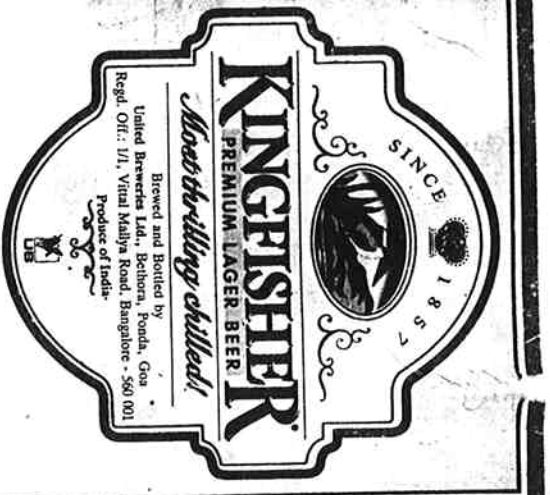


IF FOUND, PLEASE RETURN TO
BRENDON - 3 APPLE TREE DVE
CLAW WATERLET VIC. AUST 3150
FOR REWARD.



XXXXXX
Mfg. XXXX XX
OCT 95
XXXXXX
Batch XXXXXXXX
BNL 010
650 ml
ALCOHOL CONTENTS LESS THAN 5% v/v

13/12/95 Baga beach - Goa - India.

of
Have gotten over to some degree the homesickness I was feeling a few days ago. Such a long and uncertain trip ahead of us, although India is hardly unexplored country, are there being quite a few well trodden (too well trodden) tourist routes. It seems to be the food that brings it on. In Bombay the curry seemed to infiltrate everything and starts after a while to overwhelm you.

The thought of endless fried curd throughout! China (something which I found turned my stomach in Hong Kong) is enough to bring about the onset of the feelings of anxiety and worry about being so far from home.

Am reading 'Around the world in Eighty Days' at the moment, a great book made all the better by the fact that a lot of it covers areas we have visited only a hundred years earlier! This picture of travelling, the stiff upper lip'd English gentry with non-servant,

guides and money at his disposal, bringing with him the atmosphere of the old English drawing room wherever he goes is far from what we will be doing. We will be more the small boat afloat and at the mercy of the seas.

Not that India will be like that. I guess I shouldn't presuppose and just take things as they come being as cool and unpretended as Mr. Pileas Fogg!

Goa is nice for a break and a relaxing start but I am looking forward to getting into the real Travelling. It's a frame of mind thing as well, in Goa as with many other parts of India I imagine; it is impossible to get away from the peer scene. The short towers, the long towers, the bazaris, the Travellers, the rogues, the byzies, it's all here, here to stay at the demise of the local culture unfortunately. Like a weed that has taken root and is starting to spread.

It is just a part of the changing face of the world I suppose and rather than adhere

it I should be just observing it along with all of the other facets of the face, being careful to not become too much a part of it, although the part you are a foreign traveller in a foreign land, in fact the very part that you exist means that you are unavoidably a part of the overall picture. It's the whole part I suppose.

Some images of the changing face of Goa. Local women walking up and down the beach selling clothing, fruit, drinks, massages etc. Waves balanced upon their heads clothed head to toe in colourful Saris etc, the Kashmiri women also with a multitude of jewellery. Wandering about the topless sunbathing women, the long form byzies with leather & strings and unadorned tons.

A man clad in speedos with 'office hat' videotaping his Playboy wife receiving a head massage on the beach.

Shaved headed alternatives, pierced bodies the very image of cool, fighting + worrying

about their places in the lives of the post-office to send off cards back home or to look for letters from mum + dad presumably.

Building works for new hotels and restaurants displacing the rich long termers who return for 8 months of the year to live and party with the 'set in the scene', forcing them to go further afield in search of the quieter beaches. Unwitting reconnaissance squadrons for the ever ongoing expansion.

We are all it seems here, everyone of us in our own minds that lone traveller in the world who comes to a place to find tourism taking over. All of us a part of the take over, from the weary lone explorers to the later package tour groups. It's inevitable, I would say it's a shame though in ways it is, it is just a part of the ever changing face of the globe. The travellers of a hundred years ago most likely would have had all the same thoughts, blinded a little perhaps by the self righteousness of the British Empire. It means

though that we should be conscious of the present as we travel and not try to see the as it ~~was~~ was bits putting the current situation down to the ruthlessness and evil of that ever hungry giant the tourism industry, because that consuming giant isn't an entity ~~or~~ from which we can justifiably distance ourselves. We, every bit as much as the package tourists are a part of it... We are responsible for the way this particular change in the face of the world takes place.

Drivel!!! I've said it before + I'll say it again - This is all just thinking on paper. Quite embarrassed at how bad some of the writing is. Still, it is thoughts and that's what a diary is all about. Not the nice composed thoughts of a captain's ship log or 'Gentlemen's diary', but thoughts nevertheless.

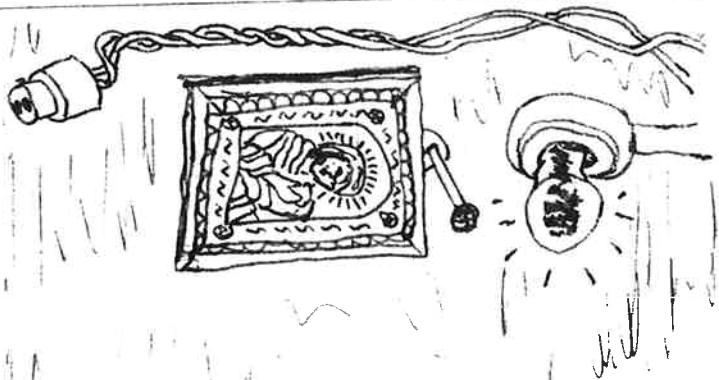
Money honey from my last book - another worry which will affect how we travel along the way. Would be nice not to have to worry about it.

As at 8/12/95 - BA 24,028. - Money Taken
 Travelling to begin with at 8/12/95

US TCHGS	1500 x 1.2 = 1800 2100	1400 x 1.2 = 1680
US CASH	100 x 1.2 = 120	100 x 1.2 = 120
\$ TCHGS	100 x 20 = 200	100 x 20 = 200
\$ CASH	70 x 20 = 140	1495 x .25 = 60
	<u>AB 2580</u>	<u>AB 2360</u>

Visited Ajijuna markets today and about 40 to Chopyra to have a look at the old Portuguese fort and sat on Uagator beach for a bit.

The markets were great. A real scene of colour + activity, warm, together and busy amongst the palm trees, sand sea and selling sun on one side and dried rice paddies and road like an ant trail winding away on the other.



To deal with split head, added to an advertisement changed bright and brighter headlights in and coming from all directions, dusty tip home from Calera one night burnt into our memories through a ^{distort} back of patrol 2km from home! ended up with me, still added to my reliability problems feeling nervous, the empty stomach with an ear ache and generally with pitiful timing at the shore scene for two

16/12/95 One gulf of dredging excavator and lim

clearing my breakfast out of my job in a restaurant toilet two hours later thinking high heaven for the top and sweet invaluable for clean clothes Indian toilets provide!

A midnight jaunt on borrowed maped fearless in the face of a foreign language and questioning police road blocks, searching for a doctor

days (between coughing up phlegm and spluttering out... well... splutter!)

And on the third day after oral rehydration treatments, bread, fruit, yoghurt, and any other food element that seemed like it might help, feeling well on my way to death by starvation and more importantly being sick to death of being tied to the toilet, the serotonergic "Blocker" pill was popped, the results of which remain to be seen!

Just had a bit of a temper tantrum - tired, crabby etc, some of, some of! Frustrated with a lot of little things.

I'm not like most other people who seem to be able to go through life in relative control of all their senses. Seems my lows are always lower (I wouldn't say my highs are higher but maybe when I'm just trotting along I enjoy and appreciate things more). I'm sure one of these days I'm going to end up committing suicide in a severe depression, or destroy

every thing I hold of value or end up in jail in a bid of severe anger.

It maybe because I'm so indecisive and worry about things so much. Every little decision wavers ^{up} and ^{down}, eventually decided upon but never settle but constantly reassessed under agitation of worry that it's not the right decision. I feel like there are two people in me constantly arguing over every decision and then there is me forced to take one route or the other, always lumbered with the final decision and never allowed or given a moment to rest worrying all the time about the course of action and its effects. Worrying ever about the consequences once they have occurred and constantly reprimanding and cursing myself over not ~~have~~ taken a slightly better option.

I can see this sometimes in the people around me and they are then added to the two. A rage sometimes, in particular, I know it's just part of the way things are and in fact I need to make a lot of the decisions otherwise I'm judging others and internally reprimanding and abusing them. It's just I feel like I can never

learning in the almost conventional, composite schools of the universities. Memories of beer from beam cups and beer's songs about some bleeding back and remembering some of the hard work and looks thrown against study walls makes me think my memories may be slightly rose tinted.

I'd like to get back to uni for a bit - Arts, Law, Astronomy, Physics? Young minds opening up to life + relationships - was really good.

19/12/45 Getting back into beach life now although still tired. Place we are staying - Villa Fatima is really nice. Our room one floor up is off a walkway where you can sit and look out over a courtyard covered in palms. You get the feeling of being nestled within the cool trees as you are up level with the branches of some of the smaller ones. 200 Rs a night, a little more expensive than you could find but worth it for the cool retreat + nice people there.

Feeling through the books! - have just

read the story of Maurice Herzog and his french team's climb of 'Annapurna', the first conquest of a mountain over 8000 - Really interesting as they spend a lot of time and visit some of the villages we will be visiting if we manage to do the Annapurna Trek which is what we hope to do while we are in Nepal.

Also a good book, Taking you along with him. The feeling of having the whole mountain below you ('and above nothing'), the realization of the past months hard work and your life dreams embodied at your feet was really inspiring and well written. The trip home, the injections, gangrene, amputations etc pretty horrific.

pm. Diners at Nani + Ravi's, walks back by Orion, Taurus, the Plaides, Mars or is it maybe Jupiter creating a haze of its own low over the sea - helped some fishermen push their boat up onto the beach, palms against starlight seem to sit so well.