# No.2

private

30/11/93 So much for that idea.
tossed and turned all night,
had a really shitty sleep. Dream't
I went out to dinner with shaving
cream all over my face → self
conscious. Anyway should have
a relaxing few days ahead of
me.

PM. .... and now I lay me down to
sleep, I pray the lord my soul to
keep....

One spark of a million forming
the fire, polluting the air as we
try to get lighter.
Leaving our roots we try to
pretend, that its heaven up there
and not just the end.

Play it cool and be yourself, dont let them get to you. Sleep when you want to sleep, you know this comes back because you are in a position where you are forced to doubt yourself, a position of weakness.

The up side is that I will learn a lot and be better prepared for BERTS where I will be able I hope to make some impression.

I'm only here for three months. Enjoy it for a change. We'll enjoy it anyway.

29/11/93 Feeling a bit homesick actually. A bit unsure of myself, my capabilities and ever who I am. Goes to show doesn't ~~the~~ it that when you think you've got it all (or a large proportion of it) all sorted out, there is still alot to learn. Want to be calm and peaceful (at peace) with myself, and feel that I can be in any situation. It is very much like a test or a learning experience, learning to keep or live by your ideals, learn to be you under any external influence.

Going to bed now, going to lie back and see if I can feel the ebb of the world spinning round. Going to get off the back foot and and make a claim for myself in this place, in this situation.

do what you want

WORK - work long days and half a day at least on saturdays - try to make it only 1/2 a day. That should make work worthwile → I'e get enough done to be satisfied (working not enough a problem too).

DONT get too tied up in social things. Just be yourself and let others take it or leave it. Done the drink thing back home and it just gets a bit shitty after a while →

LOOK around the place

do the things you want to do

Thinking of buying:

Suit → $500, cheap for what it is however might just get the pants at the moment. (got one jacket).

Camera $ 1500 - reasonable but not dirt cheap. Something I would like - look around a lot for one first → Probably will.

Stereo → dont really need this, in keeping with materialistic minimalism will probably pass on that one

once in while, Gradually learning that there has to be a balance however.

I would worry more if I weren't feeling anything.

Whoa-whoa Black Betty
Bam-a-dam
Whoa-whoa Black Betty
Bamndam

Black Betty had a child
Bamndam
Damn thing went wild
Bamndam.

SONG - BLACK BETTY.

24/11/93 Hong Kong - people from all over the place.

Everyone seems to be on the take advantage of the opportunity stint working long hours and making their mark

FUCK! I'm tired, I'm just tired, work has been a long stint lately and I just want a break. The problem is I want a real long break. Maybe I'm burnt out and just don't know it.

The peer group pressure, the pressure of doing better than everyone around you is getting me down.

I thought I was above all this shit - obviously not. Just

19/11/93 Left everybody in OAP Melbourne today. Very sad, all I could do to keep from crying! Will miss them all dearly. They all pitched in (IN JOKE). and brought me a walkman. Its all finally happening eh! Drawn by things out of my control, sometimes feels like I am just along for the ride, a living thing feeling only the emotions of the physical body that carries it around. It has no control of its destiny or wanderings, just along for ride.

Other times I feel like a marble on a chinese checkers board, rolling around, touching the rim of the depressions and in doing so getting spun off in all sorts of directions, just waiting to hit a hole straight on and settle into the niche. I have a feeling that Hong Kong and London and to a lesser extent the third world after that are not the destined niche, but still are an essential part of the path I have to take.

I sound like an overemotional sixteen year old trying to be deep.

Naivity, or boyishness, I don't know, and about really care, I like feeling melancholy

its sounds. It can be like two people sitting down and convincing each other that what they are about to do is acceptable even though they know it is not. Blinded by their own potential benefit, they accept what they want to hear.

Being honest with themselves becomes doing the right thing by themselves, not doing what themselves knows is right.

I hope I can make sense of all this one day (one day when I can write and get it all across clearly). Maybe the problem is in the material, and not the way it is written. I hope not because I can definitely feel something there.

Anyway off to see if I can feel the heartbeat of the world.

bye...

Its a bit uncool talking to a diary. However this is for me and not how I appear to the outside world. ← Not as easy to write by as it sounds, something passages like this show

that intertwine with the ups. I think we need both but I can't figure out how it all fits together. Something to do with maintaining human progression as a race and also keeping compassion as a species.

Getting off the track, anyway thanks dad

BMW

17/11/93.

Funny how things never seem to come out like you want them to. I never seem as clear on paper as they do in your own mind). Suppose I should stop watching TV while I write! Anyway I know they are being resolved, or I have the means of resolving them in my own mind, its just a matter of time. Or maybe a matter of applying the theory as it is required in real life. I know like I knew before exams at Uni that its all there, I can't see it all, and its to big to get my mind around at one time, but its there if I need it and it will be alright on the night.

Being honest with yourself is never as easy as

only as a loan. The amounts may be used but must be donated to charity at a later date - ie 10 years. (ie like an ~~the~~ interest free loan that will eventually end up in charity.)

The intent behind all of the above is to preserve my intent of wanting to work in a 3rd world country for a year. Kind of like paying my dues if you like. I realise a years work isn't much, but its a start from which I can, or would have sorted my own feelings towards all of this out.

Anyway Dad, looking back its a little unclear, or more just waffly + but I think the intent is there. I therefore trust you to sort it out and have the final say in all matters. I just want to look after the family and also help those less fortunate than ourselves.

There are times when I lie still and try to feel the ebb of the global spirit flowing through me. There are some great things in the world, but there are ~~[illegible]~~ ~~darkness and torment~~ also some sickening horrible truths

All monies coming from insurance funds, superannuation etc to be split between family as below

| | |
|---|---|
| Cam | 20 % |
| Bech + Drew | 20 % (or 10 + 10) |
| Ange' | 20 % |
| Mum + Dad | 40 % |

Photos etc to be split evenly. Sylvia to get framed laughing clown if she wants it.
Everything else to be split up, thrown out, or sold app.
Dad to ~~be~~ have the final say and also to be mediator and make the final judgement on any queries or ambiguities of the above, (and below).
- No correspondance entered into.

Whatever cash I have in term deposits, savings accounts etc is to be donated to a charity. (ie around $13 000 dollars at the moment). The charity should be a third world country. Again I will let Dad + Mum make the final descision on which charity. Preferably one where war is not to blame, and where the money will make a long term difference (ie in helping them to help themselves).

If for some reason there is no insurance or super money then the above amounts should be split between the family as previous, but

and then down very easy. I can't quite understand if it is me getting bored, or a lack of energy.

Just got a sharp pain in the left hand side of my chest → lower ribcage, must get this checked out when I can. Feels like maybe cramp - I hope its not something to do with my heart. Remember I had a few problems when I was young → some thing. Must stay fit and cut down on salt and cholesterol. Get a full physical with this in mind.

Probably just cramp as seem to come on when I take a deep breath with my back arched - slouched.

concave.

Good night.....

17/11/93 Twas a dark and stormy night, .... fit for man neither man nor beast...., well it was a little windy anyway.

Well, here we are are at no. 18324 on the list of things to do .... The WILL...! Time to write a will.

I Brendon Stuart McNiven being of sound mind and under no duress write this will with the intent of it being legally binding and superceding all preceding wills and statements of division of assets in the event of my death.

mood shirts. Simple plain coloured shirts with simple symbols front and centre in black.

Black on Blue, green, white, red etc - very bid fitting shirts.

16/11/93 Well - things underway.

Had gamaglobulin? shot yesterday for Hep A. Didn't really need it. Should however get a tetanus booster just in case - not sure if I'm up to date.

There is a Vincent Van Gogh exhibition in Melbourne I would love to see before I go.

Probably go out to dinner on saturday night and then invite people over for a few drinks on the sunday night.

Couldn't get a mystery flight up to see mum and dad / Drew and Beck → really disapointed

(lots of things in my head).

Still on ups and downs - still searching. I think that I get bored

this one when I know or have something in my head that I know is right, but cant get or describe it on paper. On start searching for the reasoning behind it on paper. Like the sloshes overflowing from a full pot (So are the days of our lives!) it's never never the full story.

There is a lot of right and wrong and its not always easy to tell them apart. Doing things that affect people in a way you would like to be affected yourself - this has got to be right doesn't it (ie the working in a third world country thing).

A FUTURE FULL OF HOPE

A little ship set to sea,
and come wind or wave,
calm hell be....

9/11/93 I just found out today → Hong Kong for 2→3 months, and then London for maybe 2 years! I'm excited, excited about this but also excited about the prospect of spending some time helping some people in a third world country. I think it would be a very good experience. Excited about travelling the world. Going to miss a lot of people, going to miss a lot of things .... Going to find a lot of things too.

By the way an idea for the future,

night, it really went well for him, I'm so glad because he deserves it. I come back for the weekend, it was worth it.

PM - just got on the plane.

- SPENT!

I would like to spend 12 months in a third world country. Maybe London 2 years / India 12 months and lots of others inbetween + along the way?

8/11/93 Everyone needs someone or some people that they can talk about the meaning of life with. Someone outside of a relationship, a best friend or friends. I think this is because so much of what a person is is confirmed in the reflections of others towards him. Without the acting and reacting the practical side of a person may never get a chance to develop.

Its not so much a having to prove yourself to others, its more putting the grand design, the blueprints to work and confirming their performance, adjusting as need be along the way. Taking the input of others also I guess. Two heads are better than one.

This is one of these passages where I'm thinking as I go. They can get confusing, even contradictory but there is something there.

Sometimes there are times like

Thats why things like this help, I can ~~not~~ see the whole picture and help myself become truer to myself. Start living a life rather than a reflection. I think this is more a balance, 80 % Brendon, 20 % as a result of impressing or even just being acceptable to others.

Rather than try to live by the peer group rules, live by your own beliefs and often you will find these are not so out of the norm (even though they may be out of your peers).

Its becoming honest enough to know what your beliefs are, after all civilization is an acquired thing, something our ancestors were not born with thats for sure.

8/11/93 Spider legs, my weekend has been full of spider legs. Spiderlegs in the bathroom upboard, in the tupperware under the sink, in the garage, spiderlegs in all the places that never see the light of day (well not for a while anyway) Spider legs .... strange, but true.

"How long?, ... how long must we sing this song?"

(- U2 - Under a blood red sky.)

Cam had his twenty first last

clutches the toy soldier to her
knees and sobs, rocking
gently back and forth....

Well the latest and
greatest scheme is BERTS, yes
folks its on again. This time
its as far as give us copies of
your passport, birth certificate,
your citizenship etc etc -
sounds a little more concrete
doesn't it! Well - I hope!
At least I'm not as excited as
other times (not that I'll admit
to anyway). Yep playing the
cool + removed type of guy.
Stay tuned. (P.S I
really think that this one could
be the go.).

Sydneys been good - have
got to expose myself to more
situations like this. Good for the
growth, learning to handle
things. Still get lonely - I
like to have someone close
around. Seems I am an intimate
person maybe. I also like to
have anyone around just as a
bit of a yardstick on which to
prove to myself that I'm alright
Jack. A little bit twisted,
or a little bit indicative of not
being alright Jack. Thats only
the tip of the iceberg, and
then if you think I'm bad
you should see some of the
others.

ground she turns taking in all the things in the bedroom, the things collected along their way mirroring the beauty of the feelings they have had for each other. She turns and goes, clicking strongly the front door as she leaves.

Late the next day she returns. He lies on the bed flicking through a book he has not picked up in years. Hearing the knock on the bedroom door he says "come in", knowing it is her. She opens the door slowly, almost meekly peering her way in. The door swings open fully to reveal her leaning a little, she holds the scruffy toy soldier to her chest in full view with the beginnings of a smile starting to show on her face. The air of expectedness she has been through before when they have made up after lovers tiffs.

He sighs folding the book and sitting up. He says her name softly and pauses, "Can't you understand? .... Its not about the soldier, he gets up and walks past her again.

This time she wonders over to the bed and sits down facing the window to the front garden. She

four hour trip to work → not so bad!

5/11/93 A girl, standing in the doorway of the bedroom while her boyfriend is bent over searching through shelves of the bedside table. Dark silky hair hanging unkept down over the back of her shoulders. She has a quiet unassuming beauty, a beauty of the soul rather than the flesh. She is the human in all of us. Standing, a little anxious she watches the man to whom she has opened her soul. ~~The~~ ~~[illegible]~~

"Where the Fuck is it he screams, I don't fucking believe it, .... shit he grumbles, have you seen that little soldier, the one I found just after we started going out".

"I threw it out she replies, I had no idea... you haven't picked it up in years... I had no idea."

"Typical, fucking typical he says, not loudly and more to himself than her. I've gotta get out of this fucking shithole" He gets up from one knee and storms past her, staring in front of him as he does.

Feeling uncomfortable on now what seems to be foreign

I like that tie,
on that guy
why would I lie?

Life is like a tin of beans.
no one knows what it means,
seems normal, substance it has,
but in the end, just turns to gas!

29/10/93 People sit around at work
and ~~completely~~ complain
endlessly about what they get
paid and how they are so badly
done by. Why do they stay?
Why do I stay. Because its
not so bad, because its too
late to start over, because they
love the work, because of the
momentum, because of the people,
because life isn't all about
work, because of a lot of reasons.

If you're happy and
you know it clap your hands.

I feel happy, especially with things
like photography and a future
like to look forward to. I
would like to be an engineer
all my life but I wouldn't want
to work as an engineer all my
life... God even I'm getting
bored with this conversation,
Sydney on Monday.

6:10 FLIGHT
5:40 BOOKIN
4:50 LEAVE

4:30 GET UP!
7:40 ARRIVE
7:55 TAXI
8:30 OFFICE.
I HOPE -

thumb with no real life of my own,
balancing my chequebook is all I
have to live for in my life - except
you little cutie ← Lazza
smile.... Whose the little
cutie? me (Ange) or this little
secret book? I love you
very much Bren & will miss
you incredibly while you
are away. Please take care
I look forward to our
cuddles & talks + laughs.
.... Ogggghhhhh...

Train going home
sitting all alone
lots of people round
but no one makes a sound.

Train going home
~~feeling~~ sitting all alone
feeling like a clone
listening to the drone.
I wish I was at home!

Lots a quiet people
all looking dead
except for the mad one
- keeps nodding his head

Lots a quiet people
praying in the steeple
trying to reach God
by giving him a wink & a nod
You're okay God
you'll carry my load
while I wreak destruction down
life's road.

from a song on the radio.

28/10/93 This is Ange - say hello Ange... Hello! Little secret book. You are the one who indulges my little critic's time good luck. I hope you enjoy your clandestine life together. I think it is really very good. Love to you + Brendon

☺ Ange xxo

She tends to go on a bit doesn't she! Such a little cutie! Ange has been a little bit of stressoid lately because of her work (a cute little stressoid). We have to do her tax tonight - can you believe it! Whats that Ange...! Bren you love being a little human calculator. (I've never known) anyone who relishes the thought of balancing your bankcard each month. Just a little dag... what do you think.... I think my batteries just ran out - do your own tax.... You couldn't help yourself - you'd have to put your 2¢ worth in..... Watch me.... Anyway speaking of dags! I was cool before I met you. Now I'm just under the

he become lonely. So lonely that oneday he took down all his fences and stood open armed in the middle of his fields waiting for the animals to come to him. They did not however, being scared of what they thought was the farmers new scarecrow.
Moral: you have got to decide to let the love in and then lower your arms and let it come.
(from a movie I saw last night - the Doctor).

28/10/93 Mum + Dad are down for the week, down for Cam's 21st. The whole family went out for dinner on tuesday night which was great. First time we have all been in the one place in a long time.
Its good having mum back but she really gets on my nerves in the morning. You want me to give you a lift to the station, you want an apple, you sure you don't, you sure, you sure, you sure? - Aghhhhh....

'Runaway train and its never
coming back,
Going one way down a one way
track,
Always seems to be going
somewhere
Never seem to getting anywhere...

flight back for Cams 21st and Ange will be coming up the next weekend so I get to have fun on the weekends, and be by myself for a break during the week.

Mum and Dad are coming down for a week starting tomorrow which will be great as well. Its all happening isn't it!

Feeling alot better about myself and my relationships with other people in general.

Just read a poem in book over the guy sitting next to me's shoulder. Unless it is written by you about something you wish to write about, poetry can be very, very very very.....

BORING! I guess all of the stuff I write falls into this catergory. But I'm writing it for me anyway, so what the hell does it matter. (truth be known it would be nice if someone else liked it also, but it wouldn't be the end of the world).

Somebodys digging?

There once was a farmer who tended to his crops with loving care. He fenced out all the animals and farmed his land to the brink. He became very successful at what he did getting the best results of the farms around by far however,

fanatics who have fallen prey to whole fitness fad. Runners who after the run around the block, or down the road, or into town, or between towns has fallen wayside one day just purchased a backpack and ran off into the distance, the perpetual run just being the next and never ending progression of their training. Without time to stop + shave or sleep, eating off the scraps of others (those they can pick up at speed during their run), they just keep onwards to a running goal they can never (or maybe have) achieved.

The mind boggles, I don't know maybe they are just mad. I'd hate to see one flip. Running around in circles groaning, growling + frothing at the mouth, mowing down innocent bystanders until they fall in a panting gasping heap at long last still enough to be able to re-evaluate their situation.

25/10/93 - Had a good weekend, Meegs 21st, BBall saturday night, mucking around the house other times.

I'm going to Sydney for three weeks this coming monday. Will be great although I actually miss cup day. OAP are paying for a

hills of the ranges beyond the dandenongs to stock up for their next period of 'at one' with nature hibernation.

Maybe they are a league. A type of greenie secret service. Old die hards who form together into a band to provide a wide and far reaching communication and information gathering spiderweb for the greenpeaces of the world. Like human homing pidgeons they courier tidbits of green propaganda from HQ to HQ!

Maybe they they have found that the secret to the fountain of youth of not growing any older is to keep running so you never think about it. Run + run + run + run well into the high hundreds. Running forever more in a bid that one day they might stop and still be there in the future. When? don't ask silly questions they haven't got time to think about when, they're too busey running!

Maybe they're prophets here to spread the ideals of the god in mother earth. Modern day Moses's only so much in awe of the madness + chaos around them that they simply don't know where to start!

Maybe they are hitners

$12 500
- $ 2000 airfares
- $ 1000 travelling over there
(local air etc).

$ 9500

@ $1500 per month

= 6 months minimum paid for.

given the exchange rates
dont end up killing me!

And if I make it with work
→ home free.

20/10/93 Where do these little old
green fitness fanatics
come from (and where do they go?)

Every now and then, usually when you are off your guard and least expect it, there they are out of the blue.

Invariably short, no shirt, unkept grey beard that looks like the aftermath of a small explosion from the face, a medium sized backpack ~~[illegible]~~, Trendy go anywhere thongs and a tanned muscular body in remarkable form (although most have a suit of skin that is one size too large) looking totally out of place on what otherwise looks like a aussie, tobacco chewin hermit from the hills!

Maybe they are hermits, come out of a winters hibernation for supplies. Jogging from the

18/10/93. - Eastland hotting up, good to get some experience running the full job. Once you get acquainted with the thing its not so bad. I suppose its when you have to do that plus every other job they can put on you that it gets to be too much. (Peter Bowtell).

Feels good putting in the work.

Seems like everyone I know is buying houses at the moment. Well still behind everyone else Bren. Not as far as you used to be. If work OS comes off, you should be in a pretty good position, maybe even afford a place of your own when you get back. If it all comes off that is.

My window theoretically opens at the end of this week when Peter Bowtell comes back from holiday. Heres hoping.

Looking at 10 weeks till new year. Say I look at leaving with Chris on the 15th of January - 3 months to find work.

| | |
|---|---|
| $ 11500 | now |
| $ 1500 | saved |
| $ (1000) | forward pay off. |
| $ 500 | tax |
| $ 12500 | @$50 per day. = $1500 per month |

16/10/93 Sold the car this morning ($2200). Not quite what I wanted, but needed so much money spent on it it wasn't funny. Good to be rid of it, although it is a bit sad - spent a lot of time in that car - entering a new phase of my life?.

Sorted out my feelings towards Sylvia better - still just good friends which is great. Things are going better between me and Angie although full weekends working Saturday and Sunday like this one don't help much.

Just spoke to Cam - he's great, thinking of getting a tattoe, he doesn't think he will regret it later on, he'll just say oh, I got that when I was 21 and having a ball. A mark of his youth.

I've been making the mistake lately of withdrawing too far into myself. Being so intimate with me and Angie that I think I'm getting lonely. Must make an effort to get out more. Must do more outwardly things when I'm together with Angie.

18/10/93 Had a great weekend - went out had a lot of fun - did some work + felt satisfied as well - sold my car. - feel good although I don't want to go back to work.

the rest of my life or gaining something to give up another happiness that could have been mine, or trying (or even not trying) and losing both.

Should I take the mediocrity

I'll talk to Julie tomorrow at lunch, maybe she can help me.

One thing is for sure, I don't have control - I like to have control, to go with the odds at least instead of against them.

14/10/93 Well sorted a few things out and am now a little more comfortable with the fact that you can't have everything you want in life. Appreciate the things you have.

Work is fairly busy with Peter Bavotell away, and me left to look after eastland. RFI city! Chance I could get to work in Brisbane before Hong Kong before London! I've learnt that the longer it is before you hear something the less likely it is that it will be good news. Also the longer away the opportunity (in time) the less chance it will come off.

impressed.

Do you know what Brendan really wants, how he really wants to live? No. There's a big black cloud over the things he really wants. A floating black inkiness blocking his mind. Is this because he doesn't know or he does, only is scared to take the risks to get it.

Risks of not getting what he wants

Risks of getting it and realising what he gave up for it was in fact better.

11/10/93 There are some things so scary that I dare not ever write them in these pages, for fear of them being read later on when the storm has blown over, later on when lack of understanding would make them still dangerous. For fear of them being false as they would tear apart what is my life at the moment, for fear of them being true as I would have to face up to them and the odds of them eventuating are not good setting up another path to destruction.

I'm scared and don't know what to do.

I run the risk of losing something to be stuck in regret + mediocrity for

(Not sure if I like that last paragraph as a closing bit, or even as any bit at all).

P.M. All I ask is for a little room,
where I can be myself, + gently croon,
the moon above, and the stars all round,
~~just me and the world~~, without a sound.
(and be by myself)

6/10/93 Hope to find out about Hong Kong/China today. Really hope I get it. London is still a possibility however the chances keep on diminishing.

DOWN.

Said the man on the ledge in his head
all my friends are gone, long since dead.
They're the lovers + the poets who with a frown
got a little frustrated + all jumped down.

Things are never quite as serious as you think Brendon - actually at times its all pretty funny.
Up, down, up, down, up, down ....

9/10/93 Do you know what Brendon lives on?
He needs recognition. He needs praise for the things he does - In fact many of the things he does, even in private he only does because others would be

microscopic extent of their solar system.

They have the undeveloped potential, the spiritual world is prevalant all through their society and yet it still remains unexplored, ignored for its mystery + unknowns instead of explored as everything physical is. Well I guess its the wake of the old industrial revolution, and the belief in this scientific God. A God that seems to exclude the lateral step required for their next stage of evolution.

Rather next though, the setup, a small physical race entombed but at the same time protected by the encapsulating distance that surrounds them.

Almost but not quite ready to step out of their physical womb ~~into~~ as a spiritual child into the universe around them.

And the eyes watch on. The hungry eyes of the predators waiting for the soft tender meat of the newborn.

Predators in a world itself still in the early ages of its maturity. Still struggling to evolve from the viscious claws of the survival of the fittest base from which all worlds come.

to mix with the darkness forming images of death and despair. A maze of good and bad, will there ever be an end?

5/1/93 Is this all just an embryonic state.
Another phase of the caveman waiting until his mental/spiritual side is developed enough to join the rest of the universe beyond the confines of his own physically confining planet.
Maybe we will sit up there on our higher plan wondering why these little raw forms of physical life are so obsessed with themselves when obviously there is so much more out there. They must know it is out there. They know there's stars and galaxies + more galaxies. Are they really so blind as to believe all this exists just as a pretty picture for them to look at during their nights. Hell as an isolated race, vuerable in their ignorance you would think they would be doing everything to strengthen themselves, like a baby deer struggling to its feet for the first time still wet from the birth fluid of its entrance into the conscious world. Are they really so blind as to keep trying this physical stabbing in the dark with rockets only to get to the

and the King looking up ~~again~~ upon hearing the fool enter again beheld him offering the grail containing water for his thirst.

The King in awe asked of the fool, 'my man, where did you manage to find this, the 'holy grail'. The fool unsure and ~~[illegible]~~ fearful of the consequences answered, "I, ..., I don't know, I ~~only wanted to quench your thirst~~ was only trying to relieve your thirst".

From a movie, 'the Fisher King'. Good movie. I have a feeling that the story is really only beautiful when in the context of the movie (even though I'm not 100% sure of the context) but it was a beautiful story at the time anyway.

29/9/93 Someone is standing in my light. It feels like fighting your way through a crowd of giants, the sunlight overhead out of reach, searching for an artificial light you have heard is somewhere out there. There seems to be shafts of this light littering their way through the gaps in the people. You see the shafts of light but you can't seem to find the source. The little bits of light seem

26/9/93

THE FISCHER KING.

There was a man who was born to be king. Early in his life he was given the power and opportunity to become the gaurdian of the holy grail.

The holy grail within his keeping he one day thrust his hand into the shining aura surrounding the grail in order that it may become his. He found however that the grail only dissapeared, his hand becoming burnt in the process.

For the majority of the years remaining in his life, the king searched for the grail ~~for~~ which was once in his keeping but failed to find it the injury to his hand deepening with the passing of every year.

One day a fool happened to pass an open doorway glimpsing the king old and alone, hand to his forehead dismayed and forlorn upon his throne. The fool being simple of mind approached the king ~~to~~ and asked him his woes.

The king looked up briefly and said with a tired voice that he was thirsty.

The fool left the room, using all the power + resources available to him.

etc, I suppose its getting the things you want that matters.

A cool wind on a dark night,
a flickering candle glowing bright.

words of beauty in your ear
feeding your soul what it
needs to hear.

Somethings broken in my head
a happy bit that seems sad instead.
It doesn't know what to do,
and I can't help it cause I'm
confused too.

Suicide in your head
head on pavement
seems its dead?.

Still on a bit of a melancholic depression kick eh! Seems like this attitude is the answer to all of your frustrations.

→ It goes through life not knowing what to do?,

to interpret + live by a set of external rules, twisted and warped down through the ages and the minds of the not so perfect ones that teach them to you.

Instincts - installed from things like christianity -
I would hope not as it would draw away from the above, but possible.

Where does our sense of good and bad come from. Is it the books of religion, I feel it is more what we see in the reactions of the people our actions affect - Do onto others and all that stuff.

Living in a wealthy country while people die a slow death of starvation in another part of the world - good?!

PM - Question Brendon: you save and inconvenience yourself just to save a buck or two, but when an old man asks you for a train fare home when the bank has swallowed your card you give it to him.

Being stupid, things like that are worth the saving for.

You don't seem too extravagant with money, but still you never seem to be able to save. I suppose a lot goes on the car + going out, dinner

I prefer something more along the lines of an eastern religion (or what I have heard of them anyway which isn't much) Something that links the people, the earth and the universe around them. Seperate spirits living with a universal heartbeat. Something a little more natural, down to earth, an interactive philosophy rather than an external thing that is preached and installed. ~~rather than~~ Something that is taught (through the fear of God) explored and accepted instead.

I believe we are here to live this life on earth in our natural habitat seperated from what ever is before + after. Not to live by rules which rely on ensuring our well being outside of this world. Thats like always living in fear of tomorrow. Storing food for example in order to safeguard our hunger the next day. Say we keep a 2 week supply of food between us + hunger - we live a life feeding on 2 week old frozen food!

Live the life we have here. Follow the instincts become at ease with the world around you and the world within you, and all else will follow. → you are more likely to become one and an accepted part of the 'cosmic thing' by doing this rather than trying

have a break for a week or so) - I couldn't handle it any more - the dealing with her stress from work.

Anyway I don't want to talk about all that shit.

Do you know what I reckon drives the majority of our lives - Fear. Fear of failure, success, being vuneable, being liked/unliked. Know a mans fears (his deep down driving fears) and you will know him.

- not being liked or being put down behind my back.
- being helpless.
- being seen to be unsuccessful.
- not living the most ideal life that I or others expect.
- of the afterlife and some watchful eye (accountability of my actions here on earth).

Some of my fears - I think.

Greed (coupled always with fear of course) must also have an effect. We're not talking stockpiling due to fear of failure etc (a negative/response action) but rather the want of more (a positive/instigation action).

That is I think the problem with most of christianity, this religion arises from a fear of God rather than a search for internal or cosmic well being. I think

seems to be something doesn't it Bren.
Think I've sold my car - $2500.
Not alot and I think it is a good price for the bonger - alot of problems.

- engine virtually needs replacing
- windscreen
- dents in the front
- chipped paintwork
- rust in the back
- steering starting to go.

Getting a bit bored with it all eh Bren?
Will getting away help? - Maybe I need to buy a house or do something other than engineering - I don't think this is the problem though. Sick of thinking about it all? Suicide through boredom! Thats what I feel like sometimes.
Maybe its lack of recognition or lack of attention.

What do you want?

I want more than I can have. I want the sunshine and the darkness together in one room.

16/9/93 Well I shed a little light on the subject of travel today.

23/9/93 Seems like everything is still up in the air - the trip, the car, Ange (we decided to

10/9/93 Car is stuffed engine wise
- will try to sell it to
a dealer on the weekend.
Hopefully I will be able to get
£2000 → 2500 for it. Will feel
good having the mental burden
off my mind anyway.

PM - Tired. - Better day at work
today - at least that is
something.

Did you ever wake up in
the morning and think to
yourself. Where am I? What
the hell is this world, this life,
this moment in time that I
find myself in?
No, either have I.

14/9/93

So I cry sometimes when I'm
lying in bed, just to get
it all out whats in my head,
and I..... I'm so
confused.

"Four non-blondes".

An old Irish reply to a question
after directions:

"Well, I dont think I'd
start from here if I was you."

15/9/93 Still waiting for word from
London. Not looking good
eh, its been three weeks now. Always

Still goes, but no power, makes a clicking noise (something to do with the vacuum system), and also a rich petrol/oil smell from under the rocker cover when you open the oil cap. - not good! Will try to unload it as soon as I can after Stu has had a chance to have a look at it.

Things have improved a lot with Angie since she got her permanent position in the games + cameras in the city store of Mges. Really feel like she is opening up a lot more + starting to relate to me again, previously she seemed to be closed up a bit. Almost like the old days the eyes cover the head - run through the smoke - how I often deal with stress or problems.

I think if ever I died I would like a framed photo I have done to go to each person I feel close to. I don't think I have that many photos.

9/7/93 Not doing to well at work at the moment. Haven't got the energy to put into it. Not motivated at all. Need to find out about London and get myself sorted out.

Work - cancelled due to lack of interest.

waiting a full week for them to make a definitive offer. Tired, feel like resting.

4/9/93 Well it seems the little boy is all a whirl. Still a little bemused by all that surrounds him. But the most important thing is he feels he is still just a little boy, now more than ever, and thats the most important thing.

6/9/93 Still no word from London. And the long haul just seems to be getting longer and longer.

7/9/93 What? Still no word, Not that I'm anxious mind you.

Got some letters to the nanas out of the way today — Phew!

Work found out we didn't get the casino today. We are lucky we have a couple of other major jobs going to keep us operating.

Don't feel like talking just at the moment. Thought I was in limbo before, this time I can really feel the abyss beneath my feet. Like beginning to level out at the top of a roller coaster ride. Waiting for the change in grade — expecting it any moment, then a short flat bit at the top, and whoosh ———

8/9/93 Car died on the weekend.

things that improve quality of life, after all thats what matters..... Got to become aware, got to let the beauty of the matrix around us soak in to fill the soul, got to feel the warth, the cold, the freedom and the cage, the success + the failure, got to know the secret, feel the undercurrent of human life, and human civilization, and what lies beyond it, beyond ~~the~~ death + the material worth of the world, after all thats what matters.....

..... Ahh.. I ponder..... I sit and wonder; wonder what ~~is~~ the place of this banana sandwhich I bought for lunch is in the broader scheme of things.... What cosmic significance, or insignificance and significance therein does it hold.. .... Yes I wonder, ....

.... I wonder if I should have made my lunch to save a couple of bucks along the way?....

Bren → old pal, old chump;.... old chumperama old son.... .... I really worry about you sometimes....

2.9.93 London is a goer, a goer provided they offer me a reasonable package. I just wish it would sort itself out soon - I've been

flowing in the breeze. In a space with emptiness around me. A vast dark inky blue cavern floating alone with my thoughts around me. My mind deeping on wandering to the faint echoes of splashing from above. In the place where I am most comfortable, in the place where the answer lies but always distracted. Wanting to leave the splashes behind in order to find the answer, but needing them there as an essential part of the answer. So close and yet so far as they say.

30/8/93 "And, how can you tell me, you're lonely....".

Talking to some people at work, the highest paid person in Arup is being paid 8 times the lowest..... Feel the wind in your face, the salt spray on your skin..... Wow thats alot, how do I go about getting more money, must bargain, it will be interesting to see what London offers me..... go with the flow, live in yourself more and not so much the mirrors around you. Feel the beat, the beat of mother earth, the beat of the soul of a civilization and its past hurtling through space in a line of time..... Wonder if I should bargain, got to get that extra yard ahead of the guy next to me, got to put it together and accumulate the luxuries of the world, the

relax.

I like the idea of stars and horoscopes - very idealised and romantic. However I don't like the daily stars in the papers as I don't think that even if the people behind them believe in them that it can ever be that accurate, especially when you apply it to BILLIONS/12 people at one time.

I like who I am at the moment and appreciate it. Must make an effort to stay this way. Don't realise how lucky you are until you take a good look around.

Magical sunset over the city tonight. Brilliant view from the train. Funny how no one seems to notice. You sit in isolated rhapsody among the dirty daily grind and stress of the lives around you (including your own).

26/8/93 Should read the bible one day.

25/8/93 Don't quite know what I'm feeling at the moment. Lots of things happening. Mostly good, but I feel like they are splashing on the surface. Making lots of noise but I am way below with the noise fading ever so slightly with every splash.

So where is it that I am? Behind veils that seem to be

19/8/93 Sometimes I don't know where this comes from. I don't think I am living my life just to please others. In fact that is something I try to avoid.

However I guess there is no denying that this is at least partly true and is where this comes from.

'Mama says.... Its alright, to dream'

(BENSON AD ON TV).

23/8/93 David Singleton indicated today that there may be a position open in the UK to work on BERDS - Bangkok elevated railway distribution system. I put ↑?

my name down and it could be hopeful but I have learned that it is best not to get too excited about these things. My stars suggest keeping travel plans + organization to a minimum over the next few days to avoid conflict - Angie probably (I hope). Anyway I have a lot of options open regarding travel and I don't need to get too anxious. Hong Kong or London? I really don't know, I think London to begin with. I can always do other things later - Hong Kong would be more of a working holiday, I would like to have access to Europe while I was still young. Either way would work if this doesn't come off...

THE LAUGHING BOY

Perform a little dance,
and show them who you are.
~~A little dancing clown~~
~~keeping on their laugh.~~

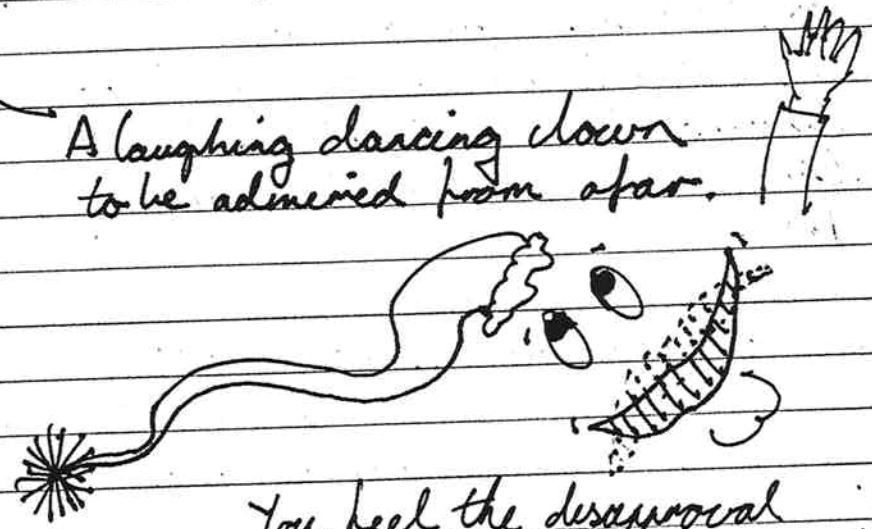
Spinning round + round,
a little dizzy do you grow,
and falling on your face,
whats the point? you wish to know.

From the seats around,
the crowd they peer to see,
the broken little clown,
crying on one knee.

Stumbling to your feet
you take a little step
and try a little spin
to say the clown he's not dead yet.

Staggering along the way
~~[illegible]~~ the harsh eyes
the mask it keeps performing
whilst the clown inside it dies.

A laughing dancing clown
to be admired from afar.



You feel the disapproval
from the faces all around.
a failure you've been branded
whilst you sit upon the ground.

16/8/93 - PASSED →

yeah!!! → what a weight lifted → Feels so much better.

17/8/93 - feel like I'm coming down with the flu or something. I was ready to take yesterday off until I got my results. Had severe depression yesterday afternoon. Felt like resigning + committing suicide. Is this heavy depression or this self destructive mode I sometimes slip into. I have a feeling it all stems from lack of attention, and degenerates from there. Pretty childish actually, what happened to not needing anyone. How would you fare in isolation on a desert island for a year with no prospect of salvation. Slowly crazy I fear. In that case it would seem everything we do we do for someone else (except maybe having kids which we do with someone else - for someone else being your partner or your kids or society?) Everything we do is based upon the expected feedback (whether it is there in reality or not is irrelevant) we will get from others. Performing clowns is a circus out only for the crowd reaction.

13/8/93 I think the majority of sexual fantasizing + desire is based upon a mans need to conquer the things around him. To have for his own what others see as valuable + want also. A self confirmation of his power and success. Hence the general trend towards degrading acts of sex, or acts with men in the power position. Sex in love is different, not worse just different, a sharing experience.

Also a part of mans desire for sex must be his physical satisfaction. Tostersterone is a hard thing to (I THINK) live with I once heard someone say. Damn right.

Sleep noisey ones,
let the world pass you by,
keep on walking and
turn a blind eye.

It seems the higher we try to jump,
the more we pummel the soil
below us into a muddy mess

PM. Something nice happened in my day,
a smile from outside came my way
It warmed my heart + warmed my soul,
It made me feel just a little more whole.

Thankyou Sylvia.

Someone smiled while looking my way ?

Thump thump of feet overhead
kneeling on grass to cry
over the dead.

Bodies below laid to rest at last
Bodies above remembering the past.

Feel like I'm in a stalemate,
running water mixing to a
turbulent water going nowhere.
There seems to be nothing I want
out of life with a passion.

I need a passion.

QUIET TENSION

Just a quaint little place
with a white picket fence
kids in the kitchen,
blood on the bench.

(Been quite a few child bashings,
killings in melbourne lately)

Little lost lives out of anger
they went, parents patience,
twisted and spent.

So he got a job, and a future
and then set up with anything
he wanted within his horizons
stopped living never knowing
what hit him!

3.8.93. 8m Work seems to be a little less challenging and it seems the rest of my life is following suit! I think it may be this in limbo thing about going O/S. Results from my exam in soon! Had a dream the other night I had failed this + some other thing as well. - "Our deepest condolances" the letter read. I hate being in the situation of not having a good chance of passing (especially since I secretly believe I have) and everybody asking about it. Fingers crossed.

PPM Right now I'd like to be sitting in front of a small tent on a ~~[illegible]~~ mild summer night. High up on a rocky cliff plateau over looking d' long beach and the ocean. Enough moonlight to make out the ripples in the sea and the odd tree. Condles burning ~~on~~ set out evenly, in front of me.

- Visions of an image long past, a girl with whom we shared a camping ground, but to whom we never spoke.

Images of serenity....

12/8/93

Lotsa things ~~going~~ goin round my head get dizzy watchin, may drop dead.

Get positive Brendon.

PM:

Stuffing my face,
full little tummy.
The worlds goin down,
aint it all funny.

People crying, people dying people
goin down, and it don't really
matter on this side of town.
Cos we got the food, we
got the money, got places to go,
but time for those less fortunate
fuck you Jack, no!

If I were a poor man, I'd ask
the question why, of the rich
bastards that surround me,
should I be left to die.

"You know what I'd like,
you really won't to know what I'd like
you really fucking want to know
do ya.

Ya fucking want to know what
I'd like

well I'll tell ya,
I'll tell ya what I fucking want

Yep!!
What I fucking want...

is....
um.....

I wonder if all this shit I am writing sounds too naive at times but I think looking back it is easey to take it in the wrong context. Should be taken lightly and in a funny mood.

"Never sharpen a boomerang"

(LEGAL + GENERAL).

30/7/93 - looked at this stationwagon - old EJ. Needs new tyres and a new gear box - slightly dinged in in the front but what a bloody excellent car - just what I want - an old ex surfy car. Its screaming at me to buy it but I can't afford to if I keep the commodore as 2 x reg etc. I don't think I should get rid of the commodore just get as I know the car, and although still noisy I think it will go reasonably well for a while now.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EJ - | $ 800 | price |
| | $ 300 | tyres. |
| | $ 100 | gearbox |
| | $ 420 | reg |
| | $ 80 | other. |
| | $ 1700 | |

I don't think that I would ever get that back on it if I were to sell it → I don't know, maybe.

I'll talk to Angie about it and take her to have a look on the weekend.

23/7/93 I get the feeling a new sun is dawning. I'm not sure how or what, I can't seem to get a fix on it but it feels good. Almost like stepping up a level in being.

26/7/93 - Just spent the wk. in Portsea with Chris + Nicole + everyone - Good time. Feel tired and rundown at the moment though. Feel like a sick day off to recover. I'll have to have an early night to try and get over it. Don't want to get sick before the city → surf.

Still cold!

"Life goes on, long after the thrill of living its gone" (Jack and Diane)

28/7/93 Cars back - sounds better, better radio - more worry:
- fix indicators
- fix alarm.
- look at cheap s/wagon.

Saw the Melbourne Uni Architectural comedy review last night - up and down. Must make an effort to go to more of those small shows like we used to.

Coming down with the flu or something → not too shit hot considering this is training for the city to surf. Unlike last year this time I will try + get over it myself rather than drug it.

Tired, rundown, feeling weak and sick → Brendan not at his best at the moment.

without leaves, the rain and the open fires. I think its the darkness and also lack of holidays over this period. Makes you weary (I would not say tired, just weary).

Angie had another problem customer at work yesterday that almost reduced her to tears. Just an all out bitch. Makes me so angry - I would like to be able to go and do the same back to them - ask them nicely for directions and then abuse the living shit out of them when they wouldn't communicate them properley. → Just shit of the earth!

Stars in the sky,
peoples on the ground,
lots of little wheels
keep on spinning round.

Walk very fast,
and only ever stop
for a quick little holiday
taken on the hop.

22/7/93

Sometimes I feel like...,
Sometimes I feel...;

Sometimes.

Mmmmmmmm....

The problem it seems with a lot of relationships is not appreciating the things each other appreciates, and therefore not being able to share the experiences. And thats what its all about, sharing the experiences.

P.S. Got my car broken into and my stereo stolen again! - Another $300, I can't fucking win...

15/7/93 Things still seem to be in a run of bad luck, but I feel like I am slowly getting back on track, slowly getting into sync with the world beat these things are only incidents, seperate from the big picture, and they seem to be petering out. I think alot of this (my feeling better) may have to do with Angi who is not taking from our relationship as much. She feels better about her job and I am starting to feel loved again.

16/7/93 - Starting to get lighter in the mornings again. The winter has had its effect on everyone. - you start to get weary by the end of it all. Even though alot of it is really beautiful → The trees

things that mean well to me are dissapearing. What could this be the start of? What hidden forces of nature (or otherwise) are lurking out there trying to shape my life with subtle wins here and losses there! Where is this railroad they are shaping for me going. Shadows of the night ever so slyly guiding me so that I might never know. Where do they come from, where do they go. From whom do they get their instructions. Why am I going on like this! Is this a calculated reaction I am having?

10/7/93

Nobody seems to appreciate the beauty around them...

Nobody appreciates the feelings within them.

12/7/93 Too many people (including myself sometimes) survive through life instead of living.

Talked a bit to Tyron last night at work → Jesus! this guy is a sad case, very serious about life.

I like the warm train on a cold day.

PPM - Prized possessions:

- My Jacob top
- an old beat up baseball
- the torn cupid photo.

Sentimental value - trying to fit into an image. I hope just the beauty, whether it comes from real or imagined does it really matter as long as it is there.

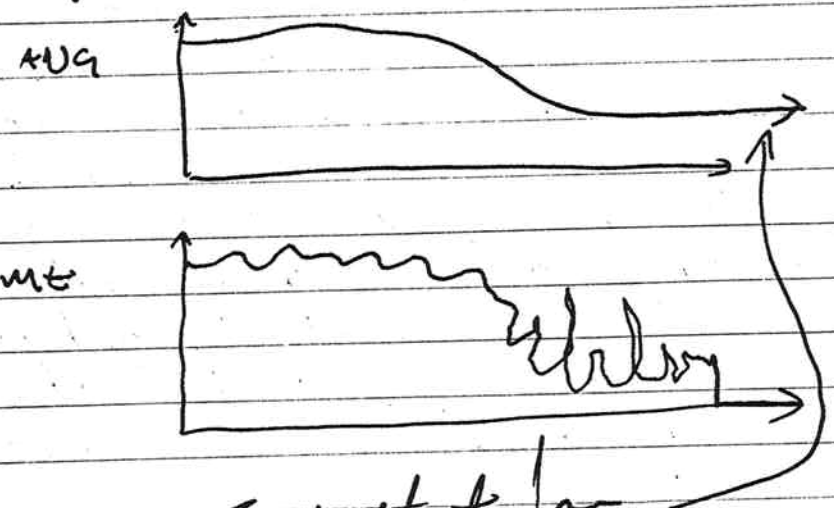
7/7/93 - Stressed.

8/7/93

Back on track, things are fine,
you got yours + I got mine
I know its right + its the thing to do,
so why can't I stop,
thinking about you.

9/7/93 - Had my off white T shirt stolen last night at BBall.
One of my favorites and not very old. Not worth much but one of those things that gives good karma. Tonight I left ~~[illegible]~~ a scarf which I bought from David Jones (some place I bought the shirt come to think of it), (which I do), in a restaurant in Melbourne Central. What is this! a conspiracy. Slowly

of the end.




Fuck that for a joke

6/7/93 Well how things change. me and Angie have talked things through and I am happy with the way we are going again.

Need somebody to care for you...

...Need somebody to care for

I think this goes along way towards satisfying basic needs that otherwise end up as dissatisfaction and frustration.

p.m. - Something in my head that wont go away. Feelings I don't want, are here to stay.

Close your eyes in the darkness and try to run, two beautiful things aint always fun!

2/7/93 Talked to Angie last night about some of my worries. Told her I am up and down all the time and every now and then think of having a break → Felt like I got a lot of our feelings sorted out and was happy but like in Adelaide Angie did not see any of this coming and got scared. She doesn't understand about me and needing to constantly reevaluate. She just goes along + never looks one further than she needs to. Then she is hurt + said she wanted a break for a couple of weeks. More for me I think + or wanting to

see evaluate herself etc. - I am so fucking angry because none of it got worked out. She never bloody talks things through, just shuts up and leaves me in the cold. Now we're having a break and I don't know what the fuck for!

I think that this is the beginning of the end - if we can't work things out - just pull the cord + leave then its no good. At the moment I have no faith what so ever in our ability to discuss + work things out + that is bad → Relationships don't work without it.

Like I said the beginning

lop - something that overshadows everything in your life. Pure unadulterated paradise. I've had that with Angie, (not with Sue mind you!). Its awesome and really unbelievable.

Anyway you have this huge thing along with all the side effects of security, attention etc, and all you end up with are the side effects. (Not that there bad). Are we destined to spend the rest of our lives with a someone. A someone for which love is only really companionship.

Christ the realisation almosts makes me feel like there is nothing worth going on for!

Is there something else we don't know about?

Should we go from person to person for the rest of our lives trying to always keep in touch with that magic? Doesn't sound too crash hot to me.

Do we taint the marriage we may choose instead with affairs - destroying ideals, trusts and eventually the love for each other.

Do we just die + sacrifice our lives → comfortably numb.

in the private of your mind.
you need both to live but
only one to live happily.

Yet another paragraph that
didn't come out like I wanted
or felt. → Oh well, its sort of
straight in my own mind and I
guess that is what matters.

Just a shy little boy
with a smile when it
comes down to it all.
Just a shy little boy.....

28.6.93 - COLD. - FUCKING COLD!

1/7/93 - Making pretty hard work
of it Bren. Do you know
what you need?, you need to relax,
you need to relax with someone.
Unfortunately Angie is going through
a pressure period also and you
seem to be giving more than you
are taking.....
sigh....

What happens to the magic in a
relationship. Seems like you start
out and there's this huge purpose,
this huge love like a flaming
fireball. Something like the meaning
of life dropped right in your

This trip overseas will be well needed for my person, should it ever come about!

24.6.93

25.6.93 Basket ball is great at the moment, everyone is putting in and I am playing reasonably - we haven't lost a game in two or three weeks!

It doesn't look like Beck and Drew will be getting back together - Spoke with Drew last night. Beck keeps pulling him closer and pushing him away. She still doesn't know what she wants, I imagine there must be a whole lot of different feelings ranging from insecurity through to wanting to keep the marriage going and maybe even actual love that keeps them coming back (or Beck anyway). But Beck listens to too many other people (and believes them). All the 'execs' at work. I know exactly how she feels - torn in different directions trying to see herself successful in the light of her peers and successful in her own light. Living for others can be a necessary evil sometimes for your own self image.

It seems you are what you are seen to be in the light of your peers, you are what you feel

Ever find yourself in a situation so beautiful you could cry ... so beautiful, you would like to die ...

Life being how you want it to be, just you, thought you'd leave on a good key & alright ...

To die now would be beautiful to me anyway.

A sadness so intense as to be above the life itself

22/6/93 ↑ I don't think I'm actually serious about any of this, just toying with the idea and its consequences. When it all come down to it I reckon I'd have too much to live for. When I was younger I could actually picture the knife accross the wrists (which I realise would not have worked anyway as the tendons would have protected the arteries) but now I can't realistically bring this idea into my mind. A good sign I hope rather than a bad.

DO I REALLY BELIEVE THIS?
I WONDER...

When I fail to deliver....

When I fail to deliver, I will try again as the things I want are delivered in the trying, not the result.

What's this Bren? turning into an optimist, things must be going well.

This seems all a bit naive and just the ramblings of the surface - getting things on paper is difficult. It seems like it is all there and understood in my mind, but only to be used as the situation arises and not as a written static piece. Please don't think that this is it.

19/6/93

Ever find yourself in a situation so beautiful you could cry,.... so beautiful you would like to die you say to yourself this is it, and anything else would be leaving it behind. I'm where I want to be... ... good bye.....

Weakness can be overcome and weakness is what human is about.

Weakness will cause you to fail.

Fail, what do you mean fail?

Fail..... you know, fail.... fail to get what you want.

Fail to live?

Fail to live how you want!

Fail to feel, fail to care, fail to love?

Fail to succeed !!!

Fail to experience, fail to try..... fail to partake?

These things are not a part of success.

Yes... success is a part of these things instead, because these things are what it is all about.

Emotion, be it pain, be it happiness is all worth the same and after all can only be relative to the feeling that has preceeded it.

18/6/93 Had two great games of basketball this week (as well as one last week). Full on and we ended up winning against good teams.

All the indicators are up - things are good although I must be more consci at work - Fuck around a bit too much lately when I should be working.

I think these are the days people talk about that I will look back on. Things are so good, they can only get worse - Ha Ha - bullshit. - Life is going to be good.

What will you do when you fail to deliver?.....

Well?.....

What will you do when you fail to deliver?

You scare easily my young son.

Is being scared a sin?

Being scared is a weakness

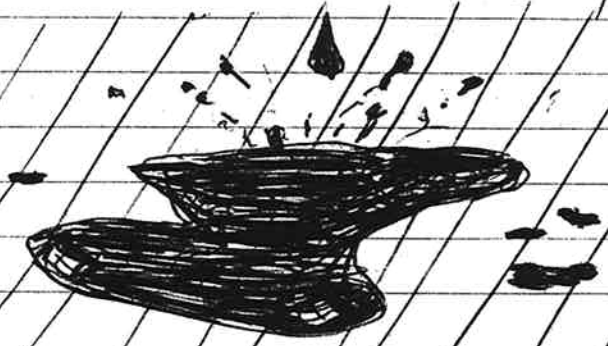
Then weakness is a sin?

.....

Poetry in joy
Poetry in pain

it sometimes seems like madness
it sometimes keeps me sane

Deep Deep Blue,
Circling white.
Hold on to the day,
Fend off the night.



12/6/93 Johnny's always running around trying to find certainty, he needs all the world to confirm he aint lonely ..... Knows he times easily .....

15/6/93 Just spent a great weekend in Lorne at Ensbire House - lots of character even if the rooms are bit 50's → 60's ish.
The beach in the wintertime ... nice.

"Kill that fat controller
Pray to a new God"

person, who enjoyed, in fact was forever searching for time to himself.... Here you are lonely without the people you love. Your girlfriend, your best friend your friends and your family..... Yes... very strange.

"Push the little daisies
and make em' come up"

(from a song on the radio) great song. (wean).


It's very quiet, when you're dead;
the warmth that was life;...
is cold, instead.....

and feeling and I think that its nice. And I get strength to go on. I keep them away another day and go on living... I wonder how long it will last, I wonder how long I will be able to keep them at bay? The little boy... he's scared. He's scared of the grown up that's going to come and try to lock him up, and master his every move. Please don't cry little boy. Maybe it can be like this forever. Maybe it doesn't ever have to change. Maybe..... just Maybe.....

10/6/93 "I..... am a little tin soldier." from a song (who wants to break into your heart) → not bad. (or is it jump into your life?).

11/6/93 Life should be lived like a fairytale. A tale of joy and a tale of sorrow, but more importantly a tale to be appreciated and experienced. A tale to be loved.

Strange..... you used to be so independant Brendon. A very inner, private person. A

cos I could see his head move slightly to look at the other. Like most of them his face never changed, but I knew better... he was alive... Anyway I looked for the little boy that must have been there at one time. I presume they must have been little people once upon a time, but anyway, no trace. No little brown socks or lunchbox with his name on it. (I think anyway, cos his big black briefcase I'm sure couldn't hold anything like that.) I watched his eyes for a while cos I sometimes think I might see the little person trying to look out, trying to peep over the wall so to speak, but I couldn't see anyone. This little boy had long since been locked up never to see the rising sun again. Maybe the little boy had gone, or died, anyway its a little sad either-way. I wanted to get up and have a closer look into the eyes but they get a little angry and upset. They're mostly mean... but I suppose they have to be.... I mean to live, you know.... with the other. So anyway I usually just let them be. It gets a little lonely sometimes, but every now and then there is someone else I find, another little person. Then there's warmth

People I would talk to to help me when I am like this.

- Brech
- Drew
- Chris P
- Chris H
- Julie
- Louise
- Tab (maybe).
- Angi } NOT AT THE MOMENT.
- Sylvia }
- Lea - probably not. - maybe if she was around.

[redacted]

Theyre trying to get me to grow up!..... What do you mean, who?... them,... theyre all trying to get me to grow up. I see them all the time, theyre on the trains and in the shopping centres, theyre everywhere. All the old people where the children used to be. ... where did the children go? I looked at one particular man today on the train. He was sort of grey; greyish blue looking with deep neffs carved into his face around his mouth + eyes. He had silvery blue hair starting to recede and a large black suitcase. I knew he was alive

feel this a lot.

So many loose ends - will feel better once these are all tied up.

Why are people so depressed at work - Chris - the secretaries. Must offer Chris some help also.

I think it is just one of these depression stages I go through every now and then but this time it has many reasons it could be and as a result I won't let it go away. I need something nice to happen to me.

Desperately trying to keep a grip.

Probably made it all the easier for it to be triggered also.

are more or less OK –

Is it Mum + Dad – I would like them to be a little more settled but they are the least of my worries.

Is it work → alot of pressure at the moment but, I am capable of handling it.

Is it this melancholy stage – maybe its getting to me, but thats by choice.

Is it losing contact with friends → so as this I think is more a result and has been happening for a while.

Is it the money – I fucking hope not although 30 G in the bank would be nice.

Is it the trip – a little – very foreboding.

Is it your exam results. – a little also – very anxious.

Is it this success / fame thing – maybe a bit although the flame is still alive as it has always been – if even it is only small.

Maybe I should talk to Louise about it at work – I need a sympathetic ear. I

Angè seems to have a bit more confidence / energy etc. She has been doing aerobics for the past 3 weeks 4 times a week and it is agreeing with her mentally and physically.

I've given up on the book I am reading at the moment, "something happened" - very slow and pretty depressing - not a good match for the way I've been feeling lately. the last thing I need is someone passing off married life as a farcical, cheating trap of depression + mistakes (even if it is true). - Where are all the idealists in this world?. Started reading setting free the bears by John Irving (World according to Garp). Pretty good so far - refreshing.

9/6/93 - Well Bren -

what the fuck are you so depressed about.

Is it Sylvia → maybe but I don't think that is it.

Is it Brad + Drew - could be but this is only a little → I've handled it before

Is it Ange - no things

8/6/93

> I want it all. I want the sun, the rain, I want the mist and the darkness
>
> Well what will you do then when you fail to deliver...

Sylvia got engaged on the weekend - this is good, enforces some rules that we need to live by.

Things are going well with Angie. She is moving back into focus.

Just looking back over what I have written in this book. Seems I write less and less about my day to day life and more about my isolated emotionally active spots. Probably not good as a record, and probably even worse as poetry. I think it may be because secretly I am writing for someone to read one day (Hi). I can be clever enough to trick myself and dumb enough to believe it sometimes!

Pretty sure I have this Sylvia thing worked out and I am glad it worked out the way it did. Fascination wears off with a little time and we are still good friends.

with Ange and David is the real thing and anything we could have together most likely would not match it long term. More due to friends / family / circumstances around us rather than our relationship in itself. I know it would mean a test that hadn't been passed also, something that would throw doubt into myself about ever holding a serious relationship and being capable of marriage.

By the way - it still hurts, and the longing still comes to the surface. But I think any relationship friend foe or lover requires some unknowns, because without potential, there is no future.

Chris just told me during a couple of drinks after work he is seriously thinking of leaving ARUP. The civil department is not how things should be. I can't help thinking how lucky I am to be enjoying things so much (on average) at work.

Well a friend, of a friend of a friend told me...

Everyone's messing with..

1/6/93 Still struggling with this Sylvia thing. Its only that I love Angie so much that I am keeping it all together. Really feel torn. I think my relationship with Sylvia should be just a friendship. The line is thin. I want to spend a day just lying around and talking maybe falling to sleep together, is this the act of friends or lovers - I wish I knew. At least its not a sexual thing. That would be an insult to Angie, in fact its worse, a sexual thing is shrugged off, here I can say no (which is what we have been doing) but it doesn't solve anything what do you do when you have feelings you can't help having.

What do you want my blue eyed child?

2/6/93 Went out for a few drinks with Sylvia last night after work. Went really well .. turned out as I hoped it would. We are very close friends and both realise that our feelings for each run way past friendship but at the same time they can't be helped. We both know that what we have

think I know / don't know, really
torn apart inside. I know I love
Angie. I know I love Sylvia, I
know there is no solution...
So I just keep losing sleep over
the whole matter.

I'm trying hard to understand all this shit,
one thing I know is that it's more than just friendship
but I'm scared to say its love, cos I've said all that before
and it always keeps ending up that I'm never really sure,

It seems I'm torn apart
It seems I just don't know
where my love should lie
~~and~~ which way my life should go.

I wish to dance with this flower ~~daffodil~~, to share the sunlight and move freely alongside it in the breeze. But something holds me back. I would like to think it is because I have no right to enter ~~the~~ field, but I know it is not.

I fear that should I enter the field I would not be able to dance as freely as I wish to. I fear that should I enter the field I may lose sight of the flower ~~daffodil~~ and be left with nothing but a memory to be recalled with eyes closed to the rest of the world.

So I find myself standing on the other side of the fence, admiring a flower in a field forever wishing for things to be different.

Spoke to Sylvia today about our friendship. Very small steps. Seems she has the same feelings as me, has wished it could be different at some time or another but knowing we would both be giving up a good thing for something that would probably not work. Felt really good, really warm, we left it as sharing something that was brother sisterly which is good. Only I still can't gauge my true feelings to the matter. I

last night,... in my living room... he was speaking out against the injustice... speaking out into another mans microphone..... It was all very interesting but just a bit irrelevant... because it was only in my living room... I told the people at work, "there was a man in my living room last night who only had 55% of his brain left!"..... and they agreed.... ... all very interesting.....

A man asked me about my dog today..... ... I told him my dog had died... died a horrible death.....

RIP BRANDY.

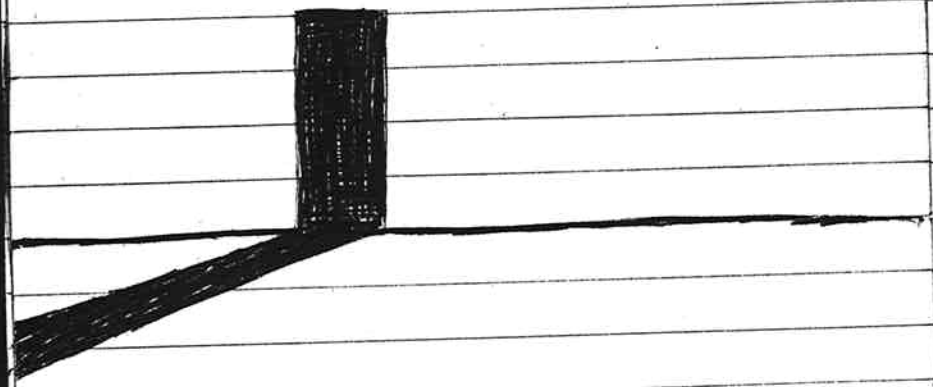
28.5.93 This is a poem I wrote about my feelings for someone a long time ago after I split up with Sue.

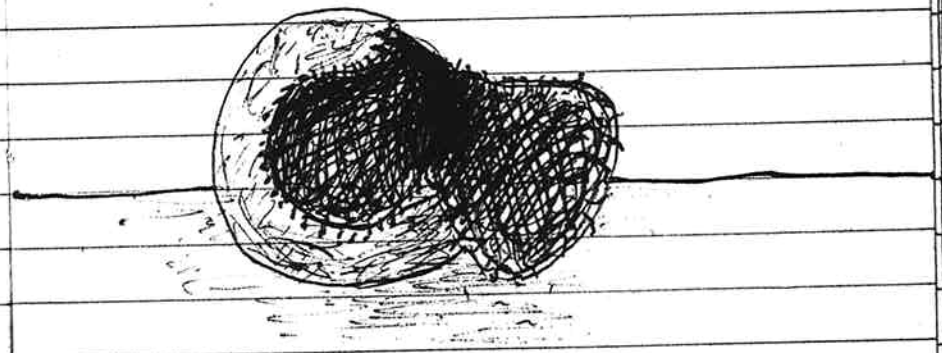
FLOWER IN FIELD.

I stood admiring a flower in a field. A gentle breeze blows hills and valleys through the tall brown grass. The field is wonderfully alive to a myriad of unsung tunes only it can hear.

In the middle of this field sits a single ~~daffodil~~ flower. Twisting and turning, dancing to a tune of its own. Gently yielding to its surroundings, it glows yellow with the radiance of the sunlight it reaches for.

A soft sad pair of eyes, unblinking, passively looking at the laughter of those around him, and wondering why?...





Ever feel a bit beaten about the head?

26/5/93 I saw a man on ~~the~~ TV last night... He had had 45 % of his brain shot out by a sniper bullet ~~in the faulklands~~... He wasn't at the victory parade that ~~evening~~... I saw a man on my TV evening

think this is perhaps because I like her although I know it would never work out and I am more than happy with Angé. (As she no doubt is with David). I think it also comes because I have lost a couple of good friends that way. Drew and Beech to a lesser extent but Craig, and Julie, friends you get an almost intimate relationship going with as your own confide in them. This is especially true with Sylvia. I wouldn't want to lose it. I think marriage, in the case of Julie + Sylvia might preclude that intimacy element as it becomes thin ice - any intimacy with a married partner. (One of the reasons I don't want to get married yet). With Craig its more the time element. I don't know, Craigs only been married two months, maybe I'm fooling myself and it is really just this intimacy element with other girls I will miss. I think this is more likely.

PM Worked late - tired - sometimes it feels like a sad sad song of heartbreak while you are expected to cope with everything else that comes your way as well.

Pretty fucking corny but thats how it feels.

X

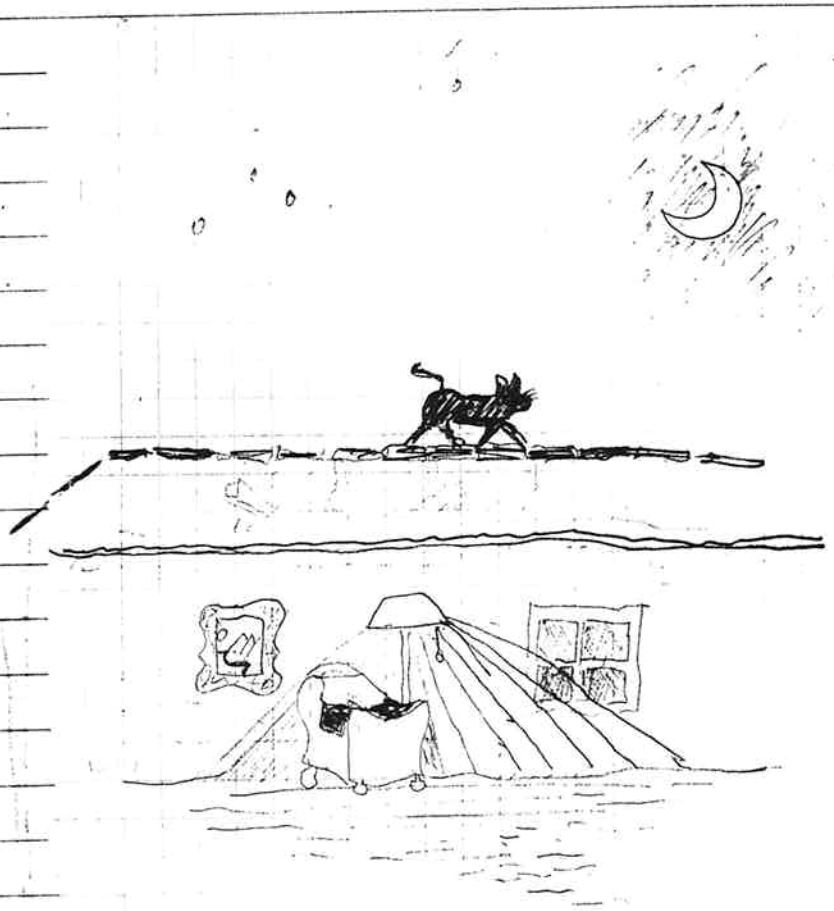
24/5/93 He's a lucky boy anyway..

Got a good job,
and I work real hard. cos I
gotta get ahead,
gotta make that extra card,
Gotta save that money
gotta buy that house
gotta get a wife + kids
so they see I got the house..
gotta make the right descision
and impress the right guy,
gotta be there to collect
should they decide to die.
gotta win win win,
gotta win all the time
gotta keep on going
so it can all be mine.

Yeah! cos when I'm at the top
they'll be there to kiss my ass
all those snotty little bastards
that I'm still gotta pass.
Yeah! I'll sit up there high
and make them get down low,
and drop my dobs
so they can see the glow.
Yeah I'll fuck them all,
and never show regret!
cos its the "game of life"
and thats where you gotta get.

25/5/93 Hip Hop!

Talking to Sylvia yesterday, she
was telling me she wants David to
ask her to marry him. Surprised
myself at feeling a little sad. I



"Wot I do at work in QA meetings"

'BORING!'

And he kept his life in a little black book. The book grew and grew and lived beside him in comfort. In order to protect his life from fire or wet or theft or loss he held the book ever more tightly. In order to keep track of the boy he was instead of the man he had been forced to become he kept a strong and vigilant lookout for dangers to his book.

And the entry's in the book became more and more seldom. even though the time he spent with the book became more + more frequent.

The tighter he made his grip the more of the book he lost.

→ Be the book.....

CHRIST - I HOPE. WHAT'S HE JOKING

seem to catch what I am feeling at the time. I suppose at least I am feeling it and feel strong enough about it to try that is the main thing.

Football crowd on the train on the way into work on a saturday. A lot to look at - different people - Melbourne.

People and dreams everywhere

People live
and people die.

and in between
they wonder why.

Just spent three weeks on a trip to central Australia. Had a great time.

21/5/93

Black on Black

Red flower in a red room

Dirt → People → Dirt

Love without meaning, Life without love.

A peice of string tied to a dead mans finger.

Stuffed if I know where these came from!

of the question, but you both have a common point in something to complain about.

I as well as others relate very well to others weaknesses. Takes away that intimidation it is always so hard to get over. Jealousy which gives to competitiveness does not make for a good intimate relationship. (I'm not saying it's not good!)

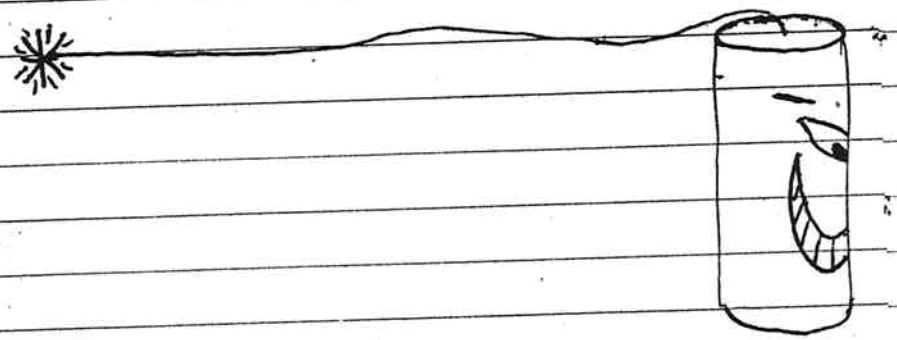
I suspect that siding with the underdog and doing onto other what you will have done to you will play a large part in the way I live my life.

– And without regrets for those influences either.

14/5/93 Melancholy?

15/5/93 A cold morning in the outer suburbs. Hilly neighborhood, the slight mist making everything subtle shades of their natural colour. Strangely quiet you stop and stand for a moment to take in the scene. The little black puppy ferreting in a bush somewhere the only sound. A faint smell of wood fire in the air and no sign of any other people → morning.

Not really happy with what comes out on paper – can never



8/5/93

"You've got to have a dream
cos' if you don't have a dream
how you gonna have a dream
come true?"

(Happy tathing)

13/5/93 I feel most at ease or even happiest when I am in a reflective sad mood. The type of mood where you sit down with a sigh and allow yourself some self pity. Mind you only self pity for things like too much hard work, things where they have been hard on you but you are coping.

It seems very depressionist - maybe it comes from enjoying the self pity + being alone with something to think about.

Maybe its because this is when people relate the best. Both tired so physical action and other energy expending or abrasive activity like arguing are out

"They're not real... they're not real!!" Who does he see? "They not real; they're not real." Are they creatures which torture his mind, are they monsters that threaten his being. "They're not real..." or is it the crowd, ~~Beings~~ in his own image refusing him acknowledgement. ~~One in the same~~ as ~~the creatures~~.

And which would be worse?

13/4/93 - Great Easter a Yarrawonga - Totally shitty day at work today - heaps of pressure to get work finished before we go away. → I can't wait.

really inspires sympathy in me. Little or no chance of escape. Made all the worse by a crowd of people all around you who think themselves holy knights in shining armour got choose not to help.

I wonder if he was referring to the people around him or some creatures of his imagination. And I wonder what are worse.

"They're not real, they're not real, stare downwards, close your eyes, open them to find they have not gone", They're not real!.. they're not real."

A dirty man, walking the street, a dirty plastic bag, an aluminium can, he is one, the crowd another, never the two meeting.

They're not real!, make no eye contact, they're not real!, must keep moving must keep alive, why, through habit. Scared,... they're not real!..

The people, the just... The doers of good, the destroyers of evil. Thinking but not seeing. Not wanting to know they pass around him forming the human tomb from which he is damned, perhaps forever.

8/4/93 Went to Gridiron training with the Kew Colts. (Tobby, Joe etc). Still hurting after 2 days! - Would like to get back into it but... alot of time and commitment involved, more than I have. Also there are 10 sessions of training ahead before the first scrimage and 1st team positions of which I am away for nine including the scrimage! Will have to let Erich know that I can't play.

Still enjoying photography but dont want to do so many wedding shots - Balk shots that dont mean a great deal. It gives me a good opening for the reflective side. A chance to express and therefore ~~reg~~ recognize or explore the general undercurrent of myself and the effect my outside life is having on me.

You have got to stop, feel the flow and listen to the voices inside of you.

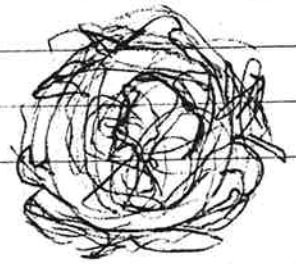
pm - Saw an old (well 40) man the other day wandering up Swanston walk muttering to himself, "They're not real, they're not real" over and over again.

This type of private nightmare which must be a living hell

|| EVERYTHING is relative ||

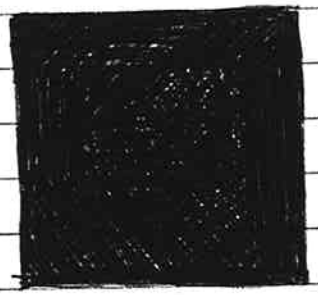
Humanity washes like a pollutant over the earth. It ebbs and swirls in a huge cesspool of activity. It cries and screams in suffering and wallows in its ecstasy. It peaks with fervour and falls with despondancy.

And all the while it just keeps swirling back upon itself the only real directions being down to extinction and up past death.



Sometimes I feel like a moth. Searching for the answer that is so close. Beating madly about it when really I cant ever reach it.

29/3/93 Angie just left for Sydney for three days. Feel a little sick with worry. She will be all right, I would just like to be able to be with her and protect her. Looking forward to a dive and Angie on thursday night.



Funny the images that come to mind -

So much for useless chatter →
time to let go and float →
probably just as useless!!!

Blessed are the people who
live as flowers in the sun,
while the mushrooms in the
darkness feed upon the dung.

What will you do, my blue
eyed child, when you hear
the screams of others, ringing
out aloud.

Will you choose not to see,
and look the other way, ignoring
them in darkness, living only
by the day?

Will you choose to give a little
to ease your worried mind,
and sink beneath your greed,
believing you are kind.

25/3/93

Will you choose to share their
pain, and listen to their cry,
and sacrifice your wealth
so that they may live, not die.

Will you wonder what is right,
wonder what is wrong, wonder
why this madness has been
going on so long.

improve my lot in life. Cursing my ugly head and lack of energy when there are people like this around.

Makes me feel pathetic.
Makes me feel superficial.

Q - Why dont I help these people out. - Charity → I give although not alot; why, to try and maintain my course upwards. - Real physical help - give up my job to work as a social worker; I dont because I want to live my life rather than sacrifice ~~if~~ for someone else.

I can justify this at the moment as by sacrificing my life I would be putting myself in their position while helping them.

But I think at some time I will have to help. Maybe in the future I will try not to keep hoarding more + more (notice hoarding as opposed to earning) and really do some good somewhere.

Be the type of person they want me to be. Someone I used to and sometimes still do look for; someone the next level up who can reach and give something that means so little to the giver and so much to the reciever.

OR HOPE TO DIE

24/3/93 Hello.

8:30pm → Just finished work - sacrificed study to help out Peter Bowtell. Study nights before the big exam:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| THURSDAY | - 3 HOURS | |
| SATURDAY | - 8 HOURS | (EXAM) |
| MONDAY | - 3 HOURS | (PROBLEM SOLVING) |
| TUESDAY | - 2 HOURS | (READ WORK DONE) |
| THURSDAY | - 1 HOUR | (READ OVER WORK DONE) |

Boy will I be glad when this is over. Get back to living life. I enjoy just working, even if it is long and sometimes hard. Not the same pressure as exams. Looking forward to going OS. Partly as a break from Angie too which will do our relationship a lot of good. (I hope). &

Still a little under the weather from this virus I had. → Almost gone but must get some sleep.

Pretty boring stuff hey! I like to just write sometimes it gives me a false sense of doing something. Something to take up my thoughts and to keep my consciousness from confronting the things I really should be thinking about.

A young guy collecting cans in the station just past me. I think he is a little simple but only a little. I hate that this is the way things are. Here I am trying to