following works by Haruki Murakami: the short stories With The Beatles, Scheherazade, On A Stone Pillow and Drive My Car; and the novels Killing Commendatore and Colorless Tsukuru Tazaki And His Years of Pilgrimage]

3.

The waitress had mammoth breasts, the buttons on her uniform ready to burst. She was a housewife from a provincial city well on the road to middle age and running to flab (in fact it looked as if every nook and cranny had been filled with putty), with jowls and lines webbing the corners of her eyes. The rolls of fat started just below her ears and sloped gently down to her shoulders. No matter how you looked at her she was hardly a beauty, and there was something off-putting about her face, as Oba had suggested.

She was watching me and waved. Her long hair was a silky lustrous black. She had on a white blouse with a round collar and a navy-blue cardigan. It always surprised me, the variety of clothes mature women wore.

Her legs were beautiful, and her stockings matched her black high-heeled shoes. She had on very simple white panties. But, when she took them off, the crotch was damp. It was so beautiful I had to look away.

[Taken from the following works by Haruki Murakami: the short stories Scheherazade, Hunting Knife, Drive My Car, Where I'm Likely To Find It, and Yesterday; and the novels Killing Commendatore and Colorless Tsukuru Tazaki And His Years of Pilgrimage]

4.

The first woman I slept with was in her late twenties. She wasn't exactly a standout in terms of looks.

My guess was she had recently had plastic surgery. Stuck up, flat-chested, with a funny-looking nose and a none-too-wonderful personality. A detailed examination of her face from the front revealed that the size and shape of her ears were significantly different, the left one much bigger and malformed. Her eyes were big for the size of her face (with large pupils, which made her resemble a fairy). Ten years earlier, she might well have been a lively and attractive young woman, perhaps even turned a few heads.

The mere sight of her sent a violent shudder through me. Which, in turn, conjured up vague memories of oral sex. I may have felt that way because I really did have shame and guilt in my heart.

[Taken from the following works by Haruki Murakami: the short stories Where I'm Likely To Find It, Yesterday, Scheherazade and With The Beatles; and the novels Killing Commendatore and 1Q84]

Appendices: Notes And Annotations

All these pieces are experiments in cut-ups, taking apart fiction by various authors and trying to recreate something new that at least somewhat approximates the style and tone of the originals. Whether or not I succeeded is another matter entirely, of course.

All these copyrights are not my own.

1. Title And Cover (2021)

The cover image (and the title of this collection) is an edited page from the Brothers Grimm fairy tale The Singing Bone, and taken from the book The Complete First Edition: The Original Folk And Fairy Tales Of The Brothers Grimm, translated and edited by Jack Zipes (page 91 of this wonderful book, in fact).

I made this on December 30th, 2021 (up until then I was going to call this collection All These Words Are Not My Own, but this was the closest i could get).

Edition

The Complete First Edition: The Original Folk And Fairy Tales Of The Brothers Grimm - Translated And Edited By Jack Zipes
Princeton University Press - 2014 - ISBN: 9780691160597
UK Hardback Edition

2. Five Entries Recovered From Jorge Luis Borges' Imaginary Book Of Beings (2021)

These five entries were all assembled from various imaginary beings listed in Jorge Luis Borges *The Book Of Imaginary Beings*, adhering to the following rules:

1. Each sentence should be from a different entry from the preceding and following sentences.
2. Each sentence should be used whole.

Minor changes to names, genders, tenses, etc were allowed, to maintain consistency. In two places I added an extra linking word that wasn't in the original source at all, outrageously, to ease the flow between sentences ('but', in the first instance, 'yet' in the second).

These were all assembled between December 2nd, and December 13th, 2021.

Key

(entry)
[changed text]
{omitted text}
<added text>

Edition

The Book Of Imaginary Beings - Jorge Luis Borges (with Margarita Guerrero)
Translated by Norman Thomas di Giovanni
Penguin - 1974 - ISBN: 0140037098
UK Paperback Edition

The World

Plato thought the World to be a living being and in the Laws {(898)} stated that the planets and stars were living as well. (Animals In The Form Of Spheres) Others have it that the earth has its foundation on the water; the water, on the crag, the crag on the bull's forehead; the bull, on a bed of sand; the sand on the [World]; [the World], on a stifling wind; the stifling wind on a mist. (Bahamut) Leonardo da Vinci had it that the [World] fed on fire and in this way renewed its skin. (The Salamander) In another version of the myth, [the World], burning red-hot, would put its arms around a man and kill him. (Talos)

What lies under the mist is unknown. (Bahamut)

Heaven

Down the ages, [Heaven] (also known as [Hell]) grows increasingly ugly and horrendous until today it is forgotten. (The Basilisk)

Four centuries before the Christian era, [Heaven] was a magnification of the elephant or of the hippopotamus, or a mistaken and alarmist version of these animals{; it is now - precisely - the ten famous verses

describing it in Job (XL: 15-24) and the huge being which these lines revoke}. (Behemoth) In India [Heaven] is a domestic animal. (The Elephant That Foretold The Birth Of Buddha) During the Renaissance, the idea of Heaven as an animal reappeared in Lucilio Vanini{; the Neoplatonist Marsilio Ficino spoke of the hair, teeth, and bones of the earth; and Giordano Bruno felt that the planets were great peaceful animals, warm-blooded, with regular habits, and endowed with reason}. (Animals In The Form Of Spheres) In sixteenth-century South America, the name was given by the Spanish Conquistadors to a mysterious animal - mysterious because nobody ever saw it well enough to know whether it was a bird or a mammal, whether it had feathers or fur. (The Carbuncle) In the story 'William Wilson' by Poe, [Heaven] is the hero's conscience. (The Double)

[Heaven], in Greek, means 'that which looks downward'. (The Catoblepas) 'A vain or foolish fancy' is the definition of [Heaven] that we now find in dictionaries. (The Chimera)

The Mirror

We do not know what the [Mirror] looks like. (The Unicorn Of China) So immense and dazzling is [it] that the eyes of man cannot bear its sight. (Bahamut)

Sir Thomas Browne gives this description of it in his *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* (1646): (The Barometz)

"The [Mirror] has the ability to assume many shapes, but these are inscrutable. (The Eastern Dragon) Often for months on end [it] is not to be seen; then [it] has presumably moved into other houses; but [it] always comes faithfully back to our house again. (The Odradek) Its beauty delights the other animals, which would all flock to it were it not for the [Mirror's] terrible stare. (The Panther)"

Both Brahmanism and Buddhism offer hells full of [Mirrors], which, like Dante's Cerberus, are torturers of souls. (Cerberus) This same story is told in the Arabian Nights, in St. Brendan's legend, and in Milton's Paradise Lost, which shows us the [Mirror] 'slumbering on the Norway foam'. (Fastitocalon)

In those days the world of mirrors and the world of men were not, as they are now, cut off from each other. (Fauna Of Mirrors) Chuang Tzu tells us of a determined man who at the end of three thankless years mastered the art of slaying [Mirrors], and for the rest of his days was not given a single chance to put his art into practice. (The Chinese Dragon)

It is long now indeed since I dreamed that I saw the [Mirror]. (The Chinese Phoenix)

The Half

Suggested or stimulated by reflections in mirrors and in water and by twins, the idea of the Double is common to many countries. (The Double) <But> among the monstrous creatures of the *Temptation* is the [Half], which 'has only one eye, one cheek, one hand, one leg, half a torso and half a heart'. (The Nasnas) It is also said that it can see with its whole body and that to the touch it is like the skin of a peach. (A Bao A Qu) Also that if it is chopped in half, its two parts will join again. (The Amphisbaena)

According to the Greeks and Romans, [Halves] lived in Africa. (The Lamias) Pliny (VII, 3) says he saw a [Half] embalmed in honey that had been brought to Rome from Egypt in the reign of Claudius. (The Centaur) This outdoes even the boldest, most imaginative piece of fiction. (The Zaratan)

Women

Paracelsus limited their dominion to water, but the ancients thought the world was full of [Women]. (The Nymphs) Little is known about what they look[ed] like, except that they [were] tiny and sinister (The Elves). Many authorities thought of them as witches; others as evil monsters (The Lamias). The Chinese paint [them] on their dishes in order to warn against self-indulgence. (The T'ao T'ieh)

<Yet> in the ballad of Athis, we read: (The Western Dragon)

"Earthly things are but emblems of heavenly things. (Swedenborg's Angels) And [we] wonder{s} at [their] song." (An Animal Imagined By CS Lewis)

3. In The Terminals Of Minraud (a William Burroughs Trilogy) (2019)

In The Terminals Of Minraud is a trilogy of short stories assembled entirely out of sentences from assorted William Burroughs novels. The three stories were assembled using five different Burroughs novels (*Junky*, *Naked Lunch*, *The Ticket That Exploded*, *The Soft Machine*, and *The Place Of Dead Roads*), and adhering to the following rules (although in the end I broke them a couple of times in places):

1. Each sentence should be from a different book from the preceding and following sentences.

2. Each sentence should be used whole.

(Minor changes to names, genders, tenses, etc were allowed, to maintain consistency.)

March My Captive Head was assembled on August 26th, 2019

Last Of The Gallant Heroes was assembled on September 7th, 2019

Fading My Name Through Dying Air was assembled on September 8th, 2019

Key

(book - page number)

[changed text]

{omitted text}

<added text>

Abbreviations Of Titles

J - Junky

NL - Naked Lunch

PDR - The Place Of Dead Roads

SM - The Soft Machine

TTE - The Ticket That Exploded

Editions

Junky: The Definitive Text Of 'Junk' - William S. Burroughs
Penguin Classics - 2008 - ISBN: 978-0-141-18982-6

Naked Lunch - William Burroughs
Flamingo - 1993 - ISBN: 0-586-08560-2

The Place Of Dead Roads - William Burroughs
Fourth Estate - 2010 - ISBN: 978-0-00-734193-1

The Soft Machine - William Burroughs
Fourth Estate - 2010 - ISBN: 978-0-00-734191-7

The Ticket That Exploded - William Burroughs
Fourth Estate - 2010 - ISBN: 978-0-00-734192-4

All editions UK publications

March My Captive Head, {Her Captive In Minraud Time Streets} (SM-58)

There was not much left of Nick. (J-36) The face was broken. (TTE-99) Huge grey eyes with tiny black pupils that seem to spit needles. (NL-79) From his mouth floated coal gas and violets. (SM-100) He did not have the concentration of energy necessary to hold himself together and his organism was always on the point of disintegrating into its component parts. (J-83) On his T-shirt is ETERNITY in rainbow letters. (PDR-211)

In the distance muffled explosions like dynamite in jelly. (TTE-147) The war between the sexes split the planet into armed camps right down the middle. (SM-110) The doctor did not seem to hear. (NL-152)

"When the fog lifts you can see their fucking church sticking up. (PDR-53) Let's have that shot," [Nick] said. (J-113)

The doctor was sitting in a surgical chair of gleaming nickel. (SM-45) "One day perhaps you will learn the meaning of patience." (NL-151)

The room was empty with white tile floors and walls. (SM-116) As the shot of apomorphine cut through poisons of Minraud he felt a tingling numbness. (TTE-79) His hair [stood] up on end. (PDR-26) Conversation slackened. (J-53)

But the subway is moving. (NL-17) Riot noises moving closer. (TTE-118) Several nearby fags raise their heads like animals scenting danger. (NL-126) Learn to sit back and watch. (TTE-125) Red haired green eyed boy[s], white skin with a few freckles. (NL-79) Some people you can spot as far as you can see; others you can't be sure of until you are close enough to touch them. (J-117) The boys puffed blue smoke two bodies fuzzing the web one shuddering white tile walls in polar distance blue haloes flickering. (SM-117)

The doctor nodded. (J-82) It's time. (PDR-134) [They] got off the subway and began to walk on snow-covered sidewalks between tenements. (J-4)

"Certain things simply must not be allowed to change; otherwise, WE ARE COMPLETELY FUCKED." (PDR-174) The Old Doctor reeled out onto the platform. (TTE-110)

"Do I have another appointment?" (NL-153) Hands on his belt [Nick] hesitated. (TTE-91)

The doctor stopped chuckling. (NL-150) "Will you be settling your account today Mr Jones?" (SM-82) The doctor's voice was barely audible. (NL-157)

The man was smiling, flapping vapor like rusty swamp smell. (TTE-32) Sunset through black clouds. (PDR-82) It was the end of the line. (J-32)

"You can't - You can't - You can't." (TTE-65)

"Why not?" (PDR-163)

"I'm almost without medicine." (SM-73)

"Where can you go, [Nick]?" (NL-157)

"I'm going home." (TTE-114)

"You can't deny your blood kid," (SM-107) {He might} said the doctor, and walked away before [Nick] could say anything else. (J-83)

And there was the dirigible ahead, moored to a tower. (PDR-226)

When [Nick] got back to the house he told his father about it in the attic his father used as a studio. (SM-83) Kim noted the frayed cuffs, the cracked shoes. (PDR-112)

"In the terminals of Minraud (SM-58), the car is waiting to take us to the fiesta. (PDR-248) As far as the eye can see, nothing but replicas," [Nick] says. (NL-133) "Fights erupt like sandstorms, through iron streets a wake of shattered bodies, heads bouncing into the void, hands clutching bank notes from gambling fights." (SM-111)

Kim [sat] paralyzed like a man who has received a mortal wound, every drop of life ebbing out of him. (PDR-174) It was impossible to tell just how much of this story [he] was expected to believe. (J-41)

"The boy ejaculates blood over the flower floats. (SM-68) An orchid with brilliant red and green flowers hanging over the swamp mud." (TTE-102) Nick had a deprecating little laugh that he used for punctuation. (NL-170) "We waded into the warm mud-water. (SM-127) Arachnid is a grimly unattractive young man with a long face of a strange, slate-blue color. (NL-143). He strapped on his camera gun and walked along ancient paths and stone bridges over canals where the fish people swirled sending up color bubbles of orgasm that broke on the iridescent surfaces. (TTE-72) He is as specialized as an insect, for the performance of some inconceivably vile function. (J-93)

"[We] came to a street half-buried in sand. (TTE-95) [I] could feel the phantom touch of the lens on [my] body, light as a breath of wind. (PDR-82) Records of the city rotting. (TTE-52) In a dusty shop window of trusses and plaster feet, a severed head on sand, red ants crawling through nose and lips. (SM-58) June, July and August walk on. (TTE-113)

"On the sea wall met a boy in red and white T-shirt under a circling albatross. (SM-37) He looked at [me], sick animal eyes gone out dying inside, hopeless fear reflecting the face of death. (NL-51) And looking into his bright blank eyes I saw that he was. (J-126) Too quiet like they say in old Westerns. (TTE-111) Time runs out. (PDR-210) There was nothing there but cloth that fell in a heap on the floor leaking grey dust." (TTE-85)

The [father] holds up a restraining hand. (PDR-191)

"That's enough..." (TTE-144) He got up, stretched and yawned. (SM-80)

"Well, no, that's the whole story. (J-77) {Being} The story of a 14 year old boy that died in the invasion." (SM-82)

"What is it you do, [Nick]?" [Kim] asked politely, in the accents of an educated man. (J-73)

"Only those for whom the knowledge is intended will find it.." (PDR-107) He went through a pantomime of fixing his hair. (SM-103) "You must understand that an undercover agent witnesses the most execrable

cruelties while he waits helpless to intervene, sometimes for many years, before he can make a definitive arrest." (TTE-44)

"What really happened?" Kim asks. (PDR-177)

<Nick> makes a folding motion with his hands. (TTE-122) There was no other place for him to go. (J-89)

"There were at least two parasites one sexual the other cerebral working together the way parasites will. (TTE-112) But a new factor, something that nobody has seen before, is changing the familiar aspect of disaster like the slow beginnings of a disease, so that no one can say just when it began. (J-88) All out of time and into space. (SM-113) And what is remarkable it seems to be the only or certainly the predominating flora. (PDR-222)

"We are turning into plants. (J-123) You can't breathe in fake lungs." (PDR-156)

"Are you crazy?" [Kim] said. (J-68)

Wait a bit. (SM-32) "Lord, Lord, I don't even feel like a human." (J-83) He looked at [Kim] and smiled (NL-167).

"The whole structure of reality went up in silent explosions. (SM- 114) The valley was desert, and it will be desert again. (J-88) Eternity yawning on the sands. (PDR-211)

"During the months that followed I worked in the fields (SM-55). Crabs sidle from cone-shaped nests. (TTE-119) Everything looks different, sharper. (J-84) Pool covered with green slime in a ruined French garden. (NL-100) Surges of silence ebbing from ruined suburbs. (TTE-53) Hail of crystal skulls shattered the greenhouse to slivers in the winter moon. (NL-100) Flowers and seeds and mist settle down from high jungle above the city." (SM-111) He put a cigarette to his mouth, tapped his pockets, and turned his hands out. (TTE-83) "Everything is leaking." (SM-120)

"My dear, it's quite folkloric." (PDR-127)

[Nick] was annoyed to find himself blushing. (NL-151) He straighten[ed] up and sees a face not tears at first. (PDR-69) His <father's> eyes are normally invisible behind black glasses. (NL-127)

At the end of three weeks he indicated the time [had] come to operate. (SM-53) He looked like a corpse slumped there on the dirty, unmade bed, his limp arm stretched out, a drop of blood slowly gathering at the elbow. (J-43)

Kim walk[ed] over to the old railroad. (PDR-68) [He] felt the sharp nostalgia of train whistles, piano music down a city street, burning leaves. (J-105) [He] fled down quintillions of years {but they scented me}. (PDR-215)

Last Of The Gallant Heroes (SM-129)

In moments of excitement Salvador is apt to lapse into broken English.
(NL-127)

"Throw it into wind Jack. (SM-68) It's a real Hollywood Spectacular." (PDR 228)

The air [was] cloyed with a sweet evil substance like decayed honey.
(NL-68) I smoked some and felt a little dizzy and my throat hurt. (J-122)

Licensed assassins are the new elite. (PDR-148) I looked at him. (J-108) We were the only riders and as soon as the car started we slipped off our shorts. (TTE-58) [I] moved in for a close-up of the boy's flank and took his shirt off followed the pants down, circled the pubic hair forest in slow autogyros, zeroed in for the first stirrings of tumescence, swooping from the stiffening blood tube to the boy's face, sucking eyes with neon proboscis, licking testicles and rectum. (SM-93)

He laughed. (J-118) "You trying to push me down the tone scale, baby?" (TTE-109)

And [I] glimpsed a hidden meaning, a forgotten language, sniggering half-heard words of tenderness and doom from lips spotted with decay that send the blood racing to [my] crotch and singing in [my] ears as [my] penis stretches, sways, and stiffens naked lust surfaces in [my] face from the dark depth of human origins. (PDR-82)

So I am a public agent and don't know who I work for, get my instructions from street signs, newspapers and pieces of conversation I snap out of the air the way a vulture will tear entrails from other mouth. (SM-18) I've had every weapon in three galaxies pulled on me one time or another. (TTE-112)

Happiness is a by-product of function. (PDR-210) It is a long trip. (TTE-1) Time jumps like a broken typewriter. (PDR-200) In the terminals of Minraud (SM-58), I woke up in the silent dripping dawn. (TTE-8)

The paper and the embassy had warned me that I would be on my own, a thousand years from any help. (SM-53) [I] know the risks and make preparations. (PDR-162)

Naked except for a quiver of silver arrows and a bow, [Salvador] radiated a calm disdainful authority. (TTE-73) His face, devoid of human expression, molded by total function and purpose, blazes with an inner light. (PDR-181) He look[ed] at the ceiling, hands behind his head, cock pulsing. (NL-81)

"Finnies nous attendons une bonne chance!" (SM-124)

Time to be up and be gone. (PDR-110)

Every citizen of Annexia was required to apply for and carry on his person at all times a whole portfolio of documents. (NL-31) You can't

fake it any more than you can fake a painting, a poem, an invention, or a meal for that matter. (PDR-154) It won't do you a bit of good on the trip that you're gonna take. (TTE-112) You need entirely too much. (PDR-44)

The town is built over a vast mud flat criss-crossed by stagnant canals, the buildings on stilts joined by a maze of bridges and cat-walks extend up from the mud flats into higher ground surrounded by tree columns and trailing vines, the whole area presenting the sordid and dilapidated air of a declining frontier post or an abandoned carnival. (SM-62)

A premonition of doom hangs over the valley. (J-88) The scene looks like a tinted postcard. (PDR-268) Silence - Solitude. (TTE-99) Streets with flame gates. (SM-109) Rings of Saturn in the morning sky. (TTE-64)

I was subject to hallucinations as a child. (J-xxxvii) Flashes in front of my eyes naked and sullen. (SM-76) Cows driven into the slaughter chutes. (PDR-155) Poisoned pigeons rain[ing] from the Northern Lights. (NL-158) Bodies rolled on the pallet leaving trails of flesh. (SM-59) Smell of blood and excrement in the Tangier streets. (TTE-94) Afterbirth of a withered grey monkey. (NL-184) [I] learned to use the shield of constant alertness, to see everybody on the street before they saw [me]. (PDR-176) Your mind will answer most questions if you learn to relax and wait for the answer. (NL-170)

Well, things start to go wrong. (PDR-91)

The street blew rain from solitude of morning, mixture of dawn and dream in doorways. (TTE-53) Darkness fell in heavy chunks blocking out sections of the city. (SM-59) We were walking up tenement stairs. (J-4) Rusty tracks overgrown with weeds. (PDR-83)

The building I never quite saw was the armory. (SM-77) In the doorway [Salvador] stumbled over a pile of rags that smelled of urine and pulque. (TTE-85) His voice falls flat and heavy in the damp air. (NL-49)

"What is word?" (TTE-113)

The centipede nuzzle[d] the iron door rusted to thin black paper by the urine of a million fairies. (NL-158) It was about two feet in length of a translucent green color. (TTE-72)

Only one blast to free the lungs. (NL-96) Another shot in the side of the head and it rolled sideways, kicked three times, and died. (PDR-222)

"Who's that at the door?" (SM-91)

Bradley stood naked with ten subjects in a room lined with metal mirrors. (TTE-4) He was putting away his instruments. (J-116) Couples attached to baroque harnesses with artificial wings copulate in the air, screaming like magpies. (NL-72) Pulsing human skin stuck to faces half-remembered. (TTE-58)

"Hello, [Jack]," he trills, a ghostly child voice from a haunted attic. (PDR-100) "Long long expected call from you." (SM-83)

"I told you I would come." (TTE-79)

"What's the commission? (NL-143) No one of your race has ever been here before." (TTE-98)

Without waiting for my answer he sat down not in a rude or objectionable manner but as if he belonged there looking at me with a familiar style. (SM-76) I felt the concussion of [Bradley]'s shot before I heard it. (NL-168)

"You're dripping blood all over the floor." (J-83)

He laughed, black insect laughter that seemed to serve some obscure function of orientation like a bat's squeak. (NL-52)

"If the mortality rate seems high we must realize that Nature is a ruthless teacher." (PDR-43) The man put on a tape of Arab drum music. (TTE-84) "After all they're only human cattle." (SM-107)

Bradl[e]y sat in a booth and electrodes were attached to his skull and penis and lips. (TTE-56) They cut off tiny bits of their flesh and gr[e]w exact replicas of themselves in embryo jelly. (NL-133) From a remote Polar distance I could see the doctor separate the two halves of [their] bodies and fitting together a composite being. (SM-53)

"Life is so *beautiful*! (PDR-142) I can only advise you to leave the area." (NL-43)

And Bradl[e]y fell slowly into the deep uterine sleep, frog boys curled between his legs and under his arms and on his chest streaked with iridescent slime from their sucker paws. (TTE-73)

The room seems to shake and vibrate with motion. (NL-91) Blood runs in the pale door. (TTE-97) There's just no place to go. (SM-107)

I know now when it is too late what we are up against: a biologic weapon that reduces healthy clean-minded men to abject slobbering inhuman things undoubtedly of virus origins. (TTE-4) These creatures are transparent like a heat wave, just the outline and the colors that flush through them and you can hear the whirr of wings hovering over you. (PDR-235)

And if there is one thing that carries over from one human host to another and established identity of the controller it is habit. (TTE-45) It is a humming sound that buzzes out of the larynx through the teeth, which are bared like wild dogs in the act of speech. (PDR-190)

They looked up from their work. (TTE-32) [Salvador] stands there all square-jawed and stern and noble like the Virginian getting set to hang his best friend for rustling the sacred cows on which the West is built. [PDR-125] Naked and sullen his street boy senses darted around the room for scraps of advantage. (SM-28)

Shoot your way to freedom. (NL-96)

KAPOW KAPOW KAPOW (PDR-147)

Shooting from the floor, [he] snapped two quick shots into [Bradley]'s belly[...]. (NL-168)

One after the other, they fell away. (J-49)

Juxtapositions of light made this dream. (TTE-52) Excitement ran through me floating sensation. (PDR-69) We could still hear [Bradley] out on the street. (J-14)

Scores are coming in. (SM-68) [Salvador] does an insolent bump as he drills the sheriff right in the heart, and then just for jolly a quick shot to the head, which being a can of tomatoes with the top rusted explodes in a splash of red. (PDR-68)

Empty all the hate faces sucked into fear. (TTE-122) A frog-faced deputy sidles out of a doorway. (PDR-68) Ghost hands twisted together in stone shapes. (TTE-68) It is a man from the waist up and below that a giant spider covered with red hairs. (PDR-39)

But [Salvador] is unperturbed. (J-93) A shotgun blast catches [the deputy] in the side of the neck, nearly blowing his head off, he is falling against [the sheriff]'s horse streaking blood down the saddle, dead before he hits the street. (PDR-163)

[I] could see people running now suddenly collapse to a heap of clothes. (TTE-85) A bearded man falls slowly forward with a dreamy Christlike expression, a blue hole between his eyes from [Salvador's] 32-20, brains spattering out the back of his head like scrambled eggs. (PDR-77)

A flicker pause and the light shrank and the audience sound a vast muttering in [Salvador]'s voice. (SM-44)

"Quien es?" (PDR-58) [Salvador] spoke in his dead, junky whisper. [NL-52] His eyes touched me inside. (TTE-22) "Quédase con su medicina." (SM-8)

[I] feel{s} a numbing blow in the chest, sucking, grasping for breath that won't come. (PDR-191) I look down at the end (SM-49). What have I my friend to give? (TTE-103)

The birds drop and flutter to the ground, feathers drifting in dawn winds. (PDR-84) And the idiot irresponsibles scream. (SM-113)

Well, these are the simple facts of the case and I guess I ought to know. (TTE-112) 223 dead. (SM-77) The bodies were decomposed when found and identification was based on documents clothes and wrist watches. (SM-124) No one can ever say they did time because of me. (NL-167) When you ask Death for his credentials you are dead. (PDR-181)

The Frisco Kid he never returns. (TTE-95) [Salvador's] body will remain here intact in deep freeze. (SM-52) The only thing I remember about his face is that he wore glasses. (J-77) Other thoughts and memories separated like mold. (TTE-65) The water we live in is time. (PDR-43)

My own injuries were slight as usual and I was discharged from the hospital two days later. (SM-77) There was a raw ache through my lungs. (J-76) Silence to say goodbye. [TTE-142]

When I hit the street, I slipped and skidded on the wet sidewalk. (J-33) The night air, balmy and cool round the edges, fanned [my] body. (PDR-216) I was in a hysterical rage, though exactly why I cannot, in retrospect, understand. (J-109)

Fading My Name Through Dying Air (TTE-123)

So choose your color kid. (SM-92) Stand a little back from the game. (TTE-150) Face to the west. (PDR-58) Pretend an interest. (SM-69) Get it out of your head and into the machines. (TTE-126)

Abruptly the city ends. (PDR-249) Tentative half impressions that dissolve in light. (NL-172) Grey shadow on a distant wall. (SM-60) The putrid smell of rotten blood hangs over cities of the world like smog. (PDR-228)

I don't know how he got the address. (J-42) The Empress Hotel is in a rundown shabby area on the edge of a rural slum with shops selling jellied eels and blood pudding. (PDR-171)

In a room with metal walls magnetic mobiles under flickering blue light and smell of ozone. (TTE-48) There was a jar of KY on a glass shelf. (NL-152) The waiter was singing through his disk mouth a bubbling cave song. (SM-59)

There are two drummers at the bar drinking beer. (PDR-51) He looked around resentfully, as though what he saw was unfamiliar and distasteful. (J-67) She puts on a record, metallic cocaine be-bop. (NL-81) In Minraud time. (SM-58) Screaming neon in the throat. (TTE-66)

A portentously inconspicuous man, grey beard and grey face and shabby djebella, sings in slight unplaceable accent without opening his lips. (NL-118) *"A violet by a mossy stone/Half hidden from the eye!"* (PDR-100) I handed him a brief case of bank notes and he faded into the shadows furtive and seedy as an old junky. (SM-53)

"You trying to short-time someone, Jack?" (TTE-109)

[I] look{s} up. (PDR-174) Doolie looked at me and sucked on his cigarette. (J-41) We [were] both emaciated now. (TTE-77)

"You know the answer to that a lot better than I do." (J-59) The words came out so ugly [I] surprised and shocked [my]self. (NL-168)

I ordered two beers, and he went on telling me how he was accustomed to reciprocate. (J-58) The waiter set down a flat limestone shell of squid bodies and crab claws. (SM-59)

"Have a cigarette," he said. (J-69)

[I] drew the black berry smoke deep into [my] lungs and symbol language of an ancient rotting kingdom bloomed in [my] brain like Chinese flowers. (TTE-68) The effect was uncanny. (J-3) A sweet metal taste burned through stomach intestines and genitals. (SM-59)

Our faces swelled under the eyes and our lips got thicker through some glandular action of the drug. (J-123) On the smoldering metal [I] saw a giant crab claw snapping. (TTE-85) I noticed that my mouth was bone dry. (J-33)

"I'm going now. (TTE-123) Don't ever look back, kid." (NL-179)

I pulled [him] back and [he] threatened me. (J-111)

"Ain't it a bit unhealthy to know as much as you know? (PDR-197) Because all Agents defect and all Resistors sell out..." (NL-163)

Suddenly we are both awake. (PDR-134)

"The very same thing occurred to me. (NL-130) When you stop growing, you start dying." (J-xl)

"Don't look so frightened young man. (NL-151) I've told you ten times. (TTE-88) Just a professional joke." (NL-151) He made a gesture of a plane flying upwards at a steep angle. (SM-104) "It's more complicated than you think." (TTE-87)

"I don't know what you're talking about now," <I> said {Clutch}. (J-74)

"The zone has been nationalized. (PDR-201) I'm leaving town." (NL-69)

When I told him of my plan to make an expedition to the interior of the island he said it would be impossible {to obtain any native guides or bearers to obtain any native guides or bearers since the disease is supposed to have its origin in the swamps and jungles of the interior}. (TTE-75)

"The needle is stopped. (J-113) We have no such powers my son." (SM-83) He stands poised on his toes like a ballet dancer. (PDR-221) "Return to base immediately." (SM-108)

Clearly the interview is at an end. (NL-68) I kept on drinking. (J-114) Empty, sad as the graves of dying peoples. (PDR-210)

Thawing hurts. (TTE-102)

The cellar is full of light. (SM-121) Doolie sick was an unnerving sight. (J-48) He crumpled there on the steps and now looking at me silent as all the red hair and smudged freckles and red flesh of the world flushed through him blurring his face out of focus the red swirls and blurs. (TTE-148) And there was a blast of hate from the heavy heart of an old servant. (SM-126) "We regard it as a misfortune..." (NL-150)

I felt a sudden pity for the violated veins and tissue. (J-105) He starts to say, You'll be all right, bursts into tears instead. (PDR-165)

Then the dotted line. (TTE-32)

"This man is never to be recalled or reclassified." (J-xl)

This is no longer true. (J-120) Few beat the house, (SM-68) but no one will talk about anything very long. (NL-136)

I stayed off the junk. (J-116)

Fadeout. (NL-79)

Shut the whole machine off. (TTE-132)

4. The New Brothers Grimm (2020)

With these I took sentences, paragraphs, and fragments of original Brothers Grimm tales (all from the same volume of collected tales), and then re-assembled them into something new.

Minor changes to names, genders, tenses, etc were made here and there, as usual, but while I tried not to use consecutive sentences from the same work in the other pieces in this collection, here I occasionally use not just consecutive sentences but whole paragraphs from a single tale. This was done because it's sort of in keeping with how fairy tales are often just remixes of each other anyway, so it seemed thematically acceptable.

That's my excuse and I'm keeping to it.

These were all assembled in February and March of 2020.

Key

(tale number)
[changed text]
{omitted text}
<added text>

Used Tales (by number)

Tale 4: A Tale About The Boy Who Went Forth To Learn What Fear Was
Tale 6: Faithful Johannes
Tale 7: The Good Bargain
Tale 9: The Twelve Brothers
Tale 13: The Three Little Gnomes In The Forest
Tale 15: Hansel And Gretel
Tale 16: The Three Snake Leaves
Tale 19: The Fisherman And His Wife
Tale 21: Cinderella
Tale 24: Mother Holle
Tale 29: The Devil With The Three Golden Hairs
Tale 32: Clever Hans
Tale 36: The Magic Table, The Golden Donkey, And The Club In The Sack
Tale 37: Thumbling
Tale 40: The Robber Bridegroom
Tale 44: Godfather Death
Tale 45: Thumbling's Travels
Tale 46: Fitcher's Bird
Tale 47: The Juniper Tree
Tale 52: King Thrushbeard
Tale 53: Snow White
Tale 54: The Knapsack, The Hat, And The Horn
Tale 57: The Golden Bird
Tale 58: The Dog And The Sparrow
Tale 63: The Three Feathers
Tale 65: All Fur
Tale 69: Jorinda and Joringel
Tale 76: The Pink Flower
Tale 84: Hans Gets Married
Tale 90: The Young Giant
Tale 92: The King Of The Golden Mountain
Tale 93: The Raven
Tale 94: The Clever Farmer's Daughter
Tale 100: The Devil's Sooty Brother
Tale 103: The Sweet Porridge
Tale 104: The Clever People
Tale 105: Tales About Toads
Tale 106: The Poor Miller's Apprentice And The Cat
Tale 109: The Little Shroud
Tale 116: The Blue Light
Tale 117: The Stubborn Child

Tale 121: *The Prince Who feared Nothing*
Tale 128: *The Lazy Spinner*
Tale 130: *One-Eye, Two-Eyes, And Three-Eyes*
Tale 131: *Pretty Katrinelya And Pif Paf Poltree*
Tale 132: *The Fox And The Horse*
Tale 134: *The Six Servants*
Tale 136: *Iron Hans*
Tale 137: *The Three Black Princesses*
Tale 144: *The Donkey*
Tale 145: *The Ungrateful Son*
Tale 147: *The Rejuvenated Little Old Man*
Tale 151a: *The Twelve Lazy Servants*
Tale 157: *The Sparrow And His Four Children*
Tale 159: *A Tall Tale From Ditmarsh*
Tale 160: *A Tale With A Riddle*
Tale 161: *Snow White And Rose Red*
Tale 167: *The Peasant In Heaven*
Tale 168: *Lean Lisa*
Tale 169: *The House In The Forest*
Tale 174: *The Owl*
Tale 177: *The Messengers Of Death*
Tale 179: *The Goose Girl At The Spring*
Tale 181: *The Nixie In The Pond*
Tale 182: *The Gifts Of The Little Folk*
Tale 184: *The Nail*
Tale 185: *The Poor Boy In The Grave*
Tale 186: *The True Bride*
Tale 187: *The Hare And The Hedgehog*
Tale 192: *The Master Thief*
Tale 193: *The Drummer*
Tale 195: *The Grave Mound*
Tale 197: *The Crystal Ball*
Tale 199: *The Boots Of Buffalo Leather*
Tale 200: *The Golden Key*
Tale 207: *The Blessed Virgin's Little Glass*
Tale 208: *The Little Old Lady*
Tale 214: *How Some Children Played At Slaughtering*
Tale 215: *Death And The Goose Boy*
Tale 216: *Puss In Boots*
Tale 217: *The Tablecloth, The Knapsack, The Cannon Hat, And The Horn*
Tale 218: *The Strange Feast*
Tale 222: *Okerlo*
Tale 223: *Princess Mouseskin*
Tale 226: *The Carpenter And The Turner*
Tale 228: *The Three Sisters*
Tale 230a: *Fragments (Snowflower)*
Tale 231: *The Faithful Animals*
Tale 232: *The Crows*
Tale 238: *The Children Of Famine*
Tale 242: *The Robber And His Sons*
Tale 243: *The Three Daughters And The Frog King*
Tale 245: *The Golden Maiden*
Tale 247: *Fool's Gold*
Tale 248: *The Winter Rose*
Tale 249: *Prince Swan*
Tale 251: *Snow White, Snow White, or The Unfortunate Child*
Tale 262: *The War Of The Wasps And The Donkey*
Tale 266: *Little Kurt Bingeling*
Tale 267: *The Liar*
Tale 268: *The Lazy Ones*
Tale 273: *Why Dogs And Cats And Mice Are Enemies*
Tale 274: *Why Dogs Sniff One Another*
Tale 275: *Sharp Ears, The Runner, The Blower, And The Strongman*
Tale 277: *King Ironhead*

Edition

The Complete Fairy Tales - The Brothers Grimm, translated by Jack Zipes
Vintage - 2007 - ISBN: 9780099503866 - 9780099511441
UK Paperback Edition

The First New Tale

Once upon a time there was a stubborn child who never did what his mother told him to do (177). One day the child was very naughty, and no matter what the mother said, [s]he would not keep quiet (93). She became so upset and distraught that she left the table, went into her chamber, and began weeping, while he stayed behind her all the time (92).

"Now I've got you!" the boy said (4).

[The child] tried to pull [her] hair, but [his mother] sat up and with one hand grabbed the skinny arms of [her child] and with the other pressed [his] head into the pillow (168). [She] continued doing this until [his] strength gave out, and [he] finally lay there dead (105).

The Second New Tale

Once upon a time there was a woman with two daughters, and they had become so poor that they no longer had even a piece of bread to put in their mouths (238). So she sat down on the ridge of a hill and began to weep, and she wept so much that two little brooks flowed from her eyes (130). When she paused and looked up in her misery, a man was standing there (130). [He] accused [her] of being a thief and took [her] to the court (231).

The next day [she] was brought to trial, and although [she] had done no evil, the judge sentenced [her] to death (116). [She] began to weep bitter tears, but they were all in vain (15). {Yet} nothing could move the [judge's] heart (186). {Then} she and her [daughters] were put aboard a ship peppered with holes and sent out to sea, where they soon sank beneath the waves (16).

Well, many years later, the [judge] went walking through the forest {again and encountered the fox, who said..} (57) When he got to the sea, it was all black and dense, and it began to twist and turn from below so that bubbles rose up, and a strong wind whipped across the surface and made the water curdle (19). When he turned around, he caught sight of a beautiful woman, who was rising slowly out of the water (181).

The story does not end here, but my grandmother, who told me the tale, was losing her memory, and she forgot the rest (179).

The Third New Tale

Once upon a time there was a sorcerer who used to assume the guise of a poor man and go begging from house to house to catch beautiful girls (46). No one knew where he took them, since none of the girls ever returned. (46)

One day he went deep into the fields without regard to the way he took, and finally found himself in the forest (199). When he saw a small light in the darkness, he began walking towards it and soon reached a little cottage (29). Upon entering, he discovered an old woman sitting by all alone by the fire (29).

"What am I to do?" [s]he asked (93).

"Let me keep the rose," the [sorcerer] answered (248).

"Oh, my child," she said (249). "You've got to die, or else we'll waste away. (238)"

Iron slippers had already been heated over a fire, and they were brought over to [him] with tongs (53). Finally, [s]he had to put on the red-hot slippers and dance until he fell down dead (53).

The Fourth New Tale

One day an old man and his wife sat in front of a wretched looking hut and sought to relax awhile from their work (192).

"I had a bad dream," the grandmother said{, and grabbed hold of your hair} (29) "I had my hair powdered with snow, but the sun came out and melted it (84). My dress was made from a spider's web, but when I passed through some bushes, the thorns tore it apart (84). My shoes were made of glass, but then I tripped over a stone, and they went 'clink' and broke in two (84).

"At noon [I] saw a beautiful bird as white as snow sitting on a branch (15). When the bird finished its song, it flapped its wings and flew ahead of me (15). [I] followed it until I came to a little house that was made of bread (15).

"{Finally}, I went downstairs into the cellar, where I found a very, very old woman who was bobbing her head (40). I asked her, 'Does my husband live in this house?' (40) 'Oh you poor child,' she responded, 'you've stumbled on a murderers' den.'" (40)

"At nightfall the devil came home (29).

"When [this] monster{s} came, {they cut a piece of flesh from the thief of each thief, and} [t]he[y] {also} cut a piece of flesh from my own thigh, but I withstood the pain without uttering a sound (242). [He] went into the stable, cut out the eyes of all the cows and sheep, and threw them in [my] face (32).

"He threw [me] down, dragged [me] along by [my] hair, cut [my] head off on the block, and chopped [me] into pieces, so that [my] blood flowed on the floor (46). [He] saw that a gold ring was still on [my] finger, and since he had trouble pulling it off, he took a hatchet and chopped it off (40).

"[You] went out to look for [me] but found nothing except [my] bones, which [you] took away from the gallows and buried in a grave (232)."

"That's all fine and good," [the old man] answered{, "but i still don't know what the creeps are"}. "I dreamed there was a fountain at the marketplace that used to gush with wine, and it ran dry!" (29)

The Fifth New Tale

Long, long ago there lived an old queen who was a sorceress, and her daughter was the most beautiful maiden under the sun (134). The old woman, however, thought of nothing but how to lure people to their doom (134).

When everything was ready, she dipped herself into a barrel of honey, cut open a bed, and rolled around in the feathers so she looked like a strange bird, and it was impossible to recognise her (46).

At the sight of this the [daughter], who [was] {both} with child, became so upset that [she] gave birth that very night to two babies who were not shaped like human beings but like apes (147).

The Sixth New Tale

There was once a poor farmer who was sitting by the hearth one evening and poking the fire, while his wife was spinning nearby (37).

"Let that be until tomorrow," said the [farmer] (65). "I want you to make a soup for the king." (65)

"Gladly," she replied (13).

The [farmer] went away, and his [wife] made the soup for the king by brewing a bread soup as best she could (65).

"{But little by little Hansel managed to scatter all the} bread crumbs {on the path} (15). {Didn't that big dog bring you} all the meat from the cow I slaughtered three days ago (7). {He took out the } lungs and liver {and brought them to the queen as proof that the child was dead (53). {The cook was ordered to} boil[ed] {them{ in salt, {and the wicked woman ate them and thought that she had eaten Snow White's lungs and liver} (53). {Now put on this dress, go into the forest, and fetch me} a basket of strawberries (13). {The door opened, and there he saw} a large fat toad {surrounded by lots of little toads} (63).

"Here are twelve pounds of feathers (186), a dress as glistening as the sun (193), {But he gave her no peace until she opened the room and showed him the} twelve coffins already filled with wood shavings (9). {Then she served them a good meal of} milk and pancakes with sugar and apples and nuts (15), {The evil mother was brought before the court and} put into a barrel that was filled with boiling oil and poisonous snakes (9)."

{When the ball was over} the king ordered that the soup be brought to him (65). So delighted was the king by the [dish] that he ordered the entire court to dine with him the following day{, and he made a great banquet} (76). The lights in the hall were lit again, and drums and trumpets were fetched (193). The flowers were blooming on the steps, and the song of the exotic birds resounded from the room (186). The entire court assembled in the main hall {and the priest waited to marry the bridegroom to his true bride} (186). Then they went into the [palace], sat down at the table, and ate (47).

When anyone took even a little bite of the[ir] food, they became upset (185). During the rest of their lives the farmer and his wife were tormented by a guilty conscience and spent their days in poverty and misery (185).

The Seventh New Tale

There once was a little old lady who lived in a large city, and one evening she sat alone in her room thinking about how she had lost her

first husband, next her two children, then little by little all her relatives, and finally her last friend, who had died that very day (208).

Then [s]he alone was [queen] and blew [her] horn until [s]he died (217).

After [s]he was buried, a rose grew on one side of [her] grave, and on the other, a lily (204). Finally nothing was left except an old castle in the forest (228).

The Eighth New Tale

There once was a queen whom the Lord had prevented from having children (76). Every morning she went into the garden and begged God in heaven to bestow a son or daughter on her (76). At dusk the sun shone brightly through the tree trunks and cast its light on the dark green of the [garden] (69).

Soon after she gave birth to a little daughter who was as white as snow, as red as blood, and her hair as black as ebony (53). <But> the dear child was dead and remained dead (53). The queen became pale, and her heart trembled greatly (6).

After [the child] was lowered into her grave and was covered over with earth, one of [her] little arms suddenly emerged and reached up into the air. (117) {But} the dead [child] shouted, "Now I'm going to strangle you!" (4)

Now the woman became so frightened and desperate that she did not allow the neighbours to comfort her and finally hung herself (214). Indeed, she died a horrible death (9).

The Ninth New Tale

A few hundred years ago, when people were not nearly as smart and cunning as they are nowadays, a strange event took place in a small town (174).

There was at that time a poor fisherman, who was fishing at sea with his son (137). He went to the young man, embraced him, and said, "I am Iron Hans and was turned into a wild man by a magic spell (136). But {you released me from the spell and} now all the treasures that I possess shall be yours." (136)

The [son] did not know what to reply (177). So he surrendered to {his} fate and went away with [his father] (177). They ran off into the forest, and it is from them that we have the race of apes (147).

Well, children, this story may seem farfetched to you, but it really is true (187).

The Tenth New Tale

Once upon a time there was a prince who was tired of living at home in his father's house, and since he feared nothing, he thought, I'll go out into the wide world, where I won't be bored (121).

He came to a spring and looked at his {donkey} shape reflected in water that was clear as a mirror (144). Then there was a shrieking throughout the [land], and he jumped [over a wall] and broke his leg (137).

Nowadays this does not happen anymore (179).

The Eleventh New Tale

A king announced that whoever could tell the best lie would receive his daughter as a bride (267).

Now the [princess] was furious and blind with rage (58). When the king's daughter saw that there was no hope whatsoever of changing her father's inclinations, she decided to run away (65).

She went home and got undressed until she was completely naked, so that she was not dressed (94). {As she went by a big tree} a swarm of bees flew out and covered her entire body from head to foot (230a). But they did not sting or hurt her (230a). Instead, they carried honey to her lips and her entire body glowed through and through with beauty (230a).

When she appeared at the [castle] in this dress, the people were so astounded they did not know what to say (21). Then [s]he lit [her] pipe, sat down in [her] {grand}father's chair, and said (104), "You'd better get out of here quickly if you value your life!" (218)

Then [the king] beat himself and wept and sobbed and screamed with all his heart, so that the whole palace trembled and all his servants rushed to his side (277). {Then} [s]he shed bitter tears and said, "I've done a great wrong and don't deserve to be your [father]." (52) And he ran away (266), and to this day nobody knows what has become of [him]. (36)

After that nobody dared to oppose [her], and [s]he made [her]self [queen] of the entire country (54). Music was played, and everyone danced until dawn (222).

The Twelfth New Tale

There once was a miller who lived in a mill (106). Isn't that a wonderful way to earn a living? (131)

The Thirteenth New Tale

I want to tell you something (15).

There was a man whose wife had died, and a woman whose husband had died; and the man had a daughter and the woman also had a daughter (13). There was a woman who had three daughters (130). A father had two sons (4). A widow had two daughters, one who was beautiful and industrious, the other ugly and lazy (24). A poor man had twelve children and had to work day and night just to feed them (44). A merchant had two children, a boy and a girl, who were still infants and could not walk (92). A poor woodcutter lived with his wife and his two children on the edge of a large forest (15). A tailor had a son who turned out to be small, not much bigger than a thumb (45). A farmer had a son no bigger than a thumb (90).

A mother had a little boy of seven who was so fair and lovely that no one could look at him without treating him kindly (109). A sparrow had four young ones in a swallow's nest (157). A sorceress had three sons, and they loved each other dearly (197). A poor but pious girl lived alone with her mother (103). A man and his wife were sitting by the entrance to their house (145).

A discharged soldier had nothing to live on and no longer knew what to do with his life (100). A poor widow lived all alone in a small cottage, and in front of the cottage was a garden with two rosebushes (161). A man and his wife lived in a village, and the wife was so lazy that she never wanted to do any work (128). A poor woodcutter lived with his wife and three daughters on the edge of a lonely forest (169). A miller had three sons, a mill, a donkey, and a cat (216). A dog had loyally served a lion for many years (273). A rich farmer stood in his yard and looked over his field and gardens (195).

A poor pious peasant died and arrived at the gate to heaven (167). A tailor and a goldsmith were travelling together, and one evening, after the sun had set behind the mountains, they heard the sound of distant music, which became more and more distinct (182). A poor man who was a day labourer, so to speak, had such sharp ears that he could hear the grass grow (275).

A merchant had done good business at the fair (184). An honest and diligent soldier had earned and saved some money because he had been industrious and had not squandered his earnings in the taverns as other soldiers had. (232) As a peasant went to work in the fields, he said to his wife, 'Put the meat in some cabbage, and when it's finished, bring it to me in the field.' (247)

A merchant wanted to take a journey, and he asked his three daughters what he should bring back for them (248). A king had three daughters, and he wanted to know which one loved him most (223). A carpenter and a turner wanted to see who could make the best piece of work (226). A king announced that whoever could tell the best lie would receive his daughter as a bride (267). Three lazy companions decided to make a bet with one another to decide who was the laziest among them (268). Twelve servants, who had done nothing all day long, did not want to exert themselves even by evening (151a).

A farmer had a faithful horse that had grown old and could no longer do his work (132). A donkey was grazing on a hill where the bees were swarming around him (262). A blood sausage and a liver sausage had been friends for some time, and the blood sausage invited the liver sausage for a meal at her home (218). A lion had invited most of the animals to a meal, and when they began eating, some animal noticed that the pepper was missing (274). Little Kurt Bingeling drank from his mother's breast for seven years (266).

A carter's cart became stuck because it was carrying so much wine (207). A poor boy had to go outside and gather wood on a sled (200). A poor goose boy went walking along the bank of a large, turbulent river while looking after a flock of white geese (215). Three women were transformed into flowers that stood in a field (160).

A young princess was called Snowflower because she was white like snow and was born during the winter (230a). A maiden was all alone in a large forest when a swan came up to her and gave her a ball of yarn (249). Two maidens were sitting on the edge of a well spinning (245).

A queen was sitting at a window made of ebony and began sewing (251). A king, who had three daughters, was sick and asked for some water from the well in his courtyard (243). A queen put her child out to sea in a golden cradle and let it float away (222).

All this took place a long time ago, most likely some two thousand years ago (47).

5. Five Tributes To The Works Of Daniil Kharms (2020)

Unfortunately, I have lost my Daniil Kharms books. These stories have instead all been constructed using sentences from the translations at this online resource: <http://www.sevaj.dk/kharms/kharmseng.htm>

Each sentence is from a different story (and no two sentences from the same story are contained within any particular tribute) Minor changes were made to names, pronouns, tenses, etc, as per usual.

These were all assembled on December 10th, 2020.

Key

(tale number)
[changed text]
{omitted text}
<added text>

Abbreviations Of Titles

Andrey Semyonovich	- AnS
An Encounter	- AnE
A Sonnet	- AS
Falling Old Ladies	- FOL
Fedya Davidovich	- FD
How A Man Crumbled	- HAMC
The Memoirs Of A Wise Old Man	- MOAWOM
On Phenomena And Existences - No. 1	- OPAE
The Start Of A Very Nice Summer's Day (a symphony)	- SOAVNSD
Symphony no. 2	- Sn2
What They Sell In The Shops These Days	- WTSITSTD

1.

The artist Michelangelo sits down on a heap of bricks and, propping his head in his hands, begins to think (OPAE). How hard remembering is, and how easy forgetting (MOAWOM).

"What's up with you? Are you ill?" asked Comrade Popugayev (AnS).

These words put [Michelangelo] into such a frenzy that he pressed a finger against one of his nostrils and through his other nostril blew snot at [Popugayev] (WTSITSTD).

And that was that (Sn2).

2.

Khariton the peasant, having just downed some methylated spirit, was standing in front of the women with his trousers undone and uttering bad language (SOAVNSD).

{Koratygin spotted Tikakeyev and shouted: - } "I've been waiting for you a whole hour!" (WTSITSTD)

Having said this, he started to increase in height and, upon reaching the ceiling, he crumbled into a thousand little pellets (HAMC).

A quite ordinary thing, but rather amusing (Sn2).

3.

An amazing thing happened to me today (AS).

I had slight toothache and was not in the greatest of moods (MOAWOM). A small dog, which had broken its hind leg, was sprawled on the pavement (SOAVNSD). Andrey Semyonovich sat down on his haunches and began to howl (AnS). Anton Mikhailovich spat, said "yuck", spat again, said "yuck" again, spat again, said "yuck" again and left (Sn2). Fedya began shaking his head in denial (FD). Koratygin clutched his head with his hands, fell over and died (WTSITSTD).

That's all (OPAE).

4.

Because of her excessive curiosity, an old lady fell out of the window and smashed into the ground (FOL). In this way a very nice summer's day started (SOAVNSD).

5.

And that's just about all there is to it (AnE).

6. What Haruki Murakami Talks About When He Talks About Women (2021)

These were all assembled on December 15th, 2021. Again I didn't use consecutive sentences from the same story, or tried not to at least (I ended up using some non-consecutive sentences from the same story). Minor changes for pronouns, tenses, punctuation, and so on were made here and there.

The title is derived from What I Talk About When I Talk About Running, although nothing else in the stories is.

Key

(book/story - page number)
[changed text]
{omitted text}
<added text>

Abbreviations Of Titles

Novels

1Q84 (Book One And Book Two)	- IQ84
Colorless Tsukuru Tazaki And His Years Of Pilgrimage	- CTT
Killing Commendatore	- KC

Short Stories

Hunting Knife (from Blind Willow, Sleeping Woman)	- HK
Where I'm Likely To Find It (from Blind Willow, Sleeping Woman)	- WILTFI
On A Stone Pillow (from First Person Singular)	- OASP
With The Beatles (from First Person Singular)	- WTB
Drive My Car (from Men Without Women)	- DMC
Scheherazade (from Men Without Women)	- S
Yesterday (from Men Without Women)	- Y

Editions

1Q84 (Book One And Book Two) - Haruki Murakami
Translated by Jay Rubin
Harvill Secker - 2011 - ISBN: 9781846554070 (UK Hardback Edition)

Colorless Tsukuru Tazaki And His Years Of Pilgrimage - Haruki Murakami
Translated by Philip Gabriel
Harvill Secker - 2014 - ISBN: 9781846558337 (UK Hardback Edition)

Killing Commendatore - Haruki Murakami
Translated by Philip Gabriel and Ted Goossen
Harvill Secker - 2018 - ISBN: 9781787300194 (UK Hardback Edition)

Blind Willow, Sleeping Woman - Haruki Murakami
Translated by Philip Gabriel and Jay Rubin
Vintage - 2007 - ISBN: 9780099488668 (UK Paperback Edition)

Men Without Women - Haruki Murakami
Translated by Philip Gabriel and Ted Goossen
Vintage - 2018 - 9781784705374 (UK Paperback Edition)

First Person Singular - Haruki Murakami
Translated by Philip Gabriel
Harvill Secker - 2021 - 9781787302600 (UK Hardback Edition)

1.

I'd like to tell a story about a woman (OASP - 31).

She was a small, slim girl (KC - 249). More cute than beautiful (CTT - 107). The kind of face that, if you saw her on the street, you'd forget as soon as you passed by (KC - 210). A wide forehead, beautiful straight hair, her ears on the large side for her build (KC - 10). A small nose, out of balance with the size of her mouth (KC - 210).

She was wearing a sleeveless white dress and her hair had a citrusy shampoo scent (WTB - 86). Her accessories and makeup, too, were low-key yet refined (CTT - 15). Plus, she wore thick glasses (WTB - 91).

She practiced yoga every other day at a gym and had a flat, toned stomach (KC - 11). One afternoon I kissed her small yet full lips and touched her breasts through her bra (WTB - 86). Her breasts weren't particularly big, or particularly small (KC - 215). When she smiled, two charming little lines formed beside her lips (CTT - 110).

She reached out and gently took [my] hard penis in her hand (CTT - 182). Her vagina was wet, and moved smoothly, naturally, like some living being (KC - 143). She was on the pill, so [I] could come freely inside her (CTT - 108). She had four orgasms in total, every single one genuine, if you can believe it (KC - 216).

While we had sex we hardly said a word (KC - 96). When she looked at me, it was as though she was ignoring the outside (granted it wasn't much to look at anyway) and could see right through me, down to the depths of my being (WTB - 92).

I think what makes me feel sad about the girls I knew growing old is that it forces me to admit, all over again, that my youthful dreams are gone forever (WTB - 77).

2.

This first girlfriend of mine was petite and charming (WTB - 85).

There was nothing special about her face (KC - 210). Her features were not unattractive, but her face lacked focus, so that the impression she left was somehow blurry (S - 116). She had really strong, healthy-looking teeth (OASP - 38). Her large, protruding ears were like satellite dishes placed in some remote landscape (DMC - 8). Dressed or undressed, she looked five years younger than she was, with pure white skin and beautifully rounded, modestly sized breasts (CTT - 15).

That day she wore a white T-shirt, faded jeans, and pink sneakers (KC - 249). Her black hair tossed about, supple as a willow branch in a strong wind (KC - 143). It was hard to believe that this girl - small, bony,

with a not-so-great complexion - was the same girl who, the night before, had screamed out passionately in my arms, in the winter moonlight (OASP - 40).

3.

The waitress had mammoth breasts, the buttons on her uniform ready to burst (KC - 210). She was a housewife from a provincial city well on the road to middle age and running to flab (in fact it looked as if every nook and cranny had been filled with putty), with jowls and lines webbing the corners of her eyes (S - 116). The rolls of fat started just below her ears and sloped gently down to her shoulders. No matter how you looked at her she was hardly a beauty, and there was something off-putting about her face, as Oba had suggested (DMC - 8).

She was watching me and waved (HK - 111). Her long hair was a silky lustrous black (CTT - 8). She had on a white blouse with a round collar and a navy-blue cardigan (KC - 210). It always surprised me, the variety of clothes mature women wore (KC - 183).

Her legs were beautiful, and her stockings matched her black high-heeled shoes (WILTFI - 355). She had on very simple white panties (KC - 215). But, when she took them off, the crotch was damp (S - 138). It was so beautiful I had to look away (Y - 63).

4.

The first woman I slept with was in her late twenties (KC - 10). She wasn't exactly a standout in terms of looks (KC - 27).

My guess was she had recently had plastic surgery (WILTFI - 354). Stuck up, flat-chested, with a funny-looking nose and a none-too-wonderful personality (Y - 56). A detailed examination of her face from the front revealed that the size and shape of her ears were significantly different, the left one much bigger and malformed (1Q84 - 58). Her eyes were big for the size of her face (with large pupils, which made her resemble a fairy) (KC - 249). Ten years earlier, she might well have been a lively and attractive young woman, perhaps even turned a few heads (S - 116).

The mere sight of her sent a violent shudder through [me] (1Q84 - 19). Which, in turn, conjured up vague memories of oral sex (WILTFI - 355). I may have felt that way because I really did have shame and guilt in my heart (WTB - 92).