

Saturday 5th 10:28 p.m.

My friend came, my friend left, I played a game of Golf, ate my dinner-lunch, and for the first time sat to digest on one of the couches, the one for unwinding. Other times I sat down to try it, and had fallen asleep. Today I came close, but I did not fall asleep. Instead I listened to the beat-pounding tangos by D'Arienzo on Radio Clarín, a little from afar, because I have yet to accommodate the furniture to have the turntable in my new room dedicated to idleness. While resting I remembered a dream from this morning, and the memory of this dream reminded me to phone a friend I had been postponing for an unreasonably long time; it's about my friend Jorge, a recent widower. I believe it took me so long to call him because of the pain produced in remembering my friend Elisa, his dead wife, despite my belief that she is better off where she is now; but it is known that the pain caused by an external death is due to an implicit reference to one's own death, and that the idea of one's own death has to scare us is something that I have yet to understand completely. In my case it is probably a fear of the unknown, a fear of seeing myself irrevocably separated from the points of reference that for now seem indispensable. Dying must be similar to leaving one's home, an act that is getting harder and harder each passing day, only without the hope of returning home. Perhaps in my unconscious there forms an image of myself, dead, like a kind of phantom, errant and bereaved, that never finds his place, similarly to how I haven't found it during life. It is possible that death scares us because it is perceived as a new birth, given that the not-self has nothing to scare us with since there is no image with which it can do the scaring; so confronted with this idea of a new birth one grabs one's head and exclaims "Oh no! Not again!" This doesn't mean I have great complaints about life; on the contrary. I only lament having stayed so anguished by the fear of the unforeseen, the unknown, all the time, including in moments in where there isn't a real motive to think of an unpleasant irruption.

I spoke with my friend. Between other things we left pending a personal meeting within around a week, now that the one starting tomorrow will be sort of complicated. The one that follows too, because I have already complicated it with personal meetings; for example yesterday I spoke with Julia and we made a pact to see one another. Julia is an old friend of mine, not as old as me, and of course that isn't her real name.

In the dream from this morning I don't recall exactly what was happening with Jorge; I know we were speaking, both sitting at a halfway open place, something similar to what we called "the gazebo" in my infancy, and it was next to the house that my grandparents had by the bath house. Apparently the roof was

formed by tree branches—I mean to refer to live tree branches, from a tree—and the walls too by something vegetative, although I seem to recall that at the same time there was a chicken wire mesh. The place had two entrances, one, a kind of door stretched next to the corner of the property with the neighbors' fence (perhaps that door was something of a space in that vegetative wall halfway opened by force by us, that is to say, my cousins and I—skinny kids who could filter themselves though much more implausible paces)—and the other entrance was ample, of almost the whole width of the gazebo, to the left, prolonged to the side of the house. What horrible description; it seems like none of this is understood.