

19/3/95 Rosetta just bought Maria a new
motorbike - Suzuki 125 - out of the blue!

Makes me a bit homesick seeing everyone getting involved in what they like best. I miss doing photography + playing basketball and summer beaches etc. I want to travel, I want to get lost in my soul and just go. I'm enjoying work and know its one thing I want to do, its just the rest of everything seems a bit on hold. I want my own ground around me so I can start enjoying all of the other things as well. Instead of living with arms reach stuff that can be packed in a suitcase. The shell of the fabric around you feels like something you can live in but not touch. It may sound a bit self indulgent but I want a place I can call my own. A place that is me.

20/3/95 - Must have been something in the stars on the weekend. For sport. Michael Jordan back playing basketball with the Bulls. Liverpool beating Man U in the lead up to the F.A. Cup, Collins beating Chris Eubanks to take his title off him, and England

← They don't make cheap
croppy books like they
used to make cheap croppy
books!

beating Scotland to win a grand slam in the Six Nations rugby.

Wasn't a bad weekend actually didn't do much other than recover from a slight case of the flu but getting on better with Justin and Rosetta and generally had an unstressed time.



Sitting listening to people gossip on the tubes. For fuck sake there are some pathetic people! Spewing out words like pissed shit through a blender. Going at a million miles an hour for God's sake breathe you fucks breathe! Makes me feel nauseous just looking at them.

Beer doing to death the thinking bit again, I can't wait to get out and travel. Keep thinking about engineering, short term and long term and the alternatives. What money could do for you! I'm

sure actually getting out there and doing a bit of travelling will help sort a lot out. I feel good about what this break from oz has given me. Seen a lot and have a much better benchmark on the world. Not something that you can write down. Not even anything that will be of world astonishing use but it will help me in myself + its people watching to the nth degree.

Something I really enjoy. Sensory excitation. I suppose. Sounding totally full of shit again. Never seems to come out on paper. That's why I like sketch sessions and discussions on like the universe → fucking never learn do I. Might stick to writing down all the bits + pieces in here that make me think. Trying to get a full discussion down never works...

23/3/95 Never seem to get time to think properly anymore. Brain is so busy getting all the manual tasks done, taking care of the social + business housekeeping that the 'me' inside it

all is at a bare minimum, a small subsistence much of brain cut off from my consciousness by an ever-brittling shell protecting it from further absorption. Will there come a time when it becomes nothing but a small hard acorn, lost to me totally. That's why I like change and travel I think. It's a bit like stirring the pot and providing time and interest to keep all parts of the brain breathing and interacting. A mix to try and bring the subconscious and conscious a bit closer together.

Must make an effort to do this in day to day life a bit more. Take time to think. Do it smarter. One of my faults that I like to switch off my brain and just plod along. Trouble being that I don't switch anything else on. It's like a living death - just less painful than real life. A negative thing when actually a bit of a positive thought would have the same effect the other way. More like!

24/3/95 Seems like people spend time fighting

and scratching and kicking in the rat race in order that they may be free to take a break from all the fighting, kicking & scratching they are so subject to in the rat race every now & then?

30/3/95 Old man sitting at Vauxhall station drinking. Like pigeons perched on a step, grey, inconsequential to their surroundings other than between themselves.

It is so great having daylight after work. After a seemingly eternal winter of leadness it is almost as though a world previously denied you has been opened. A world not so much snuck out from beneath you but more faded away until it was a far distant memory has been re-granted. Light as you walk from the depths of a coal mine, morning as you wake from a fitful sleep, I won't wait to grab the mug.

after waiting my turn for so long, lift it to my lips blocking out all else, the unwanted baggage of weathered nerves and short tempers that grow and fester with winter, to take a drink and enjoy....

(Must have had a few drinks!).

4/4/95 There is a block of flats in Putney called Willow Glade or something or rather. It's an ugly concrete building. It's got a little ~~bit~~ patch of grass in front of it and a small tree. I wonder if they call it Willow Glade because that's what they had to tear down in order to build it?.

Had a bit of a runaway weekend. Drinks with J+R on Friday night. Putney boat race and more drinks on ~~Saturday~~ ~~Saturday~~ Saturday with Tim + Jen. Drinks with people from A+M Rosetta had invited over on the Sat

night. Slightly hungover Sunday morning to inhale a few too many detox juices and total myself for all of Sunday. A ride out to Hampton Court in which I arrived back totally nauseated and sweating like hell. Dinner in Soho with Jan + Bob (mums friends) - Indian + veggie, restless night's sleep full of sweat and not much work done on the Monday. Shopping almost dropping for James birthday present on Monday with drinks + dinner thereof to follow. Goodnight's sleep. Rest of the week to let the follicles in my throat grow back from the detox juices (never look at a clean bathroom tile quite the same ever again) and recover upon lost sleep!

5/4/95 Aye, the ~~the~~ jobs go up or down like a yo-yo Captain. Still firming up geometry. Trying to keep an eye on fifty million different things at once. Dynamics could still jump up and bite us in the balls. Seems every time you look at anything the effect is a →

	£	£
COA MELB		470
" SYD.		10528
M/C		300
V/C		410
UNWEST 1	1079	2158
JOSK.	30	60
BOND.	100	200
MWD FEES	(100)	(200)
ISTRUCE	156	312
CASH.	30	160
UNWEST 2	2500	5000
		<u>11,798</u>
NSI all	(126)	<u>(252)</u>
		<u>19546</u>

4/4/95
 ↙ Saved \$798 this month, not bad actually considering it's a bit later in the month and I also have tax coming through which was a nice surprise - bigger forgot about NSI - Still not too bad.

→ Flat 10% on the deck actions. Can't ever scratch myself these days without the deck actions

going up! Will lose a week due to Easter and will have to firm up loads etc early as the geometry won't be ready till later! Stuart is spending more + more time on it etc etc etc. Not going to be a financial success anyways! Computer fees waiting to rear its ugly head + I'm taking the time over →



"Hey! Look what Zog do!"

5/5/95

↙ Later, later, I'm too busy at work here.

↘ Easter (3 days) as time in line, hell knows live can't it.
 ↙ Been a bit better at avoiding this but must keep it in mind!

An enjoying myself mind you. This is so

good as engineering gets. Working with great people - Jane Werrick is very good. Sat in a meeting today and Stuart said that Pfeiffer were telling us no one makes locked cable that big, and it had never been done anywhere in the world before. Stuart said that'd appeal to you Jane and she loves it - she's really motivated & out there pushing on the biggest, best, most

complicated structures in the world. I think it's great and it's what top end structural engineering (the best engineering) is about. There is quite a lot of it around, just not enough in comparison with the bulk standard stuff.

Looking forward to the next 6 weeks - lots plan and looking even more forward to India and beyond come the end of the year!



6/5/95 Went for a walk with the dogs tonight on the Common up to the pond. It was just to get outside in the air, it's really sweet at the moment with spring coming on, to get away from the

television and the house for a bit. The pond was so serene. Just as I had pictured it. Nobody

else about, still water and a darkening lilac sky drawing everything else around it into shades of purple as well. I saw all these little bats, I thought at first they were big moths, but they were little bats no bigger than your hand. Flying out over the pond in glittering patterns looking for insects before they returned. Each flight an arc not lasting more than 20-30 seconds. Dividing the night up into discreet parcels of time. Like packaging nature into a series of those small animated sequences of shots you used to get as a kid. A series of memorable moments spooned to your ^{memory} a bit at a time.

8/4/95 Watched a movie length episode of *Cracker* tonight. A psychiatrist who does police work. Lots of interesting things. I'd quite like to do a course on human psychology some time. Things like the six stages you go through after being cheated on that they

went through. Oedipus syndrome and all of that sort of shit.

One thing they mentioned tonight was how you can appreciate anything, any emotion, even your own I suppose as long as you are detached enough from the situation yourself. I've often thought this, all the joy, all the suffering, the unfairness, the wrong and right of the world becomes a part of life's rich tapestry. Even when you are so close that the pain is real enough to really hurt, time often develops this detachment and you can look back upon situations that have taken you to the brink with a cool, calm, understanding attitude of its place in life. A view granted by becoming detached.

A little beside it all that also come up in the show was peoples dancing around long term relationships, in particular because of its very nature I suppose marriage. 'When any trace of spark, of love, of feeling has drained from between you, when you whisper drunkenly the words

I love you as a part of a soppy song on the dance floor because you can't say them in the light of day, in the face of sobriety, looking into their eyes because it's all a lie.

All of this disintegration of love and feeling between people seems to be quite common known & commonplace yet it seems a whole world, a planet full of people all lie to themselves that marriage is the sealing of your everlasting love. The sails into the sunset etc.

For better or for worse for ever & ever.

Is it just this inbuilt thing to prevent damage to our egos? The fact that we can't stand the thought of our partner doing it with another! Seems all a bit childish and yet cast in stone in society, in all levels, and because it is so much in ourselves. It is the basic thing that transcends age, caste, wall of life everything. A's basic feeling as pain when you put your hand to a flame. Something that seems unlike burning which is an uncontrollable

sense type thing, but something that is subject to logic, subject to control & understanding. Are our egos so delicate or is the devotion of our partners so much a base in our ego that it's treated as it is. Just below taking a persons life is to take their partner for a night of physical contact.

It's late and I could go on forever. Ange is trying to sleep beside me, I'm tired, and there is too much to say.

It will be a long road of wading through all these issues, made all the more hezarnne by the fact that I can see them all coming but refuse to do anything about it and convince myself that the feelings I have now are infallible. Live the moment in ignorance, preferring to deal with the imperfections of the little pictures later on once they surface.

Maybe this is because somewhere else, deeper I know I need to go through it all to know it fully and eventually come to grips

with it. A lesson learnable by experience only.

On the fucking slaughter little lamb.
That stench of death in the air is secondary
to the sweet green grass and daisies all
around at the moment.

Believe whilst you can.

11/4/95 The dog fairy has been visiting for
the past couple of nights and giving
my mouth a bit of a coating. If I can just
take things relatively easy until easter hopefully
it will pass. Played basketball last night
when I shouldn't really have but I didn't feel too
bad, and it was a shit hot game - glad I
didn't miss it!

12/4/95 I'm worried as fuck over this bridge.
The lateral BM's and B's of steel in
the edge beams are huge.

14/4/95 If you asked me what I wanted out of

my travels part of me would answer a map of
adventure and curiosity of Frodo and his travels
through the lord of the rings, of distant mountain
ranges filled with mist + magic, travelled inns and
winding roads. A distant ocean and unknown shores,
unbeheld beauty and treasures, peoples and lands of
which storybooks are written. Journey to the centre
of the earth, the African Queen, the orient, and
Marco Polo, all the things that get you exploring
behind the back shed at home when you are a
kid.

19/4/95 Just spent 6 days over Easter looking around
the North of England. Was a great holiday
but one I (and probably Angie) will remember
more for the fact that I couldn't fully relax because
I was so stressed out over work. In a hole that I am
partly to blame for (only partly). Still trying
probably in vain to dig my way out!

I hate this part, I hate it, I hate it I hate
it! I guess my best just isn't good enough +

I'd better start getting better, both at the job and at handling the stress.

This last bit could end up being a real bastard.

- design is trouble, both statically and if my gut feeling is right dynamically.

- cost is in trouble - construction cost has doubled, not all due to us.

- fees, fees look like being well overrun as everything we thought was straightforward is becoming more + more complicated.

- Time. Time could also be a problem.

Not a rosy picture!!!

God I'm looking forward to the break at the end of all of this. Fuck - I'm just looking forward to the end of it!

Good bits about the time away over Easter.

Stopping on the Yorkshire moors to take photos of sheep crossing the road early one morn.

23/4/95

"Don't get low, don't let go;
don't get low, don't let go,
... no."

(Dodgy)

Sometimes its not so much letting go, but a forceful self-destruction. Cutting off your nose to spite your face in the light of frustration and failure.

Maybe its all the same thing mashed in different ways. A way out, be it an aggressive self-destruction or a passive slide to nothing.

24/4/95

I love going over to AR+D to talk to people. Boffin city! Funny people every one of them. Usually extremely nice and warm hearted - very people people and they

really enjoy what they do. Awkward in everything, I feel like an observer watching their thoughts zip around their heads as they twist and frown + ponder etc.

On - intimidating which is how people should be.

27/4/95 Was watching a lady on the train this morning barraging her friend sitting next to her. They had obviously met after not having seen each other for quite a while. The friend looked quiet and a bit delicate or dainty while the first woman was a short little blonde Terrier of a thing. Upper class english accent almost patronising by itself. If I shut my eyes I could imagine it was Nana M-Niven talking away to us from a removed height. Awfully, awfully, Chelsea, I like this but I don't know if you prefer this, very special man but I don't know if, oh! tell me about it, nice to have around, quite!, very special weekend we had last

weekend, quite this and quite that, all very special. The lady got up and left at vauhall, my stop. I lagged behind a bit to let the crowd get out and noticed the friend gave an involuntary whimper as if in amazement of the journey that had just taken place.

All quite funny really.

on When I've had a few beers its like my skin lacerates from my face and falls to a pale deadpan covering sobering up my insides with an indiscriminating deadening seriousness.

29/4/95			BOND	100	200
STONES J+R	56	112	MID'S PRES	(100)	(200)
CBA MELB		493	ISTRUXE	154	308
CBA SYD		10623	CASH	22	44
M/C		300	NATWEST 2	3000	6000
V/C		282	VE	(290)	(580)
NATWEST	953	1906	ANCE	10	20
GUST	30	60	BA	20/20	
				<u>19.8568</u>	

weaking even!

Hmm! but did have easter away, Plymouth, Rolling Stones tickets, London to Brighton. Hopefully will be a bit better next month! (also got tox coming through (sometime)).

2/5/95 The fucking no. 85 bus!!! Usually it's not too bad and then every now and then fucking 30 or 40 minutes - aagghhh!

Really enjoying London at the moment. Justin + Rosetta, the common, work, the city + the people, the weekend trips and yes even the weather. Angie is as well I think. She said to me this morning she would be glad to have her home back (after Nicole her friend from melle has been staying was due to leave). The walk to the station through the common in the mornings when we do it (instead of the 85) is great.

3/5/95 Watched an interview on Dave Stewart from Eurythmics last night. I think some people have a sadness running through them, I feel

like that. I don't know if you would say you are happiest when you are sad, or reflective, or melancholy even (there are a whole host of feelings along the lines) but you do feel most at one with yourself, maybe most yourself and that's a good feeling. Doesn't stop or preclude times of laughter and happy go lucky etc. everybody needs to cover the spectrum, it's just that there is always this underlying sadness that you return back to. The base level needn't be constant either, you can have long sweeping sinusoids through deep depressions or sweet highs along with the day to day, hour to hour peaks.

I don't know where the sadness comes from like I don't really know the depths of myself. Anybody who tells you they do is lying as you always change.

Maybe is about thinking, thinking too much maybe. There is some feeling of emptiness there. Some hole that seems like a part of the game

that has ~~been~~ never been explained ~~from you~~ to you, ever kept or hidden from you. Like you have been given an extra key over everybody else, but the door that that key opens leads to an entranceway, and off from the entranceway lead three other doors for which you have no key. Like being told there are wondrous things to be had without the means of ever reaching them. A million planets of peoples, lands, adventure and wonder lying out in the stars. Earthbound you are restricted to sit pondering with your imagination a dog sitting crying and sniffing the variety of smells wafting out from the back door of a butchers shop. I could go on drawing parallels like this all night!!!

I am sure this is where the wanderlust comes from. The little golden books you had in your youth of far away places and wondrous things.

4/5/95 One thing London has taught me if

nothing else is that you cant make a concrete facade look good. The dull basic streaky grey will always lack finesse in bulk and drag you down to the implied dirty concrete pavements, asphalt roads and dying weeds below.

5/5/95 VE Day weekend. News broadcasts on the television re-creating the news from 1945.

Opening up of the Nazi war camps. One camp, a work camp had a life expectancy of under three months. There were five ways they killed you. Shooting, pushing you off the cliff at the quarry, giving you to the dogs, gassing you or just letting you starve to death. The pictures they showed were of hundreds of skeletal bodies being buried, they got the local villagers out to do the digging while the army concentrated on trying to save the survivors. —

— My God!.....

... makes me sick to my stomach. What lead to

these people being in this situation. The victims, the gawds, the villagers, a little leg of society, sprouting out along a believed set of values. Getting on with their lives in the way they had been led. Propaganda appealing to an ugly side of us. Providing justification for all the hate feelings, the revenge, the need to destroy and stamp out with the utmost force anything that threatens, or they have been told threatens the set of values they have been given.

The values cannot be wrong. Why, because others, the whole country in fact lives this way, because it feels right, the letting out of anger, the killing + cruelty, inflicting of suffering, satisfies basic fears etc that need to be satisfied, christ all that goes on in any society and here it was condoned as the way to do things. The holier than thou syndrome gives you many rights over the ignorant below you. Finally, this is the way you have been living. You and others before you. If it was wrong you / they

wouldnt have done it in the first place. The natural response of anyone whether questioned by others or by themselves is to defend their past actions. Its an ego thing, a pride thing. There is no one easier to convince in an argument than yourself.

In any society, the mass is overwhelmingly led by public opinion. The minority against, be them the criminals of today or the rebels of yesterday are people who can think for themselves, be them ~~a~~ right or wrong in their conclusions. Public opinion will always go with the masses accelerated by people speaking out for it based on the reasons given above for them to believe it. Speeches in which they are trying to convince themselves and others in the hope that the louder + more reasonably they explain it the righter it will be. If I can convince others of its merit then it really ^{will} have merit. If we all do it, it cant be wrong.





People, with
brains full of
feelings,

~~is~~ capable
of laughter,
love, feelings.

Living people, people who have grown up from children, maybe with loving partners and children at home. People, first stripped of the feelings until they are only flesh. Once just living flesh they are just persons, bacteria, life without life, quite easy to treat the way they were treated.

To take the life of a person is quite something. To take that person and mistreat him, even as passively as turning a blind eye while he starves until he life is worth no more than a penny is not so hard. To take the penny is easier still. Separation of the act. On the one side your not taking a human life, and when it comes to that, The life you are taking is

hardly a life at all.

Where does all of the propaganda come from. Powerful people in the government, through or in the media. The old adage of convincing others to help assure yourself of your own feelings again.

News reports of the housewives, young and dear, the little girl entertaining the troops. It must have been quite a rude awakening for troops going off into battle where its all stripped back to basics.

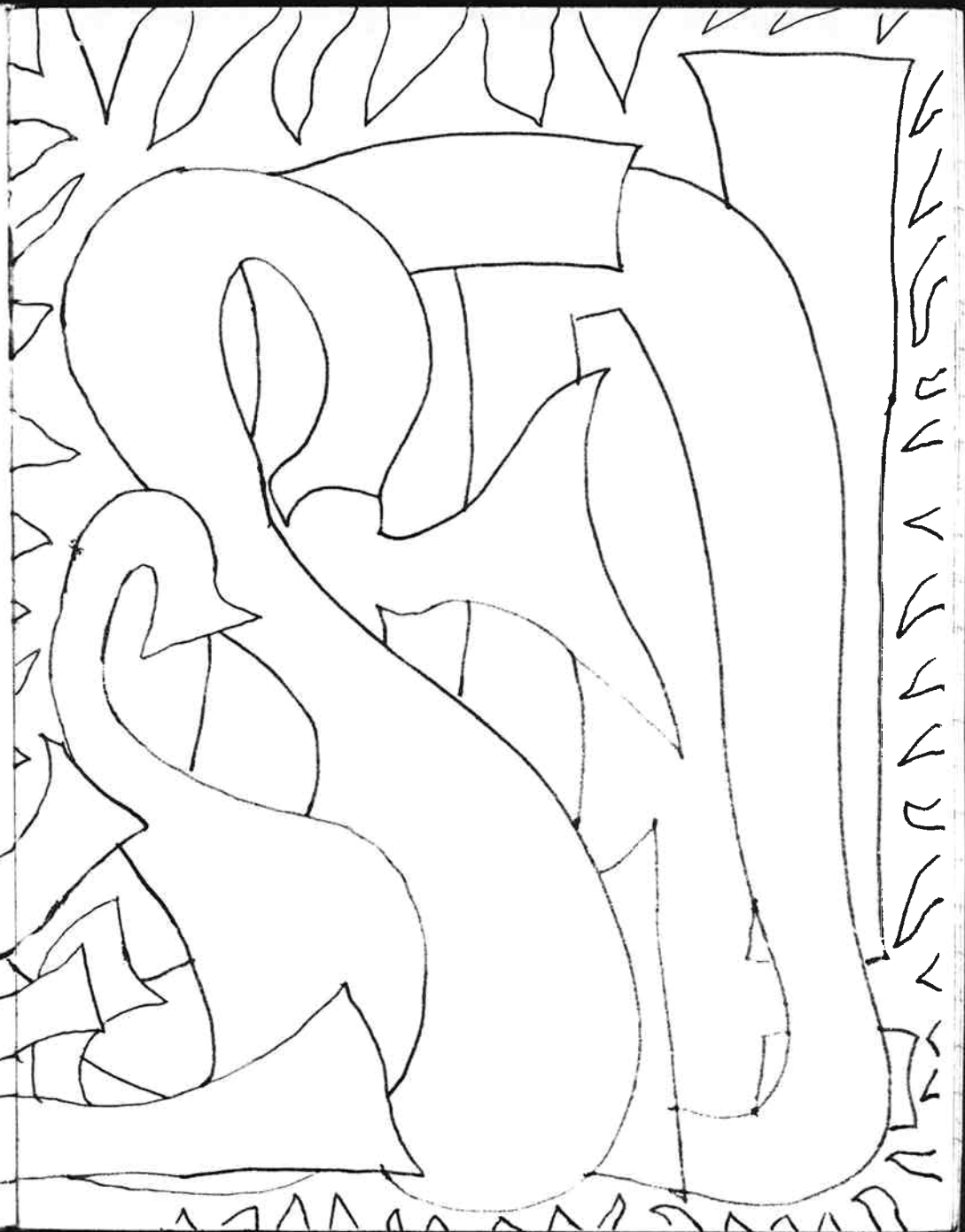
Makes you think about all the propaganda around today. Basic stuff, society needs it to survive. People need a benchmark from somewhere. One of the reasons scandals are so popular, people need to believe they are that bit better, they need to think they are above others, whether its because they are holier than thou, or have things more messed, are more in touch with nature, or with themselves, or money, power, justice etc. etc.

I wonder how much of this is

4/5/95 Just had a great weekend away with Justin and Rosetta and the dogs up in the peak district. Beautiful weather walks B+B was magnificent and not too expensive. But it's hard being back at work.

Feel a bit like I am just hanging on. I want to throw it all in and do photography or travel or anything. I like the money and the work not bad although a bit stressful at times but I'm getting better at handling that. I think it's more wanting more of my life to myself. To have the money to keep myself and do all the things I enjoy. Maybe this trip at the end of the year will help. Meanwhile must try and keep my mind on the job - not easy!

10/5/95



11/5/95 One thing I can remember about arriving in England is what an ugly race the (we) Europeans are in comparison with the cantonese of Hong Kong. A lot of which is in structure as well as presentation. I liked Hong Kong a lot.

I think I am the type of person who likes just drifting through life admiring the scenery along the way. I have a great time watching the people go by, admiring things done well and pondering things done badly. Enjoying the emotion, images and feelings that go on around me and in me.

That is one reason I like photography so much and perhaps the same reason I will never take good photographs. Each scene holds a myriad of feelings that went along with the shot. A passive mood maybe into which you are brought back. A snapshot not only of the physical image hitting you but of all your thoughts, of you at the time.

The?

18/5/95 ↑



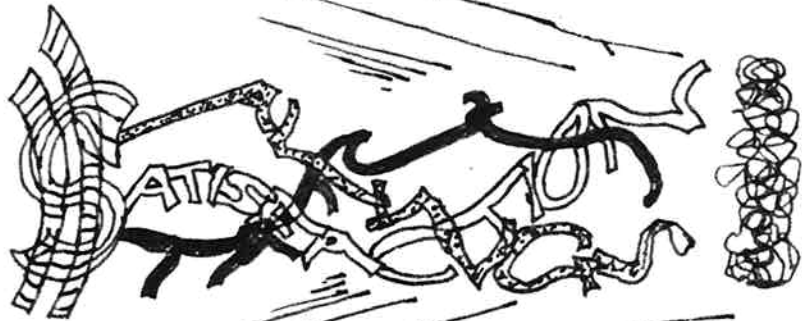
.... that there was one person, no longer here, who had something to say, and who said it, but whom no one believed, or really understood. Forgotten....

(Phadrews - Zen and the art of motorcycle maintenance).

I feel as if I have something to say, I just get confused and am not really sure what it is. Maybe I feel like I want to say something, but have nothing to say?

19/5/95 Did some interesting stuff today, graphics for the bridge. Analysis files → CAD files → Slides. Visited the photo

bring + had a bit of a look at what they had. Got the name of the Army in-house photographer and think I will drop in + see him next week for a chat. Perhaps this is something I could do?. Like to get more involved in the graphics and presentation side of things anyway.



I must admit the main aim behind it all would not be to work taking pictures but to do the personal stuff. My pictures. To do more of the what the doing, the black and white stuff I do now means to me if

you know what I mean!

22.5.95 Twenty eight years old tomorrow.

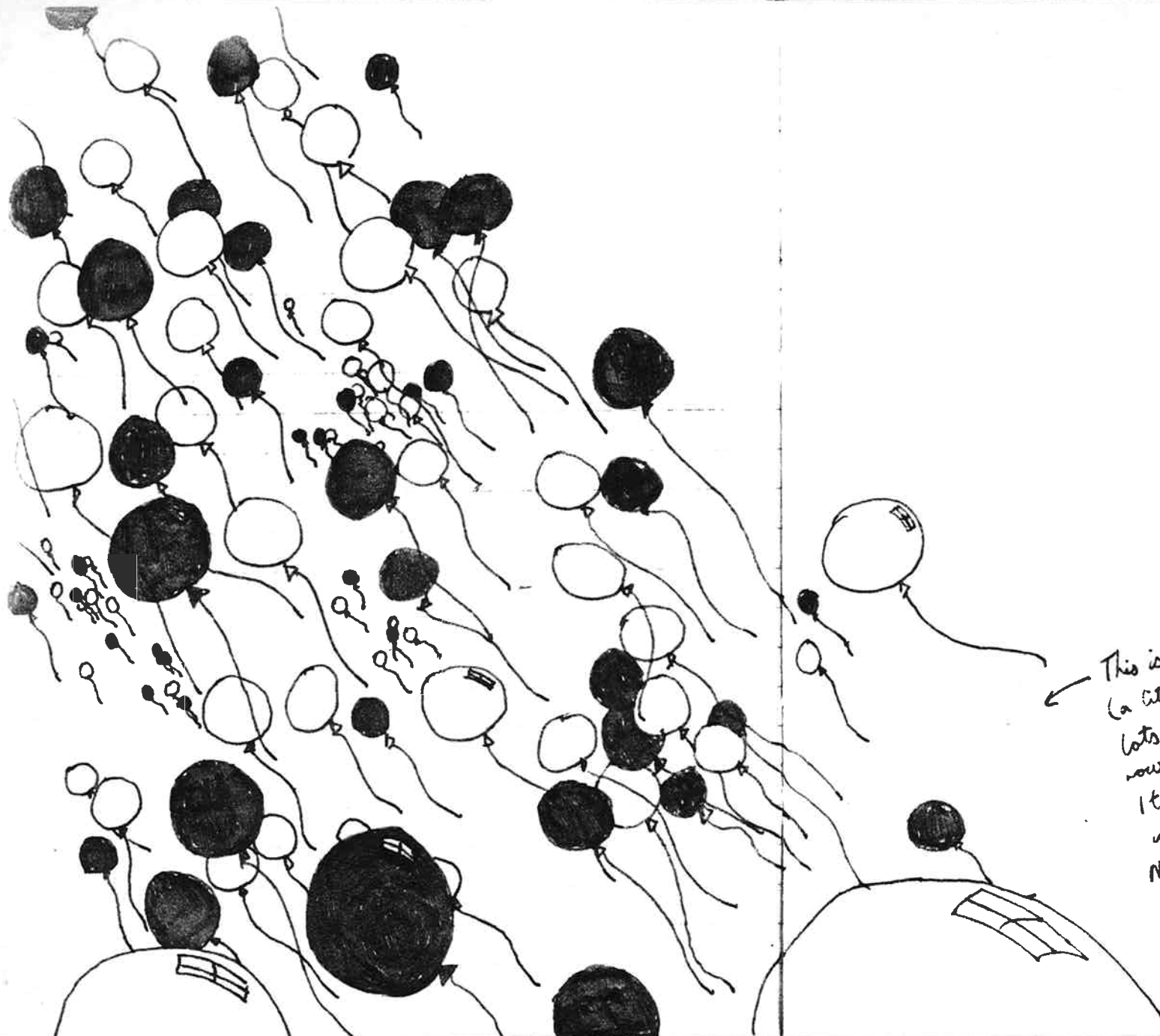
Do you ever feel yourself incapable of enjoying the world. You don't want to go out because it's never as fully satisfying as you wish it would be, as it seems to be for other people. You want to just stay at home and catch up on some sleep and rest, but you don't want to stay at home. You want to sink down and close your eyes to a drifting sleep and say goodbye to it. Do you want to die? Is never waking up dying?

Must look into a short course in photography while I am here. Must do more photography while I am here. Head off into the west end for a day or two.

Good night.

23.5.95

"Happy Birthday Brendon!?"



← This is all that's left of her
(a little spider I did see.)
lots of legs and very red
now a smear and very dead.
I thought I should not bother thee
wone take my book or read with me,
My thoughts however turned away
... and now it seems has have to stay...!

Just by the bye the balloons on the previous page weren't for my birthday, they stemmed from a feeling I had sitting by the monument or the shrine or what ever I've called it in the past. Clean, fresh, quiet, a drifting, streaming may be better flow -? maybe!

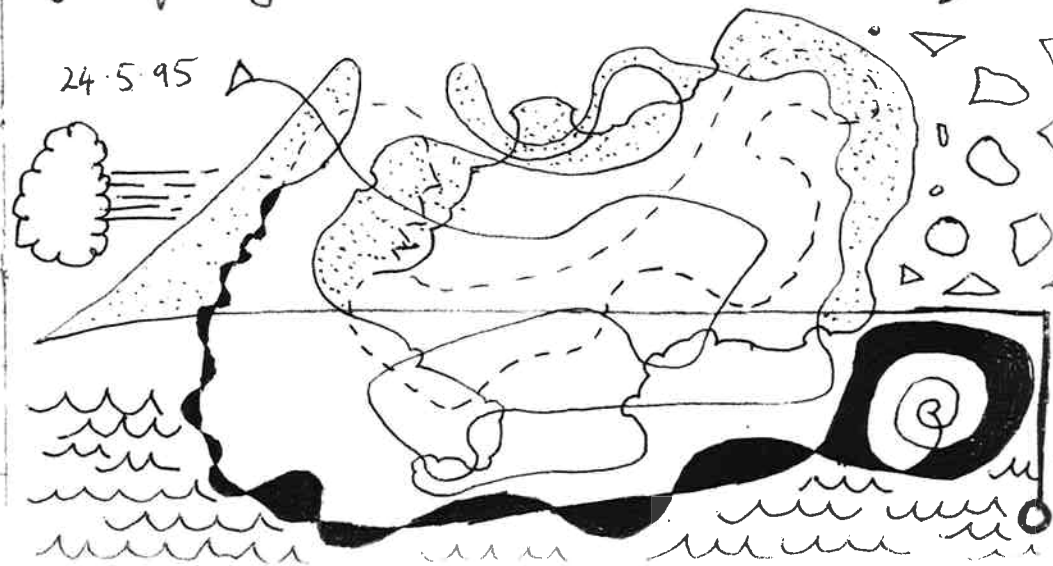
I really like this cartoon something about all the men slotted into lives of civility and planning, the power of reckoning etc. Its comforting to think that sometimes we can get it all wrong, that no matter how good we think we are or how advanced we think we are: we're not. Something that makes the more trivial things in life more relevant. The importance placed upon self importance and the being correct or the best at what you



Early experiments in transportation

do is paled a little. The state of the art is seen as it, the place to be but its just along for the ride as well. The chilling out, the... the human side of things is there in the ride as well and although neglected is just as important and will keep tagging along also kept alive by those frowned upon living their own so perceived pathetic and ancillary lives just off the edge.

Supposed to be a part of a television program tomorrow - As if I don't look bad enough in real life. I've seen myself on video before and am only just getting over it! Fuck me how embarrassing...



I fear I may be going partly crazy
my mind is seizing, not just lazy.
What is one to do like me,
when you've got the door but not the key?

Yoo Hoo Hoo, I wanna be like
you hoo hoo; Ooh its true
hoo hoo, I can be human
too..

Ooo hoo bedoo....

JUNIE BUCK

25/5/95

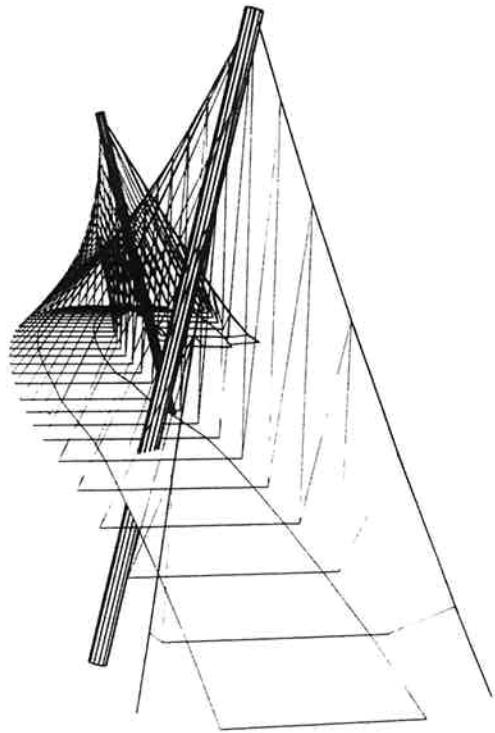


Ooops almost forgot
the Americas!



26/5/95 "Softly
screaming" - The
sounds of silence. "Ten
thousand people maybe
more... hullo darkness my
old friend".

27/5/95 Sometimes Australia feels a
long long way away. This
is one of these times. Things seem like there
part of a different world, and even a different
time. I guess its the severity of the break. I
wonder if it will feel like this back home when
we have our own place and Mum + Dad are in
2D and Appleton drive is no longer.



CODA FOOTBRIDGE - Atlanta

This is what has been taking up all of my time at ~~the~~ work for the past five months. It's all in the balance at the moment hanging on budget decisions.

29 20 /5/95	STONES STR	56 - 112	ANKE - STL	1650 - 33
	CBA METB	295	BOND	100 - 200
	CBA SYD	10623	(MVD)PRES	(100) - (200)
	ML	300	CASH	20 - 40
	V/L	282	NATWEST2	3500 - 7000
	NATWEST	1231 - 2562	NI	(955) - (1130)
	JUST	70 - 140		
				<u>A\$ 20 257</u>

Getting there - although \$700 is what it used to be!

$$NI = (\frac{1}{2} \text{ FEB} + \text{MAR} + \text{APRIL} + \text{MAY}) \times 0.1$$

$$= (1.5 \times 1567 + 2 \times 1650) \times 0.1 = 565$$

30/5/95 Work ...

... *Aaggggghhhhhhh* ...

... Mmmmmmm!

I'm at the stage where my mind's turned to mush, it's no good trying to concentrate on anything as distraction rules and basically - I can't be bothered, and I can't fool my mind into thinking it can be. Close your eyes and recuperate. I'd like to bat them another 1/2 hour of office time yet. Ugh!

What to do on the photographic front:

- Talk to Peter Mackinver in Boston House (Arup's internal photographer)
- Do more photography whilst in London
- Look at photography courses available
- Enter some competitions.

31/5/95 Coda footbridge it seems is wavering and not looking too promising.

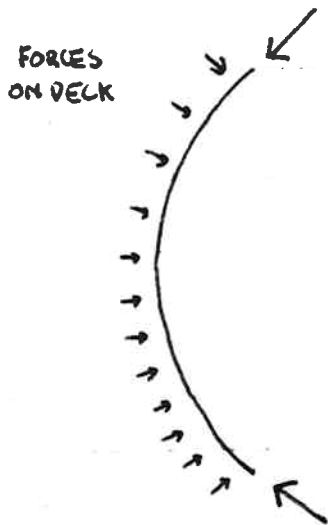
1/6/95 Possibility of going to work in South Africa for a year or so come up last night. In 6 months time. Would mean a few

travel sacrifices. Better too many options than too few I suppose. There is also the question of career, money etc. etc.

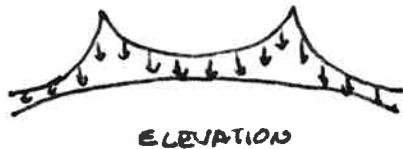
Possible experience paths.

- Padre Pao - Stone church in EA zone, fablon experience - lead director protégé of Peter Rice.
- Daiwaga - Architectural office building work, closer to standard. Good architect etc.
- South Africa - most likely industrial projects - better in a year or two's time when better work around.
- Postanner Platz - as Daiwaga.

Time left in England - 6 months.



In the perfect situation, the deck acts in compression only as a pure arch both vertically and horizontally. The ends of the bridge are self anchoring.



Starting point \rightarrow force in end cables based upon vertical geometry. This gives a required axial deck compression in order to balance the end cable forces. Then this gives a lateral force required to keep compression \rightarrow \downarrow \downarrow enabling an approx e b/w cable + deck to be calculated.

At the mast



At midspan



θ_1 may not be too different to θ_2 due to geometry.

If e required too high, increase the axial force in the deck and the tension force in the cable until it balances. I'm not sure this is strictly correct \rightarrow needs a bit of further thought or chuck it into babylon!

3/6/95 I can't believe that evolution is the whole picture. Mutation and mutation and survival of the fittest. To look around at all the different things on the planet and the development of lungs, of kidneys of eyes and ears and it all seems a bit much. This sounds like a prelude to "I BELIEVE!" well - I can't see the light either! No C to dismiss it totally, it could well take some form - the old science experiment of a well superior being and all that but I think our bodies change and develop with will.

A primeval knowing, sensing, or recognition of a need a conscious want. A want to be taller, a need to process some different food etc. A release of chemicals or potentials in our bodies to apply pressure to change that way. A subconscious mind that could even determine what was required.

People seem to be continually amazed at the human body yet continue to understate it and believe it capable of only what they can imagine in their tiny allocated consciousness.

Sometimes, in fact a lot, it is downer home that we are like little savages in the control room of this huge spaceship that has capabilities way beyond our meek understandings. We are familiar with the barest rudiments of controls, forward, backwards, up, down etc. There are banks and banks of buttons + switches for which we have no idea on how to use. We struggle around doing our best with the bits that we do know while the other 80% ± 90% of the ship sits there dormant.

Every now and then we get signals in from some of the metering equipment that we misinterpret, ignore or pass of as something else. Rarer still we find out how to operate a button by mistake or chance and shoot ourselves off into hyperspace or something only to hang on for the ride and wait hopefully that the ship will self correct itself which it usually does.

With 60 → 80% of our brain + body and probably 99% of the outside world/worlds as yet explored, and even less understood we have certainly got a lot of growing to do.

5/6/95 Went to Greenwich yesterday which was quite good and passed through the docklands on the way. Lots of nice buildings but not enough trees. Why doesn't anybody use trees anymore. How can trees ever date or be out of fashion - we go to all lengths to produce rubbish when a few trees would go a lot further. And a lot of trees may even

be an exceptional creation.

6/6/95 Engineering is not the type of work to do do when you get tired, in fact I don't know if any is but I must try and get more sleep and hopefully enjoy life a bit more!

7/6/95 Still feeling tired and not with it. Getting sick of this fucking bridge. It's at the stage now where I am feeling a bit beaten around the head and working away for nothing. Lessons in self motivation. Unfortunately one thing I learnt at Berto was that if you have no interest in what you are doing you are never going to be any good at it let alone efficient. And the lack lustre feeling can spread to other things of actual interest in your life.
What else can you do except to keep plugging away.

Don't get low, don't let go, don't get low don't let go
no... - Dodgy

suicide. →

Pressure around the temples, strained voices, sounds from around collecting in your head further adding to the build up. Like threads of flotsam and jetsam they collect around one another, harmless in the flow themselves but once a small blockage has formed they keep on collecting and the pressure keeps on building up behind them.

Without intention or effort you find yourself trapped, not going upstream but just not going down. The water building up around you, more and more pressure

and strain with every little
miniscule irrelevant thing that
collects.

It then becomes not a
question about work or life
but of everything. A question
of losing perspective until
every little thing adds
inproportionately to the strain,
until you think you are losing
your mind.

A way out, find me a
way out of this you think.
Find me a way out of the
stalled blockages all around
your mind. A way out now!

A beach somewhere - your
mind tags along, you cannot
think, its all adding to the
blockage. Sleep, you're too
wired. A hive of potentials

you're buzzing like a lightning
flash waiting to happen. Too
hectic to think straight. Sleep
a long way off until the potentials
die down. Find me a way out.
Alcohol - a help but there
is always that light at the
other end of the tunnel into
which you will have emerge.
In which all the blockages are
waiting for you, waiting to
swarm and cloud your
head once again.

Find me a way out, a
peace a retreat a blackness
from which there isn't the
slightest inkling of having
to face the light again.
You don't come! just find me
a way out

don't get low don't let go, don't get low
don't let go - no, don't get low don't
let go, don't get low don't let go no,
no!

g o o d b y e ...

↑ Things like this aren't done seriously. I
think I just like the imagery. The sad and
beautiful thing. Self pity substituting for
a lack of attention?

"I've got a little black box
with my poems in it,
got a bag, got a toothbrush
and comb, ...
when I'm a good dog they
sometimes give me throw me
a bone ...

I've got elastic bands keeping
my shoes on, I've got nicotine
stained hands, I've got a grand
piano to prop up my mortal remains.

... I've got wild staring eyes,
and I've got a strong urge to
fly ... but I've got nowhere to
fly to ...

- Pink Floyd -

8/6/95

And this is what I hear ... Ooohh babe,
when I pick up the phone ... there's
still nobody home ...

12/6/95

It can be quite hard when the advantage
you have always had over people is to be
prepared to work longer and harder than anyone else,
and this is always what has got you through, it can be
quite hard to come to peace with the decision that

this is no longer what you want to do. You want different things from life.

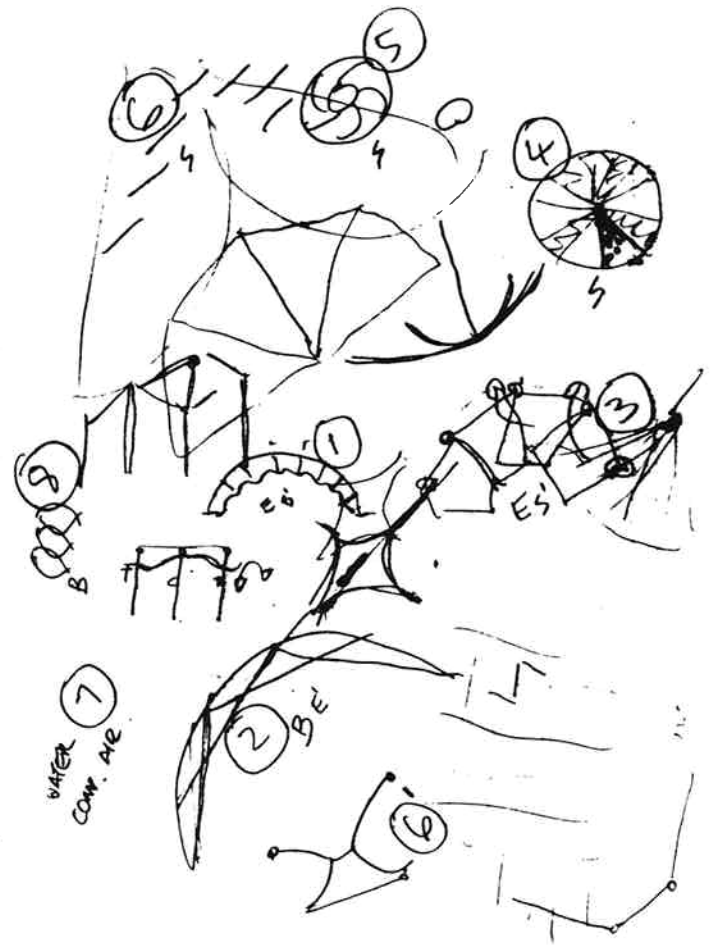
Not to regret having ever done it mind you. It has been a lot easier in terms of opportunity to have done it early and worked with some of the best than to have had to try and prove myself later on.

14/6/95 Feeling a beaten down at work at the moment. Really need a break before I start this next job, but it doesn't look like it is going to happen. The new job is Centre International Rogier. It's an existing bldg which they are tearing down and re-erecting! For the sake of an extra couple of kPa loading! Can't help but think it's a silly idea myself but - who am I to say.

I'm looking at the stability of the whole thing which is looking at the loads (between) existing walls in a retained theatre that have been tied into the new structure, ii) New cores, iii) and a new moment frame!!!. The core is v. slender and goes into tension (too much at the moment)

however may be saved by the existing walls because they are a lot stiffer picking up huge loads that will stiff them! The moment frame is going to be huge!

I would feel a lot more comfortable if we separated from the existing walls but it's a complicated shape to put ES's around for 5-9 floors and to cut every wall at every level would also be a bigger especially as one is the fly tower! Will be very interesting anyway and quite a bit of hard work. ↑ this is some sketches Ed Forwood



Stuart Couperthwaite and myself did over lunch on a fabric competition we are doing. These things are lots of fun.

Anyway working away and getting what I would call good experience, and interesting (as opposed to enjoyable) work. Just got to keep a clear mind with it all and perspective with the rest of my life. - Don't get as tired, or as stressed. Keep with the karma that seems to be around but ignored so much. Relax and be human! - and enjoy it.

pm Who the fuck are these guys kidding? What a work - who is who who know who its all a fucking masturbation on deathheads who don't have the first clue about what life is all about. I am the first glad I'm getting out of it because sometimes I feel in fact I can see myself becoming a part of it. Please let me live a life. Let me see a world, the world, that is more than misguided egos and fabricated benchmarks building shit from shit.

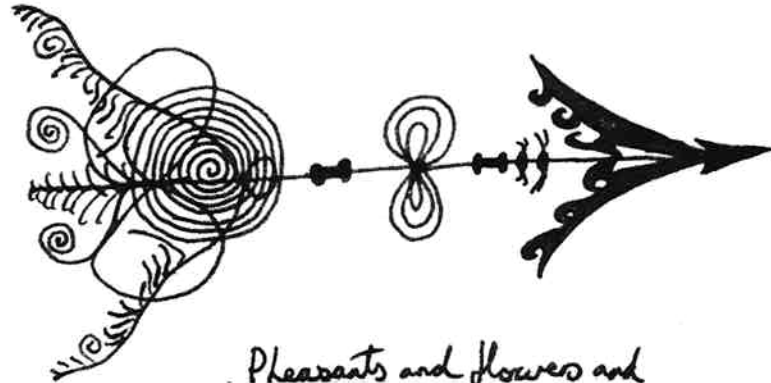
Let me die in the real world, in touch with me, in touch with a human being, not a creature of society. A natural animal, not something that multiplies on the human excrement from a sewage pipe into a damn dear beautiful sea.



Stick with what you do best - observation + experiencing.

15/6/95 Someone reading back over this diary could well come to the conclusion that I was pretty suicidal and they probably wouldn't be too far off the mark. But it is an up and down thing and when the waters settle from time to time it's nice to know you have it. It's an experiencing thing actually I suppose, better to live than to pull up and sit on the side. It's managing to do this with everything in life that I've got to improve on. In fact doing it with the down to earth basics is probably more important and something I do less well.

Maybe it's just me and I feel comfortable being me (and all of the above is a crock of shit). - More likely.



Pheasants and flowers and
Hushers of fancy ...
Fluttering feathers and
fillets all fancy
Fine fluffey fillets all
jull and falacious?
live fiddles fixing
killed by...ing,
fitted for...ying
killed ... oh fuck!



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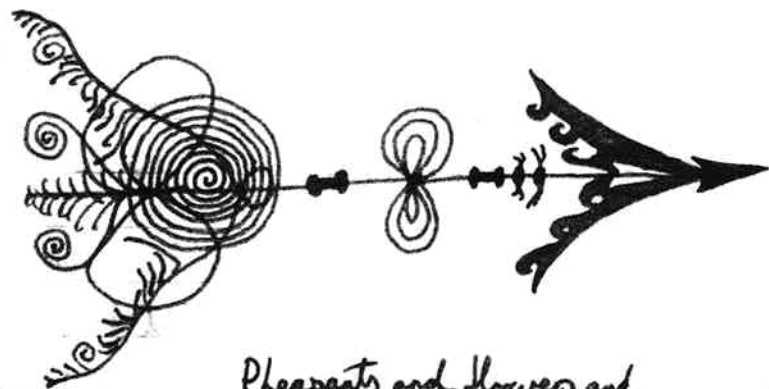
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Pheasants and flowers and
Hushers of fancy ...
Fluttering feathers and
Jillies all prancy
Fine fluffey files all
Jull and falacious?
Jive fiddles fiking
killed by...ing,
killed for...ying
killed ... oh fuck!



20/6/95 Just went to the photographers gallery in
by Leicester square tube. Good idea,
bookshop, a couple of galleries, a library,
and print sales room. You can become a
member and see private viewings etc, they

will help you by commenting on your portfolio etc.
Wonder if I could set something like that up in
Melbourne - Hmmm.

Midsummer - It's downhill from here on in but boy
will it be good while it lasts.

A man is sitting opposite me with black slacks, a white
business shirt and a floral tie. Grey hair short back
and sides he sighed 'oh dear' after he was fully
settled. His wife has one of those pale complexionations
with short blond hair, lacey shirt and a long neck
showing lines of tightness. Large rim spectacles and
a pastel floral dress. Ring of pearls etc this is the type
of religious couple who sleep in separate beds and do the
church a favour on Sundays. He reads a book 'The wickedest
woman in the world' while she reads the telegraph.

Beware the upright couple who have been drilled
into a way of life by society and its leaders.
Beware those who do not know themselves as they
will act with justification from any source they

choose. What is right and wrong to them comes not from
the results of their actions or from their effects on others
but from the pure satisfaction of ideals. Ideals their
own selfishness dictates justified by no logic or
willingness not to think too hard about it. Ideals taken
from society and its own selfishness, or ideals
taken from others actions and persuasions.

22/6/95 Seems like I pull this out now wherever I am
loved (sees a lot of Waterloo station) just
to doodle

very unfair on the two people
sitting opposite and probably
unfair on a large cross-
section of the population.

This isn't good - mindless occupation of the mind.
Keeping it just busy enough or just distracted
enough to ignore the real issue - me. I'm going
to close my eyes for the rest of the journey
and think - or do I mean fall asleep? - Hmmm!

30/6/95	STONES JTR	56 - 112	JUST	75 - 150
	CSA MELB	- 295	SOUND	100 - 200
	CSA STD	- 10723	MADNESS	(100) - (200)
	MIL	300	CASH	50 - 100
	JL	264	NR	(720) - (1460)
	NAWEST	1264 - 2528		
	" JAN.	4000 - 8000	Adj	21000

SUN, HOT, MURKY ... SWEATY day.

2/7/95 " You are never dedicated to something you have complete confidence in. No one is fanatically shouting that the sun is going to rise tomorrow. When people are fanatically dedicated to political or religious faiths or any kind of other dogmas or goals, it's always because these dogmas or goals are in doubt". - A passage from Zen and the art of motorcycle maintenance.

I think this is pretty insightful and true however I wouldn't preclude the idea of people

fighting hard for something they have complete confidence in but that others do not. Galileo and the fact that the world was flat (was it Galileo?), etc. Rosetta Flint and any of her pet arguments! However maybe when the underlying current behind your argument is to convince as many other people as you can that it is true in order that you may believe it too, you argue in a slightly different way. If it is something you worry about perhaps you pursue or initiate more arguments. Maybe you are less likely to consider both sides let alone present both sides in case the other might be true just a little too much.

It's not a bad book Zen and... but tends to go on a little which I think anything coming from thought about the life, universe and everything thingy does. This diary is I'm sure a case in point to the extent of being criminal!

It does however (as is also typical of the above) have certain little packets or ideas like milestones

on a long and intermittent road that are really good (like the passage above).

I was talking with Angie about this the other day and reckon that there is a level to which we live our daily lives. A level of knowing, of consciousness if you like.

Through thought about things and yourself and others and like the universe and everything (I tried not to say philosophy as I then start to feel like I'm assuming a place in the world of philosophers etc, which I am not) individuals make little jumps and woads into the vast area of potential knowledge above us, coming back they fall bringing little tit-bits which are absorbed into society. Whilst individuals themselves may shoot up, way up to the point of reaching stages like Nirvana or whatever ~~or~~ its equivalent is along other targets of thought, the whole of society through the laws of momentum (small masses with large velocities having small effects ~~off~~ on

large masses with small velocities) moves very much slower, and in fact is pushed in all sorts of directions, some opposing and therefore cancelling.

The consciousness line of the whole of society does nevertheless move, like a wavy line given the different levels of different peoples. Almost like the heightline of a growing person, shooting up in stages when ideas etc are revealed. The 60's, racial discrimination, genocide, etc etc. Needless to say the way it moves up is not necessarily correct and like momentum in the 50's surface of the sea it rises and falls and goes with the tides of what is being considered at the time. The tides being the surge of eastern thought or western thought or freedom from oppression, or one for all etc etc.

The surface does ~~see~~ however rise, at least I hope so, looking at evolution of ideas and ways of living and thinking over the past centuries, millenium I hope we are moving for the better.

There may be certain stable levels of potential from which we roughly jump between also, like the levels of potential of electron shells around an atoms nucleus. That of farmer from nomad hunter, all men being equal from apartheid. A civilization based on living with its environment rather than from it. A space faring race, a race of intellectual spirits freed from its physical origins, and on and on and on?



Maybe the reason I like small detail shots in photography is that it gives a beautiful pristine level of detail for which your imagination can then expand upon into a big picture and or more importantly mood. With the picture as a whole the mind is distracted from the intent because he naturally looks for the detail which is not present, or hard to pick out.

Keeping it simple lets the mind turn to the mood and not the 'housekeeping' distraction level of trying to receive all of the information the image physically has recorded.

Angie mentioned that the more she thought about things at uni, the more removed she became from the day to day life of her friends etc. Comments seeming flippant and silly etc. etc. I think it is important to keep in touch with the base surface level its not just so that you can still live as a person and not as a tormented misfit, just to keep perspective and relevance to your thinking. If you fly too high you risk

getting lost in your own little world and sprawling to an in-bred dead end. Then again you don't achieve greatness by not wishing things and taking decisions based on confidence in yourself.

Me, I would rather stay somewhere in touch with people, with the human race at grass roots as that is what I enjoy (people watcher of the first degree).

Good night.

3/7/95 - Work - GROAN!

4/7/95 - "... she stuck a biro up my lover." - a snippet of overheard conversation between an old lady and someone else I couldn't quite see on the train coming home tonight?!

5/7/95 Jamie + Maria are around, Rosetta and even Justin to some extent are acting like they don't want to know us. It really hucks me off the way Rosetta gets - inconsiderate and against her

so called principles in keeping everything out in the open. Jamie and Maria offered us their place for the weekend and now I'm thinking it may just be to give Rosetta some time alone. Paranoid? - I don't know. I've brought it up with them and they always say that they would like us here until the end of the year and that they would let us know if anything was wrong. At the moment I would rather not be here until the end of the year if this is how it is going to be!

Maybe its a case of needing some time alone, or of time with J+M or something but it sure is uncool!

Whatever it is I'm not prepared to make the effort anymore...

We started out as friends I thought but somewhere it seemed to fudge...

... And out of the grey grew concern; and ^{day} hurt; and I tried to turn the

tide, but it all took effort, and effort turned to tired. It seems the heart's receding, and with it all the care, but maybe not the feeling, as there's a hint of Anger there.

farewell!

6/7/95 Three and a half to four hours is too long to work at a stretch if you are thinking + struggling with something so I'm taking a little break before lunch and am sitting here writing about nothing instead.

Sent a letter off to the French Embassy today in protest about their resumption of nuclear testing in the South Pacific. It's really disgusting from what I can make of it.

People are so selfishly bloody minded it staggers me sometimes (a lot of the time!).

Well, it's the afternoon, and true to form, I'm dying a horrible, horrible death...

8/1/95 'Zen + the art of MM' has some good ideas though I hate a lot of his proving + disproving of ideas of things being not physical or physical being real or not real are just a pile of bullshit. He compares the concept of zero and gravity saying neither are physical. Gravity most likely is physical-like someone in the 15th century saying electric potential was just a concept when you could see lightning or reflexes etc but just not understand them.

The other thing that annoys me is this philosophical high on horse wanking that he goes on with. Seems everything is classic formalism or romantic idealism etc etc. So wound up in being a part of the jargon and using all the classic arguments that

through all the none-dropping, the point of the whole bloody argument is lost or missed analysed!

11/7/95 "The stars in the sky don't mean nothing, to you there a mirror."

Evergrow and then you come across a line in song that is written well, sung well and, well seems to take you along with it

13/7/95 Read over some of my old diaries last night - I should try to write more poetry and sketch a little more as ever though they're not that great, they're the things that bring back the most memories and feelings. Perhaps because they are just a starter from which my imagination and memory can start working.

I wrote about lying down to go to sleep and trying to feel the ebb and the flow of humanity and the earth, blend in and let

myself beat in harmony or get taken with it. I like this idea and might start that sort of thing again. Real bumper losing the diary through Hong Kong, and the start of England. Had a lot written down in that.

16/7/95 What we need is some sort of race or clan memory. At the moment all we seem to be doing is living out our own little dramatic plays, the same little dramas that have been lived out since time began. All that's changing is the sets. We're still worrying about the same things, fighting for the same things, we still all think we're the hero, the goodie, the hard done by, we're still all stepping into type-cast roles that have been played a million ~~years~~ times over.

A day a long time after the current technological revolution will I hope see some sort of spiritual equivalent that will drag us away from our individual role, playing and actually see something that does truly learn and know. A

real consciousness that gives us inherently what books + traditions etc are trying to do now, give us a higher starting point. Maybe then there will be something.

↳ actually I think I'm still missing the point. Surely there is something now?

This is shit... I'm going to have to get on with and give it some time. It's like a bright light hidden from view. You wander all around it but only ever see its glow, the source seems hidden by a blind spot in the centre of your vision.

I have immediate feelings of which way I should go and I guess I'll have to be patient and take them, living with snapping my head around every now and then to try and catch whatever it is that's so elusively just ~~of~~ out of my field of vision.

17/7/95

Is not believing in God and creation etc being anti-religion. Seeing what other wonders happen in the world I'm not excluding anything actively. What I guess I'm trying to say is I would rather cope with life on my own terms than you very much. It does seem however that the more exposure I get to religion, the less faith I have in any particular one. Not to criticise the underlying effects it can have (but to definitely criticise some other points!) or to take anything away from the people who follow & believe. There is bad in people & faiths & leaders. The only truth is that the bad & the good are in people & that's what matters. Religion along with every other thing in life only serves to act as a catalyst to bring those out.

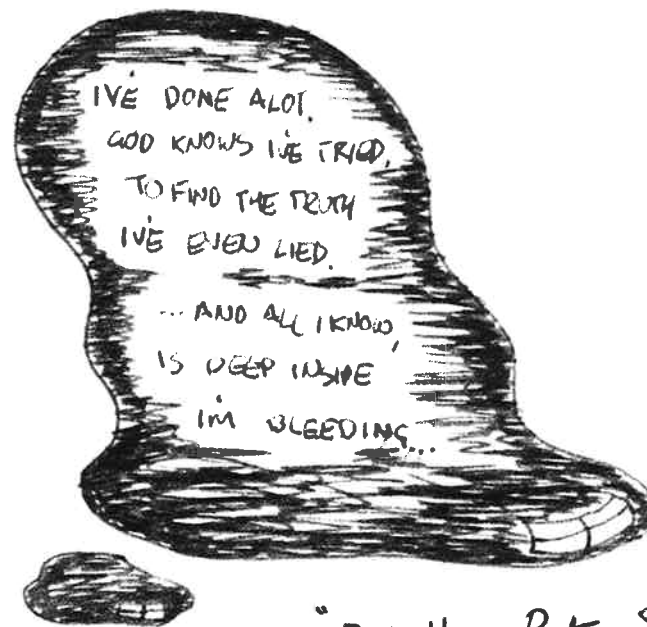
RELIGION
... I THINK IS EITHER
STRAINING THROUGH
LIFE THAT IS ON MY
OWN TERMS.
I'LL TAKE WHAT I THINK
IS WORTH TAKING &
LEAVE YOU TO DEBATE
WHAT'S LEFT.

Why does so much of this start with a nice little thought + end up a confusion of convoluted words not sounding how I want them to. And this is more a disappointment as they only serve to take away from what I was thinking.

Hum... Why shitty little things like this?

18/7/95

My life it seems sometimes is just an episode playing out in the corner of my vision, there but never really seen full on...
... and as for as what I am looking at? ... snow.



"Rocky Honor Picture Show"

19/7/95 Under a bit of stress at work at the moment. A lot of problems with the stability of this building to get through and there isn't going to be enough time.

Tomorrow I should make an issue list + prioritise it w/ potential cost and just get done what I can get done in the time.

PS don't forget the bracing + lateral loads

(do we need to consider diff. pile lateral K 's or is it all held together by the basement slab?).

22/7/95 Went for a walk down to Thornum beach for a walk late last night. It's quite a walk and I thought it might be nice.

The stars were excellent. I lay down and just looked up. Background noise of the surf + noone or nothing else you lose the feeling of gravity a little and its not hard to imagine that the stars and milky way were a big cloud studded through with diamonds laid out beneath you, while you semi-floated above them ready to descend and take long slow strides into who knows what - bit like a 10's glitter feeling I suppose with organ music playing through the cosmos all round you (turn a white shade of pale).

The other feelings were when looking around the perimeter the lights from towns or whatever glowing. The stars faded out and looked like points of light hanging down

from something. Like the flutter of twinkles left over by fireworks but permanently fixed there twinkling. Following back to the milky way above it all had a very 3D feeling. A huge chandelier reaching down to us as a sign or reassurance of a bigger (brother?) world out there. Like the tips of an upside down crystal formation stretching out above us.



The glow of the lights did however reinforce exactly how alone I really was to the civilization around me and having come with orange underlying ideas of oneness with nature and isolation with a world and its universe all I had really done was to walk to Thornum beach at night.

It was very nice but it was a tober effort. Made me want to sit on top of a rocky ridge somewhere in dreamland north Australia with someone (or no-one) and look at the stars +

feel the country around me in total isolation with all the magic and unknowns of a thousand years ago.

Maybe that would feel with what I know would be the rest of the world's presence around me a little like last night, maybe not.

There is a lot out there to reconnect in with through my body and a life ahead to do it, must keep on trying to stray from the narrow path of ~~our~~ civilization in the 90's.

25/7/95 Basketball last night - nearly died, Thornham on the w/e was great - sun, sea, sand, and the bikes. Work is actually good as well I just need a break from it to appreciate it - that's all!

26/7/95 How much of your viewpoints are voiced in order to justify past actions, no matter from what source your past actions were inspired in the first place.

Z+THAOMM did mention onethery today and that is that your attitude to things won't easily be turned on + off - if you think slapping for 6 days + week then it will be hard to be sharp for the 7th

Life is a total experience as far as your attitude goes ...

... to some degree anyway - moods change.

27/7/95 I've discovered COKE in the mornings as a bit of a pick me up - yeah! Never mind the rotting teeth and diabetes I'm finally alive !!!

CBA MGB	296	JOSIN	75	150
" SYD	10 922	BOND	100	200
M/F	300	M+O PRES	(25)	(50)
V/C	211	CASH	100	200
UNWEST 526	9052	NI	(912)	(1824)
" F.R. 1970	2940		Ap	<u>22 297</u>

to him before about getting my licence etc + had bought me in some magazines. He was adv. it for 800 + not getting anywhere - took it back to his dealer who offered 600 + he was due to take it in Sat → Nicely come up + offered me + after Justin had the obligation, look over decided yes.

Slightly older equivalent bikes were advertised for around some price in the paper + there were a few for around £600 but 3 years older + this is in really good nick so I thought buyager looking around + took it - I just hope I don't lose too much money come winter when I have to resell it!! - Similar to the Escort, just have to wait + see I guess.

5/8/95 The difference between good schools + bad schools is quite hard to pick but Z+TAOMM really makes me think about this education system, and me still with the last remnants of momentum ^{after} having being spat out the other side.

- killing of creativity by some teachers following recipe book courses drilling / brainwashing students with the results of education, not the education itself. You can tell the difference b/w someone who went to Cambridge and others like myself. They are excellent thinkers in anything and have been educated, I've been taught the results with a little education to fill the huge gap between these results and the original problem. And this is more prevalent in primary + secondary school. A whole population being taught what they should know but not how to get there on their own. A whole society of parrots.

I feel like I'm only starting to overcome this now and am slowly, with a lot of time to make up, learning to be a person. This lack of personality I have felt for so long is not a side

effect of me being shy or not good with people, it is in actuality a lack of personality! My person being covered up and blanketed by the collection of results my mind was filled with after school.

I seem to have been effected more than most perhaps because I was shy etc, or there isn't as much to my brain and it just got snowed over as one of the earliest casualties find it much easier to or maybe being more suited to this idea of learning the results.

I feel like my mind has been tempered with.

I might not grow into more personality externally but I feel like I will have ever internally, the equivalent of getting to know yourself (finding!) I suppose - ploughing through all the layers of shit you have been conditioned with at school so you can survive

in society in order to find the person you started as and were a long time ago or until you were 5 or 6 and started school.

- Having said all that after giving an education, people need to know how to apply it to what they want, and for instance if they want to 'make it' - bad term - become proficient in our human race they should not be restricted by poor exam marks which won't necessarily show up the differences.

- Endless other things, probably equally important that I don't know anything about except that either I didn't fit in fully with it, or it did not work fully for me - things like interlating to other people - relationships with girls etc -?

I guess I can count myself lucky that

my mind is relatively good at the results learning and this gave me enough momentum, albeit in ignorance to take me through to where I am now - Hopefully in a position to start sorting things and putting them into their correct places.

What is me, education, society, and the other areas around society (like + what must be a part of the overall picture + hopefully shed some light on the purpose of us in the picture, although I doubt it. The purpose I think is above us in this lifetime even if there is one at all - but what else is there to do otherwise? (for what is something without a purpose).

13/8/95 A short lifespan, or a lifespan for that matter does has its advantages. It limits the suffering one human being must go through. It provides a renewal of stock. A constant re-inventing of the wheel that hopefully re-examines all the old adages from a fresh

viewpoint against a fresh backdrop of current times. A shedding of skin perhaps. A system that balances the myths that is kept and that which is discarded.

I like the shedded skin scenario, a painful uncomfortable shedding that occurs after each period of growth. The dead discarded cells just a sacrificed stage for the greater being to keep on growing.

If man was given immortality, or even retained memory (one in the same?) would he learn to be kinder to the fellow men around him? Or given the initial discriminations that formed in his views early on, would he just retain this initial setup of outlook and in turn make advantage of his immortality by becoming more and more powerful. Playing the game better + better through more + more experience.

How much does someone learn in the first 30 years of his life and how much of this is revaluated and changed in the rest

30. A lot and not much! Death giving rise to others who re visit + decide for themselves. His mythos being carried on through overlap in life, through writings, through the hardware of the world around him that he has helped to shape. The software as well, the prevailing attitudes he has contributed to even if it only be through inactivity and acceptance of them.

It's not very nice being the shedded skin, for you have not much relation to the being you were unwittingly in most cases a part of. If in fact you do end up being discarded, maybe theres a recycling thing a constant putting to sleep of and rebirth of consciousness. The dead skin being just that, dead flesh, the life spirit conserved and regenerated into more fresh consciousness. Until there comes a time when a nirvana for the race is reached and this great being comes to life as a whole! All its little 'lives' along the way being skin to

our memories of birth, or life in the womb, very minimal but not necessarily important viewed in relation to the consciousness it now lives under. Maybe we will even split into a number of beings depending on when + where individuals finally manage to get their consciousnesses together. Maybe these different beings will be sub personalities of the one greater.

You could go on forever, maybe I'm full of shit and there is just us. Little trouble consciousnesses in a world too big for our understanding to ever measure, destined to become flakes of dead skin in the scheme of things our bright little sparks of life meaning nothing more than the moment.

11/18/95 I'm very close to breaking at the moment and am not enjoying it at all. The end of the year cant (and probably wont) come soon enough. Tired, shitty and moody - don't push me.

I am so fucking angry. Had a fight with Justin last night ~~so~~ - he was a bit unreasonable in criticism of me leaving keeps about etc. He went over the top and I took it even further. Whilst I know the basis means little I'm still fucking angry - with myself, with Justin, with Rosetta; with work, angry with everything. No more bloody niceness, I haven't got the inclination anymore. I would just like to get it over and done with and leave.



I don't know really why but I'm fucking angry, so get the fuck out of my way.

18/8/95 This job is killing me slowly from the inside out. Drying me up, The first thing to go is your brain. You lose your consciousness by degrees, slowly pouring back into your head until you looking at the vision from somebody else's eyes. Things that are familiar to them but just distant unimportant memories for you.

The little grain of self separated from the outer edges by an ever increasing void (like a broken film of soap bubble?)



23/8/95? Scotland - Edinburgh and the festival, stayed with Neil, his mum and med
ch orgie - Jack. Caught up with Malard
and a bit of the tattoo televised in the union

street for 15 days. Great documents - pap. newspaper
run! → Glasgow, Loch Lomond, Loch Long,
loch lochy etc etc, rain in the mornings but nice
afternoons (until today). Isle of Skye - great
little swivel top ferry Glendy to Kyleveach.

Staying in Neist point lighthouse for a couple of
nights. Dramatic rocky cliff scenery, sheep
and the atlantic ocean. Wonderful - isolated
and just a bit eerie! Lighthouse stern above
in the dark with swivelling searching beams of
light spying out to sea and across the cliffs
behind. Reflected image
of glass leadwork slowly
moving about the courtyard and a strong mild
~~with a cold strong wind~~ wind with bits of
~~smattering of mist rain.~~ breeze roaring past.

4/9/95 Back! Feeling a bit more together
than when I left I must admit -
was a pretty good holiday all in all.



Cold solid stone and searching light
a confused and fanciful mind held steady
by the reality of the night.

5/9/95 The scenery from around Fort William and
Glencoe and up was beautiful. Volcanic
rock, endless mountains. Reminded me a lot of
the landscape in Greece except for the weather.
The Use of Skye was a high point although

from what people tell me we didn't get to see the
Cullins in their full glory. In fact they are seldom
in their full glory due to cloud cover most of
the time.

We also walked up Ben Nevis which was
well worth it. Clear views on the way up of
all the surrounding countryside right up to
the underside of the cloud. The cloud was
all at one level like a ceiling through which
you walked, and then out the other side
into a different world. Sunny barren
rockpile. Pretty tiring walk - took us 6 hours
3 1/2 on the way up and 2 1/2 on the way down.
Was amazed at the type of people doing it -
heaps of kids, and people who looked like
they had seen a day of exercise for quite a
while.

I'm going as I don't like the style of
this writing. Should have done it while
we were travelling - will try and do this
for our big trip even if it's only a few words.

every day.

im Maybe what we do is to try and pick up more of the lateral aspects of ourselves

The peripheral vision of our minds

Hippies do it by drugging up and clouding the direct view enough to reduce everything to the fogginess of their peripheral. Others see it through discipline of logical (or illogical for that matter) thinking. Exploration through ideas + philosophy. Like darting an eye suddenly sideways trying to catch that something that was moving in the periphery. Others maybe are forced into through stress or madness or one as a result of the other, their mind under pressure jumping from one raw nerve end to another in a random flicker through all regions.

Expanding to the periphery I guess is as opposed to projecting outwards. The development of the line of vision we already

have in front of us to make it longer, sharper and more efficient. A more scientific projection rather than a romantic expansion. Cutting a clear line by labelling scientific and romantic would I think be a mistake. You know theres only shades of grey!

CBA M2B	1416	NATWEST SAV	5026	10052
" STD	10322	NATWEST CUR	381	762
m/c	300	JUST	75	150
v/c 02	211	BOND	100	200
v/c UK (23)	(46)	CASH CAR	70 (150)	140 (300)
NI (750)	(1500)		BA	<u>22000</u>

Tax cheque from 02 + ~~for~~ ~~car~~ ~~park~~. but holiday and motorbikes cost a bit!

Motorbikes - 625
holiday + car = 200
CBT = 75 } 900 £ didn't help!

Nana left me \$5000 which was nice too - I think I'll put it into shares and try and keep them as long as possible in her memory. Would be nice to transfer

them on in some way but will have to see as money will be getting pretty tight after the trip I'd imagine.

6/9/95 Slowly getting back into it and it's slowly weighing down on me. I think a lot of the problem is trying to apply myself when I know the trip is coming up - 12 weeks to go, not long at all!

Have been looking quickly at the Millennium wheel - is it me or am I getting all the hard jobs around here? - Actually I think a lot of it is just me and I probably wouldn't want it any other way anyway but I am feeling a bit 'all thinned out'. It's like a bloody marathon, or maybe more a chinese water torture, it's taking real effort to keep going and keep thinking.

The danger is that thinking if you can manage to will yourself into doing it isn't something you just do, it's something

you ~~either~~ ^{can} do well or do badly and there's no prizes for guessing what happens when you're feeling a bit fatigued with it all as I do at the moment.

The initial stages usually aren't too bad as they're interesting and you've plenty of time ahead, it's the nitty gritty at the end when the time comes to make a decision on the thinking + to actually produce something. This is something a lot of people have problems with judging by the amount of high flying idea thinkers and the rareness of actually producing something. It's the correction that is the difficult part.

7/9/95 - Quite tired again - do you think it's because my stomach + intestines + everything is too small hence my light body weight - or too inefficient + draws of too much energy to do the digesting job for the energy it gets from it? Or maybe I just — off too much ← funny

think it how I can't bring myself to talk about this subject (or even mention it). I guess it's a good indication that I think one day someday this might get read (even if it's only by me?). Also says something about me and or society and just how closed up and private - unwilling to face up to - unhealthy? we can be about things.

8/9/95 Just passed a room full of graduates and knobs from around the group in a meeting room downstairs. Its good people are introduced properly etc etc. but meetings or functions or things like this I tend to despise a bit as turkey gobbling. Put people in a situation like this and its as though all you get is their first defense barrier facades rubbing up and down against each other in idle chit chat. Whatever small seepages that have managed to permeate all of the different layers to the surface are in the form of formulated responses + questions + topics that are regurgitated again + again

and again a passing around of old ideas ~~not~~ both of your own and others you have picked up.

Necessarry I grant you! Even useful as a starting point! but the real interaction is more the one on one during work, not even so far as the better relationship of team working but even just passing conversation in corridors or at coffee machines - interested enquiries over whats on a screen or dog or whatever.

10/9/95 Went and saw Jamie play with "Praying for the rain" last night. They played in 'The church' in Hammersmith Broadway at a recorded session. Gig was really set up well - Candles, great lighting sound was good (even though they lost it with feedback a couple of times) really good atmosphere. Very hippy - Rosetta loved it of course! and off at times but the music was great and thats basically what its about. Everybody was silent at the end

in an effort to give the positive energy to the world outside - nice thoughts and good feelings.

I find hippies quite funny. Drunken over relaxed faces with cloudy far away expressions and smiles. I get the feeling that in all the effort of trying to be with it, they have mistaken or maybe just will themselves into believing that the mysticism of their hazy trances is it, and with all their earthly fears + paranoia and everything else dulled by this antacid raft of spaciness they are just as far away as anybody else if not further as this is more like escaping the actuality than being in it.

Not that it's not a nice place to be! or even of course that this applies across the board as some of these guys are with it - in bits anyway!

Back at their place for coffee I opened

up a little book on Shakespeares love poems and read the poem I had scribbled down over the page. I just found it really refreshing that this sense of reality did exist, and with it a bit of a sense of humour and abandon that comes through.

It strikes me as the reality behind all or punctuating all of the beauty, and is in itself as it encompasses the rest + uses it as a backdrop to the real pure touchable beauty, more ultimately beautiful than the rest!

14/9/95 Had pretty packed day yesterday. In at work at 7:00 (up at 5:50) to finish off a summary of work report for the Martini Tower ready for their 9:00 meeting. Lunchtime meeting with the Architects and ATU on the millenium wheel which I had to run myself as Stuart was late back from the Martini meeting. Fending off both DM + SB + their assistant from DM+SB when it was

Jeerily obvious
we hadn't done
much work
on it during
the week past.
Then playing
diplomats in
the afternoon
with DM re-
assuring him
that we are
committed to
the wheel +
will devote
time to it!
Then went to
the proms

the late session (Vivaldi + Handel) after a
dinner out with Ange to finally crawl into
bed about 12:30. Not a bad effort for me!

The Proms were great. Royal Albert

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red.
If snow be white, why then her breasts
are dun;

If hairs be wires, black wires grow
on her head.

I have seen roses damask'd, red + white
But no such roses I see in her cheeks.

And in some perfumes there is more delight

Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.

I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
that music hath a far more pleasing
sound.

(grant I never saw a goddess go,
My mistress when she walks treads
on the ground

And yet, by heaven, I think
my love as rare As any
she belied with false
compare.

W.S.

Hall is a sight
to be seen and
is a great
venue - immers
space and
openess with
warm colours
and low key
involved,
welcoming put
your feet up
atmosphere I
would say.

The
performances
were also

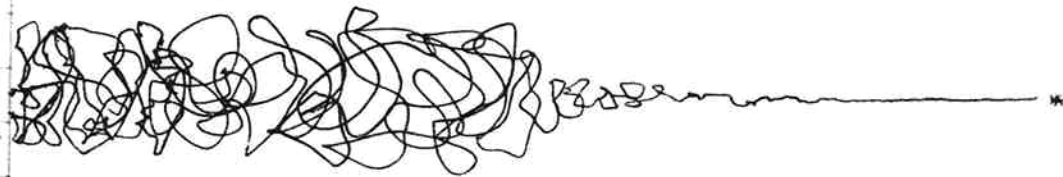
very good. It's been a while - four or five or more
years at least since I've seen a full live orchestra
We were fairly high up and had a good view
over them. It was such an alive thing with ~~the~~

different sections of this little pool of musicians, and lovely wooden instruments springing to life and dancing around amidst the beautiful music emanating from it. A Choir in the background rising and falling with it - wonderful voices, male soprano I think all being pulled and tugged and massaged by the conductor at the front. Falling asleep every 10 minutes was probably wasn't the thing to do but it did make it a bit more surreal I guess or maybe closer to the real me? Well worth \$6.50 anyway!

19/9/95 Been a bit shitty lately Brendon + I'm not sure why but I do know that Angie is getting the rough end of the stick. Work is a bit stressful but I don't mind that so much. I think there are other frustrations that are playing on my mind. Money maybe - the idea of getting back home with nothing? - impending change maybe, leaving England - Career - sorting out

what I want to do for the rest of my life? Work - jobs going well or bad - I really don't know but I've got to try and get a clear perspective of the reality around me ~~was~~ both immediately around my space and of my overall being and I hope this may sort it out.

Maybe its the clashing of free spirit + organisation coming through and the transfer from one to the other. I think I'll give myself a couple of weeks off before we leave to help calm down and get into the feeling of things. Yes, I think that that has a lot to do with Focus on those 2 weeks rather than the image of me standing in a sunny Bombay street having changed out of my work clothes the night before shagged after a long weeks work.



20/9/95 There is a man, a homeless man by the looks of it who comes and feeds the pigeons outside work every afternoon, usually quite late about 5:30 or 6:00 when people are going home. He has a brown peaked cap which he keeps angled low down across his eyes. He has a light blue compartmented down vest which has white stains from the bird poo. He has brown straggly greasy hair and has that look of a smell that makes you purse your lips and screw up your nose like a disgusted wine connoisseur sampling a bad bouquet.

He has a gentle expression on his face when he feeds the birds. They strut around his ~~the~~ arms and perch peering at the food in his hands on his shoulders. His expression is of gentle caring as he methodically goes about distributing the food. Gentle except for his eyes which don't for some reason match the rest of his face. They

are not angry eyes or eyes of passion, they are inwards eyes. Eyes you could imagine had mirrors on the inside reflecting all of the life and spark and outwards characteristics of a person so that all you saw was the clear film over the outside, functional + physical only like part of a camera over the dead whites, the iris's the grey surface of the back side of the mirror. Like an egg with no yoke.

Inside I would imagine there is himself stuck in a kind of logic loop which has overloaded the machine until the systems close one by one until this loop is all that is left. An impasse that has trapped a human mind. Going over where he is and how he got there, the unfairness of it, the lost potentials, the good old days, his past glories, his place in the world, all of those thoughts were long ago killed off, or maybe just gone through so many times - a subconscious never ending loop sucking all the resources, or causing a
an impasse

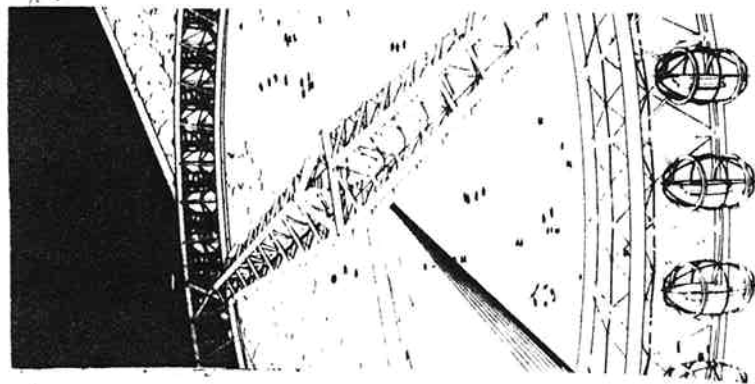
blockage part which only the slightest little
trickle flows.

All it seems remains is a recognition of
the pigeons and the park and the shadows of
others walking around him. Us. A line of vision
set in line with the impasse of his mind which
has blocked all else. Keeping it all in peripheral
vision so that he may focus on the task at
hand and keep his mind, this little bit of his
mind ticking, only just but nevertheless ticking.
Anything else he knows will result in
overstress and even seizure and it is this
that he now hides from. Living in the pinpoint
of the little focussed ticking the most remains
dormant, twisted and tied like a mass of
elastic ready to unravel in an explosion of
flummied stress if allowed.

And I can recognize parts of him
in myself and wonder what the percentages
are and if they are increasing or not.

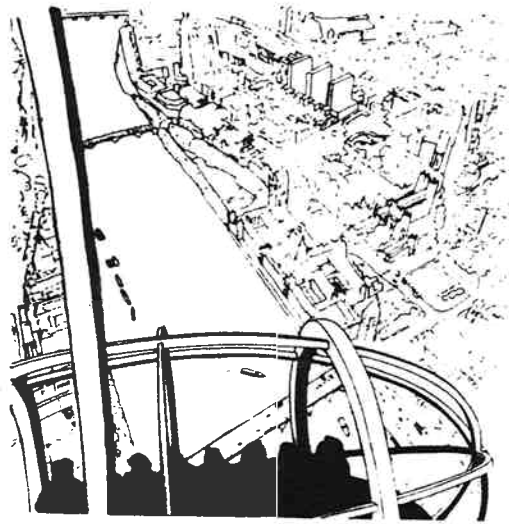
21/9/95 I hate to admit it but I'm quite enjoying
work at the moment - Doing the
Millennium Wheel + finishing off Martini.

Interesting work + I have someone to help me
which takes a bit of the pressure off. The job
also has problems with who is running it + so
I get to see + deal with all the bigger knots
which is also quite interesting. I just have to be
careful I don't get set up as a scape goat by
some of the intermediate players who I imagine
are quite keen to save their own little hides
from a tanning as much as possible. Not that
it's anybody's fault => but caution never not
noone!

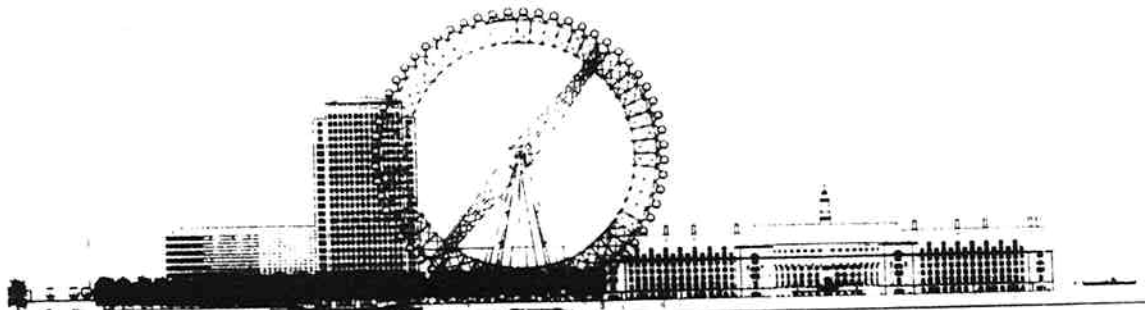


120m @ .60 x 16 = 760 people 3 revolutions/min 3000 t of wheel

Needless to say the Architects (DAVID MARKS TOLIA BARKFIELD ASSOC) have produced some great graphics and also done a video with fly throughs etc - pretty amazing. Pretty amazing when compared to the stuff we can produce anyway! (Then again I suppose we don't need to -?)



23/9/95 Went and saw 'Before Sunrise' last night. This has to be the best

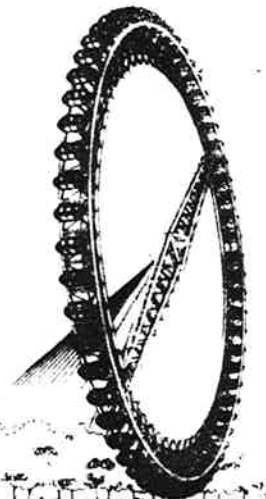


film I've seen in a long long time. I really connected with everything - it's just about as perfect a piece as I could imagine for what it was trying to say.

Falling in love with someone. It reminded me a lot of the night in Surfers Paradise with Julie where we stayed up all night doing just that. It reminded me a lot of Sylvia although that was a much longer drawn out process and I think it probably ended more in friendship although it's always a grey line isn't it. And of course it reminded me of Anzi and our first

few months together. The most beautiful thing I have ever been through. so warm...

It reminded me of 'Romeo



and Juliet' Dive Straits and what all that used to mean to me and how I almost cried in that theatre in Sydney when it came on before a movie unexpectedly. I'd say I was with Sue but I never went through anything like that with Sue, it was always just me - what a waste of time all that was.

I think that it is not that hard to fall in love with people. Once you start learning about others little secrets and loves and fears and their real selves it's like a couple of children, pure, warm loving spirits connecting beneath the cloud layer of adult defenses we usually carry around. The clouds all self propagating also - the more you see the more you put up + vice versa. Answer - don't put any up.

Anyway it made me remember a lot of all of those feelings and a lot of it has let drift by the wayside. Must try to hang on + keep the cloud down!

1 people watched for the first time properly

after a long time last night - actually felt the person get into their mood and their feelings and their life for an instant and felt their beauty and in fact the love between them and the person they were with.

The film meant so much to me, nothing new but brought together so much old that I feel it is hard to make it and its significance to me dear on paper. Last night I thought I would just write that this film is truly beautiful and as Ange' said everybody should see a film like that. I'm just glad we did and that it is out there as a record. A record I feel of a large part of what I love about life and how I would like something to come out if I ever tried to do a movie.....?

This film is really beautiful and I'm glad it will always be out there as a record, a record of things, of things from which you should live your life and from which the rest of your being should stem.

25/9/95 Went down to Putney on Saturday night to have a look at the fireworks and have a few drinks which was really nice but I feel as though we've wasted the w/e a bit by not doing much during the days. Must try to make the most of our last couple of months.

Bide is going ok except for the works which are basically fucked + so it won't rev idle properly → not a big worry but I am a little worried about what that means for the test next week!

29/9/95

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M/C	300	SUS1	75	150
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WT (150)	(1500)	CDR	(150)	(300)

AA ~~22134~~
22134

Aggh - \$200 on beise - better pass! \$350 on air tickets: not a good month. → Shouldn't have been that bad must have spent a bit on the bike and P. ~~...~~

Speak to the architects on this job and half of the bloody conversation is worrying about what you say - how are you supposed to have a productive conversation if they start throwing in all that shit. Got their dicks in their hands most of these people and start wanting off on little power plays and ego trips. Julia Barfield is very good from what I've seen, nice principles + nice temperament to like, David Marks is quite good also - very good on structures etc. good at picking up on how things are going etc but talks to the wrong people - namely me! Malcolm Cook is less good + I don't think they are reading correctly where the job is - how are we going to finalise this if we're still throwing around basic ideas. Maybe the problem is more that we aren't doing any work on the

bloody thing as we don't have the people. This is destroying all of the relationships at a personal level also + making the job run even worse. Guess I have to try and keep the relationships going. But it's very hard fending off bad feelings + blending together when there is damn good reason for the bad feeling in the first place.

1/10/95 "Merlin... approached the king and said to him; 'For what reason am I introduced into your presence?' My magician's answered ~~the~~ king Vortigern, 'I advised me to seek out a man that had no father, with whose blood my building is to be sprinkled, in order to make it stand.' 'Order your magician's,' said Merlin, 'to come before me, and I will convict them of a lie.' The king ordered the magician's to come and Merlin spoke to them after this manner: 'Command your workmen to dig into the ground, and you will find a pond which causes the foundations to sink' - From Geoffrey (and they died).

of Monmouth, 'The history of kings in Britain: Translated in 'Old English Chronicles' 1910. - Not bad eh? - mind you he then goes onto predict two dragons living in hollow stones at the base of the road and is proved correct!

4/10/95 - Feeling very tired. More from not being that motivated at work I think than anything else. Enjoying life outside of work a lot more.

I sit at my desk surrounded by work and fluorescent light ~~the~~ and the hum of computers - that constant high pitched hum is worse than anything else. All it is is just a little fan at the back but it seems to personify or it seems the epitome of the workplace, going constantly every living hour of every day reaching all corners of the office without exception waiting there to be worked on - calling you to work, nagging at you the whole time!

I have the window open a little and especially as now when it has rained the fresh sweet smelling air filters in, and I know the pigeons are sitting in the square with feathers ruffled in the shelter of their favorite tree, a sleepy contented warm as toast look about them surrounded by it all, watching contentedly all the toing and the froing of the world around them.

Six and a half weeks and counting!

5/10/95 Had a group meeting tonight a whole lot of which was bullshit. I'd like to look further into the relationship between the no. of people required to do a job and the productivity + quality of work turned out. You can do a job with 1 up to 3 or 100 people with effects on job quality - extent of service and client happiness.

- 1 - quality of schemework + design flair
- 3 - " " detailed design
- 2 - " " drawings produced

- 2 - Time put into working with the architect
- 3 - producing information for the architect
- 1 - massaging the relationship



6/10/95 In the light of the morning when everything seems somehow doable (the realities of the

day still to prove us wrong and try to hammer us down) (in not so sure quality of work need suffer, however one has to give - the creativeness, the actual work or the ~~less~~ relationship. As with the wheel I think it was both of the latter.

What would be more interesting is how you promote creative flair around the office.

Promote art? Is that what this side of us is: artists, and should we be proud - I think so. Art courses - art shows. Art shows by people in the group - presentations of structural art at art galleries - the pureness of form - life, nature, structural engineering and everything.

I think there is a definite engineering side of this as opposed to the overall thing the architect comes up with.

8/10/95 The BIG ISSUE.

40p of cover price goes to vendor

PRECIOUS

My family is a rose I hold
close to my heart,
You cannot see the deep
black wounds it gives me,
I am told, I must hold it tight,
For it is a precious thing - a
thing of beauty.

The pain of my Rose
confuses me, makes me
forget,
must I hold onto it so?
Then I remember...
A precious thing - a thing of
beauty.

Sometimes I watch others
holding their roses,
They do get cut or hurt by
theirs,
I don't understand why mine

hurts so,
I am told
A precious thing, a thing of
beauty.

I am told "Of course it hurts,
all roses have thorns"
My rose has such ripping,
rending thorns,
It must indeed be a very
precious thing

I pull my rose closer to my
heart,
And scream in my silence,
How lucky am I to have such
a pain,
Such a precious thing of
beauty.

COL

9/10/95 I had a dream
last night that I
killed myself. I was at
work and sat down in an
office which I had had
partitions similar to a toilet everything
including the desk in white laminate. I
plugged my calculator in and programmed it
to produce a lethal gas. All this seemed

I like this poem
as it applies to
a lot of life.
The extent
to which the
outside world
sinks into our
most basic
thoughts and
actions.

like it wasn't uncommon around the office and wasn't out of place. I switched it on in despair and put my head on the desk in self pity. I knew it would take about an hour and a half and while I waited I vaguely played with the thoughts of people coming into turn it off.

Probably a classic sign of wanting more attention I guess, in real life. So predictable Brendan! It wasn't a desperate hope that someone would come in as I was quite relaxed and with the idea of just drifting out and that is in fact what I did. My breathing (and I remember all of this) got slower and slower until it was almost imperceptible above the silence ~~and~~ around me. My eyes relaxed more and more and I just started to drift off to sleep although I knew it would be a state of unconsciousness ~~rather than~~ followed by the end rather than just sleep and I eventually closed my eyes to let it come.

I was saved by Lance Mudgway of all people, someone I went to high school with, complete with greasy blonde hair and braces. And he didn't get that excited, just come in for something else, switched off the machine, said a few words or something + walked out leaving me to it.

I could have easily turned the machine back on but didn't for some reason. The fresh air now filling my lungs as normal I felt like this attempt (or this experiment into attention seeking?) was over and I would go on until this little bit of renewed vigour was over and then → who knows, the same again? - Maybe I'd achieved what I wanted - to demonstrate that I was serious, to make the ultimate statement and prove to myself / others that I was sad and needed self pity (need / needed?). All for want of attention - I prefer not to think so, but what else - sick of things - do something about it.

Going on this big trip soon why should I be sick of things. Maybe its like the last leg before the finish and all the glory - your just tired and can't be bothered making that last bit of effort no matter what lies beyond the finish line. You just want to collapse in a heap and go to sleep saying goodbye to it for good. I think that is probably more like it.

10/10/95 Just read back over my old diaries. Lay back in bed feeling a little fluey and had a couple of scotches. They were actually very good (although the scotch and the fact that they were written by me for me may had have helped).

Filled me with spirit and got me to get up and go and taste the fresh air + the real world outside the window. Yes it is still there!

11/10/95

A.M.

This job it seems is not stopped well, and this it seems is making our life hell.

Points for today's meeting.

- need arm to make construction work
- worst forces during construction. †
- see 60 guy solution - 1000t? †
- see 12 " " - 1500t? <
- stiff arm solution - 2000t? x

↓
Minimize local effects
" stiff arm effects.

- † still to be done
- < " " " " not much work involved.

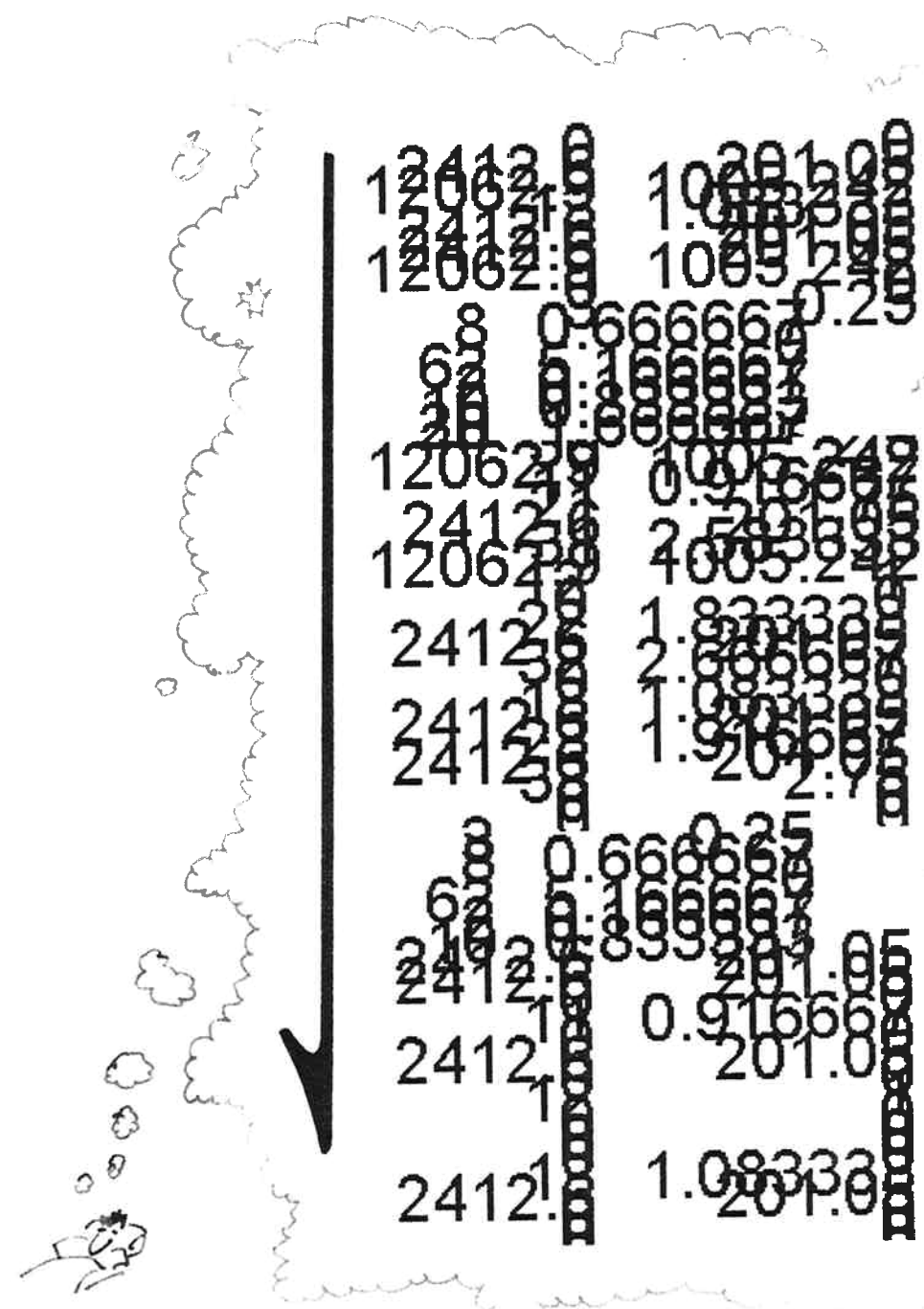
P.M.

The meeting today ↑ didn't go too badly. Still a lot of work to do and the job still

carries the setbacks brought on by the lack of staff and management during the early stages.

→ Just a little snapshot of the office. Sometimes we must appear as monks wandering around the office tending to the countless computers, catering for their every comfort as they whir through address calculations and numbers at the speed of light. Very intense but it must appear that way at times. Got to keep the numbers scrolling.

Becoming a bit of a scrap book this week it - that's all right I guess - would like to do a bit more poetry as it's a little more interesting to look back on and maybe because of the searching for inspiration it seems to capture the moment (of writing not necessarily of the poem itself) a bit better. - when I get the urge that is.



Whirl, Whirl, Whirl,
has it always been like this;
will it be forever more?
being good, being bad,
stepping through the mirefield of a
constant ~~thing~~ moral war.

Rubbing feelings on the outside
with those coming from within
getting out and getting by
giving a little nervous grin.

Encountering hard, encountering soft,
your sometimes no better
trying to keep your little boat afloat.

Kind of loose it there huh!

22/10/95 Saw 'Forest Gump' last week - good film.

Made me think (for some reason I can't think why because it didn't have any particular relevance to the film as far as I can remember), made me think anyway that a man can have a friendly relationship with a girl without the sex thing being there. I think I thought that as women are a different people and there are different things or overtones (undertones?) to a friendship with the opposite sex. Not saying one is better but that they are definitely different (No kidding Einstein), they can both be really good and I think you need both - Maybe just to cover deep down fears of inadequacy on both sides? This sure isn't turning out like I wanted it to so I think I'll stop before I do too much damage to the subject! The issue of sexual feelings will always have to be addressed though!

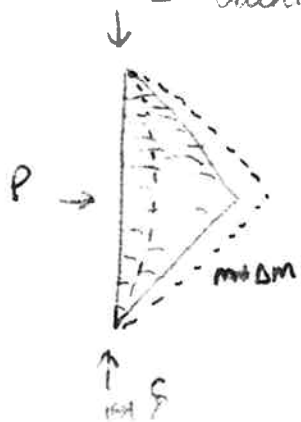
Very busy on the wheel at the moment
- its Sunday and I can't get the bloody thing

out of my mind - Tests for Monday.

- Speak to PPM re erection \odot without compression struts.
- Dynamic analysis (new model?) and talk with AA + ME.
- Letter to COA re fees.
- get Piers started on the interbuild thing.
- look at diff. b/w \odot & \ominus design forces.

Tests before Wednesday.

- cable r/s horizontally \rightarrow
- \odot + \ominus weights.
- main arm sizes and effects.
- buckling analysis - speak with Pat.



S+AS
under
M+DM

← Something simple about looking at restoring force with increase in deflection.

26/10/95 Without the downs...
...there would be no ups.

I wonder if we actually some of us search for the downs in subconscious recognition of this? Search for them in the things and actions and people around us picking up on things that may have otherwise have gone, passed by, unnoticed.

(Thought for the day! - Good night).

29/10/95 Not a bad Scotch at all - from our trip to Scotland and sipped on jagged rocks in a cool and rugged countryside. Mmmmm... with just a little bit of chocolate to go along with it (.).

1/11/95 The Indian consulate picking up my passport



what a bloody shambles by golly me!

2.11.95	CBA MRS	1377	NWSAO	227	446
	SYD	10923	NWFR	5666	11332
	MIC	247	JUST	WRITTEN OFF	
	VKOS	211	BOND	100	200
	V/COX	-	CASH	15	30
	NE (750)	(1500)	CAR (150)	(300)	
	EXPENSES				
					AB 22 966

Not a bad effort this month!

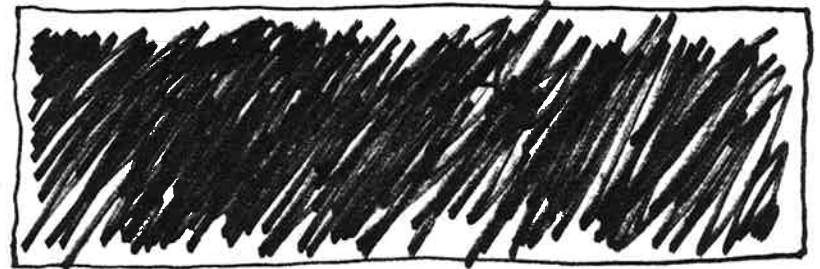
Could do with a few more of those - only 1/2 pay check left but do have flight money £450 and packing money → which will all go towards packing! and bonus money which should be a couple of hundred quid anyway.

I still think about Brandy from time to time. How I wish I could have been there for her, so even if I couldn't do

anything she wouldn't have had to be alone. Just to have held her in my arms. Damn right I feel guilty about sleeping whilst she died. Members of the family should sleep with the family not outside. I'm sorry Brandy - I just didn't realise at the time. I hope you've passed on to somewhere nice and if they do you any good or give you any comfort my thoughts + feelings are with you.

She was one of the most beautiful souls I've seen on this planet, to see her run and sit with you and then to have her die at night, alone.

Words cannot express...



Words cannot express
the pain... a beautiful
soul, died alone; and in
pain...

3/11/95 Brandy Girl... The Big Issue has
some great poetry (I think). I
like these because they are such strong
simple clear statements of the soul. I think
it's got a lot to do with the fact that I
can really relate to the feelings of confusion
and hopelessness. Despair in the face

Street poetry

PEOPLE

Some people cling onto the
past
Never leaving the place
where they were born
Some people run so fast
Never looking where and
tripping up
Sometimes they regret they
are alive
And try to end it all with the
flick of a knife

Some people take away the
lives of others
With no remorse or thought
Most people worship money
Which controls their lives?
And some people get
nothing at all
Only the crumbs of riches
And ill-fated winds
God, there must be
something
Better than this?

Some people ask so much of
others
And give nothing back on a
rainy day

Our rainy days seem to last
Forever these times
Weather-beaten streets of
the City
Some people shield
themselves
With golden umbrellas
Others make do with
material covers
Some have nothing at all

Most people live in a world
they know nothing about
And some people have no
homes to live in
And so many beings have no
food
Some people starve out of
other's prosperity
The bureaucratic rules
choking them to death
GOD THERE MUST BE
SOMETHING BETTER THAN
THIS.

ANON

of something
you can't
understand
or control
"God there
must be
something
better than
this."

And it's not
as you would
think something
that belittles
a person.

People think
and feel

and live the

world around them. Emotions flooding in from the life
and soul of the world around, Joy, sadness, love
and hate, in most cases I would say more than
is felt by your average person living behind the

shelter of a happy disposition. It's just, some people need a little more help in getting through life. A little more understanding, love and attention. There are people who represent the timid, anxious side of the human race, the side with quiet open eyes and a conscience and they are what keeps us earthed and sane, it's just they are a part of the balance and need some pulling by the energetic go get um side. Unfortunately as not many people realise it's not just them, that we exist in part as a whole as well, they tend to leave others behind happy in the knowledge that they have the means.

All of this must be awfully hard to read as it is all half formed ideas, but there are definite feelings there and hopefully one day they will be able to be made into something when I read back over them, or at least become the

inspiration for something.

