

Saturday 5th 6:02 p.m.

Today I woke up with grand enthusiasm for this diary, with a huge desire to write and with countless things in mind I'd like to develop here; nevertheless it is six in the afternoon and I am awaiting a friend who will ring the doorbell at any moment, and until a minute ago I had not written a single word. Instead, I got to playing on the computer a card game called Golf. I believe that it is food that is to blame for this deviation from the right path; today it was breakfast that threw me off course, though last night I came to the conclusion that my digressions toward the estrangement of my plans become hard to manage after my dinner-lunch. As soon as my digestive system kicks in, both my consciousness and voluntary faculties evaporate and leave in their place an immeasurable escape artist whose only goal is to enter a trance of absolute nothingness. Yes, at night it is worse; I have no defense then, and the trance prolongs itself almost until sunrise.

Today also I woke up with the determination to not reread what comes written in this diary, at least not with frequency, so that the diary remain a diary and not a novel. What I meant to say is, I want to detach myself of obligation or continuity... Immediately, I realize this will still be a novel, whether I like it or not, because a novel now a days is anything between a cover and a back cover.

Ah, I hear the elevator. Now the doorbell. My friend has arrived.