



9/6/94 Well...lost a lot last night.

Went for a quick drink at the pub with some guys from work and had my bag stolen. My Air Pegasus runners, the fountain pen Justin + Rosetta had given me for my birthday, my wilderness diary and most of all my actual diary. That's the bit that hurt the most.

All my private thoughts, all my poetry, all my travelling over the past year. I still can't believe it. Really hurts deep down.

Things I can remember from my diary

- The night I watched 1494 or whatever the year was about Columbus in Hong Kong instead of going out.

IF FOUND PLEASE RETURN TO
BRENDON - 081-788-2012 FOR
REWARD.

- The Lei-sei that Daniel gave me in Hong Kong
- The cartoon strip I put in with Calvin and Hobbes
- The still old lady we saw from the top of the bus in Hong Kong.
- My trip on the way over from HK → London - looking out the plane window at the incredible sunrise
- Sitting in a secret garden reading of the rabbits
- Feelings of going down when I felt like I was slipping into depression again
- All the little quotes I heard and liked along

the way

- My thoughts on HK, England and Ange.
- Sitting on Cheung Chau island in HK watching the sun set and waiting for the ferry over a local meal.
- All my thoughts from Sydney when I worked up there.

13/6/94 Well, still angry, still looking around the streets for someone with a blue rucksack or an abandoned black book. My only hope now is the police stations and the lost property at London Buses (Near Baker Street tube station before I forget).
Justin + Rosetta gave me

another fountain pen for my birthday to replace the one that had just been stolen. (that they had also given me!) Very nice of them. I really like it here with them.

In some ways it is probably good as it will make me a lot more careful in the future and also reinforce that the diary is secondary, the life being the first and last real experience although remembering back by re-reading is very good too. Not much I can really do about anyways!

I thought about trying to rewrite some of the passages... that I could remember and then thought that the real thing behind

them was taking me back to when I actually wrote them and bringing back the feelings and atmosphere. I think if I do I still might enjoy it, I always intended re-writing a lot of it anyway. All the in-between bits are unfortunately lost... Anyway things move on very quickly and the sooner I get on with things the sooner it will fade, and its not as if I dont have things to get on with! Course for 2 weeks with Ange' on the 27th and Wimbledon before that!!

P.M.

Bit of Jimi + John Lee Hooker
..... yeah...

15/6/94 Cur last night at the
borderline with Justin
and Rosetta - rubbing shoulders
with the rich and famous - after
party (Iron Maiden were there
making fools of themselves). Really
enjoyable night but ears are
ringing today. Feel like the barrier
between the mind and the world
(or interface maybe a better word)
has taken on a real existence.

Mind tends to get in neutral and
go, can't hear any background
noise at all so it all seems
removed - a bit weird, this is
another of those passages that
seems not to say anything I want
it to. I don't think I will write
much for a while, I'm just not in

the mood for it lately a
not what this diary is so,
to be about.

16/6/94 Got a few things I must
straight with work, (the)
and put down some objectives:

- Learn ovacad a bit more -
find something to draw out
of hours - maybe a project
or a scheme design for a
bridge.
- Combine this with a light-
weight design of something
learning about the design
along the way.
- Develop meeting skills.
- Try and orienteer myself
into doing some more

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learning about the design
along the way.
- Develop meeting skills.
- Try and orienteer myself
into doing some more

responsible work - through Steve
or Peter Evans etc.

- Put together notes etc on design
 - seismic
 - composite
 - rules of thumb.
 - lightweight roofs
 - prestressing
 - tall buildings

Other areas in general.

- photography.
- writing.
- travel.

20/6/94 There are a lot of important
cards to be played with
work at the moment. Talking to
Craig really drove home how
competitive it all is. Things!

must keep in mind are to

- get good experience.
- meet as many OAP's as possible
- get off BEETS after 3 months
or so (October maybe move).
- work overseas - Germany or
France
- Send a letter to PSH and
keep in touch - letter to KPB
also (+ even the Melb
office since they were so
kind with word etc!!).
- develop areas of specifics.
- keep an eye out for other
career opportunities re Price
Waterhouse etc - project
management etc. etc.

23/6/94 Last night Ange and I went to watch Saine play with some people at the Troubadour, a basement jazz type place under a coffee place. It was great, smoky little room with good acoustic music and a couple of orange down lights - much impressed. Saine let us in the door for nothing + gave us some vouchers for coffee, meant so much more.

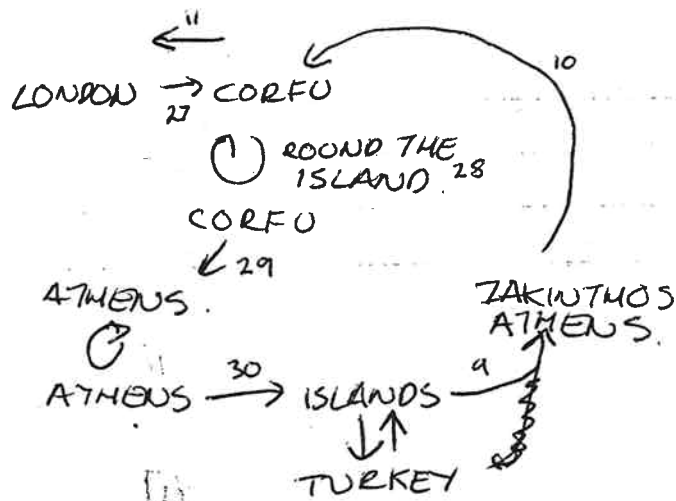
Today I took the afternoon off and we went to Wimbledon, 2 1/2 hours in the queue, £5 for 2 1/2 hours of Tennis. It was good also, definitely worth it for the price and Ange brought along strawberries + cream and

biscuits and dip etc. I don't know if I would do it again but it was great just to see it all.

When you get a bit tired it can be like the ghosts of good times past stand to exert a tidal pull on your soul and you drift towards wanting a warm ending to it all nestled amongst the good memories.

28/6/94 Greece! Arrived in Corfu yesterday to Corfu. Corfu is a lovely town, not a beach resort or anything but has beautiful old Greek

buildings and lovely outdoor
 restaurants. Spent today hiring
 out a car and driving around
 the west and north of the island.
 By far the nicest place on the
 island (we saw anyway) was
 to the west, a place called
 Paleokastritsa. Crystal clear
 water in little coves and little
 restaurants dotted about the place.
 Another place that was nice was
 Ipsos coming back down the
 east coast. We should have
 stayed there the night but it
 was more expensive. Still should
 have - oh well, go with the
 instincts next time. It has been
 a pretty busy holiday up until
 now (and will continue!).



If we spend one full day in
 Athens ~~and~~ and miss Zakynthos
 on the way back we will have
 from 30th → 9th on the islands
 (10 days which will be good).
 Do a trip to Turkey if we
 can, even for a day.

Spent so far

Shirts + snorkels.	D 8000
London - Corfu	£ 113
Corfu - Athens	D 15800
Car	D 6250
Avg day expenses.	2 x D 10000
Accommodation	2 x D 4000
	<u>£13 + D 3050</u>

Cash balances:

Cash	D 43 750
Angie owes	D 25 000

Withdrawn	(D 110 000)
Visa	(D 5000)

115000 - 68750 = D.46250
= 128 £

ie total £ 240 (£480) not too bad at all.

Say

Athen - Corfu	=	D 15800
Ferry's	=	D 40000 (8 x 5000)
Accom.	=	D 50000 (12 x 4000)
Living	=	D 120000 (12 x 10000)

D 225800
(£628) (D 1257)

still to come.

ie total

= D 270 000	=	£ 750
plus flights	=	£ 113
		<u>£ 850</u>
		\$ 1700

Bad but not too bad! ↗

Wasn't that bad after all ✓

2/7/94. Done a lot over the past few days. Flew into Athens after Corfu. Was a stinking hot day and it was all we could do to have a look at the Acropolis. Was pretty impressed, A bygone civilization that come and went without any christian influence. (Although I think christianity may have been around at the time of the downfall). The parthenon columns and ruins were beautiful, cheesecloth white, eroded by time and still standing majestic and picturesque. Makes you feel like you could or would like to sit down and study the history and the lifestyle behind it all. There are a lot of tourists about but it doesn't

spoil it at all as a lot of the wonder is all in your mind and structures like those really do stand with such a solid power of their own that the observers are really just insignificant passers by, mere mortals in an ageless kingdom. We just spent the afternoon in Athens, the rest of Athens isn't much chop at all. One train line that smells of sweat, hot dry sun beaten streets with acre after acre of middle-east type ugly concrete four or five story buildings. It's a bit disappointing that a city with so much history, and such a name, the capital of Greece, is so ordinary and small. Gives the appearance of being very run-

down and semi third world -
(second world?).

From Athens we took an overnight ferry ride to Santorini (a bit of a backpacker experience in itself). Santorini is the main island of a caldera from an extinct (almost) volcano and is unbelievably beautiful. Very steep cliffs rising straight up out of the caldera and white classical greek villages on the top. When I first saw the photos I thought the white of the villages was actually snow capped mountains. Crystal clear waters blue as blue. I have taken too many photos, I hope they come out but they may not be as nice as

I expect because the air is very hazy all of time, similar to Hong Kong. We have stayed in Perissa for three days. The first we spent sitting on the black beach, a very nice beach with a large mountain rising up out of the sea at one end. Any beach is a beach but the ones you remember, the nice ones are always picturesque and this one was. We had pizza and some local red wine on the beach at dusk and I asked Ange to marry me. Was a really nice moment and a memorable one. I don't feel like writing about it but everything felt right.

The second day we spent on a boat tour around the caldera visiting the centre of the volcano (hot gases + lots of sulphur), and another island called Thássa. Took a donkey (mule) ride to the village at the top which was a laugh. Ange had a particularly hairy ass. At one stage mine took off and I almost ended up with a knee cap permanently lodged on another mule's bum!

The third day today, we hired out a moped and toured around the island a bit which was also great. Got the most copped out 50cc moped you have ever laid eyes upon and

set out (very cheap believe it or not, I can't think why!). We visited another beach around to the right of perissa which was also very picturesque, and a lot less crowded so did a bit of sherry-dipping. The other beautiful part of the day was dinner at Thira (or Fira) overlooking the caldera at sunset. Must be one of the most beautiful views in the world, stunning panoramic view of the caldera, stark white and blue greek architecture perched on steep cliffs dropping to blue waters with the odd busuwig yacht and ocean cruiser moored in it. Dinner was expensive for not much but a complimentary

brandy etc and was really nice. I could sit here all day and write about it. Donkeys climbing up the hill from the port below, colourful harnesses, bells ringing and the old mule drives cracking the odd whip. But as with too much recording and analysing, the beauty was more in the experience itself and not the description, I will leave that to the poets, just enough to bring back some memories when I skim through this in the future.

Tomorrow we are off to Poros in the morning, another island for some more sun and sand (no surf, I have never

seen so much flat open exposures of water. No wonder so many people cruise the Mediterranean.

3/7/94 Things I must do before I forget

- ✓ - Ring the relatives in London.
- ✓ - Send a bottle of beer to Mr Mac.
- ✓ - Write to everyone back home
- ✓ - Get in touch with Chris.H.
- ✓ - Let everyone know about me
- ✓ + Ange being engaged.

It was a little surprising getting engaged. I never thought it would make any difference at all as the lifestyle etc. should not and will not change. But it is a really nice feeling. The commitment that is made is like a recognition that we will be

married and spend the rest of our lives together which up until now has always been presupposed for a while by me anyway but there is always something there in the back of your mind where you know the options are still open.

The bond is now a little more and it feels as though we are both on each other side a little more. On each other we can now depend with a little more faith backup etc. in all situations. I have been trying not to say it but we are more of a team. It's a funny thing that, so many clichés which sound terrible because they are just that, however something usually becomes cliché for good

reason so why shy away from it. It is the same with things that or places that may be a little tourist orientated like Santorini. But if you avoid them because of that you miss all the best bits. To get a mix I guess is the best. See the sights and see the locals.

I have just finished reading a book of short stories by Oscar Wilde and was really taken by them. Both the writing style and the colourful content, and also the story lines. He had a real compassion for life, for the poorer people, for the exotic. For the whole picture and romance. He recognized the value of living in all levels of life. It is not the standing and

wealth that relates to how well or hard done by somebody is but it is to do with the living and the treatment.

Certain types of behaviour are cruel and intolerable in all walks of life. The story of the young king where a small slave boy is forced to dive for pearls and has his ears and nose stuffed with wax. He does and ends up dying on the boat bleeding from the orifices in his head with the negro slave drivers not caring one way or the other. It is so sad in the cruelties inflicted on one so young which who never had a chance. It was something of the richness of life though,

The boy was pitied but in a way where he was not portrayed as something of no value. The undertones of the story seemed to bring his death to colour and reflect the life of the slaves well in history. I know his life may not have been enjoyable and I don't seem to be hitting on the right thing but it was a thing of richness. Maybe the bringing to life of the story and the portrayal of the slaves and the recognizing of the injustice to those in the position of the powers is what made it seem of value. The recording and recognition for us and those still to come of the aspects of life good + bad that have preceded us to where we

stand today. The little slave boy with the sympathy / empathy of the millions, outliving and rising above his persecutors, like some final judgement by history for his memory, or his spirit or soul that may live on. ^{Sp.}

So much I write is so incoherent but I will one day go over a lot of this and maybe re-write it well, I think it is important to try and get it down as you can for the moment though. Part of it is that by the writing it down, vague floating thoughts that are otherwise just left there to float by in the distance are somehow organized and brought into a crude

focus on paper. This maybe is the S & B inspiration, the perspiration is still to come.

2M. Arrived on Poxos and ignored all the people wanting to provide us with accomodation and took the local bus around to Naccussa. A lot quieter than San Torino but still very nice. Lovely little town especially in the cooler part of the afternoon where you can stroll around the little cobblebed streets. There is a nice place to have dinner in a small square next to all of the fishing boats. Will try to persuade Ange to have dinner there tonight, she thought it was a bit smelly! but I'm sure that was only the

smell of the food being cooked.

4/7/94

"Some people have a calm
'at oneness' attitude to
life, where I end up
running around in circles
beating myself about
the head with a stick
in order to feel anything."

(Part of a conversation with Ange).
Actually I think I kind of waver
between the two. I'm not actually
sure that one doesn't bring about
the other in some kind of sad
over-correcting rebalancing.

8/7/94

Cash balances

Cash 20 000

Angover 4 000

Withdrawn (160 000)

Visa (5 000)

(141 000)

= ~~2~~ 390 + \$ 113 AIRFAEC

= \$ 500 ~~00~~ = \$ 1000

9/7/94 Its early (morning) and I
AAM cant sleep. Bloody motorbikes
line up and down the street about
2:30 am presumably after the discos
shut and wake everybody up (those
of us who have had too much
sleep during the day cant get back
to sleep!).

Well Poros was really nice. We stayed in Naussa, a small fishing village which I think is the nicest part of the whole island. The first night we were there they had dancing as a part of the local festival. We ended up eating around the square which has a small protected breakwater running up into it with all the fishing boats moored there. Absolutely beautiful, took a few photos, I hope they catch the atmosphere of the place. There were enough people around to create a good atmosphere but not too many that it was crowded. Sipping coffee in canvas chairs with people coming + going + chatting over dinner and the colorful boats sitting lined up

against each other around the perimeter of the breakwater enclosure lit up by the soft incandescent lighting of the square filled with restaurant tables.

After Poros we came back to Corfu, locals now telling the taxi driver at the airport we weren't going to pay the 5000 Dr. fare into town - OK then 1500 and no less. He replied which seemed like a good offer at 11:00 at night. We were lucky to get a room for the night in Hotel Cypress again, and again it was hot (Damn Hot!). So now we are spending the remainder of the time relaxing in Parbatistote the nicest bit we saw. Last time we had a boat around the island.

steep rocky cliffs around crystal
clear water - bags, sunbathing
and snorkeling. Dinner in a
gaudy looking Italian restaurant
called Il Pirata. Flags and
signs all over it, it seems to be
a bit like the rebel restaurant. I
keep thinking it will hoist anchor
and sail off into the sunset to
take on the world like a scene
from a Monty Python movie!

Anyway, more insect
repellent or hopefully more sleep!

P.S. Must send a

P.K. to the Westons ✓

and Sue (Nias friend).

Goodnight! ...

am Should look at getting some
theater ticket now for some
time down the track as well.

22/7/94 Really enjoying it all at
the moment, even work is
a little bit better. (AM)

pm) Mind turned to absolute
mush at the end of the days work.
It's a bitch having to work for a
living. Been thinking more and
more of getting out of engineering
and into photography. It's just
really hard to step in and make
money. I think it will be after an
apprenticeship served by selling
photos in markets and maybe
doing some really cheap weddings

charge nothing for turning up and only charge for the actual prints that people want to buy - this is an exercise in giving myself time to get up to scratch quality wise.

It would be enjoyable as a hobby anyways.

- I wonder what Ange would think about living on the Dold !!!

25/7/94 Spent Saturday riding down to Hampton Court Palace and looking around the gardens. Beautiful sunny day for it (seems every time I start to write the bus comes!)

26/7/94 Ange got a job today working in a tea shop selling anything you could ever imagine associated with tea and also serving like a cafe. It doesn't pay very much - £3.50 an hour with about 30 hours a week but she will love the place to death by the sounds of it. Working Saturdays may not work out but I won't put any downers on it at all and let her play it by ear!
I've discovered that writing doesn't really flow when I'm contented.

27/7/94



A ragged green carpet, a
canopy of leaf, all a pretty
picture for me to sit beneath.

A melting light all around
and earthy smells below, a
sweetness so serene from which

inner peace does grow.

Smiling clever faces and fairies
must have played, in this circle
full of rapture & magic, have they laid.



29/7/94 Does the human race ever
strike you as creatures
without a purpose? Sit upon a
building one day and take a look
at the ever spreading entanglement
below you. Stressing, straining a
huge mess of humanity all engrossed
in the act of living. Thinking sure,
enjoying sure but at the end of
the day a creature and its
territory festering in an ever
expanding zone of influence. Every
minute of every day they ask what
the point is and when they get
no answer they switch off and
continue the festering until one day
they just ... die. I wonder if
there will ever come a time when
a reason is revealed, I wonder

if the reasons here and we are
missing the point. I refuse to believe
that for the enjoyment of ones pure
self do we roam about this place.
But I fear that I too shall die
not knowing what happened.

At the instant before I die
I shall appear a myopic blinking
dumbfounded fool. Looking like
someone who has just had a
carnival pass him on a dark and
empty street, left wondering what
it was all about this strange
extravaganza that just flew
past him in the night, dazing
his mind and that was gone
before he could get any real
grip upon what was happening.
Left to turn his gaze to

the length of the dreary road again
in bewilderment. Whoa - what
was that?

31/7/94

"the wearisome condition of
humanity, born under one
law, to another bound."

- Aldous Huxley.
(from 'the bookshop')

Reading a book of short stories
written by Aldous Huxley. Beautifully
written. I would like to be able to
& write like that. It will take time. It
is only lately that I have begun to
appreciate well written pieces like these.

Huxley's book in particular (the other I
have in mind is another collection of
short stories by Oscar Wilde), contains
stories which are very light on storyline
but more just well penned descriptions
of passages of life. Passages with a lot
of feeling and depth of reflection on life
but definitely not stories crescendoing to
a conclusion as are more common today.
Up until now I have found myself
galloping through pages of a book on
the border of speed-reading in an
effort to overcome the suspense and
finally be rewarded (or disappointed)
with the ending. The Huxley stories
I need to slow down to a trot and
admire the scenery on the way through.
I wouldn't put one above the other
and indeed would not separate one from

the other either.

I think all of this is a small progression to better writing. Usually I write at warp speed trying to get everything in my mind down at once. Shipping through so quickly as to ship over some things completely and leaving more a framework of a writing than an actual finished piece. Slowing down on the other hand also has its pitfalls in forgetting the next thought the mind brings to bear with finishing writing about the last.

I will just keep on going as best as I can. Too much regiment makes it unenjoyable and I believe that any piece first written will only ever be the first draft to be polished at some later date.

Bumbling on again Brendon?...

... So!...

1/8/94

"Son, you don't have to follow in my footsteps."

"Don't worry dad I don't even like using the bathroom after you".

Bart Simpson.

(Maybe you had to be there?)

2/8/94

Just got a call from the pay office at Army. It seems they won't pay me the joining fees for ISTRUCIE but they will give me £500 that they normally give people once they have passed their exams! (Even though I passed them while working in Aus. and received confirmation of being elected a member in Hong Kong. I

actually told them that I thought that this was more than I deserved but didn't argue too hard when she she repeated that this is what had been agreed upon. Will come in mighty handy:

FINANCES -	AUS TERM DEPOSIT	\$ 10,300
(2/8/94)	AUS SAVINGS	\$ 3,600
	UK SAVINGS	\$ 2,000
		<hr/>
		\$ 15,900

A large chunk of which will go in travelling however will have some left over to put towards starting to save for a house.

Angie and I went for a ride to Isabella Plantation on the weekend in Richmond Park where we talked a bit about setting up a house and living

together once we got home. It was great and I can't wait to do the real thing. We thought we would live together once we were back home but have someone else / elses stay with us so there would be a change once we did get married. A kind of vague mental clinging on to the old ideas of only living together once you were married.

I don't seem to have enough comic strips in my life at the moment! I must get back into them.

pm Got home tonight to a big bunch of flowers from Simon + Michelle. It was a really nice feeling getting something like that. Really puts a friendship into perspective and I

admire people who do things for that putting money aside. Mum and dad also sent over the most beautiful card hand written by mum (she is always one for the little sayings and I bet has a whole menagerie of them ready to be pulled out at any occasion). They also sent a cheque for £100 which was very nice. We will try and do something memorable with it and not just feed it into the bank.

7/8/94 Have just spent a long weekend up at Thornum near Hurstonton in Rosetta's parents caravon. Was a good weekend. The local area was beautiful. A forty minute walk to the beach. Walk through some fields and a seawall separating

farmland from wide expanses of marshes. The marshes are large high saltwater bushes laid out for miles patterned with waterway tracks gently emptying and filling with the tides. In between this and the sea stands a couple of large dunes and small spreads of purple sea lavender. A wide and yorpe country, dry and luscious with the extensive low lying sand and saltwater flora. Today we (Ange + I) walked to the beach and sat in a patch of sand in the dunes. Land like that you never merge with, it is more gently yielding to its indifferent being. A rather experience opening up the world, paddling in the shores of an ocean of intricacy and natural marvels that lie under every footstep.

I am actually feeling really good at the moment. Well out of any depression and enjoying life. There is however always this backdrop of washed out paints that my life always seems to be lived in front of. The overall purpose and meaning behind it all.

Its a bit like a string of well written ~~but~~ passages of beauty, tied one after the other, enjoyable to read but lacking the storyline that would mesh it all into a truly magnificent + complete piece of art. Maybe the swirling shades will form one day into images and it will all come together.

8/8/94 Back at work, meetings between people that seem like wading through a mesh of tangled vines. Ken Coffin offering abstract tid bits at random, everything aimed at the negative and toned trying to demean anything I have said. On Thursday I sat in an all day review session on the stations book, he hardly said a word to me and at times plainly tried to destroy credibility and point out short fallings by bringing up and dwelling on other inconsequential or even irrelevant things. In the manner of his mocking 'Brendons let it crack and yield theory' which he tries at every opportunity to pin on me even though it was a joint decision he was fully aware of. The man is a pathetic

example and at times downright childish. At the moment I have tried not to be too much on the offensive but have prepared action lists as a part of the everyday running of the options book which do put him in a bad light. I have however been 'nice' in saying to SD at all times, KC probably has in hand etc. not laying the blame directly on him but I am losing my temper and patience all the more lately. I might confront him or even mention something to Steve my main concern being Ken laying blame on me behind my back when he has Steve's ear. Stay tuned I guess. Ken does not handle stressful people interactions very well and it is unbelievable

that he is an associate. Every point he brings up is preceded by an 'this may sound daft but....' or 'Well I was going to.... I don't know it... well... um... er.... its just that...'. Pathetic, Pathetic man.

Steve is actually quite good and I admire a lot of his abilities and qualities however he does have a problem delegating work. He needs to go through everything and as a result I think runs out of time and upsets people working for him by making them his lackeys.

Anyway, the main problem is Ken and I think that I will actually confront him. It will be nice to put him in an awkward situation and let him squirm.

(getting a bit revengeful and mean
Brendon - not good). It may
bring things into the open anyway.
I should probably put down
for the record that the reason I
came to put these lists together
etc. and have more of a hand in
running the stations was Ken was
ill for a couple of weeks. God
fucking help him if I find out he
is stabbing me in the back. I'll
open up all barrels and go for it.
It may not be as easy as all that
as he is a manipulative 'I don't
want to be mean but' bastard and
by the time I find out it may be
too late. Better that however
than to unjustly, well not
unjustly but mercilessly have

a go at him.

11/8/94 Well I did confront Ken
but in the nicest possible
way! After talking with Steve
about drafting etc I actually said
that there may be a few problems
with Ken and myself if we were
left to fight it out over the
recommendations for the stations book
but since he would be the one who
would end up being lumped with
it in the end anyway I was
prepared to give him final say.
Something I mentioned to Ken
in order to put a stop to the
petty bickering that seems to work
its way into any discussion we
have. I am still under the

impression he is a pretty childish + pathetic person. No fucking wonder the job is in the state it is in with people with the likes of his communication and organization skills! Anyway I'm not going to get too stressed out over it all. I can't believe I'm actually writing all of this down even, I guess it is just frustrations at seeing inadequate people in the positions they are over here after working with quality people back home.

pm My brain hurts...

... Never let them know you're hurting...

... Pain is about growing. Every pang of pain is a message to your body to grow in that direction, to become stronger and more able. Like a tree strengthening its limbs at the points of greatest ~~stress~~ stress so that it will be better equipped to weather the next storm.

Unfortunately growth is exposed to imperfections. Knots and weak points hidden by the bark and brushed over in an attempt to grow fast under the stress.

Pure of mind, pure of body.
More important than any

thing else is purity.
Be it good, bad, or
otherwise, purity has
purpose and starts to
necessitate a form or
colours forming in the
wishy washy backdrop.

13/8/94 Watched a bit of the film
'houseboat' last night. A 50's
probably film with Carey Grant and
Sophie Lauren. They had a scene
(a pretty corny scene actually) where
to explain about life and death to
his son, Carey Grant told him to
get rid of some water out of a pitcher.
Whatever he did with the water it
was always a part of the world, just
in a different form - as a part of the

river ~~or~~ or as a part of the clouds about to
rejoin the earth somewhere else. It was a
beautiful parallel and I really liked it.
Not because it explained to me anything
new, but because it embodied so well a
lot of things that I feel.

It made me think though that
other people do often think about life
even though so much of it ever filters
through.

I feel a little like the past years
have been spent growing into a human
being and I have all of the answers
inside me. I would like to write all of
them down and become a philosopher but
I don't know if I have the time, the
patience or the ability to get the messages
down and in a form that they mean
something. I think maybe a Jew

phrases would be better than a lengthy book on the subject. A confucious says type thing. It has been done before by people both famous and anonymous and will be done again.

I feel a stage has been completed (well as good as) and now the education is finished it is time to do something with my life.

Time to start painting the backdrop and start on the storyline.

Where to start? Do I help those in need, do I devote myself to a family, do I devote myself to producing something for the future - art, infrastructure, knowledge. All of these

involve living life, being, but none of them seem to embody a direct purpose.

What I need is a mission. Maybe I should look into myself to see, to search for a start? Until I do find something I feel a lot more at one with myself, and its nice.

Nothing ever ceases to exist, it only changes.

The answer we are searching for is no single niche, it is a vast and complex field of ~~flows~~ ~~dreams~~ and wonders ~~beliefs~~ through which we get to wander, changing

our direction based on
our dreams and beliefs.
And in the dreaming +
believing and following
thereof lies the answer
in ~~change~~ a constant
state of liquidity,
lying like a wavering tube
of suspended water along
the line of the direction
we choose to follow.

} ?

This is all about ~~the~~ living like but
~~and~~ what lies outside the field (time?)
I get there feeling that there lies the
purpose. I hope I get a feeling for
it, even an inkling so that I can
follow it here in this life before I
die.

Having said that all of this believing
in a hidden purpose, or any God etc
one may choose, may just be a
curious effect of our small developing
brains. Trying to fill in the empty
gaps of a mind map too complex for
us to understand. The cold hard
facts of a living dying animal
after which there is no future only
a rotting corpse could be all there
is. I would hope not, I'd feel
a little cheated. What a pathetic
curiosity the human race would be.

15/8/94 The passage on the next page
was in a small shop selling
candles and other spiritual bits and
pieces in Hursterton. Justin got me a
copy after I mentioned it one night.



24/8/94. The Edinburgh festival for
a long weekend. Enjoyed
it, Edinburgh and Scotland more than
the festival.

Clear, cool fresh air blowing
brilliant billowing white grey clouds
through on the breeze. The constant
wind seemed to blow the breath into

you opening the senses to the stark
environment around you. That's how I
would describe it, stark, defined, cool.
Not a warm inviting wispy washy
landscape that envelopes you into an
almost senseless comfort but something
that is real and confronting. Not
imposing but just there demanding
recognition.

White and blue brilliance in the
sky, moving with the breeze, cool
air bristling the skin opening it to the
senses around it. Cold stone, in the
castles and the cliffs below, dark,
foreboding and uncompromising. Old
enough and permanent enough to
be as ~~natural as nature itself~~ as much
a part of the landscape as nature
itself. Craggy hills beyond the

the palace, brown and green in a barren hard fertility capped with gold in a myriad of movement against the heavy greys of the clouds behind.

A man green man on stilts with a red umbrella frozen in a moment of search, above the moving festival crowd.

A sunny afternoon with sandwiches from M+S, watching an old man and children with their families play mini-golf on an endless corridor of green grass. The castle and city behind and the oak trees above. Neil and his mother and one of many laminated timber benches set there for the people. A scene painted by the city and brought to life

by its people. Squirrels and birds popping in and out of the details en masse that seem to have been ~~scattered~~ dotted all about the canvas of colours, smells and noises.

Just a few of my impressions of Edinburgh during the festival.

25/8/94 Rain the last couple of days and the daylight hours getting shorter and shorter. You can almost feel the winter months looming in people. A slight anxiousness or just maybe a foreboding of what they know is to come. A sense of urgency about using the good weather and weekends as much as possible ~~as~~ until the doors slam shut and we are left in a

confined artificially heated, stale darkness. Maybe all these observations are just reflections of my own feelings?

PM Its been good riding into work, I feel a lot more relaxed and having a little more time due to the shorter journey helps me sit back and look at life a little more. Unfortunately its trial and error, living life different ways to find out which you feel best with. There have been times + periods over the last few weeks when I haven't been as 'at one' or as nice as I could / should have been. Towards KC is probably one of them, just letting things get to me. But its getting there. though nice and

others mistakes (two guys stressed out to the max today fighting in their cars). I'm slowly learning to keep with what is important.

Chill out and live the life remembering what is + isn't superficial and what matters - peace of mind in particular.

28/8/94 Went and had a look at the Notting Hill Carnival today, lots of people (2 million apparently!). It was a great scene. Reggae music man on every corner and a procession of trucks stacked high with speakers. (It was like they grabbed every speaker they could find and starting with the largest started to stack, as their stocks ran out the searches for and wide for speakers.

come up with progressively smaller ones to try + fill the huge space to the top!) A small procession of primary school tots and parents trailing behind enraptured in the heat, a flurry of colour and ~~sexually~~

~~provocative movement.~~
Sexually provocative ~~is~~ probably is a description, only a point, great dancing anyway that is surely dwelt upon by a thousand ~~writers~~

dance.

It was great seeing these people so into everything and I really like reggae music as well. Made me ~~wish~~ wish I could have been involved in something like that at that age. growing up, certainly

looked like these kids were totally free of inhibitions and all the started in-grown attitudes we had towards ~~relations~~ the opposite sex (+ sex) etc

29/8/94

	£	BA
CBA MELB		3525
CBA SYD - TERM DEP		10 285
BAUKCARD		0
MASTERCARD		80
VISA		50
NATWEST LND.	1865	3730
TAR DUXE LND	370	740
ARUP ISTRUCTE BONUS	425	850
JUSTIN/BOND.	80	160
M+D'S PRESENT	(100)	(200)
VAT ON RINGS	200	400
	<hr/> 2840	<hr/> 19 620

30/8/94 Something else I remember about when I first arrived in London (other than chimney pots), was sitting on the tubes and noticing how ugly everybody (including me) looked after having been in Hong Kong.

31/8/94

"The chances of anything coming from mars are a million to one he said.

The chances of anything coming from mars, are a million to one.....
... but still they come"

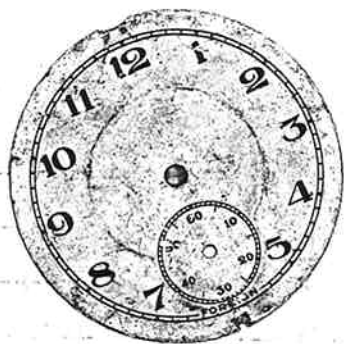
(War of the worlds). This particular song has a wonderful sense of movement and urgency. The breaking down of ~~self~~ conceited beliefs and the structure upon which in-grown self righteous complacency has ruled. The breaking down to a common level where ~~poor~~ ignorant seniority and misplaced power doesn't taint the decision making. The breaking down to a world of no past, a world conscious only of the present, all of mans traditions and culture giving way to raw life.

1/9/94 Luxuries of looking into ones past accomplishments and superfluous thoughts of art and beauty.

displaced by a raw
moving energy hungrily
trying to grab the
meat of survival in its
jaws. An open wound
alert and pumped full
of adrenalin.

F---ing long way to go Bren!

Seems like I never finish anything I'm
happy with. I need to get back into
photography and actually produce
something! Or take some serious time
off to work on something else.



3/9/94 A bag
of old clocks
for a pound from
Portobello road
markets. A street
full of rain and
grey, a tea shop full of scones
and jam, another seemingly timeless
day.

7/9/94 Very sick today - flu brought
about by wisdom teeth + being
tired. Just watched a bit of back to
the future II with Michael J Fox going
in + out of good + bad lives. Depressed
me a bit seeing how incapable of doing
anything once I got a bit sick I got.
A lot of it is just mental so changed my
clothes and cleaned up a bit and feel

letter already. It's all a bit pathetic really isn't it. Kidding yourself that there will be a time when you have it all sussed. It's always going to be a struggle. A long hard struggle. Is this the depression starting to set in again? Just feel too tired to go on sometimes. A vacant longing for sand and sea, a warm evening with people dressed in colourful clothes. An imaginary indian summer. Some music some wine...

10/9/94 I still feel pretty blocked up and burning, I'm in bed, I smell, it's sunny outside just to top it all off, and I'm down to my last strepsil - Woe is me.

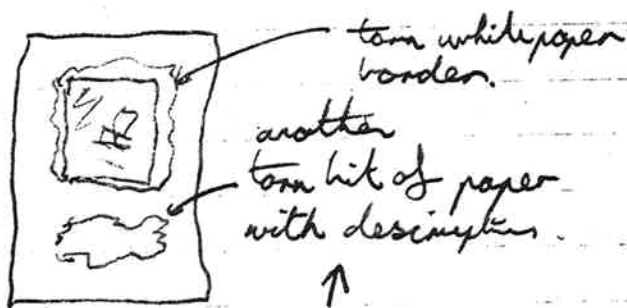
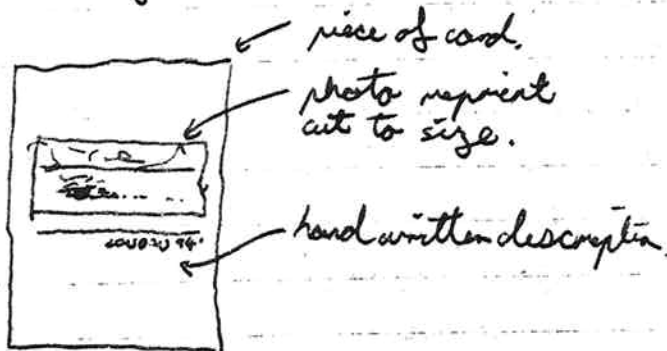
Ange is unhappy with her work. She has been a little despondant of late (← more of this crappy half hearted attempt at writing - too much Aldous Huxley in there!) anyway I have had the feeling it was due to work and it is.

I shall try and encourage her to go to a few employment agencies and put her name down, she is very capable, it is just a matter of finding something, unfortunately, working for someone else is always going to involve stress.

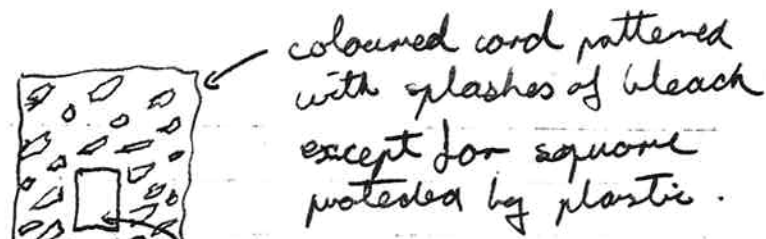
We have also decided to try our hands at a bit of card making as a hobbie on the side to maybe also eventually make a bit of money. Something I've wanted to do for a while also - it will be pretty difficult I think, but we can start small and

see how we go.

Some thoughts



↑
get some thick white paper from
work.



Insert could be a
photo or a little
paint or crayon drawing
on brown torn paper, something
like the symbols for T-shirts I used
to think about



Chinese pattern like
stamps from HK.

Colors - med on brown on purple/white
cord.

green on brown on cream cord.

- Could use the guillotine at work.
- Incorporate the cogs + gears from old clocks (Pontshella road - 1/2 a bag)

Descriptions could read a little off beat.

- 'In splendour red'
the Chelsea guard
London 94'
- 'A winter path on
Commonland - London 94'
- 'Age's grandeur'
Cambridge, England 94'
- 'In stone we stand'
Edinburgh Castle
O.K. 94'

The backing could be light hessian or material on pausly pattern like on the inside of the envelopes)



Envelopes could be the cheap ones from high st shop → cheap + nice

All of these could be put in cheap clip frames + done as pictures as well.

Beds of rock
from sands of time
do proudly stand
whilst churchbells chime.

From coldness born of stone
does ^a power grow
stark against nature
mass strength does he sow.

11/9/94 Aldous Huxley wrote very well
about the human position in the
society he created for himself in a short
story 'Chawdron':
"More inefficiency" Tilney answered
"Just bad acting, for when all's said and
done what is hypocrisy but bad acting."
"For what is the practice of morality?" Its
just pretending to be somebody that in
nature you aren't. Its acting the part of a
saint, or a hero, or a respectable citizen.
.... the highest ethical ideal in ~~the~~
Christianity ... expressed in A Kempster's
formula - 'The imitation of Christ'. So

that the organized churches turn out to
be nothing but vast and elaborate
academies of dramatic art. And every
school is a school of acting.... A
virtuous man is one who has learned his
part thoroughly and acts it competently and
convincingly... The wicked are those who
either can't or won't learn to act.... As
for a hypocrite he's just a bad
actor. By nature, like all of the rest
of us he's a criminal interrupter, but he
accepts the teachings of the local
academies of local art and admits man's
highest duty is to act star parts to
applauding houses. But he is wholly
without talent" he grows bored with
or just through lack of concentration or
commitment falls in and out or acts
to differing extents his pious part in

life. Very good, I enjoy reading things like that.

It also ties in with another story I read by Brian Aldiss only a week beforehand. He gives an account of a galactic civilization trying to entice a previously isolated world into its vastness. Intermittent with this he gives short passages describing the Lemmings, arriving in masses to the cliffs, plunging into the sea and swimming to some unknown want on the horizon. ^{supposedly} Some of the Lemmings are starting to drown in the swim, the slower ones, the stragglers.

It is revealed towards the end that the reason the galactic civilization wants the planet to join their

federation is really to avoid them becoming one of the stragglers. They are not striving to reach a goal, but instead running to escape their past, trying to break free from their natural primitive state. A primitive state that is exposed to them in all its raw savage horror by their enlightened consciousness. Swimming not to some point wanton on the horizon but from something embedded deep in themselves, the savage embryo in their ~~psyches~~ psyches from which through evolution they have grown from.

Trying to divorce and jettison totally the natural instincts left over from their past evolution to become in whole the actor they wish to be.

I think that this applies to

everyone. Everyone has an image of the part they wish to play. Everyone feels themselves a little false for needing to act the part others seem to live by nature. One should be conscious of both levels maybe and live with the purity of understanding the two rather than with the feelings of guilt + falseness they feel at ~~having~~ having to hide the savage in themselves that others seemingly don't.

pm Just watched Johnny Depp in 'Edward Scissorhands' again. Beautiful movie, very well done.

12/9/94 - I don't want to work anymore!

14/9/94
work.

Feel so tired at the moment I can't really relax inbetween I want to be at home.

- Just spent 5 min having a bit of a chat and a laugh with two guys from work - feel a lot better. Must see if we can get down to the pub for a pint tonight cheer Ange + I up a little.



19/9/94 Went to see a good photography exhibition (a positive view sponsored by Vogue) and also walked down Abbey road (and ~~up~~ over the Beatles crossing) outside of EMI studios. Everyone had signed their names and drawn little murals in honour of their pilgrimage to the Beatles work place → most dated Sept '94 so they must do a lot of repainting (of the fence outside the studios):

Sometimes I sit at work and wonder if I don't enjoy it because I find the actual process of doing the work boring or if it is because I am scared of doing the work and so keep putting it off. Whatever the reason

at the moment I would rather be doing something else (holidays or photography in particular surprise, surprise).

23/9/94. I am starting to feel at a little bit of a loss again. A vague wanting in the back of my mind to give it all up for something. Well, not for something - for nothing. Just feels like it's getting to be a long hard drag.

I've felt, or noticed lately that things around me have started to feel less and less English. Slowly falling through the fairyland to the cold grey of a real world. Perhaps it's time to move again. Escape from the reality?

26/9/94 Scared me a little some of the stuff I did in design back in Melbourne. Most of it through inexperience which I don't think I would do now. Examples are the expansion (halving) joints in some of the Eastland beams. The footings for Eastland - overdesigned in size.

There should be more checking of the drawings for good detailing and get feeling sizes on things like footings etc.

Gives you a nasty feeling in the stomach and a sleepless night here and there, especially since I am over here. → a bit of basic paranoia! Not much I can do about it in any case.

27/9/94 Rode home through Wimboldon Common last night at dusk.

Everything was black with a purple pink shy behind. Shadowy track with black silhouettes of the trees and leaves above ~~with~~ ^{with} olding above in a mass of purple. The gravestones of the cemetery on the right glowing pale pinky grey as if under their own power.

It was all so strong visually it just took me away with it. Made me feel as though I could just let my eyes close and drift on into the earth. The external senses slowly being divorced as the strength of the vision + smells etc dominated everything. (I didn't of course, I was content with feeling my way around the roots + bums + puddles) I must

make more of an effort in the future to mingle with the surroundings.

Just for the record, went kite flying with Justin + the dogs on Saturday, Vacuum packed Oz steak with Al + Heather on Saturday night, Ikea Sunday morning, dropped in to see Jaime + Maria + Frith Sunday + then Chris, Chon + Carolyn over on Sunday night to see Rossetta + Justin.

28/9/94 Went out for dinner last night with some of the Australians from London and David Singleton and Clive Humphries. Had a really good time. Nice company + great food. David paid for the lot + what was better introduced me to Bob Emerson one of the bigger

fish directors over here with non to subtle hints to look after me and help me out of Berto when I need it. Could be very useful when the time comes, although I am quite happy here for the moment. Will see how the Stations work and Bangsue pans out, could be quite good. But I must 1) Write and thank David for dinner + the introduction, and 2) give Bob a call or arrange to see him some time in the next week in order to let him know where I stand, and where I'm heading.

	£	\$A
CBA MELB		14 25
CBA SYD TERM DEPOSIT		10 360
BANKCARD		0
MASTERCARD		1080
VISA		30
NATWEST	2668	5336
TAX LND DUE	370	740
SUSTIN / BOND	80	160
M+O'S PRESENT	(100)	(200)
VAT ON RINGS.	200	400
CASH	30	60
ANGE'	BATH 25	50
	NY 223	446
		<u>\$ 18 887</u>

29/9/94 ↑ No change! however did buy tickets for New York

and bath - \$446, still would have hoped for a little more mind you.

I must arrange a meeting with Bob Emmerson to discuss future moves

- opportunities (in light of the recent advertisement internally and in the structural engineer).
- Potential fields

↑ This is something I need to think about. Lightweight structures (not as appealing as it used to be) - working with good architects on building projects is more the ideal I think.

- Potential travel.
- Let it be known that I would be prepared to work hard. (I think I would have to!).

TIME

Our perception of time seems to be a logarithmic trail. We lay out below us a fresh trail of glistening moving silver, each second drawn out to rich conscious happening.

Looking behind us the seconds we lay lose their definition, the minutes the hours the days seem to grow a bit of a tarnish and solidify into a ever slower rate shrinking until further back along the trail the years seem to have reduced themselves to a crystallized form taking up mere minutes or seconds of the stream below us we call now. their further shrinkage still slowly going

on but almost undetectable to our human eyes.

Upon death the silver thread is cut and no longer do the fresh seconds of silver that were now get laid out below us. The thread that has been the time of our life is left behind us suspended in blackness. Diminishing as it still continues to shrink and also as we continue forward to whatever lies ahead, the silver thread becoming ever more distant in perspective as we move away.

Finally it shrinks to a small tarnished silver globule suspended in the blackness as a tribute to the life that was. The years, the decades all, but indistinguishable

the fact that this was an existence
the only real decipherable thing left.

Meanwhile to our consciousness,
it becomes an ever smaller silver dot
in the distance, physically almost
undetectable. The spiritual effects on
our maturity for want of a better
word that were impressed on us whilst
our present was still at one with the
thread being the only real close to
home remnants of the life.



30/9/94. People (me) seem to find it very
hard to let go of the past. For
instance to commit suicide to get away
from things when there are so many other
options (a long holiday being probably all
that is needed). Rather than this it seems
thoughts can't jump tracks and end up
feeling into a dead end and death.

Maybe it's just that you think
anything else is just as bad, or a need to
finish up a loose end and no way of
giving up on it if you ~~want~~ ^{want} to be happy
anywhere else. Maybe once it gets
that mind dominating you can't see
through the tangled web you feel
losing in on you. Or it's a thing
inherent in a person, a reaction to
the world around you and nothing
that a change in your own private

circumstances would solve. A feeling of being unable to cope with the state of the universe, the people killing, starving, cheating + dying; unable to cope with the knowledge of what is around you, something you are powerless to change and unable to escape from.

It seems I feel there are a lot of people who suffer from depression in the world. Products of a race with too much time on their hands for inward thought away from the day to day matters of survival.

People who are generally creative and intellectual as they spend so much time in thought about things. Or in turn may be depressed because

they are creative and intellectual and there time within leads to a more concerned view of the world. A view behind the face of a seemingly stupid and superficial society leading to a feeling of being alone with a view to the what seems like a hopeless situation. Self doubt, a sanity not reinforced by society breeds it and would quite quickly bring on a state of depression.

I am lucky I have both in moderation be it which ever come first. But unfortunately sub-conscious feelings (conscious hopes maybe, hidden by fear of refusal) of being special, of having something special the rest of the world may want to know and read about one day are most likely

mis founded. I am probably one of a million, all of this to be put down as a typical example of 'that' particular group of people. An un-interesting example of a depressed person....

.... depressing isn't it Marvin....

1/10/94 ↑ The fact that I tend to write in moments of depression probably helps not a lot either!

3/10/94 The weekend - had a walk around Chelsea Harbour and visited Justin + Rosetta's old pub The Ferret and Finken and balloon over the Moon down the river or something! Saturday night was drinks and a game called nightnone and Sunday a

walk with Craig and Diana and their friend Jeremy through Richmond park with the dogs. Nice, relaxed weekend.

Praying myself out of bed this morning.

4/10/94 Sitting in a small warm cafe near Fitzroy Street in the city. Too early for a two day course in meeting skills. Chilly blue sky cold outside, suits walking briskly off to work with abstract thoughts of the arriving winter welling around the back of their minds. Builders at work emptying buckets full of building rubbish or hands in pockets shoulders high, keeping on moving. Warm cigarettes in cold stiff ~~hands~~ fingers.

Ange started her temping yesterday. Poor thing, not easy walking into a new place with no experience and having to pick up the phones on reception. She seems to be handling it very well, mind you has had a very upset stomach! Don't blame her.

It's really good she is getting out and doing this sort of thing. Will give her a good feeling of what is out there and what she wants / can do. The pay isn't much better than the coffee shop: $30 \times 3.5 = \pounds 105$ versus $3 \times 7 \times \pounds 5.50 = \pounds 115.50$ ^(LESS TRAVEL) but that's only this week and plus it's 3 days instead of 5 or 6, no weekends and will help build her self esteem. I have been helping her a little financially just to ease the stress. Not much just a bus

Jane here and there and a bit of shopping and bike lights etc.

Things are happening a bit on the Army front also. I have had a chat with ~~Bob Emerson~~ John Loader, he instigated it actually and then in turn with Steve Dyson, they both want me to stay in Berts until February at least next year.

I have also booked an appointment to see Bob Emerson about opportunities. Staying in Berts a little longer I wouldn't mind. If I finished in Feb next year it will have been for a full year and a couple of opportunities could come about - I could move to new work (better architectural / big work) or if it suited Army!

would take some good leave and travel keeping in touch with them (it would be summertime) and then come back into some work when there was some around. This I think I will discuss with Bob on Friday.

P.M. Well - I can feel the depression descending. A combination of being tired and unhappy with myself. It is something I seem to just slip into and then almost self perpetuate a bit like when I used to (not that I'm totally over it!) cut off my nose to spite my face (as dad used to put it) Maybe old bad habits are returning. Get some good sleep and it might all go away eh?

5/10/94 Felt a lot better after today. My voice is bad but not as bad as I thought, I must make some effort to keep speaking.
Jeddy ← (On the train again) The course on meeting skills was actually very good and even though it was ^a painful and unexpectedly intense couple[^] of days it was well worthwhile, I was never bored and I enjoyed and learnt a lot from it!

6/10/94 Feel like I am maturing a bit, or maybe learning how to be mature under pressure.

Went to the Troubadour last night and had a great time (well maybe more very enjoyable than great. great for some reason seems to suggest dancing in the aisles etc). Had a couple of hot

chocolates to unwind and then went downstairs to listen to the music. Just people from the crowd actually. Small black room under the coffee house / restaurant, 50 maybe people, a few candles and tables. Blue red + orange stage lighting, bodies everywhere amongst smoke and an atmosphere of calm open appraisal reaching all corners.

7/10/94 - I'd like to be -

9/10/94 At the end of a weekend in Bath. Sitting on the banks of the Avon relaxing. Has been beautiful weather. Got in to bath yesterday after an hour and a quarter on the train ~~the~~ listening to ~~the~~ two old American Ladies - Hummmmm!

Spent most of the day looking around the city doing a bit of shopping. Bought some old maps for £8 (bargain!). Beautiful town, all old terrace houses in ~~a~~ sandstone geometrically shewing the hills, quite an impressive sight when you approach by train.

The centre of the town is very picturesque with a big abbey, lots of small shop lined streets, the Roman Baths and Pulteney Bridge over the Avon all within a short distance of each other. ~~the~~

Things that stick out are the cold black waters of the Avon with cool yellow sandstone all around. Green of the banks and the freshness of the reflections off of the river. 'Blue sky on black water' gives you

that feeling you get just after you have eaten an ice cream. A cool feeling down your throat and into your stomach with everything else warm and 'usual' (whenever that Roget's Thesaurus when you need one?) around.

Going out after breakfast into the fog lined streets to take some photos. Not many people about, sleeping buildings, like sneaking onto a landscape canvas while its still being painted.

The fog a state of nothingness into which the city slowly materializes. A slow dawning from a deep sleep.

Denier the night before at a small station place we stumbled upon. A beer in a pub beforehand and looking at the bridge lit up at night.

Barbers in the main square outside the baths and a local rugby game at the ground by the river.

Warm sun on the body, fresh air in the ~~throat~~ lungs, black water ~~and~~ blue sky giving contrasting images. A set of postcards. Not a sleepy town like I'd thought it might be. Expensive and just there. Can't say I fell in love.

Doesn't quite feel as though I'm on it does it.

Mmmmm.....

12/10/94 On a tube on my way to see Bob Emmerson RE work after BERTS !!!
Hopefully it should be a fairly

informal discussion. Points I want to bring up are

- Work after February as agreed by John Loader and Steve Dyson.

- Possibility of Travel or REDR instead (Leave of Absence).

- What is a building group on a good architectural job. Maybe if available - Foster (Norman) Piano (Renzo).

- Give him my experience
 - little of everything (civil + structural + site).
 - small jobs → big jobs
 - varying roles.

- small office - get alot of exposure to clients / architects / different aspects of the jobs.

- Work hard and enjoy working hard on the right projects.

- Possibility of travel - like travelling have a plus fiancee but would be more than willing to pay her costs.

↓
- Speak soundly clearly directly + to the point

↓
Be Cool - Praise people around me - John Loader etc.

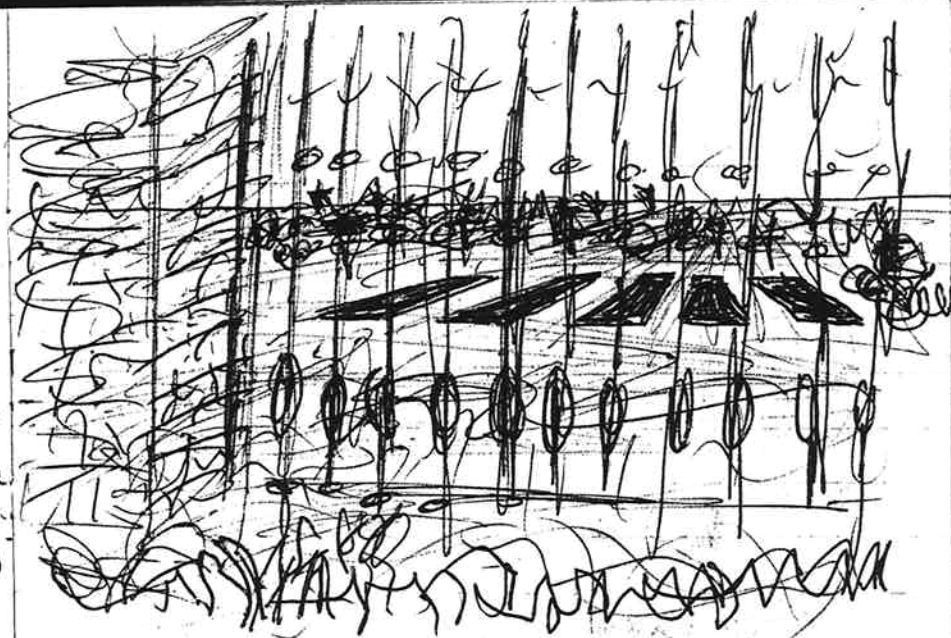
Well it all seemed to go OK - mid Feb next year and it won't be a problem if he has as much pull as he indicated he has.

Means we are likely to be here a bit longer → Hmmm... Travel out off a bit and away from home longer. Will bounce it off of Ange and see what she has to say.

Tub rang too - new girlfriend, or friend anyway in the running. Made me miss home and also London!!! Don't quite know what to feel or think.

13/10/94 'Plip' ... 'Plip, Plip' ...
'Plip' ... Plip Plip Plip, Plip
... Plip ...

Brick walls, cast iron fences painted in black... plip... open skies, green trees majestic and proud in their



lushness, solid and sturdy... plip plip
... plip ... a grey road and lush green lawn stretching up the hill plip
... strings of white cloud as snapshots of rolling movement suspended in the breeze that moves around me...
... plip ... Green grass
... plip a flash of dark brown earth and then a patch of colour
... plip a little rectangle of

flowers appears plip plip row
upon row plip plipity plip
plip plip plip Monds in
pockets breeze in hair a long, and
distant ~~stare~~ plip thoughtless stare
plip.



A clown leans upon a cross
above a damp hole of brown to
black. He smiles and beckons,
and laughs out loud
..... You stare thoughtfully
..... The wind seems
to have become cooler. you
make that small change in weight to
move forward ~~the~~
~~decision is made~~ In a moment of
momentum time slows and you
~~seem~~ seem poised in motion, the
wind has stopped plip
..... The world behind you ~~spreads~~

← Supposed to be the clown out of 'IT'
by Stephen King → use your imagination
↳ whooshes away in streaks of colour

to a grey nothing
green grass and and a
hole in the ground brown to black
jack!

14/10/94 - Very tired. Invited out tonight
by Tim for a drink with the
boys but I must admit it doesn't appeal.
Must make an effort to do more with
Ange of the things I like → matter



Whats wrong Brea



So why the tears



I.....

17/10/94 "So why is it I can't stop
thinking about you ..."

Had a good weekend - run + a ride
between Putney + Richmond along the
towpath with Ange and Justin and
then the Aussie rules football at the
oval on Sunday.

"And when no hope was left inside,
upon that starry starry night;
you took your life like lovers after do..."

18/10/94 Dying from the inside out.

While I was up in Bath I was sitting watching a busker play the violin. An old lady got up and walked the five metres to put some money into his case. Once she had she stood around for a bit, I asked her if she wanted to sit down and she said she was just looking for her friend. She hung around for another couple of minutes and then looking back to the seat she had come from recognized her friend + went back + sat down with her.

Hmmmm...

19/10/94 Still tired but work has kept me fairly busy today and it feels

like I am on the road to recovery. I actually think a lot of it is work related frustration.

25/10/94 Went down to the south west of England last weekend with Ange (of course) and her friend Elizabeth who had hired a car. Elizabeth is very nice but tended to get on my nerves a bit, very really this and really that and like that like, a bit like dragging all the time.

Was a good weekend anyway, spent time travelling around places like Stone Henge, Glastonbury Tor and the Avebury circle etc. Lots of little English villages also. Was really good, its not hard to get carried away with all the history of Cathedrals, Magna Carta, people

being hung drawn and quartered, the castles and knights and celtic legends, the prehistoric monuments, remnants from down through all ages it seemed. Made Hereng the eighth look like a recent relative in our history.

There is a book called 'Saram' which I wouldn't mind reading which follows a lot of it through.

"First they came for the jews,
but I did not speak out for I was
not a jew.

Then they come for the communists,
but I did not speak out for I was
not a communist.

Then they came for the trade unionists
but I did not speak out for I was
not a trade unionist

Then they came for me.
and there was no one left to
speak out for me... "

(5)

28/10/94 - Accounts time!

	£	\$A
CBA MELB		1411
CBA SYD		10360
BANKCARD		0
MASTERCARD		1080
VISA		370
NATWEST	3038	6076
JUSTIN/BOND	80	160
MHO'S PRESENT	(100)	(200)
VAC ONRINGS	200	400
15 TRULTE FROM OAP	156	312
CASH	125	250

\$20219

\$340 not bad, - not good I suppose - was an expensive weekend away to Salisbury with Elizabeth and Bath also. Should make more of an effort as usual (Oh yeah + a couple of bills).

6/11/94 In New York! It's all a bit bewildering, the flight, the time difference, lots of buildings + lots of cars, I think Angie and I are still waiting for our minds to catch up with ourselves!

Lots of first impressions: Cars - a whole city and culture devoted to cars. big american tanks all over the place, fumes, horns, sirens, pavement everywhere, a stark difference from London where the cars are still there but so much smaller and less obtrusive some

low. Maybe it's because your average American uses his car as an image thing and it comes across. Maybe it's seeing so many of them in the movies - particularly disconcerting ~~is~~ are the big dodge vans - I think because you see so many in the violent movies being used for all sorts of things from fly by shootings to kidnappings.

The other thing is the people. A very interactive people and pretty rough and ready emotionally on the surface. Can be disconcerting losing all the little polite-isms etc that make or contribute to the paradis in Aus + England - and most other places for that matter.

The city is both interesting and disappointing. Some of the sights are just amazing - the Architecture, the

views and the shops - The Statue of Liberty + Ellis Island - World Trade Centre and Empire State. I expected it to be a little more together however, the whole city seems interspersed with good and bad, clean and dirty areas. Areas of shops and areas of run down junky properties that seem almost in disease.

I have a very nervous excitement all the time which doesn't help relax me I must admit. Part of it is Angie being paranoid which isn't a bad idea actually and part of it is me.

This is our second night so we might leave the valuables in the safe and travel a little further - Angie permitting!

Still have to plan our days:

~~STAY~~ NIGHT

Sat	- Arrived - shop look around - Empire State	NY
Sun	- Statue of Liberty + Ellis Island.	NY
Mon	- NY - Museums + Shopping - State Is	NY
Tues	- NY - Bball game	NY
Wed	- Travel to Boston.	BOST
Thurs	- Travel to Cape Cod.	CAPE COD
Fri	- Day in Cape Cod.	CAPE COD.
Sat	- Back to NY	NY
Sunday	- Leave early.	

↑ This is just a guess - see what eventuates.

7/11/94 Went and saw Times Square last night which was great. Just like I thought it would be with all of the neon lights and people etc. Very tourists. Had possibly the worst steak I have ever eaten at a cheap B&B place - pay the little

bit extra next time!

What I enjoyed more was Radio City music Hall and especially the Rockefeller centre. These were areas that felt together, lots of people and a clean, social grace feeling.

The Rockefeller centre especially, great architecture, the ice skating rink, good lighting, the NBC news room. It was fantastic - such an easygoing atmosphere with the skaters gliding, people strolling and the Rockefeller tower rising above it all, thin, post modern - hugely tall and majestic and still unassuming, impressing you as a friend does rather than a stranger.

Easy to get taken back by the atmosphere to the golden age it must have represented.

Feel a lot more at ease having seen things like that - looking forward to the next few days.

8/11/94 Saw Central Park which was OK - nothing great, Strawberry Fields and the Dakota building (of John Lennon fame was good - interesting). Went to the Metropolitan museum of art which was just another museum but had a great bit on Van Gogh and a few Monets and Rembrandts which were also good. Bought a couple of prints → Irises and Roses in a vase by Van Gogh.

All in all an easy day which was very enjoyable. Off to see the Knicks play the Lakers today (tonight)

which will be fantastic and off to Boston tomorrow morning. Forgive me if I'm sounding boring but there is a program on female body building (a talk show) ! - 37 channels and nothing on.

9/11/94 On our way to Boston by train. Travelling through World according to Garp. John Irving country. Trees are coming to the end of the fall, glowing embers after the fiery colours of red and orange that must have preceded. Two to three storey weather board houses painted in white or flaky pastel greens and yellows. Protruding window bays from the flat tile roofs gabling over the lefts.

Quiet wintry grey roads bringing the scene together with some realism, some gravelly driveways and leaning telegraph poles bringing forth images of children on trikes and fathers doing house maintenance, the people, the species of which they are a product.

Stretches of town, again unpretty and as cold as the rough edged streets ~~that~~ from which they grow. Large dodge pick ups and ~~images~~ ^{images inside of} flannel shirted, peaked capped drivers one hand on the wheel, unshaven, ~~unshaven~~ ^{unshaven} The ignorant pig forming masculinity brought to life by a hundred crappy american TV shows. The uninformated country man inviting tragedy through his

inherent baseness and on a collision course plotted by every screenwriter with the morals of the enlightened 'in control' city folk. (Hmmm... bit sad that these are the images my mind brings up - a casualty of the armchair viewer!). Dotted quite frequently along the way majestic rivers reflecting the ~~white~~ ^{silver} sky, cool and fresh in their setting. Trees leaning out from the banks as if they were trying to hold back the intrusion of humanity from these sacred ~~river~~ life blood routes of nature.

13/11/94 On the plane home - Same movie we saw on the way over, they forgot to give us headsets + when they

finally did it turns out the audio wasn't working anyway - thankyou BA!

The last few days have been great. Boston was nice but a bit of a funny city. Not many trees or life it seemed in the streets. Just large lifeless buildings everywhere. Went up the John Hancock tower which was good, saw a bit more of the old Boston and a bit of the history.

We hired out a car and drove down to Provincetown a beautiful little seaside village on the tip of Cape Cod. We found a little place, the Bulbring wharf apartments and stayed in a studio flat which was perfect. Old wooden floors with a rug and queen size bed. High gabled ceilings with bay windows and a fireplace. Had dinner with a bottle of red and chocolate in front

of the fire and had an early night falling asleep to the sound of the wind outside and the dying fire. Spent the rest of the time briefly visiting wind swept beaches and marshlands (very briefly!!), and also looking through all of the shops down the main street. A good weekend midweek away from the city.

Back in NY we did a little shopping saw the Brooklyn bridge, the World Trade Centre, Statue of Liberty across the bay at sunset and also the lights of lower Manhattan at night from the Staten Island Ferry.

Sitting next to a guy reading music and photography magazines looking like I'd like look in a few years. Time. Must take some time to do some more

photography. Once I get back home I will really make a big effort to get in boots and all.

Reading a book by Aldous Huxley 'The Devils of Loudun' in which he elaborates on mans basic need to attain self transcendence. Very interesting and very true I think. In it he describes things such as art, hobbies etc as surrogates or downward / sideways transcendence ~~for~~ rather than upper transcendence which is what we should be trying to attain. I agree and must try to keep a focus on the real thing as well as improving and enjoying my down to earth day to day existence. I am not sure but would say that upper transcendence would be dependant or made easier by day to day life being what you want it

to be. Keep well adjusted as a base from which to build for a better consciousness of what it is all about.

He also starts to break down this search for self transcendence. He uses the father, the son + the Holy ghost as slots for the different aspects but aside from this it is good to read about this. I have never really approached it in this breakdown + analysis type way before.

- Satisfy the spiritual part, the self part - etc. I don't know what the aspects are but it's starting to feel like the first baby steps anyway. Like the eyes adjusting from the baby's two-foot field of vision knowing there is stuff out there but ill-prepared and unable to see it other than a blur in the background to a slow realising

of focus and eventually the exploration. Will wait and see what comes - will be long and drawn out I get the feeling.

14/11/94 From New York to London.

Out of one dream and back into another. The broad flat base of Australia still far off in an imagined dusk across the seas and all the other mystic lands between on the other side of the world.

17/11/94

Killing me softly, with his heart,
Tearing my whole world... apart.

Killing me slowly from within.

(Back at work).

Why don't I leave?

Because I like the money,
Because I like the prestige.

Because I haven't thought through
the options properly and I am scared
of being out there without the
security.

Because I don't want to fall
behind my friends

Because it's not just me, it's
Ange as well.

Because I'm materialistic.

Because somewhere in my

future is a picture of a
house with a mowed green
lawn, a driveway and a
car, and a small family
babe in arms standing
in front of it.

And the picture is an image
in a mirror separated only
by time, it's a predestined
point in the future to which
I'm heading and to stray
would mean the sound of
breaking glass.

And it's the sound of breaking
glass and the immediate
aftermath I am scared of
not so much the losing of
the image within it.

Fear of change?

21/11/94 Aldous Huxley on God and nature: "A poetry that represents man in isolation from nature represents him inadequately...." it is not God's will at all to be loved by us against the creation, but glorified through the creation...

I'm not sure about poetry representing man in isolation - I think in this day and age there are parts of man that can only be represented in isolation, parts of man that can only be represented by the environment immediately around him, an environment he has created either in his own mind or by his own knowledge that represents isolation from creation around him. A lunatic gently rocking back and forth naked in a

white walled asylum, wide myopic eyes, unshaven, sweaty, greasy tangles of hair, the white ^{spots as} a backdrop to confines of his own small world, a snow ^{seen out of focus} across a gulf that acts as ^{an} uncrossable vast empty expanse of silent space between his mind and reality. A space so empty that almost nothing, sound, sight or feeling may traverse it, none but the strongest and purest of images have a chance of making it and then only those that happen to strike a chord in tangle of his mind ever register. A bright yellow sun or a red robin twittering in a rose bush stride upon memories past and briefly bridge the gap.

That I guess is the creation but what about the mind within? And it

doesn't need to be as extreme as a
heretic. What about the mind exploring
its soul, about the games played in
politicising about the subjects of the post-
Senecan tragedies Huskey writes about.
Come to think of be them ports they are
only ports and a full description of the
soul and the creation against which it
stands, or through which it flows? is
required. Have just convinced myself
by trying to think of man outside of
this world. It is a thin line between
man and creation which one could say
in fact I think I would say does not
exist. Of creation we are but a port.

Hmm - I wish I was a little more
intelligent in all of these matters and I
might understand this life thing a little
better. Can only try I guess and

maybe one day the picture will become
clearer.

I will have a library when I settle
down and in one corner I will put books
I would like to reread in order that I
understand them better. Huskey's will
be amongst them.

28/11/94 Spent the weekend in Cambridge
with Tim + Jen, Craig + Di and
Tim's friends. Played 2 hours of basketball
on the Saturday and one hour on the
Sunday. Very stiff + sore today!
Played quite well but lacking in fitness.
Pubs on the Saturday night and Sunday
afternoon with a punt up the Cam to
coffee at the top end and back.

Very enjoyable ~~date~~ ← person
next to me speaking on the phone!! weekend.

Financed! →	£	A\$
CBA MELB		1403
CBA SYD		10440
B/C		0
M/C		- 350
V/C		205
NATWEST	3957	7914
BOND/JUST	80	160
M+D'S PRES	(100)	(200)
ISTRUCTE FROM OAP	156	312
CASH	160	320
ANGÉ	35	(70)
TIM	10	(20)
CRAIG	10	(20)
ANGÉ FOR NY (APPROX)		400
		<hr/> 494

Where do they get the money for these houses and these cars?!?!...

\$ 20 ~~2000~~

29/11/94

← OOPS! missed 350\$ in conversion of UB\$ to A\$ - bummer!
 Alright considering NY and everything, although does include profit share from Arup. Angie must be finding it hard, must ask her and push a bit more her way.

Spending my time at work mucking around on quillage analyses of slabs. Not that productive but learning alot and getting a feel for things. I like it but also feel a little bit guilty. Should make the most of it while I can I suppose.

30/11/94 What is this batten, this incessant toing + froing between people, the alcohol, the food, the feeling of having been out for a drink with people yet having spent the night alone.

Tell me, what's it all about, perhaps

this I know, so tell me what am I doing here?, what the fuck am I doing here, I like the money + what it gets me?
Someone please tell me why. I know why, someone please tell me...
please tell me --- ... am ---

please! ----

5/12/94 Getting harder and harder to get up and go to work -
agggghhhhh... I want to be on holiday for six months, I never want to work again.

Spent a nice regroup yourself weekend although went out a bit. The Australian consulate in the Strand on Friday night for IEAust do, Shopping in Kingston on Saturday, Angie's friend Mem (and her

moroccan husband Read) for a nice meal on Saturday night, painting + walking the dogs on Sunday, and Sheryl Crow / Joe Cocker compliments Rosetta on the Sunday night which was really good. A great concert made all the better by the fact that we didn't have to pay for it!

13/12/94 Justin and Rosetta are fighting again and I don't like it very much. Feel frustrated because I don't know what to do. If only both of them could sit down, discuss it rationally and come to a decision. If only a lot of things I suppose.

I feel like I need to sit down with Angie and discuss what is happening as far as our stay over here goes as well

It's a time to rethink, what have we done that we wanted to, how do we go from here etc...

Anyway it's late and I'm going to try and get some sleep.

14/12/94 Also bought a car yesterday of Craig at work. Ford Escort 85 Laser month II. Reasonable value → he bought it 9 months ago for £1200 and is selling it to us for £1000 because Dianne has now got a company car. Will be expensive but worth it I think.

COST	1000	SERVICES	200
INSUR.	350	MISC REP	100
MOT.	30	DEVAL	<u>200</u>
TAX	130		<u>500</u>
UK LIC'S	43		
	<u>1550</u>		

ie Could be as

much as £1250 non reclaimable + petrol!
Hire car say:

10 weekends @ 80 = 800
2 weeks @ 130 = 260
£ 1060 !

Plus the convenience plus the fact it will make us get out and see things a bit more than we have been.

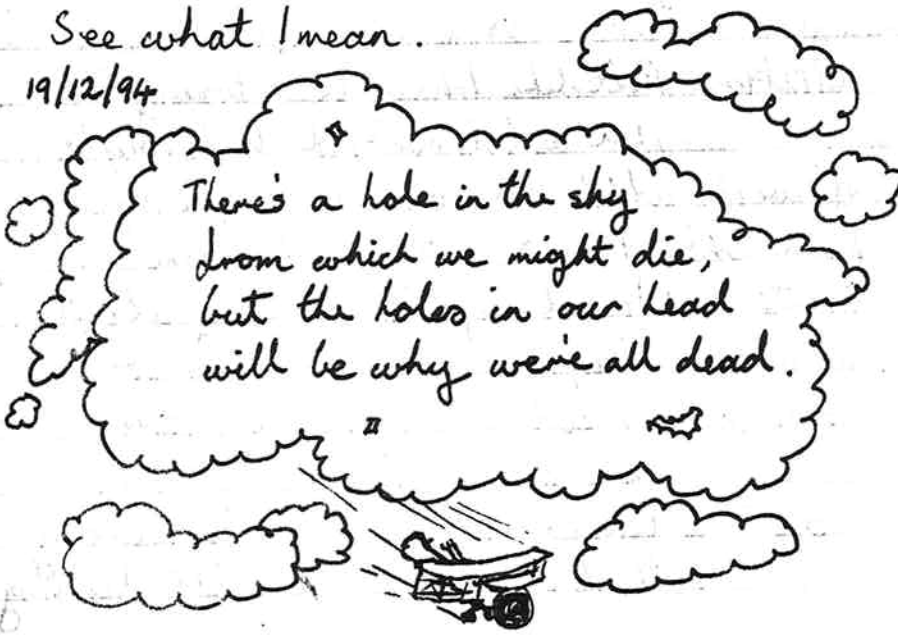
16/12/94 Felt like I have been losing the plot a bit over the last couple of weeks which all came to a grinding halt when I was shitty + unfair on Justin. I found myself thinking about what was happening to me. I was so cool calm + collected, really severe when I came over from Hong Kong + now the tension seems to be building I think it has to do with feeling

myself slip into a life here. Now to make an effort to do more travelling and always have a trip to look forward to.

Anyway I feel a lot better now, taking the car away for a long weekend after Christmas and going to Amsterdam for the New Year. -

See what I mean.

19/12/94



There's a hole in the sky
from which we might die,
but the holes in our head
will be why we're all dead.

The all powerful, eccentric, formidable seemingly cold, un-approachable and grilling bosses fill me with anger at how ~~foreign~~ seem to be from the human ethos that can be so warm. Fills me with anger and a ~~want to~~ aspirations to be there myself. Maybe if I ever end up there I will be different, maybe people who are different never end up there?

21/12/94 I seem to be winning and losing so much lately I don't know what happening anymore. Just a kaleidoscope of different moods and feelings from one end of the scale to the other.

27/12/94 Christmas and overseas again.

This time last year sitting in the flat at conduit road having dinner with 15 odd people. It was great, heaps of good food and a relaxed family dare I say it atmosphere. Christmas in HK was great.

Over here the four or five days preceding have been frost covered for most of the day. Christmas eve the fog didn't lift all day and had a rather forced but enjoyable lunch at a local cafe with work.

Christmas eve was great, finished off the shopping and spent the afternoon with Justin + Rosetta walking the dogs to the Fox and Croppers across the common in Windheldon. Fine and everything it was fantastic. And the common was like a winter wonderland all white with

frostbite. The way home was even more magical with a grey luminous sky dark woodlands ~~and~~ with white silk lighting it up everywhere. It was so quiet and we had the whole place to ourselves running and sliding over the frozen grass with baby dog jumping up at our backs wanting to join in.

Christmas day was OK but not as relaxed as it should be with Justin criticising Rosetta's cooking! (Fatal) and acting a bit like a spoilt kid at chrissey time all day + just too looney fuching dovey and doing the old 'from a regal family' routine! Rosetta insisting on watching Top of the pops just as lunch was being served, too much alcohol + smoking later on. Just lacked the family thing of a board game or

charades etc that usually happens around Christmas time.

Was good to get away from it all and take a break from Frensham drive good though it can be at times.

29/12/94 Spent the last three days travelling down through Hampshire and Dorset and had a great time although not as relaxing as it should have been - have a lot on my mind lately with work and home, but they will sort themselves out in the next couple of days.

Walked through the new forest the best bit of which were the overwater, low lying water meadows and a stream running under leafless craggy trees on the edge of the forest between the downland and the woods. Magical

atmosphere, very peaceful and picturesque. Had a couple of huge bulls decide to take the same path as us and had to cross the bridge with one on the other side having crossed and the other behind us ready to. (The moment before disaster?).

Also went to Corke Castle - magnificent ruins and beautiful town, Lulworth Cove and Durdle door (a short walk in failing light to a rock formation and some huge chalk cliffs).

Sydling St Nicholas where we stayed in a thatched cottage and walked for the day across the public right of ways through farms to Godmarston and the smallest pub in England - bit laggy but nice.

The weather was grey, fairly mild but with a lot of wind and every now

and then a very light rain. Really added to the ~~the~~ atmosphere of everything. We were the only ones up there apart from the sheep etc.

I know this all sounds a little boring but I will just write it all down and hopefully it will bring back the memories later on. I should write in more point form to give my imagination some leeway.

On top of a green rolling hill in the tearing wind, grey skies and and the odd spittle of rain.

A little wooden fence climb passing through a corridor ~~to~~ of leafless swaying trees. Darkened hardened bank providing shelter from the wind into a little unkept garden wet brown leaves in the uncut clumps of grass, a worm witness and

wind above showing a standing in indifference to the biting cold of the winter to come.

A place ~~started~~ stumbled upon by chance, 5 wild cherry, 20 beech, 1987. This was someones secret garden, a private place that gives the love of someone to nurse it lives on with a sense of well adjusted warmth and came by itself. Childrens books and inner thoughts come to the surface of the mind. Like walking into the centre of your soul shaped so long ago by carefree days of stories and childhood adventure is this place of feeling in the midst of the earthly scene that surrounds it.

Taking whatever form you need it to it seems, a glimpse into the soul of the world granted in one small particular

place at one particular time. It will live in memory, the weather, the dead leaves, the light like a vision opened up for us after putting our trust in the windswept lonely fabric of that little bit of countryside. I would half expect the place not to be there should we ever go back, which we will not, for it is like a gift given once, and once is enough even though there is a certain happy sadness in departing.

A place Ange will remember in thinking of her Grandma on the day of her burial a thousand miles away in place and time on the other side of the world.



Time to see if the money man has been good to me. I fear not with the Travelling and Christmas:

	£	A\$
CBA MELB		860
CBA SYD		10 440
M/C		50
V/C		305
NATWEST TBL * →	2499	4998
BOND/JUST	80	160
MIND'S PRES	(100)	(200)
ISTRUCIE FROM OAP	156	312
IEAUST " "		243
CASH	55	110
RANGE FOR NY (APPROX)		500
" " AMST.		137 274

(Car ≈ 2000 \$A)

ie broke even which is good 18050
for choissy / car / holidays etc YEAH!

Green trees grey sky.
lightly loving before we die

PARIS 1994.

30/12/94

(or bye and bye)

Could put together small images like this for all the spare photos I have cutting them to the correct drawing. - Must look for a small black paged book and have a go - I need to do something more creative.

3/1/95 Happy New Year! Well the Christmas break was really good now I have a chance to sit back and think about it. Bit of a spending spree in a snowy Amsterdam but am back at

work with all the best intentions and feeling good about everything in general. Bit of saving will be in order and looking forward to see how things unfold for this year. :) (doesn't it make you sick).

6/1/95 Criticisms on Bert's as a task force.

- located away from main office
- associates etc who are used to running jobs are not kept well informed on how the total of the job is going financially etc, this causes an 'us + them' + makes people feel like a design engineer again (almost a demotion).
- huge feedback problem from the client which is not task force specific.

- a feeling of no end in sight tends to make people loose momentum (hard to keep up for a long stretch) Maybe try to provide more short term goals and deadlines.

... a large amount of change and repeated work which disillusion people about the work they produce. Above with no good without a sense of accomplishment to accompany it. How to solve? → not task force specific.

Balloons in a morning blue sky,
Bathstone ~~circles~~ and crescents
amidst dewy green grass below.

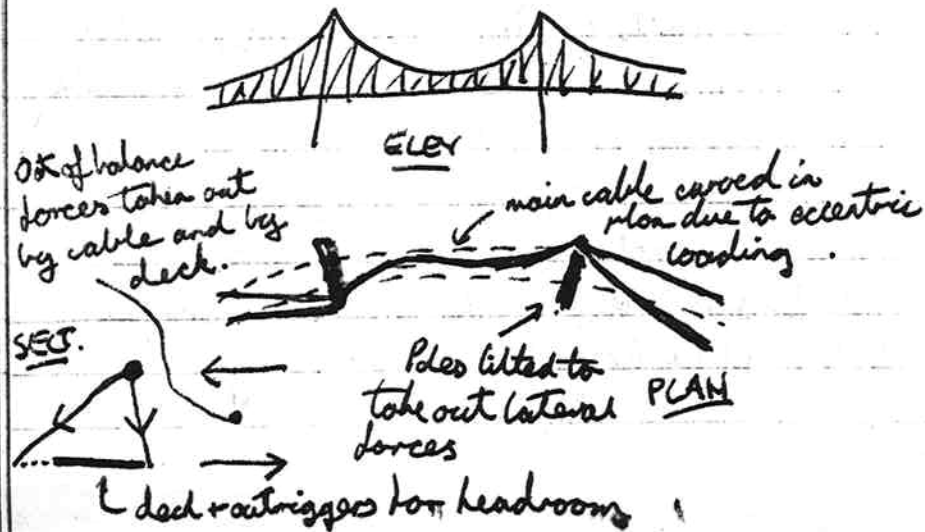
Golden hills and carnival dragons?
A roseal mile, wildflowers and a dog called jāhan.

12/1/95 I've had gastric flu for the past four days and am not very well still. The Atlanta Footbridge job come through and that will be good - I just want to get back to work.

Ange is feeling a bit funny. Tired and just wants to step out of being for a bit. Her grandma's deaths (both within a month) are weighing pretty heavily upon her (I think). So all is not as it should be just at the moment. Hopefully given a weekend of rest for her and work for me things might look a little brighter... hopefully.

13/1/95 Only just managed to make the financial awareness course this morning (20 min late!) forgot all about - don't quite know if I'm coming or going at the moment. Start on Monday on the footbridge job in Atlanta. Could be good but could also be a total sucking nightmare.

14/1/95 footbridge is curved in plan + looks like



Good music - the theme song or track to 2010 a space odyssey.

going quite as well as hoped - be a few late nights to try and get this to work me thinkst, assuming that is I can get it to work!

Should have geometry done by tomorrow morning apart from masts. Hopefully have done some serious runs by the end of the week and be only $\frac{1}{2}$ week behind on schedule! \rightarrow I hope there is a bit of fat in the design - I have a feeling there is.

Just realised what the last fault to fix is on the endspans \rightarrow main cable line should be to outrigger lines, not to deck lines \rightarrow both sides \rightarrow will only take a minute to fix \rightarrow ✓✓✓ yeah. Now its just the member entry + the masts loads etc.



* Check by scaling the entrance widths shown on the architects drawings \rightarrow may have to vary outriggers on one side to keep longer line smooth.

\rightarrow Thats enough of that!!!

Feel hyperactive in the mind, but my poor old body wont keep up. I know I'm not working efficiently but I want to keep on going. Get a bit of dinner + some sleep + start early.

I must admit though I am enjoying it and there is an underlying relief, joy or whatever of being out of BERIS + back into the real world. A little unexpected I might add. ☺



handling pressure is a hard thing, seems like you have to learn all over again when you come into a new situation - be cool! - I haven't been appalling but there is definitely room for improvement → time to take more control of the job + check my own stuff rather than letting it relax + rely sub-consciously on showing it to others. Relax, slow down, put the work in but be cool and take it easy.

2/2/95 Went to a talk on architecture tonight by Martin Pawley. He said he didn't believe in the latest trend of environmental blips as the environment was not what you wanted in the state it is in at the moment + we have the

technology to create a perfect environment. Disagree on both counts actually but apart from all of that it was nice being

↑ takes a bit bumpier than the tour!

in the environment of healthy discussion on structures and architecture.

Really inspires me to get out and think about it all a bit more + scribble down designs on bits of paper + all that iconistic stuff of the high flying intellectually separated elite people at the almost surreal top of the profession. I don't believe it is that bad actually but sometimes these murky fields where the same old group of what seem like to the rest of us ~~total~~ eccentric masters wander around knee deep in mist continually bumping into each other and sporting the same

24/1/95 Feeling really good about work and getting into it. I must try and slow down a bit more and put some thoughts into it. Whether or not it will all work out is another thing altogether!

Plow - must pay more attention to the stations that whig past as well!

29/1/95 - Finances!

→ Broke even, even lost a bit considering I included full bond. Bit of a surprise on the USA exchange rates, spending money in Amsterdam and bills arriving. Oh well - next month will be better. (It will have to be!).

	£	A\$
CBA MEZB		1065
CBA STD		10440
m/c		-290
v/c	1000	105
NATWEST	2925	5850
JUSTIN	70	140
BOND	100	200
M+D'S PRES	(100)	(200)
ISTRUCTE FROM OAD	156	312
LEAUST	"	243
CASH	79	140
		<u><u>A\$ 18 000</u></u>

2/1/95 The job isn't going well, the architects are changing the geometry and we haven't really got enough time, unfortunate. I have not been happy with my performance either,

that I am not that quick at thinking on my feet and I should thoroughly think things through or bloody well keep my mouth shut!!!

An idea for Pacific Rim Y.E.: start up our own competition in conj ~~with~~ with young architects and get it judged by some bigwigs. Prize: a trip to somewhere, or publishing in an arch or structural journal?

8/2/95 Smiling at everyone you meet.

Like a forest walk you are no longer interested in? Going through the motions of a life that seems to skim over the surface of your real being and consciousness. A train wandering through the wilderness with eyes closed waiting until it wanders into some tracks

that will give it some real purpose and direction (or vice-versa?).

Hum, hon, humming, hahumung, hahumung
~~whumung, hahumung~~, hum, humming... hm
hm, humung, hm hm
(tune for the pink panther!)

13/2/95 ↑ what the hell was that! Went to Windsor Castle on the weekend with Justin + Rosetta and the dogs.

15/2/95 The weather's getting milder which is a nice sign, Ange' is looking at other work and CODA is still trying to get past the mast angle problems but it's getting resolved albeit slowly, and I believe the people who need to know how it is all going do - I hope!

old spurts of steam at each other are exactly that. They occur ~~throughout~~ ~~every~~ ~~day~~ across the board it seems in all professions in slightly differing manifestations and there is a budding young school from which you can pick all of the developing quints and horn rim glasses etc, nipping at their heels as undergrads, waiting for their elevation into the respected circle is also.

Still no I say, it's not all as bad as that and is quite interesting to delve in from time to time. In fact I guess we all play that part in our own lives every second of the day. Being our own experts and authorities on what we must believe we know best: everything we do or that affects the things we do in our lives.

Let's face it, everytime we make a decision we are picking sides of an argument that has formed in our mind. A side which we are destined to defend if it ever came to that at a later date in order to keep faith in ourselves.

Not infallible but generally very true the exceptions to the case often being cases of the extreme of no self confidence. (Probably varying degrees right through the spectrum actually if I had to think about it).

Anyway it is enjoyable and admittedly not in the least because it's a bit of a holier than thou exercise of self inflation to a somegess arising from imagining you are sitting in this elite den at the top of the tree.

Something else I am realising is

6/3/95 Sitting at my new spot at work gently sunning myself while my mind tries to break through the floating images of beaches and palm trees to the figures on the paper below.

Haven't had much occasion to write lately, have been very busy at work. The bridge is very enjoyable, not going quite as well as it could but I am really enjoying it. Will have to make sure it doesn't totally overtake over my mind. Must remember to keep up the social side of everything and keep a cool impression, a capable impression to the people I'm working with.

7/3/95 Things have been a bit funny with

Justin and Rosetta of late. They have been spending a lot of time with Jamie and Maria, leaving us to ourselves. Usually they used to offer to invite us along, I'm not sure whether it is coming from Jamie and Maria or from Rosetta/Justin. My guess would be Rosetta as she seems a bit cold lately. We were going to say something on Sunday night, but we ended up having quite a good night with Angie cooking us all a curry and the cheeses we had bought as well.

I mentioned it to Justin late last night after basketball and he said things were fine although 'it has to be said' that Angie being 'so safe' rubbed Rosetta up the wrong way sometimes and he went on to agree etc. Really fucking pissed me off the thought of them having a good old

16/2/95 Just had a design review with Coda Jothridge and it was great. Really good sitting down with these people and going through it all. I felt right in it + was contradicting + contributing etc, and these guys are the top people in Arup in their subjects

Dynamics - Mike Wilford

Bridges - Angus Lowe

Lightweight structures - Pat Dallard.

Whats more things that I had picked up from day one re construction etc were picked up and confirmed.

All in all a great time. This is one of the types of things I did eng. for. One that even makes me think that if I gave it all up it

wouldnt have been in vain.

2/3/95

CBA MEB

" SYD

M/C

V/C

NATWEST

POSTIN

BOND

MID'S PRES

ISTRUCIE

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19 000

9/3/95 Saw the Queen yesterday.

She was in Fitzroy Square to open St Lukes hospital. Was actually surprised at how similar she looks to when you see her on television etc. Permanently made up 'postage stamp' face! Anyway, hardly the highlight of my stay but it does bring the monarchy and all of that a little bit more into reality rather than being something in the media, the lifeless indications of which you see spinheled around like purpose built ~~pop~~ tourist attractions.

Walked across the common last night to the Fox and Cropes for a beer or two with Justin and the dogs. That's what pubs should be like. Will miss that when we leave.

Just had lunch with Craig. Enjoy having someone to talk to here, seems like you're talking to yourself a lot of the time until you lose any indication of benchmark you had and just go crazy. He is turning out to be quite a good friend.

Sometimes feel like an absolute wanker at work - usually when I get all fired up and try to push things. Tend to jump the gun when it's all a long drawn out process.

10/3/95 Went to a session on the Commerzbank building in Frankfurt (An evening with Arup + Foster) last night. Superb building. Some superb people presenting also.

litch session and being their own little trial judge and jury when they know nothing about what goes on

So fucking angry, all the frustration of the past couple of months seems to be building up to something and I'm not sure it's not going to end up with me going off my rocker one night and us leaving to live somewhere else.

Wen's being as nice as we can and I'm just about fed up - am fed up in fact, so from now on I won't be bothering to make any effort at all. Giving up on it if you like. It will be a shame to lose them as I used to think they were good friends.

Goodbye Justin + Rosetta. } } }



!...

It's raining outside, a soft and steady pattering rain, a rain of quietness tinged with an ever looming spring.

I'm inside with work to do. White sheets of paper in front of me clattering like shakles about my body. Clinking + Clackering about my head preventing me from hearing the stillness.

I want to be outside with the pigeons. Squatting behind a tree in the park. Feathers ruffled and eyes closing, listening to the soft, pattering stillness. quiet.

Factor seems to be going against us.

- design more complicated than originally thought, buckling analyses, potential wind tunnel testing etc.
- bridge working harder than first thought in feasibility report - larger sizes and higher steel & deck is a real worry - thought about using prestressing steel!
- program is virtually out of the window.

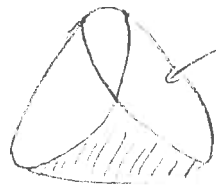
Must sit down today and take stock on where we are with what

is left to do. This is what it is all about I guess, its all a good exercise in handling stress but I fear it will end up as a bad thing for my career rather than a good thing.

14/3/95 - B Ball last night, full court, a beer and a restless night's sleep. Tired and sore this morning but feeling a lot better for it.

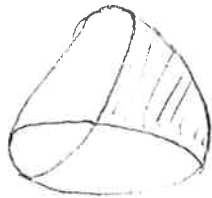
15/3/95 - Arup avoid charging me for NI get!
10% of gross is worth having each month, however I would imagine it will be claimed sometime in the future. - I'll put the £157 a month away and let it ride for the moment. (follow my own advice to others, its just a matter of remembering the cash in the bank isn't all mine!)

Chris Wise in particular stuck out.
 The building geometry is great -
 it makes me a little sad actually
 because it exactly how I think blogs
 should be heading and maybe not as
 extreme but along the lines of what I
 would (or have thought for the past
 few years) have done given the chance
 at some architecture.



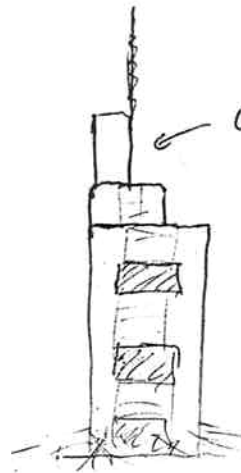
Floor spaces.

← winds over sky gardens.



← be repeated for 4 flos
 and then rotated 120°,
 repeated another 4 flos
 etc, etc.

Sky gardens
 giving people
 vistas through
 greenery spiralling
 their way up
 the building.



Water towers etc piled
 into one corner.

← Doesn't do justice, but the
 curves in plan give nice
 lines (on the models
 anyway)

12/3/95 The same circle as before but
 at the far end of a winter
 appreciated in the light of a coming spring.
 Cold lush earth and leafless old men
 of trees standing resolutely giving each
 other their own space. A warm sun and
 cool breeze, the dogs trotting around
~~to~~ at their fancy. A look ahead
 with eyes closed.

13/3/95 Very much under pressure
 with the footbridge. Every

me think quite a bit and I kind of like the idea of a central physical self space and a mental distortion of this self which has a lot more to do with the type of person you think you are. Something not very well developed in most of us I would say. (Including myself!).

This image of a detailed body with an obviously mind formed projection of wide-spread wings giving a majestic, encompassing strong 'guiding of morals + life' image type stature fits well with some of what people feel themselves to be.

A little less confidence may show through in a lighter less solid wing etc. etc.

Its so enlightening of the day to day world and ideals / running tracks around us. Makes me want to travel + live + experience forever, continually

rolling around the different stimuli of the world ~~around~~ like a pig in the mud scratching its back.

16/3/95 Rode into work today. Nice ride - Putney Bridge over the Thames, in through the trendy bits of Fulham and Chelsea, out to the front of Buckingham Palace and down the 'front drive' through St James park with the tops of Westminster showing in front of the morning sun (if you are lucky enough to get the sun!). Out through Trafalgar Square and up Charing Cross road. Past Leicester Square and through Cambridge circus with the clubs all shut and street sweepers vacuuming the streets. Over Oxford Street and up

Went to a good talk tonight by an artist :
Antony someone or other about art and engineering
which was heavy on the art and light on the
engineering (interesting!). He spent 3 years
studying as a buddhist in zen meditation etc.
and his lead human forms he sees as
representing the human body as a place and not
an object. Trying to emphasize the space
inside as the inner space of the body, a
area that we become aware of between
sleep and daily life. The inner self of
which I feel leads my daily life so much
It's almost like having become aware of this
part of the being, it's like a pathway to
the soul, to everything, to humankind +
consciousness full stop. the meaning of
life + beyond. A back door through
the physical boundaries in the light around
us, a dark passageway past the engulfing

isolation of space that our outward selves
try to conquer. Conquerable or not,
the physical around us cannot be all
there is to our stay here. Awareness of this
through periods of atmosphere strong enough
to relate ourselves to ourselves rather
than the outer facade, or of course (I
suppose) through meditation.

This inner space that is so often
represented by the form of a shell around
the memory of a human runs through a lot
of the work he showed. The main piece, the
subject of the night in fact he did not
properly delve into in fact. (Am I starting
to sound like Alistair Hugh? - someone
who annoys the shit out of me) anyway he
suddenly went from human form to this
angle with a huge plank
like wingspan. Made



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Tottenham Court Rd. to work! A
bit too much traffic and not enough
greens but a bit of a tourist trail
which is interesting for me. The biggest
drawback (not an elephants foreskin)
is all the stuffing around at the ends.
Locking the bike and showering in Boston
House and back to Adam's house takes
about 30 → 40 minutes!



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SHANGHAI.CHINA

