



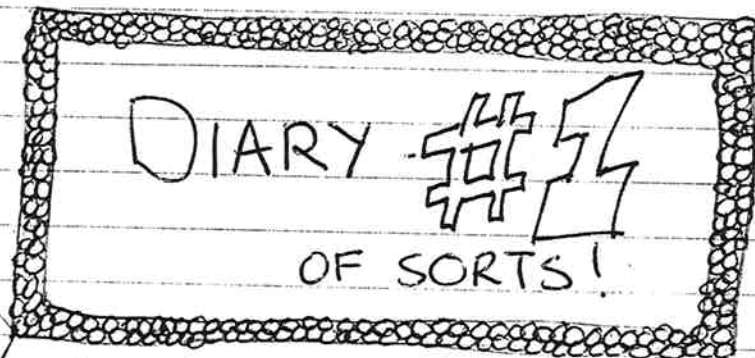
BRENDON M'NIVEN

'17 HALL ST

CHELTENHAM

3 APPLE TREE DVE

GLENCUAVERTLEY



DISCLAIMER - MATERIAL INSIDE MOST
PROBABLY VERY BORING
AND DOES NOT NECESSARILY
REPRESENT THE AUTHOR'S
CURRENT STATE OF MIND.

2-3/3/91 - Spent the whole weekend
trying not to be tired from
great dinner out at a greek restaurant
for weeks 21st - Broke plates
everything - Ange got very drunk -
very cute + very funny - Ange got
sick - looked after her - took a
bath - very romantic + very nice
- SURPRISE.

- Michelle's 22nd Bday dinner
at italian place - shonikas in Bridge rd.

- Meagans (Ange's friend)'s 21st
upstairs Najee city for lunch - very
nice - very yuppie - underdressed OOPs!

- slept in sunday - stayed at Ange's.

- Grid Iron training 12-4 - not as
hard as I expected but feel some + better
for it.

- Heather's 22nd garden party

me + Ang' both tired - very relaxing +
very good - nice night for it
- Went back and watched end of
Die hard. - Ang gave me a massage
- feeling one very relaxed body ready
for sleep. - 6 1/2 hours sleep.

5/3/91 - worked till 9:00 both
tonight + last night.
- quick workout tonight.

- WORK - (1) money
- (2) enjoyment/satisfaction
- (3) people

and somewhere intertwined a
general career and hence plan for
the rest of your life.

4/3 - 8 hours sleep

5/3 - 8 hours sleep

19/3/91

- A ring on a finger can be something
to keep shining in beauty while the beauty of
the wearer fades.

- Got to keep improving.

- Finances low at the moment.

- CASH IN HAND/BANK = \$300

- OWE ON m/c = \$1200

- OWE ON b/c = \$100

- Glad I'm tall - gives you something
to fall back on - no matter how
low your spirits drop can always stand
tall and feel an edge above other
people even if there's only one - A good
reason to keep body in shape.

This must be why so many
short people body build.

27/3/91.

A break up of times that can be spent in a relationship.:

- Before living together.

① - Quality time - time spent with love still fresh - time spent with a little mystique
- very interactive with each other
- the playing of the souls.
- Two separate entities - sex!

② Activity time - time spent doing things, going places etc. Can be broken into time as ①, or time spent interacting with other people.

③ Time to yourself - vital self explanatory.

④ Wasted time - time being with each other simply because you are boyfriend/girlfriend. Not interactive - watching TV without talking - one waiting while the other has to do something he/she should be doing in his/her own time.

①, ②, ③ - are all very good and are the main components at the start + early stages of a relationship. ① is especially easy at this time as there is so much to learn about each other.

As a relationship goes on ③ can be lost and spent as ④ instead = This is not as bad as it seems. ④ is OK up to a point.

but after a point it is the worst thing you can get in a relationship. This is 'when the flame dies' - loss of ① + ③ → ④. Overall Quality of life decreases.

This is what is likely to happen after marriage.

Solutions

- spend less of ④ - very hard when living together.
- Try to blend ④ → ① by not making it such a solo activity.
- housework is for the common benefit - very hard to do when not married.
- ① does not have to be achieved through talking - body language and senses

can achieve it as well.

The binding thing for all of these is having ③ - time to sit down and organise the other ~~two~~ three types of time.

So many people seem to lose themselves in the interface image they wear to the world. - I wonder if they know themselves.

Maybe it's just that because I can't relate to their particular self that they seem so foreign ^{to me} that I assume that they are foreign to me as well!!

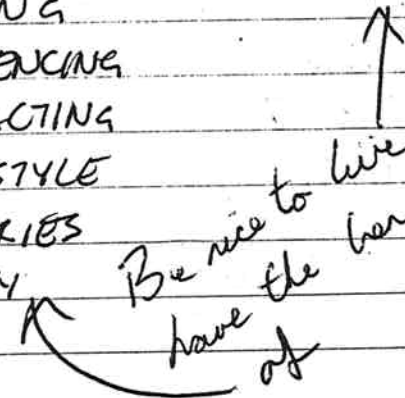


GUESS WHO!!

SHIRT

LIFE	REST
EXITEMENT	CALM
KNOWLEDGE	BEAUTY
LEARNING	LIFESTYLE.
DOING	
EXPERIENCING	
INTERACTING	
LIFESTYLE	
LUXURIES	
BEAUTY	

Be nice to live and have the benefits of



21/4/91 - Feeling fit + working hard

MONDAY - work late + work out

TUESDAY - CI training

WEDNESDAY - Corporate up every 2 weeks
+ basketball

THURSDAY - CI training

FRIDAY - free night

SATURDAY - work + free night

SUNDAY - CI training + basketball

Monday - dinner at M+O's

A Sad feeling is very inspirational and helps soul searching. I like this mood - contemplative - like watching the sun go down.

A lot of others don't + spoil it - I wonder if they know what they are missing - whether it is just

for image or it is in their nature. I'm glad I know what I like - now it's up to others to accept it.

'People only listen because they know it will be their turn to talk next' - QUOTE FROM SOMEONE

Very true.

22/4/91 - On the train - worked late - till 8:45

Been looking at health cover → too expensive - I need dental + chiropractic if its going to be worth it as I will need my wisdom teeth out soon - dentist said \$2000 if I remember correctly.

The following are prices for the most basic hospital cover plus extras for dental etc.

HIBA 427 hospital
245 extras - \$300 per year.

Medibond 367 hospital
139 extras - \$400 per year.

Letrobe 302 hospital
203 extras -

Looks like the best - but wonder
what hospital charges for wisdom
teeth get charged to - I hope
hospital.

So past year I saved ≈ \$500 on
insurance - If I go 3 years w/o
major accident, then it will pay
for itself.

I trust the public medicare
system anyway!

25/4/91 - "I'm so miserable
without you it's
almost like your
kiss"

(Quote from the Radio).

"You broke my heart;
so I broke your face."

Just made me think of how bad
a split lover can make things for
you

- Thinking of Ang' + Marcus - If
he was a nutcase and ever very
angry, the girl is very venerable.
- I think that's what that movie
is about - "Sleeping with the enemy"

29/5/91 - Working hard - light at the end of the tunnel.

- Bit preconscious with Grid

Iron - Game against Elizabeth Lions pre-season and the first game against Hags could do no wrong.

- Game against Warriors could do no right.

- Last game against the Hornets - average game.

- Got to try and consciously enjoy the game more

- Got to build up a bit more strength - especially in the arms and shoulders.

- Got to stay more balanced and more upright.

- Must get quicker.

- Get more comfortable with

theory.

- ALOT TO IMPROVE ON.

CA DA DE DA DA DA.

- work that one out in 10 years time!

I much prefer one on one or even two or three socializing than party socializing.

The saying that life is what you make of it is so true - the problem is a lot of people try to make it what society's image of enjoyment is and then wonder why they don't enjoy life.

the hard part about living is
finding out what you enjoy.
Then you should look to doing
this.

27/8/91 - "Never laugh at a
live dragon"
BILBO BAGGINS - LORD OF THE RINGS
(THE HOBBIT)

18/11/91 - PURE is everything.

Anything that is pure is
good. (along as it is with
you will).
- Pain
- Pleasure
- boredom

if it is pure, it is an experience

it has been worthwhile as you can
draw from it.

Watching a movie in a dim
room 100%
with people talking + ads.
20%

The difference is if you only
half do something it gets
desidered sub-consciously. An
opportunity to do it 100% has left
you.

Its hard to grasp a thought
in writing.

So many thoughts are not
static things. They seem to
hover just out of reach.

I can sense the thought is there
I think its because they are so

intricate and complicated when applied to the real world, and to become real they need to be applied

you can start with a quote that seems to have some surface meaning. (In most cases it will). But the total thought (or ambience, or understanding) comes with the application. It is more than what the hand can write.

Hence the beauty of poetry of speech, of bodily language, of tones and atmospheres. A hesitation, a stutter a 'you know' said the write way to convey a feeling. That is real

sharing. I love one on one talk like this. It is as close as you can get to someone and it can happen with anyone. It's almost a sexual experience but love is a lot more.

One on one is purity.

Strip away pretenses caused by the presence of other people.

It would be great to do this in a group. I'm sure it has been done - hippies etc. - not always successfully. One on One is the first step and I think you get as much probably more from this as you do it more

thoroughly

It's what happened with Julie
in Scorpio - Unforgettable.

It's what happens with Angie
nowhere near enough lately.
- Beautiful.

It's not a once off - once it
has happened you have something
even if it is the knowledge that
you are capable of it. I look and
appreciate Julie in a different
light.

We can still be friends
and it is as if it never happened,
we can still operate under the
day to day pretenses but.

the connection of the souls is
still there, or even just the
memory of it. So beautiful
that it will never die.

Problems in a relationship
may occur if it keeps happening
and then only by motion. A
conscious effort must be made
to connect and then follow the
other person. It's so dynamic.

You know yourself how
dynamic your own feelings
attitudes and goals etc are.
They are exactly what you are
connecting with in the other
person.

CROSSFILMS - Rock Horror Picture
show - great mood
music

↑
must be pure.

↳
- The Breakfast Club.

You can get a spine tingling
beautiful experience out of a film
by becoming totally engrossed
get people sit + chat and
watch.

Do one or the other not
both

BE PURE !!

(DEVO SONG?)

Life is great at the moment
heaps on energy.

ENERGY is the key.

getting the energy is the hard
thing. Seem to have alot of
it lately.

Playing good BBAU!!!!

SAW - 35 UP - Good.

- EVERYNIGHT EVERYNIGHT - Great.
(Prison Play with
everyone at the
Carlton Courthouse).

Love Ange alot. But not sure
if 100%. - First time I have
thought this.

I think that If Ange is not
the one, no one is. She is everything
I want and more.

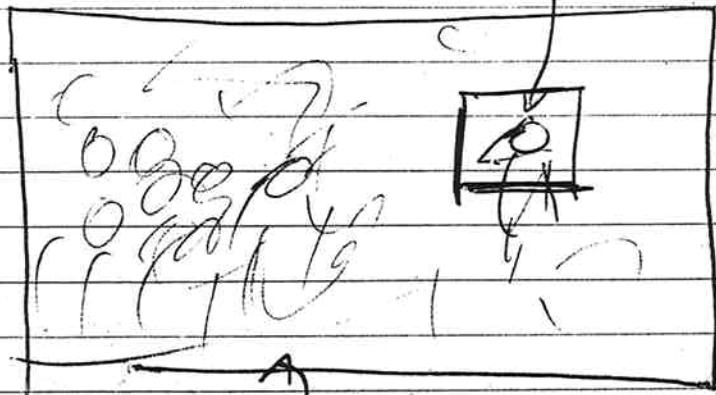
I've got to become less
self centered give her some room
and enjoy other peoples lives as
well as my own.

- GROWING UP.

Reading JUPITERS TRAVELS by
Ted Simon - 6/10.

Photography.

one person?
looking - sad!
white border around
him



Crowd of people walking
up and down the s

10/12/91 Any body can win an argument.
- you just need to convince or
trick or intimidate someone
into ~~you~~ accepting (not necessarily
believing) your logic.

The art is knowing when
when not you need to win.

- give a little on unimportant
points and make sure you
win the important ones so
that they think its 50/50 but
you hold all the trumps!

6/2/92. - Reading Ghandis Auto -
Biography:

'AHISMA' - means literally not
hurting, non violence

Ghandi talks about its great
powers and mentions it virtually
in the same breath as

BRAHMACHARYA - means literally
conduct that leads one to God.
- self restraint, particularly over
the sexual organ.

I am a big believer in the
powers of truth and ~~and~~ ahisma,
however I believe that man has
too much experience of things
not going right for him. This
is because the things that do go
right are not as noticeable as
those that go wrong. One then
tries other ways to find that
they dont always work but
often do. However because

there are not in line with his basic moral standards he is still left empty.

He then turns a full circle into trying things the right way according to his standards. He is surprised to find that things can go right. He is also fulfilled and satisfied with the feeling that he is living by his moral standards. This feeling after helps him handle and look more favourably upon his failures. Life is rosy and I can't help but wonder that he looks for a reason, and comes up with his conversion back to staying in line with his moral standards. The moral standards

he has usually taken from or at least society's morals which are also along the lines of God. Hence this word BRAMACHARYA, and the belief of God and his active part in his life.

I believe AHISMA and acting for ones own moral standards (in line with) is good and has many unseen benefits the major two resulting from

1 - Self satisfaction and contentment arising from the belief you are doing what is right.

2 - Other peoples appreciation of acts that are in line with their moral standards. This comforts people especially

since moral standards usually have a basis of self preservation and hence they feel safer.

'Help is more likely to be offered to one of your own kind than someone different'

This doesn't disprove any existence of God only offers suggestions about how things at a very personal level can be attributed to God as a result of their outward appearance.

God is a very easy answer and not always the right one.

Is it ever the right one - not if God leaves us to operate our world as we see

fit and judge what the end - but yes if there is a system set up or an active hand involved in the fates of men.

I personally believe the first case, this leaves many options about God, including a science fiction type scenario to no God at all.

Life is life and the existence or non existence of God only makes a difference at the end.

Life by your own morals should be the golden rule, but then from where do your morals come. At the moment it is society and

instinct, I don't yet know myself well enough to say I have an inbuilt morals right or wrong sense and I doubt whether I will ever be capable of knowing myself this well.

I think many morals are set up from the thinking that what hurts me will hurt the people I inflict it upon.

Do onto others as you would have done to yourself.

- Something to live by.

CAVE UP GRIDIRON TODAY

- Very enjoyable but don't seem to grow a lot or learn a lot about yourself. - Helps with confidence, but when it comes down to one on one or one on none confidence is it as important and can even be damaging in that it can be used to intimidate and crush over things keeping something at a superficial level.

Cave Blood today:

- weight 87.0 kg.
- BP - 105/60
- PULSE \approx 50 - low!
- Haemoglobin - 14.5.

Hemoglobin count always seems abit low - need more iron in my diet.

9/2/92. - Just spent a great weekend at the cathedrals with Angie. She is by far the most beautiful thing in my life. In a world that is so worried and different she possesses all of the qualities that make life beautiful to me. I couldn't stand it if anything happened to her and it scares me - I don't know how I would react. I think if I passed away I would want people to remember me as I was and not so much the fact of the death.

Concentrate on the happiness. Vivid memories of a car crash are not what you should remember someone by. Feeling pity for their moment of pain does an injustice when you ignore what they were and their life was.

More than anything I would want people to go on. I know myself this would be hard but by knowing someone you keep them alive as a little part of you - I am or contain a little part of everyone I know.

Death seems so cold and endless. If there is an afterlife rest assured that it will be a higher plane of understanding.

and hence we will be better off anyway, we won't have died but grown wings and flown, I believe true love lives through death.

If there is no afterlife and it just ends, this provides little comfort to those in mourning. I guess you have to look at them what they did, who they affected and how happy they were during life to realise that they were them and a part of the world and nothing can take that away.

I think I would try to honour someone in a lasting way as testimony to them - to try and make death not

seem as the ultimate cold end.

God grant us that no one dies before their time when their young. Place a shield around everyone I know.

I love these people so much I would do anything to protect or help them. Even pray to a God I cannot even say I know exists or otherwise. Goodwill and effort can only help even if its only the small positive energy from the brain in their aid.

10/2/91 - Rain - been a very average summer!

RELIGION

- A set of rules on how to live life?

People go to the extremes of learning everything they can about the rules and regulations of a religion until their life is their religion. Their rules no longer apply as they do not live their life?

This is wrong as your life is your life, no matter how you choose to spend it.

The world is full of people imposing their views as the right or correct view.
ie Red meat is bad for you

- Christianity is correct.

- The world is flat.

- Interpretations of the bible

Unfortunately through no fault of their own, the world is also full of people who believe and live by these views.

These views ~~are~~ always have a sound basis.

Unfortunately a sound basis is enough to convince people. The full story is what is required and the full story usually proves the view wrong.

The book Life of Galileo proved to me that christianity is not about God. It is

not about worship it is not
about others it is about you.

I went to a priest at Monash
Vic to ask him some questions
about God. Feeling I was
capable of ~~no~~ proving there was
no God, feeling I could show
that all these people so involved
in religion were false and
used it as a social face -

The old holier than thou
syndrome I went in for guidance
or an argument or debate
any way.

He told me I was missing
the whole point. Whether or
not God exists is irrelevant
Christianity as well as any

other religion provides a set
of morals to live by. Religion
is as basic as this, it means
at a very personal level how
to live your life.

All religions are based on
a set of rules which all come
back to a way of life to live
by, something by which you
can judge right and wrong.
Religion sets the morals.

He made it sound as though
he did not believe in God,
did not believe in christianity
but he did believe in people and
religion was a way of helping.

A sort of psychiatric set
of guidelines for people.
Something to stay sane within.

Life of Galileo - All through the ages, priests have ruled with interpretations of the bible etc and been wrong. Be the interpretations change → ie the rules change, but if it is all taken at a personal level then it becomes irrelevant.

Follow your own morals!

and be happy - be your own God. If you can't be your own God pick a religion and any religion and find a God, someone to follow, someone to say right or wrong so that you know or have a direction to go.

Where religion falls is when different religions force themselves on others and a conflict in morals begins.

Both sides will fight for their morals, both sides will think they are right, both sides will be happy.

- And crawling, on the planets face
- Insects, called the human race
- Lost in time, Lost in space
- and never really knowing.

I feel as though I cannot put my thoughts into a clear argument and come to a conclusion - Maybe I can

read over this and organise all of it (Some conflicting and some irrelevant) into something that means something.

12/2/92.

"Nobody lets you ^{just} plod along anymore, everything has to be a fuckin' challenge!"

- Angela Edwards after starting at Myers Management training scheme.

13/2/92 - Is religion a way of life or is it worship - I met someone today on the train who thinks it is worship and stated

categorically that it is not a way of life. I tend to believe it should be the opposite. It is probably both, ~~but not soon~~

14/4/92 - Just seen a small play or more a skit - Under the weather - play was OK but the dinner before + coffee after was what the night was all about (with Angie).

I feel a little like the timid explorer in deep thought, Varese Pajamas sailing in the ship he calls himself - above are dear shies from which

He slowly picks the stars at his leisure. Around him are the threatening clouds and storms which sink so many other ships. How long and what degree of storm can his ship prevail through.

Timidly he keeps reaching and taking the stars while the storms continue to gather threateningly around him expending their energy of which he only feels the ripples.

AT THE MOMENT!

Q - Is the water really that cold?



You don't need a boat
to ~~live~~ in the sea.
survive.

20/4/92

A big stepping stone in
growing up is accepting that you
are not going to be famous.
FAME is the ultimate in
respect from peers as it is on such
a large scale.

You have to learn to live
with the respect of those that know
you and most importantly your
own respect.

I can't see my self ever
totally giving up the hope of
becoming famous. (This is a

good example of the huge power
of the wanting to be liked and
listened to (respected) that is I
think basic in human nature).

↳ The key to being popular is giving
people what they want. → attention
etc. however this usually means
sacrifice of your own wants.

Finding a medium is not
necessarily the answer → understanding
it and gaining control over it is.

I can identify a lot of things
that I am considering in my life
with a small thought in the
background that they could
give me renown! However
I think I can say that this

is not the sole purpose ~~to~~ behind them. If it were I would come to a realisation sooner or later that if I weren't to be famous the things I had done may have been a huge waste of time.

I think I stand to gain a sense of self growing / learning, and a sense of accomplishment.

- Photography
- writing a book.
- becoming a environmentalist -
full on!
- becoming an astronomer.
- This Diary!

I hope I have as much of an insight into my life as Ghondli does in his book of his experiences

with truth (autobiography)

Satyagraha - Sat → truth
- gaha → firmness.

When you compare the size of your physical self and the matter you control with the size of the universe, it isn't hard to be swayed into thinking that the spiritual self and mind side of things is where the more important hope of accomplishment lies.

- When you die the facts tell us the physical remains. There is hope (not certainty) that the spiritual goes on so it would

seem absurd to put effort into the physical except where it helps you to develop the spiritual / mental if you consider the final leveler → death.

It would be a shame and make it seem pointless if death was the end. If our physical + mental self as we are conscious of at the moment was all there is then what would be the point.

- Maybe the point is in the actual living. However I am a strong believer in there being a product (be it spiritual or mental) something at the end

that carries on.

- Maybe it is all there is and the product is the human race. I mean examining life → feelings etc it is amazing and is something in itself, however it is a very lonely prospect.

Simply the universe must exist for a purpose. What the hell is it? → What the hell is the universe for that matter → Are we really only a product of our own minds → no!

It really is a bit a cruel joke → We may sit here living our lives frustrated by the fact

that we may never know when
in fact we will.

Or we may sit here faced with
the same fact hoping we will
know when in fact there's nothing
more than what we see around
us.

I think I have to go on
believing there is more as it
gives hope and purpose and
even if wrong still allows a
happy fruitful, enjoyable
experience of being alive.

~~As we are in a catch 22~~
situation with regards to
life.

~~At the end of life~~

ie → Result of argument.

It doesn't really matter
however I think spiritual
accomplishment is the safest
bet.

- I'm going to try to cover
all bases.

Maybe a good way to spend
a life is to accomplish as much as
you can for yourself in the first
half and give it to those who
need it in the second half.

Back to that passage from
Rocky Horror.

And crawling on the planets face
Some insects, called the human race
Lost in time, and lost in space
and never really knowing.

What a great quote to sum
up the whole predicament.

Is there anybody out there?

2/6/92 . A lone dog calls
out in the night. His
howl tops out in a lonely
vigilance of the night.
The night is cold, the sky
is clear. The darkness



holds many unknowns to the
man, restlessly turning in his
half sleep. All around him
is dark.

Slowly he opens his eyes
Howlllll, the dog calls out
again.

He slowly but deliberately
raises his upper torso alert to
every sound around him. His
eyes wide open in the darkness
trying to find a glimmer of
light to focus on.

Then there it is. He captures
the glister of light behind his
left shoulder. Turning
quickly. The dog lets out
another howl warning the
ghosts hidden in the darkness.
Expressing hidden dangers all around.

He focused... the ~~bed~~
LED alarm clock reads 12:23 AM
SMUT THE FUCK UP he calls
to dog, I'm trying to sleep.
Crashing back to his waterbed
he gathers the doona around
his neck and tries to block
out the sounds, the sounds
his ancestors have heard for
centuries before him. He
has different fears now, now
his fears arise not from the
savagery of what is concealed
by the night, but the savagery
of the world he lives in, the
savagery concealed by his
fellow man.

18/6/92.

What goes around;
comes around.

19/6/92 STARRY, STARRY NIGHT

It was with a teary eye that
the rat sat back. His tail
under tucked, and his paws gently
clasped upon his lap, his nose
pointed skywards gently sniffing
In a his ~~own~~ own small world
he sat, his own ideas and
~~inhibitions~~ thoughts ~~inhibitions~~
preventing him from running with
the other rats, in search of the
cheese at the end of the maze.
Another rat passed him quickly

8/12/92
APART FROM SOME FINE POLISH
THIS IS ONE STORY I AM
REALLY HAPPY ABOUT.
THAT I CAN RELATE TO.

almost frantically, eyes downward making his way around the maze. Rendered ~~as~~ insane by his view of the maze around him he barely noticed him pass.

In a state of depression brought about by the loneliness of his own small separate world he continued to sit forever gazing intently ~~to~~ ^{upward} above him.

At the end of his ^{upward} gaze bright & beautiful eyes met his own.

Another rat passed by, this time going in the opposite direction, this ~~to~~ time the rat looked briefly down to see the rear of the other rat scuffle away. He took a glance around and again

registered the corridor of hard walls that was the world of the maze.

Not being able to see the point of returning he again gazed upwards into the shine of the eyes that met his. He accessed with his mind the bright arcs of reflection and the clearness and colour of the pupils.

Many questions played upon the fringes of his consciousness. What beautiful creature is this and what is its world, the world above the maze.

What is the maze so important unto itself and



what part does it play in the world above.

Alone he penetrated the shell of self importance that contained the maze as a world unto itself.

And in his loneliness he sank further and further into his own sad world. A sadness isolated from the world of the maze by the veil of insanity and lit up by the beauty of the lights in the world above; which in a way, gave rise to his insanity.

Alone. Alone he sat and stared at the stars. And alone he sighed seemingly recognizing the larger

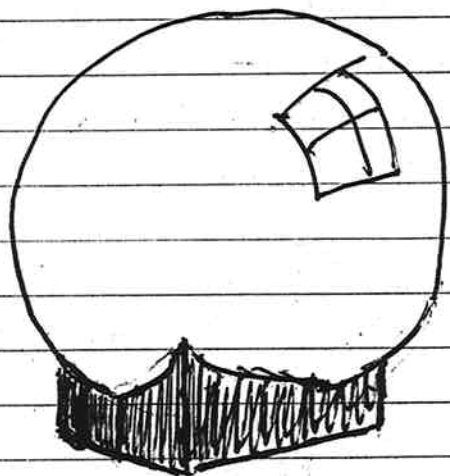
was what

picture around him but unable to reach out and take it, and also unable to go back to the world of the maze that was his lot in life.



CAN'T KEEP MY EYES FROM THE CIRCLING SKIES
I'VE BEEN TIED + TWISTED, AN EARTHBOUND MISFIT... I.

(PINK FLOYD)
(MELANIE).



What a man to think
when he looks into a crystal
ball and sees only his reflection.

PS. Even though things like
this can be made into morals
etc and be very 'deep' it is
only an example of a small

amusing thought and means
nothing at all.

Is this an example of the
embryonic idea → the spark
I think I'm beginning to
ramble and so shall retire.
~~scribble~~

24/6/92

OH REACTION ↑
I'm reading "Melanie"
the story (reproduced
extracts from her diary) of a
girl who committed suicide at
the age of 18. It's hard not to
be evoked into feelings of
immense sadness and sympathy.
Feelings of wanting to help
someone obviously so pure,
intelligent, nice, and at times
alone and depressed. Very

sad. I don't know if she would be very happy knowing so many people wanted to help because it was society that she had trouble coming to terms with. I get the feeling she needed to be alone more to be able to focus on the rest of her life + learn to live / control her part in society. It brings to the surface a lot of feelings I have had. I have myself, however she's the real thing. I'm a pretender who would not have the guts. Probably good.

The biggest pressure in my life at present is work. I find the easiest way to deal with it is to retreat into myself. (e.)

You can escape by locking a door, cutting off contact, shutting out all that is outside. The one thing you cannot stop is time and sooner or later you will have to open the door and deal with it as you will anything.

ie its like being on a roller coaster → you can close your eyes, but you can't get off.

Maybe the reason so many people including myself have trouble fitting into society is that the world of society is that which holds all the pressures. Their own small world, their world of retreat is calm and peaceful. Answer withdraw into your own world as much as possible.

One little rat saw more than
the maze.

Upwards and outwards, he
directed his gaze.

26/8/92 - When you wish upon
a star.....

28/8/92 - Just heard Hong Kong
not a go → got an
offer but the salary not much
- \$25 gross
- 15% tax
- 40% accommodation.

Angry - I want to create - to
put an album of pictures
together → to write a

series of prose - anything - Got
heaps of energy, heaps of ideas
no patience. Hopefully this will
flow over next couple of weeks so
I get the chance to use it.

- Want to show the world
and say 'hey I've got good
ideas - I'm on top of myself
Life is great + rich + I want to
say hey - don't you realise!!
Want to say 'Fuck You here I am
and I my ideas are here to stay

NOT TO AVOID THAT
SEETHING MASS OF
THE MILLIONS - TO COMMIT
SUICIDE ~~WOMEN~~ A POET

WOULD BE BETTER
THAN AN AVERAGE -



Need for attention?

Paranoid about failure?

Need to do something to
avoid the above? Is it what
I really want.

↑
Answer to this depends
upon whether you consider your
complexes (such as above) as
a part of you or as scabs that
should be shed in search of
the true you.

I think that if all the

scabs are removed all that
would be left is a truly pathetic
pulsating sliver called life.

People are what makes
our world, and complexes are
what make our people.

↓
GREED

↓
ATTENTION

↓
SUCCESS

↓
ADMIRATION

↓
ACKNOWLEDGMENT

} ARE THESE
THE SAME
THINGS?

I think the basic want of

all people is a little
acknowledgement.

—○—
Sounds awful but I think
that a man and a woman
cannot have a relationship that
is not tainted by sex/love.
The subconscious possibility is
always there and the human
brain forever examining all
options (again + again) must
consider — I know mine does.

-SYLVIA - We are good
friends. A subconscious sometimes
conscious option is there to
take our relationship further
(to an affair I suppose.)

I think that neither of us
want this consciously, and
would oppose it. Ange is
everything I want and more.
But the mind from time
to time considers the option. The
very fact the option is there
demands this.

This consideration gives a
little mystery and daydreaming
(more maybe potential) and
provides a bit of variety
and interest. In a sense I
love Sylvia like I love Ange, but
the framework of morals and
society dictate what I want
from each → GOOD THING.

Fine balance between all
these things. Some say remove

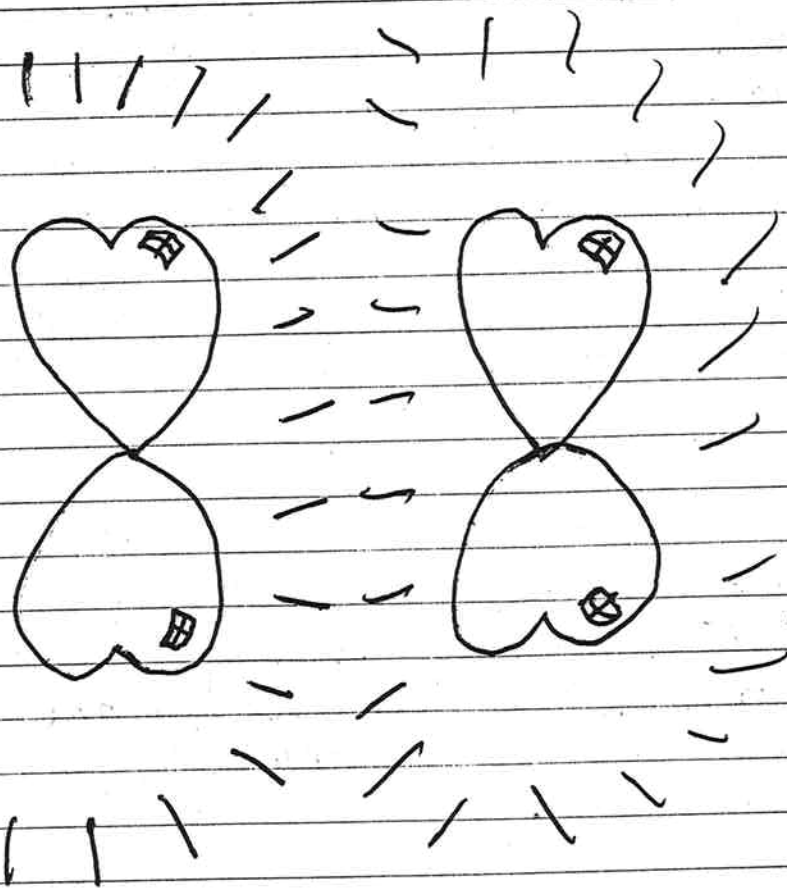
all this superficial stuff + take
what you want.

I think living by these rules
is isn't bad - creates a
structure more interesting +
constructive -

(Society)



There must be some sense
in all this wandering. There's
an idea / theme / conclusion somewhere,
there, it's just out of site +
too hard to grasp while writing,



There is no different type of relationship → just different levels or stages of the same thing.

It is society which makes us establish one as the right one in our mind and through those morals or rules of society puts the others in there place - this enables couples to exist with some protection. Good for all concerned → Sacrifice memory in other relationships to satisfy the morals which keeps other from your chosen relationship. (protect yours) This of course is all based upon one thing - jealousy

Without jealousy there would be none of this requirement. However 'jealousy' and in itself isn't. It does not arise from bad things, it arises from need for attention.

Its when the attention is shared & jealousy starts !!!

18/10/92 Idea for a short story.

- Masculine man, dark hair, looking perfect working in a mine coal dust on his face etc, conveys lead. While he works he thinks. There is a huge emptiness he

feels but knows not where the feeling comes from. he searches internally, trying to find and think through this painful emptiness. At every corner he finds a blank end, he keeps returning to square one, empty, sad and trapped in the inadequacies of his own mind. Again he goes over the ground he has covered a million times stuck in an never ending loop. The emptiness wells inside him and he is unable to escape or even know why.

He is a robot with an incredibly complicated brain, more so than that of a human, however he is a done model, a robot that

has had all of the extra sensory and higher levels of his brain blocked + rerouted, like a base model car. He possesses a brain capable of only a little more than what his job requires however it is the 'little more' that keeps him in eternal mental torment.

Q When does a robot become a being.

Q Once accepted as a being when do they get rights.

I feel like alot of the stuff I write is naive, goes around in circles and is not that great. You will have to forgive me as it is written on

the spur of the moment, as I think it through. It is not meant to be thought through, it is not meant to be fine, and it is not meant to be polished. It is only raw ideas. Ideas that need a lot of thought, a lot of questions asked, of which I do not do here → maybe some other time in the future.

At least if I can put the idea down here I know it is not lost and I don't have to mentally follow it through and lose sleep as a result.

AND SO WE CONTINUE TO
CRAWL UPON THE PLANETS
FACE!



AND WHEN WE BLOW THE PLANET TO SMITHERINES, IT WON'T BE A HUGE LOSS, IT WON'T BE THE END, IT WILL BE A PUFF OF SMOKE IN AN UNIVERSE FAR LARGER AND MORE COMPLEX THAN WE CAN EVER HOPE TO COMPREHEND.

Like the death of a third world country child ~~is~~ surrounded by a bigger, indifferent picture that will go on.

11/11/92 - Brandy died about
three weeks ago
- much sadness
- many tears
- too much pain after
all the good years.

She was such a pure soul and
loved so much. What really tore
me up was finding her, head in the
garden, legs in her mouth with
mucus all around. Her nose was
turned up where she had pressed
her snout against a fern.

She died in the night while
we slept. We had no chance to
help, we didn't get to say
goodbye. This beautiful dog
who used to shy away

from other people and other large
dogs, who knew only how to
love and to be joyful went
into that good night in the
darkness, alone and scared.

If only we could have been
there to hold her hand and
give her some comfort.

RIP BRANDY.



I miss her so
much and feel
so alone.

I'm not very good at putting
my feelings down on paper

Feelings are such dynamic moving things that the static ~~po~~ descriptions on paper cannot hope to capture them.

I feel a deep deep loss of Brandy and have so much love I wish to give to her, if she is anywhere where this can help, please let it help.

I use to let her put her front paws on my stomach and rub her coat up and down (her back). She was so fit + so healthy. She was the same when we found her, still beautiful only cold, her life gone after a night of who knows what.

Go in peace, and go with love

Its been a hard sad time, seems like the family has problems on all fronts.



Its spring, but it feels like autumn.

13/11/92 This diary is not turning out to be a very accurate record as I only write when I feel like it. (which isn't that often). Whole episodes such as Beak + Drew spitting up I don't feel like writing about - too messy. Anyway

it's just as well I don't need to justify this to anybody.

Just had two weeks holiday - went up and saw mum + dad in Seafers and spent 3 days on Fraser Island which was great but took it out of us.

Having trouble saving money at the moment and I don't think it's likely to get better before Christmas.

He worked long and hard, he bought a house and filled it with stuff. Bought some nice suits to the charities - tough!

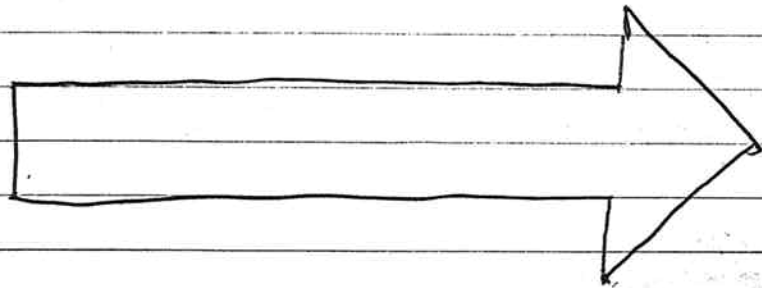
He worked + worked and worked all day, though he didn't enjoy it he allowed himself no sleep.

For others all of this he

did do, to show them he had a ~~good~~ good life too.

And he died all alone, surrounded by this, and finally achieved eternal bliss.

LAWYERS
GONN'S
+
MONEY



Q - What would you live your life like if you had unlimited resources of money

Q - What would you live your life like if money + material things meant very little to you.

~~Love Money~~
~~Love Money~~ makes the world go around!
~~Love~~
Money Money Love
~~Love Money~~

It just goes around by itself and takes us for the ride, we can hold on any way we wish.

MENTAL IMAGES:

BE PURE

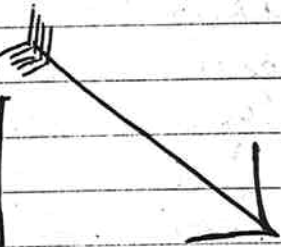
~~BE PURPLE!~~

Cos' its been a long time
been a long time
been a long lonely, lonely
lonely lonely time!

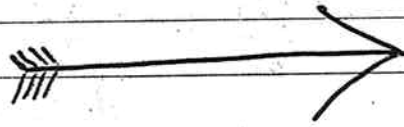


TREBLE
CLEF

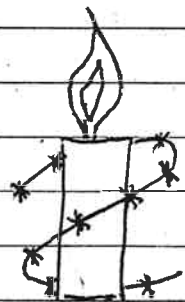
STOP!



END.....



18/11/92 - Feels lonely without
Mum + Dad + Brandy - I
need attention! - Suppose
I had better get used to
living without it.



AMNESTY

Must write to nana's
and our sponsor child.

19/11/92 Getting very disillusioned
with people - losing
faith in humanity. People in
general suck.

'Why are people so unkind'
(Kamahl)

People are willing to take
a view and talk about right
& wrong but no one is
prepared to give & take

to put into actions any of this
When the nice stops I
think it might be time to get
out → This is what is happening
at work. Makes the whole
thing not worthwhile.

Is all of this down a lack
of attention? I feel so alone.



I feel like
my heart is
slowly being
carved out
of my body
by the people
who should be
tending to it.

And when the sun sets, there is no lingering heat of the day, there is only cool blue shadows and an icy breeze.

Congratulations, you are now an adult and may survive in the adult world.

Take me away!

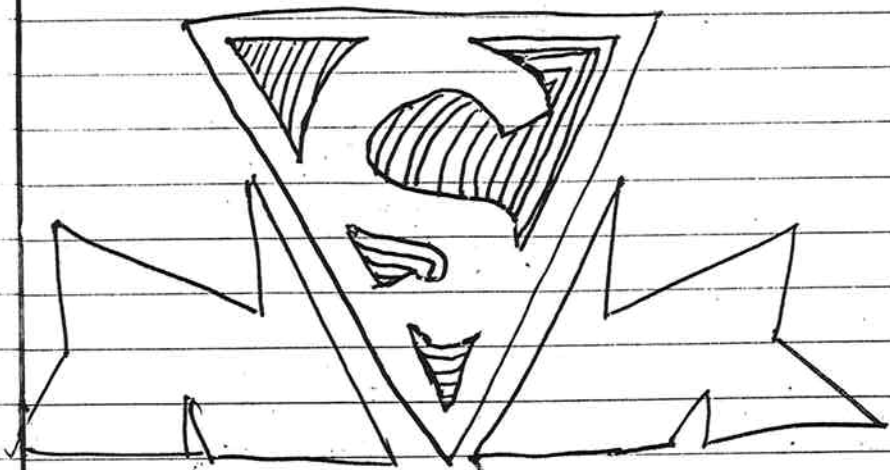
Must talk to Ange about this.

2/12/92. Very tired, feel like I am sick but have no symptoms. Finding it hard to get a grip on my life and find where I am and where I'm heading.

Am I wasting opportunities? Should I be more like the young

ambitious rather than the trepid unbrowsing potential that only stumbles forward. Perhaps I need a review of my life. Hard when all you know is your life. Jobs, security, etc o/s are hard to fathom. Maybe I want mutually exclusive things → adventure with security.

Just very tired.



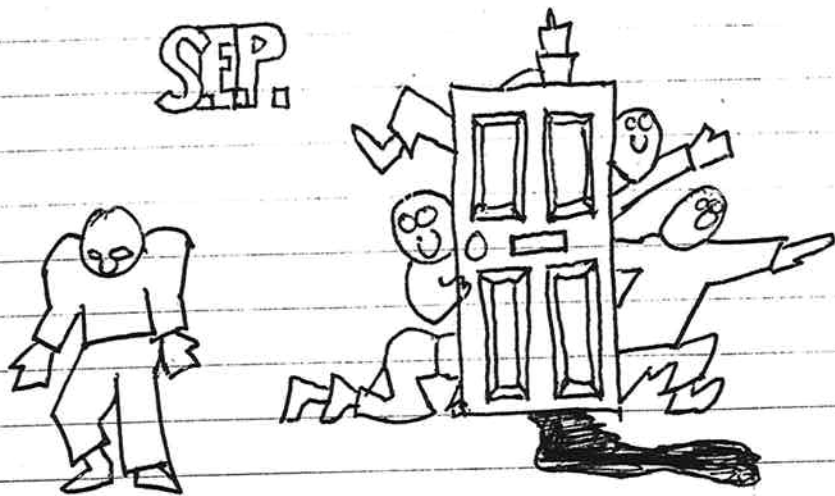
This is such a sad and happy place.

Do you take the happy to ignore and further demean the sad.

Do ^{you} drown in the sadness to never know or lose sight of the happiness.

Or do you waver living in the contrast between the two.

SEP.



TE, OH, AHHH



Just innocent ramblings, thoughts about nothing that come to mind when the more day-to-day functions of the mind are otherwise occupied (ie writing).

Running over the same old fears,
the same old tears
How I wish we weren't here
Dear Pam Pam Pam, Pam Pam Pam

3/12/92.

Tired
Unstable

It's a bit of a joke that we spend our lives wondering and searching and never really knowing.

I don't think that there is any point to existence. If all the answers were revealed to us, all the mysteries, the depths of space and science, the wonders of the mind and the afterlife would any of it answer the question of what is the point of it all.

Happiness, enjoyment,

fulfilment, that 'worm feeling' you get inside, these are all just states of mind.

Heaven + Hell, these even are just another form of existence without offering any explanation.

If you could take the universe and put it in a box, contain, control and understand the whole lot, would it make any difference. Would there be any reason for it all.

Maybe we are all some type of experiment in the furthering of good karma and the positive goodness of things - What for, what is the point.

We live in the rules and values bands of our own minds limited by our understanding of our situation.

With more understanding comes a broader set of rules and values but the back has to stop somewhere.

And should it stop with something or some being or even return upon itself to start again still the unanswered question would exist.

Our limits give us purpose - the purpose because we think that this can't be all there is, but we still have no point.

WHY?

Idea for a short story, a man lives, he dies, he sees a bright light. As his brain comes to halt he gets the feeling of entering and being taken down a tunnel, his consciousness slowly receding towards the light.

Finally his brain stops and with a blinding flash of light which is the final ~~point~~ sensory signal to all his receptors he is no more.

Nothing.

There is no separation of

spirit from body, no outer
body existence there is just
death.

A dead body, the small
electrical impulses and signals
that formed his being earthed.

Just a body and darkness.

Cold flesh.

Worm food.

—
No twist, nothing.

Don't you feel stupid knowing that
everything you do in your life, your
purpose for living all arises from
some basic instinct for survival.

The voice that says to you
protect yourself and keep going.

This is enough to keep you
living your life through to the
end, but does not give it
a point.

No there does not need to
be a point, but things would
be a sad state of affairs
without one.

I hope there is, + I hope
we find out - now or later
I just hope we find out.

4/12/92. To escape to a place far away in time.
(Where the sun do shine) - Echoe Beach.

7/12/92 Christmas drinks on the weehed ended up being a party → I and I think everybody else had a great time.

Scored 14 pts at mixed last night (4x3 + 1x2).

More people than I expected turned up from YMS and other areas but none! from work!
Strange - Enough to make a person worry but I think it was

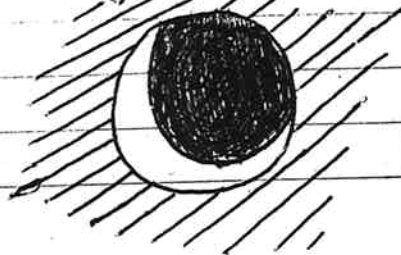
too far away and they wouldn't have known anybody.

8/12/92 → Got two good nights sleep and I feel sooooo much better!

Probably got a lot to do with not having the party to worry about.

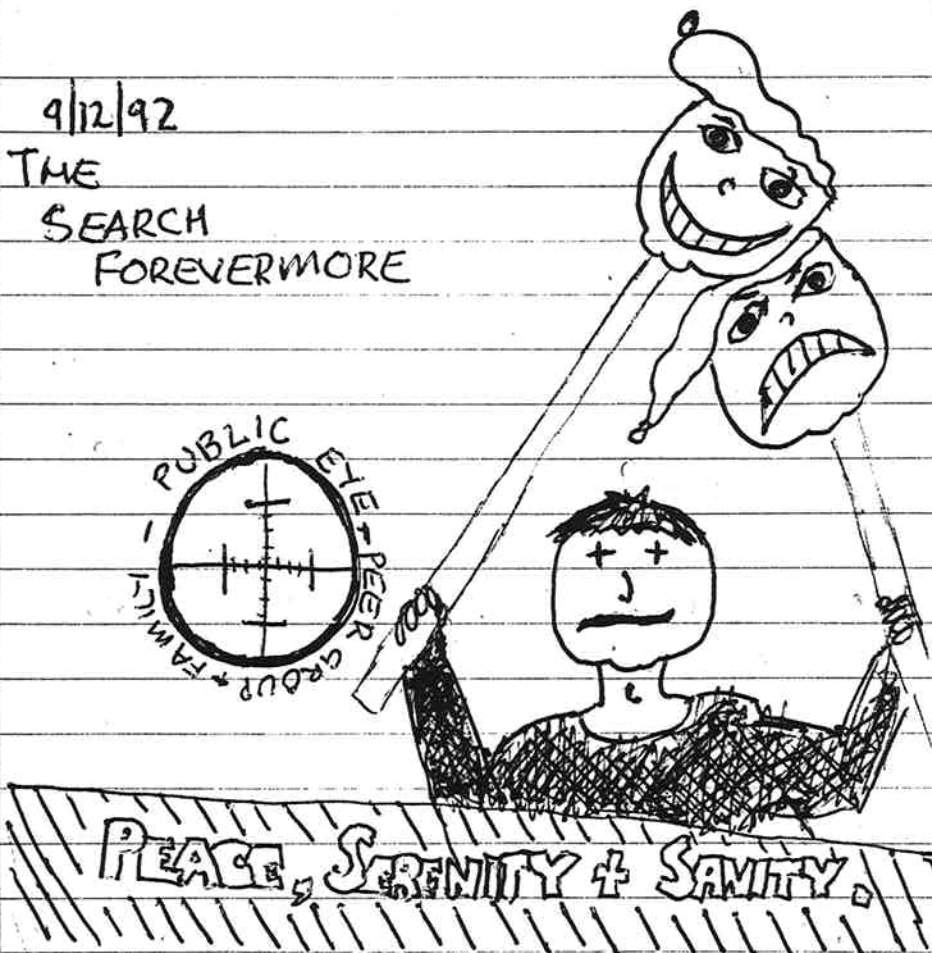
- I must try to control what I do and don't worry about.

- Must also try to stop being so self-conscious - god knows with my looks + my height there is only so much you can do.



9/12/92

THE
SEARCH
FOREVERMORE



And so leaving the confines of his self,
he ventured to play the game they put
forward to him.

Armed with his faces he was able
to move and live in the wild, never a
dull moment.

As years went by and he spent
more + more time in the role of the
faces, he looked back wondering who
+ where was he.

Now stuck playing the game he
wondered if he could ever find
time to go back and find himself,
searching through the faces that
were now so much a part of him.

And he searched forever more
trying all the masks he had at
his disposal hoping that one day
he would find his own, and
hoping he would recognize it
when he did.

Though I walk through the
valley of death I fear no evil,
Cause I'm the meanest son of a
bitch in the whole damn valley.

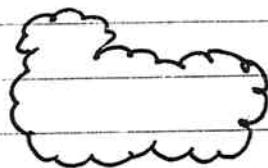
QUOTE FROM
A POSTER.

Felt like the first day of
summer today.



Like to take up
grid iron again -
(takes up too much
time (every weekend)).

10/12/92



Across endless miles of desert, he
chased the dream. Strategically
planning, manoeuvring trying to outsmart
and corner his dream.

One day a long time after his search
had begun he finally caught up with
his dream.

Poised ready to shoot he had a
look around him. The barren
featureless red earth, the horizon
shimmering in the distance a million
miles away.

the blue sky containing only his dream and the unchanging sun which served only to whittle and mark the time he had left in this place.

A sense of loss and fear overcame him as he thought about his future days without the dream.

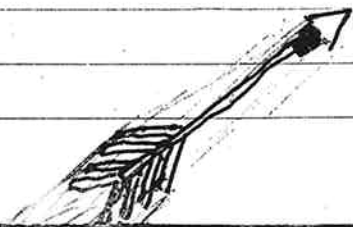
Pow! he let go of his arrow almost unconsciously, conditioned to do so after his years of searching and imagining this moment.

The arrow climbed high and hit its target fair and square. Evaporating instantaneously the dream. It left only the clear sky, the unchanged sun and the falling arrow.

He stood up not knowing

what to expect. No dust, no breeze, he started to walk towards the fallen arrow, an apprehensive look on his face. As he walked and surveyed he felt a slight movement of air. He turned, could it be, yes it was! A small cloud forming on the horizon, his pace towards the arrow quickened.

Maybe if I approach it from the west, or go south and then tack east, I've got to keep the element of surprise, must keep on my toes and never rest. I could try a direct approach and



16/12/92 - Trying to save money + still do all of the things I want to do - mutually exclusive. As of today I am worth liquid about \$3500 - and that is after payday → Others are buying houses etc, I must be worth \$20,000 and more!! - Will try harder from now on.

"When we pretend that we're dead"

Quote from a song, how many people think about death and do more than think in order to be serious. To delve into the unknown and get near the key (if it exists) of it all. In order to be more

serious or deep than the next person. Death is something that no living person can better or make light of and brush away like every other underachievement in a persons life.

The trick for these people is of course to be alive at the end of it all to tell the story!!

Am I one of these people? I think that to a degree I am.

↑

SUICIDAL TENDENCIES

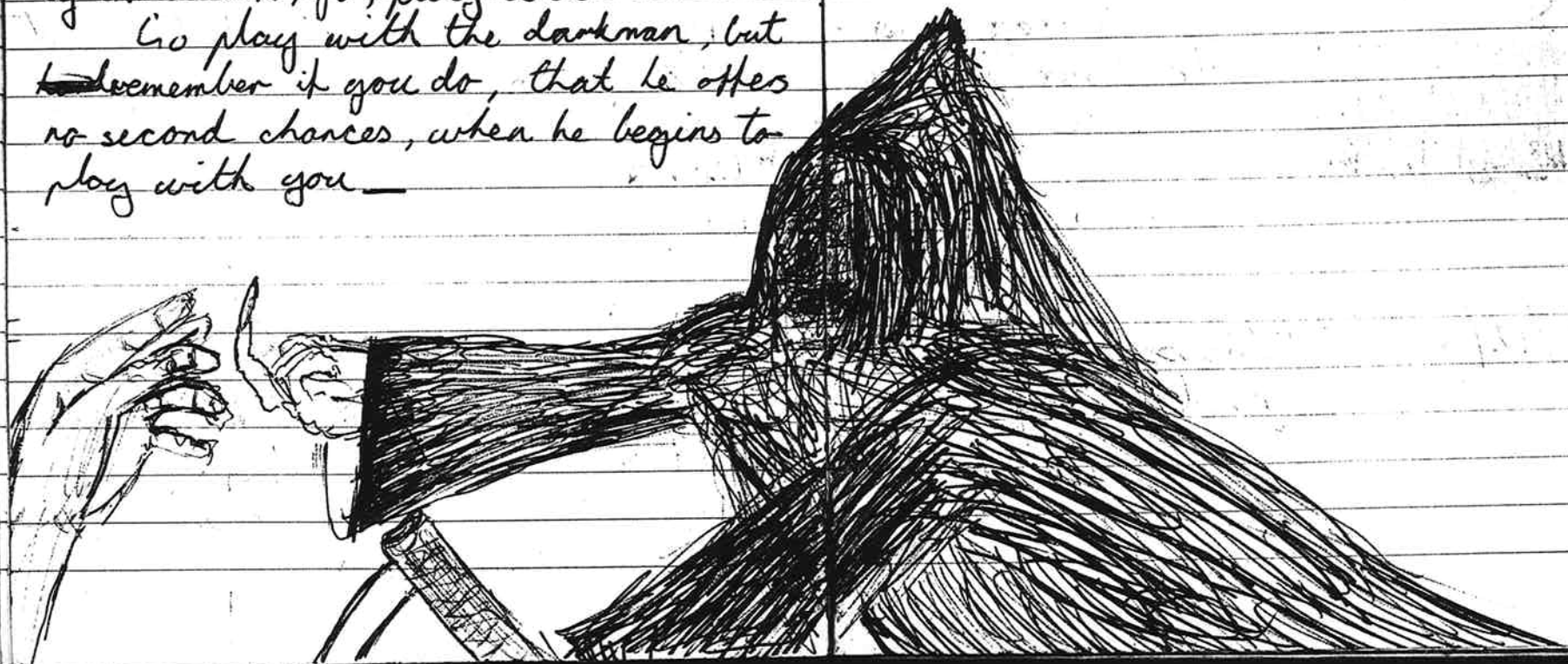
Given the right situation I believe they come to light in all of us.

17/12/92 Playing with the dark man.

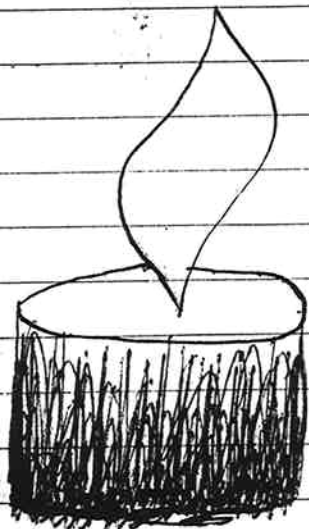
When you're lost amongst your friends, and your sanity on this depends on the dark man.

If you require recognition, held back by inhibition, go, play with the dark man.

Go play with the dark man, but ~~remember~~ remember if you do, that he offers no second chances, when he begins to play with you —



20/12/92



'To turn of Lalar'

21/12/92

'I hear a very gentle sound'
- the doors

'Mey Love,
you got me on
my knees, hey
love,

I'm begging
darling please

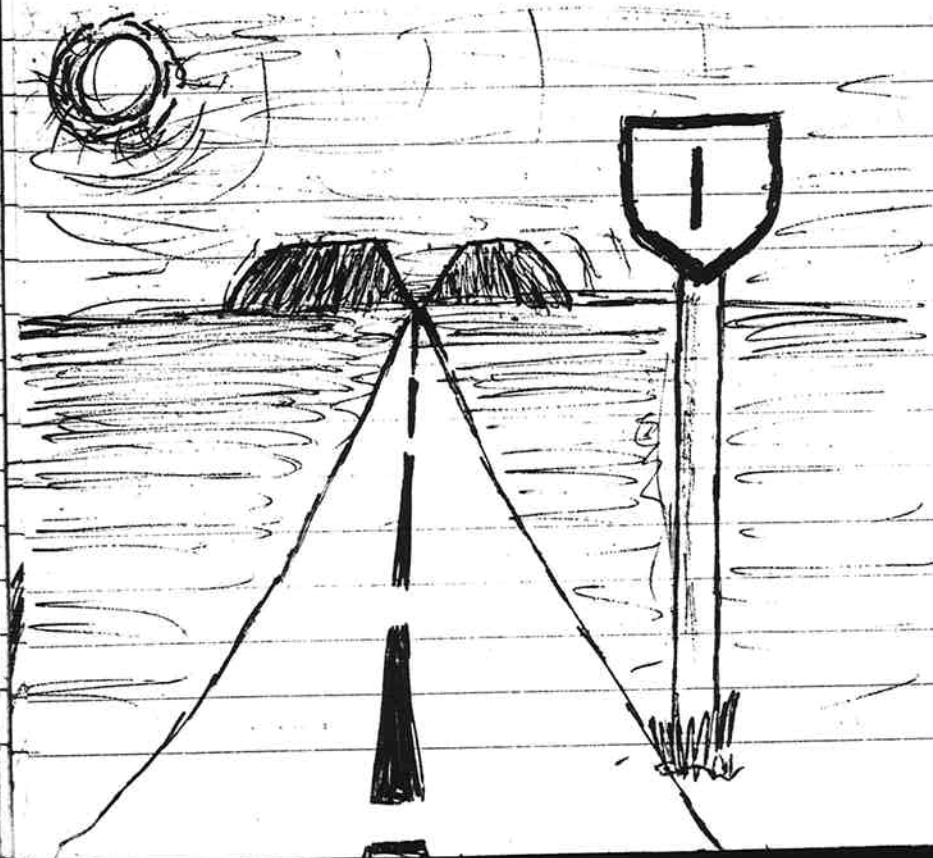
'Mey love'

22/12/92 Getting too distracted by
other people at work,
particularly now that there are a
few younger people there.

Looks like we (the Eastland Team),
will be working over Christmas. I didn't
think that I would mind when I first
heard as I would be able to save
some money and spend Christmas at
home however now I think that I
will really miss Bernagui and
everyone.

Just passed an asian man
selling papers in a booth on the
station. He didn't appear to be
doing so well. Makes me sick in
the stomach that so many people
have to face so many problems
~~done~~ alone, but yet still be

judged by the general public.
Maybe the first step is to stop
feeling sorry for them. I know
that's what I would want in
that situation.



ME AND THEM

I need
you want

Help me
you will get through it

I'm special
from you the typical.

Oh if only everybody else
could be like me, what a
truly shitty world it would
be.

Explain yourself!
take my word for it.

23/12/92 Chicken and champagne
breakfast in the exhibition
gardens. Depending upon the size of
my christmas bonus I think I will
try to set up a dark room over
christmas / New-year (I have to
work the whole time).

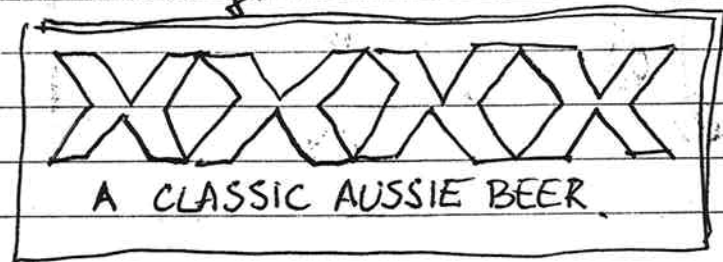
Feel very reflective and sort of
sad, hard to not become disillusioned
with people all of the time. Why
do people have no thoughts of
others feelings. Am I like this?
I should pay more attention and
make an effort to be nicer.

To wish upon
a star

This is a great little - I don't know.

say act, or thought, seems to
represent all the hope, romance
and naivety that is nice in the
world.

Feel a little like some loose
ends of my life are starting to
unravel, haven't got quite the
control I used to have - need to
get overseas I think and get all
of this out of my system.
otherwise nothing I do will
ever be fully satisfying as I feel
travelling is something I should
do early.

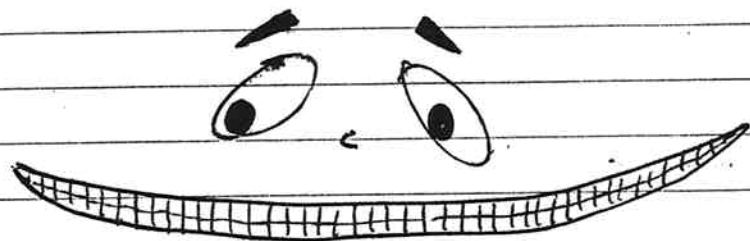


D E A T H

The ending

The finish.

I think I am coming to a closing
point of my life. Everything that
was new is now becoming old. Time
to start again.



Just put on a happy face

I HAVE GOT
TO GET MYSELF
OUT
OF
THIS



Influences (excepting family).

- Jim Morrison - the Doors
- Peter Mead - OAP
- Brian McKNiven

"This is the end
my beautiful friend"

the doors

Note none of these feelings
are suicidal, I think that they
just represent the end of a
state of mind. Maybe not
even an end but only an
osmosis, a building process
to come to grips with what I
want more.

Despite the best intentions
I believe all Diags are
written with the intent
of being read!!

SEARCH

↓
FIND

↓
INTERPRET

↓
ACT.

me justifying
myself to whoever
reads this!!!

don't like
this in a big
way - guess you
had to be there

I want to be
under the sea
in ~~anywhere~~ private garden
cool a in the shade....

Id like to
sit
up on a throne
to be adored
by one + all, alone

I'd like to be me -

but in a world all alone
I'd find it too hard,
with nothing else there
Sanity, ~~is~~ ^{would be} barred.

and in a world full of others
I would soon lose the plot
a reflection of ~~others~~ ^{pe}
I would rather be, not!

To mix one with the other
the solution it tends
however ~~with~~ fire + water
in turbulence of ten ends.

Very bad poetry but
there must be some feeling
under there.

I'm not sure what the
answer is but I know part
of the problem is frustration.

"When the music's over
turn out the light"
The doors.

a line about growing old?
and losing that 'thing'!

24/12/92.

A drift.

29/12/92 - Bought an enlarger and bits + pieces today for photography. Will probably buy an easel and tongs and timer also as I will not enjoy it if I am not comfortable.

Stuff I have done so far I am not that happy with - Must spend more time and get things right. - A lot of shots out of focus and negatives dirty and scratched - A long way to go yet.

	TRAIN	RIDE	
GETUP	6:50	6:40	GET UP
READY	7:30	7:10	READY
AT STATION	7:45	7:30	AT MALVERN
AT WORK.	8:30	8:10	AT WORK
		8:30	READY

ie → should be riding in more after. However to make it economical I think that I would have to ride at least two times a week.

$$\frac{26.90}{5} = 5.20 \text{ per day}$$

Petrol half way

$$= 2 \times 10 \text{ km} \times \frac{1.0}{10} \times 65.0 = \$1.30$$

Say \$2:00 to drive.

$$4 \times 6:30 = 25:20$$

→ Just cheaper to ride one day out of 5.

Don't know quite what it is but I am feeling more and more suicidal every day. I think it has a lot to do

with frustration at work.

I miss Brandy.

I get the feeling that something that I yearn to understand is beyond my understanding, and yet I know that the understanding is not the answer.

I feel alone, like I can sense that no one else can help me come through this.

Is it the changes I am required to go through in growing up. Is it the finding of myself that I need to take further. I've already established that this is not

something that can be done.

It's like searching for a reference point in the universe, there is none and yet it is all points at once.

I don't know - I think this writing as I think is clouding my arguing, or it may just be that I still don't know what it is I am arguing about.

5/1/92 I feel as though my life is falling apart.

Like I am at the end of a very thin rope, I am very stressful and don't feel satisfied with anything I do.

Work fills me with frustration, photography is a lot of effort + money with no results I am happy with.

I stepped up Julie's negatives for her wedding through inexperience. I may be able to salvage some, I'm glad that I am not the only one who was taking photos.

If only I could get something great to come off in my life. Maybe I should look at buying a house → going in with Angie maybe.

AGHH!

I feel like I am in a silent scream.

A scream into a vacuum

A scream of silence so overpowering yet able to be withstood and watched with pity and wonder.

A scream so loud that its originator turns and twists until he is sucked out of the blackness that is reality around him.

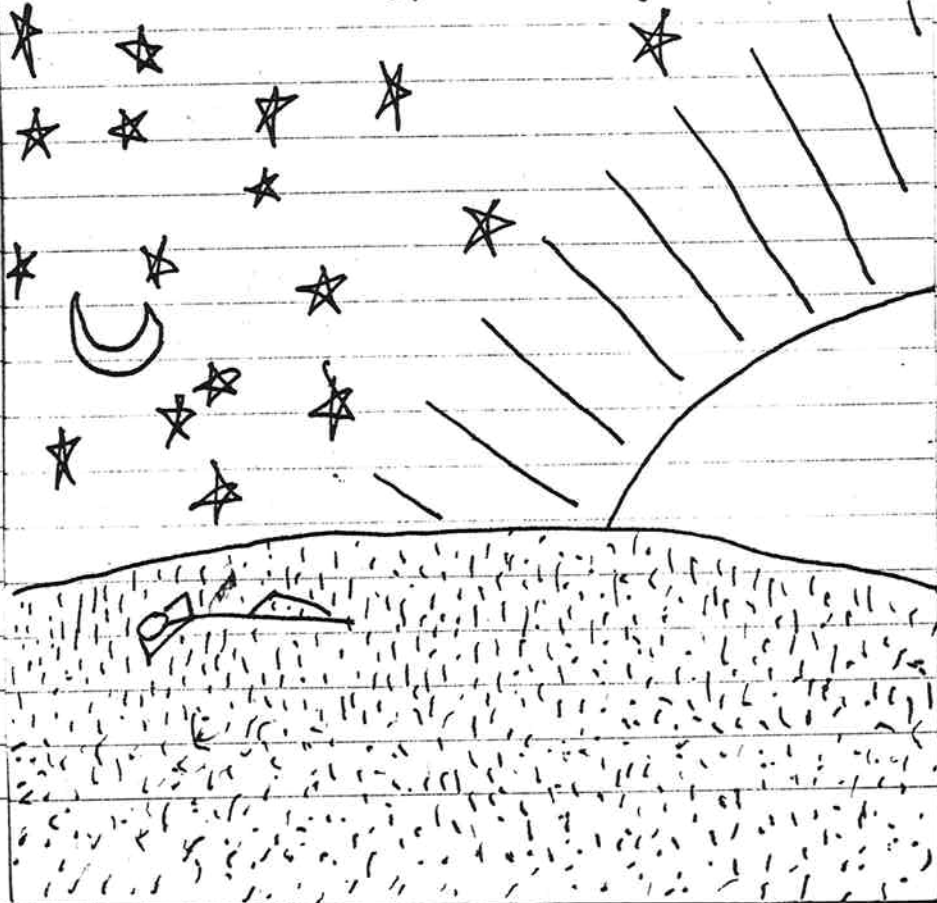


8/1/93 - Got a few things done
Today - Applied to
IEAust, got some notes for the
OK exam, got Dan Ryan to keep
an eye out for me, got some
stamp hinges and feel like a lot
of loose ends have been tied. I
don't suppose the new haircut
could have anything to do
with it?.

★ ★
I wish, I wish,
I wish to go far ★
and this wish I make
upon the soul of a star.

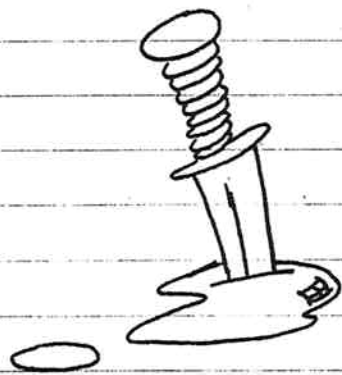
★ ★
Just me and the earth
and the deep night sky
and thousands of wishes
reflected up high.

★ Its these hopes and these dreams
giving light where theres none
that helps us wake each day
and face the new days seen.



9/1/93

Smile there where you're lying
Smile there while you're dying
You've got to keep on smiling



I must admit I stole the last two lines from a song I heard today. Just watched a movie about the west and Custer's last stand. An old indian who went away to die knowing that the white man would eventually win. The indians were referred to as human beings, and the white men, 'the white man'. He was saddened and

said 'A world with out human beings is a world without a centre.' Must have been the way he said it - - I guess you had to be there huh!

And the band played on...

10/1/93 The world is like a
potatoe - it is round.

11/1/93 ~~Life~~ The ^{world} is akin to my
dirty clothes basket, it
has things living on it.

19/1/93 Craig came over last night
and asked me to be his
groomsman - felt really good
as his friendship is a good one
Looking forward to it

Trains are running on a slow
timetable for Kerret - Bloody
wankers, something has to be
done about the huge loss
Vivairail makes every year.
Sad and sorry.

21/1/93

Richmond station - Dusk.

City Buildings

tall, slim
dark, reflecting the
light on similar faces
Cranes, traffic/train signals.
The hugeness and awe of
the buildings with the
industrialness and dirty
detail of the efficiency
inspired mechanics
that service every day
life.

An unknown metropolis of

power, intricacy, fear and
ambition.

The station

Long and straight
yellow and black, the
black of tar and dirt.
A stopping point, waiting,
intermediate, functional.
A place of echoes of
people on their way....

The Sky

Wide, panoramic
Stretches of pink and
orange.
Reflection of of a soul,

or maybe a leader of
the soul.

Natural beauty and
steadfastness

The overall which in its
simplicity and eternal
nature need not compete
with the city, or the
station but instead rules
both through the feeling
and power it exerts
through the people that
created the city + the
station. They all serve
the soul and the sky
represents the soul, not
through the choice of the
people but through their
inherent properties.

The tracks

Leading off to the suburbs.
A route, no man's land there
but never seen between the
stations. A part of the
picture but as invisible
as the canvas.

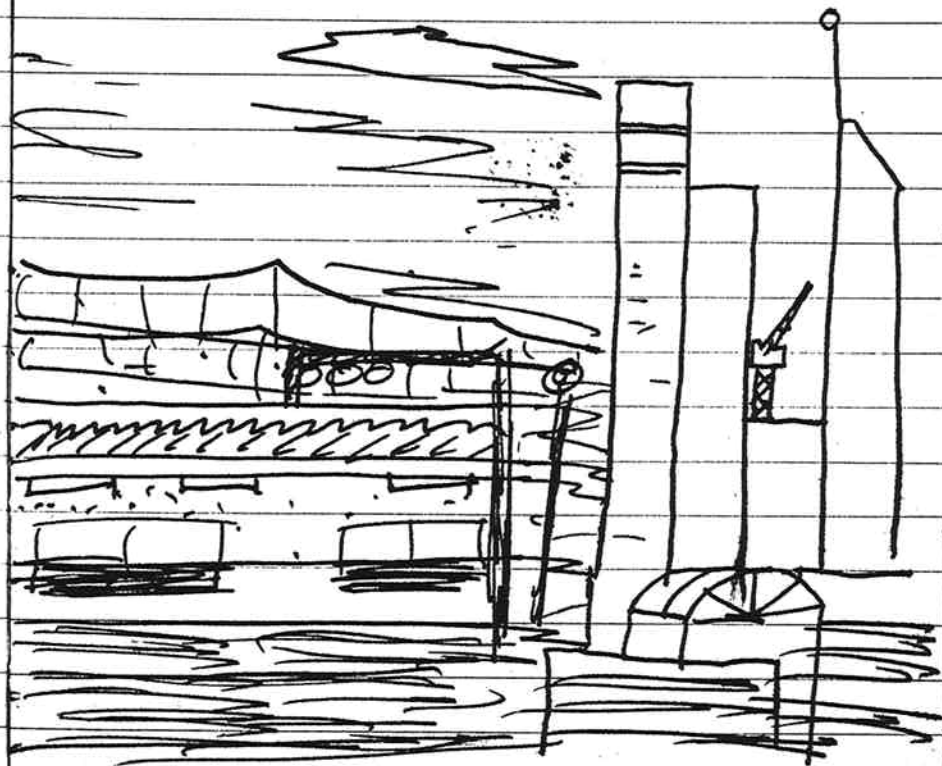
Strong in its bridges and
important in its rails it
is not seeking praise or
appeal but is there, there
by what it knows is its
own necessity.

The whole picture.

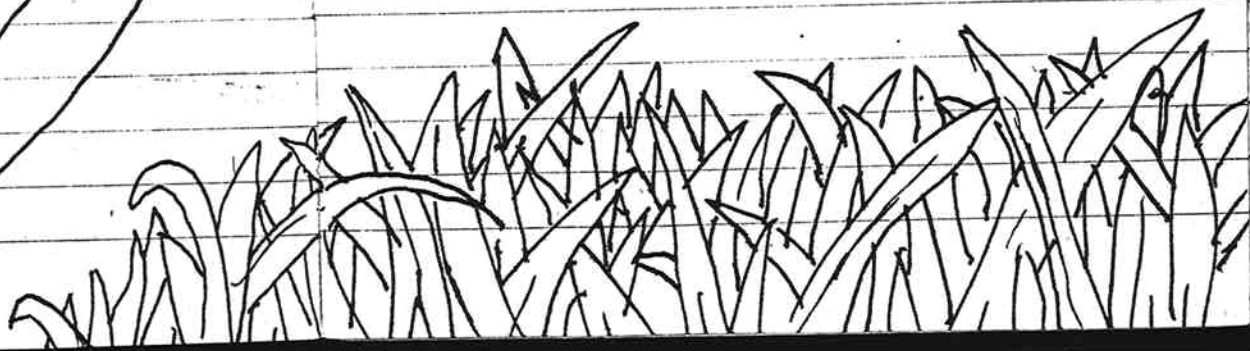
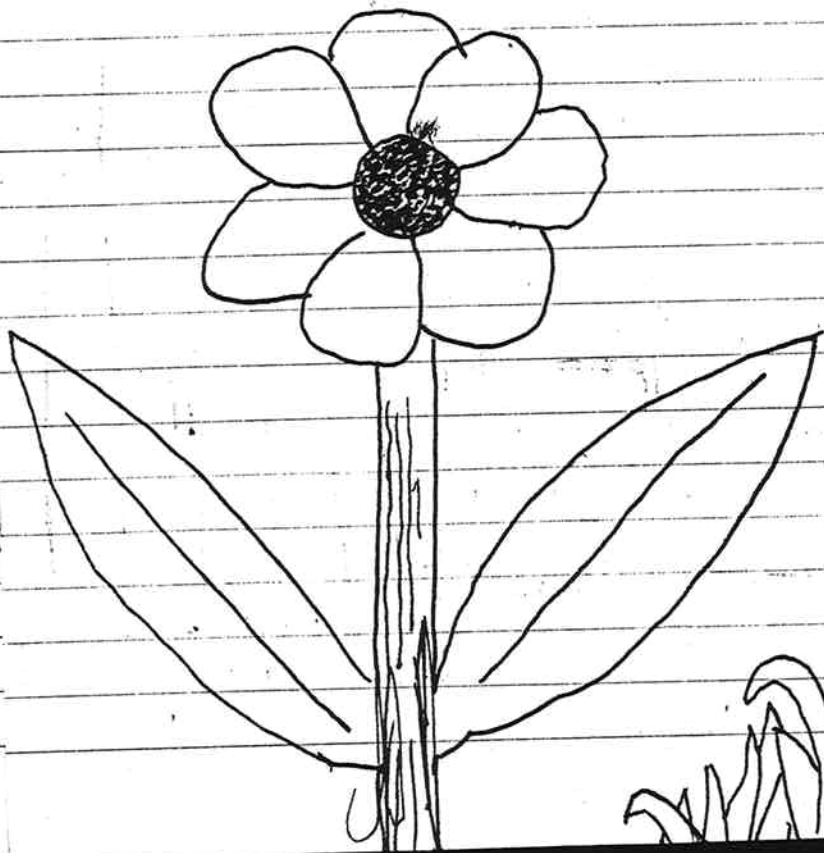
is beauty, stirs a thousand
feelings of what the man
is and as a part of him

his past, his future, his
flight and him.

An ambassador to the
human race.



The most unpoetic essence
is itself poetic through its own sad
ineptness!



5/2/93

Vincent.

How you suffered for your sanity
How you tried to set them free

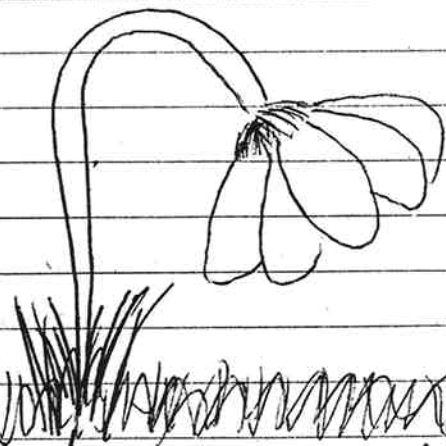
They did not listen then
They did not know how.

Perhaps they'll listen now?.....

Vincent represents a
lot in his idealism that I like.
Makes me want to devote my
life to Art.

Art for Arts sake

-Beautiful

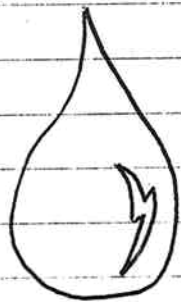


Just finished reading
YOL by Roch Bryner.
Very inspiring. He also
is an idealist but unlike
Vincent can live with his
idealism in the real world.
Unfortunately the adoration
that comes with it removes

him from the purity of his original goals, but he remains an idealist I would like to be what like him,

And you'll never know, just how much you mean to me....

8/2/93



Get that feeling that it's going too fast?

What seems like the future is almost the past.

12/2/93 Work - get a funny feeling of not being an up and coming → I don't know what it is but more + more I feel like I don't want to be a part of all of the bullshit. The promotions, the qualifications, the pecking order, the backscratching etc.

This behind the back competitiveness is not really my scene. I find all of these people and things very interesting but I don't think I ever want to be a part of it.

I want an idealist world. These fuckers I wonder ever know what their ideals are.

There is always another step up. What stop when you become

the 'Ove Arup', or the Jack Zang, these people did not climb their way to the top, they created the life they wanted out of their ideals & the results of their success being the empire they erected, and the inevitable ladders that got erected with it!

When these people climbing the ladder get near the top they keep going through the motions of scaling the rungs. Too focused on the rungs to notice the view. To know the view is there is all that matters, like an expressive piece of bad art, to look at it is immaterial.

Do they just one day

climb off to die wondering what it all meant with everyone else, high or low?

Is it the people around you that matter as a draftsman told us today. The children, the friends?

Is it the contributions you have made, the buildings you have built, the paintings you have painted?

Is it the experience you have had. An integral of joy / feeling over time?

Is it how enlightened you have become. Preparation for the next world you are to become a part of?

Is it how others have

perceived you to be, how you
were recorded in print or how
you would fare when judged
by your equally ignorant
peers?

Is it how often you change
your jobs or scratch your
arse?

Is it anything. Is the
want we have to find the
answer simply something to
give a direction to our in-
built competitiveness. Are
we after a universal standard
to prove our own lives right
over that others have chosen.

Maybe it doesn't matter.
Maybe we just are.

16/2/93

It's a funny little world
we find ourselves upon
spinning in the blackness
its on and on and on

Onwards ever searching
around our sun we go
looking for the answer
to a question we don't know

Funny little people
running here and there
always with their eyes shut
cos too easily they scare.

20/2/93

Dad... How will I know
when I am grown up.

When your heart is torn apart
and your dreams have been
just that, when your tired and
alone and feeling pretty flat.
Take a look around you for

something else to fill your head
cos the moment you stop
growing is the moment you
are dead.

Luerig.

" - Dad why do we follow
this trail so faithfully, day
in and day out... This trail
that turns and twists so strangely
without apparent meaning...
why so faithfully father....

Why do you ask....? "

THE FLAG OF CONTENT

Joe Aibroulus hits his heel down hard upon the shovel. He turns the turf of his well manicured lawn in front of his red brick house.

Deeper he digs his hole in his own little plot. It is hoarding place, his retreat from the outside world where he has had to toil and struggle to achieve the pleasantness of his own fair world. Toil that has not always been pleasant in itself however but as with others a sacrifice so that his own plot of serenity should not be threatened.

Daily he has had to harvest the cruel crazy world outside, adding to its devastation as he did so, in order to erect his own world.

Others like himself there are, but its every man for himself. They have their own windows to paint and shrubs to be trimmed.

Others less fortunate than himself drift aghast through the madness. Yes its hard to survive out there but he has made it.

He wipes his brow for a second reflecting how lucky he is. The equivalent of scrooge counting his coins he mentally takes

stock of the livable world he has created, isolated from the unlivable world he has sold out in order to achieve it.

His reliance on the unlivable world now at a minimum he ~~has~~ raises the flag of content he has been erecting. Upward it is hoisted blowing in the clean ordered breeze of his own small world.

RIP Joe Aikman

21/2/93 Just finished reading the first couple of chapters of 'A short history of space and time' by Stephen W. Hawking. Understood it a bit

better than the first time I read it but still not fully. Seems to miss explanations about the curvature of space time which gives rise to his examples.

Will I hope one day get some time to go into all of this a bit better and understand it. I wouldn't mind doing a physics course somewhere at university

Is living just something that keeps our minds occupied, a distraction from the real point of our being?

DROWNING IN THE TEA.

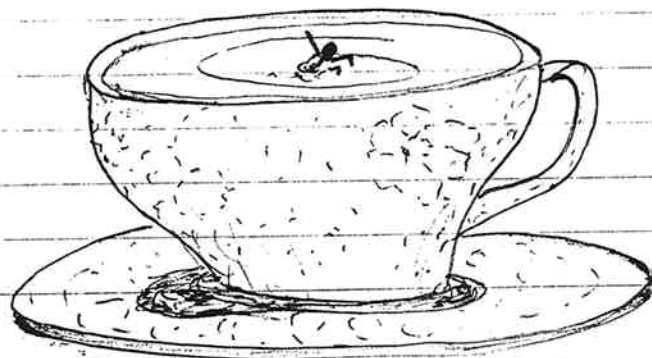
Open your eyes to see
the dark....

Have another cup of tea
dear, now what seems
to be bothering you, did
you see what Mrs so
and so was up to across
the street, such a lovely
boy.....

What is this being in me.
If you listen closely you
can hear the undertones of
the yearning, the suffering of
a billion lives around the
planet. A huge cesspool
of being with direction

inapparent to us. Why
surely there must be....

Yes its an old recipe from
my Aunt in England. Did
you know they used to....
... and anyway one day
he just up and..... Can
you believe it, well, I just
don't know what could have
got into him. A nother cup of
tea love. Oh yes, and....



22/2/93

Still adrift...

Saw a seagull earlier on... might be an indication of the real world booming by. Sat up to see if I could see ~~and~~ anything and was promptly hit in the forehead with seagull crap...

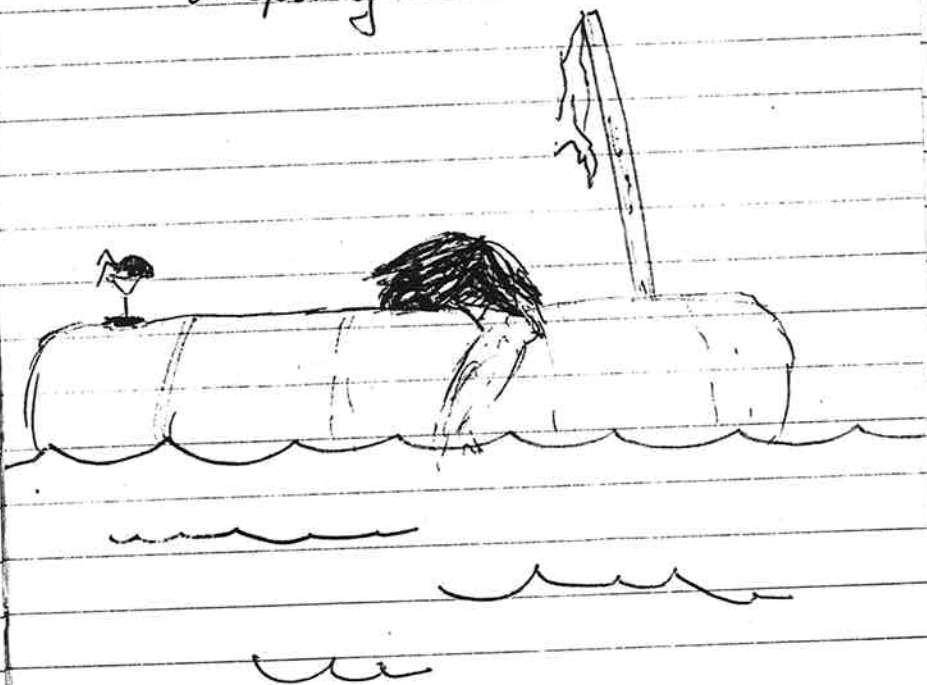
Sat back down cleaning it off with my shirt I had been trying to keep clean.

Didn't bother getting back up again, just a bit dazed, sat there for a while wondering what the significance of the seagull shit was !?!

I don't know.

Anyway, still adrift,

drifting.....



23/2/93 Pretty Tired.

Q - How do you know if you are standing the right way up.

A: You look at the surrounding countryside to get your bearings.

If a large part of acting correctly and finding direction is in examining the people and interacting / confirming with your friends around you, what happens when you have no friends, or your friends are not in agreement with the rest of society.

I think moral standards +

direction (be it good or bad) are not just set by the precedence of our peers around us, although I think that they are the inertia of the direction. Any change from no matter what source must oppose this momentum.

Blah, blah, blah....

24/2/93

"It's a beautiful world we live in,
a sweet romantic place,
Beautiful people everywhere,
the way they comb their hair
makes me want to say,
hey, it's a beautiful world
it's not for me!"

(DENO).

Drifting in and out of the shadows. Up, down and not really looking as I go anyway -

1/3/93 Watched 'Dogfight' on the weekend. → Good movie.

Really liked some of the music especially some song that was based around 'What have they done to the rain':

2/3/93 We passed someone walking in the street today crying. She was walking in the other direction. I wanted to help but was not sure how, or if I would be accepted. She passed walking on with no one stopping to help, or even

notice.

2/3/93 Ange and I are going well. We have our quiet periods where we both get tired but when we do spend good time together it is usually good. Ange is hanging a bit with her job (as am I) and as a result she is not as confident as she could be and seems to be like me, a little bit lost. I hope she gets placed soon as she deserves it.

Travel without my MISTRACTE. Maybe tour around for 3 months or so and then settle down somewhere (say in the south of France) and make small weekend trips for 6 months or so.

Have got to start saving money. Chris Roberts at work saved \$15000 in 12 months (cheap rent and no car). I am averaging \$6000.

Say I went for 12 months costing me \$1500 per month to live

Living expenses \$18000
Plane fare \$2000

If I could get a job to earn \$500 a month.

Earning \$6000
\$14000

If I can save \$9000 in 9 months I would have enough - very conservative calculations. Say I could live on \$1200 a month (Takes off 3600 to start with).
→ Would want approx \$10000 to go over with, preferably more.

→ Ie looking at leaving early 1994.

	2	5500
5500	3	500 6000
5500	4	500 6500
5500	5	500 7000
6500	6	500 7500
7000	7	500 8000
7500	8	500 8500
8000	9	500 9000
9000	10	500 9500
	11	500 10000
	12	500 10500
	1	500 11000
	2	500
	3	

At end of January should have

\$5500

+ \$5500

- \$1000

(2 weeks in advance)

\$10000

→ Make a conscious effort to save more money!

Ever feel like a blind man tripping over a rainbow.

4/3/93 Life at the moment consists of

MON	Photos or going out.	- work.
TUE	Study	- work
WED	Basketball	- work
THUR	Basket ball	- work
FRI	Quiet night	- work
SAT	Coout	- study day
SUN	Basketball	- relax.

This will be my last season for Thursday nights - too much ball.

Had a beer tonight with Sylvia while we waited for the train mess to subside. She is very nice. Different to Ange. I would never go behind Angeles back but thinking of Sylvia some times I get the urge just to hold her. This is not so much sexual as more just bonding. Someone else I feel I could relate to on an intimate level. She is happy with a boyfriend and I think feels the same way - Good friends but no more however I find it necessary to keep reminding myself of the line.

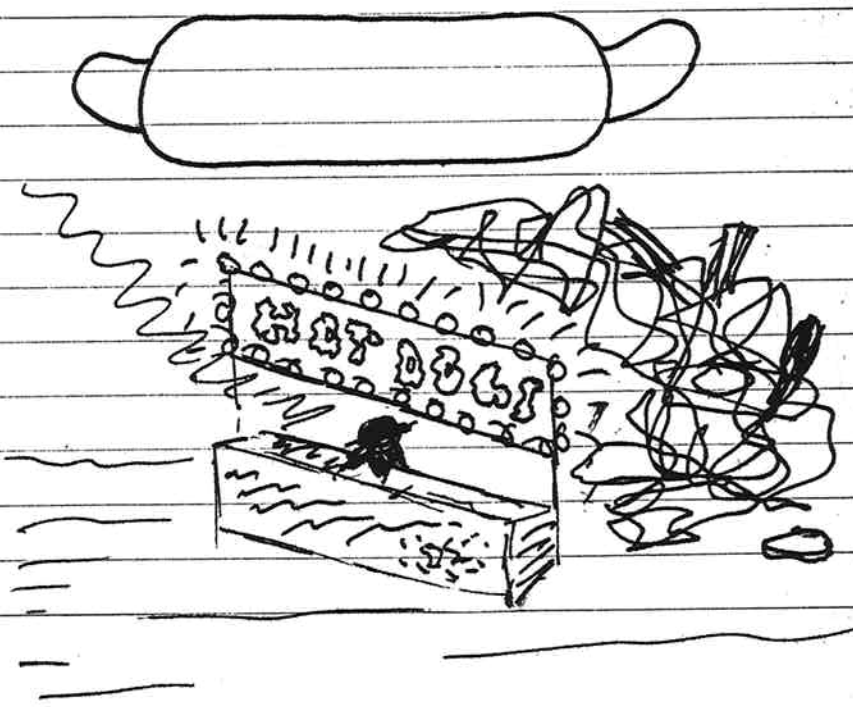
There have been a few relationships I have had with

women that have no element of sexual desire at all but more one of relating. (good friendships I suppose). But that potential is always there and even though neither may want it each feels they have to tread carefully → A shame, something you don't have to worry about with other guys.

Actually Ange started out that way. I thought she was beautiful but felt no strong sexual desire. I think this is good as the reasons behind the relationship are clearer but sex between us is great. Much much better than it ever was with Sam.

5/3/93

And around the twisted mangled wreckage that was his life he erected a hot dog stand, ~~and~~ selling ~~to~~ to the natives.



One of the first instincts of man is to defend the position he is in, be it right or wrong, whether he believes in it or not.

10/3/93 Had an open fire the last couple of nights. Very nice. Slept better than average, but still seem to be getting very tired.

Don't know if I like the idea of working for a living the rest of my life all that much.

11/3/93 Well, wake up this morning fully clothed. Thought I would

grab 20 minutes sleep last night and forgot to click the alarm on. Slept right through. Let Drew and Stu down as there was only them and another fill in. Not much I can do about it now. Things don't seem to be quite getting at the moment. Luckily it is only small things like this that go wrong as a result. Looking forward to after this UK exam when I get more time to myself.

If I go away without this qualification the chances of an early return are a lot higher! I wonder if Arny would have me back?

Sitting in a pub at the moment waiting for friends from uni.

Warm, victorian decorated room made to look like an old living room. Faint smoke, quiet background conversation and some music.

Could quite easily sit here writing for a long time. This is the type of situation that makes you want to put your feet up and slowly drift off to a tired sleep with a drink.

Too nice a atmosphere to be confused or sad in, just passive, comfortably numb. (Pink Floyd).

An old man, slightly drunk talking to a younger girl. Obviously has something to say. Gradual intonations to an

expression with surprise. The quiet~~er~~ hesitation letting this amazing fact stand for itself. Then on again. Another fact, another gap in which it is understood no reply is sought after. Opinion? I don't want your opinion, this is my story. This is me, let me show you me.

Everyone needs someone to tell something to, however this is not an interactive requirement. It is a seeking of approval or recognition of hardship and pain. It is a one sided thing that is purely selfish, ...but essential.

Sometimes you don't even get to know the person by listening,

just the image of himself he
wants to put forward to you.

17/3/93 - Got a touch of the flu,
very sore throat and
also tired.

Still confused about a lot of
things, the main one being Angie.
I love her a lot and seriously
want to marry her but there are
so many other feelings towards
other I need to sort out. I would
like to go through that intimate
getting to know you stage with
other women but want Angie
at the end of it. - I don't know
what the answer is, and I don't
want it to be infidelity as it is
with so many others.

Our social system is not designed
to cope with feelings such as this.
Comes from contrary feelings of
the need for security through
devotion, and the need for
variety.

18/3/93 Still seem to be having
troubles with my
feelings towards Sylvia. I
wonder how she feels. Again
alternates between this want for
the experience and this
enjoyment and the want for
Angie. Maybe I should bring
it up with her to see what
she thinks. I think I half hope,
half hope not that we just
have a good friendship.

and I think that she
thinks this too as her and
David a pretty set up,
something she would not
want to put in jeopardy.
(Rightly so), (?)

Then why is it so hard to
close your mind to the
opportunity that is there? Why?
because I enjoy her company.
It is definitely not a sexual
want, but it is more than
friendship based on a
measure of intimacy.

Q - how intimate can a
friendship get without becoming
more. What is more. If
more is set by the limit of
what would upset the

other partner then it would
hardly be anything at all.
Probably set by physical
contact. A hug is sometimes
but never always more. A
less is definitely more.

Well - Continue on termmail
Mustn't let it affect how I
think of Ange too much. This
is also pretty hard.

Opinionated people can be too
yes or no and not enough of
understanding.

20/3/93 Got a virus giving me
a sore throat and
blocked up head. Have been
on anti-biotics for a while.

which seems to help a little and hopefully will clear it up over the next couple of days.

Exam isn't too far off. Only did a couple of hours this morning as felt RS. will have to do alot of reaching over my past work.

23/3/93 Looked at Alice Springs last night with Ange → 1600 → 2000 dollars for three weeks → should be good.

Worked back late and finished something I wanted to finish. Walked out to a

mild night. City lights unmoving and up high. Noise and music in the air from the pubs/restaurants around.

Felt really good. I like the city alot. Streets are lit with a dim yellow light.

... Magic in the air...

Sitting under a tree waiting for my train watching the world go past. It's like an indoor setting. Feels abit like a living room.

Mentioned my feelings about wanting a break for Ange and myself but also

wanting to end up married to her. She said she felt the same way about David and had actually mentioned it to him. He objected apparently in a big way so they were going to try harder and work it through.

Not a good idea I think after seeing what happened to Beel and Drew.

Helped me sort out a bit of what Sylvia means to me as having a friend who understands and you can relate to is very comforting. Will have to talk further to her about it and hopefully sort it out.

I think my going overseas will be the answer. Sylvia is not so lucky in that respect as there is the house etc and with all the friends + family (both sides) involved. It would / is very hard to break up especially when you love the person + want to marry them in the end.

Maybe this feeling of intimacy that I am feeling guilty over with Sylvia is just that. Another side to my relationship with Ange. One that I can sort out a few things with. I think so as I don't feel any real physical chemistry or anything. (Then again I didn't with Ange)

either!). Given I want to end up with Ange. I don't want things to get that wazy between us, but I also think that we both have a lot to gain from our friendship.

Lets face it I feel good after being intimate friends with many guys as well.

This should just slip into that category with a little more time!

Would like to feel at one with everything at the moment but is very hard with things like the trip and this exam hanging over me. As Ange says, getting impatient

wanting everything too soon.

Life is very much like that, alot of ambition and excitement but everything is long term if you want to do it properly.

This theory worked well when I was considering marrying Sue so I guess I will sit down and hold out...

24/3/93 Looks like I'll be able to save a bit of money this month anyway (\$1000-). Will make me feel a bit better ✓

Poor Ange is feeling the stress at work. She still hasn't been placed in a position which I am sure is no fault of her own but she is

very anxious about it. I keep telling her to be herself and she shouldn't be too worried about being judged externally. I think she feels good about herself inside but this is giving her doubts.

She needn't worry!

Its incredible, the bloody air conditioning and on the train stuffs up my nose. I was fine all morning, then 5 min on the train and I'm blowing my nose etc, must be the dust in the air?

Time to start a new book!!!



