

ÜBERSHORT FICTION, SESSION 1 (10/9/2008)

Scheid, of Dunkirk, fired three times at his wife. Since he missed every shot, he decided to aim at his mother-in-law, and connected.

— Félix Fénéon, p6

Mme Vivant, of Argenteuil, failed to reckon with the ardor of Maheu, the laundry's owner. He fished the desperate laundress from the Seine.

— Félix Fénéon, p6

Medical examination of a little boy found in a ditch on the outskirts of Niort showed that he had undergone more than just death.

— Félix Fénéon, p90

For sale: baby shoes, never worn.

— Ernest Hemingway

A Dialog About a Dialog

A:

Absorbed in our discussion of immortality, we had let night fall without lighting the lamp, and we couldn't see each other's faces. With an offhandedness or gentleness more convincing than passion would have been, Macedonio Fernández' voice said once more that the soul is immortal. He assured me that the death of the body is altogether insignificant, and that dying has to be the most unimportant thing that can happen to a man. I was playing with Macedonio's pocketknife, opening and closing it. A nearby accordion was infinitely dispatching *La Comparsita*, that dismaying trifle that so many people like because it's been misrepresented to them as being old.... I suggested to Macedonio that we kill ourselves, so we might have our discussion without all that racket.

Z: (mockingly)

But I suspect that at the last moment you reconsidered.

A: (now deep in mysticism)

Quite frankly, I don't remember whether we committed suicide that night or not.

— Jorge Luis Borges