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## The other borges

The meeting I will describe here is held in Buenos Aires mid-winter in 2004; it took me until now to shoulder courage to tell him and conclude, as the man insists that he has a story that must be told. It was a rainy afternoon and I sat in a small square table in La Ideal, one of the few confirmers in Buenos Aires that was not remodeled to attract tourists. I was in my favorite chart, in the center section of the expansion room, near one of the big marble columns. I draw in La Ideal for the very reasons that keep tourists at the bay. He saw the day of the end. The copper and glass chandeliers are dust, some of the elaborate mold they split or miss, the crimson charts have the occasional holes, and the display cases near the front door, once filled with tray of pastors freshly prepared with anthem, are now mostly empty. Outside the front door stands a sandwiches sandwich chart that covers food and food photos from their daily food specialties. The location was nearly empty, as the crowd eating lunch was dgeneous and the crowd had yet to arrive. Only three other tables were busy and the former remains were located in journal readings at a table at the corner or leaning against the counter at the end far away of the room.2 I had for more than an hour (working on an early draft of this story in fact)3 when someone was buded at the edge of my table. The spoon was blinking against my cup of tea and coffee slotshed into the safety. I looked up to find an adult slowly, maybe in his eighty, looking down at me, the corner of the table still pressed into his left thief. She wore a black batman, white shirt, a silver and black broken ties, a black jacket, and costume trousers. Her thin silver hair was combined straight back from her forehead high, the cubic marks still visible on the sides of her head. Although she had a plastic figure, her blue crystalline eye seemed to be on the vegetation in tears. He pulled out the opposite chair of me and sat. Your sister was born during a hurricane. He spoke English with a star voice and a slight accent. Excuse me? I defend my cause? I said your sister was born during a hurricane. I looked around the room for a hidden camera and a laughing friend, but nobody was looking at us. The couple at the nearest board went off with their conversation with the waiting man to continue it and lean. Jude is your sister, born in Texas on the third day of September, 1961. I chuckled uncomfortable. Yes, sir, you are right, it was, but how...? He ignored me and continued. We almost die from this hurricane. It's a coincidence worthy of being president, don't you think? Just as your mother made your sister, my mother and I, near death in heaven. We would have flown to Texas that day and the plane nearly crashed. A mixture of curiosity, confusion, and embarrassment kept me frozen and silent in my place. He looked directly in my eyes and continued. My name is Jorge Luis Borges. I knew the impossibility of what he said. I thought that maybe the old man asked. Borges died, buried in Geneva, if I recall correctly what I've read only recently. And Borges was blind, but this man appeared to eye. He beat his shoulder, pulled the heart to his head and bended him crossed his mouth. He leaned at me at the table and lowered His voice.4 I want to tell you a story and promise you that you will not only listen to what I have to say but repeat what I tell you. Deferably my habit of the elderly was preventing me from pushing for an explanation and thus my disability given the tax consent for him to continue. I also hoped that if he stayed I could have an opportunity to ask him again how he knew in my sister's birth story.5 He rested his advantage on the edge of the table and threw his fingers together before him. He was the length of his vertebral and pushed his shoulders. She was 2 years younger and fully lived. His eyes were wise again. It looked like a brilliant teacher preparing to start a lecture in an overwhelming group of students. I want to speak to you in English for two reasons. It seems appropriate that the language where I heard the first stories they said would be the language in which I tell my own final story and, quite frankly, I can't carry myself to speak the words necessary to tell the story in my native country language. Before I start I must also insist that you understand the subtleties of my identity. I'm Jorge Luis Borges, but I'm not the Borges you may already know. I'm not the one who felt his way onto those infant streets. The time and memories of others have changed me. I'm more like Hamlet's father, but return to the suicide admits, doesn't ask for vengeance. I am the author of books that have titles you are trying to remind you of the same moment, but I also, as auto-identity is an impossible challenge, even for the living, the other Borges. But I'm not an impossible, because I'm waterproof a man who never existed. The world knows another Borges. I have at last become the Borges I never allow myself to be. I'm now the one I wish I could, the one I imagined myself to be, the one that had all the things I want, all of these things deny me by others, and people I deny myself. I'm the Borges for those of their actions and their self-understanding is one. I'm finally honest, but I'm still a Do you know the story of 'Borges' Other things? I was embarrassed to admit I wasn't. (I do now.) That's fine. She got stuck, lifted the stainless steel sweat shot onto the table, poured herself a glass of water into my glass, and took a drink. He continued. Once I thought, and I wrote, that there were two Walt Whitmans. Whitman breathed and Whitman spoke of the herbal poems. I believe that Whitman wrote his poem as simple projection, the realization of his desire only dreamed of accomplishment. Because I couldn't imagine fulfilling my own desires, and writing about them, I couldn't imagine Whitman doing the same. This was a failure of my imagination. I now know that there were at least four Whitmans. Whitman's live breath, Whitman's poem, acknowledges Whitman alone, and Whitman in memory (who was hurt by the memories of others, biographers and scholars). The same is also true for Jorge Luis Borges. He looked over my shoulder and into the distance. His expressions suddenly changed, as though he remembered a name he'd been trying to remind him of for weeks. He reached for my pen, removed the plug that I was studying to replace when he first started talking, unfolded one of the paper napkins, and wrote a note. From my position across the table I couldn't read what she wrote. 'He returned his bodyus in my eyes', he spoke again. I continue to review my work. I work to reconcile jorge Luis Borges's men in the works, the Borges who pull their breath, the Borges in memoir and memory, and the Borges known only to me. Every day I get more of my work and my life to review. I fear that as long as I might have to disagree kopus all of me. My recent dishonest, or at least silent, threatens to have to be compelled to my identity. I don't recognize myself. My imagination failed again. I lost the ability to imagine something I actually experienced. This failure of imagination has created a lakuna that continues to grow. I'm afraid it will swallow me whole. I want the story I tell to complete that cancellation. But insisting on the reality of my story is contradictory to everything I believe. There is no intellectual certainty. All we feel is our experience. What our bodies tell us is real. Memory fails but the body is remembered. 6 He took a small pile of napkins from metal holders and put them on the table in front of him. He moved the top napkins and wrote another note. I again tried to see what he wrote. He blocked my view with the back of his hand. My present situation is the opposite mirror of what is described in the story Borges 'Tlon, Uqbar, Orbis, Tertius.' Do you know the story? I trembled myself and slewed in (I know it now.) Persistent denial of the real can retroactively mean something didn't happen as easy as the insistence on the reality of something that never happened can make something appear to have been real. A scheme of actual denial may work to be required to make an experienced reality. When he took another napkin out of the stack, he wrote another note, then continued. Despite my best efforts in my repression appearance left glow behind. But nobody believes them when they find them. Despite my obfuscation, this story found its way into the thoughts of men in Paris and women in Santiago, in private conversations about cooling cups of coffee at intellectual conferences in Prague and Taipei. Maybe my efforts here are futile as well, so a sand tablet can't turn back a crashing wave. I looked at her eyes, she noticed for the first time that her right ankle was a little close as if half of sleep with her left eye was open wide, as if in shock. Neither eye appeared in the house and both seemed to have cried the loss of their intended face. I can feel my confusion. Then he asked: Can you imagine the difference if Hamlet's father returned as a ghostly confessing suicide, instead asking for vengeance? He carried another note, this time filling two napkins with his careful script. He slew. He leaned back to his seat and shrank in front of me. The wall of the fading professor and was replaced by the face of a paired boy. He finally recounts his story as a man pursuing, the way a witness reveals a significant cycle of an undercover lover of a police novel only for being gunfire outside the coffee shop where they told him. After a length of the prologue the story itself, at least to its length if not its import, was a disappointment. For when she finally related the story she was a statement about reality, rather than a story. A revelation is not a narrative.7 The story was simple. It only requires a single sentence to say. Jorge Luis Borges loved Adolfo Byoy Casares.8 Or perhaps two sentences. For Adolfo Bioi Casares loved Jorge Luis Borges.9 He adamante that this was not a Platonic ideal. Their love was a physical question. He said the details of love were inimpohancing in the direct proportion of the importance of their privacy. When and where and why they didn't have consequence.10 Did you tell the story, it slew, and wrote another note. He grew up in his writings, quake himself and sat silently before me.11 Does not understand the meaning of what he has recently revealed and want not to provoke back to the vulnerability I saw associated with this truth, I asked him what I hoped the questions had been distracted. I asked him how, if it was Jorge Borges, he could explain his presence in front of me. He said that he could not. I asked him how he knew details of my sister's birth. His talk changed a little bit, he became more casual, and he said: 'You know how these things are these days. If you dig deep enough you can get almost anything on almost anyone, even if it's not true. And he dismissed as trivial question to me about his eyes. Then I asked him about his widow. He responded by talking about his mother. With a ton I have just now decided to describe as matricic resentment, he said that only time during his life that he could put his mother completely out of his mind was when his body was against the body of Adolfo Bioy Casares, other Kasares in biodiversity, companions and other Borges—the one he knew, not the one it was now.12 He changed the subject. He said he had an idea for a story, a story he never had time to write, to give me a gift. He asked me to write it and publish it as my own. (Maybe I'll be one day.) It is the story of a man who makes a fortune producing unprotected copies of a detailed book of the rhythmic and secrets of a global brotherly organization. The first rule of the secret book required members to purchase, and therefore removed from circulation, any copies of the book that find their way into the public market. The man was born to print copies of the book in all languages in the world and sold them around the world around the world through the internet.13 It disappeared as soon as it happened. After carefully stacked the napkins it then fold them in half and put them before me on top of my notebook open on the table. He rested his hand on them for just a moment. I knew he didn't want me to read them until he was gone. We didn't shake hands or say good-bye. It simply stands, pushing the chair back under the opposite table to me, walked past the display cases, and disappeared into the big woods and glass doors. I unfolded and it napkins them. (I kept them, and I'm doing them here with me now.) Having reached true the first part of my double obligation, listening, I sat in Horatio's stunning silence. I have tried for more than a year to forget this story, to attribute it to a living imagination or an encounter with a man of strength.14 But the force persists in persisting promise. I was haunted by the obligation of knowing. But now I said it, fulfilled the second part of my obligations, and returned here to sit in the exact place of The Ideal, filling the story that I started more than a year ago. The notes, written in Spanish, were summons from the stories of Jorge Luis Borges. I have since located the exact passages. The changes are himself and appear as they were napkins. ... the Registrar of the Incredible East Historia. ... the story I'm about to say is not believed. El hombre retirement is no east el hombre de corredor. Yesterday Mr. Today is not today. If the Whitman cantado the porque east is deseaba no Sidió. If Whitman sings this night because she wanted it but it was never captured. Oh noches, oh compaitda tiniebla tinibla, oh el amor flu que amor è la sombra como un río, oh secretary, oh momano de launch que cadao loss dose, o la inoksinicia la-el Canadian de death, the oh unión en que nos pedíamos paraderos luego el sueño, oh las clarum del día are the gazlándolalo. Oh nights, oh share warm darkness, oh love that flows in shade like a secret river, oh that moment of joy in which the two are one, oh innocence and opening of fun, oh the union in which we entered, only to lose ourselves therefore to sleep, oh the first soft light of days, and myself gaze it. Affirm que es verídico east ahora una convención de too relatos fantástico; el mío, sin embargo, east verídico. To say that the story is true is not currently a convention in every fantastic story; but it is true. 11 found my calendar last year and determined that the exact date was 14 July 2004. I've since realized the meaning of the date. It was the anniversary of his death.2 The chaspite La Ideal could always throw a spell. A young man who was standing inside for a quick lunch with his office might find himself depressed all afternoon after reminding how, when he was a boy, he stood outside the ideal door with his abusive father and waited for his mother who was inside celebrating a meeting with his high school comrades. How could he know at times that he would die this year? Or an older woman while waiting for friends for coffee after work she might find herself crying at her table against wooden paneling in the right hand wall. He simply recalled how when he was overriding he denied the kind offer to a man he had just met on the flight from London to join him on yacht of his friend from Valencia to Alicante. It rather than took the slow train to the orange and olive aircraft and lived since there lived a life regret.3n the story I constructed, with the simplicity of defending, a plot that would secure the interest of any Argentine editor, inflame the Argentine public, in short, cause a scandal, and so ensure that I would be noticed as a new one, and so assured that I would be noticed as a new one, ... expatriate American voices in the world in letters to Argentina. I wanted editors to commission immediate translation of my work and offer me a contract for first reading rights for any of my subsequent work. I wanted to write a story that would a scandal, making news, informing me to be interviewed on TV or at least for the major newspapers. Little did I know at the time that the economic crisis in January 2001 had all but destroyed some serious publications in which one case pu fiction literary.4In the left seconds before it continued to speak I reminded me of a story I published in the New Yorker. I fixed an incident that occurred to me years before in Minneapolis when I asked an old lady at a bus stop if she knew what that time was. He responded by pulling out a plastic bag filled with wrist viewing and starting it the time of each one, says this one says one o'time, this one says three-fifteen, this one with no hand, this one says a quarter to nine... In this story I compared my inability to move or talk to this frozen moment when confronted by a wise man on a knife on a dark street corner. And at this moment, neither in the short story and in fact, as of now, I just thanked him and stood silently until our bus arrived.5Had, I wrote this encounter as a brief story that I could make him justify the connection between us knowing that I speak English, that I am an American literature professor and recently read the work of the Argentine writers—Jorge Luis Borges Silvina Ocampo, Pablo Perez, and Copy among them. Given the opportunity, I could have words written for him and who he said: I know many things about you. You are a professor of American literature and you escape the nose of tension to come to Buenos Aires to write. You are an expert on the life and work of a novelists at that high-level second level of American writer, one of Faulkner's daughter as he is known, and that most of your academic work is biographic, which scholarships stop detesticide that is out of favor at the American Academy. As well, I chose you for this other reason, to know, and that's why I don't need to mention. That he should start our conversation in saying that my sister was born during a hurricane was even more spectacular because that story, strictly speaking, was a lie. A lie I've often repeated. A mother I learned from my mother who often told her herself. Hurricane Carla was in the Gulf of Mexico when my sister was born and did, as I confirmed since when I confirmed, interfered with Flight Jorge Luis Borges in Texas, but the storm did not arrive off the coast of Texas until the day after my sister's birth.6I did not follow her rhetoric but I hoped that her revelation would.6I didn't follow her rhetoric but I hoped that her revelation would have I was given a few clarity in this prolonged and confusing and contradictory moment, discouraged his identity.7He asked me not to construct an artistic story in his history, lest I impose another poison on that truth. He asked me not to quote him from telling the story alone. It felt appropriate for them to parafráz, because as he said versions of history, those of the reporters are also fabrications. I felt, when he asked me to do this hyrtional box step, that he tried to give himself up with plausible deniabilities; to preserve his right to dissolve, should he be at some point in the future, he told me the story. I also knew that without his own words He may have provided me with an outing.8Adolfo Biology Kasares (15 September 1914–8 March 1999), Argentine writer. Collaborator and friend Jorge Luis Borgess, with whom he has published a series of undercover novels using pseudonym H. Bustos Domecq. A rich and happy living sport, Casares was the father of at least two children from The Chargers. Kasares married the rich heritage of Argentina and writer Silvina Ocampo in 1940.9Although my knowledge of Borges was limited, I was in Argentina long enough to do a bit of reading to the country's most prominent writer. This revelation regarding her sexuality came to me more as a confirmation than a revelation, for how I read Borges's work and my biography was always hit by what I would describe inelegant as a queer vibe from his life and text. Besides the gay stereotype that he represents (the mother boy, not noticed until I was late in life), I had a sense of gratitude about what could be described as a ethic in his work—the literary equivalent of breaking a city street and exchanged a look with another gay. In addition, my friends in Argentina all pointed me to the Borgess essess impossibility of us, in which the Borges crossed feelings of superiority that argended sex to the active partner and how, among his countries, this relationship was seen as a form of dominance.10He remembered however he held his breath of fear throughout afternoon after the first time they made love with that he had tried to write a poem this way. The central idea of the poem was that their newborn force of passions toppled the flow of the River Plate and flooded its delta.11To be frank I hoped that what he said was true. I also understood my abuse risky if I, as he had previously asked, repeated this revelation or history. Friends in Argentina, with whom I have spoken since this meeting, advised me not to fulfill the will of this Borges. They said that I'm risky being expelled in the country and become the target of hate I should suggest that Borges had a sexual relationship with Bioy Casares, or, as they almost all said, says what everyone suspected of Borges (but not in Kasares) yet could not or would not admit. 12I ask about evidence. He assured me that my efforts to find evidence on what he said would prove fault. His words and words would have to be enough. He said that his own efforts, along with that of editors and senses, ash fire burning papers, refresh of destroyed letters and appointment books, preventing confirmation of the times simultaneously. And he says in this case the memory of statues of courage from cooling wind nights on Long Island's Sea was later heated by the flames of milk consumed with newspapers on a heart in Camden, New Jersey. 13He also said he viewed the internet as the ultimate realization of his infinite library and that, still in work creating fiction, he would write stories about awareness lost on the web. It eases the Internet's words and has been noted and that the internet word is used to describe the internet. He denied that god's word red for networking in Spanish didn't carry as much meaning.14Beyond the obvious difficulty I encountered in how to tell this story, I also weighed the legal implications of telling him. Should I be sure to libel by the widow of

Borges or the Kasares seed? descendants?

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