

Why is it that every time I sit down to read a book, my first impulse is to write something myself? That's what I just did, writing this: I'd got to the second sentence of a novel and I stopped, pulled the pad of yellow notepaper towards me, and started to write about why I was writing. After a paragraph or so, I will return to the novel, happily enough, and enter the space of its reading. One text has called to another, and this text, for the moment, has replied.