

n the past.
istence are
ta hotel on
mother in
e meetings
times seem
ng the skin
nd of touch
her lover.
here is traf-
other times
Sundays in
her's back.
anket next
ve hotel in
gentle state
the street.
hat her life
re horizon-
ned to her,
int, and the
ng to it, spi-

discovers
ad thrown
e 'a kind of
is. It would
convey the
in History,
ossession of
ildren who
rid of losing
rt of reality
organize the

accumul
thousan

Alrea
1981 is tl
ing her
minutes
announc
and Roca
diver. Ex

And f
the death
to *Le Mo*
sive priv.
and whit
Schneide
she saw I
only in s
boy who
tradition:
the truck
February
the steelv
ers from
while she
immobili

People
of the Ri
opinion p
tion of 'co
desire the

As I continued to follow the conversation that replaced or overtook a correspondence, I was unable to place myself. I was no longer certain if I was an eavesdropper, a note-taker, a commentator (on the text or on events), a respondent (one who called upon to supplying information; and then I remembered that in French a respondent is a *défendeur*, a *personne interrogée*, and it is perhaps true that unconsciously I have felt that I have a position to prove or an appeal to make). One must learn in one's own way, they appeared to be saying. This might be inefficient (as one woman remarked); one might love reading but not feel enamoured of method. One might love speaking with others, but prefer to avoid the small talk. It was a question of discipline, in the sense of training, rather than a branch of knowledge, one in which expertise would be acquired and no doubt put to the test. That unhappy examination was declined while expertise was pursued, and the limit of knowledge was acknowledged. There was wild reading. This might be considered as amateur, yet that does not imply ineptitude or bungling (as though it is ignorant, founded on misunderstanding, rushed through too hastily, guiltily), for amateur is the enthusiast, unpaid, one who takes pleasure, *admires* (and loves, yes, loves). There were conversations with the dead in order to learn something about thought, but of course there always were, and some of those *revenants* were men, and of course, they often were. In any case, it was an economy of sorts, to speak with those one might only echo, saving one's own voice in favour of the words of another. I used to call this ventriloquism. I was moved, yes, touched, by this, listen: *I am not learned; I am not ignorant; I have known joys*. Or listen: *Je ne suis ni savant ni ignorant. J'ai connu des joies*.