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I continued my reading of the conversation while the rain poured down and it was very dark. There was a storm raging, in fact. I returned to the past tense, as an attentive reader will have noted. I found that I was unable to concentrate fully; my mind wandered and I was anxious. I did not know if this was provoked by what I was reading or if I had brought anxiety to the conversation, from which I was excluded. I was at the point of the questions about adversity and difficulty, about matters of limitation and the components of practice, remarking on money, time, and space, reading, and then, first, which I elided, depression. They both laughed, but I did not. They were very positive, very optimistic. I thought about sadness and the work of mourning. I thought about the loss of the object and its symbolisation, taken up by Freud in his essay 'Mourning and Melancholia'. I thought about the strategies one might employ to exempt oneself from despair; how to become the life of the party, no, how to continue reading, making art, writing. My reading and writing stopped at the place of gesture, then I obliged myself to lurch forward a little more, towards words on emergence, effort, willpower, commitment, death and dying. I wanted to break in here, gently enough, to tell the story of the friend I did not see at his death, and that it was not from cowardice or rejection. I stopped, thinking that they must have been in the same room to speak, for one had brought her copy of Blanchot's *The Madness of the Day*, which moved them to speak about Lydia Davies, his translator, and her own writing, the micro-fictions constructed from her small available moments of time and space. I thought about how one works with what one has, and at the same time, with what one does not have. I felt this was enough for today, under the tempest, until the heaviness was gone.