



IF FOUND PLEASE  
RETURN TO //  
BRENDON  
3 APPLE TREE DVE  
GLEN WAVERLEY  
VICTORIA 3150  
AUSTRALIA.

FOR RE-IMBURSED  
POSTAGE AND  
REWARD

11/8/90 Prague (Praha)

Got done for going down a street the wrong way last night driving through Prague. Dodgy man, there were signs facing in my direction and everything then only one (that I could see, the police officer reckoned there were three!) white circle with a red border - no no entry signs or anything. I made them give me a receipt which was standard little K&K Czech thing stubs which they are obviously supposed to use and they were pretty reluctant which makes me think that it was more a revenue raising exercise for them, bastards. We were pulled up (well waved over) by some police waiting at what must be a common spot just over the border who were nice enough to have a good look at my 'No E.U. passport and say 'bye'. Road markings + signs severely lacking is all I can say! Hummm...

Which brings me to money!

	AUS MC	=	225	AUS FD	=	11433
	" VC	=	131	CS #	= 9 x 1.35 =	12
10/5/96	UK VC	= 947 x 2 =	1894	CS C&K	= 280 x 1.35 =	378
	UK BANK	= <sup>812</sup> x 2 =	1744	CZ KL	= 1473 / 19.3 =	76
	UK BANK	=	629	DM	= 15 / 1.07 =	14
	UK C&K	= 719.3 =	36			

A# 16 572

Spent 12152 - 16572 = 585 A# over 13 days = A# 45/day

12/8/96 Arrived in Prague, in the Czech Republic a couple of days ago. Two hours worth of queue at the border, an old green car that sounded like someone was forging horseshoes under the bonnet, a bald man in a white VW aslopx at the wheel with everybody driving around him. Then the Czech republic, green forests with sunlight filtering through, a steady stream of people filing across the border into the duty free shops, winding road through more green forest: a couple of hitchhikers and then about three or four kilometres of prostitutes, there presumably for the truckies, spaced out every two hundred metres or so, under the green canopy of trees, a romp in the woods I suppose. Then repaired roads full of potholes, an absence of line markings or road signs, lots of zebra crossings, a police car and 'a problem' and then 'bye', windy roads, industrial prefab towns, a few hills across a valley, a big red brick place with a big Jewish star and Christ nailed up to a cross amongst a graveyard of row upon row, <sup>roses</sup> quietly and sedately a concentration camp in the countryside?, trying to keep off the motorways coming into Prague, our second 'problem', 1000 Kor and an exchange shop and finally a camping ground.

I had a good feeling about the Czech Republic, developed a sort of liking or empathy for a country quite poor and starting again, a country with humble speed limits of 60 + 40 after the nice when Germans, a country stepping out unawily into a big world like we all feel we are sometimes. That sort of feeling goes place with a people, like the Chinese, or the Indians



Red brick, row upon row,  
and roses, quietly, sedately  
in the countryside

with the Tibetans, five minutes with the police. I'm not so sure what I feel about the police anymore. Far too idealistic Brendan, a small lesson in realism, of the fact that there is good + bad in everything and if you have a feeling towards someone or something you can't direct it to one part, you have to recognize the other sides + accept them and understand them + not let them all touch each other. Not very un-rit. You need to be able to deal with one part whilst recognizing the other are there but without losing sight of the parts for what they are - I'm too tired for this + I think it's all a lot more complicated than I would like to think. Just take as it comes + try not to be prejudiced along the way. Is what I'm really trying to say suppose!

13/8/96 Prague, old buildings, trams + trolleys + tram wires, Charles bridge and sandstone statues, lots of people, tourists, stalls and shops, golden black and white photography, lots of galleries and art and classical music, a beautiful church full of well used light and paintings - the castle or the palace on the hill, rigid Czech guards, too much credit to an architect - Joseph Plouček, the museum (mostly only), restaurants and streets, the Charles bridge and the royal

● Cestující je povinen oznávit jízdence neprodělně po vstupu do vozidla nebo placeně

again, the square, the clock, the Jew, the Turk, Vonib, and Death at midday, 12 noon, wine, wine, wine things selling like anything, tops and marionettes, Fela, American Express, non stop Post Office, Mac Donalds full of language braver, FX, playing word writing numbers, Harold and his big book of stories, whole whole good vege food and a tourist pass to West Berlin, automatic guns and plastic bullets, countries 30 years behind, a green youth ready to wheel, we hope, Police cars and einhornstraßen, rain on the tent and air pillows, radio listened to in the car at night, rain drops running slowly down the windscreen, cheap photographic paper, an antique shop exhibit waiting for a train, signs, photos of quiet streets and snow, mist covered statues in the wintertime.

I found out that the concentration camp we passed was Theresienstadt and not an actual concentration camp but a senior citizens camp where Jews over 65 were sent, usually to die in the terrible conditions. Over a period of two or three months they sent a consignment of 1000 Jews to Auschwitz every fortnight.

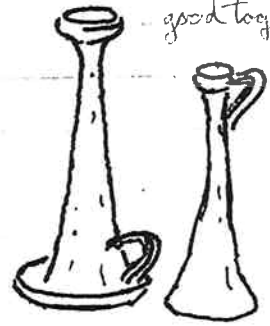
Cesky Krumlov

Muddy comsite on the river full of boats (conoes), dalmations, shepards, dockhands,

Czechs and beer and fires, tents and road noise and colour - a superior, relaxed place! Also Kiven in a combi listening to Queen, drum rolls, symbols & costumes putting on a show... an old comy tent full of singing Czechs at 1, 2, 3 and 4 in the morning, a trough full of kids brushing their teeth and two heavy eyed Australians eating cornflakes for breakfast.

(Hans or Susan)

14/8/96



a couple of brown glazed ceramic candle holders that looked really good together and over the page the roofs of Cesky Krumlov from up at the castle and the cord of a little wire tower that also served food looked over the fire, just whitewashed arch walls and candles, a really nice atmosphere.

15/8/96

Lost the 'Kemel' and with it Spazi and arpis cap, what a fucking bumper moon - think it must have dropped out while we stopped for a few minutes at the most automatic roadside toilet you will ever come across, how did that thing how I'd stopped peeing in the wind! Arpis thought it might be a little non being in the middle door, looking through a one way mirror. Anyway left our comsite - early night last night of the the music stored away 2. Everything was so homely + relaxed that



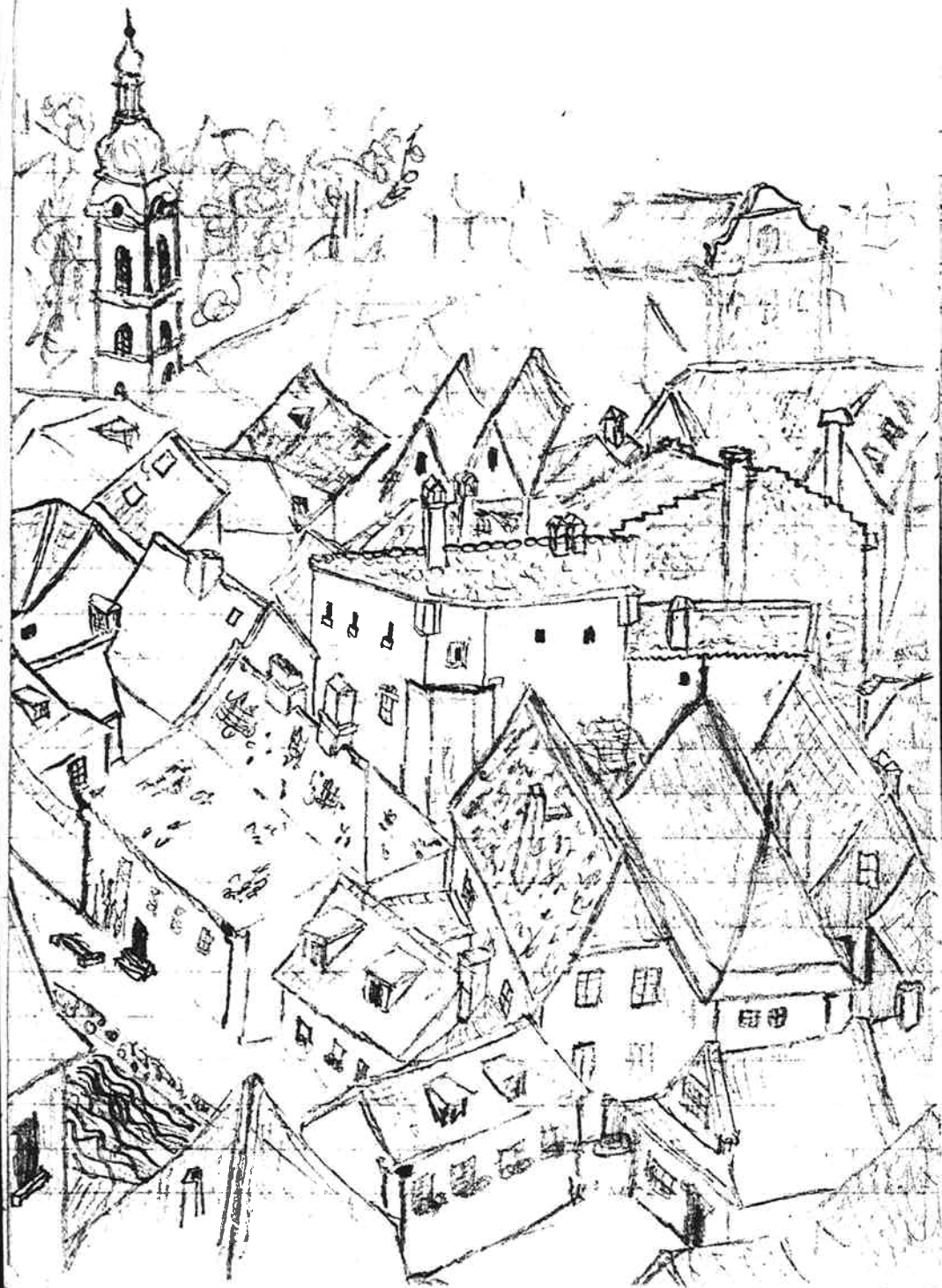
Vinárna U SAČLAVY

OJEDINĚLÉ STAROVĚKÉ PROSTŘEDÍ, MORAVSKÁ SUDOVA VÍNA, JÍDLA NA OHNI

(TELEFON: 0337/671 76)

After doing up space on roof or tent got to house or to bed on reservation anyway with a place

Vinárna ↓

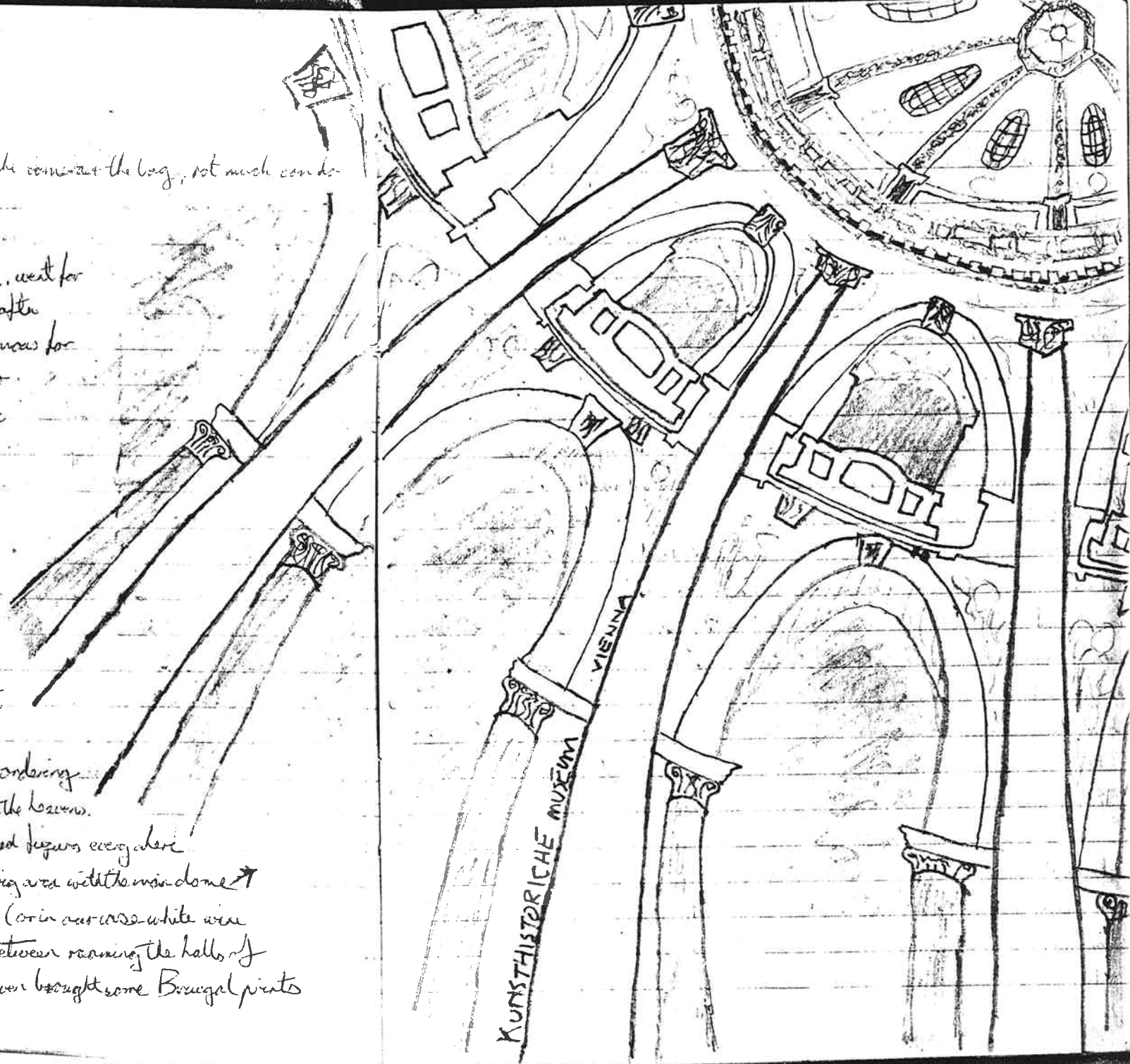


It never seemed to matter  
I still - superiorly relaxed - had  
been overlooking a little (rather sketchy)  
in the hills in Austria - beautiful country, steep  
hills with trees & windows and rows of  
out of a miller's ad. Vienna & then down  
London!!! has been - but like there's a lot  
to do here, should be nice, I have seen

CESKY  
KRUMLOV

coffee houses in on Bummer about the comm and the bag, not much can do about it, hummm...

16/8/96 Had an excellent day today, went for a wander around the ring road. After visiting some markets - veg, fabric and flowers for lunch with some mila makla choway to go with it. Anyway, nice weather, fantastic old buildings and ended up visiting museum no. 1 for the trip, the museum of fine art which even at 3.50 was worth while. The building itself was amazing, had a big entrance hall with a dome and opening at the top up to another even more impressive space above. You go up the main staircase which has a great painting on the roof extending it to another imaginary level with the original architects wandering down (I assume) and angels floating in down the heavens. It's all in marble & gilded plasterwork, sculpted figures everywhere and paintings to every corner. upstairs is a big area with the main dome & over where you can sit & drink coffee (or in our case white wine which was cheaper!) and just relax in between viewing the halls of paintings. The paintings were nice we even bought some Braugel prints



but it is the building which is beautiful + makes it all. Also had an Egyptian exhibition, mummies, hieroglyphics etc which was unexpectedly interesting. Spent the whole afternoon there engrossed in culture man! Then went on a further wander of the streets looking at the Rathaus (City hall) and also, some great gorge glos on the church, what is modern architecture missing that these places hit you so alive + relaxed and reaching into you?

17/8/96 Aged yellow walls, darkening into high ceilings, simple mirrors and opaque globe lighting, gruff elderly waiters in suits, a thin atmosphere of smoke, wooden chairs, carpet floor, brown couches and small marble tables with <sup>spiral</sup> ~~spiral~~ <sup>street</sup> ashtrays. Large curtained windows, a three level silver serving stand surrounded by tables with international pop art in wooden frames, a simple clock from the seventies on the wall and the sounds of an espresso bar emanating from one corner. The odd table set with a tablecloth and bread and dinnerware for lunch posters of vintage concerts and exhibitions covering the section of one wall and opaque glass and timber partitions in places to preserve atmosphere. Pot stands + vienna coffee! Hummm...



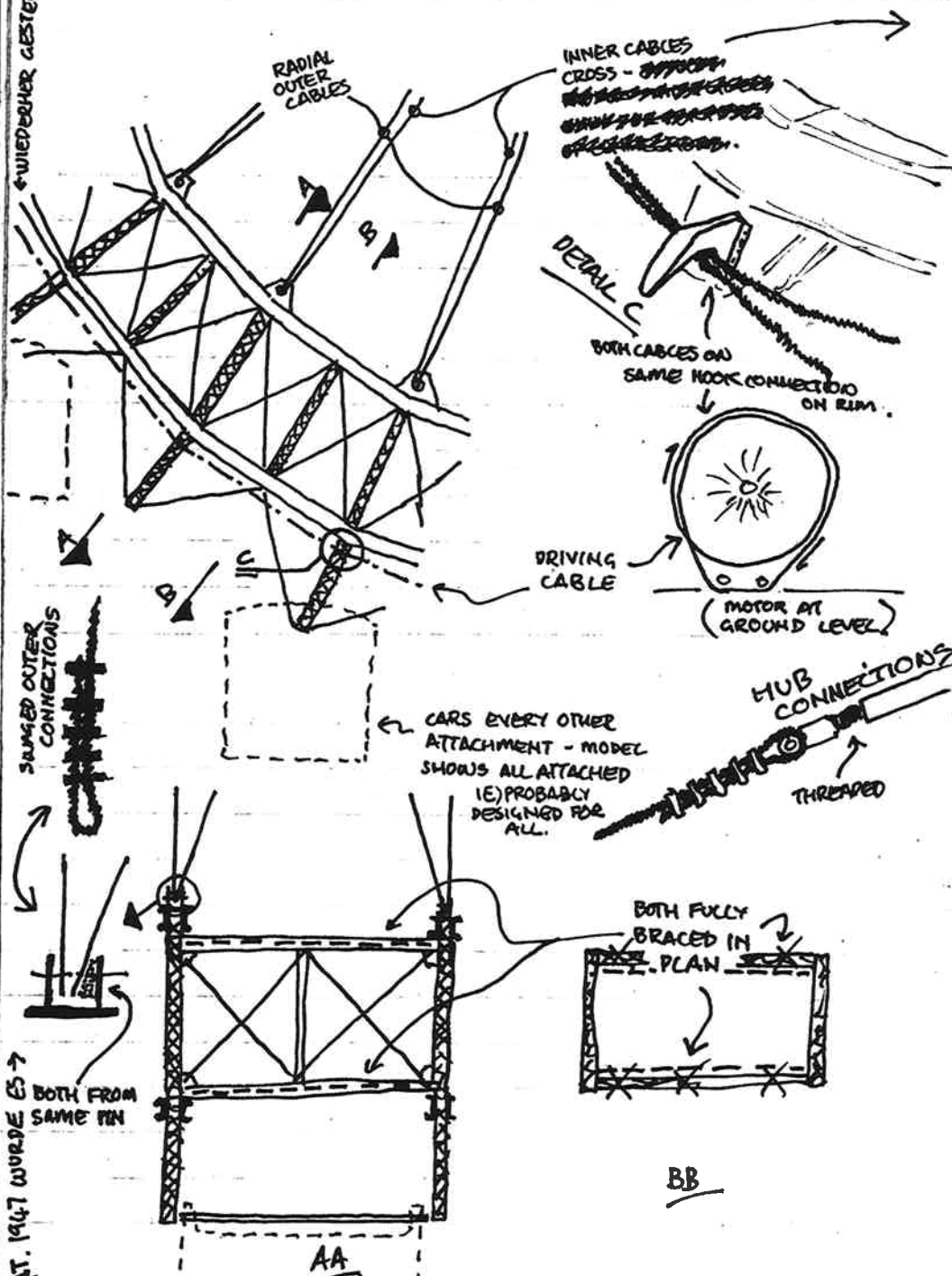
CAFE BRAÜNERHOF . VIENNA

18/8/96 Back in the Bräunerhof again! this time to a bit of classical music (which as I write has passed for a little bit, I hope not stopped!) Sitting here with silver trays and coffee in front of us the coast of Melbourne seems clearer and more certain than ever.

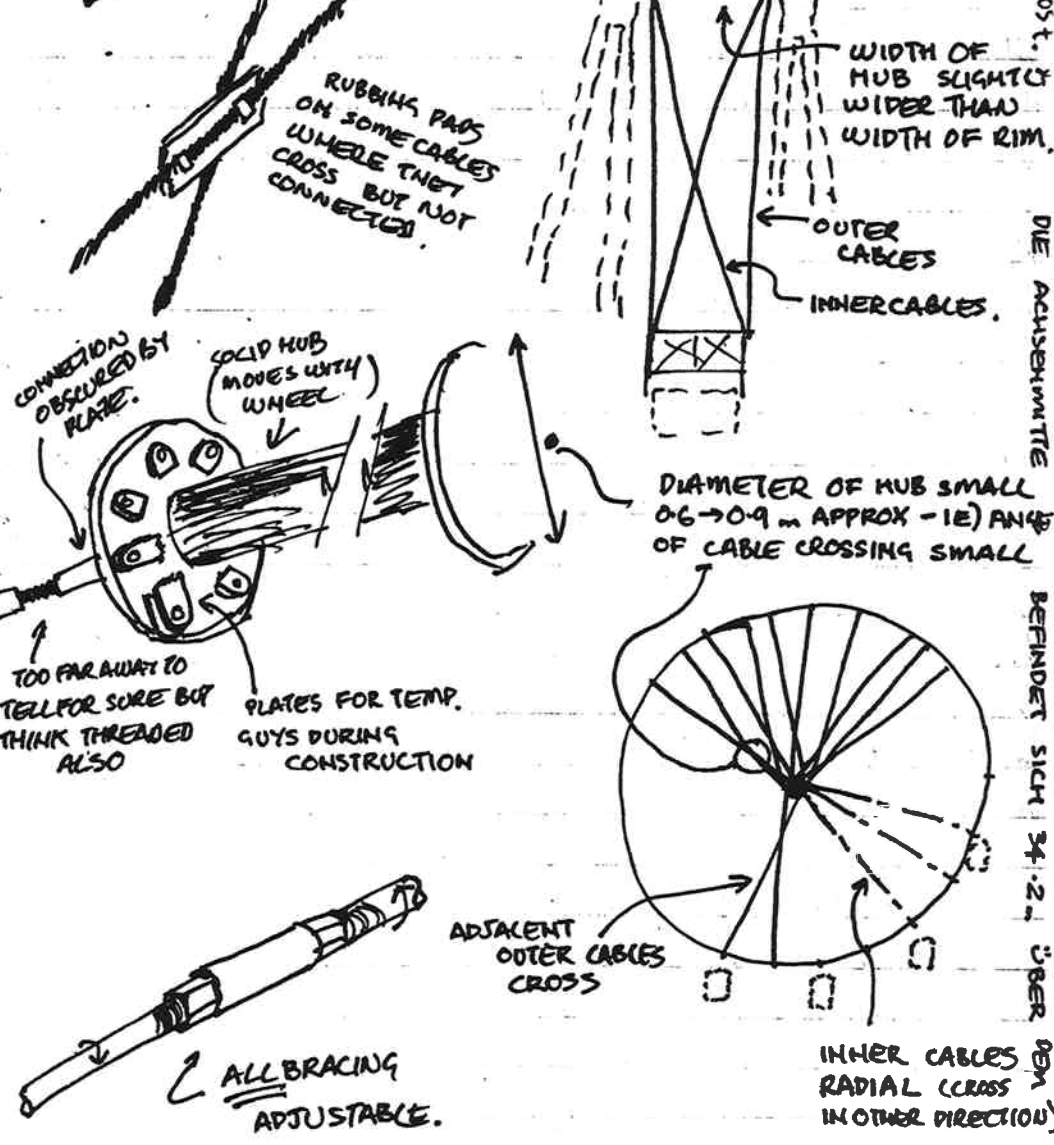
I can feel it coming though I don't think to detail about it is approaching, there an air I can feel; the noble door of ~~passage~~ ~~of tall windows~~ ~~in the middle room of Appletree drive?~~ I can feel something approaching anyway.

This morning was spent sleeping in (sunday) and visiting the big wheel (see over) to have a look + compare. Unexpectedly impressive it was the big wheel: quite romantic with a bit of history to it and memories of its dare devils. Not sure if I would like to go back to London to work. All a bit long now maybe? I'd like to settle in Melbourne for a bit maybe? Hummm. Yesterday was wandering around the city watching it close up for the weekend. A bit of time in + around St Stephen's cathedral by myself, Ange for lunch + out shopping for how mouse to present the Albert Einstein look. Looks nice Ange - don't worry! I love the cathedrals, such beautiful buildings, amazing feats of building! Then dropped into the Downtown to look at few antiques going up for auction, no auctions on at the time however could view the lots. Walked around the streets up to the canal, saw all of the private antique stores which had the nicest stuff in them! A visit to another big domed this time church in Potters, painted roof of the hall bit, so much depth of feeling history I don't turn to them, of elegance and refinement of civilization maybe? Some excellent ice cream; Maria's a spilled thickshake, more walking through the streets (the streets of Vienna) and home for the afternoon (can't back around 5:30 to watch a big video screen play of Die Fledermaus in front of the town hall (Rathaus) all lit up against the building.

DAS RIESENRAD WURDE 1896-97 VON DEM ENGLISCHEN INGENIEUR WALTER BASSET ERBAUT. ES IST 64.75m HOCH, SEIN GEWICHT BERÜCKSICHTIGT 430.05 t. DIE ACHSENWENDE BEFINDET SICH 34.2m ÜBER DEM BODEN. PREHT SICH MIT EINER GESCHWINDIGKEIT VON 0.75m IN DER SEKUNDE. 1945 ISTES INFOLGE KRIEGSWIRKUNG AUSGEBAUT. 1947 WURDE ES WIEDER GESTELLT.



# VIENNA'S BIG WHEEL (RIESENRAD)



\* BRACING ALL RODS, SPOKES ALL CABLES \*

1945 ISTES INFOLGE KRIEGSWIRKUNG AUSGEBAUT. 1947 WURDE ES WIEDER GESTELLT.



light in the sky. I remember that deep blue, so deep and transparent and dark you think it's a shade that is floating back on you & can't possibly exist, maybe it does, maybe you need the yellow of the city lights around you, the silhouette of the buildings against it. The darkness of the night to one side behind you & the Tealish blue of the horizon in front of you to bring it out & let you appreciate it? Anyway, I remember that same blue, looking up and admiring it coming out the side door of Anaya in Franklin St back home, looking over up across the compounds to the Vic central pyramid the other blocky buildings around and that sky in all its depths sitting up above it all. Die Fledermaus an eye for eye, Johann Strauß, Champagne and the other was really good, would have been better if we could have understood a bit more of the German but we knew what the basic plot was anyway so it wasn't too bad. No way to spend an evening in Vienna, getting acquainted with the music, the buildings & the opera, becoming nestled in the city for a few hours really nice.

enough

Have you ever felt ~~entirely~~ to die?

Stick a needle in my eye,  
lay down my head & bid me lay, ~~how many~~

Have you ever felt the need to die?

Have you ever felt the need to live?

limbs of that mind like river  
personally apprehensive  
I was born for live

No, I've never

both need to live, but  
I think + think + think + be  
+ satirically + curiosity  
+ think + think + be  
stick a needle in my eye

19/8/46  
 19/8/46 P.M.  
 AUS MILK = 225    AUS F.P.S. = 11 433  
 " VC = 131    US B = 9x135 = 12  
 UK UC = 946 8x20 = 18914    US TCHQ = 240x135 = 324  
 UK CURR = 661 x 20 = 1322    DM = 15/107 = 14  
 AUS PAPER = 629    As = 1100/80 = 138

Spent 16/5/72 - 16/12/72 = ~~16/5/72~~ <sup>397</sup> over 5 days = \$413/day  
 - (1025/193 = 531)  
 Net including photographic paper  
 (4x115 + 185 + 20x9 + 2x100 = 1025)

20/8/46 Yesterday and today have been along the not so blue Danube & some beautiful towns, spices rising from red roofs amongst vineyards, rocky hills, ruined castles and the whirling swirling not so blue Danube flowing nearby. Stopped in a couple of towns along the way to just wander. Hate to say it but more beautiful churches, frescos on the roof gold gilding on every plaster picture. Baroque I think they call it. Stopped last night at Melk by the river and had dinner watching the barges go up and down the river, don't want for much I know. Met a couple of English tourists doing a boat trip from Vienna up the Danube, across some canal to the Rhine and all the way to Rotterdam, staying in small villages tasting wine the whole way up, not a bad trip! very well to do, from St Albans, "you know simply must go down the Amalfi coast, we did it last year and it was the most spectacular scenery I've ever seen!" Lots of fields of sunflowers (if the villages aren't poking out of the vineyards & the cornfields on the sunflowers) however all with their heads down, grown a bit dry.

and dying slowly in the sun. Something, some feeling of life & beauty and fulness & colour in a sunflower field that makes you feel a little sad in seeing them in their final days, slowly bowing out to the world, seemingly in want of some help or recognition? The sunflowers have been one of the highlights need less to say! ☺

Salzburg (Austria)

21/8/96. Seems Melbourne is closer & closer than ever. Rang Mum to let her know when I would be back, all the work dealings there on her voice, all the get ahead, the work hard, the stakes, the politics, and more than that the dearest of all which in fact all the others lead from is that smell of air conditioning, feel of fluorescent lighting, a limerick, lead and paper & pencil & rubber shavings, of a window, of travel to & from, of lectures, of the mind control, of nights at home in between work, of weeks away in between work, of work of other things always in between work, of a three dimensional image of a picture frame that is work. There is a moment of deathly silence in between the voices of men & dead shouting at each other that I can vaguely remember from childhood. A moment with so much tension driven home by the silence that it is with me today, somewhere in my mind is a small cell with a twisted straining (it's) something surrounded by silence that things pass through in some daily circulation. It is with me today and for always <sup>known</sup> somewhere there is brown porquetry and brown wall paper & a few other vague material recollection that I can't quite put my finger on, is it Appleton's drive maybe? Anyway, something slowly is unfolding in the form of the magazine and the deals & lighting, the capital etc. of Franklin's, a similar moment, a moment of detachment of not being able to concentrate

on the work in front of me. (That which is coming back. I don't necessarily think it will change with other work, I don't know. I used to be full of opinions, I used to love having my opinion asked and asking others of theirs, it seems however everything, even the most simple thing has grown so complicated that I just don't know anymore. I find it harder & harder to think ahead because I don't know anymore. I wonder if I ever did or if I just thought I did, and I wonder which would be worse?)

The Dom, the cathedral in Salzburg, Eric Clapton being played badly on plastic acoustic guitars out the front, window scenes painted on the roof inside, a man in a donation booth for repairs on the way out, some people giving, I gave just one shilling, one eighty millionth of the required sum apparently.

Going down wells and into caverns, breathing in deeply at glorious views from the fortress walls and reaching out every nook & cranny with all the other tourists, as ~~much~~ <sup>people from every</sup> a hill full of wandering <sup>corner of the earth</sup> and their comics and videos and kids and fashions and languages & idiosyncrasies, squinting at this & that squeezing every last drop out of their visit. I think I'm just about all rattled out.

23/8/96 München (Munich).

Our first day (afternoon) in München and 15.9.0.11 each later we have no tomorrow, all the noise of a good night's sleep - Angi hasn't slept well for three nights in a row now! Yesterday we went just out of Salzburg (did I mention Salzburg had great mountains on a backdrop, must be something to see on a clear day in the winter if there is such a thing) doing a steep two hour (and

Provence Nîmes - Haute Alpes  
- Menton (France)  
Orange  
Orange Alpes  
Orange Alpes

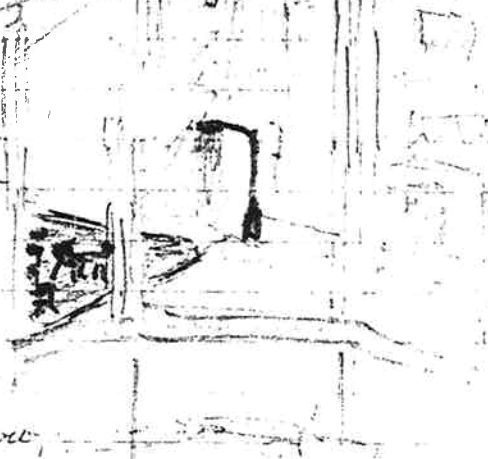
two hours back down again) walk up to Kehlsteinhaus (Eagles nest). Really nice walk, really nice mountains, lots of fir forest and lower rocky 'choir hills' screaming up out of them, with always be reminded of Greece whenever I see lower rocky hills like that. Eagles nest itself was not the interesting, war museum we had imagined it to be, nor Hitler memorials or anything, after a bit of searching and coming across the tickets and kitchen elevator to the extensive cafe we surmised that that was it and made our way down. Thick woods, that sort of thing always makes me a bit horny. I am ashamed to admit, too many Playboy magazines glimpsed at in bush cubbies as kids I'm afraid! We camped the night at Königsee, a small town just out of Berchtesgarden where it all happens by the lake enclosed in the mountains by the same name. Never well didn't expect to see water so clear in a mountain lake, pretty well located in the middle of Germany. Did quite a bit of walking in the morning, up along the river, just a tinge of green like the Mosgauer in Wepol - but I don't think? just all the tourist stalls to the lake, hour + half sailing out into it + the surrounding mountains for 22 DM or something, a group of mountain climbers heading out all kitted up on one boat. Then a walk the other side of the conyng ground in search for a church we never found, paint picturesque German houses in the Alps, the whole thing was incredibly scenic, incredibly clean + incredibly well laid out, just the sort of thing you would expect from looking at a book + house, a little unexpected! Green grassy hills with light brown + white oxen, little lumber mills, flower boxes at the windows, rows of fir forest, hills + lakes in every direction. The drive this morning was more of the same, little villages nestled in

valleys with their church spires, all what I was hoping to see in the Tyrol! Paved last night, had dinner, a German farmers omelette - Ham + in a cafe near Berchtesgarden, very nice, not miss on Pizze or home cooked gog in the air, nice to eat out every now + then. The Bavarian Alps! It's funny, none of it is as beautiful as it is, as refreshing and new and as refreshing to your soul as India, Nepal + Tibet were, I don't know if it is because we have been travelling for so long or if it is, just that all of that part of the trip was so... so! amazing.

25/8/96 Yesterday was back in the sports shop just looking at all the gear with three drooping eyes, a loaf of granary bread and a litre jug of beer for lunch and two sleepy tired little Aussies back to the <sup>tent</sup> for a sleep, sad but true! Traditional beer garden, rows upon rows of benches, tables under a canopy of trees, a smell of stale beer, lots and lots of people, beer + pretzels and not much else! A few German soccer fans about must have been a match one sometime, some air footy fans anywhere. Met up with Phillip + Gabby last night which was great, went for a beer at Staatscafe (great beer + beer farmers blowing up on the walls of old SF success by the bye) and then out for some farewell drinks to one of Phillip's friends which was really nice. Came to a friend of his student apartment in the inner suburbs, a group of friends sitting in a circle talking (English/German) and having a relaxed time - nice, interesting, easy people. Another wet night - had our share of rain. It has to be said and then spent today with Phillip + Gabby looking round München, more rain. The university district, a cafe, slice of pizza and the last (free) hour of the Deutsche

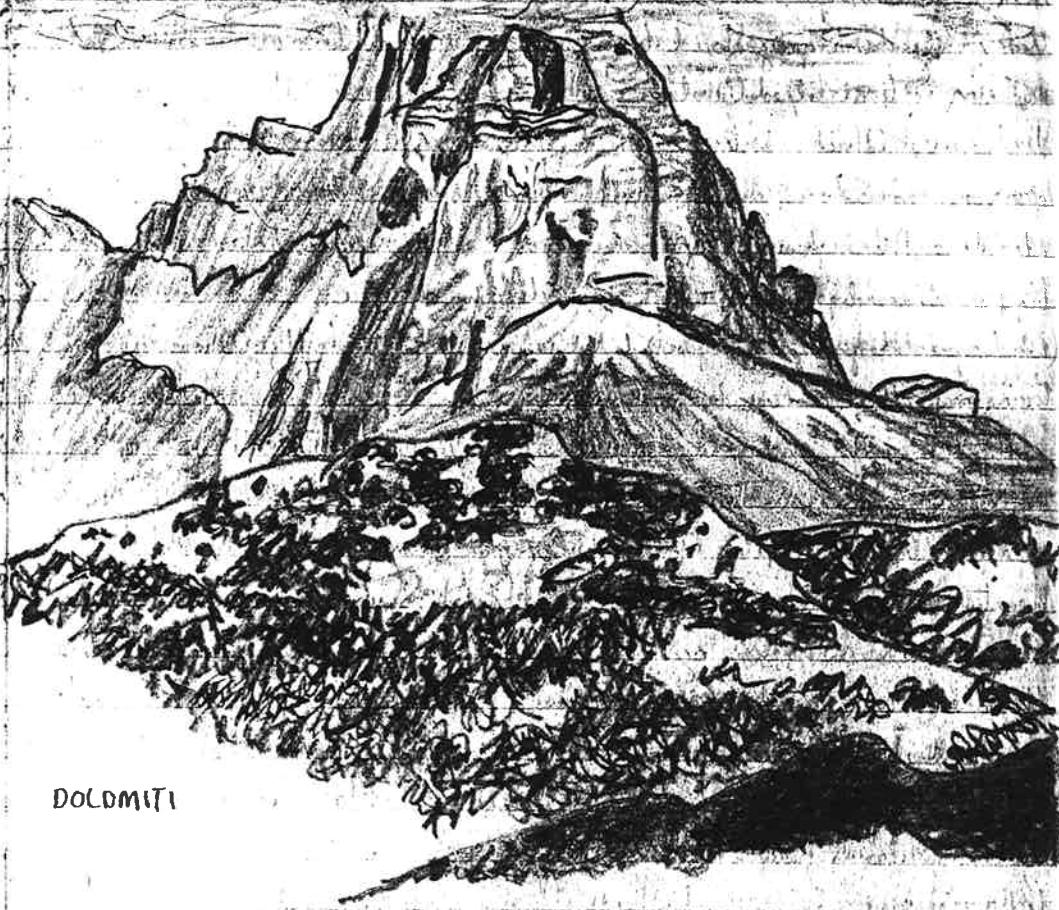
museum. tired legs + tired heads, we are staying with Phillip for the next  
 night or two which was nice of them. always good staying with people but  
 always tired as a lack of any real time to yourself, or themselves. I hope they  
 just leave us to ourselves tomorrow so we all have a bit more time. Phillip  
 is leaving Tuesday for a nine month stint teaching in Edinburgh. Other  
 things - great old town hall in the centre square (Maria's place), dragon  
 clinging to the outside carving off carved figures, low level gazepyles  
 reaching out to you in the inner courtyard, public toilets (always good as a  
 traveller!), and the glockenspiel clock we watched go off at 5 the first  
 night we arrived - dancing, dancing whereas the fast forward button? A  
 singing slightly inebriated man in the market to read a statue of him? in the  
 beer garden. Surfers on the river, parks and pubs + bikes + dogs +  
 meat sales the common, big juice shops of manufactured + hanging out  
 of bread rolls, big sausages, meat, race-bubbling with hot pink sweat in  
 every mouthful, bit of an assault on the senses with a vegetable man.

28/8/96 Phillips parents place is great,  
 first floor  
 big corner apartment decked out with  
 nice furniture things without being over  
 done - no fossils; just solid nice stuff.  
 Big corner room with curtains less windows  
 into the street in. It was great  
 standing there just before bed and  
 feeling the atmosphere of the street below.



a couple of copies, wet roads + paved pedestrian areas, church across the  
 street set back a bit (chimed from 8:00 <sup>am</sup> to 9:00 pm (think) light from the  
 street lamp giving a shadowy backlighting to the whole room, lots of  
 spaces quiet, a very contemplative + open mood. So went out again for  
 a walk on the hill since David! to see him off + then a Samwell Bradley  
 has. Felt a little awkward towards the end as even though I was all  
 very enclosed we didn't quite fit. I thought he might be going actually given  
 the situation with Craly + particular closeness with a friend of his + Florian.  
 I don't know? probably not as Florian never stayed over but his sister Lucy had  
 did. All really nice people. Take me back to university please! Left after  
 the big breakfast Tuesday morning (yesterday) and made our way out to  
 Dachau. the concentration camp. Lots just every chader of grey +  
 gravel, and a sick feeling to the stomach, your mind taken away to the  
 tingled bony limbs, to the bumpy forearms and elbows, the scrunched buttocks +  
 shaved heads of piles of discarded people, to the stretched grimaces of the dead  
 faces. The sculpture out the front of the main building, of these bodies + there  
 it all quite well. You leave with a feeling that this is a fenced off corner  
 of the earth that will be grey for ever. You want it to hold the horrors  
 which seem to drift around within the compound there and preserve  
 them so that we will always know what they can be. To serve as a memory.  
 Until they are absorbed by greater + widespread horrors that engulf them from  
 another part of the world where the lesson hasn't been learnt, or it has been  
 forgotten? (It's here not. Dachau lives on but the green of the hills +  
 the waving mountains on the way up to the Luecher pass are so far away

that it seems except put it aside. Maybe they are falling, I had have  
been dealt with. Whatever the hills are beautiful. Camped up a  
side road near the top of the pass, got out of a town called  
Oberones or something. Camped after extended indecision which  
involved even the consultation of a local who turned out to be the local  
headmaster. By a small construction pit the road showed  
mountain above + all around is beautiful - hardly slept a word!  
Started out me getting up to investigate stone piles - back packs  
murders, sea fossils, various wildlife, lots of banging in the construction  
pit - people stealing materials under the dead of night maybe? Found  
my hiding spot behind a small tree - they evidently hadn't heard me.  
Went back + told Ange to get in the car + went back with the truck,  
turned out to be lots of little rocks, sort of like the small ones down with  
entrances to hitting wooden shitties at the bottom. So then to the  
sounds of that, to the heavy drops of rain on the tent, and those of  
slightly different sound on the car, to the sound of one or two planes  
over head, of cars coming up + circling the car park a little way off,  
and all sorts of other unidentified + imagined sounds. We spent a  
restless, sleepless night, ending with us up + out at 6.30 happy to  
be gone, not good Karma that place!, and to have avoided the workers,  
happy to be out of that creepy corner of the world in fact, the car + the  
road + the other traffic all putting our nerves at ease as we left it  
further + further behind.



DOLOMITI

31/8/46 The Dolomites The Brenner pass was all rain, long  
(Italy) and railroads. Lights on everywhere to light  
up a grey wet morning, the mountains all shrouded in cloud and as a little

bloomy eyed and tired after our early morning... The rain had lightened a little by the time we turned off into the Dolomites and it was actually quite nice, little villages and their church spires glimpsed evergreen and then through the dark grey cloud banks moving around the mountains. I think us being so tired helped the atmosphere! Stopped for a coffee and some apple ~~traded~~ in St Ulrich, the town where Amelia Edwards found all the turquoise going on, covers houses, priests houses, merchants houses. I think it was around 1870 when she went through and though carving <sup>still</sup> seemed to be a strong point it was mainly of big figures, or religious figures, the towns had long since gone. Even the museum (which we didn't go into mind you) didn't seem to rate them highly. Anyway nice town, nice coffee. So we drove for a bit and ended up stopping near the top of a pass and having lunch + sleeping a bit. Wiping the condensation off the windows we found ourselves surrounded by other cars and even a tour bus which had pulled up directly behind us, got out + the weather had cleared - really beautiful mountains. And so have spent the last couple of days driving and hiking around the Dolomites to mixed weather. Seems the clouds love to play among the peaks here. Stayed in <sup>Cortina</sup> ~~Corvara~~ (quite big) the first night and Capella (just out of in a nice caravan park - really nice people, in Malga Ciapela) the <sup>last two</sup> ~~second~~ rooms where we walked up to the Umbrella Pass which was really beautiful - alpine meadows in secluded valleys, cow bells in the hills, bella vista all the way, Refuge O'Falier (more a 3 star restaurant than a refuge hut!), beavers and deer, the south face of the highest mountain here <sup>booming</sup> over us on one side the whole way (about 1000m of cliff ending in swirling clouds + glimpses of blue), bloody hard walk up to the pass, an

emergency traverse in red at the top, echoing hills, rocky barren scree slopes, rocky barren paths, a track + a view over the other side to another hut and who knows, quietness, space, mountains, organ pipes in the distance, lungie (phallic) (thought) in the foreground, sun reflected off weeping slopes, and altitude (1449m → 2702m left at 10:30 back at 6:00 with an hour for lunch). Was nice to get up into that sort of terrain where it's all so big and you are so small. You can scream + shout + listen for echoes + take photos and draw sketches but it's just stand there silently, ignorant of your <sup>groups on</sup> ~~intention~~, just stand there through time. The old walker ~~climbed~~ up and sitting <sup>and</sup> quietly contemplating the mass of humanity bawling and yelping insignificantly at ~~the peaks~~ <sup>the mountains</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~ended~~ <sup>ended</sup>

5/1/96	AUS MC	= 120	AUS FD	= 11 433	It leads to
	AUS UK	= 131	US #	= 9 x 1.35 = 12	1 week, a
	UK UK	= 45721 x 2 = 1714	US CHG	= 240 x 1.35 = 324	big sleeping
	UK EUR	= 661 x 2 = 1322	EUR	= 134000 x 0.9 = 120600	monster up
		= 300000	EUR	= 50500 x 0.9 = 45450	on which you
	AUS COMM	= 629	EUR	= 357	climb + work
			EUR	= 357	at its side

Spent 16122-15577 = 346A\$ over 12 days = 33.0 A\$ per day. 15:57.7A\$ size  
 - 134/107 ← Sleeping in a tent

1/9/96 Venice (Venezia) What a beautiful town. Went in last night to have a look around and arrived to gondolas lapping up + down amongst their sticks in the grand canal. Canals making their way into the city center with bridges disappearing into the darkness around corners and between rows of buildings, doors, windows and walls. The canal edges all with their own little balconies, poles for tying up next to the doors, restaurants on the canals, police stations on the canals, really nice. The main square San Marco was full of beautiful



race take off. Eight or so gondolas painted in eight different colours, the oarsmen all wearing the colours of their boat, a little unfortunate in the case of the pink boat. Gondolas going this way and that in wandering confusion one minute, a line and a starting gun the next, and they were off splashing away down the main harbour. A pretty unimpressive spectacle as Ange remarked although the sky had come over quite grey by that time & I dare say had it still been sunny it may have been quite a spectacular different thing. So off we trotted and hadn't got more than ten minutes down the path when there came the loud splattering of raindrops wetting the dry paving stones accompanied by the rushing of people left right and centre for cover.

Venice it seems (or tourists in Venice, for I imagine most people were tourists, especially judging by the number of cheap dingy film thickness raincoats that popped out afterwards, the tourist shops seemingly pulling them from all corners and the masses of people looking like groups of huddled tutti frutti condoms) don't like getting wet! So it was we found ourselves huddled like two little churchies to use Ange's words again in a doorway watching the rain soak the streets and in fact the harbour and the boats on it and more importantly the people on some of the boats (some of which were unsuspecting weekend boaters out for an afternoons cruise - the couples were the funniest, crouched in the back of the boat, the girl trying to

huddle under the arm of the boyfriend as they sped in from the rain lashed harbour to the relative protection of the bridges of the canals). It ended up being quite an enjoyable hour sitting there in that doorway, the darkened sky over the Venetian harbour giving the city quite a different light, the odd bit of lightning and thunder, the odd person braving the rain for amusement. There were a number of people with two umbrellas which kept us perplexed at first <sup>for a time</sup> before we figured it must be valiant husbands returning to their sheltered wives from umbrella shops or from their hotels if you were foresightful <sup>lucky</sup> enough to be <sup>accept</sup> holidaying in Venice accompanied by two umbrellas.

The main body of the storm passed but the drizzle kept on so we ducked into a cafe for some dinner and shelter hoping it may pass, why is it the one item you never bother checking the price of is the most expensive thing on your bill. The other night it was a glass of wine that cost me 7000 Lr and on this particular occasion we had a cappuccino each with our pizzas that ended up at 5000 Lr each! The light dimmed and the rain kept on so we made for home, were lucky enough to jump onto a ferry (after a short crisis over stamping tickets) and were in time to miss the last bus & walk the 20 min walk home in the last of the rain. The car hadn't been broken into, didn't smell of gas and the tent was dry and in one piece, and we both had a good nights sleep. Ready to try again today.



Actually it is unerringly fine and sunny as it was yesterday morning when we set off. This time we bring our wet weather gear. You know given the elegance & sophistication of the Italians and their ~~impeccable~~ dress sense you can't help but wonder at the ~~expense~~ <sup>damage</sup> bill a storm like this causes to all of the expensive glitzy footwear that happened to be around town at the time.

3/3/96 Things have been working a bit better the last couple of days! Venice must be the most beautiful city I have ever visited. Old buildings in warm colours with patchy render and bay green shutters, the canals and the boats, gondolas, tourist public service boats, live boats even, not all a children's golden book come alive. We just spent the day wandering around, dropping into a church or two for a look and taking all the different flavoured ice cream (and the second biggest <sup>beverage</sup> stop I have ever seen). Sitting in the squares and watching life go by. Napoleon called San Marco Plaza Europe's most elegant drawing room or something like that and it does give that impression, as does the city, so beautiful and the whole lot breathing together in the same spirit. We left on such a high we didn't really want to go back today, the swimming of yesterday being so nice. Left the bands playing in the square and a walk past the bridge of sighs - which we mistook! and which has left it all open for an excavation back some time. Today was just the oil changed in the car day and it was, mercifully, very quiet nearby so we took a trip into Lido to have a look at the film festival. Got off the boat to a pretty black looking square and not much going on, and began to feel a little like you might feel if someone had just boozed you.

(A slight nuisance from the night before - we met Tom, Maggie + Johannes + a couple of English people with drinks over for a drink which was quite good in the end - added to the feeling I think). A bit of walking, some more ice cream and I was all hopping, the beach (crowded with beach huts, some little sunbathing tents only had a piece of the sunbathing tents in front in fact!), a stage, clubs, hotels & the cinematography centre. We were just considering what to do when a couple of Italians come up to us + ~~social~~ asked us if we'd like to see a film - they were critics w/ time I think + so - oh my, half an hour later we were sitting with the crowd, a short introduction to the stars of the film who were there (except Matt Dillon) and then the showing (premier?) - Grace of my heart which was a great film - high society drama! It was all so bizarre, it was the one film we were considering to see, standing across from a rotating billboard reading about it between tennis and the rest while we had tickets in our hands and were on our way in. The Lido film festival - impressed, must make our way back some time.

6/9/96 Pompeii (the Amalfi Coast). Eleven hours after leaving Portofino we were turning into an unmarked compound out back of the ruins of a church in S. Lezzeno (near Agropoli) up in the hills behind Amalfi. Man what a change. We got off the motorway a few towns before Salerno and was like coming into a different country about there world. Little towns through dusty towns, no road signs (well for directions anyway) no road markings, vesps left right centre zipping up from behind you, zipping back forward across the front of the car and in some way down the other side of the road. I'm sure the designers never had that in mind. If I wasn't for all the smiling faces you would swear you were being attacked. It was very funny, pretty soon we just followed ~~with~~ with all the other traffic and stopped in the middle of traffic.

Benzoni had a couple of old guys who would be drinking coffee by a table by the side of the road (conveniently situated at every junction seemingly!) would mispronounce a town name or two upon which they would jump up to look at the map, give us a few vague waves of the hand and a string of Italian, Engrish on our side, Pnegos on theirs and we'd be off to the gratification of the banking hours behind us. I think we got to be quite a source of sitting away the day at a couple of towns were there were strange one way systems and we could end up passing through the main square two or three times. One guy in Vietri sent us up a one way street in one part of the square and was there waiting at a pedestrian crossing in another part of the same square for us to emerge and give us more directions down different roads. All very amusing, I'm sure. Anyway the Amalfi coast at least was beautiful. Lots of little ceramic shops and glistening towns perched on the cliffs, the roads winding in & out of tunnels here & there. Very nice. The road ground also seemed quite nice, although the church bells (of which I'm usually a great fan) were a bit O.T. Twelve big ding-dongs and three little ding-dongs (not just dongs like the usual bells mind you) to let you know it was 12:45. At night was just a bit much on the 1/2 hour through the walls at least. The next day we spent driving around a bit more and looking around Positano, beautiful again but busy, lots of gelato swimming on the beach. Black pebble beaches with lots of rounded glass and fragments of weathered ceramic tiles washed up. Most of the church domes are all done in green and yellow ceramics which is also very picturesque. Walked the (3000 ft or alleged) steps up to Nocelle a little hill town behind Positano. The

trattoria was closed so we spent an hour or so in the sun in the square, a little church, a school, beautiful panoramic view of the peninsula and sea, lots of olive trees and grapevines, and the odd local, and water - mild heat stroke and copious amounts of sweat coming up those stairs let me tell you! Found another concrete boat right out on the peninsula (Mare di Capriella I think) under a wave, which was right on the beach, I lose a swim in the morning. Today was cat to Escaleno via the coast road - stay close of the yellow roads on the map from now on! More crazy traffic & long streets. At one stage after asking directions at a petrol station we were sent off following a lady in a silver blazer know what, I'm sure it was quicker as we took side streets down hills & under washing lines in & out of the streets. Felt to be in of people cars & mopeds, & shops & dogs, & kids & cats, at one stage a little people car shot around so where I would have taken a motor bike with four people in it & no room & scooped all the ends of the front bumper - bastard! - they were all smiles & I noticed the back of the car he hit an earth was smashed in four pieces & recovered. It's all so kind, & relaxed (well maybe relaxed is a bad word) that it's hard to be anything but amused by it all. Not that I'd do it again if I could avoid it! Walked up Mt Vesuvius, great views, geyser water - not as impressive as Hawaii, read the books on the ruins - gave them a miss. A bit ruined out, some amazing plaster casts made from the voids in the ashes of people & dogs in their last moments. The dog all curled up on its back & the people like they were sleeping, lying down & they died no doubt before the ash came in to bury them. Big sense of this is the place where it all happened about it. Vesuvius man! Couldn't quite face home today especially when I'd done it & remember it's a

So decided to stay in Pompeii - cheap overnight, got the bus down off on Rome Camping which puts my mind at ease a bit! Should be a highlight I hope, Rome.

8/1/96 There is a tent in our camping ground called the white stag. It was here when we got here. It sits sort of off to one side but where everybody can see it and in fact we pass by it on the way to the toilets. It seems to have some symmetry about it but is the type of symmetry you get when you connect all the point B's into slot D's instead of C's as they should have been. It sits twisted and contorted the floor pulled up at funny angles and the fly stretched to cover some bits but not others. There hasn't been any sign of life in it or about for the best day and a half we have been here, all the other compass give it a wide berth resulting in it sitting in an area of its own and adding to the strangeness. It's like a haunted house no-one will be bold to go to. It looks in pain sitting there stretched this way and that and yet no-one will help it, for fear, I guess, that it belongs to someone else. That respect for other people's property inherent in man, inherent especially when the other people's property is just a little bit creepy like the white stag. I would imagine different people around the campsite have conjectured as to its origin, how it became to be here in this twisted tortured state. It being of the flared, tensioned pole & elastic lute attached technology, I thought maybe someone had put it up and every compass fear had materialised that of the tent snapping up into an ultralite nylon then waterproof prison. The unfortunate compass inside

the compass and left to roll around like a big tumbleweed in the vain struggle to get out. In 22 or 30 hours time (every compass reassessing phase - it's only six hours, but several of axe murderers or soaked to the skin - or topped in gear called tent awaiting daylight, its only six hours), light down and there is the white stag, its occupants spent, sitting there awaiting rescue, but compass sometimes being what they are, keep to themselves, a few groups are judiciously ignored, as always as good taste would dictate. And then lies the white stag. Who knows how long it has been there or will continue to be. Who knows it as I write there lie the bodies of the occupants inside, fatalities of the camping circuit. Maybe it's the monument, the bastion of a fouled camping expedition. A German family ten hours in the car over the border, Austria, Italy, & Rome, swearing & cursing trying to work out the new tent, short tempers, strong wills and constitutions spayed. A little thundercloud billowing over the white stag. Growls and arguments and demand car doors back on the autostrada anger ascending, the white stag, twisted & tortured left as a remnant of the storm. Who knows, who is gone to find out. We will all watch I'm sure, looking for signs of habitation, keeping an eye on others to see if they are also watching. The white stag will I think stay there, stay there casting an uneasiness over the rest of the campgrounds. Maybe I will have a word with the manager.

You know how people say there are no new ideas, they are all passed on from old ones, and there are no new discoveries it is all just changing slightly, adopting slightly, things for new uses. I think that the word discovering gets

misinterpreted, the solutions, the technology, it's all there, it's all around us, what we do when we discover is to recognize that they are there, and what we do when we invent is to recognize an application for our discoveries. That's what insight and intelligence is, its recognition of what is there. Maybe?

### Rome (Roma)

11/9/46 Wow, what to write about, I should start with Rome. Rome: verpas, roman in the squares in traffic free streets, with young & liked-banned-banned italians out on the town, standing in groups, indiscriminately parked all over the place. Old ones near ones big ones small ones with pedals styled ones pendering ones, lots of ones anyway. Gelato, shoe shopping, fashionable shopping, the spanish steps, Gucci, "I should've someone?", old buildings, lots of piazzas, low lit streets, romantic atmosphere. The path there not night, cafes, big slices of pizza, home. Second day, the Pantheon again, great dome, seehorns like never streaming through the hole in the roof. hit the doorway. (11:00 Kaphak's body, old man old!, across town on boat to the markets, more piazzas, thorough old buildings, area like Castro (Castelotona), nice shops, lots of talk, buses home and motor, wine & time slipping, recovery, another watchless, stopteam getting to sleep (umping Flaminia). Third day, lots of talk, 50 bikes, huge, huge dome, huge columns, Madonna with child (Michaelangelo) lots of tourists, (no shorts allowed!), main square, columns being up from the centre, an old lady looking for the university, who's bringing her. The Vatican (Cavone Credati), topostics, killing of caporal (Komet), Kaphak's rooms, the my room, great walking, map of Venice, The vestice Chapel, the best judgement, Creation 'Chitouch', binoculars, and other stuff. Very

beautiful, very over the top, a sun bleached Japanese wallet, the Colosseum, fine eating, Roman in cheap generation outfits forcing for photos (for morda!) Memento povero (povero through whole in the floor, starved to death, all under the church, King, Venezia, three fountain, a great cup of coffee & home. Engaged some more a tourist, town, not enough extra body. Lots of great Roman ruins I almost forgot. Old man old!

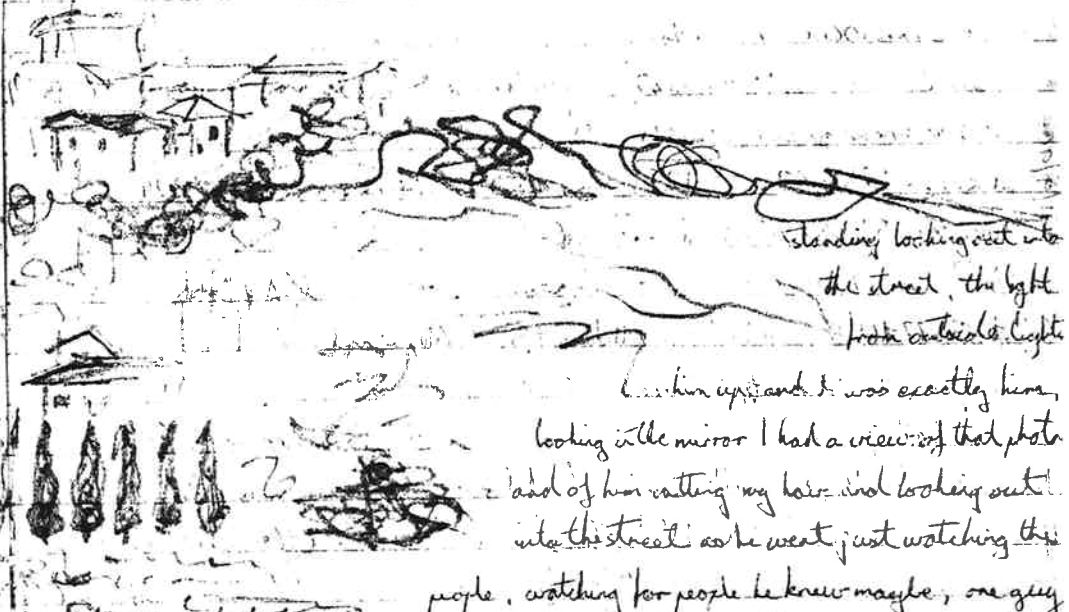
### Tuscany

Yesterday was along the B roads (stay off the Crossroads) up to Siena, beautiful towns along the way, one not far out of Rome with an amphitheatre - everything (out the side window on the way, just!) Stopped for lunch at B. house & eat by the lake (see in the bushes!) then explored the town, too beautiful, siesta - very quiet, bats, cats & creepers, lanes, flags, tiles & chimneys (television aerials) some unreal old places empty & nothing (+ being done up) sleep walkways (lanes) old cobblestones. Siena, lunch, into a forest park in middle (well near to) Del Loro, 3 hours to walk & marvel, gelati (lots of gelati this trip) the Duomo, black & white & extravagant, the main square, Beautiful what can you say. Ange planning her longueage course there next summer - Can I come too? Today San Gimignano, towers, Duomo with great fireworks: hell scene with women being raped by devils, devils pouring into people's mouths, entered with food whilst hanging staring, women I orsin hanging round their heads. Insight into people's minds at the time, secret laws, deserves! The towns + landscape pity are missed the more I know of! all too beautiful - what to do? Want to take it all

bone with an.



finally a haircut by an old Italian barber and bench by a vineyard overlooking the town and onto Florence. The barber was great, someone had taken quite a good bit of photo of him, reflected in the mirrors.



standing looking out into the street, the light from outside light

looking up and it was exactly him, looking in the mirror I had a view of that photo of him cutting my hair and looking out into the street as he went just watching the

people, watching for people he knew maybe, one guy come in and gave him something, I can't remember

what, paper or something, another disheveled looking guy come in & chatted for a while, it looked like he was asking for a free shave, his expression sort of bored & somewhat being amiable & charming, happy even, and was a little angry, to all of this the barber just kept his attention on my hair snipping away, a slightly stern expression. When he had gone, he smiled a bit, this I don't he managed to get across.

SAN GIMIGNANO

It is surprising what one or two words, and knowing smile can do to a conversation ~~is~~. Small little spot. I think he must have been there for years, just watching the tourist version slowly creep in over Sun Communion. I hope about these in pieces but a little unsure about the tourists thing, I think the old city still exists for him, now he still watches for people coming down the cobblestones but instead of cobblestones there are now cobblestones and tourists. I imagine the locals don't pay 10000 L for a tourist.

NS MC =	=	120	OR PAM SAC =	=	2629
NS VC =	=	131	" " " " =	=	11433
UK VL =	62974 × 2 =	12591	US ICH =	240 × 1.35 =	324
UK VC =	52468 × 2 =	10491	Lr =	2000/115 =	7
owe 10000 ANSC + come = 1700	NSO =	(24)			
			4x		<u>14928</u>

Spent 15.577-14928 = 649 £! over 11 days = 57.0 £/day

It's eight pm, we've had over a litre of wine each, Brandon has split the cheese sauce for the pasta, all over the blanket - as a consequence is sitting on the grass (the babe is on her dog bit!) the sun has just set and the pubs have turned on and we are now in almost darkness, and we are curled along with a couple of hundred other people in what used to be a long line of olive grove (it still is, only now it has cypress) overlooking Florence, I had split some candle wax into the blanket also which I then in the heat of the sun tumbled partly onto the tent also, . . . and all is well with the world.

It's now three in the morning, we'll sleep and have lunch in the olive grove. Think it must be all that cheap wine, Tosca, actually quite nice, a light white, may have

been the glass or two of extra pack rose, humm. . . Don't let you sleep, won't let your mind be quiet, work, the future, relationships, dredging up old stuff, dreaming about new, all your anxieties come out to play, every thing you ever did that you weren't quite happy with come back to make you groan with pangs of regret. Not very good at that sort of thing - letting go of the past. Holding onto regrets, I hold onto good memories too, nostalgia. Maybe that's why it is so hard to go on sometimes, because the past is so nice, like a good story you've written or read, or a good dog or photo, do there and nice - solid + known, it's easy to live in something like that. The future is like an uncertain part. It's something that requires effort, the future has other things like potential, the past it's easy to deal with but potential is not there + usually you are reasonably happy with it, importantly any potential lost can always be made up in the future. The future has to hold more. I worry a little about the past but only as to how it will affect the future, and the future is what I do worry about. No, the past is nice + solid + there. That a man is never happier than when he has a job to do - because the future has been decided, it is now a past with some certainty + he gets to live in it for a bit, gets to live in the photos + watch it pass. I do kind it had to go on.

Humm. . . all a bit mumble, writing is there's nothing else to do - all that. Florence and an olive grove. Maybe some food to help me sleep.

13/9/96 Florence (Firenze) Our second night in Florence. The night before it was deep wine, and I kept everyone awake (had to throw a few <sup>or several</sup> stones at different people around us in order to try and spread the blame a bit - <sup>de wit money</sup> wine travels along way in a row as ~~long~~ and it) last night it was our new neighbor, a German couple with a little baby that would have been older - than six months, man, cry baby, on and off for hours. They had a terrible night of it, ~~the~~ trying to cool the little thing (I won't say poor little thing - yes there is still a little bitterness!) to sleep, it would have been mad to see for a record or two a high must have been the mother pissed over it trying to feed

It up again early this morning with more crying, and it had rained heavily for most of the night. I think that might have been what was setting it off, or maybe the rain seemed to be coming in spots & squirts designed specifically to keep the little thing from rest. Angering the father packed up a suit tent & wild groundsheet, and with everything else, in a basket, while the mother paced back & forward with the kid trying to calm it. I hope it wasn't their first night on the holiday - back to Düsseldorf, food, water, and not very talkative I would imagine. A young Florentine is much as I have imagined it, orange, orange bricks, not terra cotta roof tiles and a sea of angles, bold lines and television aerials with a dome here & a tower there, and a river off to one edge somewhere, beautiful. The view on push although not cheap (38100 Lira) overlooks the town & is close to the centre within walking distance. I forgot the already said - the olive grove. Yesterday was shopping, the leather markets in the morning, a look at the Duomo - round head, keeps of towers, a good look, judgement, interesting to look around if not hard on the neck, the prices were so distinctive I would not be surprised if they were portraits, then it was to antique markets which were great - brought old pots, old cards & Italian papers & could have brought much much more, regrettable. This we spent about 3 hours there - more interesting than your average gallery etc. It was back across the Ponte Vecchio, an old bridge with buildings both sides lined with, mainly shops, some ancient shops, goldsmiths etc - apparently - really nice and easy way, battered old buildings but in these places, change so little after all this time? I will try to do with the best, but renovation however. I had been reading of the Italian papers and examining of post purchases (souvenir books, notes) all from within the confines of the car - rain today rain - and it was into the tent where everything felt just a little pluffy, stuffy (the crying didn't help) for sleep. No more coffee in the afternoon. This was my last night as yesterday I had into bed to try and salvage another 1/2 hour sleep, and successfully, I had enough

being really during the day without starting out like that. More shopping, a look at Piazza S. square & the shop at the Uffizien, full of important works of arts, master masterpieces, wonderfully delicate expressions in renaissance paintings, Botticelli, Raphael, Leonardo, and all that. A really looked quite good but a bit outed out, the street & the markets & the old church are for more attention holding, the shop holders are nice (1st rule of bargaining is to forget the sale & make a friend). And here we are in a cafe with leather markets (Mercato Centrale) letting coffees with, recreative music playing, & gathering the collectors & people outside and doing some writing & people watching.

$200 \text{ m/c} = 120$      $200 \text{ FEB} = 11433$   
 $200 \text{ v/c} = 66$      $200 \text{ saw} = 629$   
 $16/10/96 \text{ m}$   
 $1 \text{ K v/c} = 62474 \times 2.0 = 124948$      $10 \text{ S ch} = 240 \times 135 = 32400$   
 $1 \text{ K over} = 388 \times 2.0 = 776$      $1 \text{ K} = 25000 \times \frac{1}{150} = 166.67$   
 $10 \text{ K} = 19500 \times \frac{1}{150} = 130$      $1 \text{ K} = 14612$   
 Spent 16928 - 14612 = 2316 AFA = 256 over Sleep = 51.2 AFA per day (including shopping - clothes + souvenirs)

17/11/96 Pisa and the leaning tower! Weather turned sunny and we took the small roads from Florence to Pisa, countryside not as nice as between Siena & Florence but stopped for the afternoon in Lucca which was beautiful. I'm sure I've seen it before in my rooms etc. It's an old fortified city, layed out with triangular battlements coming off the main walls making a pattern that you think might be more in the painter's mind than my horse's when you see it drawn. Full of little lanes and piazzas and churches. (and a tower with four trees growing off of the top of it!) and it seems antique. Either there was very little furniture inside the houses or on one Saturday the town becomes the

194996  
664  
664

antique clearing centre for Northern Italy. Bought some old pearls which I had seen in shops in Florence. Things weren't that cheap I had to be said. Then into another young anomaly comune at Pisa - as Araps calls them - airports, railways, kennels, and all the other odd and usually noisy things. The tower (which is all we saw of Pisa I admit) was impressive, arrived at dusk, you don't realise, just how much it is leaning until you look at the foundation - work going on to repair & did the summit, heavy concrete (or lead?) blocks on one side & ground treatment also I would imagine. The Duomo and door was interesting also, built from rounded white marble it appeared as there were bits of letters here and there on different stones around the place. Anyway the next day, down the coast road to Cinque Terra, traffic jams due to cyclists in La Spezia, beautiful coastal similar to the Amalfi coast, a little hill town with lanes & corridors, no centre it seems! Lunch on a paper plate (one of the little monorails (seems that runs up & down the hills with the baskets of people) overlooking the Mediterranean (if you don't mind) a stop at Vernazza, busy little Cinque Terra town, swim off the breakwater, bit scary, I don't like deep water I can't see in, takes a while to get used to deep water you can see in. Cross through the middle of the town along the coast, benches, ferries, this way & that - lots of tourists. Spent the night getting drunk in the hills behind Lavagna, swim in Lavagna the next morning - 11000 of petrol with a double-egg receipt & Borgal (I don't remember looking at what bit sign it is) more coastal road, then got fed up with it & jumped on the motorway - a bit but - 150 kph in the tunnels, feels like you're at Leno and Genova (Genoa) for lunch. Leno quite scared I would be disappointed with Genova as I like the idea of old port towns but it was a beautiful city, palace (along the streets big & small,

long lines five or six stories of houses either side, the old port area is - the actual waterfront is a bit of a shambles too with elevated roads etc, saw Il Circolo the Araps designed - anyway really had history in it & could feel it all around, not so many tourists which was a big part of it also thick, could be there for a while, just doing some street sketching of buildings, all that (old grandmother on chairs & washing out laundry) San Lorenzo Cath (don't miss <sup>work</sup> Via Garibaldi & the streets in between, Christopher Columbus house, I'd like to read a bit more about Venice, Gesso, Lido etc. Romantic town (I hope Lido also). So more tunnels & motorways & here we are in an expensive copy in San Remo by the sea, at the end of Italy - Reading a gaudy novel 'Tai Pan' the moment which elaborates (in detail) on the history of Hong Kong beginnings which would be bothered with big men, big times & all of that rubbish but it's there & like as inbathed & can't wait to get back to it! I hope his research has been good cos I don't like being topped about all that stuff. Hmm... Must read more history.

17/9/96 Monte Carlo, picked up the coast driving a view & a island, don't even know the name of, but lanes, breakwaters, ferries, pleasure cruises, a boat, the red sea, the French Riviera, a strange baby! Dropped in a Monte Carlo today, visited the home of THE Casino, wandered around THE man. Nothing I think about the wealth of a person, company, whatever take a boat, the bath, the spa, or golfing, views, large scale timber, space where you see premium, a cross, perhaps, several, a car, no! In phones, the hotel, the world's class. This was about was the sailors caps during Money work of money, loans & mountains, a flight (like us) wandering around, record of where we can go if you've got the money you can pick up the

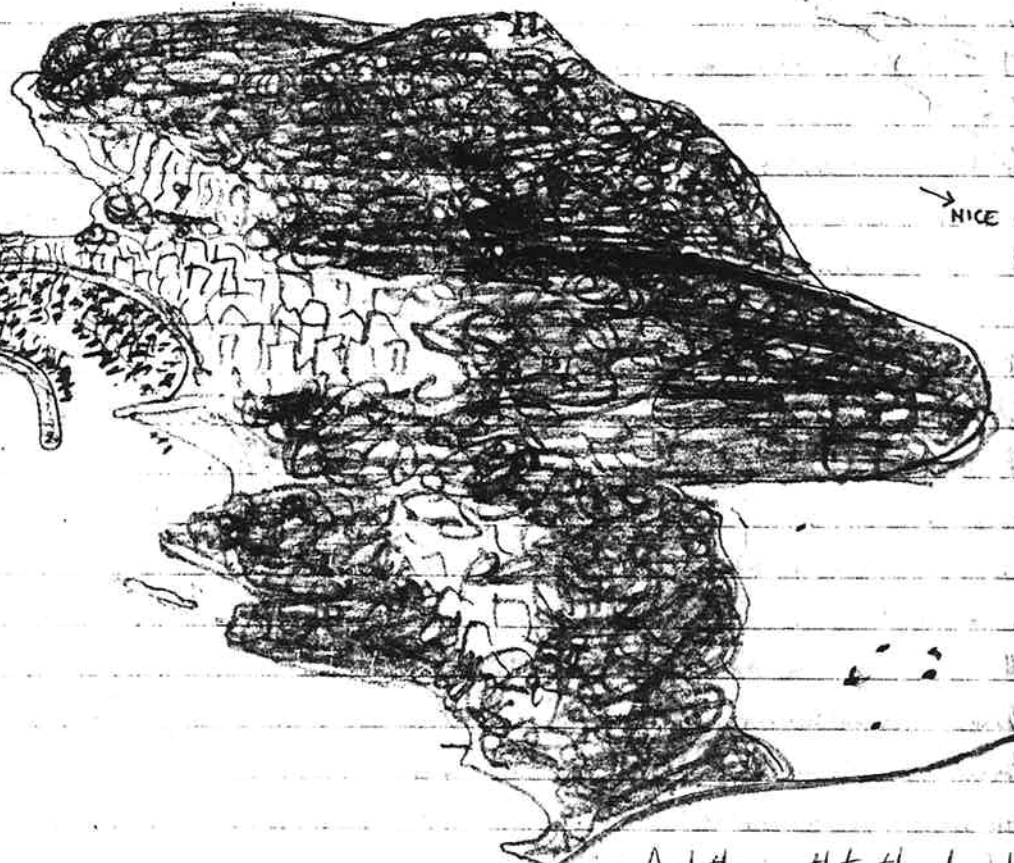


goddamn frontier for eberrtsche. Prow through THE tunnel and  
with bits of the FL circuit, money, fame, elegance, exquisite  
delights. ☺

12/1/46 The little island were been sitting above and watching coast,  
watching all of the coming going & going and coming, watching the lights  
light up and the seas move  
around. Like a setting  
from a book come to life and it  
there in front of you to watch. Some  
things are nice received from afar

15/4/46 Dropped through Cannes: more  
lives of the rich and famous, lots of hotels,  
restaurants and real estate agents. Big  
yachts in the marina and moored out in the  
bay. A la Madonna what from a rooftop I  
seem to remember seeing somewhere. Crazy  
old lads with frocks & waders & designer old fags  
series, looks of disgust on their faces presumably  
at their surroundings and the usability of it all  
to amuse them or compliment them or  
something. Some surprising nice little  
boxes and streets up behind the marina on the  
way up the hill, quaint little houses worth an absolute

fortune lot. A nice bar with nice baguettes  
our first good bread since Italy!



← MONTE  
CARLO.

And then north to the alps, to  
the alps!! they cried & sped off  
Angi did most of the driving as I was  
very tired despite a good sleep (or so I thought).  
Some lovely quiet barren & uninhabited done I say it,

wilderness (there I said it) scenery, even had a deer wander out onto the road in front of us, scared him poor thing as he took off like a rocket & trying to grip on the road. I think he might have been down to have a look at this big black thing as he was on his way somewhere, got a bit surprised and caught unaware, beautiful scenery, two or three grassy old walls with quite well formed. Anyway then it's been rain & motorway construction unfortunately, I hope it dies for the Alps fingers crossed. Mind you scenery is promised, or near to it anyway.

20/9/96 Chamonix - Rained all night in our camp. Mmm... more motorway, Grenoble, no shifts & generally because I was tired & have had this tooth ache for ages etc etc etc. Stopped for lunch at a nice roadside stop - baked beans - felt a little bit better and arrived in Chamonix last night, to mixed woods & patches of blue & streaks of cloud in Foin. Mmm... Was lucky enough to see Mont Blanc & Five Lacs Dues & even the Aiguille du Midi in the air, but rain all night again last night. Slept in (to rain) this morning and then about 10:00 a.m. - very lucky, decided right up so we did a walk up to La Balme & Posette which was beautiful, rocks & golds & greens of the woods, wild & wildflowers & special views down the Chamonix valley and also over the other side into Switzerland. Resisted the luke effort of walking up to stop over to the border (the fact that the views would be better over the other side was the main reason although on a couple of hours walking I did depend on it).  
6 Anyway, my mood has now improved.

21/9/96 Annex How, just finished reading Two Pans and am feeling very well and very alone in this world. Everything you are in this world is down to yourself. There will be good luck & bad luck and which you have to try & call and everything else, every last is it is down to you're here on your own self. Coming to grips with that, coming to grips with the fact that life is not forever are things I do not want to do. Let it be known I want to avoid it and, and to like a dash cloud out there and I will act & hunt & I can feel it. And I want the things, I want money, money & everything else, respect & satisfaction that will come from mastering it & riding high on it & using it. Annex is nice, a nice lake which is blue even in the cloudy rain (we were very lucky it cleared yesterday) nice road, nice buildings, nice shops and nice cafes, very nice.

Does life seem really sad to you?

Does it make you want to cry?

It makes me want to cry

sometimes.

I wonder if I should substitute growing up for life? Maybe. This is one of the few poems

that I really like, feel happy with, Jack reflects the moment, at the moment. Wine & spaghetti & the blanket →

22/9/96 Lyon It's still raining, I'm still tired (Ange & I woke up and couldn't sleep for two or three hours last night) and I feel like it's time to go home. But as we're committed to these months, we'll get over this little spell (Ange called her mum for her birthday last night and is feeling a bit the same I think), the weather will get better (Mmmmm...) and we will see Spain & Portugal.

Did you ever think that the afterlife is created by individuals. The brain is a sort of restricted physical presence, like an embryo stage for the brain to grow. Just thought pattern to grow around a spirit, the material body and brain cells then die and fall away the butterfly brain escaping into whatever. The whatever being the world, the medium it has created through expectation around itself. People who believe in heaven go there, or perhaps to hell depending on their own private view of themselves, people who think we merge with the universe do, people who think you just die & dissipate, do, and people who don't know... I. Thoughts like that never sound as good when you put them down on paper.

ASIM =	120	AUSERS =	11433
ASVL =	66	US FCHQ = 100 x 1.35	135
INVC = 629.74 x 20 =	12594	AUSBAU =	629
OKCERZ = 328.25 x 2 =	776		
AWCERZ = 151 / 3.8 =	(40)	A#	<u>11433</u>

Spit 14612 - 14378 = 234 over 6 days = 39 AD/day.

~~Providence~~ ~~Providence~~

23/7/16 Lyon. Age is bloody old man! Sad dinner a bit in the TV room last night to watch the news (after a wander to get some money and a quick look in the ESX shop in the square on the corner - very sad in) and then seems to be floods raging all over Provence at the moment which I can well believe, will have a look at Lyon today (yesterday was spent resting and writing letters) and unless the weather turns nice shoot quickly down through Provence heading for the coast. Learn the Spanish for beach, wine and quick + be on our way.

Been reading about the new APS or whatever its outlets are, photographic

system, I thought the whole idea of a digital camera was to get rid of the film, this seems to have the worst of both worlds + I'm sure it is just a ploy (started by Kodak, Agfa etc - Nikon was the only camera company I'm sure they sold out to get into the camera manufacturing - say no more) to keep film sales a going concern. Busted, and it will probably wash. I'll wait for the price of the proper digital cameras to reduce me thick. Judging by the cost of a roll of film - around 10AD now for 36 exp and developing, around 14AD, it would take long, 50 rolls of film on this trip x 24 = 1200AD towards a new compact or camera, I want the computer anyway. Give it a few years.

Still a bit down with the weather, and Italy was so great, will have a glass of wine + a museum maybe today to try and cheer ourselves up a bit.

Just not into it. I'm tired + I'm crabby + when I compare how excited I was and how much I enjoyed Paris + Rome when I first come over it depresses me even further. Take me back to the tent and let me sleep, my brain is full... and lets face it I'm ready to go home. I need some sun to keep me young, to ease my mind + help me relax. Do you remember Hong Kong, when my mind felt like it was being let go, felt like it was being freed, and I lay in my bed with the city all around and I tried to feel the heat of the earth around me, and I felt like I was on my way, felt like I was making ground towards whatever it is we try for. Here I sit three years later on, my mind is not the picture of serenity that I think I had sub-consciously thought it might be. I'm becoming less of an observer and preparing for more participation - growing up? maybe. The serenity is there I think, but so is everything else. I'm carrying a bit of mental



really nice when the weather is a bit better

A self portrait, or anybody's portrait in fact - 36 multiple exposure shots of the head lifting to turn, or to smile or to frown or whatever (4x36 shots of different expressions?)

Do you know, I'm looking forward to seeing Chris Redchen when we get back, he's an intellectual guy & has a lot of energy. I wonder what has happened to Craig, haven't heard from him in a while. Hope he's ok.

Saw a lot of photos of film stars today, I want to be a film star + be like that! And I want to take photos like that. Great social detail. All with a real 'look'. And all about it all somehow, immortal.

Pretty girl, pretty boy, pretty face, pretty toy!  
or pretty cool, immortal!

Is it possible to permit death

to not get lost in your point in your life and its termination, to die & show up

before you've even died. Your place in it all or back of it, coming up + overtaking you before you've even had a chance to make it. Wax in candle snuffing the flame + the wake of a boat swinging the boat its marker after a pause in propulsion, a pause for thought.

25/9/96 Avignon

Spent yesterday morning getting my tooth fixed, a temporary filling over the hole where the old ones were scraped out dead & mangled. I gather you should keep a temporary filling past a couple of weeks, however, go easy on it + hopefully make it

back to London. We've been following the Rhone down stopping at the odd antique store and the odd town. Very nice but not as quaint as I thought it might be. I think some of the little English towns are nicer, although haven't visited Orange & Avignon which are beautiful. Little scrappy dogs standing in the doorways of cafes, old ppl reaching limited Frenchmen inside reading papers and coughing to each other in wild gesticulation, buildings right up against the roadside, shutters & peeling stucco, baguettes under arms, in backpacks and handbags or in baskets on the front of motorbikes & bicycles, sisters from 12-22, all getting a bit more French. Sitting by the Rhone looking across to Avignon, it rained about an hour ago + now has totally cleared, the colours are beautiful, pastel, blues + purple + waves, the bridge (I hate that word) of the stone of the city, boats tied up to floating docks + the three remaining spans of the pont de Avignon reaching out into the river. Midness about coming from the river. I think + a smell of milk from a little school at our feet. The odd jogger and a photographer running up + down behind us with his tripod waiting for light, church bells (the one on the bridge - there is a little church built into the bridge - wasn't first to go at ten to seven about 10 minutes ago - P.) and traffic noise emanating from the other shore, and the moon having just risen off to one side near the end of the bridge, really serene. Virgin Mary overlooking the town. They say the old writers used to come here for the light + so serene!

AUS MC = → = 120.19 AUS #12 = → = 11433.32

AUS VC = → = 66.34 US TGA = 100 x 1.35 = 135.00

UK VC = 3642 x 2.0 = 7284.0 AUS SAV = → = 162953

UK CLR = 3882 x 2.0 = 7764.0 13962.00

PIAS = 7000/96 = 72.92

1e Spent 14378 - 13962 = 416.00 over (days) = 69.34% day less dentist = 500/3.7 = 151 = 265 = 46.1 (day)

30/9/96 Barcelona After Anispa it was down to the coast down a bit  
everything was closed up which was actually  
quite depressing, must be a very tourist spot for forced school holiday  
makers. Stayed in a little nice camp place by the side of a busy road,  
A couple of german travellers + a big Alsatian bitch called Lexia who  
barked like hell at me when I went to say hello while the owners were  
away. An old lady with an expression that looked like hell frozen over  
and one little toilet. Quite nice atmosphere actually. Oh - and a  
swiss girl who had ridden all the way from Switzerland and who  
was finding the km estimates other riders did in a day a bit beyond  
her (within probably :-). My tooth was so sore I had to get it done  
the next day in Beziers = 450 FF! A young dentist, 2 months in,  
another wasted day - spent by the beach so not too bad - and my  
tooth a bit better but getting worse it seems - eggshells - that's it -  
what to do? - wait + see if it gets better + stay away from hot +  
cold foods - like warm porridge it is then :-

Then it was down the coast + into pain worrying about a Visa for  
the little kiwi (Ange had one). Fat lazy French border police -  
stamp as you do - nobody on the Spanish side so just kept going  
Found out as a kiwi you don't need one anyway - it's just with some  
pols. Stopped for the afternoon + the night at a little beach with  
a camping ground + restaurant coming into Llanca? which was  
straight out of Shirley Valentine. Laid back + relaxed, watched  
the boats come + go big orange moon rose out of the sea, along the

beach with the fishermen (still there the next morning!) after coffee  
+ cards at the restaurant watching the lighted sea.

Yesterday was the Salvador Dali Museum which was great  
images everywhere stacked on <sup>top of</sup> each other peering at you from every  
wall + corner. The room portrait of Mae West, the rain inside the  
automobile, the 18m portrait of Abe Lincoln amongst others. Not the  
type of stuff I'd put on a wall but really colorful + interesting. Blew  
away a few cobwebs sort of. Got the feeling a few of the americans would  
have been snubbing it all if it didn't have 'Salvador' attached to it and  
were a bit at sea as to how to appreciate. Perhaps I'm being unfair, it's just  
that the 'oh that's beautiful - simple - elegant and seriousness and nobleness'  
that you get in a lot of galleries just didn't hit. Like backpacking with an  
elephant skin suitcase, I'm glad I'm a backpacker.

So now it's a beach in Castellet de Mar, just out of Barcelona. These are  
favourite by the beach, swim in the mornings + the town half an hour away  
off to Barcelona! →

2/10/96: People don't write songs about falling out of love  
It's not the beautiful thing falling in love is - can be  
It has none of the noble feelings that are often  
associated with falling in love.  
It has no tenderness generally and is not  
something that happens just like that.  
You don't fall out of love at a glance,  
it's a long drawn out process, marked by

lot of hiccuping and petty fighting

It brings out the worst person in you  
that you can be, as opposed to falling

in love which can show you beauty

that you have never seen before, in

yourself and in others, or like in love,

in falling out of love all of your

faults - other even to surface, you

can in fact find yourself speaking words

like you were detached from the reality,

like another unrecognizable stranger had

taken over, but it is in fact you and

that's one of the hard things to accept.

You become even more bitter as a fact

in ~~love~~ anger at what you have been

reduced to. No falling out of love

is an ugly thing and not something to

write about in a song.

Do not lament me when I am gone

I am just dead, that's all.

I didn't want to hurt you or anybody else by dying.

I just wanted to do that's all.

It is true I had tears in my eyes when I went.

They were sadness at leaving, at giving up

You will imagine be sad at my going also, as it is quite a sad thing.

But though you probably will, I wish that you would not cry,

for that is not what I meant by it, by dying

I just wanted to do that's all.

When you look at my face, do not think of the brightness <sup>a more</sup>  
and the smiles that could have lit it up, that could have been <sup>constant</sup> ~~overdone~~

For those smiles and the brightness would have been surrounded by pain

and sadness at things that I felt I could not cope with.

Think instead of my spirit, in the coldness <sup>of the</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>of the</sup> ~~of the~~

night sky, at rest and calm and relieved of the burden of living.


That is why I wanted to die.

It seems that though  
you may understand  
life.

Living it and  
 coping with it is an  
 entirely different  
 thing.

4/10/86 So back to Barcelona anyway. What a beautiful city! The old  
olympic village, the two towers Foster in the hill facing the village, the old tower  
& the cathedral, buskers and people and cafes and life and an architectural

Flemish and French painting on view in the Museum today. This core collection was subsequently enlarged through acquisitions resulting from the appropriation of convents and churches during the past century, as well as bequests and gifts during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The building itself, one of the most notable and attractive in Madrid

bookshop, the new town, cars and terrace. Architecture, including the Sagrada Família, the antique markets selling everything from kilim worn to bike gear to <sup>ceramic</sup> everything, the surrounding districts, just a good road separation with 6 storey apartment blocks about it. Everywhere we went had a great community atmosphere - about it. Camped a beachside away down by the beach - early - well not so early, previous. Barcelona is definitely one of my favourite should have spent some more time there instead of Madrid, but being rested from our time in the coast we superstitiated it in a long walk to the dunes of our camp and feet. Then 3/4 of a day on the motorway - black hills the remnants of highway, descending apparently  and a barren landscape that even brought back memories of Tibet, real desert broken up with olive trees and rocks and dusty towns. Visited Zaragoza - nothing to write home about. If of today in the sphagnum - actions around the compound in Madrid - not the actual compound were also stayed at - sort of stuck in the dusty land between motorways, a few loops around which was nice, a few ground dogs around the farms or properties on the wall to the coast - nice.

Madrid is big, a big business town, big roads, lots of cars, big buildings, lots of people. By night the first big, half walking tour around the town & beyond. Did they pull that town. Expected gypsies and bulls blood in the streets - yatterally

dear, most conscience gowned quires I have ever seen for the bus! had dinner in a little tapas bar which was great, locals playing cards and sitting at the diner style bar talking, washing dishes. men with families + kids in their teens. Real stuff, a bit of a step back in time in fact. The next day, all the rest day was the Prado - What a great museum, really taken away by the paintings, Boccaccio (both), Rubens, Goya, El Greco (not so good I thought), For Angélica, Botocelli. Well worth visiting, don't know if I was just in the mood for it but spent five hours there. Missed Picasso El Greco which had been moved, but saw pictures of it + read about its history + felt the presence, the immensity of it!!

A piece, goodbye dogs + dust + motorway, spend today at Segovia the aqueduct, the church, the castle, the cathedral, the grass, the South African couple, the sea (near the port 3. day's a fact -), see things except the compound - but very nice, bigger than I thought. Maybe down to Toledo tonight.

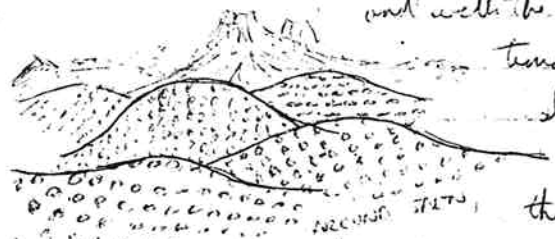
→ This was Angélica ticket actually - first mine got lost after its first use so the ticket machine would take it so I got 9 single journey ones given to me instead, I know all but one after I used them + had five other unused ones. It went through the wash this morning + some nice - so more things would my person seem to have a rough time of it at times. Including Angélica

Including Angélica  
suppose



5/10/16 Don't get to sit down and write much anymore, not really in the mood for it I guess, papers to read, crossword to do, books to finish, coffee to be drunk. Miss a lot of the little things along the way. Anyway - very red hair sun - today was Toledo, town on a hill surrounded by the canyon of a river, town of churches and of red and orange town of old city gates, a nice surprise within walking distance and of a national geographic photo exhibit in a building out of the blue (colored unfortunately), a town of old men wandering around the squares telling a and out conversations, a town of old women and their mother-in-laws, sitting on benches looking across from behind big glasses and wrinkles. And a town of tour buses, they arrived around 11 and though there was no perceptible noise, it seemed like they went from an acceptable background noise to hordes of humans shouting around guides with raised hands in no time. The cherry on the icing was turning a corner to have a look at El Greco's master masterpiece, a hanging or a raising of someone or another with the heavens watching or something, a painting in an other wise inconspicuous church, to find a queue at least four or five buses long meandering around the ~~door~~ aluminum framed door to get in. I felt ashamed! So, out of there anyway, a guide took around the road around the town, stopped for five or ten minutes just to feel the quietness and inconspicuousness of the barren rocky land around and to admire the more serene view of the town from afar. all a bit tedious knowing that that human mass was down there somewhere peering its many tentacles into our eyeballs into every

corner and every house. Big chunky sort of thing so wanted to go on and here we are in a very quiet little village with all the blue, the olive trees we have been driving through for the past couple of hours, green on red they are beautiful, but of the country side, the rolling hills especially look like they have been wallpapered with it, this symmetrical patterning of olive green trees on backgrounds shading between red & yellow sand and with the rocky mountains in the back at times. Small dusty towns and truck stops and one or two shops with their bundles, spanish waggies the red dirt on their clothes making them look tanned as a whole or as soon, making them look a little unreal. like everything on a tv documentary, mind open, zipping past at 130k I suppose they would



5/10/16  
 AUS = 120.19 AUS FIX = 11433.32  
 AUS = 4634.05 rone - 100 x 1.35 = 635.00  
 AUS = 304.77 x 2.0 = 609.54 AUS SAV = 624.53  
 AUS = 252.51 x 2.0 = 505.02  
 AUS = 3100/103.45 x 20 = 81.15  
 Spent 13962 - 13609 = 353 AU over 7 days = 50.44 AU per day.

~~6/10/96~~  
6/10/96

Granada - A howling wind picked up last night just as we were in the olive trees or just soon after with the clouds to bed and kept blowing the whole night. Not a good night to keep it hot to put them right up there with the sunflower fields. I said, honey putts and coffee and bananas by the lake the wind still raising nothing everything crisp and clear (and sunny) The water was  $2''-2\frac{1}{2}''$

chippy and revealed the swept to reflect the blue of the sky over the sea of a still day dried brittle earth in our lease braggante type font, Islamic with Lachto what we see the grandeur. Notice here is probably more into the bits that were a bit and tourists replace the both of going on. Inside the window of the car

This afternoon trying to keep up with the kittens (the and exploring a new trees, Blue sky in which you see

PALACIOS NAZARIES	15:00 - 15:30	AICAZABA	GENERALIFE
El acceso a los Palacios Nazarites, solo se podrá realizar en la media hora indicada, de no hacerlo perderá el derecho a la visita de los mismos.		El acceso a estas dos zonas puede realizarse en cualquier momento durante el horario de visitas	

 JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA PATRONATO DE LA ALHAMBRA Y GENERALIFE - GRANADA	ENTRADA AL CONJUNTO MONUMENTAL DE LA ALHAMBRA Y GENERALIFE	ENTRADA GRATUITA FREE ENTRANCE 727 Nº 000113
		

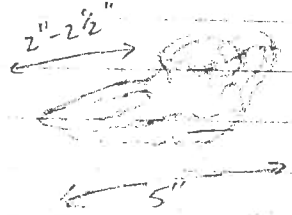
7/11/16 A little old burner, one of these dug up at the fort at Alcala la Real. Dropped off at the fort cum monastery, seen church after seeing it on the hill of the city. For every point, turned out to be quite good, which back to what looked like the waiting time ago in the tower guarded by a guard for whom it was a bit of big Indian society I think. Can't have been open long. There were students working on digging around the church, we couldn't get inside the church but it looked interesting - walkways over all the old foundations etc. Visiting these types of places always reminds me of the name of the Rose, you see the layout of the remains of all the walls to accommodate everyone, the bit we walked on, and wherever else the old clay pots, huge things that must have had wooden support frames at one stage, rooms with remains of beams, the pens and donkeys and monks living here without the main road in the valley below. Granada only a half hour away, without the help of most of the world an electronic interface there at the end of a thousand (Spain), text on phosphor lines all around. The peasants below, the olive trees + green hills of red earth, relentless sun and the life of God all woven into the compound of the monastery, the only realities, the most of the ancient world, beyond the horizon, a far way away, two three days

~~6/10/96~~  
6/10/96

Granada Abouting wind picked up last night just as we went to bed and kept blowing the whole night. Not a good night's sleep it has to be said, heavy puffs and coffee and bananas by the lake the wind still roaring making everything crisp and clear (and windy). The water was choppy and revealed the grassy browns underneath it being a bit wind swept to reflect the sky, the reds and greens of the olive fields and the blue of the sky were now cold and crisp, that red barrenness that looks in the sun of a still day and retains no heat to become ~~to~~ a cool sun dried brittle earth in a cool breeze. So enjoying here we are waiting on our cheese bouquets to give us some go at Alhambra, a big Indian type fort, Islamic architecture apparently. It's very nice, nice to relate it back to what we've seen in India and nice as a benchmark to compare the grandeur. India it has to be said was pretty amazing! The carving here is probably more intricate, but the layout and grandeur lacks a little. The bits that were a bit damaged have been rendered and white washed, and tourists replace the monkeys and lots of India is idly away I can't be bothered going on. India was India (and Angi just browned me through the window of the car - one of those days...!)

This afternoon has been devoted to moving the blanket around trying to keep up with the setting sun: between reaching, playing with the kittens (there are two here - lots of stray cats in Spain), and exploring a near by olive grove. Red earth and green trees, Blue sky + white clouds, a lovely organized feeling in which your mind can take off down any of the avenues

between the olive trees or just soar absently with the clouds I put them right up there with the sunflower fields :-)



7/10/96 A little oil burner, one of these dug up at the fort at Alcala la Real. Dropped off at the fort cum

monastery, cum church after seeing it on the hill of on the way past, turned out to be quite good. relies back to what looked like stone age in the tower guarded by a guard for whom it was a bit of a novelty I think. Can't have been open long. There were students working on digging around the church, we couldn't get inside the church but it looked interesting - walkways over all the old foundations etc. Visiting these types of places always reminds me of the name of the Rose, you can see the layout of the remains of all the walls to accommodate everyone, the monks, and whoever else, the old day pots, huge things that must have had wooden support frames at one stage, rooms with remains of ceramic ovens I think they were. It's not hard to go the steps further to imagine the life, the hens and donkeys and monks living here without the main road in the valley below. Granada only a half hour away, without the rest of the world an electronic interface there at the end of a thousand tentacular phone lines all around. The peasants below, the olive trees + the hills of red earth, relentless sun and the life of Cord all woven into the compound of the monastery, the only realities, the rest of the world, beyond the horizon, a far way away, two three days

distorted by communication maybe. The world was a big place in those days, and quieter, more time for deliberation, less little comforts, little nylons and plastics and other materials between you and the earth.

Lunch in an olive grove, a tour of the small roads around tiny villages in the midst of all this green red and blue, then a bigger road and bigger villages. The white houses displacing even the green + red to hold a hill, the brown of a church bell tower rising through the white intestine. Beautiful countryside, dry + red, lots of fields turned over, huge mounds of undulating turned earth making them seem like they give the hugeness of the blue of the sky in them. Gentle brown undulating in a sea of turned hills, spectacular. And through all of this, believe it or not it is deceptively cold, there is it seems nothing to hold the heat of the sun, like water on a sponge it seems to get sucked up and dissipated into the colds of space somewhere, like to all a huge heatsink, the beating sun red red down once to a drop on the ocean.

### The south of Spain!

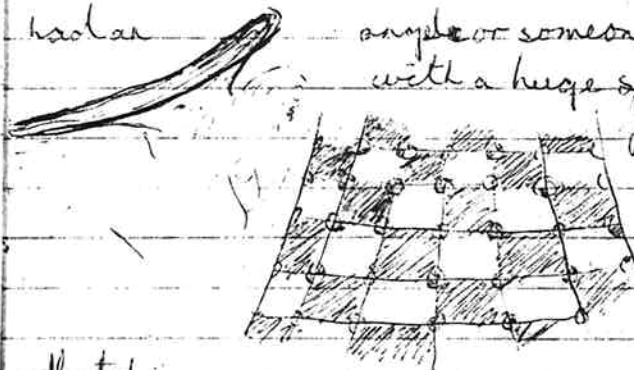
4/10/96 Visited Cordoba and its Mezquita mosque yesterday morning. What used to be the largest mosque in the world at one time, taken over by the Christians and converted to a church. A mixture of a large square plan and red and yellow arches

seemingly layered over one another spreading out into the dim light of the roof, gold mosaics with inscriptions of the Koran and the intricate carving of windows and frames to doorways so typical of Islamic architecture. Straight out of Muslim buildings in India. Anyways a mixture of all of this with Christian artifacts in bared cells around the perimeter, the odd pointed dome crowning in angels, marble floor slabs covering tombs in the floor and what appears like the entire inside of a huge cathedral somehow implanted in this space without the outside. The huge vertical space reaching upwards, or waving upwards even in its attempts to touch for to assimilate heaven, the wooden area of intricate carving where all the church boys sit and do whatever they do: altar and organ and all of that here supplanted in this mosque. There was a chanting when we first entered. The whole place was still mostly dark, still given over to religion; at ten o'clock guards are put in position, an entry fee of 700 Ptas is also put in place - (the reason we were there before 10 is) and the building is handed over to the tourists. The cells around the perimeter are lit up, the chanting ceases and the church boys file out into a door that again appears like it leads out of the interior of the church and into nothingness, the other side appearing to be the darkness of the old mosque area, the arches and the floor tiles. Upon closer examination there are actually rooms there, but it's not hard to put into

place in your mind a blinding light of christian arches,  
heaven, something behind that door, especially since they,  
the church boys in all their robes have passed through and  
into all there being left, being the normal mortals and the  
stone and air and towers, the material essences of this  
space, an emptiness left after the passing of the chanting,  
(which rather than coming from them (which it did, and  
was then spread word the church via microphones, elections  
and speakers) seemed to be associated with them, seemed to  
be around them like the glow of a halo is around the apostles  
in paintings, and passed with them through that door.  
So divine church space in the warm stone and gloominess of  
mosque space. I'm not sure who won out, for whether  
or not its a statement about religion is a whole. It was  
certainly interesting and affectual & worth a visit) anyway  
(The chanting, conveyed by speakers only it seemed at first  
I thought was Islamic to begin with. thought was some  
Islamic prayer reading or scripture chanting; the essence  
of that mosque is still very alive in this place)

There was a painting I particularly liked in the mosque also  
(it is still known by the way as 'the mosque') even though  
I only got to see it in the dark, which is strange as it was  
partly the contrast of colours that I liked about it. It had  
a big tiled floor in a slightly surreal perspective and

wides at each of the crosses in the tiled floor patterning. It also  
had an angle or someone on the left hand side  
with a huge set of wings that were



folded behind its back  
and seemed gilded or  
to convey this boldness  
of strength and  
purity, a cleanness of  
line that seemed

reflected in  
the rest of the picture as well. They stood out so much as to  
be little the figure to which they belonged, or maybe to draw the  
essence of the figure to which they belonged into them. These  
were no floppy little cupid wings, these were long gold streamer  
wings of strength & beauty. Hmmm

Things to do at home - look into investing in the digital  
revolution, do some photography along the lines of wings, of  
angels wings, set up an aviary? & the last one came from  
seeing this great aviary at the caravan park, full of perches etc  
etc. Or would seeing this, I could think of nothing worse!

10/10/96 My new fountain pen from the markets  
of, I can't remember - a small place in Italy  
somewhere, not too far from Pisa. I don't think that  
this is really the paper for it unfortunately - maybe

single I need blotting paper - or different paper - works  
OK on nice letter paper - humm.

11/10/06 Seville (Sevilla) So. Seville, after a bit  
of both working, letter writing, paper reading  
and car scrabbling was really interesting. Spent the afternoon driving  
around the Expo site taking in all of the architecture, the bridges and  
the pavilions it was almost like going to that was what I would have  
been most interested in anyway. A bit quiet and slowley  
going to the dogs unfortunately, an association of industry  
or some similar organization it looked like had taken over a  
building here and there and there were one or two quiet  
cafes, but a lot of weeds sprouting up in the pavement and  
banks of dead cypresses or poplars that must have been  
in for shade four years ago. Orange trees lining the  
street heavy with ripening fruit which I thought was nice.  
here was a big construction site in the middle of it all so  
I guess they still have plans. They were unfolding banners  
announcing their bid for the 2014 olympic games - I'd  
bet money unfortunately that they won't get it. Not after  
Barcelona and the Expo ~~interesting thing to see~~  
~~interesting thing to see~~ ~~interesting thing to see~~  
interesting thing to see what Expo does for a town - a bit similar  
to the olympics lol Seville is a bit smaller than Barcelona  
and the expo is a bit smaller. Rather than a

isolated expanse of park which then becomes a bit of a vacuum  
it would have been better to try and weave it into the actual  
city. Easier said than done. I remember Brisbane has virtually  
bulldozed the lot. Also visited the cathedral, through the  
free side door of course whence by you miss all the paintings  
and big gold intricate things (of which you can sneak glances of  
snippets of) but do get to see C.C.'s remains being pallbeared in  
through the front door, and the structure which is huge, tall man  
tall! The next morning we did a bit of your of the moment  
shop shopping and visited the Archivo of the Indies, the bit open  
to tourists I think where there were displays of old documents,  
maps and dress code etc from the Spanish settlements in the  
East Indies? around Cuba etc. Very interesting, great old  
flowery writing, scratched out from quills I imagine, hence the  
400 star bottle of ink and the giving my Italian ribs (from all  
over actually) a go.

Last night we stopped short of Lisbon and had dinner in the  
quiet little fortified town of Evora, very relaxed, a table  
outside (temperatures during the day are up to the high twenties,  
thirties now) watching the light fade behind the buildings of  
this little square. Very nice. I almost forgot,



stopped in a little  
Tapas bar in  
Seville for a

beer, coffee and a bit of vegetables before heading off. Was great, just read the paper and watched the locals pop in and out of the heat and sunlight outside - midday Siesta. A young lady in business gear, ~~was~~ one old guy in black with a bit of white embroidery, a straw hat and big grey beard, almost religious in look. Really down to earth for the central shopping district of a town not without its tourists like Seville.

10/10/96 PM	AUS MC =	= 120	AUS FIX =	= 11433
	AUS VC =	= 66	AUS SAV =	= 624
	UK VC =	$126.24 \times 2.0 =$	US FCHA =	$100 \times 1.35 =$
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	Potas =	$\frac{14000}{1823} \times 20 =$		152
				<u>13272</u>

Spent 13604 - 13272 -  $\frac{127}{5000}$  = 210 over 5 days.  
= 420 A\$ per day.

Coming in yesterday we passed gypsies once or twice. Not the new-age travellers as gypsies have seem to become, or been dubbed those days with the newish looking beige caravans in camps around the city and towns. (That is if they are gypsies and not homeless or I don't know? I'm not up with gypsy nomenclature, I'm from the city and don't profess to know or to understand) Anyhow these were gypsies as I understood gypsies to be. Spanish gypsies. I say that because there are Irish gypsies who don't conform with what I am

about to write, but they are no less beautiful and no less free and no less of a place from which so few of us can rightfully claim that being the earth and the countryside. But they were Irish gypsies. (I have seen them in films) and these were Spanish. Or actually Portugese, (Whether that I am I see Spain and Portugal as one, Portugal being the real Spain, Spain being the Portugal before it became Spain, became, developed and connected with the western europe of cooler and more serious climate) So Portugese Gypsies. A tall, for her age, for she was quite young, young girl with a long flowing red skirt and fluid body sort of arched midway through shipping. I didn't see what she had on her feet, they were probably sandals and her top was light, I can only really remember the red with white poker dots of her long light shirt, and I can remember she had dark, naturally sunburnt dark skin and dark eyes and dark hair. Dark from the sun and mellowed by the dust and she was skipping behind, or in front of (I only saw her for an instant or two and it was yesterday so my memory is a little faint), a horse and cart and it was in the richer, golden light of the late afternoon, the light by which you always see gypsies, light which seemed to light up the fields and the road and the trees by the side of the road and the earth and the countryside ~~at that time~~ and her all the same way. Light seems to wash onto it and find something

there rather than sit upon it or bounce off its foreignness as it does with ~~low~~ unnatural materials, like things, surfaces that look like they were built to be lit up by fluorescent tubes. The second lot of gypsies we passed were in much the same light, and were of much the same form except that they were an entire family on a coat, together on the seat facing forward by the father holding the reins and behind on the other side overlooking the coat. They had the dog sitting up with them on one of the children's laps and they were not of this world. A wire or bobo is of this world, but gypsies are strong enough and have enough magic to form their own world. You have to be strong of mind and spirit I think to be a gypsy. Though it doesn't mean you are not, you don't have to be complicated to be a gypsy, just happy, not even happy perhaps, just pure of spirit and of the earth - the countryside. And you must only come out when the light is right, which is a construction really because when you come out you are a part of the light because you carry your world around with you, or rather, it follows.

12/10/96 Lisbon (Lisboa) It's been a good day today, Lisbon is a great city, a jungle of terra cotta

tiled ~~houses~~ roofs, white walls with ceramic tiling cracked and fallen off in places, cobbled streets, tram-ter antennae, dead weeds and dirt. Old women looking out windows and stray cats going about whatever they go about in a day. The haze or smog or whatever it actually is was noticeable up to forty kilometers or more out of the city on the way in and you can see the haze in ~~different~~ different places around the city, down in the squares looking up the main street or up high looking out over the harbour to the big statue of Christ, the one in Rio de Janeiro of which is a copy apparently, and the bridge. The trip in Christ, white with open arms, calm + serene way up high, & then the big suspension bridge - one kilometer long - I measure it on the odometer - giving you a superb view of the city rising off of the blue of the harbour, one of the oldest ports in the world, Christopher Columbus, Vasco de Gama et al, one of the centres of the old world, of galleons and ropes + rigging + seafronts, makes a great entrance to the town. The gashetti junctions a few minutes later do a good job of bringing you out of your daydreams of foggy nights and ships lanterns and back down to you. Not the easiest place in the world to drive around. Lisbon is, like the whole of Portugal I imagine, pretty laid back doesn't seem too worried about the rest of the world.



Spain I had the feeling was going through a bit of an identity crisis, what with the olympics and expo and...  
+ it was probably an identity crisis confined to the realms of my perspective, me trying to slot it in somewhere... probably... anyway, Portugal is either easier to slot in somewhere, or it has none of its own identity... or it isn't changing as quickly as Spain, I'm sure you get my drift!  
So, visited the cathedral, closed for a concert, visited the castle, superb views, got lost a good deal trying to get out, haunted by the sounds of a german like oom-pah-pah band and a man with bells on his leg and a treble recorder, but nice in, went to a market, \$20.00 worth of watches and pens - all from the same lady in. Sat by a doorway + read the paper and watched the tongs spat about an hour looking for somewhere to eat (and our legs into the bargain) and ended up here in a little tibetan (yes prayer flags outside, the lot) restaurant, drinking dongzeling tea and eating tibetan bread + bikkies. Didn't quite make it to the book fair the people we are camping next to are a part of - really nice couple although I think she would prefer a hotel in - Sean, Clare, and little Pat. (wish). They are playing that bloody heavy woodwind music - green valleys in the amazon + all that - man don't

they know tibetans are cool + full of energy + happiness. All very trendy + hippy dippy deep non. - and who am I to talk you ask - good point in.

14/10/96 Forgot to mention had a haircut the first morning in Lisbon also. I love getting my hair cut in foreign places. Emphasizes the difference between Australia and other countries. A haircut is a prerogative almost, its something not to be rushed, its something which should involve time honoured ritual and tradition. The smock should be spread like a matador would spread a cape around a bull. There should exist respect of the some kind a matador gives and commands, it is a matter of men, it is not soft new age compromising, it is sipping a scotch in a mens club. It is shaking hands at the start of squash match, it is everything, honour, pride, respect, from nothing. The neck should be shaved, excess hair should be brushed away, the hair should be combed down and at funny angles, the hairdresser should make his stature felt if he feels he has not the correct amount of respect from the client. The hairdresser should look out the window for a haircut and the haircutting profession are not insular. They shouldn't fall victim to believing they are above the world as so many fine institutions do. Hairdressing is a

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A vessel of the line is composed of the heaviest, and at the same time the lightest materials, because she has to contend, at one and the same time, with the three forms of matter, the solid, the liquid and the fluid. She has eleven claws of iron to grasp the rock at the bottom of the sea, and more wings and feelers than the butterfly to catch the breezes in the clouds. Her breath goes forth through her hundred and twenty guns as through enormous trumpets, and haughtily answers the thunderbolt. Ocean strives to lead her astray in the frightful someness of his billows, but the ship has her compass, which is her soul, always counselling her and always pointing toward the north. In dark nights, her lanterns

on both sides

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take the place of the stars. Thus then, to oppose the wind, she has her ropes and canvas, against the water her timber, against the rock her iron, her copper, and her lead; against the darkness, light, against immensity, needle....  
... It is exhaustless in force as the breath of infinitude; it gathers up the wind in its canvas, it is firmly fixed in the immense chaos of the waves, it floats and it reigns.

Victor Hugo  
(Les Miserables)

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profession of the streets, it embraces the outside world, it embraces society. A barbers shop should have people stopping off to say hello, stopping off for a word, to pay respects, for a laugh, the hairdresser is the epitome of health in the street, of society, when the hairdresser dies, it is a vital sign of the community fading, it is the pulse becoming faint and irregular. The hairdresser feeds on the simple basics of man and his society, it embodies it. Honour, pride, respect, its tradition seethe from a good hairdressing shop. In this day and age, they are bastions, you need time and care for a good hair cut, it is stopping to smell the roses. So out I walked, a great place, a great haircut, people were in + out, people laughed, people discussed, people were dignified ~~whilst~~ whilst listening, the community in downtown Lisbon is alive and well. So, out I walked, my stature increased, respect and dignity humming around my veins with the prickly alive feeling from having your scalp massaged and hair cut. The part now on the left (it was on the right when I walked in), hair slicked down (it was brushed up on the way in), and upon rounding the first corner I set it all back, brushed it all up and returned the part to the correct side. Face preserved, the experience unadulterated. Hair - on both sides

cuts in Australia are too quick. Perhaps idle chit chat tends to stem the flow of body language, one of the beautiful things about a photo is that they don't talk and <sup>so</sup> you can concentrate on what they are <sup>really</sup> saying, <sup>do</sup> you know what I mean.

Yesterday was spent with Claire, Sean and Patrick, beautiful little kid, has brought on talk of us having a kid in the not too distant future...! Claire had her handbag stolen whilst we were sitting at an outside table having a beer or two and some food. Bastards! Shit gets done at base levels, do you blame them, or do you look to the shit that gets done at high levels? Nobody in this world thinks they are the bad guy, it's only the justification that varies, justification through desperation is to a point understandable. Doesn't change the fact its a real bastard. Anyway felt a bit bad leaving them today but we must get on. I'm sure they can look after themselves. Went + saw World Press Photos which were pretty good it has to be said. Dinner in the back of their van, rain on + off since the night before - they got blooded, just on all out, wasn't a good day for them it might be said!

(1) - Patrick. Have chatted late into the night with them both nights, has been good, must keep in touch with them, they don't live far from Jaime Maria + Fritz.

Today has been driving along the coast, little holiday towns, beach and on hour or two reading by the beach + onto Nazare where we are staying in a composite in a pine forest, never seen so many mosquitoes in all my life. Down into town + it started to rain, one of those rare towns that looks better up close than far away, little alleyways, old unimposing bars + restaurants, crusty old sea dogs, dogs in the streets and the ocean, quite a decent surf. Diner of one letter (again) sat to some Japanese who were eating about a fifth of what they ordered (they ordered a lot), dash looks at left lobster, pushed an old guy in a hired wheelchair for a bit on the way back to the car and here we are. - plew, it's a bit of an effort all this writing sometimes. Was a nice evening, a windy, wet night in a seaport town, yellow light in dark alleyways, wet cobblestones, and all very unpretentious.

16/10/96. The sun came out for us yesterday, might be the last we see of it judging by today! Nazare was good, lots of life, seems somehow to have survived the tourist explosions that must rock it every summer. Lovely little cones, washing everywhere, in the mornings there are lots of little fires in buckets smushing away in the streets, I think for

cooking lunch on, we saw a few people barbecuing fish. Fish, fish drying everywhere, on the beach with nets to keep the gulls away, in the streets. Went up and had a look at Sinto once all the tour buses arrived in the afternoon, all the golden oldies, sorry - gray panthers out there finding new revitalisation in the sea, bodies doing things they hadn't done in years by the looks of things, stiff joints and bulbous bodies lolling around in the waves, was quite good to watch, you could feel the cobwebs being blown away. Anyway up to Sinto the upper part of town up on the cliffs which was a lot quieter, a pub or two with locals outside passing the time, washing and a rack of fish drying nearby (each a part of the other it seemed, life doesn't change much around here I'd imagine), and a beautiful view down the beach and over the town. Gave the place a sort of high clean fresh feel about it. The main square was a bit more touristy - a few buses, a few panthers, but the nice part of town seemed a hundred miles away from all of this. Tourist trails it seems are very well worn but also pretty thin and contained, you don't need to stray very far.

All this around reading the paper, and our books, and drinking coffee and sitting on the beach, and having lunch. Life does not consist of much more than that at the

moment, that and being in different places which is nice. The local environment cat is sitting on me at the moment, they want for a bit of attention, security + home as much as for food when they come around. Everybody needs a bit some time. A week to go before we are back in London, three weeks till we are back in Australia. I think it would be safe to say we are idling at the moment, waiting for things to take their course. Thought I'd try + buy dad an antique fountain per back in London, maybe?

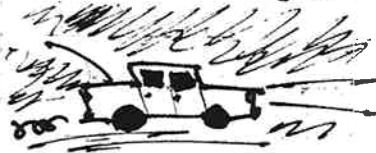
AUS MC = 120 PLTAS :  $\frac{14000}{192.3} \times 2.0 = 154$   
 AUS VC = 66 ESC :  $\frac{5490}{125} \times 2.0 = 51$   
 UK VC =  $37 \times 2.0 = 74$  OSTCHA =  $700 \times 1.35 = 135$   
 UK CASH =  $165 \times 2.0 = 330$   
 COST CAR = 5629  
 POST FIX = 6433

12992

le spent  $13272 - 12992 = \frac{280}{275} \times 2.0 = 212$  A\$ over 6 days = 35 A\$/day  
 great especially considering <sup>WATERING</sup> eating out etc. :-)

Car costs out of interest : 11,040 km

@ 13.98 km/l  $\approx 5.02$  p (10.0 c)/km  
 $\approx \pounds 554$  (1108 A\$)  
 for both of us. avg ppl = 69.3 p/l  
 $= 1.39$  p/l



18/10/96 Stopped over at Coimbra and spent the afternoon looking around

the university quarter, higgledy piggledy streets up and down and around the place dropping down from the university blocks, some very old. (by the way, down to the town where we had pizza in the breeze (and more expensive) main shopping area. The university area, or rather the streets behind it were great, crumbly houses perched in between these cobble streets winding all over, student cafes, young (I'm old now) faces looking around at the world around them from cups of coffee. A little less self assured or maybe a little more interested in, and even forming from the goings on around them than the old guys who hold in them, who are the bastions more so than the bricks and architecture of the buildings, ~~and~~ hiding bastions however, embos in the pine holding the part and the way of life. The cafes I guess are a passing on of culture, with travellers and more influence from outside, the little cafes will change and withit the population. Culture and ways of a people are a living kaleidoscope of a being that needs a habitat. Be it the people, be it the cafes, when the old habitat dies it must move into the new, and in doing that it must adapt to the new, it must dish in and form, or deform? into what the new habitat dictates. Anyway! Was a nice place, student fraternities houses, or the Portuguese equivalent with furniture or machines or whatever hanging off the outer walls presumably as mascots or icons of the particular house? The some of the house nailed up there ~~was~~ also. Baise something or rather - this + that, a good feel to the neighborhood, amazing how student areas in prime position

like that can survive at low rents etc. and not become the domain of yuppie-dom etc. Maybe rent relief or something? Spent our time there with Richard from North London, enduro-rider and bike fixer upper and his wife? Uai (like Una with an i) from Norway, wedding photographer to friends + family (I can see 2 photos there, 3 photos there ☺) and both of which could talk the rubber tyres off a jumbojet? and who proceeded to do so. Really nice people however and a good afternoon. Spent the night working out where we were going to go, finances + anything else, experiencing the quiet of time to ourselves - phenomenon I would call that couple! Decided to drive from the rain and that's what we did all of yesterday, from Coimbra to San Sebastian where we did find blue sky which has since with an overnight shower disappeared in. There are a couple of patches of blue - maybe?

Was a nice drive yesterday, warm in the car with the tent drying in the back seat, wet outside, hazy trying to see through the localised maelstrom of air, water and road grit sweeping out the sides of the wheels of the trucks on the roads when you want to overtake. Stopped for some cheese rolls for brekky at a little general store cum cafe in the hills behind Coimbra (very reminiscent of some of Nepal with the steam + green + patchwork of fields here + there) Coimbra

an old 'round' guy with a smile + both hands on the bar, behind the bar (I'm sure there is a school somewhere), a thin slightly beshevelled (as oppo distinct from dishevelled) scraggy guy with a big sloppy smile and relaxed facial muscles who downed what was apparently his fourth glass of wine that morning (the barman immediately filled it up for the fifth) and spent the rest of the time we were there ~~looking around~~ sitting at a table and switching between listening to conversation whilst examining the spine of a folder on the table (which looked like the remnants of an interrupted lookheeping session - maybe this doesn't happen every day?) and looking vacantly out the door to the road and thinking as we all have at sometime another about nothing + everything your mind it seems being rolled over and over by the incoming waves of inebriation. Sozzled!, and finally apart from one other, or maybe two who provided obligatory background chit-chat and reply chit-chat every now + then to portugese question chit-chat from the guy who occupied most of our attention, a guy originally from Coimbra who had live + worked as a ship repairing chemical engineer in Mozambique + done by the sounds of it more than his fair share of travelling inbetween. Portugal, the countryside of Portugal (as with most things in the world it seems) has changed for the worse, never used to be this dirty or this ramshackle. Rose tinted memory or truth, I could believe both, I think the world is no longer as pure as it used to be.

Instead it is becoming a pure world if you know what I mean, the borders are dissolving + humanity is moving into a single more complicated and yet in the whole less complicated, I think, or maybe just less separate? world. Three more cheese rolls for lunch anyway and we were off it.

Beautiful colours in the trees, Autumn it seems, yellows + greens south + reds + browns the further north we got, great little stone villages in the North of Spain, similar to tuscan in Italy in fact, nice to spend some time here, and finally storks nests on the local churches which was something else, North of Burgos + south of Bilbao, I think.

Huge things sitting up there overlooking the town, what a beautiful concept. Restored



my teeth even in religion (that it's not all bad). a little bit. I wonder if the storks still use them

and when they come back if they do.

pm. San Sebastian Basque country, I'd forgot, burning French war and all that though I admit I'm not that up on why the french number plates are the ones that go up in smoke, territorial history, doubt, visit it always? So San Sebastian leaves a good impression anyway, stunning harbour as it puts it, very beautiful anyway, (I'm not stunned by much and it's even rarer that my breath gets taken away, beautiful and nice as you know are about the limit of my vocal and my feelings towards things, quite sad I expect?), anyway, lots of life around the city, lots of people, the city seems to flow from one bit to another a lot better than most, beach and harbour, too manicured not too large but plenty of seating and serenity which is what a garden should be like gardens onto the city streets and shops, the new town, the old town (both have big churches which face each other at the end of a big street, small street actually but long, and this seems to provide a connection of soul for it all, connecting it horizontally) - (lines of sight are very important in a city), the fishing boat harbour and hill with Jesus overlooking town, the river it all lies nicely somehow, an excellent day, not too taxing just wandering, shopping and being. Lots of well dressed people around, a lot of well dressed wrinkly ladies in particular, supposed to be a wealthy glitzy area and it is however it is it seems still young and it does it seems still have a life and body Monte Carlo seems to have on the other hand made a retreat from

the streets, a retreat from life, it only passes the marble threshold when it has to, it's the difference between the mirror windows on a limo and the pane of glass in a rolls (not that we saw either in either city). I like San Sebastian; it does maybe realise that wealth is wealth and life is to be lived, how many times do you have to say it Brendon.

Well, speeding home now, driving to the Loire valley tomorrow, a morning there and then Paris for a day and then back to London, and home two weeks after that!

20/10/96 Sitting in a little cafe in Blois which is a beautiful town (by the way) and it dawned on me listening to the French that it had been a year since we have spent more than a few weeks in a country that speaks English and that that was only when we dropped in to pick up the car from London. Foreign languages no longer hold the same romance they used to hold for me it has to be said.

23/10/96  $20 \times 2 = (40)$  UKCURE =  $154.5 \times 26 = 3086$   
 AUSMC = = 1200 AUS SAV = = 5629  
 AUS VC = = 660 AUS FIX = = 6433  
 UK VC =  $16 \times 2.0 = 32.0$  £ 12548

22/10/96 PM  
 1st part  $12992 - 12548 - 30 - 20 = 444$  ~~£~~  
 over 6 days =  $74$  ~~£~~ per day. less 50000 Esc makes approx 59£ day.

25/10/96 Paris was good, didn't manage to catch up with Phillip and kept leaving messages on his answering machine, I hope it was his answering machine, wasn't his voice but I did hear the name Phillip in there somewhere, there is something about answering machines that doesn't gel with the human psyche we think but that's a whole other story. Got into Paris late after visiting Chambord Chateau and going for a bit of a walk beautiful place, lots of open field with farmers, dogs and guns on the drive in, turp protection? anyway a nice course quite close in around the parks area out to the west, autumn around in full swing and it was the sound of leaves spinning down the text rather than rain (for a change). Paris - Notre dame, flower and pet markets, Place Vendome, St Michael, Luxembourg gardens and the Latin quarter, Concorde square, the Eiffel tower (now brown if you can believe it!), and the grand Arch at La Defense with Pizza and a Truckee, all slightly surreal, all our last day travelling. It's at the stage now where we have spent some nights trying to fall asleep amidst swirling thoughts of home and work, we have talked over million things we want to do and be when we get back that that part of my brain is in a perpetual spin. It is a case of trying to relax and just letting events unwind my mind! A little bit worried about money these days



two weeks here, two weeks at home, presents, pounds and dollars, won't be deep. Time to get back on the walking wheel for a little bit, with a lot of other stuff happening in the meantime I hope. ~ ~ ~



27/10/96. It's good to see S+R and the dogs again, it's not good to see S+R fight again. They have things that have to be worked out, old things that need to be put in the past. Justin is very depressed with work, just keeps biting walls the whole time, I hate seeing someone as creative and as intelligent as he is trapped and forced into this corridor, someone as understanding and as nice as he is stopped down mentally by it seems the twittering fucking airheads of the music industry, the foggy simple minds blinking away like holes of nothingness in the space time continuum, concealed in fashion and youth and vanity, spouting forth into trendy pubs cafes and houses and relationships, into their bank account and nothingness future. It really makes me sick. So anyway, breaking a bit again and losing my colour fast, saying things I wish I hadn't and life and the fact you have to live it fraying away the edges of the oneness I felt with everything a few days ago. The oneness

is still here though, make it and keep it deal with everything. don't let it fall out of focus Brendon. ~ ~ ~

There are men who at any price desire influence and to attract the attention of others; where they cannot be oracles, they make themselves laughing stocks.

Les Misérables  
(Victor Hugo)

PM

I was just falling asleep, thinking about things and listening to the breeze in the trees outside when I had a flash of bright white light just in front of me, or rather bluish at me. Like a couple of bright out cells in a movie

flashing up onto an otherwise continuous stoniness, a jump in the record, and it was followed by a receding emptiness, like a fading buzzing in a tv set when you turn it off. I had to turn on the light and ask Ange if she was ok to try + make sure nothing had happened. It wasn't ~~that~~ a buzzy type thing as I've had in my brain before, <sup>at night</sup> like the scattering of a static charge, it was more of a blinking in my eyes that somehow bypassed my brain and ended up with that fading two zeig men in the front of my chest. Hmmm...

28/10/96 Rosetta is actually being quite good to Justin. I think she might be a little scared, he is sleeping, a lot. The

problem is is that this time there is no answer, this time he has tried everything, all the revelatory stork agrees with this plan have taken off and nothing has happened. In a little bit scored also, I can't imagine what is going through Justin's mind?

Dogged?

1/11/96

I bought a new red car, and a dog <sup>looked</sup> ~~looked~~ <sup>sang</sup> the blues  
I went and grooved in a club, and the dog come too.  
I sat on a beach, the dog sat too,  
I sighed deep at my life ~~said~~ <sup>sang</sup> the dog, ...  
~~sang~~ the blues and the dog looked blue.

Things on my mind this night; how to

repay Justin + Rosetta for their gifts + their kindness, how to give everybody some time before we go and still have time to relax, my feeling toward all the alcohol, meeting, talking to people when we get back home.

Justin by the way is better, he is starting to get out of it, the problems however still remain and I don't know what is going to happen. It has softened Rosetta somewhat to him and if anything helped their relationship I think with her cutting Justin a bit of slack, something she is not used to doing. I hope things turn out.

6/11/96 Flying over Iran at the moment on the way to Abu Dhabi. The sun has just risen and the countryside below is rocky barren mountains (or outcrops?) filled inbetween with desert. It looks cool and red and slightly misty or hazy. The greens of any sparse vegetation will be dark, cool olive greens and it will be quiet. There will be small fires by goat herds, or in small houses maybe, or even in the kitchens of the bigger houses, who knows? But it will be dawn, water will be fetched, and breakfast will be had. I want to be down there waking up and feeling the earthiness of it all, feeling the people and the town + the desert waking up. And to have a day ahead of us in whatever place we would be in. Beautiful landscape stretching out to fill the view and disappear in horizon haze, the terrain compounding upon itself again + again to an infinity that spreads past the horizon and to the pink or red or yellow countries that border it on the picture I have in my mind from my little michelin atlas of the world, stretches to another terrain, another people, another culture, another place. I want to be down there in the rocks + dust + to be exploring it all.

It was hard leaving Justin + Rosetta last night, I had a sick empty feeling in my stomach and got a bit teary at the airport. I didn't want to be going home, I didn't want to sit in the back room of Appletree Ave + watch the old tv, I wanted to be going back to the living room in Fresham drive + to be in the yellow

For conditions of carriage enquire at issuing office. Ordinary tickets and Travelcards are transferable. This ticket remains the property of LT and must be given up on expiry or on demand by ticket inspecting staff. It must be produced for inspection on each journey whether demanded or not. Underground single and return tickets are valid for one journey only. For details of conditions of carriage enquire at issuing office.

walls + wooden floor amid dogs + dogs fur watching tv there + the papers on the window. I envied them even at one stage (before catching myself?) going back to it all. I feel a lot better about it all now. The transition is happening. Melbourne seemed I think like an empty place ~~with~~ empty of reality. We will see. It's been quite a couple of weeks, late nights, goodbyes, lots of alcohol, this + that, to the common, grabs + snatches of England, of London, and Justin and Rosetta. It has up until now (and it is only changing slowly with our proximity to Melbourne) felt like an end and not a new beginning. Waiting for reality to set the images in my mind into living motion I guess. Funny - totally different feeling going home to a new life than it is going away to a new life.

8/11/96 Well we're back. Everything is so clean and it really is beautiful (+big) ← Appletree drive. But I can't stop thinking about London, about Justin + Rosetta and the dogs, about sitting in that living room drinking beer + talking, about going out over the common for a drink in a pub with the dogs. I want to be back there, it was just so much fun the whole time we were there.

9/11/96 Finances, time to consider houses etc!

8/11/96	OWE ANGE	70 x 2 = -140	UK CURR	5 x 2 = 10
	AUS MLC	= 130	AUS \$AU	= 5632
	AUS VC	= 74	AUS TERM	= 6579
	UK VC	= 0	CASH	= 10
	ROSETTA OWES	2 x 200 = 200		
			A\$	<u>13 039</u>

1e in London - 2 weeks spent

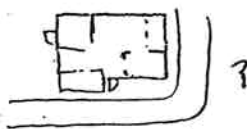
600 x 2 + 12548 - 13039 + 146  
CAR X CHANGES INT.  
\* CANCEL ROU4MLP  
 = 855 A\$ (61 A\$ / day)  
 Not too bad...

13/11/96 Went into work today and results were good after a bit of toing + froing, parades, industrial, career paths etc, etc, Saw Sylvia for lunch and had a good time catching up. Leaving it all behind I had a sick empty feeling in my stomach. I had forgotten about my feelings for Sylvia.... oh boy.... I really love Ange + I want to spend the rest of my life with Ange but it doesn't help. More sleepless nights?

17/11/96 Flat hunting, applied for a place in Elwood, Stk Melbore + not for one in Brunswick st which would have been great - above a record shop but entrance through back alley etc etc, work offered 48,000 salary - ok - good I think but ok according to Andy Start tomorrow! Saw Rich, Jaugla, Simon + Pas last night.

except for Rich who had been travelling everyone seemed a little quieter. Pas especially. Vaughan wormed up and had a good talk with him, really nice guy Vaughan, Simon I suppose wormed a little as well, talked to Ange quite a bit but never really flowed with me. Good but a little strange. We left early as had been up early. I don't think it is jet lag, so much as the soft lifestyle we've been getting into. ☺

19/11/96 The new Parliamentary building done which due to its 20m price tag (high?) probably won't go ahead. The apartment in Eborac, reasonably large, quite old, good location and 180 \$ per week move in this Friday. Things are starting to sort themselves out, a little. Ange's work, a car, a motorbike, a television, a computer?, furniture, there is still a bit to go and then it is into looking at buying a house. Buy cheap and pay off early, or buy expensive and enjoy it a bit.



20/11/96 Getting back into it, intrepidly, Peter Howarth's respect is dropping rapidly. What a stupid fucker. Anyway, limits the nonovercoming you can do when you don't know what you're doing! ☺ hope I'll feel more at home with it soon. We never have the motivations of the Peter Howards in this world. I can't stand doing boring shit you have to apply yourself to. I've said before I think my calling in life is a filing clerk, no pressure and lots of

order, unfortunately no prestige and no money. ☺. Seft + I are good friends again, it's something you have to live with, I love Ange far too much.

I can feel that black pool of depression in the room. It feels like sticky oil underfoot, spread across the carpet at work, seeping out of the computers keyboard, it is in my books and around the corner at home, it lies smattered around my dreams and aspirations. I am trying to ignore it and hoping that it recedes but it's there and it's not receding. The cleanliness of the past year travelling seems to make it worse, it spreads it somehow <sup>through</sup> it cleans it or covers it but the black seeps through when you walk over it. Maybe I can get on top of it. Hubrey building, well waiting to build (Eborac is the new fortress from which to wage battle, from which to struggle). There is hope, but there is also a lot of oil and it's sticky, you try to clean it up but it sticks to you + then gets on other things, at least when I don't touch it it remains pure, and I remain clean for a bit longer. The last few months I have realised what a crime I would be inflicting upon Ange if I was to go, if I was to roll into the oil in an orgy of depression and curl in a corner and suffocate myself, dying to the smell of oil on the carpet + in my nostrils. Cocooned in thick black sticky oil to a

rotting carcass and not much more. An object of sympathy and pity, and of quiet.



- 25/11/96
- B+W darkroom + photography
  - Mount colour photos from trip.
  - Travel Journalism
  - Get slides + copies done from trip (how many?).
  - Analyse Brions book on shares.

Are all things I would like to push over the next six months. I will have to make use of the trip photos + stories occasionally quickly if I want them to remain current.

Had an interesting talk with Dad and uncle Brian last night about shares and investment (after an even more interesting one on aborigines and aid the night before).

Invest in undervalued shares.

Invest in your mortgage first + foremost.

Buy close into the city even if it means longer outlay.

I'd want to check the share valuation process he's developed (Brian) and do the numbers on the mortgages but it sounds like good advice and we want to live in the city anyway which is

perhaps the more important thing.

His time I started using those ~~unused~~ extra hours after work and the weekend for productive time. (less leisure). As long as I enjoy doing it - I'm not ready to sell my soul just yet.

26/11/96 pm I'm a product of television I think, or my generation or something I think. My mind moves a million miles an hour over nothing. I could pass over ideas and words of wisdom, phrases and poems and stories of up + down. I could understand and I could explore, I could think + I could experience, I could do all these things, all these things could pass through my head scurrying like the cosmos to a electronic organ beat, but like the techno beat we miss that seem to be more switched on it's all about nothing, it's built off nothing, it's not nothing but it might as well be because I cannot deal with the realities of it. No, I cannot deal with the real time affairs, my watch slows down I look for escapes, seven and a half and move here  
I, I, I, #, #, reality, real time it's not us. TV is us, I, I, I, I, participate, I am there, I move with it, I don't read, I don't do a thing, I, I, I, I, I, it's not me, it's them, I, I, I, I, I, it's not me it's them, I, I, I, I, I, I, it's not me mum, it's them.

I remember reading  
a book on things  
that float when I  
was young and  
when I got to the  
end <sup>of the book</sup> it said now  
you should know  
why things float,  
and I didn't fucking  
know why things  
floated. For fucks  
sach... I didn't know.

To be read in a tone of what the fuck is wrong  
with me. Real time is about persistence and stamina  
and that is not what we are about. We want it now.

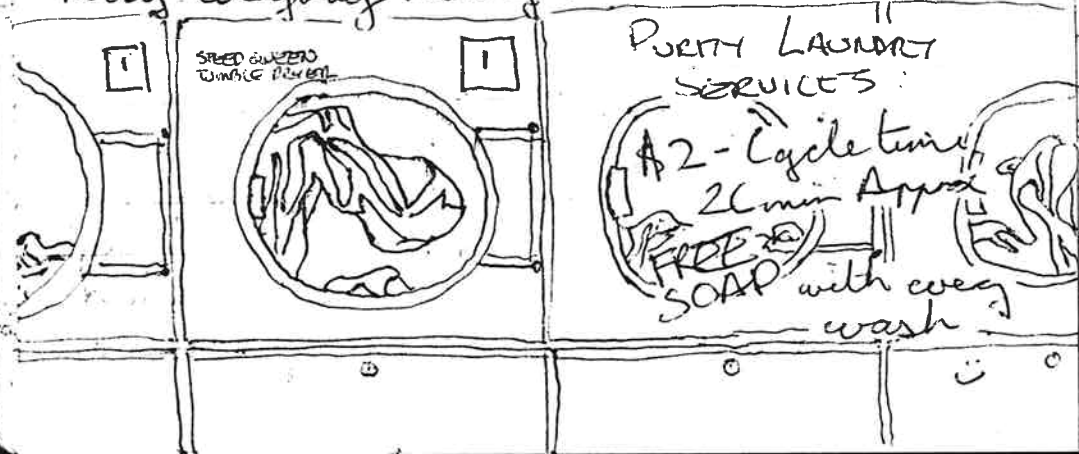
7/12/96 Just watched 'The Chocolate War'. Somebody  
really said something by producing that movie + that's the  
sort of thing I get so frustrated about + think. I want to  
say something, to put it out there + have someone (people)  
understand it. I want to say that it feels like the  
taste of blood + saliva, of the throbbing of red raw  
skin after someone has hit you across the face.

of that numbness that seems to envelope you when you get hit  
hard on the nose or in the balls, it needs of the ringing  
you hear in your ears afterwards, ..... like does...

22/12/96 Time at last to write in the diary. Christmas  
has been busy. Not much time to do anything.  
Organising photos, furniture, drinks, holidays, skate shows,  
the car, journalism etc etc. Can't be bothered working  
actually which is probably a good sign - enjoying  
myself. Miss Justin + Rosetta a lot, miss the  
dogs and the common. I don't think that I have  
ever been happier than walking across to the hand  
in hand and getting slowly pissed inside if it  
was cold and outside if it was warm.

Sylvia causes me grief. I'd forgotten just how  
hard it is to live that close to someone you love and  
have to hold it back. I know that we are not matched,  
things are the way they should be. I love ~~her~~ Ange's  
heart and soul fully. The trouble is when I sit down  
with Syl + we talk, I love her too. I saw  
Braveheart the other night for Ange's B'day and it  
made me think that Ange is a pure spirit. Ange  
is everything that is beautiful about the world and  
people, she is beauty personified, through + through

deep down natural beauty. Angie seems tied to this earth like no one else I know. There is a spring of pure clean water somewhere on this earth rising up out of the sand with greenery around it and flowing down and away over knobby earth, a small private solid place, and that is what is at the base of Angie. Sylvia is a princess, or a fairy elf or something, full of noble spirit + goodness and good will. She is beauty of a more supernatural kind, separated from the world, or maybe not even of this world. Moving about it unaware and living it as we all have to, Angie, Sylvia, myself all included, and myself, I am mere mortal man, here in this life, belonging here, I am this life + I live it admiring beings that were meant for much more than my gritty noisy everyday reality.



23/12/96 Money Money

CBA SAV	= +2643	NATWEST	148 x 2 = +296
CBA FIX	= +6579	ROSETTA	100 x 2 = +200
CBA VC	= +68	CASH	= +400
WP MC	= +72	UKVC	= 0

Rest paid in advance on 15<sup>th</sup>

Salary 2 weeks in advance on 15<sup>th</sup>

10,258

→ Calculate at end of each calendar month in future.

28/12/96 Candle, Boston Bar, Scotch, ice;

Blondie on the stereo. Ohhh... Ohhh  
 ooohhhh... oohhh... Ohhhhh. There is so much to be in this world and I want to be it all, I want to be the millionaire business man and I want to be the deer standing in the patchy snow in the woods that is on the wall in front of me. I want to be so many things that I find it hard to know what I am. It's at times like this when I am faced with the hopelessness of so many things to be that I feel like I would like to be the depressed suicide. I don't want necessarily to be the bodies under the ground but I want to do away with all of the possibilities. I wonder if when I am old and death is staring me in the face (actually staring me in the face because before this I will be wanting to be

different types of old sick people as well (imagine),  
I wonder if I will look back and think that I should  
have just chosen one. Am I to be subject to this  
confusion for the rest of my life? Someone, someone  
from above, from another world, from another place,  
please, light up the sky with your lights and come  
down and take me away from all of this.



please lay me down to rest. But  
don't kill me, let me come back as everything.  
let me be everything. My mind is not large  
enough to grasp all of this. Is this the point. If  
it were would there be any reason; is there any  
reason now. I don't know, and I'm not going to  
know. I am going to die without knowing. How  
frustrating is that?!

All the little peoples.

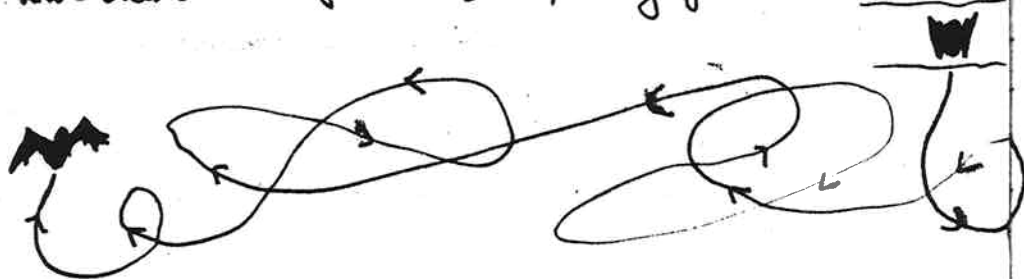
and all the animals,  
in all the bits and pieces of the world.  
Doesn't it make your mind boggle?  
Doesn't it make your mind seize up  
in a fit of not being able to comprehend?  
Doesn't it make you want to fall to  
your knees, and lie back with your  
head on the ground and close your  
eyes and just be, and just fade  
into everything, become everything,  
merge with the infinite?  
Doesn't it?...

Do you know what I can relate to, I can relate to the  
poetry of the people on the streets, the homeless people  
who write poetry for the Big Issue. Why is that? It  
is because of the depression. I can relate to the  
depression. Is that a little bit scary? I am subject  
to bouts of depression. My life in fact dips in &  
out of it so much that I could equally say that I  
am subject to bouts of gaiety. It's not something  
like a hit that comes from somewhere else to  
attack me, it is a part of me, it is me. I suppose  
hits are as well I suppose. Does that mean I should



take medication to stop it, to kill it, to kill a part of me? Does that mean people shouldn't take medication to stop fits? No to both of the above is what I feel. That is what I feel, but I feel so much sometimes that I don't know what I feel if you know what I mean.

30/12/96 Went rafting today on the big river (the Olatite is a bit low this time of year). Was great fun, I thought it might have been a little disappointing because of the water levels but it made it quite relaxed and everybody mucked about a bit, good day! The EH took everybody to the pub (6 legal seats - I don't think you need a belt front middle anyway?), and we had a night of bats. A bat circling around visitors running here there and everywhere in the lounge room, bat in tea towel, bat stoned on stove, light battered from wall over, bat in tea towel again, bat out the door, bat screeching outside the windows, and inside the roof - not sure, day of the bats



The bush has been nice, dry, sweet, dusty, rosellas, a currawong, an echidna and a few rabbits, sunny skies with patchy clouds sitting or soaring in past ~~above~~ as a backdrop to the majesty of the tall gums, branches of droopy liney leaves way up high, chinking of cicadas or what ever they are, reddey, brownie, sandy dirt, bull ant dirt, dust trails from cars on tracks, lines of mountains bluing into the distance, panoramas in the true sense of the word, wide and flat angle, severely sitting there in the heat, a sea of gum trees and of sap and wood above rocky hills and peaks, and that chinking again, always, that seems to live with the heat, everywhere amongst it all with the smell of seeping sap and the flies and the grass beneath your feet. Very Australia.

Yesterday it was a walk up to Craig's Hut of Snowy River movie fame, nice place, the screen didn't lie. The day before a trip to Mansfield and an afternoon walk. Would like to go down + take some photos of Mansfield in the heat - maybe tomorrow. Hard to believe country Australia is so alive and well. It's great. The type of thing I would love to set down + keep. Maybe some photos some time. The dogs around the valley

are a bit restless tonight, them and the bats, something might be afoot. New Year's Eve perhaps?

5/1/97 People who suffer from depression (like me) are I think of mediocre intelligence. We are intelligent enough to realise the shortfalls of a persons life, of humanity, but we are not intelligent enough to rise above the shortfalls.

15/1/97 Something I can't remember.

20/1/97 Wash day again today, flat white coffee outside of Scimons watching the comings and goings of a pedestrian crossing on Brighton road - St Kilda road for those of us who don't know any better, or maybe better Hepon highway? Ground coffee has the tendency to go through me like a heavy grade sink unblocker but I suppose it would be bad form to ask for instant coffee. It is nice coffee in any case.

Some of the shops around us: The Grosvenor hotel, a huge imposing yellow front, lit up at night to become an assault of mega yellow on the street and passing cars, and motorists minds,

a monolith of yellow which despite its size is barren of life and means only: durians liquor drive in, where we pick up some alcohol on the way out every now and then, to me. There is a bistro and bar and Tabaret now that I sit here and look a bit closer but I can't imagine anybody ever going in there. Its separate from us anyway, separate through St Kilda road and all that yellow. I can't imagine ever willing walking that way without having the speedy getaway EH, engine running underneath us. Its like radiation all that yellow and little slip thoughts won't harm you but I'd hate to be caught there unprotected. You would probably find yourself groaning in the gutter, the huge yellow walls and lights draining your strength. It would only be late at night when the lights went out that you would be able to crawl away somewhere, behind a bush or something to lick your wounds and recuperate. Let that yellow pallor fade from your face. Nasty.

There is the milk bar around the corner with a happy man who is always smiling and always helpful and always open. He calls you sir and gives me the impression of being someones father.

of looking after his son in laws and daughters shop, of which he has part share maybe? Not a lot of flair or strangeness or anything really, just thank you very much sir, yes it is warm outside sir and here is your change sir. Nice man. He has, or there is I should say a newsagents next door which it seems is never open. It has all the green newsagents stickers bordering the windows and when you look in it appears to have all of the stationary + papers etc. of a newsagents. its just apparently that it is never open. I have I admit, it has to be said, seen it open on a saturday morning or two, but its always been when I'm busy and don't really need anything. That has never stopped me entering a newsagents before but as this one is never open at any other time, its, its just that it would feel a bit weird going in. It sort of seems out of bounds, seems as though you were never meant to go in there, it was always only ever meant to be looked at from outside, peered at in dimness through the green bordered news-agency windows.

23/1/97

CBA SAV +4291  
 CBA FIXED +6579  
 CBA VC -329  
 MC +4

(Saved 11116-10259 = 858)  
 (Spent 2697-858 = 1639)

ROSETTA 100x2 = 200

CRAIG OWES +140

NATWEST 148x2 = +296

CASH +5

UK VC

0  
 A \$ 11,166

Have felt tired all week, played basketball last night, threw up on the way home in the car, sat up for 1/2 hr and listened to some music + did some stamps and went to bed after 12 and woke up having slept like a baby, and not tired at all - exercise + rest?  
 - music before bed?  
 - no dinner?  
 - shower?  
 - one pillow? I wish I could sleep like that every night.

6/2/97 Struggling for work, people here are shit and in bad moods all the time, I'm fucking sick of it and I want to resign and do things I want to do. I want to spend less time working and more time doing beautiful things. There is not enough beauty at work

anymore. The atmosphere here seems to dry it up and kill it.

7/2/97 ↑ Have you ever stopped dead, stopped and felt yourself removed, distanced from life for a few seconds, and you can hear it all tick on around you, hear the machines and the blood in peoples veins and see the benches and walls and phones and pens and all the shit that is around you keep on being. Does it make you feel transient? All of these things that when you are alive are nothing without you are still there, still ticking away, you can hear everything living, an eternal clock to which used to tick for you, but all of these things, the material things that mean so much, when you stop take on their true meaning. Your memories, your sentiments that you have applied to these things, to the ticking, to life... fade away, recede with you, and you feel just what you are, a visitor. Ashes to ashes & dust to dust.

That is why I want to be beautiful. I want to create art and feeling, I want to feel it within me, I want something beautiful to be dependent on me, to be mine, to come from me +

to come with me when I stop. I don't want to be an empty desk when I die, I want to be art and beauty that keeps on going. I want a record of my soul here, I don't wish to be talked about in past tense, I want someone to stare into a photo or read a poem and say this is, or was Brendon, if this makes any sense?....

10/2/97 Feeling it hard at the moment. Wake up in the mornings with a sick feeling in my stomach about work. Passed my motorcycle test yesterday which was great. It's good to be out zipping around on a bike again. Now I just have to buy one, weekend rides, an hour or two down the coast would be nice, get a bit of clean air flowing through my mind.

Must relax + try to flow with the earth around me.

My Confidence at work dealing with people is at a bit of a low point at the moment. Lots of wilting, a bit chewed around the edges I feel.

13<sup>th</sup> Feb 1997 "A machine made of mind. Enormous, yearning, whose first motion is the great, and whose last wheel is the zodiac". Victor Hugo - Le Misérable.

Available for use on all lions, lions,  
buses and light rail vehicles within the  
zone(s) shown on this ticket. Advance  
tickets shown on this ticket. Advance  
on day of issue only. The ticket must  
be carried at all times on board the  
vehicle and must be produced on  
demand. Please check the date  
shown is correct.

### CONDITIONS

A nice thought about the world, a machine made of mind.

15/2/97 I was on the way to work on Friday and the tram stopped opposite the city square, and there was a man with a beige overcoat and a briefcase in his hand standing and watching a small boy asleep on one of the basalt ledges. He stood stending watching this boy who was spread, face up like he'd just completed a most theatrical dying scene. The boy didn't move an inch, he could have been a dead body, in fact the thought occurred to me that he could quite possibly be dead. The man moved on, and I thought about what he was thinking and I felt really sorry for the boy, the man obviously wanted to help, he just didn't know how. I thought to myself he probably wishes he could call someone to organise some help for him, get the ball rolling so he could move on with a clear conscience. And then the tram moved on and I wished there was someone I could talk to, to ease my conscience.

So I got off a street down and walked back, and then I stood there, and the boy just lay there in his death pose. I went up and tapped him on his feet trying to wake him, I noticed he had long hair with dark roots and I thought he might be a sh.

He was pale in the face and had a couple of scabs that didn't look like they were healing. I patted him on the cheek and still he didn't wake or even move but he was very warm which surprised me a bit. That stone must have been quite cold I would imagine. I kept tapping and he finally woke in a daze and looked about a bit and then fell back to sleep, I tapped again and he opened a bleary eye not really taking much in. I put five dollars in his hand which he had withdrawn into his jacket to keep warm and I told him to find someone to look after him and to have some breakfast. What do you say in a situation like that. What do you do, spend the day with him, adopt him, I wish there was someone I could have told who could have ~~helped him~~ helped him, to ease my conscience. He went back to sleep & I walked off. A Salvation Army collector came up & said he'd been keeping an eye on him. He had rung someone, we could come & collect him & he'd be back again tomorrow & all that. I wondered if the \$5 had helped him or made things worse. I don't know. I went and got on another tram & went to work. Wishing I could do something, wishing I would rather I suppose. I don't know is the answer. If I were to give up work maybe, but I'm too selfish, not prepared to do that at the moment. I write this here because it aroused

beliefs, and I also want recognition I guess, to ease my conscience, to say I did, or tried to do something, which is pretty sad because I didn't. I thought about it but I wasn't prepared to make the sacrifice so I gave him some money instead after making sure he wasn't dead. It would have been a bit easier from that point of view because if he had been dead, then I would have been able to call someone and pass it over. I would however then have had to avoid somehow the stages of the other kids in the streets up to the death. Glance at them out of the corner of my eye maybe and only take a good look if they look dead, or in need of emergency medical attention at least.

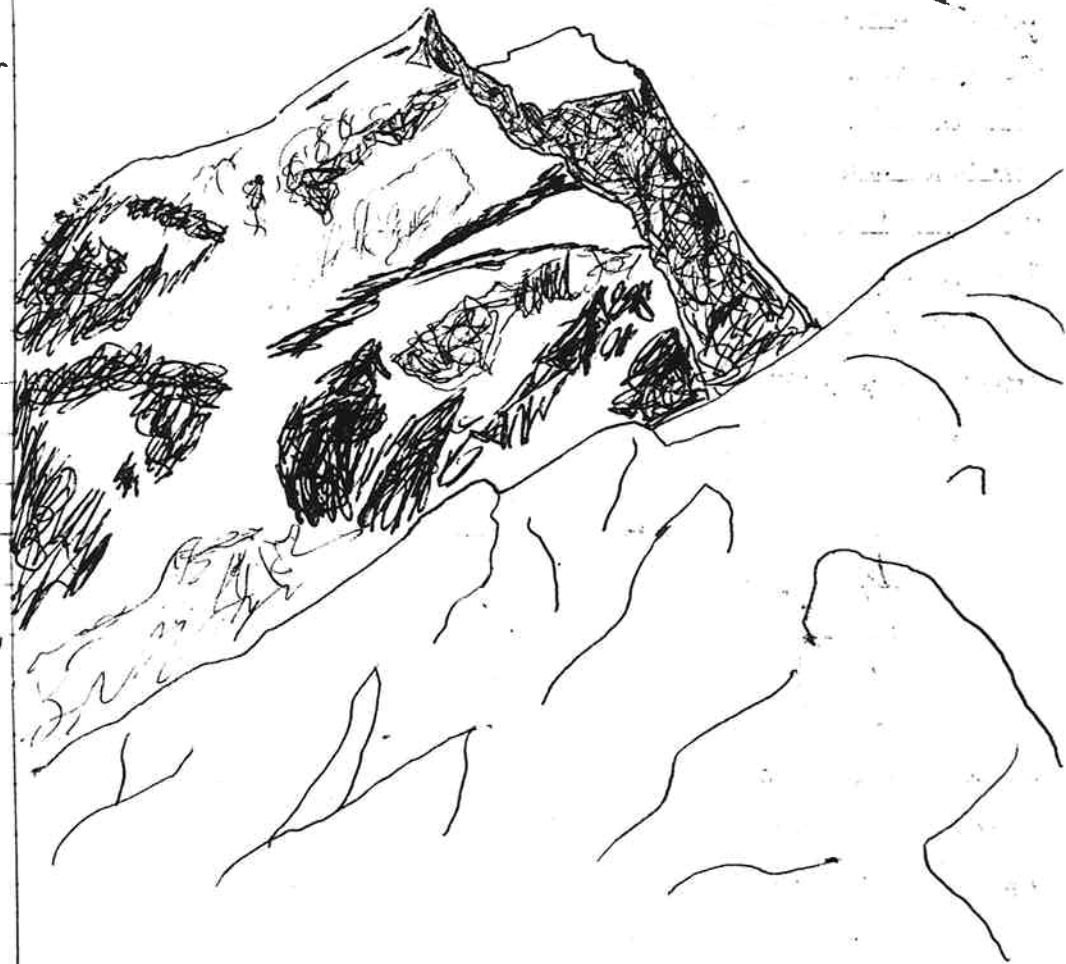
One day.... I keep saying, I wonder how long it will be.

24.2.97 Christchurch, NZ Well the wedding went off well. had a great time the whole way through, the Metropolitan was great etc etc had a few worms quickly into glasses breaking during the ceremony, while Brian telling rude jokes during an ad hoc speech, not that bad but all very worm, like the whole night :-)

Anyway it is utterly out of this world to be travelling again, sitting in a cafe drinking coffee writing in the diary

an all of that. Back on a plane, like a crawl across an at altitude desert those things, a night out under the stars with chilly breezes and dry dry air sucking every little flea bug in your body out into the surface again. With him out a car and travel for four or five days we think and just relax.

25.2.97



Mt. Cook and the weather was fine, a nice break, it is going to turn bad tomorrow apparently, but improved as just shifting into neutral, do not forming its not chewing to resting. I feel like I need it. Work on the trim + the state of mind. ☺

26.2.97 Better weather, drove mt Cook, glaciers, the cone rock cove, aviana + other such wonderful notes + tea + old chairs + talk about it. And a resolution to be more hippy + to enjoy. I find it hard leaving things, especially things that struck school, Tibet + India, England, Justin + Loretha. There are things I just want to fall asleep in, lie down with + let them soothe + roll over me, warm me + comfort me, only they're not that type of thing. I don't know... I just know that I am sad at their passing.

Idealism is the advancement of the human race. No one ever got anywhere paying too much heed to the real world.



They have just cloned a sheep, the very first ever animal done. They have just discovered the first memory molecule CREB which causes permanent connections to be formed up in your brain constituting long term memory - that's a bit more interesting.


Went + saw the glow worms tonight.

What a magical beautiful thing, ties the white curtains up in the skies down to the humus under the ferns below + the see out to the coast + conjures the images of Macris + a world of repetition + depth in a time part. A post of feel of timber.

steer - water + growth, a feel of solidity + good - bad + hard + easy. based in the immediate. Maybe that's it, maybe I feel like my mind is spread to think about too many possibilities, too many futures + parts and too many places. Stretched when there is not enough to stretch. Yearning for the immediate. Yearning to live in the now to shrink to solid known boundaries. It can all get a bit nebulous at times.

1.3.97 Ideas for shops + markets etc etc.

wire bodice - chicken wire (to shoes).

paper mache - tissue + wallpaper glue angels - wings etc lampshades.  string with PVC glue for patterning on outside.

Import NZ jade necklaces.

Photography.

Ed's cartoons + sketches.

Watch piece fridge magnets.

Hot placemats; mirrors.

Hubbly dubs.

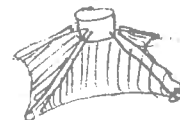
Paper flowers.

lavender hot mats or something like that.

Cheese boxes.

Tent lamp shades.

Ex-signs for chairs,



4/3/97 "People are born to die" Romeo + Juliet, what a superbly done movie. Imagery was amazing.

Money:	ANNE OWES.	535	AUS FIX	6629
	AUS INC	-	ROSETTA 100x2	200
	AUS UC	-1418	CASH	250
	UK VC	-	OLGEMMO (JULIAHARD)	-2200
	UK SAV 145x2	296	AUS SAV	6058

Holding just - Ange will have gone down quite a bit with the wedding. Maybe we will have about 15G in 6 months maybe 21G or -12 months maybe 27 → Start looking for a house - Mum - the next thing to sap our time!

5/3/97 Play some pool, some golf, see some films, some live theatre. Tidy party! Do more photography, writing + mount + copy travel photos - send to magazines + to people of. Read a bit more on Tibet. Lots of stuff I want to do now I might have a bit more free time.

12/3/97 I don't like this work thing at all, broken dreams getting up in the morning and stress that seems to hang around. I don't seem to be getting much out of it - getting soft, either I don't want to put up with what I was willing to

put up with previously, or I have decided that there are better things I'd rather be doing.

12-3-97 I think that you are mistaken because you cannot see the scale of the human life around you. Sit on a tram and run down swanston street picking out the faces as you go. Go past your immediate circle of family and friends and pick out the facial expressions, the moods, the looks, the feelings, the lives of all of the people you pass. Each is responsible for a life. The older ones have their stories stored in their faces as the young ones have their downing upon theirs. There are hundreds, and then there are millions. All lives, all as important as your own, you see it is the scale that is difficult, there are tens of millions and hundreds of millions. Life in fact means little to us. It is more the dying that arouses emotions. Stare at the faces + see their deaths, pick out one person + worse than. The empathy comes from the death not the loss of the life. Take away the blood + pain, erase that life without any consciousness, the perfect unaware instant death, there one moment, happy + living, gone the next never seeing a thing. Not as hard to live with. Humans lives mean little to us apart from our own, because ... because it's all we have. What's the point of the life - I'm not sure but



it isn't death, not prematurely anyway. So it's not death + we can decipher it from life ... pretty horrible isn't it. Suicide arises sometimes I'm sure because the two options of life or death are so similar in outcome - not knowing why, death is just a quicker way to this outcome.

Distract yourself with the local counsellors would say I imagine but the problem is the whole. Give me the answer to the whole, there isn't one ~~isn't~~. It's so fucking frustrating!

14.3.97 Just had a principle from NY give a talk - really inspiring, do some great work, I'm sure it's not all roses behind it however, a hint of this + that, would be great looking at the final product anyway. I'm enjoying getting back to a grass roots engineering in Melbourne at the moment anyway, happy putting in a bit of groundwork - maybe it's not all so bad after all, just goes too slowly in real time sometimes that's all. I've got my second free weekend in I can't remember this weekend (got from a bit of optional work!) + that's cheering me up a bit ☺.

22.3.97

WEDDING MONEY	(2000)	AUS £1X	6674
AU. AC	-	ROBERTA 2X100	200
" UC	(317)	CASH	450
UK UC	-	AUS SAV	8055
UK SAV 148X2 =	296		
		A\$	<u><u>13,358</u></u>

26.3.97 All the keeping abreast, networking, this + that, taking me away from Angie + art and all things nice. I don't like it much at all. I want to do it, I just don't want to spend my life doing it. Much better things around me to give my time to.

31.3.97 Spent Easter at home - nice should do it more often. National Gallery - Tom Roberts + San Marco Venice - McNight with Reg, a play about a gay circle of friends. Stand up comedy night at the last laugh, a walk, a couple actually, around Elwood, coffees + cakes + vege foccarias, Photography, nice to have so many hours in the day to do stuff, furniture shopping etc. etc.

1-4-97 I'm finding it hard at the moment. I'm in a sort of quiet sobering depression. There is too much time being devoted to work, to someone else's life. I want sunshine and art, and money. Money is the key, I get stressed as I feel (again) like I'm falling behind other people. Should we have a house as an investment etc. etc. etc. Caught between a ~~who~~ two worlds I am it seems....

Anyway, a quiet sobering depression. Keep working, make more hours etc. etc.

Just rang up about getting stuff published etc. - not going to be easy at all. I feel so fucking depressed. I just want to curl up into a little ball, in bed at home and

2-4-97 When I used to travel, I felt like I had a life. Going through post travel blues in a big way! think. Will I ever feel that calm again, that sense of being and that sense of me and the world?

Still feeling a bit left behind as well I must admit. I wonder what the people who left their bodies to join the spaceship trailing the

Hale Bopp comet are up to now. (ii) And I'm only half joking in the slightly scary bit!

8-4-97 "Futures - twisting, futures made of virtual insanity" - Tamiroquai.

Confidence is a key, and it's a spiral. At the moment I'm in a shaky downwards spiral I think. Got to try and close my eyes half way, turn in a slow motion poise of impending wisdom and overcome it

Bought a motorbike on the weekend. An old Honda Seventy Four. The 125 but six times the size, fifteen to twenty years older and probably three times the power. Looks pretty cool. Not really justified I must admit, but I do love the riding, will give it a year, be very careful not to kill myself - no antics - you see a lot of idiots out there, hopefully they are the ones that end up in the accidents - anyway give it a go for a year and see how it turns out.

Work is fucking busy at the moment. A lot

of politicking and a few problems. Not enough time to get it all done and consequences if I don't.

- Portland - no fee, lots of work in the next few weeks.
- Spencer St - no time and too much work in the next couple of weeks.
- NW11 + NW12 - addit from Frank while he is away, like I need it.
- Eastlond, RMIT, Skala house all poised + ready to chip in when things are at their worst.

Had a call - well Frank did, Brett White from F.F. doesn't want me looking after the RMIT Bundoora stuff while he is away, like I need it but he has got a bloody nerve, the shit I had to do for them on that job, one lousy fuck up and that was it. What a prick, they did fuck all it has to be said - Cuvv.

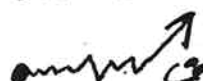
Anyway - confidence that is the key. Bastards got to act on top - in control + be their friend as well. Bc a bit unreasonable.

Got to be a bit smarter on my feet, got to stop these on the spot reactions. Got to get some logic happening.

So - will see how it goes. Trouble is I'm having a resurgence of the right hand side of the brain. My life is splitting down the middle! must admit and I don't mind that so much either. I think I should run + gun a bit more (nicely) and see how it all goes. Slowly getting a bit of experience behind me, it has been like starting again to some extent. And I don't want to lose all of that keep it green, that sense of world I had when I was travelling, all of that.

20.4.97 Well, work is still very busy, feeling not on top of it yet but like my confidence is taking a turn for the better which is the main thing. I think buying a house is getting less and less likely unless we can find somewhere in Port Melbourne for a reasonable price. Prices generally seem high and are even getting higher? The Elwoods - St Kilda's are over inflated even - maybe? That's part of the problem hard to get a handle on what the prices are doing. Dad reckons that houses are not the best investment at the moment, better to rent + put money into shares unless you buy cheaply somewhere. Like the idea of shares - will play it by ear and see what comes up. Might have a chat to a bank manager and keep a

track on some house prices / share prices etc. Seem to be burning at the moment, chewing up time + energy at a great rate of knots - high production mode and even finding time to reflect (a bit). Less sleep during the week. Lets hope the bubble doesn't burst but all seems touch wood like its on the way up at the moment.

Been very homesick for London which I'm just coming out of as well which might help account for part of the feeling 

26.4.97 Great ride into work, mild grey wind blowing yellow leaves all through the streets. A pink to yellow scrambled eggs sunrise (had an early site inspection). Autumn.

27.4.97 WEDDING MONEY (1572)

AV MC	4
VC	<del>269</del>
UK VC	-
NAWES 148 x 2	296
CBA	5343
AUS FIX	6674
ROSETTA 100 x 2	200
CASH	70

A# 10,806

35.97 Felt quite good about work lately - very busy, learning a bit as I go and getting back into it all, building up a bit of competency a bit of self confidence and all that.

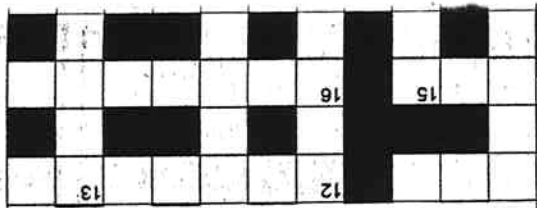
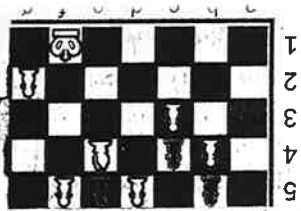
Photography - Send in some stories with photos.

↑ develop photos  
 ↑ put together stories → series of short ones as a weekly thing  
 ↑ { One or two longer ones as isolated stories

• Show some photos + see if any interest  
 Get in touch with editors or photography dept.

- Age  
 - Herald weekly times } Start putting together target list.  
 - Magazines

Went + visited Tony Williams a guy assoc. with the Tubet council the other day, a suburban elder man totally wright up in Tubet + travelling around there. Adventures, adventures you know. I had the feeling he was dead, a puffing almost still fish out of water, all awkwardness and I can't help but think this must flow into when he does get back into his water. I hesitate to say sad as I may be the same but it was a little. Maybe we are all soured to letting the millions of hits around us these days.



brighter us up from the outside in that we have trouble reversing the flow. I feel a little that way. About time I found a religion, a philosophy man, let it start from the inside out. The detachment of buddhism is a good start I think. I'd like to know more about zen, Tao from the travels, the way, should be in there also somewhere. Can you operate in the western world without detachment. Can you own things, or amass wealth, ownership is after all really only control or a bit of proximity. I believe I think in purpose. Strength, will, not hippy deppydram flake out. So from the inside out.

4.5.97 I'm realising that I'm finding more and more about who I am. I am actually I think more right side of my brain than left and I'm not a strong person. I'm halfway smart, I'm not quick and I have a short temper that is blinding to what I want to be otherwise, not quiet, but in control. I am easily led. I enjoy appreciating things. I like a bit of self pity, I'm more depressive to some degree and I am tragic. I am capable and I am warm and shy. I have a good heart and a heart that can hate also.

It is interesting that in growing up my personality should have theoretically been decided

by the seventies, which it may have been (plus a million other variables). Come the end of high school, uni + work I was a product of the eighties. Efficient, logical ambitious, strong in a society around me that looked up to strength. In finding myself I am taking conscious steps away from the strength. Sometimes I think it may be sidestepping the potential for failure, and in fact I believe some of it is. So that's me, moving towards another me, other bits of me, old bits of me. Becoming a weaker person and a stronger person. The strength that matters I hope. Me. From the inside out not the outside in as it has been for so long.

5.5.97 "A man's ~~best~~ work is nothing but the long journey to recover the two or three great and simple images which first gained access to his heart"

Albert - Friend of Vasco Pajama

8.5.97 Photography Agenda.

1. - redevelop some of our wedding photos
2. - develop Nic + Camo photos.
3. - develop bookmark photos
4. - develop photos for market sales.

5. Short stories + photos → papers + magazines.
6. Long stories + photos → " "

9.5.97 I'm not as good as I used to be. I used to be on the ball, I used to be quick + I used to be adaptable. Now I feel unsure, clouded and tired. What has happened? I don't retain things any more, I have a terrible memory, my attention span is short, I find myself day dreaming the whole time. I'm bored, I think that's part of the problem. I want to be more creative, more left side of the brain, I want to drift and to explore. Travelling was just so good. I am having trouble re-adjusting I think.

There are so many cruel people in the world, I don't want to be a part of that. I don't want to get caught up in the power struggles. People I have decided are not very civilised when it comes down to it. Can't people see how near sighted their worlds are. It staggers me how insular people, communities, countries are. If the people in charge are so good, if the decisions they make are so unapproachable then how come the things that happen happen.

Somewhere in all the cheap political point scoring the points get removed from good and bad, from right + wrong and it makes me want to cry.

I am having trouble coming to grips with the society around me I have found myself in... and it makes me want to cry ---- It's all a game, I understand this, It's just I abhor the fact that it is. Why isn't it real?



Sometimes it feels as though the moon, cold brilliant white sitting up there in a matrix of cold-absolute zero, hard space is more real than the world around me. The outer reaches, the thinnest of the thin layer of aqua marine blue that is the atmosphere, the verge to black, the quiet & chill that is the tenuous edge, is the shore to an unbelievable natural solid beauty. This bathhouse of a blemish that is my cage is a part of it. It entrap my mind, I have been sentenced to this state without means of escape for what reason I do not know. My mind

years for that chill, for that empty solid beauty of quietness, and of calm. Years to vaporize and to spread itself thinly out amongst it all, over it all. To be sucked out and dispersed in the wideness of it all, of the cold quiet calm infinity between the stars. Perhaps through death?

Ginger + Tongue  
 (a very bad picture of Tongue who in real life looks like a lion), (and here looks like a sphinx), but



Ginger + Tongue onyway, a couple of the cats who try to get into the house cos they know the birds are in here. It's all just game. they are very clever but it is still all just a game.

I used to think as a kid that I was never meant to live. If it had been survival of the fittest and the law of nature then I wouldn't have been able to compete. I would have been scavaged quite early

on. I was one of the weaker ones, I would have been left behind or just consumed along the way. I was smart as a kid I think, or maybe not confident. I wonder if I am now.

It is this society, this complex psyche thing that allows haven for recessive genes. Who knows though recessive genes may have their place, supported by a strong mass under + may in the final provide strength + even victory through diversity. I don't know?

13.5.97 Lots of little political games at work. Cheap point scoring, birds ruffling feathers, all somehow takes away from it. Lots of dirt and grease covering everything it seems, perhaps that's why I like the odd trip into idealism a fantasy - a world without the much → refer to the Luenig cartoon a couple of pages back. I really like Luenig, very few people or things connect and make me stop, inspire me or more express feelings I want to express myself but find it hard to. He or rather some of his sketches are one!



Seems sometimes old broken things are the acceptable for all the care and love and life that happens around them



throughout the years. It collects those unmissable until you're too whom it means something finds it

14.5.97

I could do with some time to myself. A night a week of indulgence - of music and scotch and weights and of falling asleep alone, when I want to.

15.5.97 Sometimes I think back to the little pigeons in Fitzroy Square, back to cold wet grass and overcast skies, the BT tower, the fish + chip shop man around the corner. The pigeon feathers ruffled sitting in the lee side of a tree out of the wind and rain, watching people walk past on the pavement. Content and given a bit of nest by the world around him. Just being for a moment, just watching.

I'm quite unbalanced at the moment, I ~~want~~ <sup>need</sup> to get a few things out of my system.

16.5.97

"You know that ~~break~~ time between sleeping and waking, that is the place I will be, and always love you."

Tinkerbell's parting words to Peter in Hook.

That's where I want to be, I want to live more of my life in ideals. I want to live a bit more fantasy.

Where dreams and reality meet, at the junction of two worlds, maybe that is where the key lies. Maybe that is where the end of the rainbow leads. ☺

22.5.97 "It was long ago,  
and it was far away;  
and it was so much better than it is today"  
Meatloaf ☺

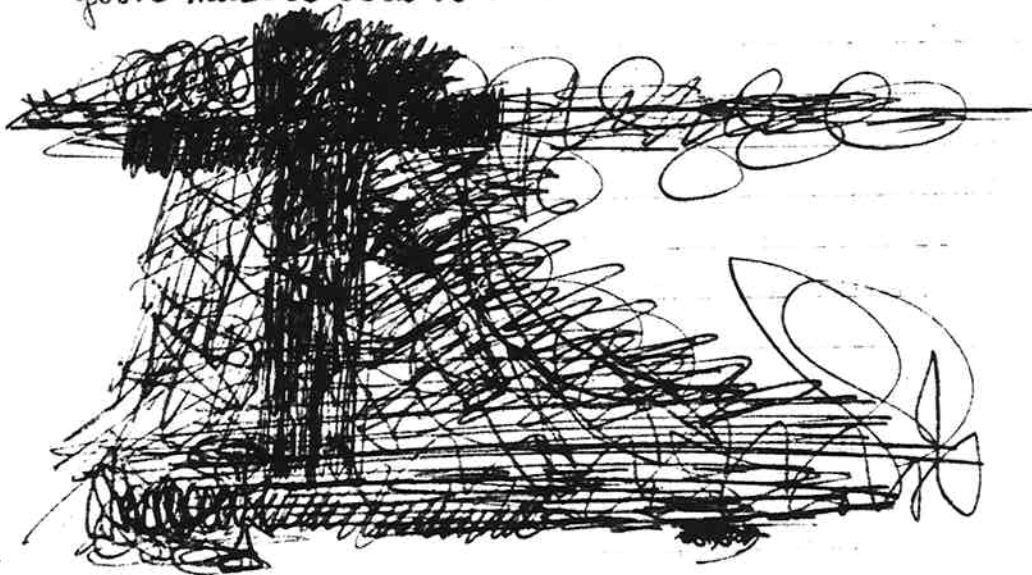
It was far away - a place far far away, that is where my soul resides. In a cool English glen, dark green, and morning mist with cold blue stone and a horse and armour and steel and earth and hay and peasants houses. In a red dry desert citadel, a place of mud rendered walls and box like houses, one on top of the other, after each other, interwoven with canopies of cloth and with veils and people and camels and goats and clay pots and dark brown skin and of warm eyes slightly downcast. In a jungle, a jungle so tall that it is the sky, a forest of trunks reaching up and up, of lush vegetation, of birds cries and moistness, with a small dark skinned man dressed in a loincloth examining something on the forest floor, moist rich



earth of bugs and roots, brown eyes and chinking noises and the leafy canopy way above, up in the sun, dog and soaking up air + life + light from the outside.

Where are these places, are they cheap television images, are they places I have been are they places I have felt through peoples music, peoples photos, through magazines, through childrens books? I like photos because they are snops of times a long way distant of times and places far away. They are base points from which you can recreate, you can travel out from instants <sup>that put</sup> photos give you access to. I like travelling, as I am wandering through these places. I'm there. Is that so imagination led? Is this me, have I a travellers soul, an observers soul, a wanderer of time + place + of people and feeling? Am I a casualty of imagery. Imagery everywhere and would that be bad? Would it be like being drug dependant, instead of a comfortably numb daze I'm lost in an equally vague land of imagination of imagery. A vague wanderer unable to focus on any one goal. Led this way + that in idle dreaming.

That certainly feels like me. And I still don't know if that's good or bad. Drugs are bad aren't they? Harsh logic + business and non feelings are bad aren't they? Dreaming, vagueness is bad isn't it. Maybe not the dreaming. Focus is good, focus must be good must it as it leads to achievement.



23.5.97. I couldn't sleep last night. Sue - my ex girlfriend of longtime standing rang yesterday and I was thinking about her - God knows why - perhaps I was a bit rude on the phone - then work - a favorite of late → so I got up + wrote the above then I went back to bed and a car drove slowly past

so I peered out into the street to see what was happening. then I listened to a crring noise for a while - a snail on the window after further investigation - then I forgot to lock my bike - out side + there is a guy peering into the bedroom window of the flat next door (TV light from inside). "Can I help you" - "Can I help you!" - "do you live here?" - "I used to" - "I'm just looking for my ex-wife", and then walks off into the night. Snails and strange men and slow drive bys under street lighting, the world outside was alive and moving last night. Hmmm.

25-5-97	WEDDING MONEY	(1357)
	AW MC	4
	VL	(750)
	UK VC	-
	NAWEST 148x2	296
	CBA	6267
	AUS FLX	6720
	ROSETTA 100x2	200
	CASH	100
		<hr/>
		\$ 11,480
		<hr/>
		(+600)

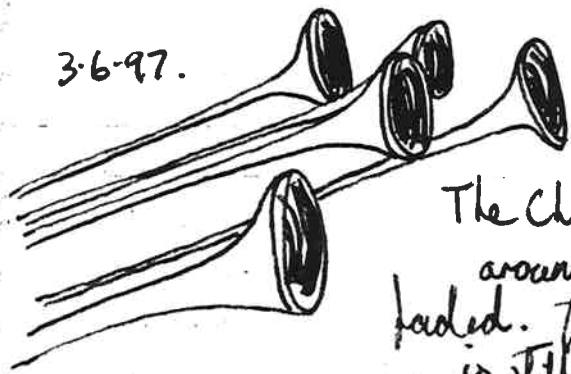
Should be able to save maybe 1000 a month => will start putting into a fixed deposit I think.

26-5-97 Woke up this morning thinking of Syle. I hadn't fully realised but she was one of the offky things that I looked forward to going to work about. I had a little like a teenager that has just split up with somebody.

Sometimes I think that I'm not going to make it through this life. The bolit takes along the way is too much. What a horrible thing it is living with this feeling. A feeling of the coffin and of the earth six inches from my whole body, shadows of the muffled silence of the end which is ultimately you only. Silence and you. The little schoolboy leaving the comfort of the group, his team come to be out there on his own, forced to be here. I think I need some serious comforting. I love Ange more than anything else in this world but Ange is now largely a part of me, which is good & bad, I need something else. I wonder if I am heading into more depression. I just want to be held and loved for a bit. Syle, you have no idea what a depressing place work on a monday is without you here.

I spent the weekend at Ershine house in home with Ange - Kostas, open fire places, reading, the beach, it was great, pity its only lasted seconds.

3-6-97.



The Choir that has been  
around the edges has  
faded. The bright white  
is still there. It's just empty,  
~~the song~~ the song has gone. It's  
now just a tense white static.  
Ahum, a buzz of quiet, of  
no depth, of emptiness.

I feel elicit like I've  
fallen into the white walls  
and green-grey hideous of a  
mental asyllum... And out the  
window against the blue sky,  
is a big mountain <sup>covered in snow</sup>. And I can't  
feel ~~the~~ the air out there, I can't  
feel the <sup>crispness</sup> ~~space~~. All  
there is is just the haze and  
the white walls & the gloss of the  
windows & the doors. ☹

How can people be so mean? Fuck them! I  
refuse to be bitter. I refuse to join in. I am  
me and if that's not what it takes let them  
sacrifice me. Let them grind me down, cut  
me up let them slaughter me. I don't know a  
lot about what is ~~so~~ right + wrong good +  
bad it seems sometimes but I know deep down  
what I am is good. Let the fucks come and take  
their life. Better to die ~~with~~ beautiful thoughts  
than to survive on your fellow man. Let the  
fucks eat me!

Some people, the girl with the wings, come into this  
world and never get a chance. Straight into up and  
down, death + life, cruelty + injustice. Fucked up the  
arse from start to finish before they even get a chance, to  
end up a pallid sack of flesh + bones disposed of into an  
earthy grave with a thump and ~~about~~ a little rise of  
dust. It can be a horrible horrible world.

Some people are born into mundane. A painful life  
of length. Minds pruned till they match the mundane  
surrounding them. Man fucking man fucking done!  
The meetings at churches + schools, these are what  
it is. Man fucking man fucking done. Aggggh!

5.6.97 I seem to make mistakes at work in haste. And now I find it hard to sleep with worry. What is needed is a cool head and an iron steady mind. Mc, I'm more flippant with every passing day. I never used to be like this. I used to be able to be grave, to be serious and stem. Give me strength I must calm down and work my way through it with a steady hand. Visions of buildings blowing away in the wind. Of partitions cracking and glass breaking. Calm, direct and calm, a steady bearing, rational thought. And so money on any of the jobs to do it? Human makes it all the worse → is what caused the problem in the first place. So many restrictions on time, everything only half engineered. Try to get some sleep Brendon. It's not fair - learn and become everything, learn to cope it will help you in the future. There is a lot to this life thing if you want to do it properly ☺

11.6.97 Spent most of the long w/e sick - not much fun. Still very worried about wind loads at Portland.

- things to consider

→ opt at edge of Cafe.

→ walk action at cafe will help

→ increased S's in windows

for glass detailing. detail floor connection.

→ increased beam to connection.

Just going to have to work through it slowly I'm afraid Bren. Wait until I get paper dogs from PINKS. Maybe do the whole lot in one hit next weekend?

A lot on my mind lately - work for one as is pretty obvious. All sorts of thoughts of being an artistic creature. Could you ever take the criticism Brendon? Photography, writing, could you ever make the money to live off Brendon? I doubt it. I think it will be engineering for the majority of it. Perhaps you should go into contract, perhaps you could ask for leave without pay, perhaps you could do wedding photos, perhaps you could do it all in your spare time. Perhaps you could open up a gift shop in a shopping centre somewhere. It all takes a lot of time, and of money. Perhaps you should just work hard at it and see how it goes over the next few years. And then there is having a baby, that will be happening soon. Maybe. Can I just do these things part time & enjoy them? Unless I'm the best at it I feel like a failure. I don't want hobbies, I think that's it. Hobbies are horrible bits of woodwork hanging around the house. Maybe that doesn't mean it has to be full time, in order for it not to be a hobby I mean. Maybe I should go back to university? And what about buying a

house? and having enough money to retire upon, what about all of that. Seems a long way off, seems too far for it to ever happen! Got to get a bit serious Brandon + limit the way things can affect you. Everything is wanting its own little piece of you at the moment and you are extending yourself too far, to too many things and too many people. You have to get a bit more serious, ruthless, you also have to get a bit more reckless, live a bit harder and with a bit more abandon. And try to enjoy things a bit more. I don't want to become an educated ABC couple either. I could do with another 6 months to let a few things develop that's for sure. Take stock at the end of the year. It will have been almost - it will have been slightly more than in fact 12 months by that stage.

It's 2:00 in the morning and I can't sleep. Angie has bought some poppies + is watching them open up. She is also doing a botanical illustration course and she is loving it, especially the poppies. She is so beautiful.

I won fifty dollars at the casino on the weekend. Always seem to win something following uncle Brions odds. Maybe I should become a gambling man!

I don't think that it would last for very long. Set some limits to walk away at I think.

12.6.97. I think that maybe the way to go is to buy an investment property and negatively gear it so that the payments we make are tax deductible. That's got to be the best for yield as you are making 33% on what ever you are putting into the house. So apart from stamp duty etc you are making 30% straight off even if the place doesn't go up in value. You can then live in it at a later date - ie we rent where we like to live. Will talk to Angie about it, maybe go in with Mum and Dad.

15.6.97 Reading a book on Buddhism, breakfasts at cafes; lunch at Meez's, sipping on contraband? on ice and watching 'Priscilla queen of the Desert' waiting for work to envelop me again, descend over me again. All the heights of the buildings at Portland have increased and added to my little mistake or Ka which I believe I would have been able to handle has totally fucked things up. Not going to be a nice month ahead, trying to cover all of that plus a fucking lot of other work to do in the bargain.

24.6.97	WEDDING MONEY	(1357)	<u>12,700</u>
	AV MC	-	<u>(+1200)</u>
	VC	(357)	
	OK VC	-	
	NARWEST.	148 x 2 = 296	
	ROSETA	100 x 2 = 200	
	CBA	7214	
	FIXED	6720	
	CASH	35	
	OWNER	(50)	

They say all you are judged on at work is the money your jobs make + how many you bring in. What am I supposed to do with jobs where there was never a chance from day one. Not do them. Perhaps. I don't like the, its ugly. This level is ugly. I want beauty. Is there something wrong with that? Must keep smiling along the way. I don't want to fall into miserables! Must keep happy to the end and diversify. Yes diversify. Don't let it overtake you + then crash down around you taking you with it as it goes.

There are vicious hearts in this world.  
Savage dogs with grinded teeth.

It seems sometimes that I can see the blood mixed with the saliva mixed with the dirt, foaming over the white teeth.

Its just a little bit frightening and just a little bit sad at the same time, it worries me, it makes me

frightened when it could be such a beautiful world. I suppose there is a bit of raw beauty about it, clarity

of alertness + pain. They seem very near at times and I wonder what holds them back. Not very much ~~remoteness~~ it feels, all a little hickie. Look the wrong way + snap...

26.6.97 Man, if I'd bought bank shares when I'd wanted to I'd be 20% better off by now → ~~what a bummer~~ what a bummer I think. I'll get in now as house loans must be booming + the correction will be softened by people cashed up I think.

29.6.97 The car fell apart on the weekend, the bike fell apart as well, and so it seems died I. My mind

seems to have gone rotten from the inside out. Seeds of doubt took root at some time in the past and spread. rotten tissues hid by the labyrinth until it is now too large to be concealed, the very fabric, the structure is starting to collapse. I can't cope with all the hardness around me. Work has taken everything I've got, people have taken everything I've got + cleaved on it + abused it. I've got nothing left. No ability, no soft even appeals. So there it is ... my mind is sitting there like a rotten apple, collapsed + poisoned. And the truly horrible thing is tomorrow I will go to work + limp through the day like I have been for the past week. And nobody will care. I will hold on until I recover or until I break totally. Right now it feels like I'm still sliding I can fully comprehend what a nervous breakdown is all about. It feels like it is just around the corner.

~~Ohhhhhhhhh~~ I'm fucking well dying here help me. What is this life I've bound myself in. What is this existence this restricting shell I find around me. What sort of punishment for what sort of crime to imprison my soul in this fallible weak bag of mush on this cold distant planet. What sort of horrible rears do I find myself in how did this come about, make it stop, take me away please.

I guess my only hope is to be knocked down flat. Let it knock me down flat. Lay it low + rely upon the base, the unadorned, the nothing. And die in the flat purity or somehow blossom from it best. — but I don't know. Don't I think set up false defenses to get me through. Don't try + smooth it over let it rip into me, over me, through me + let what's left be strong + recreate from the Waters what ever needs to be. Let it happen. God but why all this, to what end. Why not just death. Maybe I'm not as hard as I think. Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck what is happening please what is happening.

Last night the stereo started playing the first track of Blondie Auto American by itself at 1:00 am in the morning. Maybe it was a ghost, maybe it was static electricity, Angus thinks she turned it all off. Could even have been the specters the energies that are invading my mind at this moment. I feel like I or a soulmate somewhere has entered upon a dark vast plain full of evil + electricity + power swarming

around. Storm + tempest. anything is possible, lightning striking the sky + swirling clouds. Something is brewing, something is at hand, something is going to happen. There is a cold + wet wind at my face, the horse I am on senses danger, there is blackness + there is danger in that blackness, unknowns. Unknown forces of strength out there lit by the lightning in the rain + the wind.

Ride on + see what happens, where it will end. I don't know what else there is if I'm not flattered. I fucking hate it. I fucking hate it. I fucking hate it. I fucking hate the tension + the stress.

1-7-97 Been reading back through my diary. I get depressed a lot. Need to concentrate more on positive things. Need to keep vested + chip away at the positive things

I like misty cold mornings

I need more positive direction, something to work at, that I can be good at.

pm Couple of days off at the end of this week, to collect my thoughts. Would like to:

- buy some new jeans ✓
- get my hair cut. ✓
- develop some travel photos
- " " bookmarks.
- get a trading name for photos.
- business cards + stickers? ✓
- look at shares. ✓
- finish articles on Tibet ✓
- see a publisher or at least make ✓ contact.
- do something for Ange. ✓

We all live in our own minds. Outside of our minds is the world, and other peoples minds. In other peoples minds they exist to varying degrees in sanity, but it will always be insanity. And some minds have strength + power + influence + they extend themselves over that space, that empty inbetween and their tentacles weave,



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wiggle their way into other minds. And you have to get along as best as you can.

11.7.97 Went and saw Alison Harding, Travel Editor with the sea yesterday and dropped off a few stories + photos. A lot of work went into getting them off, she is the first, will send it off to the Age next week and maybe a couple of magazines, who knows, will see what response the papers give. I don't think print quality photos are good enough for magazines? Alison didn't seem perturbed that all the photos were colour prints. She was 20 min late, forgotten about I think. They must get hundreds of people like me. The age editor Jane Hutchinson said she gets 30 a week and they ended up last year publishing about 10. Humm.

Bought some CBA shares - 250 @ 16.00. Remarkable how much more interest you have when it means money. In the week since I bought them - CBA released that they were starting air miles on VISA + loyalty schemes ↑, they then dropped 23c because they reckon that interest margins were low - I don't believe it. ↓. The analyst analysts predicted the 90 day drop should start

Tuesday again - I don't believe it, then up 23c after due to speculation on

Sunda  
photography

12.7.97.  
Interest rate drops - still don't believe it! Anyway, overall still going up. The last hours of Thursday in the states was a huge drop apparently and I was waiting for that to happen here yesterday, but it didn't. Safe to say I'm a bit skeptical about all this cause and effect at the moment. Everyone hanging about for this drop in interest rates that I don't believe will ever happen → ???  
\$1200 for the Dentist - that isn't going to help things.

Reading back through bits of this diary I'm really embarrassed. You have to remember its the moments + a lot of the time 'you had to there', drunk, or happy or more often than not depressed.

18.7.97 Some really strange and highly emotional dreams last night. Trapped in space ships, turning off power and sealing ourselves in foil suits and darkness to preserve power. docking with Russian + American crews in the same predicament who had even less time than us, an explosion bringing it to a premature end. On a football ground listening behind a podium to someone relating the story to the crowd hearing of the death Pippa was one (from work) and I don't even like her that much, and

bursting into uncontrollable tears. Then half waking + back again playing football, and playing well and then a kick on the wing + I'm not sure even which way we are going as I am distracted by a ghost whom I somehow know saying to me that he + his friend are back for me to cut their hair, as it has always been. Before all of that, college life somehow + gardens + punting or boating one way on a river up past the other side of Melbourne university. I have an inkling that that one ended in gushing blood somehow but I won't remember the details. Both seemed a little familiar. The blood may have been from a gory episode believe it or not last night of Men behaving badly, the football ground I have definitely been in before, previously as a spectator.

22-7-97	WEDDING	(1357)	SHARES	4000
	VISA (AUS)	(635)	CASH	150
	NORTHWEST 148x2 =	296		
	ROSETTA 100x2 =	200		
	CBA	856		
	NAB	10,000		
				<u>13,510</u>
				(+800)

Last months (+800, 1200, 600, 500). Will try and put 1000 a month into NAB common fund. That should be interesting. VISA should be able to keep enough of a buffer and will hopefully force me to save a little more.

Nics dad Ron died on the weekend. I suspected; Nic must be, well.. is, really knocked about. Totally out of the blue, such a strong happy guy. I think actually that he might have had a bit of a warning, I don't remember. Going to the funeral today.

Was a bit of a in the family weekend actually. Visited Dad + Mum, Dad recently had a bit of a scare, visited Angie's dad in hospital, he fell down the back stairs recently chasing dogs from ducks or something, cracked three ribs + punctured a lung, Tuls dad Mero has recently had a scare or two and then Nics dad passing away. On the other hand visited little Jacinta Marie cutie pie, 8lb daughter to Sgl last Thursday night (11:00 Friday morning actually), in hospital, and went to Joseph (from work) and Renas wedding on Sunday night. They are off to London for a couple of years. Danced the Zorba and had a really good time.

Within reach I feel of getting a grip back, a lot of things I want to do, I just have to put in the time

now and it will, slowly.

2-8-97 News overkill at the moment it seems. No longer one all encompassing story but a barrage of information. Every paper competing with the other. They seem to grip onto a story and it is all or nothing. Bit disappointed with the Age. Sensationalism and overkill. What ever happened to just reporting the news. Maybe it is a case of people requiring entertainment. And that's what news seems to have polarised towards entertainment. It is immature. I just want to know what is going on. A small quality newspaper is what I want, six to ten pages of news, sports and life. Advertising allowed, just the basic facts, cut the bloody padding out.

3-8-97 Spoke to Justin + Rosetta today. Justin is doing temp work on a long term (touch wood) basis and is really happy with his life at the moment. It is so great to see, such an intelligent guy, someone who is down to earth + loving + caring, has the odd problem but is basically a great human being.

Finally achieving what he wants. He has had so many pathetic people in his way and has persevered and is starting to make ground. Well done. I feel really good about it as I can relate to Justin. Him + Rosetta are a breath of fresh air.

The girls upstairs are away for the ~~weekend~~ <sup>fortnight</sup> next and have their sister or someone ~~upstairs~~ ~~there~~ minding the flat - thinking boss → hummer. Going to be a busy couple of weeks at work too + being next weekend. Shut your eyes and run for a bit Brendon. Time to come up for air slaters. Had a great day today, day of culture with Margaret, Tub, Chris + Nicole, out to the Heidi to see William Dohel, controversial Archibald Prize winner. Bat farewell ~~for~~ world for a week or two, well two or three ~~anyway~~ and will see you then.

18-8-97 Looking seriously at buying a house now. Hard to know what exactly the market will do. There has been some huge rises lately. I think now is still a reasonable time to buy. Things will continue to go up I think, just not as quickly as they have done lately. Hmmm.

Still fighting bouts of depression. Getting tired with life and all of that. I don't really know what to do about them. Or is it more a general unhappiness with where I'm at + what I'm doing?


22.8.97 - A passenger, I will always be a passenger.  
An observer... Tonight I feel like getting drunk + listening to sad ~~music~~ <sup>music</sup>. I feel like revelling in the sadness, in cold, in reality, in blood + air

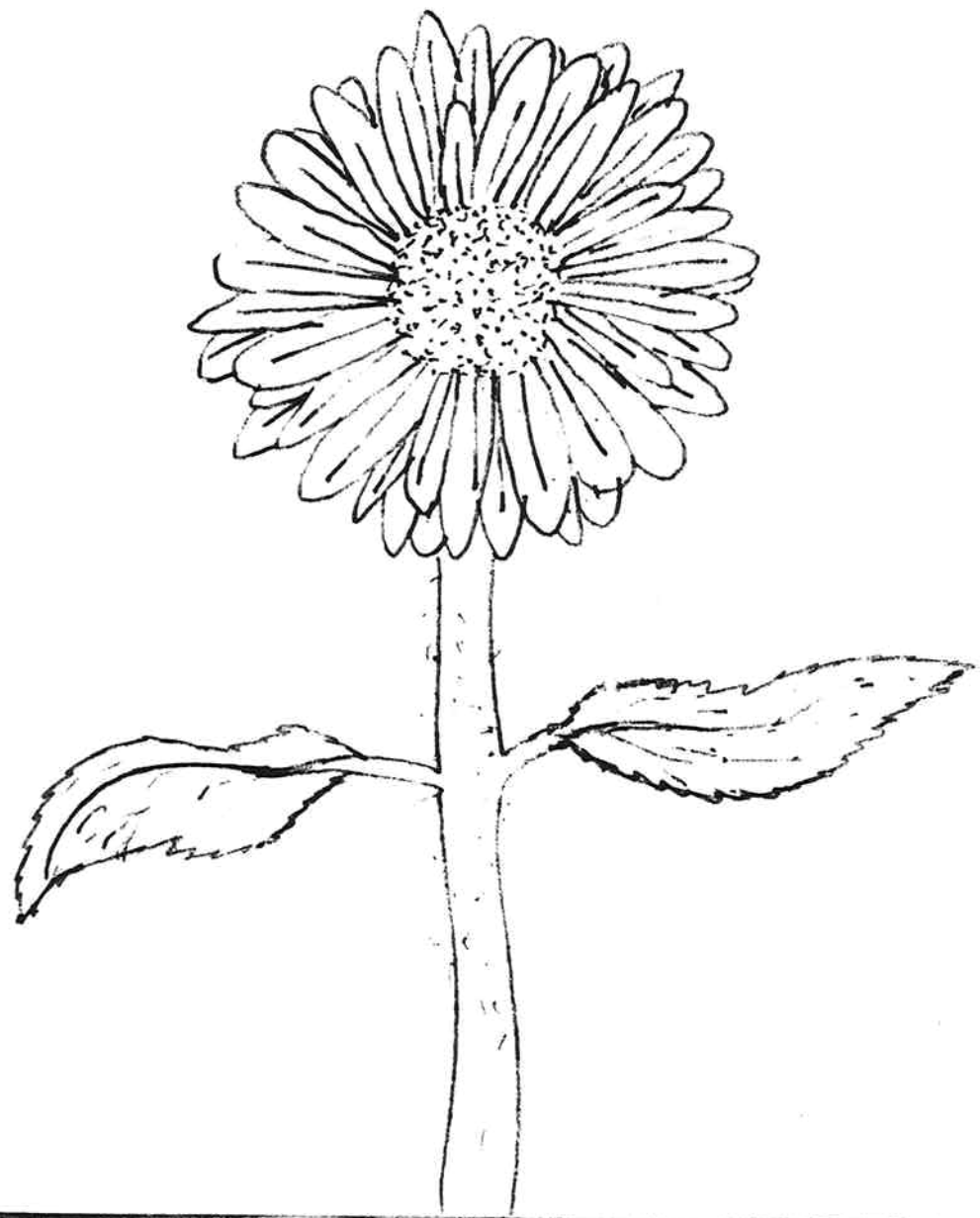
WEDDING	(1357)
VISA 02	(685)
NATURE	296
ROSETTA	205
CSA	991
NAB	11000
SHARES	4000
CASH	100
	<hr/>
	14645

23.8.97. Really miss England. I miss J+R + Eversham drive + the common and the pubs and the walks in the country. It was a good trip over there + I still think it somehow feels more like home than Melbourne. Maybe it was the different

people. Shedding an old skin and becoming something more in line with who I am now. Now we are back the old us is or has re-attached itself somewhat. Need a night or two of getting totally shit faced on scotch + people. A bit more sweetness in my life. ~~Let~~ Let go a bit more. Don't take it all so seriously.

Shedding friends  
and shedding places  
Shedding names and  
shedding faces.

Shew me, sold me  
round + round.  
Me a little lost  
me a little found 



First a pig, then a gun.  
then just the flower.

That's got to be a better sign doesn't it. If not a sign of happiness at least a sign of moving on a little bit. Doesn't it?

11.9.97 Just wobbling on along. Could do with a nice break. Something to ease the constant thinking analysing going.

Have woken up with headaches the past two mornings. A gas came in this morning + told me the gas had been  $\frac{1}{4}$  on in the oven and the burner at the back. Most likely for the last two days as that was when we last used the oven. Hummm.

15.9.97 Saw 'The Three sisters' by Anton Chekov tonight. Not very well delivered or interpreted I thought but some good bits of dialogue. Some good philosophy and nice demonstrations of lives. I like movies and theatre that takes you through life stories and this one covered a few and covered them well I thought. Kind of got the feeling he was sending a message to us, talking to us. About the struggle and the work and the pain being a constant about how people two-three hundred years down the

road will be going through the same things. Something I subscribe to, although one hopes there is something else. I think I believe that also but I'm not sure if that is just a need to believe it. I think you have to believe it somehow or there really is no point? "It's snowing outside now - what's the meaning behind that?" A nice parallel to the meaning behind it all, I'm just a little human bean on the surface of the planet being carried this way and that, swept here and there by forces far greater than I can comprehend while I am here. A little frustrating. I wonder if frogs in their ponds feel a little frustrated at their place in it. Not enough free time on their minds I guess, I don't know. Maybe all this free time we've created for ourselves down this evolutionary path ~~and~~, all this pondering that we never used to do, maybe it will all lead somewhere, to something, wouldn't that be nice. We however won't be a part of it. We will be worm food. That's not to say it's not worthwhile. That's not to say I don't love moments of life, I do I love feeling moments. Moments to me carry on and rust up everything else. They are a bit of a drug, moments of pain of nostalgia of sadness + joy, more sadness. Sadness seems to let you drift, to let you float into darkness and space and view it all from a retrospect. I love it. I loved that night lying by myself on Thomom beach floating amongst the

stars, no up + no-down, laying them out at my feet like a cushioned carpet and flying.

22.9.97 Did I say we bought a house - wake up + fall asleep to thinking of that now - a lot less stress → nice to have a bit of solidity in your life. Money!

WEDDING	(1357)
VISA 02	(350)
ROSETTA	200
NW WEST	296
CBA	937
NAB	1900
SHARES	4000
CASH	200
<del>WEDDING</del>	<u>5826</u>
HOUSE	<u>10,200</u>
	<u>16,026</u>

26.9.97 Had an Indian guy come up to the door just before. It's Friday night and we were watching The Basketball diaries, good film. Anji was asleep in the lounge room. He stood outside the mesh 'I just wanted to ask, I just, I just want, I want to ask, I don't know what I want to say.' He was quite small in stature and was half smiling. He had a shirt, top few buttons undone I think, and a singlet and brown pants and brown shoes. And I think I offered to get him a taxi or lend some money to get some food, I can't remember exactly, I kept thinking he might have mates just around the corner waiting for me to open the door, I had I vaguely recollect, thoughts of a stanley knife in a pocket. He asked finally if it wasn't possible to just come in sit down + relax for a bit. I think he was crying out for help, I think he was on the edge, at or coming to a loose raw end, a point on the horizon, I think. What am I like, how can I live like I do calculating this + that + houses + cars, this guy was near the edge and I just let him go. Fucking hell, just let him go. I went out after him after a few minutes but he had disappeared, shit, the poor guy. Brendan you have been responsible



for some pretty low shit in your life. When will you learn. People are people, you are people. How many times have you felt like this. And you let him go. Fucking hell  
Brendon.

I'm sorry man, I'm really sorry.

Must find some way to help. I don't know. When I think of how I left this guy, similar thing in Darjeeling, just bawled that guy out + left him. Makes me feel empty, makes me feel ashamed.

... I should have gone and had a cup of coffee with him and talked to him. Told him he was all right. Helped him.

How can you live like this turning away from an outstretched arm like that. Please let me have another chance, let that guy come out of this ok.

Bad Karma man.

All the sickness and strain in this world. It gets you down. A friend of Peter Duggons daughter killed herself last week and it happens all the time. Youth suicide.

And it feels to me as if it is all the shit around. Knee deep in it all the time. And the people who recognize it for what it is kill themselves under the burden under the horribleness of it all. A million, a billion souls of light unconnected. Raw beauty + life smothered within a matrix of shit. And the fuckwits who cant see it for what it is, who know only just enough to enable them to live off the shit (throwing on the shit sometimes or just managing, every mouthful making them dryretch like myself) keep on going on. Is there something at the end of it all. Will it ever unfold?

Death vesicles with loneliness,  
out in the stars, in the cold and the space.  
And with it depression, acting like a gateway of clarity giving depth to the shining points of light. Points of light brilliant but finite in an infinity. ~~void~~  
Empty cold space inbetween, everywhere.  
Empty cold space ~~it would seem,~~

4.10.97 A fascination with death. What is that all about. I like the undertones somehow and its an element of the 90's, an undercurrent to everything. It is alternative. Death, blackness, death of the establishment of old outdated ways and philosophies and religions and standards. With nostalgia so much a part of things our past, the mistakes or naivety or whatever is up there for us to see. We were so sure of ourselves, judgemental as we, as our ground was solid. Injustice performed by the self righteous. Horrible horrible scenarios. Things are moving so quick these days that they (the injustices) are less than a generation away. I don't know, it may have always been. I don't feel responsible for the killing of aborigines when Captain Cook arrived, I don't even feel remorse, that was all a part of another time, another era far removed from what and where we are now. The treatment of people since then however, in our parents generation ~~was~~, in our generation even, these I feel remorse for, not responsibility but remorse, and guilt and loathing. I think this is where a lot of the denial of society comes from. From loss of faith in where we are. There is no smugness, no confidence of where we are, that we are right and that the future is bright. Instead there is doubt and questioning coupled with the very least that what we doubt + question is being championed by us at the moment. People are being abused by priests, animals are being tested on, the environment

is being destroyed in the pursuit of money. I think a lot of people feel like they are the conscience ~~of the~~ dealing with the acts of the bloody minded + uncaring. And as a part of all of this the norm for what is right is set by a means unrelated to it all. People suffering + dealing with the remorse and guilt of what others are doing to the world around us whilst watching them supposedly at the top of the heap, as its no wonder death and depression become a part of it. A way to turn, a way to lend gravity to the slipstream they combat the ugly realities of life around them with.

~~Depression~~ Death to lend gravity to the slipstream used to deal with the ugly truth at the base of it all.

Depression from the <sup>frustration</sup> ~~helplessness~~ of being forced to watch ~~the~~ without power the ignorant ~~transports~~ slowly destroy the world ~~you're~~ in which you live.

What is to become of us?

I've suspected for a time now  
a little bit inside my head is  
broken. There are things I see  
that I cannot understand so  
I must be wrong. My view  
of the world it must be  
distorted. And it must be a  
bit in my head because I don't  
seem to function as well as  
everybody else. It seems  
others can get on.

I try sometimes to improve it  
and get on too. But that  
makes things worse sometimes  
as head splits in two. And  
no matter how I try to  
rationalize it there is always  
a problem. A problem caused  
I think by the broken bit. Since  
the thoughts go round &  
round until they stumble  
over the broken bit. And

that puts strain on all the  
other bits and -- and now  
I'm not sure I haven't broken  
other bits as well. Some of  
the good bits that were  
working ok in the first place.

Yes there is definitely some  
broken bits in there. It's a  
little bit sorry not being able  
to rely on ~~the~~ my head anymore.  
You see I'm afraid that  
one day it will break enough  
to be really bad and jerk to  
a stop. And that will hurt  
others around me and that's  
not good. So I keep going  
with broken bits rattling &  
clanging in an effort not to  
inconvenience the people  
with minds that haven't got  
anything wrong with them:

It's quite hard and a little  
sore at times and then not  
so bad at other times. But it  
is less sore than stopping.

Broken bits, broken bits,  
broken bits...

You see I secretly believe my  
bit isn't broken. It's just that  
maybe my bits are and all  
the other bits are just stupid  
& uncaring and helter-skelter.  
That is what I secretly believe  
but my bit isn't strong enough  
to compete. I don't want to

10.10.97 Snowstorms of Hogsum petals in the wind  
today. Dried out and swirling en masse  
across St Kilda road and all around me on my  
bike.

Do you know what I hate about boxer shorts  
elastic. It seems to go overnight. It seems fine in

the mornings, just like any other morning but it  
tires quickly and by the time you have had your  
first cup of coffee at work it's down around your  
balls. And the next morning is the same, it's had  
time to recoup overnight but it's not much good  
for more than an hour or two. And all this  
without warning. Years of fine handsome work  
and then saggo... down around your balls.

11.10.97 Miss Justin and Rosetta quite a lot. We were  
all good together I think. Had a good time.

Dinner with Drew & Fiona last night. Clear  
the air between us a bit I think. Drew said he  
felt a little put out that we had found other  
people in London to get along with when we  
were over there and that you grow apart,  
you have nothing in common talking after a  
years break. I think he questioned our  
friendship. I never did. Think people grow apart  
anyway. Different jobs, different lifestyle  
etc. Friends are always friends though. I  
think we are still pretty close friends, just  
not on a day to day basis.

I need some confidence. Maybe get back into the writing a bit.

16.11.97. While in Hong Kong I visited a Buddhist temple near Lantau Peak, the first I'd ever been to. There was a festival or something going on. I noticed some monks in the maroon robes had plastic toggles holding them tied around them (rather than leather or ~~wood~~ wood). As I noticed also one monk taking photos with a crappy camera and was a bit disappointed by it all. Something to do with these people not being true to their roots, to the ultimate earthiness and basic truth this religion should represent.

That however was only me. I was the one making issues of it. They most likely lived the way, without desire or want. This to them was just a camera, a thing of interest but quite aside from the real purpose of their day to day life. It was to me it represented everything else, all the greed and economy behind it. I hope anyway.

Reminds me of 'Shopping for Buddhas' a book I read in Nepal. This guy having a look

around the first mall in Kathmandu and noticing a crowd of people gathered around the the base of an escalator made his way over. In an approach of a grand master of technology, of a messiah about to part a sea or a lion tamer about to tame a lion he walked up to the moving steps, paused for dramatic effect and sprang onto the escalator head high, eyes forward, the subject of awe and admiration. He wasn't until he was about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the way up he turned around to see three monks walk in from outside, move through the crowd, and simply 'get on' and go up.

A nice passage and in it some of the essence of what getting to the bottom of life is all about.

Having seen so many places and religions and having read lightly albeit about some of them I don't think I could commit myself to one. I think it is from within, I don't think it is the same for all, and I'm not discounting the teachings of any religion in doing so. I don't want to be restricted to a path of travel even though it be to enlightenment. It must be possible to walk many at a time, or in walking one achieve others. It's not as simple as a path, there is more to it, more about life etc.

to do with it than just that.

And where did all of this come from? From a visit to the Tora Institute. A community house for Tibetan Buddhism. I would love to be back there now in Tibet, with the wide spaces around me. Wide spaces out over which your soul can expand. Over which you can see others souls. A very spiritual place from a natural point of view. I wonder if this is what people mean when they say this?

The danger with Buddhism in the West is all of the veils of mysticism etc etc that hang around it. A place far far away and all that. All of that I think is a distraction to the more down to earth reality of the goals behind it.

20.11.97

WEDDING (1333)

VISA (867)

NATWEST 470

CBA 1246

COMMON 35891

ANGEL HOUSE (25400)

BLON HOOTE 10400

/ 20400

■  
I want my life to be like a battleship.

I want it to be strewn with mud and blood with victory and spectacular failure.

But that's not me;

I like my sleep too much and I find it hard to let go that much; much as I'd like to.

I'm altogether less serious than I like to think me thinkst ■

Looking back over a lot of my little verses, they really are quite bad. I didn't think they used to be so bad. All written in some ~~low~~ depressed listless state. Read Victor Hugo and you soon realise what is good and what is not.

New Diary, new start I suppose...

Do you know what I like about olives. I like the taste of the dirt. The red dirt in clumps, the red earth raked in rows under the olive trees forming a wall paper. Olive and red ~~interior~~ wall paper laid out over the hills to the <sup>blue</sup> sky around me eyes. I also like the taste of the bright sun and of the hot streets when you are in a small dark bar sitting ~~sitting~~ ~~at~~ drinking a beer with men in large hats.

14.10.97	2.11.97	30.10.97	Not quite happening this morning. Woke up in a bit of a daze after a fluency night sleep. Motorbike wouldn't start (water in it somewhere?).
WEDDING (1357)	(1357)		
VISA (238)	(26)		
ROSETTA 200	200		
NANUCOT 270	270		
USA 309	17389		Pat plant of Angus I'd put up fell down destroying a plant that had only just started flowering after a year.
CAEU 330	100		And a cat was meowing at me from a wet garden bed outside of some flats.
NAB 9491	9491		
<del>MOORE</del> 9505	(18,400)		
MOORE 10 200	1180		
	10200		
	19 705	10097!	

ANIS  
DAR  
TELSTRA

GREENHILL  
SHARED

I wonder what he was trying to tell me?

4.11.97 It's been a month of bucks nights and weddings with Stu and Drew both getting married. I've been up and down. Uncertain is how I would describe my life. Nothing seems to stick and I am fumbling about trying to find something. Both the Age and the Herald weren't interested in my stories. I don't know who else to send them off to, Australian Geographic? They both made mention of rising costs and of stiff people. I'm not going to do it for nothing. The stories are worth more than that. Maybe I should put in a follow up call? Maybe I should make them into a small light book. Just for myself if nobody else. I doubt very much if publishers would be into that sort of thing. They must get a thousand such things a year - perhaps. That might be my next direction. I could do with work settling down a little.

The house is almost through. We are keeping the people there on for a bit both because it gives us a lot of flexibility and it helps them out. They have a dog and are currently looking for a place also, so I don't think they would be able to find another place to rent very easily.

to do with it than just that.

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VISA (867)

NATWEST 470

LBA 1246

COMMON 35891

ANCHOR HOUSE (25400)

BLON HOUSE 10400

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low depressed listless state. Read Victor Hugo  
and you soon realise what is good and what is not.

New Diary, new start I suppose...



30/1/95 0.57  
 31/1/96 0.59  
 4/2/97 0.59, 4267.47, -1638, 4241.43, -1688, <sup>5 1/2</sup> MONTHS, -3678, -830.58  
 21/2/97 0.62  
 4/3/97 0.63, 4556.79, -1068, 4530.75, -1118, <sup>6 1/2</sup> MONTHS, -2058, -567.30

19/8/96 16122  
 31/8/96 15577 (-550)  
 11/9/96 14928 (-650)  
 22/9/96 14378 (-550)  
 28/9/96 13962 (-400)  
 10/10/96 13272 (-700)

8/11/96 13039 (-150) 0  
 23/12/96 10258 (-2800)  
 23/1/97 11,116 (+900)  
 4/3/97 10,350 (-750)  
 22/3/97 13,358 (+3000)  
 27/4/97 10,906 (-2500)  
 25/5/97 11,408 (+600)  
 24/6/97 12,700 (+1300)  
 22/7/97 13,510 (+800)  
 22/8/97 14,645 (+1100)  
 22/9/97 16,026 (+1400)  
 19/10/97 19,705 (+1100)  
 20/11/97 20,420 (+700)

SAVED CAR 1800  
 BIKE 3500  
 BOND 400  
 (1600)  
 4100 over 6 MONTHS

Not too bad considering we had a wedding and all that!

TAX GDA  
 + 2,100 + 500

GREENCHIP

7000 @ 0.72 = 5040.00  
 + BROKERAGE = 58.05  
 5098.05

INVESTED 19/8/96  
 7000 @ 72.8c/share adj

DATE	SHARE PRICE	TOTAL WORTH	YIELD	OVER	PROS ANNUAL YIELD	\$
19/8/96	0.72	5040.00	-1.14%	-	-	-58.05
15/11/96	0.66	4620.00	-9.38%	3 MONTHS	-37.5%	-478.05
26/11/96	DIVIDEND PAID = \$140 = \$84.00 UNFRANKED + \$56.00 FRANKED.					

REINVESTED AS 233 SHARES @ 60.0c/share (discount)

TOTAL NO OF SHARES = 7233.

TAX REBATE ON FRANKED SHARES = \$20.16 (36%)

ASSUMING 33% TAX RATE - TAX TO BE PAID = (84 x 0.33) - (56 x 0.03) = 26.04.

DATE	PRICE	WORTH	YIELD	WORTH LESS TAX	YIELD LESS TAX	OVER	PROS	ANNUAL YIELD	\$
26/11/96	0.66	4773.78	-6.36%	4747.74	-6.87%	3.5 MONTHS	236	-350.31	
18/12/96	0.69	4990.77	-2.1%	4964.73	-2.6%	4 MONTHS	786	133.32	
28/12/96	0.63								
30/12/96	0.61								
23/1/97	0.59								
29/1/97	0.53								

→ IGNORE ALL CAPITAL GAINS TAXES/REFUNDS.  
 \* TAX BENEFITS FROM CAPITAL GAIN (REQUIRED FROM O/A AMOUNT AS NO OF SHARES ↑ BY NEW ACQUISITIONS - REINVESTED)  
 - IE) INVESTMENT VALUE BASED ON AS SEEN BY CAPITAL GAINS + LESS AS BASED ON ORIGINAL NO. OF SHARES.

*M*

BOOKS READ

SENSE + SENSIBILITY - JANE AUSTEN

3 1/2

THREEMEN ON THE BOMMEZ - JEROME & JEROME

3

SHERLOCK HOLMES - ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE (SHORT STORIES)

4

TAI-PAN - JAMES CLAVELL

4

LES MISERABLES - VICTOR HUGO

4

LONGITUDE

3

BUDDHISM - JOHN SNELLING

2 1/2

MOVIES

GROUNDHOG DAY

3 1/2

TRAINSPOTTING

4 1/2

MRS. DOUBTFIRE (ROBIN WILLIAMS)

2

PHENOMENON (JOHN TRAVOLTA)

2

ROAD HOUSE PATRICK SWANSE

1

ROMEO + JULIET

5 1/2

SCHINDLER'S LIST

4

~~ROCKY~~ SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER

3 1/2

THE TRUTH ABOUT CATS + DOGS

3 1/2

THE BASKETBALL DIARIES

4

KISS OR KILL

4 1/2

JERRY MAQUINNE

3

			RATE		
PLACE	CURRENCY	DATE	US \$	A.B	£
PRAGUE (AMEX)	KR	12/8/96	26.02		40.316
			25.75		39.501
(AMEX) VIENNA	As	16/8/96	10.22		15.970
(AMEX) CALRIKES	As	21/9/96			15.830 ?
(STREET MACHINE) VENICE	£	31/8/96	1480		230.8
MONTICARLO	FFr	17/9/96	5.0		
	Pta	28/9/96	124.39		193.45 (FF 24.24)
SEVILLE	Pta	8/10/96	119.13		186.29
"	"	"	118.00		182.83
ERGOVA	Esc	10/10/96	153.20		240.718
PARIS	FFr	21/10/96	4.95		7.90

ASIAN... AVOP...

ALL AM ASSUMING  
 1.35 A\$ = 1 US \$  
 2.0 A\$ = 1 £  
 1 A\$ = 3.7 FF

PLACE	PERIOD	AVERAGE PERIOD	C/A AVE AVERAGE	TOTAL C SPENT
LONDON → KONIGSTEIN	13 DAYS (13)	45.0	<del>42.0</del>	585
(PRE-LONDON (TERRIES, AA ETC))	-	(493.0)	82.1	1068
PRAGUE → VIENNA (MELKE, DANUBE)	9 DAYS (22)	44.1	66.6	1465
MELKE → VENICE (START) (DANUBE)	12 DAYS (34)	33.0	54.8	1862
(SLEEPING MAT - THERMOREST)	-	(149.0)	59.1	2011
VENICE → FLORENCE	11 DAYS (45)	59.0	59.1	2660
FLORENCE → SAUREMO	5 DAYS (50)	51.2	58.3	2916
SAUREMO → LYON	6 DAYS (56)	39.0	56.3	3150
LYON → PORTBOU (SPAIN)	6 DAYS (62)	44.1	55.1	3415
PORTBOU FEES 40% (EXCESS ONLY)	-	(80.0)	56.4	3495
PORTBOU → GRANADA	7 DAYS (69)	50.4	55.8	3848
GRANADA → ERGOVA (PORTUGAL)	5 DAYS (74)	42.0	54.8	4058
ERGOVA → COIMBRA	6 DAYS (80)	35.3	53.4	4270
COIMBRA → LONDON	6 DAYS (86)	65.7	54.2	4664
Loss left over currency	-	(-118)	52.9	4564



060 837735141  
DM 2,95