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Yes, it is easy enough to say that one is in a hole. As an idiom, it is usually a hole into which one has dug oneself, in which case it means a difficult situation, one that is related to tall orders, to asking for trouble, to making rods for one's own back or heavy weather, and there are often chickens coming home to roost. In short, it is one's own fault. Depression or anxiety (for suddenly a distinction has arisen), neither is one's own fault, which is not to say it is the fault of any other, but it is a different hole and there has not been a choice to fall, to open the arms wide, to tip forward and float down, oh what — like a plumy feather, such possible lightness, such levity, such joy. Who has known happiness, I wondered, ah yes, M. Blanchot's character who remarks that even on the worst days, the days of utter misery, 'I was nevertheless and nearly all the time, extremely happy'. Clearly, it is not the joyful fall, the swoon of unproductive happiness, the pleasure in the company of others and in wasting time (for example), but a passive resistance that undoes any feeling of impotency (turns it into impossibility, as I have written elsewhere, insistently). I have never felt *Bartleby* to be a sympathetic character (of course, I understand he is not intended to be, before I am taken up on that); his sad refrain is precisely *that*, very sad, and you know, in the end, he is dead as a doornail, as a dodo, belly-up, snuffed. I was uncertain about the agency of refusal; while recognising the attraction to silent suffering, I have always been inclined to shout — and not only on my own behalf. My attention was wandering today and I felt unkind, impatient with ambiguity and opacity. I was not reading in detail; I was, I knew, missing the points on which the conversation turned, a poor listener, one who interrupted with her own stories, an impolite guest who did not know her place, a ghost on the stairs.