

*A Glimpse at Paul Auster and Jorge L. Borges  
through the Tinted Glass of Quantum Theory*

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**Abstract.** The works of Jorge Luis Borges and Paul Auster seem to follow the rules of Quantum Theory. The present article studies a number of perspectives and coincidences in their *oeuvre*, especially a quality we have named “inherent ubiquity” which highlights the importance and of authorship and identity and the appearance of blue stones to mark the doors leading to new dimensions on the works of both authors.

**Keywords:** Jorge L. Borges, Paul Auster, Authorship and Identity, Quantum Theory, Inherent Ubiquity, Blue Stones.

Quantum Theory has ruled the scientific milieu for decades now, but it is not only for science that Quantum Theory makes sense. Literary critics have surrendered to its logic as a unique way to interpret literature because the world we live and write in is one and the same; it forms part of a whole. Although this article does not aim to analyze Quantum Theory, we would like to make a short summary of its basis in order to shape the arena we are stepping into.

In 1982 a famous experiment undertaken by Alain Aspect proved that a very large percentage of the polarization angles of photons emitted by a laser beam was identical, which meant that particles necessarily communicate their position so that each photon’s orientation can parallel that of the one that serves as its pair. John S. Bell’s theorem supported this idea of instantaneous communication among particles negating the idea that the world is local, thereby allowing simultaneous actions across space. Among Quantum principles we would like to highlight the ones which best illustrate our thesis. Firstly, the Principle of Complementarity, which says that depending on how we measure it, a corpuscle can behave as a wave or a particle or what is the same that a corpuscle is both a wave and a particle, although both cannot be observed at any single measurement. Secondly, the Principle of Uncertainty which states that it is impossible to

determine the position and momentum of a particle through a single measurement. It is evident that both occur at the same time, but in order to measure one, we have to retain an element of uncertainty with regard to the other. Thirdly, the Anthropic Principle, which states that the observer modifies the experiment with his/her observations. Erwin Schrödinger's theory of parallel universes is consistent with this idea: there are hundreds of universes that surround us, but it is the observer who gives any particular one its observable form. Acausality is another important characteristic of our world. We typically assume that any phenomenon is always and necessarily caused by some other event. However, in subatomic media this is not necessarily true. Sometimes atoms may appear and disappear without a cause but as part of a spontaneous process. Finally, we shall note Ubiquity, or the quality that shows that particles may be found in many places at once.

These principles –we believe– apply to authors, characters, readers and the writers as people who live in the dimension we see. The characteristic of ubiquity, specially applied to literature, is what led us to give birth to what we call *inherent ubiquity* or how the writer's authorship and identity (and everything revolving around them) are always and everywhere present in their texts.

In 2006, my article 'The Music of the Aleph' advanced a series of coincidences and connections between the works of Paul Auster and Jorge Luis Borges which seemed to follow the rules of Quantum Theory. The present article goes back to the matter and studies a number of new perspectives concerning the way the work of both authors could be analyzed through the glass of Quantum Theory.<sup>6</sup>

Both Jorge Luis Borges and Paul Auster have been very interested in science, and their works abound in references to Leibniz, Heidegger, Cantor, Gödel, Pascal and many other eminent scientists and philosophers. Although throughout Borges' life Quantum Theory was still incipient, we have found several hints as to his preoccupation on the matter. In Paul Auster the concern with the philosophical and literary implications of Quantum Theory is quite evident. In Auster's words,

These connections are commonplace in literary works, but one tends not to see them in the world – for the world is too big and one's life is too small. It is only at those rare moments when one happens to glimpse a rhyme in the world the mind can leap out of itself and serve as a bridge for things across time and space. (*The Invention of Solitude*, 161)

or in Borges':

Gradualmente se vió (como nosotros)  
aprisionado en esta red sonora  
de Antes, Después, Ayer, Mientras, Ahora  
Derecha, Izquierda, Yo, Tú, Aquellos, Otros

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<sup>6</sup> As this thematic is object of a wider dissertation still in progress and yet to be presented, we are going to approach just a glimpse of it here.

(“El Golem”, *OCII*, 264)

In the last twenty-five years quite a few writers, critics and linguists have been using the ideas underlying Quantum Theory to write novels or approach literary texts. We would like to mention only a few: Nicholas Mosley (*Catastrophe Practice*, 1989 and *Hopeful Monsters*, 1990) Katherine Hayles (*The Cosmic Web*, 1984), Susan Strehle (*Fiction in the Quantum Universe*, 1992), Dennis Bohnenkamp (“Post-Einsteinian Physics and Literature,” 1989), Alfonso Zamorano Aguilar (“Teorías del Caos y Lingüística: Aproximación Caológica a la Comunicación Humana”, 2011), or Francisco Gonzalez Fernández (*Esperando a Gödel. Literatura y Matemática*, 2012) among others. All this interest in analyzing Literature under Quantum Theory comes to strengthen our thesis that Borges’ and Auster’s literature may also be seen as governed by Quantum laws.

Quantum Theory and its basic characteristics, as stated above, help us to describe the inherent ubiquity of authors and their characters. We believe that the author –many times the narrator– embodies the almost totality of the characters and therefore appears as ubiquitous. Changes affecting the author instantaneously affect the text, and characters that acquire entangled properties appear and disappear from one text to the other, as we will later analyze. It is this literary universe, in which –as in Bell’s conception of universe as not local (J.S. Bell, 1964)– characters inhabiting different texts may even judge their creator and demand explanations –as is in *Travels in the Scriptorium* (2006) by Paul Auster (from here on referred to as *Travels*)–, which we shall briefly look into so as to illustrate the ideas we are forwarding.

Auster’s postmodern games have often involved re-using the same limited cast of characters, as well as the one called ‘Paul Auster’. In *Travels*, characters from *The New York Trilogy*, *Oracle Night*, *Moon Palace*, *Leviathan*, *In the Country of Last Things*, among other novels, come back to judge a disoriented elder author. *Travels* is one of his novels, but the curious reader soon discovers that it is also the second novel of a fictional character from a fictional movie in Auster’s *The Book of Illusions* (2002). It was also the title of an Auster movie due for release at that time in his career, as well as the name of a movie (in fiction) also appearing in *The Book of Illusions*. Metaphorically we could even say it is a “travel” into the scriptorium of Auster’s own writings. Its ubiquity throughout Auster’s work appears to us very surprising until we begin to acknowledge it is a quite natural characteristic in his work as, in fact, it is in Borges’ as well.

Mr. Blank, the old writer and protagonist in *Travels*, occasionally has visitors. Anna (from *In the Country of Last Things*, 1987), who seems good to him, helps him dress, supervises embarrassing toilet procedures, and indulges him in a little sexual fondling. A great number of the Auster’ characters from other novels visit Blank, but, the most puzzling is James P. Flood, a secondary character in *The Locked Room* (1986), an ex-policeman who has a more aggressive behavior, and asks Blank a question he cannot answer: Flood wants to know who he is. Flood is a shadow of a character appearing in *The Locked Room* because in fact he is only a side comment in the novel by Fanshawe *Neverland* (inside *The Locked Room*). Fanshawe, we know, is a character in *The Locked Room* and also the author of *Travels in the Scriptorium* (the novel with the same name inside *Travels*). We can read in *The Locked Room*: “I believe that certain incidents in *Neverland* can be traced back to his [Fanshawe’s] last experience (Montag’s house

in chapter seven; Flood's dream in chapter thirty)" (275). This is the only comment on Flood. He is just the owner of this dream who we do not know anything about. Nevertheless, he appears in *Travels* asking Blank for more details about that dream: "I walk around the world like a ghost, and sometimes I question whether I exist. Whether I ever existed at all" (*Travels*, 54).

Apart from this mysterious episode, Mr. Blank is asked to wear white clothes at the request of Peter Stillman, Jr. (*City of Glass*) who always wore white clothes. Mr. Blank receives a phone call from his doctor, Samuel Farr (from *In the Country of Last Things*). Dr. Farr tells Mr. Blank that the manuscript he has been reading was written by John Trause (appearing in *Oracle Night* and an anagram for Auster). Later Mr. Blank, who we begin to have clear is Trause, Fanshawe and Auster himself, is told to complete the story that was incomplete in *Oracle Night*. But the most outstanding behavior towards Mr. Blank and what leaves him more desolated is the accusing way in which all the people (or characters in previous novels) that visit him treat him. The behavior of all these characters and their jump from one "universe" to another reminds us, by all means, of Quantum Theory. Time in Auster's novels also follows the quantum dictates as to its non-existence. For example Farr has lived with Anna in *In the Country of Last Things*, but Anna has grown old and Farr has not.

If we turn to Borges, the examples are numerous, but probably "El Jardín de los Senderos que se Bifurcan" (OCI, 472-80) is the most paradigmatic of all his stories when we consider the parallelism quantum reality/literature. In this story time is not linear but forking or branching:

A diferencia de Newton o Schopenhauer, su antepasado no creía en un tiempo uniforme, absoluto. Creía en infinitas series de tiempos, en una red creciente y vertiginosa de tiempos divergentes, convergentes y paralelos. Esa trama de tiempos que se aproximan, se bifurcan se cortan o que secularmente se ignoran, abarca *todas* las posibilidades. (479)

If fact, the protagonist explains at a point: "el porvenir ya existe" (479). The future already exists because there is no linear time. The same idea appears again in the last page of "The Book of Memory", when Auster acknowledges: "All this was tomorrow. All this was a hundred years from now" (172).

In *Cosmological Me* (2010), Luis Correa-Diaz comments on Borges' story: "en 'El Jardín de los Senderos que se Bifurcan' Borges concibe un laberinto temporal llamativamente similar al de los 'muchos mundos' cuánticos, propuestos años después por Henry Everet III" (8-9). Indeed Borges has written many stories which point to scientific data. This is the case with "La Biblioteca de Babel," which depicts infinite sets and fractal geometry, or "El idioma analítico de John Wilkins", with references to the fantastic taxonomies of Dr. Franz Kuhn.

However, one of the most amazing connections between Borges and Auster and which makes the reader think the parallelism might not just be coincidental is the appearance of what we have called "blue stones" throughout their works. These "blue stones" always mark the passage to a beautiful parallel world. Jorge Luis Borges' story "Tigres Azules" tells about blue tigers, which of course were not at all tigers, but turned out to be real blue stones. The most intriguing with these stones is that they subvert logic appearing and disappearing in and from an unknown realm

and multiplying or dividing in number under no logic. This fact will make the logic professor think he was insane: “Al principio yo había sufrido el temor de estar loco” (384). But this would have been better, because the conclusion he arrived to was that he –in the whole universe– was the one to come to the proof that in universe there could be no order: “en el universo cabe el desorden. Si uno y tres pueden ser dos o pueden ser catorce, la razón es una locura” (384).

It is interesting to bring into focus here two articles on Borges' story: “Los azules tigres del caos. Un vistazo al pensamiento de la complejidad en la obra de Jorge Luis Borges”, by Esteban Mata, and “El ello inextricable: lo no-todo arte de interpretación”, by Cristobal Farriol. In the latter Farriol comments:

Las piedrecillas le significaron un impresionante acceso a lo real, que lo llevó a pensar que la razón perfectamente podía ser una locura. Pero más que locura, es experimentar que la ratio no ha de remitir a la verdad en términos ontológicos. La locura de la que habla es el vértigo ante el vacío de experimentar que nuestra conciencia es un instrumento para conseguir ciertos resultados, como si fuese una regla nemotécnica. (5)

Paul Auster draws on the same matter in *Report from the Interior* (2014), when he recalls having written thirteen philosophical propositions, the first of which reads: “The world is in my head. My body is in the world” (192). Auster concludes he was influenced by many philosophers but mostly by Merleau-Ponty's phenomenology and his vision of the embodied self, expressed in Auster's choice of this first philosophical proposition.

The human being has to interpret the real world with the use of consciousness, which in turn is just an instrument that could most probably be distorting reality. Esteban Mata has a point when he reflects:

¿Cómo podemos asegurar que las piedras azules aumentan y disminuyen sin puntualidad alguna? Podría ser que la secuencia se repita tras un millón o dos millones de tiradas, cifra que escapa a las facultades de la memoria, cifra imposible tan solo para nuestro entendimiento pero no forzosamente imposible para estas piedras tan inusuales. Esta situación me lleva a considerar que establecer regularidades es una forma muy reducida de comprender el propósito de la ciencia. (42)

We are always bounced back to the similarity with Quantum Physics. Paul Auster's universe abounds in “blue stones”. In 1995 he wrote the screenplays for *Smoke* and *Blue in the Face*. Both films are very significant, but at this point we just want to highlight the title. “Blue in the Face” is also the title of a famous song but again hovering around color blue and Face, and therefore reminds us immediately of Auster's poem “Facing the Music”, which starts –no wonder– with the word Blue.

In 1998 Paul Auster wrote another screenplay and directed it: *Lulu on the Bridge*. It is a beautiful story about a musician who is shot by a mad fan while performing and is taken to hospital. One of the shots impacts on the ceiling and a stone comes wavering down onto the stage. While recovering he meets a young girl and together they come into contact with a magical blue stone,

the glow of which engulfs them into a beautiful love story. Celia (who will also play the part of Lulu in a film inside de film) calls Harvey a coward because he does not want to touch the blue stone. The same happens in “Tigres Azules” to Bhagwan Dass – the old wise man who denies touching the blue stones: “Más vale una bala en el pecho que una piedra azul en la mano. Eres un cobarde –le dije” (OCIII, 383). So, also in Paul Auster’s scripts blue stones are motive of evasion from the imprisonment of our senses to experience a new way of connectedness with the surrounding world. By the end of the film we become aware that the story we have been told happens while the protagonist is inside the ambulance that is taking him to hospital after the initial scene of the shooting and the falling stone. He is about to die, we also sense –as we feel the same connectedness to him as he does to Celia–, while a real girl, probably a real Celia who managed to jump from Harvey’s fevered strained imagination– is standing in the street while the ambulance goes past her.

The fact that the protagonist of the story is dying, while the reader is made to believe he is living a normal life, is another striking similarity with Borges’ story “El Sur”. In this story Jorge Luis Borges tells us about Juan Dahlmann, who seems to decide to die a romantic death like one of his ancestors. Having been injured and suffering septicemia he is very delicate in hospital. He is after a few days told he is better and could leave hospital. He decides to travel by train to his family’s farm in the south: “*Mañana me despertaré en la estancia, pensaba, y era como si a un tiempo fuera dos hombres: el que avanzaba por el día otoñal y por la geografía de la patria, y el otro, encarcelado en un sanatorio y sujeto a metódicas servidumbre*” (OCI, 526). We are pushed to believe that he is really on his way to the south, but then the moment comes in the story when he is forced to fight a gaucho in a bar (a blink to Martin Fierro) to save his honor, and he goes out to an inevitable death. It is just then that we realize the moment had come when he is finally able to die in his hospital bed honorably, because he had managed not to be a coward. Dahlman’s is a romantic death –like Harvey’s death in *Lulu on the Bridge*. It is another parallelism in Auster and Borges, this time proving life may be worth living after all if we are willing to behave courageously.

A few years after the film *Lulu in the Bridge* was released, Paul Auster wrote *The Book of Illusions*, published in 2002. Again we are faced with some of these revealing “blue stones”. In the novel, Hector Mann –a silent movie star– who vanishes from his own life and lives under a false name in Tierra del Sueño, New Mexico, names his ranch the Blue Stone Ranch because he had once mistaken for a beautiful blue stone jewel what was really a gob of phlegm. But this is not the only amazing “blue stone” we encounter in *The Book of Illusions*. Mann, before having to disappear, had worked for Blaustein (German for Bluestone) making movies. What is more, it is because of a flat tire of his *blue* DeSoto (my emphasis) that the course of his life is altered, being unable to stop an ex-lover (Brigit O’Fallon, “the owner of the palest Siberian *blue* [my emphasis] eyes”, 131) accidentally killing his current lover. Later in the novel and by the false surname of Spelling, he is about to marry Brigit’s sister, but cannot make up his mind to do it and rejects the proposition of the girl’s father to marry her and become his heir. He disappears again. It comes without saying that it all happens in the course of a meal at the *Bluebell* Inn (my emphasis). All of the characters from *The Book of Illusions* disappear as the plot of the novel advances, another similitude with Borges’ blue tigers or stones.

“Blue stones” in Paul Auster as well as in Borges seem to live in the threshold of other unseen spaces or dimensions, where one happens to disappear without knowing if the way back will ever be possible.

In *Oracle Night*, the protagonist Sid Orr tells his wife that he has discovered he has the same passion for blue Portuguese notebooks as John Trause (a letter combination for Auster as mentioned above). In fact the book itself, with a blue textured cover, fascinates the reader and serves as the first blue token previous to the actual reading of the novel. The protagonist couple starts to wonder on the proprieties of color blue: “Well, blue is a good color. Very calm. Very serene. It sits well in the mind. [...] But what does blue stand for?” says his wife” (49). Then Sidney replies it may stand for hope and even loyalty as in true blue. From this point on, Sid starts to recall when he was a young boy and had gone camping, and joined the Blue Team because if you belonged to that club you did not have to explain your principles: “They’re immediately understood by how you act” (53).

It is in this blue notebook to which Trause and Sid Orr are irremediably attracted that the protagonist will write his novel, and where he will find himself lost the same way his main character will find himself imprisoned underneath the ground in a hidden room surrounded by library bookcases full of old telephone books: “I opened the notebook, and when I glanced down at the page in front of me, I realized that I was lost” (108). The blue notebook is “a place of trouble for me, and whatever I tried to write in it would end in failure. Every story would stop in the middle; every project would carry me along just so far, and then I’d look up and discover that I was lost” (210-211).

If “blue stones” disappear in Borges’ stories, people disappear in Auster’s stories when they are writing or written about in a blue notebook. Sid Orr not only feels lost, he actually disappears while he is concentrated writing the story. Grace, his wife, looks into the room where he was working and does not see him: “When you didn’t answer I opened the door and peeked inside. But you weren’t there. Of course I was. I was sitting at my desk” (27). Moreover, buildings disappear, the Brooklyn stationary store where the blue notebooks were bought by both Sid and Trause called the Paper Palace, vanishes along with its Chinese owner from day to night: “When I got here this morning, the place was cleaned out. You want weird, my friend, that’s weird. Just like some magician dude waves his magic wand, and poof the Chinaman is gone” (111), says the man behind the counter of a *bodega* next to it. Some days later the Paper Palace appears in Lexington Avenue with its Chinese owner and Portuguese notebooks: “Chang seemed to live in a blur of accelerated motion as if the clocks of the world ticked more slowly for him as for everyone else [...] why couldn’t he have pulled off the move to Lexington Avenue” (203). Many a time do strange situations of *disappearances* (the name of Auster’s early poetry book) keep on happening to Sid, as he misses hearing the phone when it rings although it “had a particular loud bell” (116).

In the same *Oracle Night*, when Orr is stuck up in his story and has his character locked up in a room at a basement full of shelves, his wife has a dream which is almost identical to Orr’s story and it takes place in a house in *Bluebird Avenue* (my emphasis). She tells Orr: “Where do you suppose I dug that one? Bluebird Avenue?” (133). He replies he does not know but that it was a

nice name. “That’s just what you said in the dream. You said it was a nice name” (133). When she describes the house and how in the dream they end up locked in a room in the basement full of shelves with books and do not know how to get out, Orr says: “If you happen to open the blue notebook I bought on Saturday, you’d see that the story I’ve been writing is similar to your dream” (133).

So here we are again encountering blue “stones” or uncanny places where people disappear, get lost, get locked up forever, or even stories written which are dreamt by someone who did not write them or knew anything about them.

Sidney Orr will not be able to unlock his character from the basement room and gives up on that issue. “Bowen would be trapped in the room forever, and I decided that the moment had finally come to abandon my efforts to rescue him” (210). Although Orr knows that the blue notebook was “a place of trouble” (210) for him and that every story he wrote in it would stop in the middle and when he looked up from the notebook he would “discover that [he] was lost” (211), he decides to fill up the last pages of the notebook with his fiction about his wife’s pregnancy, a story which will never be able to be proved.

In *Ghosts* from *The New York Trilogy* we read about Blue, who has to watch Black and to do so is paid by White. But Black just writes into a book, so Blue has to do the same to report what Black does. Finally, Blue thinks that it is possible that Black is watching him and not otherwise. Maybe White and Black are the same man. They have tricked him. Blue’s life “has been reduced to no life at all [...] He feels like a man who has been condemned to sit in a room and go on reading a book for the rest of his life” (169). Blue has been trapped into doing nothing and therefore feels as nothing at all, as a void or a ghost. If the book was a good one, Blue “could get caught up in the story, so to speak, and little by little begin to forget himself. But this book offers him nothing. No story, no plot, no action” (169). Blue –like another of the “blue stones”– disappears into nothingness and is trapped somewhere unseen, maybe in another dimension: the one of the book?

One of the most outstanding “blue stones” in Paul Auster’s *oeuvre* and one we could consider a “blue stone” in its whole, is his novel *In the Country of Last Things*. To start with the name of the protagonist Blume, although meaning flower in German and sounding like bloom in English, is also very similar to blue phonetically. Anna Blume, not surprisingly, disappears like all “blue stones” in the country of last things where, of course, things do not last: “These are the last things, she wrote. One by one, they disappear and never come back” (1). The quote and first words of the novel are quite revealing. Anna Blume is writing –we later find out– in a blue notebook, and her words are in fact an extensive letter to an unnamed addressee who she even gathers may never receive the letter, or if s/he does may not be willing to read it.

In this country of last things “people are so thin, they are sometimes blown away” (3) and “things fall apart and vanish [...] People die and babies refuse to be born [...] And yet, there are always new people to replace the ones who have vanished” (7). It is very eerie for its similarity with Borges’ “blue stones”; they keep appearing without any logic.

Time is very questionable in the novel too. Although it is her letter that we are reading (somehow it has managed to end up in our power) it is not until page seventy-nine that she actually buys the blue notebook for her friend Isabel, where she is writing. Isabel was so weak she could hardly speak and only managed to write some words in the notebook: "I went to a Resurrection Agent one afternoon and bought a large notebook with a blue cover" (79). Nevertheless, we have to wait until almost the end of the letter to read: "that was when I rediscovered the blue notebook I had bought for Isabel [...] I propped up the notebook against my knees and started writing this letter" (182).

The blue notebook exists together with Anna Blume in an exceptional original sequence of time. Appearing, disappearing and popping in and out of the dimension of the reader and –actually– as the reader, is from the very beginning following the words written in the blue notebook s/he is also popping in and out of those hellish dimensions of last things and becoming, therefore, part of a "blue stone". The last words of the letter Anna is writing are: "This is Anna Blume, your old friend from another world. Once we get to where we are going, I will try to write to you again. I promise" (188). We are left to suppose she might be travelling to some other world. And, in fact as already mentioned, we will find her again in *Travels*, as well as her friend Boris will also re-appear in *Oracle Night* in a small episode as a taxi driver. We must not forget that these "travels" into other dimensions or books might be really extravagant and may even include transfictional romances. We are referring, for example, to the protagonist of Leviathan, Peter Aaron, who is married to Iris, who is the protagonist in Paul Auster's wife's – Siri Husvedt – novel, *The Blindfold*.

In Borges' "Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius," all the characteristics of entanglement and inherent ubiquity are very normal:

Las cosas se duplican en Tlön; propenden asimismo a borrarse y a perder los detalles cuando los olvida la gente. Es clásico el ejemplo de un umbral que perduró mientras lo visitaba un mendigo y que se perdió de vista a su muerte. (440)

These things also tended to happen in *In the Country of Last Things*, as the reader may recall. This fictional world starts to change dimension into say our real world little by little, and the first time Borges (protagonist) detects one of these irruptions into our dimension it was also marked by a "blue stone":

Entre ellas -con un perceptible y tenue temblor de pájaro dormido- latía misteriosamente una brújula. La princesa no la reconoció. La aguja *azul* (my emphasis) anhelaba el norte magnético; la caja de metal era cóncava; las letras de la esfera correspondían a uno de los alfabetos de Tlön. (441)

The second object from Tlön which turns up in Borges' real world, appears in the belt of an unknown dead man. It is a stone –in fact, a cone: "Esos conos pequeños y muy pesados (hechos de un metal que no es de este mundo) son imagen de la divinidad, en ciertas religiones de Tlön" (442). Finally, in the first page of the encyclopedia of Tlön there is a *blue* oval stamp (my emphasis) which reads "Orbis Tertius" or third world.

We could go on quoting passages that remind us of Borges' *Tigres Azules* because, like them, people and things appear and disappear without any logic as if transiting to and from another dimension and from one book to the other, from the skull of one author to the skull of another: an example of it might be the "blue stones" appearing in Siri Hudtvedt's *The Sorrows of an American*, 2008. In Auster's wife's novel we find a girl who disappears in a ranch called Blue Wing, a famous writer and playwright whose name is Max Blaustein (Bluestone in English and also appearing in Auster's *The Book of Illusions*) who has a daughter Sonia Blaustein who writes a poem about a girl called Tanya Bluestone:

Tanya Bluestone wanders here  
Nobody's muse, she howls  
Mute dreams awake in fear.  
Locked throat and streaming bowels  
A twin ablaze inside of me  
The burn recast in memory  
Sonia Blaustein (189)

The quantum realm of things probably underlies the work of all writers, as we now know that everything is connected in a holistic way. Inherent ubiquity –we believe– is the ubiquitous quality explaining this eerie behavior of characters and motives, ideas and words in texts, because the world of literature and the world of facts are but part of an entangled whole.

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