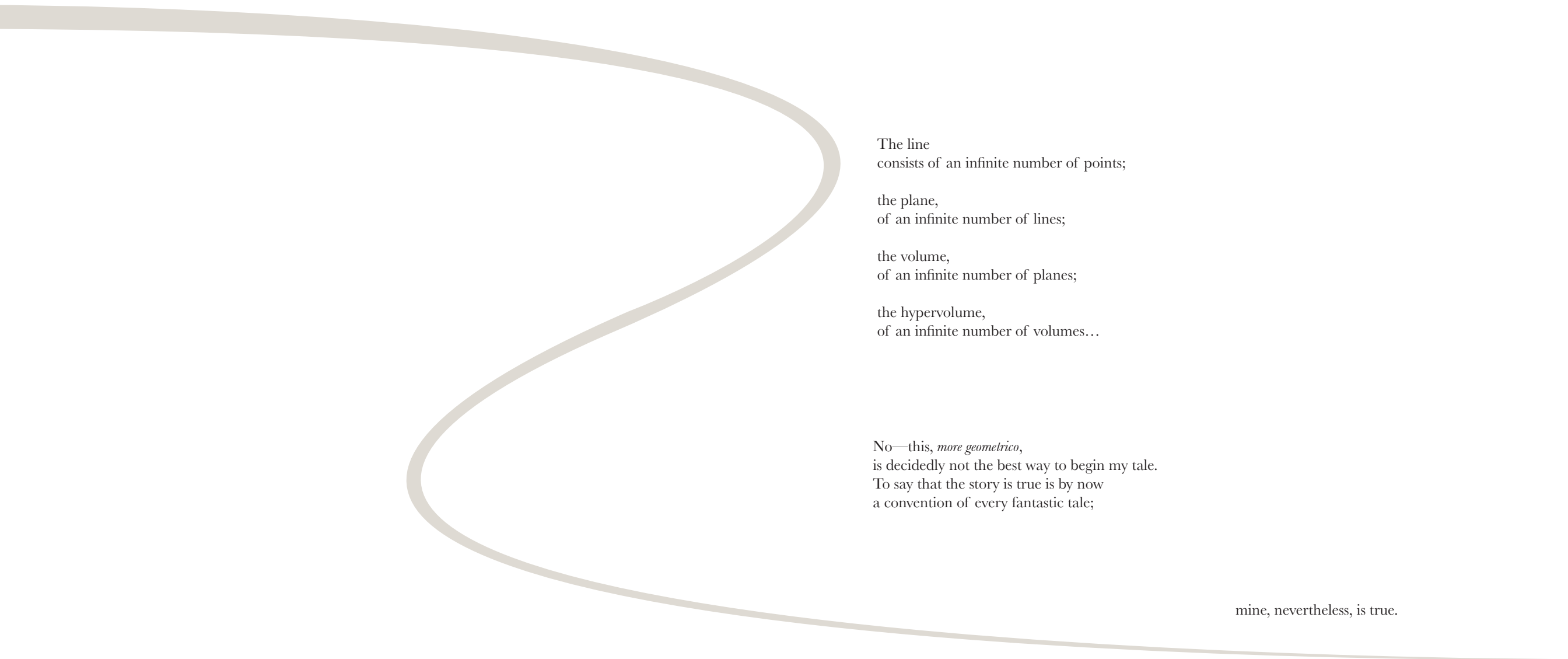




The Book of Sand

by Jorge Luis Borges  
translated by Andrew Hurley



The line  
consists of an infinite number of points;

the plane,  
of an infinite number of lines;

the volume,  
of an infinite number of planes;

the hypervolume,  
of an infinite number of volumes...

No—this, *more geometrico*,  
is decidedly not the best way to begin my tale.  
To say that the story is true is by now  
a convention of every fantastic tale;

mine, nevertheless, is true.



I live alone,  
in a fifth-floor apartment  
on Calle Belgrano.

One evening a few months ago, I heard a knock at my door.  
I opened it, and a stranger stepped in.

He was a tall man, with blurred, vague features,  
or perhaps my nearsightedness made me see him that way.  
Everything about him spoke of honest poverty:  
he was dressed in gray, and carried a gray valise.

I immediately sensed that he was a foreigner.  
At first I thought he was old;  
then I noticed that I had been misled by his sparse hair,  
which was blonde, almost white, like the Scandinavians'.

In the course of our conversation,  
which I doubt lasted more than an hour,  
I learned that he hailed from the Orkneys.

I pointed the man to a chair.  
He took some time to begin talking.  
He gave off an air of melancholy, as I do myself now.

"I sell Bibles," he said at last.

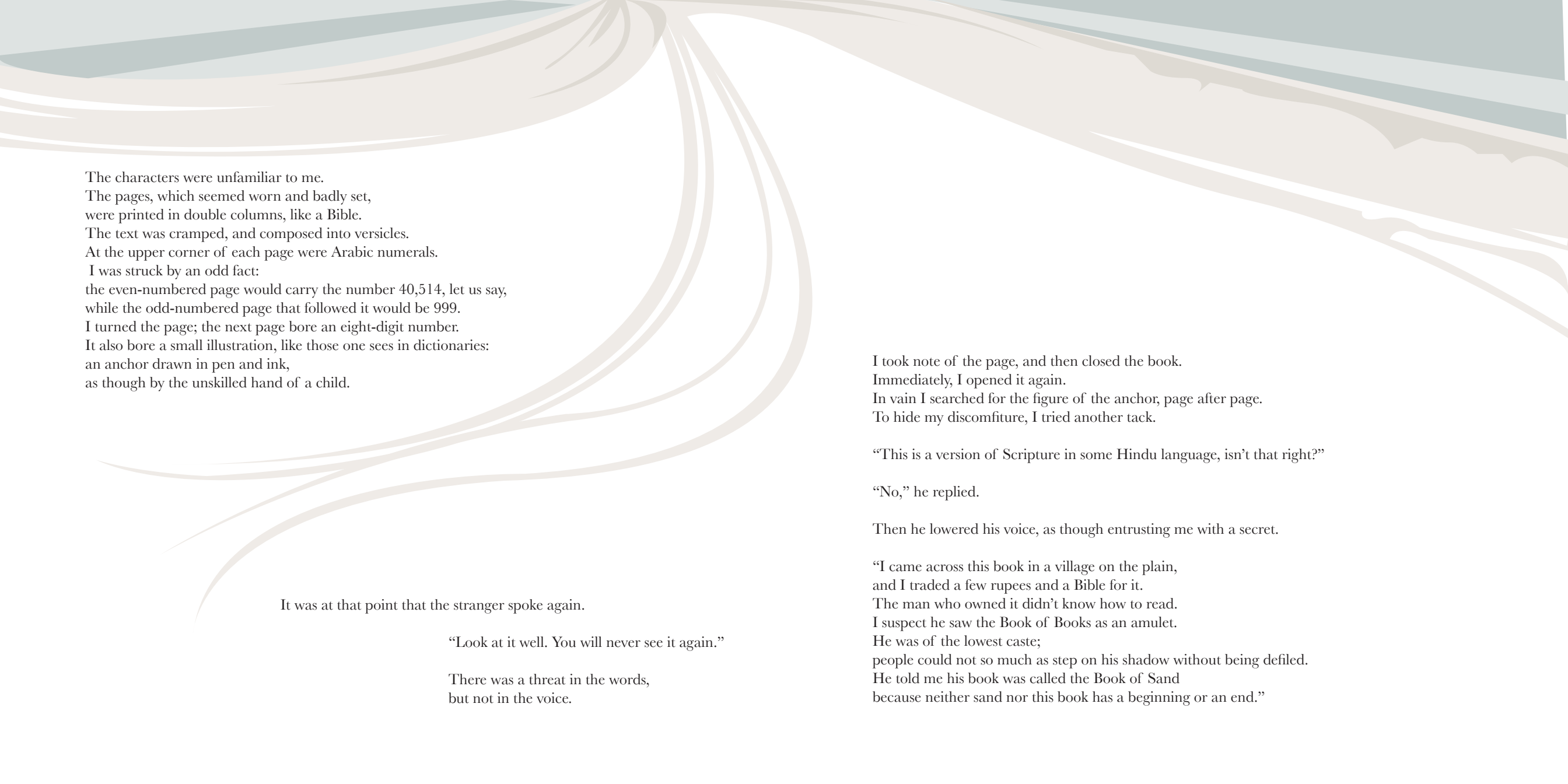
"In this house," I replied,  
not without a somewhat stiff, pedantic note,  
"there are several English Bibles,  
including the first one, Wyclif's.  
I also have Cipriano de Valera's, Luther's  
(which is, in literary terms, the worst of the lot),  
and a Latin copy of the Vulgate.  
As you see, it isn't exactly Bibles I might be needing."

After a brief silence he replied.  
"It's not only Bibles I sell.  
I can show you a sacred book  
that might interest a man such as yourself.  
I came by it in northern India, Bikaner."

He opened his valise and brought out the book.  
He laid it on the table.  
It was a clothbound octavo volume  
that had clearly passed through many hands.  
I examined it; the unusual heft of it surprised me.  
On the spine was printed Holy Writ, and then Bombay.

"Nineteenth century I'd say," I observed.

"I don't know," was the reply.  
"Never did know."



The characters were unfamiliar to me.  
The pages, which seemed worn and badly set,  
were printed in double columns, like a Bible.  
The text was cramped, and composed into versicles.  
At the upper corner of each page were Arabic numerals.  
I was struck by an odd fact:  
the even-numbered page would carry the number 40,514, let us say,  
while the odd-numbered page that followed it would be 999.  
I turned the page; the next page bore an eight-digit number.  
It also bore a small illustration, like those one sees in dictionaries:  
an anchor drawn in pen and ink,  
as though by the unskilled hand of a child.

It was at that point that the stranger spoke again.

“Look at it well. You will never see it again.”

There was a threat in the words,  
but not in the voice.


I took note of the page, and then closed the book.  
Immediately, I opened it again.  
In vain I searched for the figure of the anchor, page after page.  
To hide my discomfiture, I tried another tack.

“This is a version of Scripture in some Hindu language, isn’t that right?”

“No,” he replied.

Then he lowered his voice, as though entrusting me with a secret.

“I came across this book in a village on the plain,  
and I traded a few rupees and a Bible for it.  
The man who owned it didn’t know how to read.  
I suspect he saw the Book of Books as an amulet.  
He was of the lowest caste;  
people could not so much as step on his shadow without being defiled.  
He told me his book was called the Book of Sand  
because neither sand nor this book has a beginning or an end.”



He suggested I try to find the first page.

I took the cover in my left hand and opened the book,  
my thumb and forefinger almost touching.  
It was impossible:  
several pages always lay between the cover and my hand.  
It was as though they grew from the very book.

“Now try to find the end.”

I failed there as well.

“This can’t be,” I stammered,  
my voice hardly recognizable as my own.

“It can’t be, yet it is,” the Bible peddler said,  
his voice little more than a whisper.  
“The number of pages in this book is literally infinite.  
No page is the first page; no page is the last.  
I don’t know why they’re numbered in this arbitrary way,  
but perhaps it’s to give one to understand that  
the terms of an infinite series  
can be numbered any way whatever.”

Then, as though thinking out loud, he went on.

“If space is infinite, we were anywhere,  
at any point in space.  
If time is infinite, we are at any point in time.”

His musings irritated me.

“You,” I said, “are a religious man, are you not?”

“Yes, I’m Presbyterian. My conscience is clear.  
I am certain I didn’t cheat that native  
when I gave him the Lord’s Word in exchange for his diabolic book.”

I assured him he had nothing to reproach himself for,  
and asked whether he was just passing through the country.  
He replied that he planned to return to his own country  
within a few days.

It was then that I learned he was a Scot,  
and that his home was in the Orkneys.  
I told him I had great personal fondness for Scotland  
because of my love for Stevenson and Hume.

“And Robbie Burns,”  
he corrected.

As we talked I continued to explore the infinite book.

“Had you intended to offer this curious specimen to the British Museum, then?”

I asked with feigned indifference.

“No,” he replied,

“I am offering it to you,”

and he mentioned a great sum of money.

I told him, with perfect honesty, that such an amount of money was not within my ability to pay. But my mind was working; in a few moments I had devised my plan.

“I propose a trade,” I said. “You purchased the volume with a few rupees and the Holy Scripture; I will offer you the full sum of my pension, which I have just received, and Wyclif’s black-letter Bible. It was left to me by my parents.”

“A black-letter Wyclif!”  
he murmured.


I went to my bedroom and brought back the money and the book. With a bibliophile’s zeal he turned the pages and studied the binding.

“Done,” he said.

I was astonished that he did not haggle. Only later was I to realize that he had entered my house already determined to sell the book. He did not count the money, but merely put the bills into his pocket.

We chatted about India, the Orkneys, and the Norwegian jarls that had once ruled those islands. Night was falling when the man left. I have never seen him since, nor do I know his name.

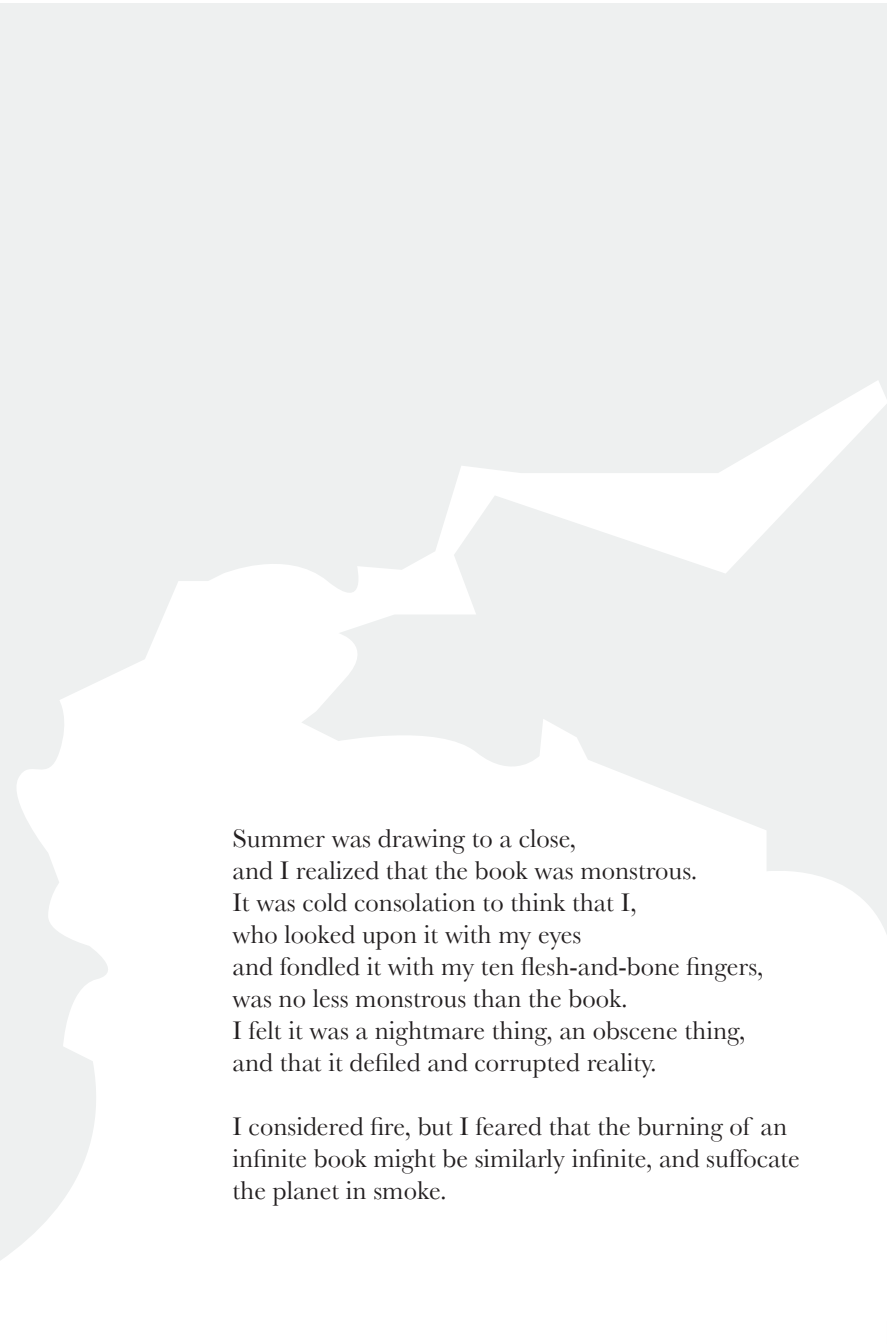




I thought of putting the Book of Sand  
in the space left by the Wyclif,  
but I chose at last to hide it behind some imperfect volumes  
of the Thousand and One Nights.


I went to bed but could not sleep.  
At three or four in the morning I turned on the light.  
I took out the impossible book and turned its pages.  
On one, I saw an engraving of a mask.  
There was a number in the corner of the page  
—I don't remember now what it was—  
raised to the ninth power.

I showed no one my treasure.  
To the joy of possession  
was added the fear that it would be stolen from me,  
and to that, the suspicion that it might not be truly infinite.  
Those two points of anxiety  
aggravated my already habitual misanthropy.  
I had but few friends left, and those, I stopped seeing.  
A prisoner of the Book, I hardly left my house.  
I examined the worn binding  
and the covers with a magnifying glass,  
and rejected the possibility of some artifice.  
I found that the small illustrations were spaced  
at two-thousand-page intervals.  
I began noting them down in an alphabetized notebook,  
which was very soon filled.  
They never repeated themselves.  
At night,  
during the rare intervals spared me by insomnia,  
I dreamed of the book.



Summer was drawing to a close,  
and I realized that the book was monstrous.  
It was cold consolation to think that I,  
who looked upon it with my eyes  
and fondled it with my ten flesh-and-bone fingers,  
was no less monstrous than the book.  
I felt it was a nightmare thing, an obscene thing,  
and that it defiled and corrupted reality.

I considered fire, but I feared that the burning of an  
infinite book might be similarly infinite, and suffocate  
the planet in smoke.

The illustration shows a stylized, muted-toned scene of a library. In the upper left, there are rows of bookshelves filled with books. A wide, light-colored staircase descends from the right towards the center. The background is a solid light beige color. The overall style is minimalist and graphic.

I remembered reading once  
that the best place to hide a leaf is in the forest.  
Before my retirement I had worked in the National Library,  
which contained nine hundred thousand books;  
I knew that to the right of the lobby  
a curving staircase descended into the shadows of the basement,  
where the maps and periodicals are kept.  
I took advantage of the librarians' distraction  
to hide the Book of Sand  
on one of the library's damp shelves;  
I tried not to notice how high up,  
or how far from the door.

I now feel a little better,  
but I refuse even to walk down the street  
the library's on.