

31 Letter received from George Steiner, 5 December 1988. Though the point applies more generally, Steiner was responding specifically to the recent attack of a British rabbi who had claimed that Steiner neither knew Hebrew nor practiced formal Judaism. Why, then, the rabbi asked, has Steiner become such an influential voice on Jewish thought?

32 In this respect, Steiner's concern with the relations of literature, history, and politics long predates the new historicism.

33 George Steiner, *Heidegger* (Glasgow, 1978), p. 29; hereafter cited in text as *H*.

34 Said, p. 244; Hassan, p. 332; Terrence Des Pres, "Kulturkritiker," rev. of *Antigones*, by George Steiner, *The Nation*, 2 Mar. 1985, p. 241; Dickstein, p. 21. Though Dickstein is negative throughout his review, Hassan is extremely enthusiastic, as is Des Pres in his assessment of *Antigones*: "there is no doubt about his brilliance" (241). Said's view is more mixed. Steiner, he says, "is without peer in rendering and reflecting on patterns and motifs in modern, mainly German, culture" (244). "There is much to be learned from what he says" (246). And *After Babel*, according to Said, demonstrates "a learning and insight that are remarkably exhilarating" (245). But Said's condescension is often flagrant, as in his claim that "Steiner is . . . a kind of humanistic relic" (246).

35 See especially *The Portage to San Cristóbal of A.H.*, "The Long Life of Metaphor," and the chapter "A Season in Hell," in *In Bluebeard's Castle*, pp. 29–56.

36 Elie Wiesel, *Night*, tr. Stella Rodway (1960; rpt. New York, 1982), pp. 2–3. For important parallels, see "A Kind of Survivor."

37 George Steiner, in "The Responsibility of Intellectuals: A Discussion," *Salmagundi*, no. 70–71 (Spring-Summer 1986), 194.

38 Christopher Hampton's production of *Portage*, with Alec McCowen playing Hitler, was first produced in London during the winter of 1982. It has subsequently been produced throughout the United States as well.

39 Letter received from George Steiner, 18 January 1988. Compare Steiner's answer to an interviewer's question about why he would want to "use a novel to raise the moral issues canvassed in 'The Portage to San Cristóbal of A.H.': "I believe that a work of art, like metaphors in language, can ask the most serious, difficult questions in a way which really makes the readers answer for themselves; that the work of art far more than an essay or a tract involves the reader, challenges him directly and brings him into the argument" (*NYTBR* 13).

40 In *Portage* Gervinus Röthling says that music is "irreducible to language" (113), an observation that is played off against the vulgar lyrics of a pop song that both Kulken and the search party hear on the radio. Hitler is almost desperate to hear music. "Let me hear the music," he says. "I haven't heard music" (72). Compare *In Bluebeard's Castle*: "In the absence or recession of religious belief, close-linked as it was to the classic primacy of language, music seems to gather, to harvest us to ourselves" (122); "A Reading Against Shakespeare": "Outside language lie the imperative spheres of the transcendental, of aesthetic, ethical and, perhaps, metaphysical awareness. Outside language, also, lies music, whose expressive, inferential access to these spheres is, precisely, that denied to verbal discourse" (14); "Real Presences": "It is more than likely that the performance and personal reception of music are now moving to that cultural pivot once occupied by the cultivation of discourse and letters. . . . At decisive points, ours is today a civilization 'after the word'" (6); and the "Introduction" to *George Steiner: A Reader*: "Music . . . grows indispensable [to me], as if it had become the elect companion of identity, the homecoming to that inside oneself which time has in its keeping" (18).

Homage to Jorge Luis Borges*

Yves Bonnefoy

WE HAVE COME TOGETHER this evening to celebrate the memory of Jorge Luis Borges, who was one of the great writers of this century, and who has long been recognized as such. By the end of the fifties, his fame had begun to spread beyond the circles of the devotees of difficult literature, and he was soon to know a glory that our era accords but rarely to those whose only activity is writing. He has been the object of widespread critical attention in many countries; the kind of man he was aroused considerable sympathy; his death was followed by an uncommon degree of emotion. In short, the response to Borges has been so general and so seemingly attentive a phenomenon that, as I speak of him this evening, I should perhaps resign myself to the idea that I will be able to do little more than to recall a few of the things that everybody knows, adding to them only those slight nuances permitted by a necessarily personal reading, or by the memories I have of the times we met.

And yet, this is not at all the way I feel, and I think, on the contrary, that Borges has been rather misunderstood—in France at least—rather harshly deprived of the simple right to be himself, and that our duty to him therefore, today, is as much reparation as celebration; and this is what I would like to try to do, but not without reflecting a little as well upon the causes that have allowed for this misunderstanding.

Isn't it in fact true that there is, unfortunately, no real reason to believe that, whatever the case might be, the fame of a writer means that truly serious attention has been paid to his work? If an era accords importance to a writer or to a thinker, and if, especially, this is done without hesitation, it is above all because that era, with all that it absolutizes or finds fashionable, thinks that it sees itself reflected in this unexpected mirror. Thus it is to be feared that in order to be able to continue to contemplate its own image in this way, the era will

* Yves Bonnefoy read his homage to Borges at the Bibliothèque nationale in Paris on October 23, 1986. It was subsequently published in *Le Débat*, no. 46 (1987), 176–86.

only focus on certain aspects of the writer's work at the expense of others—whereas it was perhaps precisely in the area of the dialectical relation of all the various elements of his work that the author himself conducted his own research. Some dimensions of what this research means thus become the center of attention, while others are cast aside, censored. And one can even say, sometimes, that there is a kind of strategy—whether conscious or not—to all this: for how better to render some cause triumphant than by discerning it at work in one who, militant neither for this nor for any other cause, and thereby a free and lucid being, happens, through the very virtues that make him exceptional, to give credibility to the more abstract theories that seek to make use of him. Thus it is that great writers often find themselves the prisoners of ideologies that have nothing in common with them except a period of history. All that is needed is a moment of wandering at the end of one path pursued by these eminently rich minds, a moment of departure from that center point of all their reflection, that place where the forces in opposition are harmonized.

This is what has happened to Borges. A major intellectual tendency of our time found itself reflected in his work, and it is the immense success of this doctrine that unleashed and furthered his renown. And yet, this philosophy was never really his own. He never did more than to draw near to it at certain points where he felt its truth. But the result of this connection is that in many of the interpretations that have been made of his work, the voice of Borges himself is not allowed to speak to us. What is this philosophy? It is, obviously, the one that insists first of all that ideas never coincide with things, since ideas are as much as anything a function of the other words of the language in question—from which it follows that all representation is a fiction, including the idea that we have of ourselves. And there is really no problem to this point: a story or a poem by Borges would certainly not suffer from the application of these principles. But those who build on these premises also often call attention to the fact that these fictions—which are all we have—are ceaselessly changing, undergoing metamorphoses, from one moment of history to the next; that they erase or rewrite their conventions and their codes, though these are never fully verifiable at the depths of reality. Thus are such readers above all fascinated by the potentialities of language, in the heart of which such phenomena are made manifest, and we see them particularly spellbound by the existence of certain books in which the writer has delighted in the free play of the fiction, allowing it to change speeds, to contradict itself, and to disseminate in its own formulations indeterminacy and even meaninglessness. Are not these texts, they wonder, the intensification of what takes place in ordinary speech,

which always says something other, and more, than what the person speaking thinks he has said? And for this very reason, do they not replace the vainly narcissistic image which is the product of our naïveté with what is more truly real—that is to say, with the workings in us of that desire which seeks to make a way for itself in words? The shattering of all the mirrors—this would be reality, no longer reflected, but lived.

This is, in grossly simplified form, the philosophy of language which has had such an impact on French thought for the past generation or so. And without for the moment seeking to criticize this philosophy, I will simply note that Borges might in fact have seemed to make it his own, but not without opposing to it a totally different intuition—the reminder of which appears to me this evening our most urgent task. Borges, a partisan of subversion, of deconstruction, of the fissuring of discourse by literary endeavor? To be sure, it is easy enough to notice that the person in Borges's work who says "I" seems to be nothing so much as an open field for borrowed personalities, for fleeting, uncertain identities, for references that always recur, but always in altered form. For example, when Borges conceives his "Pierre Menard, Author of the Quixote," he lets some unknown figure speak for him, a man who writes "Nîmes, 1939," and this famous reflection on the "availability" of poems, on the thousand successors that the same great text spawns, is thus accompanied by the implicit suggestion that the works signed by Borges have already had all kinds of visitors. And doesn't Borges also point out, and as though he found the fact somewhat charming, that on the planet he calls Tlön the literary criticism ceaselessly invents new authors from old texts? Criticism chooses, he says, "two dissimilar works—the *Tao Te Ching* and *A Thousand and One Nights*, say—attribute[s] them to the same writer and then determine[s] most scrupulously the psychology of this interesting *homme de lettres*. . . ." Similarly, he delights in calling attention to—or rather in inventing—that strange taxonomy of a certain "Chinese encyclopedia" that classifies the animals into fourteen groups, among which are "suckling pigs," but also those animals that "belong to the emperor" and "those that have just broken the pitcher" and even "those that are included in the present classification": a purely verbal arbitrariness this time, and one that concludes the process that separates this perfectly contradictory structure from any practicable reality, from any possible ground in existence, thus plainly exposing what Foucault called the *non-lieu*, or the placelessness, characteristic of speech. The Borges revealed in such pages does seem, precisely, to be given over to the *page*, to that freedom in writing that knows neither restriction nor remorse and that disrupts all the governing

codes, that undermines any dream of mimesis, that sacks every pretention of the mind to an absolute knowledge. And what seems most to assume an emblematic stature in the endless bifurcations that his work suggests, in the distances it would have us go on the outskirts of that reality which some still think of as objective, is surely the *labyrinth* that many of Borges's admirers, inspired, obviously, by some of his themes and by two or three of his titles, evoke when they speak of him.

The labyrinth! This image would seem to sum up his contribution, his modernity. And it would also seem to express an idea that is in fact the essence of the philosophy of language: namely that, in our meanderings, in the shifting and movement without any cardinal points, in all the hopeless weariness and toil, what is lost, what ceases to have meaning, is any personal reality—that feeling of belonging to one's self that is the experience of the person who trusts in what he says and in the image he has of the world, and who thus does not hesitate to think of himself as real and as the authentic subject of his action and of his destiny. Speaking out in his work in such a way as to distinguish himself from the flesh and blood person he is in other situations (this is the subject of the brief apologue called "Borges and I"), pointing out that the order of words extends beyond and discredits the order of things, the "literary work known as Borges" (as they say) is supposed to signal the end of a certain anthropology based on the notions of presence and referentiality. And this explains, of course, why this dimension of Borges's work has been so useful to those in this century who have heralded a major shifting of values—though they have done so with the abstracted ardor of the intellect alone. What an unexpected stroke of good fortune! Borges's stories brought them the warmth, the solidity, the resonance all causes seem to need.

And yet Borges is perhaps not all that he appears to be, and I would now like to try to isolate in his work that additional component that allows me to think that the meaning of what it is trying to do is less to affirm the infinite plasticity of writing than to contest it, and to revolt against it, in the name of a truth that transcends it.

Let me take as a point of departure one of those "ideas" of Borges's in which the preoccupation with the infinite appears—a concern that is normally associated in his work with the obsession with labyrinths, that is to say, with those processes that emerge from the activity of language. I am thinking specifically of "Funes the Memorious," in which we see the dream of a kind of global recall by memory of all the experiences of a lifetime from the very moment of birth. Funes, the youngster from an obscure village of the great plains of Argentina, remembers everything, as you know; but he has also been aware of

everything. "We, at one glance," writes Borges, "can perceive three glasses on a table; Funes, all the leaves and tendrils and fruit that make up a grape vine. He knew by heart the forms of the southern clouds at dawn on the 30th of April, 1882, and could compare them in his memory with the mottled streaks on a book in Spanish binding he had only seen once and with the outlines of the foam raised by an oar in the Río Negro the night before the Quebracho uprising."² This mental prowess is obviously an illusion, however great the potential we might imagine lodged in memory and the senses. And thus one might see in Funes a way of shattering the traditional image of the human person: for, floating in the absolutely limitless spaces provided by his superhuman brain, how could he ever experience the needs, the categories of thought, the humble projects of ordinary men who are limited by finitude and forgetfulness? His material seems clearly to be that of an utterly unfettered imagination in its most extravagant fluctuations—and thus it also reflects the infiniteness of the possibilities that can surge up in words when they are separated from things.

Yes, but let us also notice that each of the elements that make up Funes's boundless memory has been a perception he has really lived—which means that, however infinite their totality, all together they but reconstitute the form, the traces in historical reality, of a single and unique life. And to dream that this totality has not had to submit to the erosion of time, nor suffer from the inevitable limitations of attention and the senses, is this not a way of desiring the infinite? Yes, certainly, but for this specific existence, precisely, for a particular person (which is what Funes has been), for this someone who, like everyone else, has awakened and gone to sleep, has walked the roads, looked at the sky, the clouds, and thought of death. And furthermore, language usually plays no role in these perceptions of tendrils or of mottled streaks—perceptions that defy the power of words. In vain does Funes master the infinite; he remains but an ordinary mortal existence, the life that experiences its own presence, which is its beginning and its end. And thus, when all is said and done, Borges's musings only signify the desire to invest with a transcendental quality, I would almost say a divine quality, the "I" that is born from lived experience—the personal being whose voice the poetics of plurality in writing no longer wants to hear.

And this is perhaps the moment to note that all of Borges's work, the essays as well as the narratives, is lined with an extraordinary profusion of proper nouns—which bears witness to an almost compulsive need to refer to beings who have existed in just the way I described, and most often in places and situations that are not in the least glamorous, and who leave us with only the enigma that they have

existed, and that they exist no more. These beings who have names, these beings who each were "what never will be seen twice," as Vigny would say³—Borges is not unaware of what is impermanent, unreal, about them. This is, in fact, the whole point of the admirable dedication of the book he entitles *El Hacedor*,⁴ in which he comes with his new work to the home of the great poet Leopoldo Lugones,⁵ whom he has always greatly admired and who is shown welcoming him in his office. Yet Lugones has been dead for quite some time, and it is only memory and nostalgia that preserve the image of him. And yet, while he knows that Lugones, or Macedonio Fernández, or some other of his friends, or some gaucho whose story he has heard, are, and will always be, but "futile forms of matter,"⁶ he also affirms that they are the only reality that matters, pushing the logic of his suffering to the point of sometimes raising, for brief moments, the anachronistic problem of the soul, that kernel of being that exists perhaps—who can say?—beneath the light mist of appearances. I am thinking, in this connection, of another page that he dedicated to another person who disappeared, to Delia Elena San Marco, whom he saw for the last time when he waved to her from across a noisy street which thus became without his yet realizing it "the funereal Acheron that cannot be crossed." "Last night," he writes after her death, "I read that the soul may escape when the flesh dies." And then he adds: "Someday, Delia, on the banks of I know not what river, we will renew our broken talks, and we will ask ourselves if it really was us—the one who was Delia, the one who was Borges."⁷

"The one who was Borges." He too, in the "literary work known as Borges," is obviously one of those beings "on the far shore." And if the river of time carries him off like all the others, he is nonetheless the object of the same kind of sympathy and affirmation that propels the other Borges, the writer, toward all those mortal beings whose pathetic richness is in his eyes the absolute.

"What will die with me?" he wonders. And he answers in the most sublime fashion: "The voice of Macedonio Fernández? The image of a roan horse on the vacant lot at Serrano and Charcas? A bar of sulphur in the drawer of a mahogany desk?"⁸ In truth, if he seems at times in his narratives to go out of his way to give to his own presence an image that is contradictory, ambiguous, and elusive, it is in order to leave more freely in relation to its absolute the being he feels he is, and that he experiences in a necessarily incommunicable way. *What is transcends every fiction. And all fiction, since it tends to forget this, is culpable. I think that Borges, far from valorizing fiction, never ceased denouncing it, never ceased being scandalized by it, and never ceased trying to turn the modern writer away from it.*

This, in any case, is what seems to me the meaning, on the deepest level, of the admirable and deservedly famous story, "The Garden of Forking Paths." The subject, briefly, is this: A spy learns that he has been unmasked and that in a few hours he will die. He has a secret to communicate to the enemy however—the name of a place—and in order to get this very specific name to the attention of his chief, who will learn of his execution the next day in the newspapers, he decides to kill some person who has the same name just before his arrest. He looks in the telephone book, finds what he wants, then goes to the unknown person's house and indeed kills him. His plan has been brought off, his chief will understand, he is certain of it. And yet, in the confession that he dictates moments before his death, he ends by saying that what neither his chief, nor anyone else, will ever know is "my infinite consternation and lassitude."

Why this feeling of wretchedness? It is because when he saw him, the spy loved the unknown man he had decided to kill, though he knew nothing about him. And thus the meaning of the story becomes clear: it is a reflection upon the act of writing and the transgression—Borges even calls it the murder—committed in the name of writing. Every sentence, Borges tells us, in order to deliver its meaning, depends on a using of people and things that abolishes their own being. Writing denies the reality possessed by the beings right before us, at their specific moment and in their specific place, and thus we destroy the very absolute that we should respect, and love—that sole reality that serves as the foundation for love. In a word, fictions betray presence. And this is surely enough to cause consternation and lassitude.

And this is why Borges, who is thought of as a writer of fictions, never allows them to carry over to those people he wants to draw from life: constructing only highly schematic fictive figures within the narrow space of those apologues in which he evokes the drama of writing and the misery of the writer. This is the case in "The Garden of Forking Paths" and also in "The Shape of the Sword"—the narrative in which we learn at the end that the person telling the story is the very traitor whose story has just been told. And this is the point of "The Zahir" as well. In this story, we learn that objects are passing through the world, invested with the power of keeping forever the attention of those who have seen them once. In Borges's case—for it is himself that he dramatizes, at the moment of mourning the loss of a woman he has loved—the Zahir is a coin that has nothing special about it except a few scratches. What a wonderful metaphor this is for the existence of some being with nothing exceptional about him other than those traits that we decipher so badly when we meet him! And how much truth there is in this evocation of the writer who,

denying the reality of other people, neglecting really to interrogate it, is yet obsessed by this reality, but without being able to enter into true dialogue with it—and who thus sees it as closed off, as reflecting, as meaning only its own solitude: so that he thus runs the risk of madness. Borges, who has seen the Zahir, knows that he could become mad from it. But he also knows, having learned it from an obscure theological treatise, that “the Zahir is the shadow of the Rose and the Rending of the Veil.”⁹

And what is more, he says, and these are the last words of the story: “Perhaps behind the coin I shall find God” (164). He knows, in other words, that though madness lies in waiting when we give in to the lure of words, when we allow them to escape from the order of lived experience, there are still some things that can save us. In *El Hacedor*, which I cite once again as perhaps the most central text, it is, for instance, “A Yellow Rose.” The great poet, the illustrious Giambattista Marino, famous author of *The Adonis*, is within days of his death. And from his bed he sees a woman on a nearby balcony put a yellow rose in a goblet. And so he murmurs a few lines from a poem on the rose he himself has written. But then, all at once, the revelation takes place: “Marino,” writes Borges, “saw the rose as Adam might have seen it in Paradise, and he thought that the rose was to be found in its own eternity and not in his words . . . and that the tall, proud volumes casting a golden shadow in the corner were not . . . a mirror of the world, but rather one more thing added to the world”—and certainly less important.¹⁰ Now this same vision, this same endpoint of human thought is also expressed in “The Moon,” a poem in which Borges speaks this time in his own name. How many artists have sought to capture the moon in the play of their writing, to make of it the signifier that might enrich their words with new images—but all the while, despite the “laborious exertions” of literature, “At the turn of a corner I could see / The celestial moon of every day,”¹¹ which is therefore to say that it is as though the person writing always forgets the real things around him. The moon, the rose, this is the real—the absolute as much as the ineffable real, the divine in our midst, the Being that the Zahir imbued with malefice and shadow only because this absolute withdraws into itself, becomes the occasion for vertigo, when perceived quickly and in passing from the kingdom of words. And thus it is that there is something outside the labyrinth—one has only to leave it.

And how does Borges think that we can escape from the labyrinth? By naming the moon, he says in this same poem, by calling it by its name, in a direct way, without defiling it (this is his word) with any pointless metaphor: which is to say by living, simply, by leading one’s life in the daily sphere, where, from birth to death, few things will

appear; but these things are, for this very reason, of such importance for our joys and sorrows, for what we project or for what we remember, that we can establish no distance to speak of them—which thus keeps the words we use, the simplest words, in the light of their enigma. And let us notice, for the time has come to make the point, that when Borges, who as I said writes mainly apoloques and not fictions, is tempted by the idea of telling a story with characters, it is usually about gauchos or workers on the great plains—those who have only their flock, a knife, a bit of sky, and “the laborious strumming of a guitar.” These are men, in fact, who throw their entire destiny into each act they commit, whether good or evil, and thus they see things as they are when we look at them at close range—which is to say, as divine. And Borges, the author, is in turn able to see them in this way, as though from over their shoulder, provided that he knows how to remain on the level of the fully incarnated beings they were—which he succeeds in doing by recalling, as always, their names, their villages, their origins, before recounting their story as it has been told to him: that is to say, from the exterior, and without ever allowing anything of his own being to invade them. What a great epic poet he might have been, had his society permitted it! Which explains his nostalgia for *Martin Fierro* and his interest in Old Saxon, which he studied in the last years of his life, when he was almost completely blind. “I have asked myself,” he says in a poem,

what reasons
moved me to study, while my night came down,
without particular hope of satisfaction,
the language of the blunt-tongued Anglo-Saxons.¹²

But is it not precisely because this society, confined to its gods and to a few simple activities, had, as he would have said, but a thousand words and ten or twenty metaphors—which allowed its bards to evoke things, simply, and not to dream about them? The creative act is not in writing. It is in giving to each thing its name, and in listening to the mystery of being reverberating, indefinitely, in it.

Borges? He is not, for me, the ironic builder of the labyrinths of writing, but rather the poet as Kierkegaard understood him, the man obsessed by the ethical and the religious stages, sensed far in the distance of the path of life. Modern he is, since he knows that writing is a fact that no pious wishing can dispel. But if he resembles someone in our times, it is perhaps above all Lev Shestov, who felt that Socrates, and Job, have in themselves alone more reality than all of the laws of nature, and who thus demanded of God that He overturn the ancient

Fatum and even that He rewrite history so that Socrates not be condemned to death and so that Job's dead children be restored to him. Doubtless Borges knew nothing of Shestov, and yet, in the story entitled "The Other Death," we see him dreaming like Shestov: for God hears a dying man and agrees to change the course of an entire moment of the past. God is an author, isn't He, since He writes history, page after page? And as in "The Garden of Forking Paths," many, among those He loves, are made to perish for this—which explains what doubtless must be His own infinite "lassitude" and "consternation." But He at least, is He not able to knock down the walls of the labyrinth?

The heart of Borges is, it seems to me, this question, which is to say, this dream. And since "*le rêve n'est pas*,"¹³ as Mallarmé has said, since the dream is what does not exist, Borges was also suffering and regret. This is what I wanted to recall about him, in order to recall what literature is as well. And to say what makes it possible, even today, to see in literature something other than the rule of language.

COLLÈGE DE FRANCE

(Translated by John T. Naughton)

TRANSLATOR'S NOTES

- 1 Jorge Luis Borges, "Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius," tr. James E. Irby, in *Labyrinths: Selected Stories and Other Writings*, ed. Donald A. Yates and James E. Irby (New York, 1964), p. 13.
- 2 Jorge Luis Borges, "Funes the Memorious," in *Labyrinths*, p. 63.
- 3 See Alfred de Vigny, "La Maison du berger," in *Les Destinées: Poèmes philosophiques*, ed. Paul Viallaneix (Paris, 1983), p. 99. "Aimez ce que jamais on ne verra deux fois."
- 4 See Jorge Luis Borges, *El Hacedor* (Buenos Aires, 1960), which is a collection of poetic reflections, some in prose, some in verse. It is a work to which Borges himself attached considerable importance, seeing it as a personal testimony, a break with the vanities of the past. The title, *El Hacedor*, means "The Maker" or "The Creator." The work has been translated into English by Mildred Boyer and Harold Morland under the title *Dreamtigers* (Austin, 1964).
- 5 Leopoldo Lugones (1874–1938) is one of the most important Argentine poets of the modern era and a leading innovator of poetic form. He took his own life in 1938. Borges had attacked him in the early twenties, but the dedication of his *El Hacedor* to Lugones signals the respect and love that are his dominant feelings toward the earlier writer and the ones he most would like to inscribe in "the book." Borges edited an anthology of Lugones's poetry, *Leopoldo Lugones: Antología poetica* (Madrid, 1982).
- 6 Bonnefoy is here citing a phrase from one of Mallarmé's letters. See Stéphane Mallarmé, *Correspondance*, ed. Henri Mondor, I (Paris, 1959), p. 207.
- 7 Jorge Luis Borges, "Delia Elena San Marco," in *El Hacedor*, pp. 22–23; in this particular case, I am providing a translation of Bonnefoy's French text. For Boyer and Morland's translation of the same passage, see *Dreamtigers*, p. 32.
- 8 Jorge Luis Borges, "The Witness," in *Dreamtigers*, p. 39.

- 9 Jorge Luis Borges, "The Zahir," tr. Dudley Fitts, in *Labyrinths*, p. 164; hereafter cited in text.
- 10 Jorge Luis Borges, "A Yellow Rose," in *Dreamtigers*, p. 38.
- 11 Jorge Luis Borges, "The Moon," in *Dreamtigers*, p. 66.
- 12 Jorge Luis Borges, "Poem Written in a Copy of Beowulf," tr. Alastair Reid, in *Borges: A Reader*, ed. Emil Rodriguez Monegal and Alastair Reid (New York, 1981), p. 285.
- 13 Mallarmé, p. 207.