

October 26, 1977

First wedding night.
But first mourning night?

October 27

– You have never known a Woman's body!

– I have known the body of my mother, sick and then dying.

October 27

Every morning, around 6:30, in the darkness outside, the metallic racket of the garbage cans.

She would say with relief: the night is finally over (she suffered during the night, alone, a cruel business).

As soon as someone dies, frenzied construction of the future (shifting furniture, etc.): futuromania.

October 27

Who knows? Maybe something valuable in these notes?

October 27

– SS: I'll take care of you, I'll prescribe some calm.

– RH: You've been depressed for six months because you knew. Bereavement, depression, work, etc. – But said discreetly, as always.

Irritation. No, bereavement (depression) is different from sickness. What should I be cured of? To find what condition, what life? If someone is to be born, that person will not be *blank*, but a *moral* being, a subject of *value* – not of integration.

October 27

Immortality. I've never understood that strange,
Pyrrhonist position; I just don't know.