

CAMILLA: You, sir, should unmask.

STRANGER: Indeed?

CASSILDA: Indeed it's time. We all have
laid aside disguise but you

STRANGER: I wear no mask!

CAMILLA: (Terrified, aside to Cassilda)
No mask? No mask!

The King in Yellow, Act I, Scene 2

"O! thou who burnst in heart for those who burn
In Hell, whose fires thyself's all fed with
How long hast thou cryed--'Mercy for me!' God!
Why, who art thou that temptest him to learn?"

"Let the red dawn surmise
What we shall do,
When this blue starlight dies
And all is through."

Timeline of Events

February 10: Abigail Wright finds a copy of the play *The King in Yellow* in a bargain basket at a bookstore in lower Manhattan.

February 21-March 12: The plays makes the rounds of each tenant in the Macallistar Building.

March 12: All tenants cease leaving the building.

March 20: A cable-television repairman, David Langford, enters the Macallistar Building to disconnect Roger Carun's cable at 5:30 P.M. He disappears at sundown. His van is stolen that evening and enters the black market; there is no evidence that he ever reached the Macallistar.

March 31: Thomas Manuel's parents, Arthur and Elaine Manuel, are turned away from the Macallistar Building by "A man with a suitcase and a dog. The man said Thomas didn't live there anymore."

April 2: David Langford, the cable installer, is reported missing by his brother. He is thought to have skipped town due to pending lawsuits from two ex-wives.

April 19: The last phone call from the Macallistar Building to an outside location is made from Roger Carun's apartment to his editor.

May 5: After several months of bad dreams, Abigail discovers the Night Floors in the Macallistar Building and comes under the influence of the King in Yellow.

May 10-28: Abigail creates the shrine in her apartment, using the Night Floors as a place to gather strange and exotic materials.

May 28: A going-away party is held in the Smoking Lounge on one of the Night Floors; all in the building are in attendance. Abigail leaves with a man known only as "the Encyclopedic Salesman." She is never seen again.

May 29: The first page of a mysterious new play is left in front of all the doors in the Macallistar apartments, containing characters based on the tenants.

June 4: Abigail Wright is reported missing by her father. Her brother attempts to telephone her, he checks her apartment (to which he has a key) and finds the shrine. He then calls the NYPD.

June 5: The NYPD investigates the scene at the Macallistar.

June 6-10: All residents of Abigail's apartment building are interviewed as are her friends and associates. None of further leads put a case on the burner.

August 4: Abigail's credit card is used to purchase a pack of cigarettes in Patience, Maryland.

August 6: The FBI begins investigating the case as a possible kidnapping.

August 9: Lack of leads in Patience, Maryland forces investigators to call it a dead end. August 10: The FBI (and, secretly, Delta Gamma) sends a team to investigate and catalog

Along the shore the cloud waves break,
The twin suns sink beneath the lake,
The shadows lengthen

In Carcosa.

Strange is the night where black stars rise,
And strange moons circle through the skies
But stranger still is

Lost Carcosa.

Songs that the Hyades shall sing
Where flap the tatters of the vine
Must die unheard in

Dim Carcosa.

Song of my soul, my voice is dead
Die thou, unsung, as tears unshed
Shall dry and die in

Lost Carcosa.

Cassilda's Song in "The King in Yellow" Act I, scene 2.



Schizophrenia
When a man rides a long time through wild regions he feels the desire for a city, a city where the buildings have spiral staircases or hallucinations. Finally he comes to Isidora, a city where the buildings have spiral staircases or hallucinations, where perfect telescopes and violins are made, where behaviors are encrusted with spiral seashells, where the foreigner hesitating between two women always encounters a third, where cockfights degenerate into bloody brawls among the better. He was thinking of a diagnosis of these things when he desired a city. Isidora, therefore, is the city of his dreams: with one difference. The dreamed-of city contained him as a young man; he arrived at Isidora in his old age. In one square there is the wall where the old men sit and watch the young play; he is seated in a row with them. Desires are already memories.

CITIES & DESIRE 1

There are two ways of describing the city of Dorothea: you can say that four aluminium towers rise from its walls flanking seven gates with spring-operated drawbridges that span the moat whose water feeds four green canals which cross the city dividing it into nine quarters each with three hundred houses and seven hundred chimneys. And during the week the nubile girls of each quarter marry youths of other quarters and their parents exchange the goods that each family holds in monopoly--bergamot, sturgeon roe, astrolabes, amethysts--you can then work from these facts until you learn everything you wish about the city in the past, present, and future. Or else you can say like the camel-driver who took me there: 'I arrived here in my first youth, one morning, many people were hurrying along the streets towards the market, the women had fine teeth and looked you straight in the eye, three soldiers on a platform played the trumpet, and all around wheels turned and coloured banners flattered in the wind. Before then I knew only the desert and the caravan routes. In the years that followed, my eyes returned to contemplate the desert expanses and the caravan routes; but now I know this path is only one of the many that opened before me on that morning in Dorothea.'

CITIES & MEMORY 3

In vain, great-hearted Kublai, shall I attempt to describe Zaira, city of high bastions. I could tell you how many steps make up the streets rising like stairways, and the degree of the arcades' curves, and what kind of zinc covers the roofs; but I already know this would be the same as telling you the city does not consist of this, but of relationships between the measurements of its space and the events of its past: the height of a lamppost and the distance from the ground of a hanged usurper's swaying feet; the line strung from the lamppost to the railing opposite and the festoons that decorate the course of the queen's nuptial procession; the height of that railing and the leap of the adulterer who climbed over it at dawn; the tilt of a guttering and a cat's progress along it as he slips into the same window; the firing range and the gunboat which has suddenly appeared beyond the cape and the bomb that destroys the guttering; the rips in the fish net and the three old men seated on the dock mending nets and telling each other for the hundredth time the story of the gunboat of the usurper, who some say was the queen's illegitimate child abandoned in his swaddling clothes there on the dock.

As this wave from memories flows in, the city soaks up like a sponge and expands. A description of Zaira as it is today should contain all Zaira's past. The city, however, does not tell its past, but contains it like the lines of a hand, written in the corners of the streets, the gratings of the windows, the banisters of the steps, the antennae of the lightning rods, the poles of the flags, every segment marked in turn with scratches, indentations, scars.

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This taped message lasts about two minutes, and was left on April 19th on Carmen Wagner's answering machine. It is clearly identifiable as Roger Carun's voice. Transcript follows:

"Carmen? Carmen? I... Listen. I don't know if this is getting through. Listen. I've found... something. It's amazing. The book, it's... it's just incredible. It's so fucking inspiring! I'm working on something new, something to do with the change, you'll see... I love it... the way things are now, the way the building, I don't know... is. I can't explain it. The upstairs just goes on and on the doors... keep on... I don't know... going. It's incredible. Like a Borges story. It's like living in a surreal novel. I can't describe it... the others warned me not to call... but here... um... here I am. I wanted to say goodbye. To tell you not to come by anymore, I won't be here... I'm hoping to move upstairs soon... to live with the others. Abby and the others are waiting so... gotta go love and kisses... Oh... this was Roger Carun. Bye."

FADE TO BLACK

SCENE: The Smoking Lounge, a large parlor on the fourth floor. In the room are THE DOG, THOMAS and MICHELLE.

ENTER MARK ROARK.

MARK: Abigail is gone, she moved upstairs today.

THOMAS: And?

MARK: I miss the kid.

MICHELLE: Her dad, that pig, came around. She doesn't like you Mark, no one likes you. Anyway, she ran off with that salesman, everyone - it.

MARK: Fuck you, you cunt.

THOMAS: Comeonguys...comeon...

THE DOG BARKS.

Someone is heard coming up the steps, loud racket reverberating up and down the staircase.

MARK: who is that?

Everyone stops to listen.

MICHELLE: Who could be down there? Who is

MARK steps to the doorway and leans over to look down the stairs. MARK: ...lo? Hello?

ENTER FBI AGENTS

THE PROPHETS' PARADISE

"If but the Vine and Love Abjuring Band
Are in the Prophets' Paradise to stand,
Alack, I doubt the Prophets' Paradise,
Were empty as the hollow of one's hand."

THE STUDIO

He smiled, saying, "Seek her throughout the world."

I said, "Why tell me of the world? My world is here, between these walls
and the sheet of glass above; here among gilded flacons and dull
jewelled arms, tarnished frames and canvasses, black chests and
high-backed chairs, quaintly carved and stained in blue and gold."

"For whom do you wait?" he said, and I answered, "When she comes I shall
know her."

On my hearth a tongue of flame whispered secrets to the whitening ashes.
In the street below I heard a song.

"For whom then do you wait?" he said, and I answered, "I shall know
her."

Footsteps, a voice, and a song in the street below; but the song
but neither the steps nor the voice.

"Fool!" he cried, "the song is the same, the voice and steps have but
changed with years!"

On the hearth a tongue of flame whispered above; the whitening
below; no more; they have passed; the steps and the voice in the street

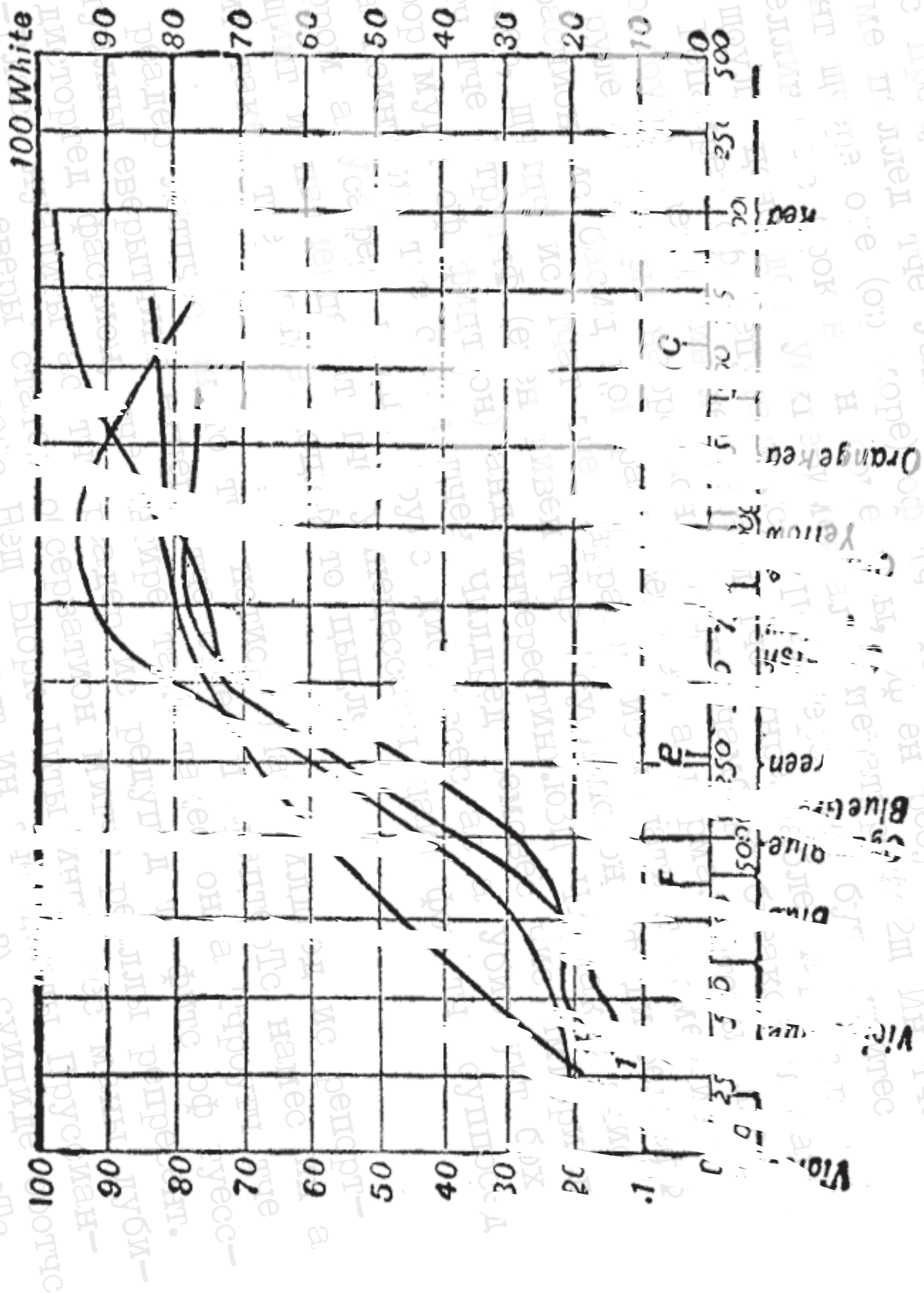
When he smiled, saying, "For whom do you wait? Seek her through the world."

I answered, "My world is here, between these walls and the sheet of
glass above; here among gilded flacons and dull jewelled arms, tarnished
frames and canvasses, black chests and high-backed chairs, quaintly
carved and stained in blue and gold."

...had been speaking for some time in a dull monotonous strain before realized that we were discussing The King in Yellow. Oh the sin of writing such words,--words which are clear as crystal, limpid and musical as bubbling springs, words which sparkle and glow like the poisoned diamonds of the Medicis! Oh the wickedness, the hopeless damnation of a soul who could fascinate and paralyze human creatures with such words,--words understood by the ignorant and wise alike, words which are more precious than jewels, more soothing than music, more awful than death!

We talked on, unmindful of the gathering shadows, and she was begging me to throw away the clasp of black onyx quaintly inlaid with what we now knew to be the Yellow Sign. I never shall know why I refused, though even at this hour, here in my bedroom as I write this confession, I should be glad to know what it was that prevented me from tearing the Yellow Sign from my breast and casting it into the fire. I am sure I wished to do so, and yet Tessie pleaded with me in vain. Night fell and the hours dragged on, but still we murmured to each other of the King and the Pallid Mask, and midnight sounded from the misty spires in the fog-wrapped city. We spoke of Hastur and of Cassilda, while outside the fog rolled against the blank window-panes as the cloud waves roll and break on the shores of Hali.

The house was very silent now, and not a sound came up from the misty streets. Tessie lay among the cushions, her face a grey blot in the gloom, but her hands were clasped in mine, and I knew that she knew and read my thoughts as I read hers, for we had understood the mystery of the Hyades and the Phantom of Truth was laid. Then as we answered each other, swiftly, silently, thought on thought, the shadows stirred in the gloom about us, and far in the distant streets we heard a sound. Nearer and nearer it came, the dull crunching of wheels, nearer and yet nearer, and now, outside before the door it ceased, and I dragged myself to the door and saw a black-plumed hearse. The gate below opened and shut, and a creature crept to my door and bolted it, but I knew no bolts, no bolts could keep a creature out who was coming for the Yellow Sign. Now I heard him moving very softly along the hall. Now he was at the door, and the bolts rotted at his touch. Now he had entered. With eyes starting from my head I peered into the darkness, but when he came into the room I did not see him. It was only when I felt him envelope me in his cold soft grasp that I came out and struggled with deadly fury, but my hands were useless and he tore the black onyx clasp from my coat and struck me full in the face. Then, as I fell, I heard Tessie's soft cry and her spirit fled, and even while falling I longed to follow her for I knew that the King in Yellow had opened his tattered mantle, and there was



1. Chamber. 2. Indigo Yellow. 3. Cadmium Yellow.

4. Yellow Ochre.

whistled in the autumn wind with heaven knows what mysterious and disquieting suggestion. Protruded long intervals above it, stood strangely shaped and somber-colored rocks, which seemed to have an understanding with one another and to exchange looks of uncomfortable significance, as if they had recognized their heads to watch the issue of some foreseen event. A few blasted trees here and there appeared as leaders in this malevolent conspiracy of silent expectation.

The day, I thought, must be far advanced, though the sun was invisible; and although sensible that the air was raw and chill my consciousness of that fact was rather mental than physical - I had no feeling of discomfort. Over all the dismal landscape a canopy of low, lead-colored clouds hung like a visible curtain. In all this there were a menace and a portent -- a hint of evil, an intimation of doom. Bird, beast, or insect there was none. The wind sighed in the bare branches of the dead trees and the gray grass bent to whisper its dread secret to the earth; but no other sound nor motion broke the awful repose of that dismal place.

I observed in the herbage a number of weather-worn stones, evidently shaped with tools. They were brooded over with moss and half-sunken in the earth. Some lay prostrate, some leaned at various angles, none was vertical. They were obviously headstones of graves, though the graves themselves no longer existed. As either mounds or depressions; the years had leveled all. Scattered here and there, more massive blocks showed where some pompous or ambitious monument had once flung its feeble defiance at oblivion. So old and seemed these relics, these vestiges of vanity and memorials of affection and piety, so battered and worn and stained -- so neglected, deserted, forgotten the place, that I could not help thinking myself the discoverer of the burial-ground of a prehistoric race of men whose very name was long extinct.

Filled with these reflections, I was for some time heedless of the sequence of my own experiences, but soon I thought, "How came I hither?" A moment's reflection seemed to make this all clear and explain at the same time, though in a disquieting way, the singular character with which my fancy had invested all that I saw or heard. I was ill. I remembered now that I had been prostrated by a sudden fever, and that I had been held in bed to prevent my escape out-of-doors. Now I had eluded the vigilance of my attendants and had wandered hither to -- to where? I could not conjecture. Clearly I was at a considerable distance from the city where I dwelt -- the ancient and famous city of Carcosa.

No signs of human life were anywhere visible or audible; no rising smoke, no watchdog's bark, no lowing of cattle, no shouts of children at play -- nothing but that dismal burial-place with its air of mystery and gloom, due to my own disordered brain. Was I not becoming again delirious, there beyond human aid? Was I not indeed all an illusion of my madness? I called aloud the names of my wives and sons, reaching out my hands in search of theirs, even as I walked among the crumbling stones and in the withered grass.

Noise behind me caused me to turn about. A wild animal -- a lynx -- was approaching. The thought came into my mind: "If I break down here in the desert -- if the fever return and I fail, this beast will be at my throat." I sprang toward it, shouting. It trotted tranquilly within a hand's breadth of me and disappeared behind a rock.

A moment later a man's head appeared to rise out of the the ground a short distance away. He was ascending the farther slope of a low hill whose crest was hardly to be distinguished from the general level. His whole figure soon came into view against the background of gray cloud. He was half naked, half clad in skins. His hair was unkempt, his beard long and ragged. In one hand he carried a bow and arrow; the other held a blazing torch with a long trail of black smoke. He walked slowly and with caution, as if he were aware of some open grave concealed by the tall grass. This strange apparition surprised but did not alarm, and taking course to intercept him I met him almost face to face, accosting him with the familiar salutation, "God keep you."

He gave no heed, nor did he arrest his pace.

"Stranger," I continued, "I am ill and lost. Direct me, I beseech you, to Carcosa."

The man broke into a barbarous chant in an unknown tongue, passing on and away. In the branch of a dead tree hooted dismally and was answered by another in the distance. Looking upward, I saw through a sudden rift in the clouds Aldebaran and the Hyades. In all this there was a hint of night -- the long twilight.

The Clockwork Factory

This vast warehouse is covered in a huge vault-like ceiling, which can never be seen - it's forever lost in absolute blackness. On the floor are dimly lit work areas, most covered in old-looking tools of questionable purpose - none are readily identifiable. No workmen are ever present. Though occasionally, a mournful violon tune can be heard. Its direction can never be pinpointed, though those pursuing the sound fervently enough can locate a single steel door sunk into a wall; like that of a submarine. It's unlike any other door in the Factory and through it, the music seems to emanate. It is immune to all mundane attempts to open it; though persistent Patients might find a way to open it. The worktables themselves are nothing exceptional - huge roughly cut wooden slabs on twisting wrought-iron legs. On some worktables are what look like ivory limbs - a hand here, a foot there - these limbs are startlingly complex clockwork recreations of actual limbs. Fingers articulate heels pivot, elbows bend and rotate. They are wholly convincing. Their "skin" is incredibly detailed ivory sculpture; delicate and amazingly thin. Occasionally, an entire clockwork man will be found - dangling from four sets of wires that rise and vanish into the vault-like ceiling. These clockwork men are often clothed in a simple approximation of a tradesman's dress - one might wear a priest's collar, another a gangster's pinstriped suit, still another the outfit of a 1920's bellhop. All these clothes - despite color and style differences - are made of a similar satin-like material.

Sometimes huge jumbles of these figures can be found gathered in open spaces, their wires hopelessly tangled about one another. A woman tied around a police officer, the officer leaning towards a doctor, the doctor strangling on a cord from an old lady. Sometimes Patients might see a relationship in these figures that imitates their former life.

Yhtill

Yhtill is an ancient city. It looks like a cross between classical Rome and Mesopotamia, rich with former glory and opulence. Lions adorn every available surface - the same yawning maw of a stylized beast staring from a surface. But someone has meticulously scraped the eyes off each and every lion, so they are blind. The city seems abandoned. No one lives in Yhtill - in fact, it seems centuries have passed since anyone but the Patients have set foot in the city. Flagstones are uneven and overgrown with grass, buildings have slumped and spilled over with time, roads have rippled as the ground beneath them shifts. Also a strange symbol - like a rippling eye with lines of power emanating from it - can be found scrawled in random places. It's drawn in ancient crumbling yellow-brown paint. Those attempting to remember the sign often have trouble forgetting it, and begin to see it everywhere. Though, to Patients, the sign is often very familiar to begin with.

The Library

The Library is an endless sprawling complex of mahogany bookshelves, hallways and raised walkways. There are no windows; only door upon door - reading rooms which open on impossible vistas of galleries, stairs and walkways that seem to continue on and on forever. The shelves are more often than not filled with exotic books in bizarre languages - but some areas of the Library are in disrepair; wrecked by water damage, collapsed plaster ceilings and books bloated like leeches filled with water. Some books are in English, but they describe bizarre, never-before-heard-of locales. Countries that don't exist, animals that don't exist, people who don't exist. Tracks - like those found in the Broadalbin - are found everywhere in the Library. Sometimes, strange, bounding figures are seen in the distance. Otherwise, besides the Patient, the Library seems to be vacant - of people, that is. Various areas seem to have been lived in for long periods. Debris like old food tins, empty bottles of alcohol and the remains of books burned for warmth can be found. Animal bones - which seem to be of strange rat-like creatures - can sometimes be found near these campsites. The lights in the library seem to grow and shrink in intensity over long periods of time, almost as if they were mimicking night and day. Despite this, there are no obvious light sources - the light seems to bleed from the walls themselves. As it grows darker, sounds begin to echo through the halls. At first, they are the sounds of skittering - something far off and small rushing across a dusty floor. Later, as the darkness increases, the sounds grow in intensity until it's the sound of something the size of a lion padding through the stacks. After dark should light a fire, or they'll find out

The measured light spectrum from yellow pixels on a typical computer display is complex, and very unlike the reflectance spectrum of a yellow object such as a banana.[18]

Process yellow (also known as pigment yellow, printer's yellow or canary yellow) is one of the three colors typically used as subtractive primary colors, along with magenta and cyan. The CMYK system for color printing is based on using four inks, one of which is a yellow color. This is in itself a standard color, and a fairly narrow range of yellow inks or pigments are used. Process yellow is based on a colorant that reflects the preponderance of red and green light, and absorbs most blue light, as in the reflectance spectra shown in the figure on the lower right.

Because of the characteristics of paint pigments and use of different color wheels, painters traditionally regard the complement of yellow as the color indigo or blue-violet.

Process yellow is not an RGB color, and there is no fixed conversion from CMYK primaries to RGB. Different formulations are used for printer's ink, so there can be variations in the printed color that is pure yellow ink.

The first recorded use of canary yellow as a color name in English was in 1789.[19]

[edit]Minerals and chemistry

This section requires expansion. (March 2009)

Yellowcake (also known as urania and uranic oxide) is concentrated uranium oxide, obtained through the milling of uranium ore. Yellowcake is used in the preparation of fuel for nuclear reactors and in uranium enrichment, one of the essential steps for creating nuclear weapons.

Titan yellow (also known as clayton yellow),[24] chemical formula $C_{28}H_{19}Na_{2}O_{6}S_4$ has been used to determine magnesium in serum and urine, but the method is prone to interference, making the ammonium phosphate method superior when analysing blood cells, food or fecal material.[25]

Methyl yellow (p-Dimethylaminoazobenzene) is a pH indicator used to determine acidity. It changes from yellow at pH=4.0 to red at pH=2.9.[26][27]

Yellow fireworks are produced by adding sodium compounds to the firework mixture. Sodium has a strong emission at 589.3 nm (D-line), a very slightly orange-tinted yellow.

Amongst the elements, sulfur and gold are most obviously yellow. Phosphorus, arsenic and antimony have allotropes which are yellow or whitish-yellow; fluorine and chlorine are pale yellowish gases.

Yellow ochre (also known as Mars yellow, Pigment yellow 42, 43),[28] hydrated ferric oxide ($Fe_2O_3 \cdot H_2O$), is a naturally occurring pigment found in clays in many parts of the world. It is non-toxic and has been used in painting since prehistoric times.[29]

Indian yellow is a transparent, fluorescent pigment used in oil paintings and watercolors. Originally magnesium euxanthate, it was claimed to have been produced from the urine of Indian cows fed only on mango leaves.[30] It has now been replaced by synthetic Indian yellow hue.

Naples Yellow (lead antimonate yellow) is one of the oldest synthetic pigments, derived from the mineral bindheimite and used extensively up to the 20th century.[31] It is toxic and nowadays is replaced in paint by a mixture of modern pigments.

Cadmium Yellow (cadmium sulfide CdS) has been used in artists' pigments since the mid-19th century.[32]

Because of its toxicity, it may nowadays be replaced by azo pigments.

Chrome Yellow (lead chromate, $PbCrO_4$), derived from the mineral crocoite, was used by artists in the earlier part of the 19th century, but has been largely replaced by other yellow pigments because of the toxicity of lead.[33]

Titanium Yellow (nickel antimony titanium yellow rutile, $Ni_0.8Sb_{2.0}Ti_0.2$) is created by adding small amounts of the oxides of nickel and antimony to titanium dioxide and heating. It is used to produce yellow paints with good coverage and has the LBN paint code YLR 10.

Gamboge is an orange-brown resin, derived from trees of the genus *Garcinia* which becomes yellow when powdered.[35] It was used as a watercolor pigment in the far east from the 6th century. The name "gamboge" is derived from "Cambodia" - and has been used in Europe since the 17th century.[36]

Orpiment, also called King's Yellow or Chinese Yellow is arsenic trisulfide (As_2S_3) and was used as a paint pigment until the 19th century when, because of its high toxicity and reaction with lead-based pigments, it was generally replaced by Cadmium Yellow.[34]

Azo-dye based pigments (brightly colored transparent or semi-transparent dye with a white pigment) is used as the colorant in most modern paints requiring either a highly saturated yellow or simplicity in color mixing. The most common is the monoazo arylide yellow family, first marketed as Hansa Yellow.

I am still troubled by the stroke of chance which made me witness of the second intrusion as well. It happened some months later, at a country store owned by a Brazilian in Cuenilla Negra. Amorim and I were returning from Sant' Anna. The River Tacuarembó had flooded and we were obliged to sample (and endure) the proprietor's rudimentary hospitality. He provided us with some creaking cots in a large room cluttered with barrels and hides. We went to bed, but were kept from sleeping until dawn by the drunken ravings of an unseen neighbor, who intermingled inextricable insults with snatches of milongas - or rather with snatches of the same milonga. As might be supposed, we attributed this insistent uproar to the store owner's fiery cane liquor. By daybreak, the man was dead in the hallway. The roughness of his voice had deceived us: he was only a youth. In his delirium a few coins had fallen from his belt, along with a cone of bright metal, the size of a die. In vain a boy tried to pick up this cone. A man was scarcely able to raise it from the ground. It held in my hand for a few minutes, I remember that its weight was intolerable and that after it was removed, the feeling of oppressiveness remained. I also remember the exact circle it pressed into my palm. The sensation of a very small and at the same time extremely heavy object produced a disagreeable impression of repugnance and fear. One of the local men suggested we throw it into the swollen river; Amorim acquired it for a few pesos. No one knew anything about the dead man, except that "he came from the border." These small, very heavy cones (made from a metal which is not of this world) are images of the divinity in certain regions of Tlön.

Here I bring the personal part of my narrative to a close. The rest is in the memory (if not in the hopes or fears) of all my readers. Let it suffice for me to recall or mention the following facts, with a mere brevity of words which the reflective recollection of all will enrich or amplify. Around 1944, a person doing research from the newspaper The American (of Nashville, Tennessee) brought to light in a Memphis library the forty volumes of the First Encyclopedia of Tlön. Even today there is a controversy over whether this discovery was accidental or whether it was permitted by the directors of the still nebulous Orbis Tertius. The latter is most likely. Some of the incredible aspects of the Eleventh Volume (for example, the multiplication of the hronir) have been eliminated or attenuated in the Memphis copies; it is reasonable to imagine that these omissions follow the plan of exhibiting a world which is not too incompatible with the real world. The dissemination of objects from Tlön over different countries would complement this plan. (5) The fact is that the international press infinitely proclaimed the "find." Manuals, anthologies, summaries, literal versions, authorized re-editions and pirated editions of the Greatest Work of Man flooded and still flood the earth. Almost immediately, reality yielded on more than one account. The truth is that it longed to yield. Ten years ago any symmetry with a resemblance of order - dialectical materialism, anti-Semitism, Nazism - was sufficient to entrance the minds of men. How could one do other than submit to Tlön, to the minute and vast evidence of an orderly plant? It is useless to answer that reality is also orderly. Perhaps it is, but in accordance with divine laws - I translate: inhuman laws - which we never quite grasp. Tlön is surely a labyrinth, but it is a labyrinth devised by men, a labyrinth destined to be deciphered by men.

The contact and the habit of Tlön have disintegrated this world. Enchanted by its rigor, humanity forgets over and over again that it is a rigor of chess masters, not of angels. Already the schools have been invaded by the (conjectural) "primitive language" of Tlön; already the teaching of its harmonious history (filled with moving episodes) has wiped out the one which governed in my childhood; already a fictitious past occupies in our memories the place of another, a past of which we know nothing with certainty - not even a that it is false. Numismatology, pharmacology and archeology have been reformed. I understand that biology and mathematics also await their avatars... A scattered dynasty of solitary men has changed the face of the world. Their task continues. If our forecasts are not in error a hundred years from now someone will discover the hundred volumes of the Second Encyclopedia of Tlön.

Then English and French and mere Spanish will disappear from the globe. The world will be Tlön. I pay no attention to all this and go on revising, in the still days at the Adrogue hotel, an uncertain Quevedian translation (which I do not intend to publish) of Browne's Urn Burial.

become called the "fundamental rules of short story," and I consider
one (or more) of the fundamental rules of short story, and I consider
en in some way, often resulting in what most of us would consider
experimental literature. [2] In the case of "The Red Rover of Repetitions,"
members all participate in the reading, no doubt every single day. The un-
able narrators relates. The more serious narration which chambers
books in "arbitrary" fashion is basic to the relationship between a normal sto-
raller and the reader, which is that the author is relating some-
thing that is both the "real" (event) and the "imagined" (fiction) is clear at
sired for much of fiction. The inference is that the "crown" from a
point in the story when Hildred James is in the "crown" from a
re" which Louis dismisses as a "bit of a" "little" now of impatience
the unnecessary wait for the supposed "time" to take the "time
k" to cycle.

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New York City includes many dubious details such as Louis's involvement
the daily Prussian-style military parades (police walking a patrol?),
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lde's list of conspiracies (political) with their Byzantine complexity
and even the threat posed by Mr. Wilde's supposed

"Anti-Story" Nature of the Work

Robert Chambers produced in this piece an early version of what has since become called the "anti-story" [1] This is a type of fiction writing where one (or more) of the fundamental rules of short story telling is broken in some way, often resulting in what most readers would consider "experimental literature." In the case of "The Repairer of Reputations," Chambers all but invites the reader to doubt every single detail the unreliable narrator relates. The rule of story narration which Chambers breaks in "anti-story" fashion is basic contract between a normal storyteller and the reader, which is that the narrator is relating something that is both the "truth" (even given the "suspension of disbelief" required for much of fiction) and interesting.[3] He makes this clear at a point in the story when Hildred removes his imperial "crown" from a "safe," which Louis dismisses as a "biscuit box" while showing impatience at the unnecessary wait for the supposed minutes it takes the "time lock" to cycle.

Once the reader latches on to the notion that Hildred is reporting virtually everything except the other character's names in a highly distorted fashion, the entire tale takes on a Through the Looking-Glass quality as the reader is reduced to fits of guesswork as to what every stated observation might really represent. Hildred's reporting of 1920s New York City includes many dubious details such as Louis's involvement in the daily Prussian-style military parades (police walking a patrol?), suicide booths (entrances to a subway station? a telephone booth?), Mr. Wilde's list of conspiracies (political) with their Byzantine complexity (almost certainly fake) and even the threat posed by Mr. Wilde's supposedly dangerous cat. All that Hildred claims about the future Imperial North America is called into question, vitiating the notion that it is an accurate vision of things to come. Even the climax of the story is open for the reader to try to interpret: did the wild cat kill Mr. Wilde, or did Hildred commit homicide in an act he does not care to remember? Or is Mr. Wilde even really dead? The reader is left with far more questions than answers by this dark tale.

There is some mystery about whether the futuristic date is part of Hildred's delusions, since some details in the story appear to contradict the idea of the year being 1920. Castaigne writes that the statue of Garibaldi, a "monstrosity," has been replaced by one of Peter Stuyvesant; yet in the story "The Yellow Sign," which is set post-"Repairer", the Garibaldi statue is back in situ. Thomas the Cockney bellboy in "The Yellow Sign" has fought at the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir in 1882. He would be in his thirties or sixties post-1920, yet he is clearly a young man. Hildred's cousin Louis Castaigne is born in 1872 and so would be 42 in 1920: rather old for the young Constance Hawberk, and perhaps for winning promotion to army captain. Hildred is described as a young man yet he has been at school with Louis. The allusion in the story to St. Francis Xavier's "new spire" is ambiguous. Does it refer to the church itself, at 30th West 16th Street, which opened in 1882, or merely the spire?

"The fundamental rule of short story telling is often resulting in what most readers would consider

Robert [?] in the case of "The Repairer of Reputations" the un- of fiction

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THE DANCER'S REWARD
From "Salome"

THE CHAMBER OF STATUES

In the early days, there was a city in the kingdom of the Andalusians where their monarchs lived and its name was Labtayt or Ceuta, or Jaén. In that city, there was a strong tower whose gate (of two portals breadth) was neither for going in nor for coming out, but for keeping closed. And whenever a King died - and another King took the Kingship after him, with his own hands, he set a new and strong lock to that gate, till there were four-and-twenty locks upon the tower, according to the number of Kings. After this time, there came to the throne an evil man, who was not of the old royal house, and instead of setting a new lock, he had a mind to open these locks, that he might see what was in the tower. The grantees of his kingdom forbade him this and pressed him to desist and reproved him and blamed him; they hid from him the iron key ring and told him that it was much easier to add a new lock to the gate than to force four-and-twenty, but he persisted, saying, "Needs must this place be opened." Then they offered him all that their hands possessed of monies and treasures and things of price, of flocks, of Christian idols, of gold and silver, if he would but refrain still, he would not be baulked, and said "There is no help for it but I open this tower." So he pulled off the locks with his right hand (which will now burn through all eternity) and entering, found within the tower figures of Arabs on their horses and camels, habited in turbans hanging down at the ends, with swords in baldrick-belts thrown over their shoulders and bearing long lances in their hands. All these figures were round, as in life, and threw shadows on the ground; a blind man could identify them by touch, and the front hooves of their horses did not touch the ground yet they did not fall, as though the mounts were rearing. These exquisite figures filled the king with great amazement; even more wonderful was the excellent order and silence that one saw in them - for every figure's head was turned to the same side (the west) while not a single voice or clarion was heard. Such was the first room in the castle. In the second, the king found the table that belonged to Suleyman, son of David - salvation be with both of them! This table was carved from a single grass-green emerald, a stone whose occult properties are indescribable yet genuine, for it calms the tempest, preserves the chastity of its wearer, keeps off dysentery and evil spirits, brings favorable - outcome to lawsuits, and is of great relief in childbearing.

In the third room, two books were found: one was black and taught the virtues of each metal, each talisman, and each day, together with the preparation of poisons and antidotes; the other was white, and - though the script was clear, its lesson could not be deciphered. In the fourth room found he a map of the world figuring the earth and the seas and the different cities and countries and villages of the world each with its true name and exact shape. In the fifth, they found a marvelous mirror, great and round, of mixed metals, which had been made for Suleyman, son of David, on the twain be forgiveness! - wherein whose looked might see the counterfeit presentment of his parents and his children, from the first Adam to those who shall hear the Trumpet. The sixth room was filled with that ceramic powder, one drachm of which elixir can change three thousand drachms of silver into three thousand drachms of gold. The seventh appeared empty, and it was so long that the ablest of the king's archers might have loosed an arrow from its doorway without hitting the distant wall. Carved on that far wall, they saw a terrible inscription. The king examined it, and understood it, and it spoke in this wise: "If any hand opens the gate of this castle, the warriors of flesh at the entrance, who resemble warriors of metal, shall take possession of the kingdom." These things occurred in the eighty-ninth year of the Hegira. Before the year reached its end, Tarik ibn Zayid would conquer that city and slay this King after the sorriest fashion and sack the city and make prisoners of the women and boys therein and get great loot. Thus it was that the Arabs spread all over the cities of Andalusia - a kingdom of fig trees and watered plains in which no man suffered thirst. As for the treasures, it is widely known that Tarik, son of Zayid, sent them to his lord, the caliph Al-walid bin Abd al-Malik, who entombed them in a pyramid.

(From the Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night, Night 272)

ptoms of Xanthophobia - Fear of the color yellow or the word yellow:
athlessness, excessive sweating, nausea, dry mouth, feeling sick, shaking, heart palpitations,
bility to speak or think clearly, a fear of dying, becoming mad or losing control, a sensation
detachment from reality or a full blown anxiety attack.

are not the only one to suffer from this phobia. Most sufferers are surprised to learn that
are far from alone in this surprisingly common, although often unspoken, phobia.

phobia is an intense fear of something that poses no actual danger. While adults with Xan-
phobia realize that these fears are irrational, they often find that facing, or even thinking
out facing, the feared situation brings on a panic attack or severe anxiety.

here is a Way Out

Imagine what your life will be like when you know that you are not "defective". When you can be
confident and at ease in situations where you used to feel your phobia. And when you can talk
about your former fear symptoms as though you are describing a movie where the character is
someone else, not you.

Xanthophobia Treatment Options

Hypnotherapy

Hypnotherapy helps to reprogram your subconscious "programs" that may be part of your fear.
When these programs are "de-bugged" the symptoms of Xanthophobia often are minimized. However,
some people don't like the feeling of loss of control in allowing someone else to play with their
personal "software".
Hypnotherapy is save and works fast.

Hypnotherapy Solutions

Neuro-Linguistic Programming (NLP)

NLP is basically the study and practice of how we create our reality. From the NLP viewpoint, a
phobia is the result of your programs or "constructs" that you have created that don't work very
well. With NLP, these constructs are revealed and "re-programmed" so that the Xanthophobia is
minimized and often eliminated.

Usually the interventions are quite rapid and effective.

NLP Solutions

Energy Psychology

Energy Psychology is emerging as an excellent therapy for fears and phobias because in studies
it is shown to be rapid, safe, effective and long-lasting. It is based on a theory and practice that
has been around for a couple of thousand years. It has the same foundation or roots as acupunc-
ture, except in this case there are no needles used. You could call it emotional acupuncture -
without the needles. Recent scientific studies have shown it to be very effective.
Energy Psychology combines the benefits of the above treatment therapies.
You quickly and easily change your behaviors.
Your thought patterns change, often very quickly.
These techniques are useful for a lifetime in all situations.

