

enology of Roundness” in *The Poetics of Space* by Gaston Bachelard) Maw and mouth, womb and tomb, hut and house, these are our spaces. And the hero of the round is, of course, the slain god, he of endless vegetative vitality. Borne on the wind from what other world we know not, consumed (like little Jens in Dinesen’s “The Dreaming Child”) by recollections of other fathers and other mansions, buried, harrowed and harvested, sacked and cellared, swallowed at last, he never fails us with the multiplicity of his members.

## Line

At the end of Borges’ fascinating Euclidean fiction “Death and the Compass,” the Parisian mobster Red Scharlach shoots and kills the detective Eric Lönnrot. “Red Red” kills “Red Line-red.” Or, through a punning on the Indo-European roots and a more attractive arrangement of word order: “Red Red” meets “Red-line Red-line.” The assassination comes after an illusory rhombic chase and the simple animadversions of Lönnrot’s assistant, Treviranus, the Christian, whose trinitarian principles determine his plainness.

Therefore the universe is not, according to Borges, in essence a quaternity, though he will not require us to sacrifice Jung’s mandalas. Nor is it a trinity, though we may preserve the endless ingenuity of the Council of Nicaea. Least of all is it a duality, that most unsuppressible of heresies against which most recently Levi-Strauss has arrayed whole galaxies of symphonic myth. No, the universe is a line, itself illusory, showing at its two ends the mirror images of a single entity which has been separated temporarily for we know not what purpose, most easily rejoined by a bullet. The assassin with his gun is the hero of the line.

## Selections from the Assassin’s Memoirs, or a Shard of the History of the World Since World War II

[Patterns]

I killed him in Barcelona just after the war. I detected his afterimage by a fountain under a plane tree on the Ramblas. Later, I saw the stain