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Fresh ideas

I have been told to write something for this website, but never has the challenge been tougher. I have absolutely nothing to say, and feel instead like hibernating deep down in my duvet, far from any feelings, thoughts, ideas - at least any of my own. This always happens when I read a good book – my own life becomes virtual, and that of the book becomes real. At the moment it is the Jonathan Franzen novel, *Freedom*, about a family that collapses through betrayal and ennui, but in the past it has been Thomas Hardy, Philip Roth, Flaubert, who have drawn me down, down down. I want to read/finish the book so much that I am up for hours in the night and spend the days eyes burning, and with the mind of a goldfish. Like drunkenness it is a feeling both opaque and wonderful - but dangerous. Still, with the turn of the last page, I know it will pass, and I'll be back to putting the rubbish out and examining the tv listings.