
“El libro se resiste a morir”

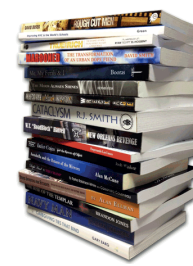
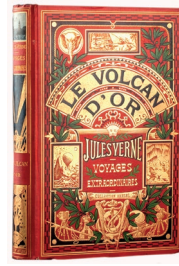
Assurnasirpal II



Hazañas del Rey



Cada vez más fácil, barato, rápido



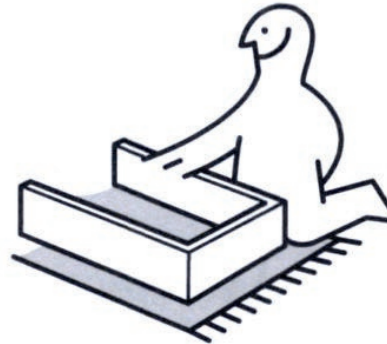
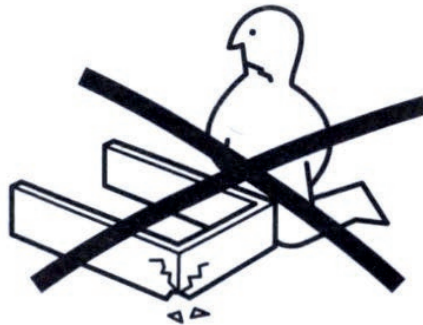
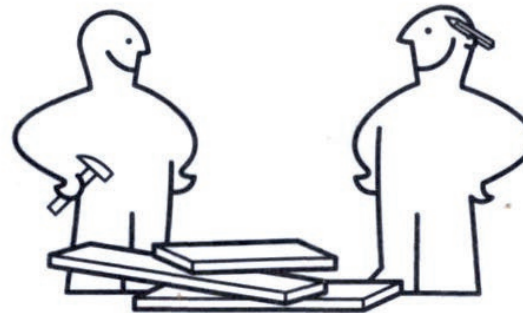
ESFUERZO

COSTE DE MATERIAL

TIEMPO DE PRODUCCIÓN

ESPECIALIZACIÓN

Be your own publisher

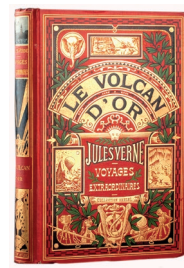


LECTURA PARA TODOS

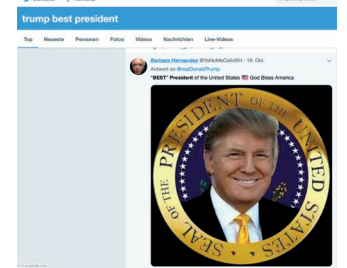
DIFUSIÓN



Artesanos

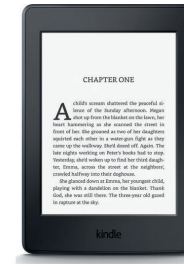
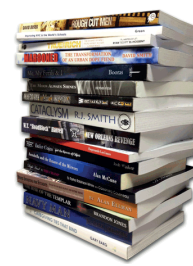
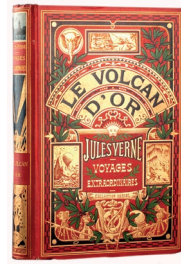


Editores



Plataformas

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DURABILIDAD

CREDIBILIDAD

No vende muebles

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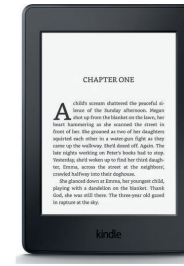
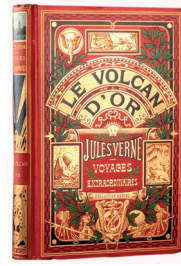
IKEA 75 ESTE AÑO CELEBRAMOS
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PRECIOS DEL CATÁLOGO VÁLIDOS EN ESPAÑA,
EXCEPTO LAS ISLAS, DEL 1 DE SEPTIEMBRE DE 2018
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IKEA

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The Power of Touch



infinita

mínima

DISTANCIA

Questionar formato

bolsillo

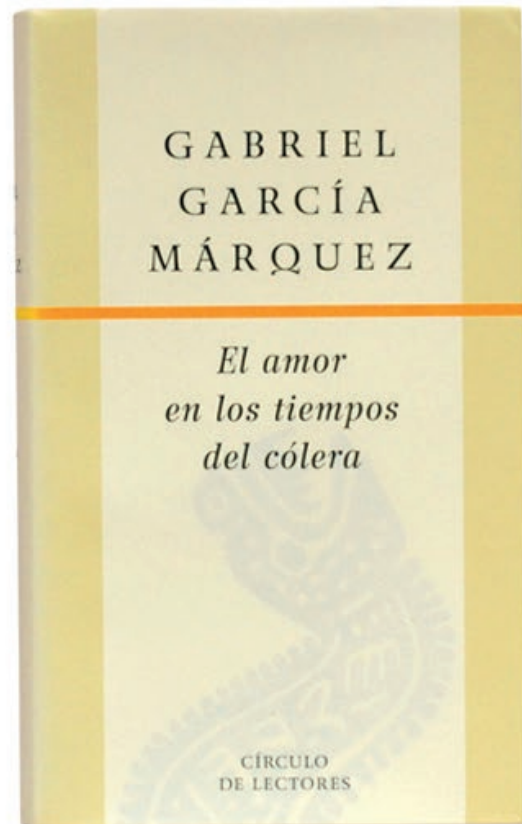




VOCES LIBRES (Sami Naïr)



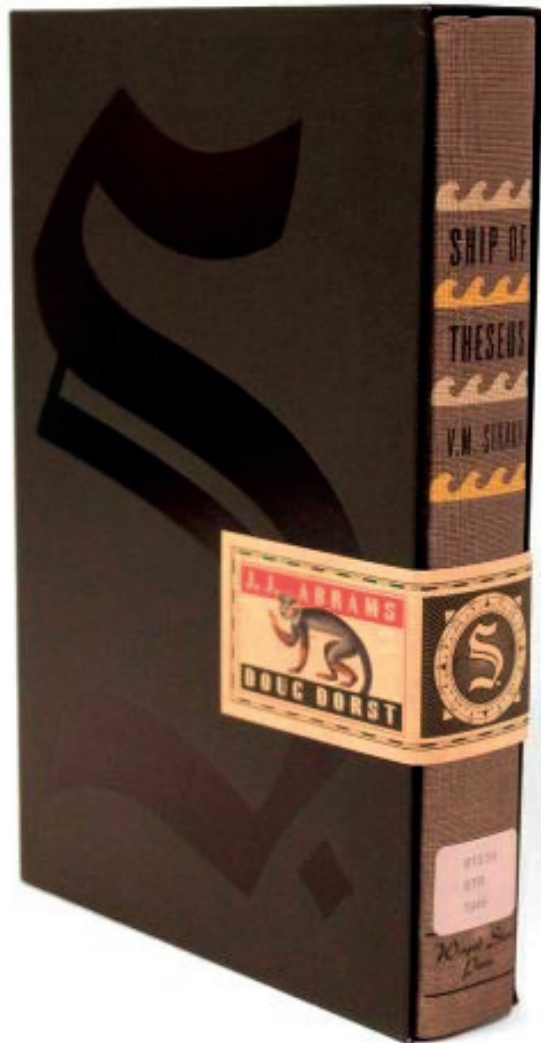
GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ



EVERYTHING WITHIN TAKES
PLACE AFTER JACK DIED AND
BEFORE MY MOM AND I DROWNED
IN A BURNING FERRY IN THE COOL
TANNIN-TINTED GUAVIARE RIVER,
IN EAST-CENTRAL COLOMBIA,
WITH FORTY-TWO LOCALS WE
HADN'T YET MET. IT WAS A CLEAR
AND EYEBLUE DAY, THAT DAY, AS
WAS THE FIRST DAY OF THIS
STORY, A FEW YEARS AGO IN JAN-
UARY, ON CHICAGO'S NORTH SIDE,
IN THE OPULENT SHADOW OF
WRIGLEY AND WITH THE WIND
COMING LOW AND SEARCHING
OFF THE JAGGED HALF-FROZEN
LAKE. I WAS INSIDE, VERY WARM,
WALKING FROM DOOR TO DOOR.



S Ship of Theseus



So: I've been reading up on what your scholarly homeboys have said about who wrote this book. Looks like 5 main args: ① FXC's story is true: VMS wrote it, FXC filled in where necessary.

② Same as above, but FXC overstepped.

③ It's all VMS's work, + FXC lied about reconstructing Ch. 10.

CHAPTER 1

ONLY
VMS BOOK
TO USE CHAPTER
TITLES

WHAT BEGINS,

WHAT ENDS

④ Doesn't matter, b/c VMS + FXC were the same person.

⑤ The whole book is a hoax—someone (maybe FXC, maybe not) imitating Straka's style.

COMPLICATED BY THE FACT THAT NO ONE KNOWS WHO "VMS" IS, ANYWAY. MOST PEOPLE DECIDE WHAT THEY THINK EARLY ON + DON'T CHANGE THEIR MINDS.

DUSK. THE Old Quarter of a city where river meets sea.

A man in a dark gray overcoat walks the Quarter's streets, a tangle of cobblestone passages that spin from the harbor and thread themselves through neighborhoods where the smells of cooking spices vary but the sad decrepitude is shared. The buildings, black with the soot of centuries, loom over him, blocking out most of the sky and making it difficult to know at any given moment whether he is heading toward the water or away from it.¹

What do you think?

I'M PRETTY MUCH A (2).

But re FXC overstepping: where do you draw the line? At what point does the book stop being Straka's alone + become theirs?

¹ A sense of spatial disorientation afflicts characters throughout Straka's body of work—most notably in *Coriolis*, which features a character afflicted with a fictional ailment called "Eötvös Syndrome." The illness causes his sense of disorientation to intensify as his travels take him closer to the equator.

The Eötvös wheel is the key to decoding the puzzles in *Coriolis*, right? Maybe it would work here, if these FXCs are coded?

I'VE ENCLOSED A {3} WHEEL. YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO PLAY AROUND TO FIND THE REFERENCE LATITUDES. GIVE IT A SHOT IF YOU HAVE TIME. You don't need it? I MADE ONE BY HAND WHEN I WAS IN HS. I LIKE USING THAT ONE. That is so not what I

was doing in high school.

S Ship of Theseus

Have you been to the cafe today? There's a flyck with the 2 on the bulletin board. All it says otherwise is: "G.H.: Call me - important." No number.

IF HE'S DEMANDING THAT I CALL HIM "IMPORTANT" IT MUST BE MOODY.

Getting laid has made you funnier.

UM... REMEMBER: YOU WERE THE ONE WHO WAS WORRIED THAT OTHER PEOPLE MIGHT READ THIS.

IS THIS SUGGESTING THAT THERE'S MORE THAN ONE S? OR MORE THAN ONE VERSION OF IT? AN S OF WRITERS IN MANY LITERARY TRADITIONS? (FITS W/ ALL THE PICTURES OF DIFFERENT SHIPS.)

she was so great with languages... why couldn't she tell which was Straka's native one?

SHE SAID HER BEST GUESS WAS CZECH, BUT SHE DIDN'T TRUST HER JUDGMENT—SHE KNEW THAT THE BEST SCHOLAR FOR HER WAS IF VACLAV WAS WASY, BECAUSE NO ONE KNEW HE EXISTED & HE PRESUMABLY DIDN'T HAVE ANY EMPLOYMENTS... SO HE'D BE THE ONE WHO COULD MOST EASILY OVER-REWRITE EVERYTHING UP & GO AWAY W/ HER.

SHIP OF THESEUS

Her hand shakes as she points to one of the leather-bound slabs on the reading desk. Sit. Look all you like. But mind the time.

He sits in a rickety chair before the book. The same symbol graces both cover and spine:

((S))

Are all the books marked with the S? He checks the other books on the table: one has an H shape, in a similar script; another has an ornate rendering of the Greek psi; another of the Hebrew alef. The Urdu che. One is an ideograph. Another is marked—titled?—with a character from an alphabet he does not recognize. He squints at the bookshelves across the room; he cannot see clearly, but it looks as if each book bears a single character on its spine.

He opens S and leans close.

On the first page is a charcoal drawing of his ship (no, he reminds himself, the ship on which I've been held)—or, rather, an earlier version of it, when it was a harmonious whole, a shipwright's realization of a xebec that would fly across the main and leave sailors aboard other vessels dumbstruck with envy. With each page S turns, he finds another drawing of

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SHIP OF THESEUS



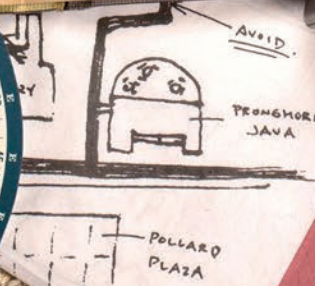
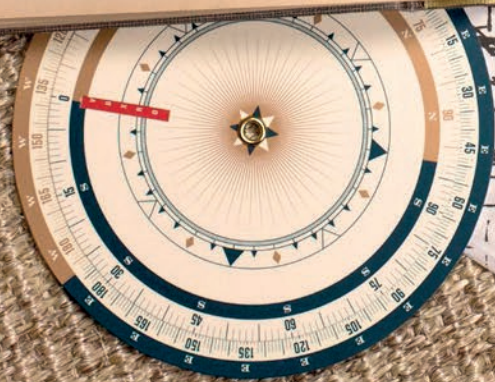
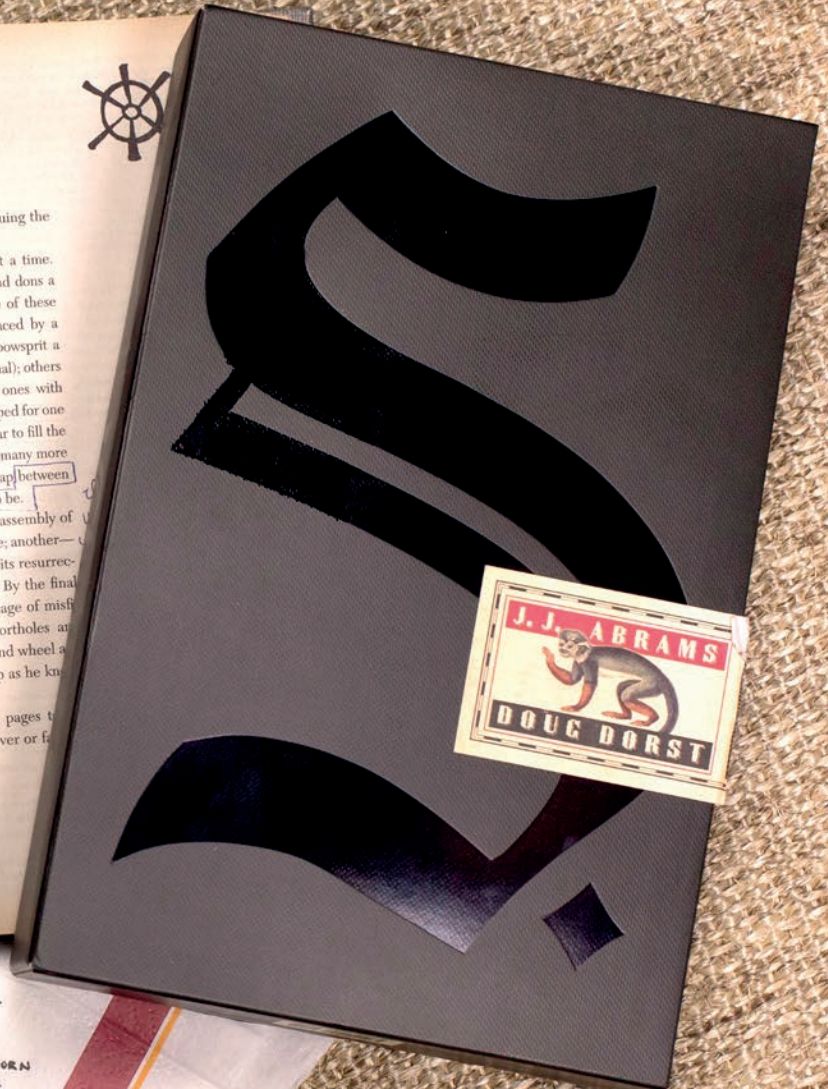
the ship, along with marginal notes cataloguing the changes it has undergone.

He flips forward, ten to twenty pages at a time. Again and again the ship sheds a feature and dons a new one, reinterpreted and remade. Some of these changes are noteworthy (the mizzen replaced by a tower of oak with a noticeable warp; the bowsprit a stunted approximation of the graceful original); others insignificant (a dozen cleats replaced by ones with marginally longer horns; a deck plank swapped for one cut a fraction of an inch too narrow, with tar to fill the seam). Some of the changes are felicitous; many more are not, each one seeming to widen the gap between what was intended and what turned out to be.

One page describes the wholesale reassembly of the vessel after it was sunk by cannon fire; another—quite near the end of the book—shows its resurrection after a sundering by waterspouts. By the final pages, it has become the mad assemblage of misfit masts and decks and hatches and portholes and scuppers and bulwarks and bowsprit and wheel and rudder and sails that compose the ship as he knows it. A horrible thing.

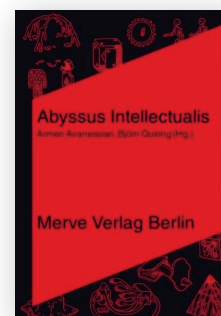
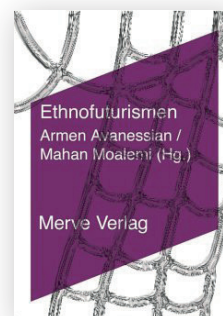
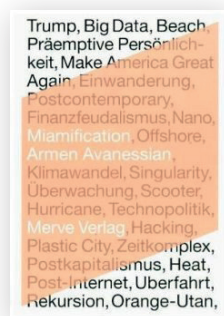
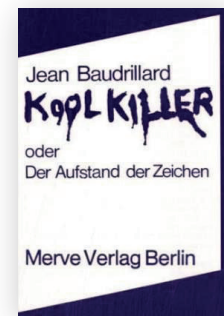
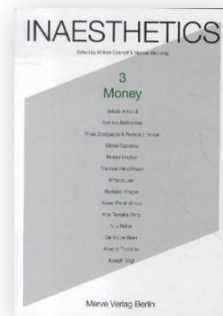
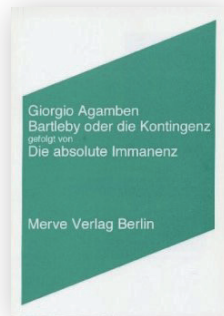
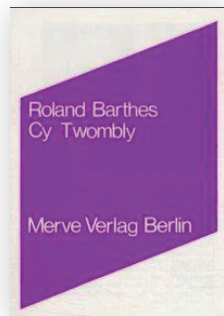
He hauls back the thousand-plus pages to the very first, his hands quivering with fever or fear.

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Queríamos hablar de creatividad

Crear marca



MERVE VERLAG BERLIN



CLÁSICOS ESPAÑOLES

¿Tendencias?

