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Listen (again), what follows, in my hasty translation, followed the passage quoted yesterday (Maurice Blanchot was translated by Lydia Davies, then Blanchot was not translated but echoed by me, copying from the book): *when I die (maybe later), I will experience immense pleasure. I am not talking about the foretaste of death, which is bland and often unpleasant. Suffering is mind-numbing. But this is the remarkable truth of which I am sure: I will experience boundless pleasure in living and I will have boundless satisfaction in dying.* So, in my last note, my final margin, as I was thinking, yes, my thoughts rejected *Bartleby's* despair in favour of *Walser's* joys: walking, cigarettes (Maryland brand), vermouth, beer, veal and mushrooms in cream sauce, pastries, sorting and unravelling twine from the post office (he was content with the work and simply took what came), the heavenly colours of Lake Constance, reading. However, writing had been for him work like any other and he burned out like an oven. So, in my last note, my final margin moved to centre (because ending is so difficult, as hard as beginning, tongue-tied, no, word-tied), I returned to the book I had been re-reading since I assumed my task as commentator, a task that I did not know if I had performed adequately, elegantly, generously, clearly, attentively, carefully, or if I had written in wilful obscurity. The book had provided a page marker, a curvature, a shadow (or a haunting, if that were not fanciful), a gutter. It gave me stuttered words, fractured words. I was seeking a fine turn of phrase or thought or echo. Its author wrote that there was only 'one' and 'we', as if it were now her turn to tell the story of the time before, and I knew that was not my place: it will remitting present. I had pressed the book down on my scanner once again. I had broken its back.