







CEYLON SUPREME

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29.11.97 Visited Pentridge the other day as a part of putting in a proposal at work. Was amazing. Tiny little cells with painted windows in these huge bluestone buildings. Standing in one of these cells you can feel the weight of all of the stone around you. Solid and encapsulating. The thickness of the walls blocks out all sound, ~~you put your hands on the wall and it is the solidness of stone~~. cold and immovable, no echo, nothing but weight. You could throw and thrash your way around ~~the walls of these cells and~~, beating yourself to a pulp whilst doing so and you wouldn't make a scratch of difference. ~~That's~~ Your screams would dissipate into them ~~and the stones of the walls~~ and the muffled garbleds that did get out ~~would pass~~ the ears of a jailer ~~too~~ on their way to the empty night air outside. ~~That however would be it,~~ they would fade into the darkness ~~the outside world~~ unheard. The hive of warmth and light that is the world outside is separated by a no mans land that <sup>would</sup> <sup>would</sup> become built into your psyche. I could imagine no better way to crush the spirit of a human being than to cut him off from the world like this. Even the stars in the night sky





Your world is limited to you and are denied to him. ~~It would take an exposure~~ <sup>the person</sup> mind ~~indeed to provide enough space to avoid~~ <sup>only.</sup> ~~the claustrophobia that must surely drive you~~ ~~to a breakdown~~.

There is nothing quite like the seaminess of quiet. Pain is over in an instant but solitude endures on. What effect living with that every day ~~must be~~ and every night must be.

And it is all so old. The brutality and unforgiveness of these buildings would remind you every living minute of how the outside world has left you behind. I couldn't stand it.

3.12.97 Writing pen on paper is a bit of a lost art these days it would seem. Mentalities getting lazy and orientating themselves to the computer. With the computer you are able to just lay down the information and chop and change it later on to give it form and flow. With the pen that has to happen at the outset. Lazy I wonder? Probably, more freedom, less restraint to creativity? Probably as well I would think.

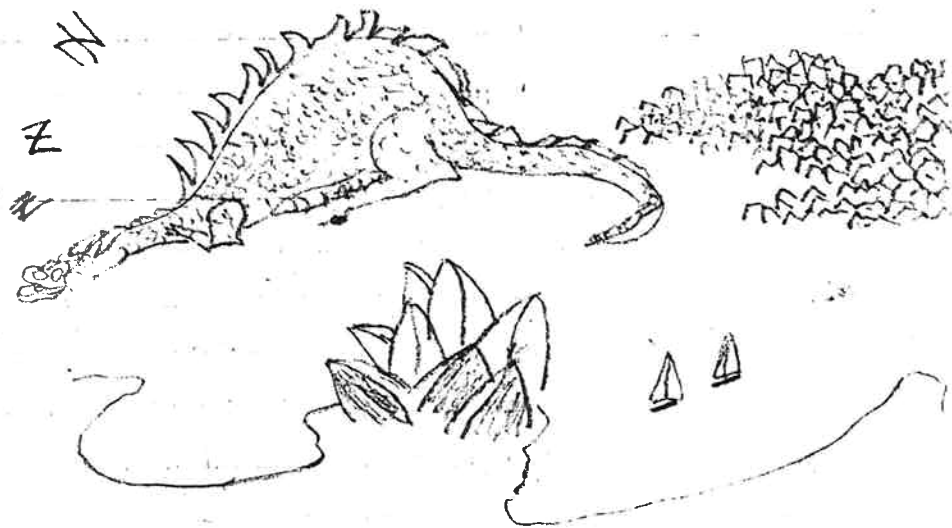
Lots of financial things happening at the moment. Loan has come through, a hundred and one bills, stuffed up the shores with dad so will have sort that out. Hmmm. Work is quite busy, Cadbury Schweppes is happening. Must try to get a bit more relaxed about it all and regain some balance. Summer is here and I should be at home working on the bike, writing or playing golf rather than at work doing that little

You know how when you lie falling asleep with a beautiful view outside or some type of spectacular geography all around you, and you can feel it. It will sort of creep into your soul as a pure and basic element and give you ~~satisfaction~~ a benchmark against which to relate, against which to draw from or to rest against. Well having someone walk by the window at night on the street does the same thing. A little connection into a global pulse or people. Like a link to something huge, something global huge on the same scale as the night sky say. A connection in awareness by which you can do the same thing, rest upon

it or draw from it, or just feel that it is there. Very comforting.

- 9.12.97 Sydney on the weekend to see Chris. Hes a good friend. Manly, The Steyne, The Kimmibel, the balcony in his flat watching parakeets in the trees. Was a good weekend. Look forward to seeing him from time to time in the future.
- Finding myself needing 1/2 on hours sleep here + there but can't sleep after that. Mentally tired. I think. Find a little more time to myself. Get Back John Lee Hooker from Mum.
- Sydney itself is beautiful, the harbour. The city ~~itself~~ though seems all roads and traffic. A little wearing, don't know if I could live there. Expensive.
- Playing touch football with work at the moment. Quite good. On the therapeutic side of enjoying myself I think ☺.

10.12.97 Feeling really drained at the moment. Just another half hour sleep please. Fast a week of me, some photography a movie or two and a book and a bed.



19.12.97 Past is an interesting concept. I think in buying a house we probably would have preferred a Victorian or Edwardian Place. I was reading in a book this morning about the strictness of a Victorian upbringing<sup>all</sup> the stiltedness and moral rigidity. I wonder what echoes the floorboards of a 1930's house hold. A world of jazz and progress, a world opening up in flower of large ocean liners, wirelesses and was black and white TV around then? I wonder if lying awake at night any of that will be emanating in slight background buzz from the walls of brick + mortar, from the very soil below and the trees above?

23-12-97. One day I would like to take a week off and live on the streets like the homeless old man you see by the markets. Go to sleep on cardboard and wake up with the city.

26-12-97. Been a bit up + down with finances lately, Ange + I have just been throwing money at all sorts of things it seems!

OK USA

0

UK NATWEST

572

CBA

42

NAB

550

VISA CBA

0

USA NAB

-774

CASH

170

560

Plus the mortgage. The conservation gazette owes Ange \$2000 which is really bad. Julian has wiped his hands of it saying he is no longer a director and palmed things off on some financier in Sydney. Ange is stressing over it and has been in tears a couple of times. Quiet tears, I think she feels really hurt at being duped. There is not much she can really do, or could have done in fact. Luckily we still have money to get by. Another girl with a child has gone into overdraft etc.

1-12-98. Hanging Rock races today with Monty + Alina etc. Very hot, very Australian. Watching a show on the outpour of emotion for princess D., the flowers etc. I'm not saying it is a bad thing but does demonstrate how insular society / people are. Who

is there to mourn for the fields of people dead in Rwanda, the hundreds of others dying of poverty in the world in the worst possible circumstances. What does it take for us to open our consciences to these? Maybe it is a scale thing? Who is there to mourn for those dying out of the worlds eyes...

10-1-98 I went to a place in my dreams last night where I haven't been in a long time. I'm pretty sure it is only a place in my dreams, I can't place it anywhere else. I was there with Ange and Marg and it was very vivid. It is a small village built on a rocky cliff by the coast. There are a lot of stone buildings as you come in. You go over some rises and small corridor like spaces open to the air with buildings and rocks above you as you enter. I'm not sure what is on the other side, the outside. It has the feeling I guess that it is some hill, stony with bush grass on the way up. Dry and Australian in nature. I can't remember if Australia was the last time I was there (before travelling). Probably not as the rest of the place feels a bit European or even Turkish although I have never been to Turkey. That sort of dry brown anyway with open ocean below you in a slight haze caused by the distance and the sun. You enter onto a courtyard anyway and opposite you across

cobblestones is this huge old religious building, a church I think. And it has old timber doors that are weather worn and slightly dishevelled but have the most beautiful intricate remains of painting on them. Yellows and Reds and blacks + whites in intricate patterns of swirling flowers. From the square there are small winding lanes that make their way down through two and three storey terraces, presumably down to the sea and a boat ramp and small harbour perhaps, seaweed and stony beach and seagulls. I end up heading off to the left and after a few houses and lanes I end up coming down into a lower level. Exactly how I get there I'm never sure, it's like I stumble upon it by accident. That's when I realise I have been there before. The lower level is a wide sweeping plaza, the right hand side follows the line of the cliff and on the left is a row of cafes bars and food type places. The whole level is cut out of the stone and the roof is the rock of the cliff continuing ~~up~~. It is cooler down here being enclosed by the stone. It is also a ~~bit~~ darker and quieter, like eating area of a theme park that is not very busy. A young girl behind a counter and some discarded paper cup and plate from

one of the few meals that have been eaten there. There is also a supermarket somewhere in the chain of things. This time I was trying to buy some of the cheese that we had tasted up at the Varra Valley Dairy over Christmas (that was now locally produced in this place). I couldn't get any anyway, they were all sold out for the season.





The eating area I realise has been laid out badly in the scheme of things and doesn't get the people it should, it needs. It is a dead end and too large really for the no. of people who come here. The hill above is bare and there isn't much respite from the sun. I usually follow this around and it becomes narrower + narrower and you leave through a doorway and a passageway + stairs like a fine scope.

Memories of dreams fade so fast and there is something in you that tells you not to follow them. Things like that, ingrained for your own good? Does it just confuse everything, bring together two that should be apart.

"  
From Joy we arise  
By Joy we are sustained  
and into Joy we return."  
- The tablet - City Books Cafe.

Perception, Feeling and Expression displaced by need greed and anxiety. To live like I want. I want lots of money in a bank somewhere, and I want a safe base and then I want me separate to all of that spending all my day perceiving, feeling

and expressing. And what good it would do anyone but me I don't know.

Getting married was a mistake in that it involves commitment, as would kids as would a dog and a job. My time for me is passing and that's ok maybe to come again later? I hope so. So for the next 20 years I still want to be married + to have the dog + the job + the kids.. - - - Really it is impossible to be subjective - isn't that a problem humm.

How can you possibly take in all that is in a book when there can be so much in one line, one poem one word. I walk into a bookshop + feel assaulted washed over and drowned by all other information. Which is why I like photography, and short stories and small poems and talking one on two or just me, because I feel like I can handle that input. Anyone becomes confusing becomes aggressively over the scale of the human brain.

15.1.98 "When are our brothers and sisters going to stop killing themselves for the peace that only death seems to offer" - My Little brother - ABC - Load. The death that only peace seem

to offer. I can relate to that.

26.1.98 Arrested Development - probably.

31.1.98 "As happens sometimes, a moment settled and hovered and remained ~~stagnant~~ for much more than a moment. And sound stopped and movement stopped for much, much more than a moment. Then gradually time awakened again and moved sluggishly on. The horses stamped on the other side of the feeding racks and the halter chains clinked. Outside the men's voices became louder and clearer" - With ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~book~~ "Carley's <sup>diad.</sup> wife in the barn in John Steinbeck's Of Mice and Men.

3.3.98 I think sometimes we mistake the route to our happiness as the solution to the world's problems when really .... it doesn't have anything to do with it. — somebody yaks and I went into a dream....

4.3.98 Heroes for gold, Hot asles for dreams, Hot air for a cool breeze, Cold combat for change. Thinking a bit about how together we was, how together we were when we were travelling. Dreams and ideals

and reality

6.3.98 Had a complex dream about having to sleep at the top of one of the passes we had visited in Tibet. Chris + Nic were there and all sorts of things were going on. Anyway remember worrying about being so high for a night's stay without acclimatization. Woke up this morning with a headache from induced altitude sickness - the things I have to go through!

pm Melbourne Grand Prix and Moomba. Saw Ed Forward from London the other day and he said Melbourne struck him as being a bit more grunge than Sydney. Not a bad observation. I like grunge, it has more of a reflective aspect about it.



↳ Supposed to be Flash dog. Little ears bright eyes and a big tongue. He will be happy - get to spend a long weekend with him this weekend. (Has a good dog!).. (and will find his way home).

14.3.98 Do you get older to the point where it is impossible for you to hold all of the information you have run past you day to day to week to year? Do you start to abandon things, memories, thoughts, people, philosophies, ideals? Do you start to abandon the past and recognize only the embrace of the

moment? Do you keep recreating the atmosphere that gives you the ambience you are searching for? A constant re-living of the moment without any progression of thought, a loop in the ambience, your mind only able to deal with the immediate having abandoned the past, the ups and downs and the overall course for the moment, the song you keep replaying again and again in ignorant comfort, avoiding, unable to deal with the awesome magnitude of ~~the~~ what following the real world and your place in it has become.

Flash day, Richmond, work, Pina got married last week, Debbie this week, floorboards in the toilet, the park and the Talba, Richard + Jackie, Burnings, Mum + Dad + Tessie, Senon and Biddie, Mogo, and all her family, Brian + Ireland, little girls called Eren, red rags, circular saws, motor bikes, pushbikes and a new ticketing system, rides on the trail, a scotch a night and tequila, Australian trees and neighbors, a swim and run with a dog at Port Melbourne beach, Monty + Alina, Peter Boutell + Frank, RMT + Justin, Sylvia + Ivana, London, Greece, Italy, Spain, photos, Eight hours of sleep, work + vegetarian food, Eren and feeling

22.3.98. Travelling, really meant so much to me, I wish I could find words to express. Immerse yourself in a planet of people for awhile. Hold your breath, tilt your head back and float. Through the colour, the tradition and history, the architecture the seasons, the religions, the terrains, the tone the wild the beautiful and the bold and the mystic. Through mountains, so winds, rains sun, camels, donkeys, spices and medicines. Immerse yourself in a planet so far reaching, so widespread, so virgin and immense you can't possibly comprehend anything but the moments. Exploring, immersing yourself in it all, you see this earth as one would from space. Your mind scales to heights of understanding and comprehension of homo sapien or yourself that the only way out is down. To be able to tell people of this, to be able to convey to people, to keep on doing this I would like to give anything, but the truth is I can't I want me also and finally they are different things, I can't visualize them together.

I would I must take a few photos and bits and pieces of writing to a publisher perhaps. Yes, no harm can come from trying. Perhaps talk to Angie's friend Wanda Brown. I torn in two I guess. It's just that all of this is out here + I want people to know. It is not enough that people watch documentaries as I used to. You cannot realise. Television has broadened our scope of vision as did writing and

speech thousands of years past but nothing can compare to the feeling of home or water on the hand. Even now watching these documentaries and reading these articles, I cry for I know that the image I am taking in is out there somewhere in flesh + blood + I yearn to feel it not just to look at it. Somebody help me please.

3.4.98 What is it that leads everything we do towards power and wealth. We have to be better, that I think is human nature and if there is a reason why we are here I'm sure that is one of the building blocks behind it. Why is though that this nastiness underlies it, a bad mix of wanting to be better and competitiveness. Wanting to improve being the way of the future and the competitiveness the drive behind it carried through from primal days.

Been reading a bit more on Tao. I like the basic concept, the way. The mysticism I'm not so sure of, the relation to warth etc I like but believe it can go anywhere, run into anything.

Religion needs to be a personal thing. The moment more than one person is involved it is subject to corruption, to leading and following.

I'm really on this observing thing at the moment,

contemplation, the world through a coffee shop window. The year off travelling, the life going on around me that seems that half beat away from reality, all serves to put me a half step back watching with interest. I have no deep drive if the truth be known to ~~do~~ push things, to break any trails, I'm happy to soak up the wash of other people of the world around.

Look at the case of CDs sitting next to me and can feel myself nodding wallowing enveloped in the mystical moods and feelings, beautiful, and I see the planet out beyond the window above and feel the same things.

And I love the blues.

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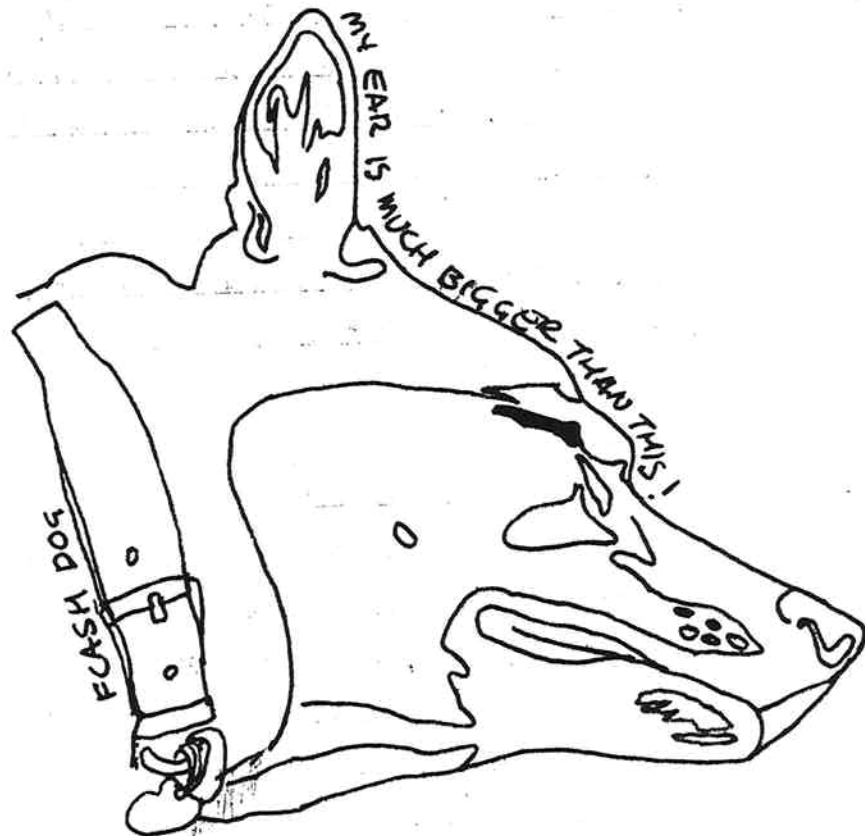
5.4.98 Sat down in St Kilda Botanical gardens today and were visited by Sophie and Emma, Emma being a little Jack Russell. Fosh + Emma had a great time together and Sophie just sat and chatted to us. I think, she would have been about fourteen, very well spoken + not uncomfortable talking to people at all. Sitting in the warm sun listening to Sophies forkness, unhesitatingly becoming acquainted with another person watching the dogs play was fantastic, that ~~same~~ feeling of warmth on the body and warmth on the soul, very rejuvenating.



12.4.98 Galleon Cafe yesterday with Marg and Tub. Barona Lassis, rice pudding, dal, brought back a few travel memories, I love sitting in a cafe like that reading or writing in the diary, just soaking up a different place outside. A place to act as a meniscus between your inner and their outer. It has to be said I expected quite a bit from travelling and was never disappointed. One day we will back there. Maybe with one kid or two, will be good.

27.4.98 The street (mainly Janet at the end) organised a barbecue today to welcome us (+Flash) and a couple of little babies that had been born. Had it at the neighborhood house as it was a bit wet for the park. It was Tom's 89<sup>th</sup> birthday also. Went + saw an exhibition put on by the mother of the girl across the street from Angi. The girl Jodie (the exhibition was 'Who is Jodie Brodara' or something like that) died suddenly from pneumonia about five years ago. Very sad. Very good work. Silk painting + machine embroidery. Saw Tom in the street taking Flash out + he walked around with us. Lovely guy, lives by himself with a heap of enthusiasm + optimism about him yearning for the old days of no cos + people talking in the street. Would like to drop in on him

and walk with him a bit more and get to know him. He served in the war but isn't really into remembrance days. We both did terrible things in that war he says. No definite outspoken reason for not attending the ANZAC's etc. other than his friends + his life ~~was~~ were the people he worked + lived with really. I like him.



What do you want Brendon? Where are you going, what do you want and which path should you choose?

I wouldn't say I have regrets. I have longings, longings to do things my time here won't allow. Hmmm...

30.4.98 Growing up getting pushed this way and that, shoved and kneed and shying away from things pressed upon you. All you want is for it to go away ~~and cease~~ and to be left alone ~~for a while~~ in peace to enjoy a moment of quiet.. And then you die.

12.5.98 Less baggage. Just the things you appreciate, the things that you need, the things that are you.

14.5.98 Sometimes get a bit caught up in the competition of it all. Got to be the best or we will all be behind and into oblivion, cease to exist or something. Not a healthy thing. Should enjoy and appreciate what others do. Should be an open forum of progress and achievement shared between people. And if you've taken advantage of, if there is a non-existence of oblivion out there, then you have fallen into it honestly. Be more open, appreciate, enjoy and learn!

16.5.98

"We are the real countries, not the names on maps or the names of powerful people"

The English Patient

There are times I find myself so full of feeling and emotion I want to curl up in pain and ~~let my cry~~ ~~eyes out~~ at the injustices and the sadness and the human strain. ~~We all go through every day of our living~~; and it makes me feel carried away by it all, and wanting to hold onto it, to not let it go, to revel in it. ~~No~~

It's a strange feeling, one of love I think as it has all the same characteristics.

Went to the beach today with Frank and his four boys, took Flosh down and he played with the kids and ran around like a mad dog loving it. Charles from work was there also. Threw the football and watched Frank + Charles surf fish (Kilcundra). Was a great couple of hours. The EH ~~was~~ on the way up + down - made for trips like that. Frank is a great guy, pretty down to

earth and in control, full of thought for everyone around him.

22.5.98 Saw three hot air balloons come up into the sky and across the park this morning. Majestic against a cold clear pale blue morning.

23.5.98 A relaxed day shopping, no deadlines just an easing of the week's strains, still only a slow easing, an easing to be wary of. A ge took me out to Wotter wine bar where we had good wine and good cheese and a good night.

Here is a people ever in extremes, or in a nightmare, or in golden dreams"

The Melbourne Funeral, c1890

24.5.98 "India is a place above all others where one must not take things too seriously - the mid-day sun always excepted" Rudyard Kipling

Finished reading a book on Chinese thought, very interesting. There is a lot to learn from a history of people,

I have always thought previously of history as being disadvantaged by more primitive conditions, of not having the up to date means of thought we have today and have treated it as such as the dark times that come before if you like. It is in fact a natural progression, men for better informed than we have lived and breathed and thought thousands of years in our past. We relive the mistakes of those before us on the one hand and take as gospel the words of others on the other because time has either rendered them irrelevant or inapproachable in our minds. And besides all this it is romantic and exotic, a wild world of culture and of time to explore through the eyes of observers who were there. Fantastic.

H.G. Council on Western Culture: "characterised by the spirit of aggressiveness and competition and when in excess lead to quarrelsomeness of individuals and sabre rattling by nations". On Chinese culture historically: "contentment is practised, perhaps to extremes resulting in stagnation at points or at least an inability to compete with western civilization. Balance and poise coming from li and showing itself in quiet assurance without the assertiveness in what we call pride is another part of Chinese culture, traditional culture." He tells of a Chinese scholar friend at work he invites to his house to

talk about art. He suggests getting something to eat  
between work and his house. His friend declines ~~me~~, let us  
on our separate ways and have our dinner quietly, then I  
will come to your house, you can give me a cup of tea  
and we can approach our discussion on art with our  
minds properly prepared for it. - Balance and poise  
and flow rather than the jerky stop start of competition  
and aggression. And of course all things in moderation  
always is.

"Poetry presents the thing in order  
to convey the feeling. It should be  
precise about the thing and reticent  
about the feeling, for as soon as the  
mind responds and connects with the  
thing the feeling shows in the words;  
this is how poetry enters deeply into us.  
If the poet presents directly feelings  
that overwhelm him, and keeps nothing  
back to linger as an aftertaste, he  
stirs us superficially; he cannot startle  
the hands and feet involuntarily waving  
and tapping in time, for less strength than  
morality and refine culture, sit

leaves and earth in motion and call  
up the spirits!"

Wei T'ai - eleventh century.

I should keep this in mind when I try to write, it has  
photography in it, a small statement or capturing of  
fact with some moods or framing to invite the mind  
to extrapolate and wonder on its own from the base you  
have presented.

25-5-98 This weekend felt so relaxed, felt like the start of a new  
phase, a new holiday or something. Woke up this morning to the  
alarm thinking this is not right, work should now be a part of  
my previous life, I should be sleeping in and getting up later to  
do some work on the house, to relax. Not so anyway! There  
was very low cloud blowing through the city today, big  
wisps of white moving between and around the buildings.  
Arey said it reminded her of Dharamsala, - very much so,  
wet and cold and immense, and slightly surreal.

28-5-98 Calm state of mind before an open weekend on the  
Gold coast discussing strategy for Arey. Beginnings  
are always clean, always full of hope.

" Tonight God knows what things shall tide,  
The Earth is racked and faint, -  
expectant, sleepless, open eyed;  
And we, who from the Earth were made,  
Thrill with our Mother's Pain."

In Divorce  
(Rudyard Kipling?)

29.5.98 Modern Industrial Society is a fanatical religion. We are demolishing, poisoning, destroying all life systems on the planet. We are signing 100's our children will not be able to pay. . . . We are acting as if we were the last generation on the planet. Without a radical change in heart, in mind, in vision, the earth will end up like Venus, charred and dead.

What is scary about this passage is that it come from a former Brazilian minister for the environment responsible for the amazon rainforest. The west ignorantly driving third world catastrophes like this through economics, shitting as it were on our own back yards. Confining our lives to living rooms everything else becomes out of sight and out of mind, other responsibilities.

In 'Chinese Thought' a passage on the Taoists

made reference to a merciless accepting of tragedy, in the over-all, people die, peoples die, for good reason for bad. This is the only scale to look at it on. impassively and with the heart to change things for the long term I believe.

31.5.98 'My religion is to live and to die without regrets'.  
Milarepa.

Surfers have a connection with the physical of this world that others don't. A calm and solidity that is the pace of the ocean. That of the earth is less stable in this respect. ~~the~~

'This thing called corpse we dread  
so much is living with us here + now'  
Milarepa.

3.6.98 Flash and I walked down by the lake path later tonight. Dark and cool and still. The Yarra was mirror smooth reflecting the lights and <sup>the</sup> shadows in the trees. All quietly aside from the city around.

6-98 Visited Ron tonight. He was in bed, asleep, in a coma. Rhonda sat on one side stroking his cheek and Norma stood behind us her normal smiling chirpy self. He seemed very peaceful, head to one side and passing expressions on his face like he was dreaming, which he probably was. He went to the coma on Thursday night apparently and nobody expected him to live through the night. He has a pacemaker which might help. Imbalances in electrolytes or something make him twitch every now & then, he is pumped full of drugs ~~to help~~ for his and that, ~~and~~ he hasn't eaten for days and only takes fluid through a cotton wool swab. And all the time Rhonda lay near him and stroked his cheek and Norma looked on smiling and dealing with it. David was asleep then being with him all night and the kids ~~and~~ watched television and did I don't know what else.

Have been in a very intimate mood the last couple of weeks, months? I just want to lie down with someone, hold on and care or be cared for. To be romantic, to fall in love - go through all of that soulful connection stuff. How I used to (and still do?) feel about Sylvia, Julie in Surfers Paradise, age when we met. The person I can't stop thinking about now must be Pipia. Not a sexual thing, it never is, but just an amazing thing. I'm not sure it's because she is quite strong or it's because there is ~~an~~ vulnerability, I'm not sure. She

was telling me the other day about how she was mistaken for a boy at an airport and I had to laugh and wanted to hold her at the same time. You will let yourself get carried away and indulge yourself Bron. I like nothing more than indulging in a bit of idealism + surrealism, I'm just not strong enough in my life to take that much of a leading load. I exercise restraint in my life less & less it seems (in my character), will see where it leads I guess.

Saw a French love tragedy tonight with Ange, 'The Apartment' (fantastic movie, videos at home are ~~are~~ probably my most favorite way of spending a night. I love the movies, let me take you to a place far away, I'll take your heart and your soul on a trip of feelings that will fill you to the brim, fill you with love, with fear, with hope, will play with and awaken all that is within you. I will show you what life, what humanity can be.

I couldn't leave Ron tonight without saying I will see you again. I shed a tear or two and Rhonda said something about the old games of SDO at Bowers. Can't deal with a finality of an end, an end in anything, relationships, lives, the smallest problem at work. And is that necessarily wrong. I think it probably is, it's not because it does end, then because you have to move on from things in life ever should they continue. ~~So~~ So be at peace when the time does come Ron, and we



might see you later.

7.6.98 Was thinking today that that house, Ross house with all the family was a place in stasis. For three days they had been there, since Wednesday night with Ron having slipped into a coma. The nurses visiting every four hours, doing shifts by the bed, cooking, watching tv, ~~and~~ Rhonda thinking Ron might wake up any time, all of this that could have gone on forever, and Ron there in the middle of it, dying. He wasn't taking any food and only minimal fluids, it could never have gone on and yet what else could you do but to go on being there, ~~supporting, helping him~~ things very natural and unnatural all around each other.

8.6.98 Ange and I seem a bit distracted at the moment. I think so much is going on with our lives it's hard to be us sometimes. I'm really looking forward to the next few days we have off work. Where do you put a relationship like ours in the scheme of things, with work and with travel and with Flash & people do around us. She is a beauty that flows through it all, I'm not sure how you differentiate it, I feel like I share so much sometimes I don't consciously know how much a part of each other we are. Everyday I will appreciate her solidness. Our relationship started in an intimacy I have never known before, it really was the most amazing high of my life that time we spent getting to know

each other. That now seems to have settled to a background of love. The trouble with backgrounds is that you lose sight of them and get caught up with all the little plays that go on in front. Must try to not let that happen so much. She was a little depressed tonight I think, a little melancholy or something. Scares me a bit when that happens as it's not in her nature and I think it might be me. It probably is, I have worked 2 1/2 days of our first week holiday in a while and have to most probably work the last. Then I have to be me as well. I would say I'm not enjoying all the bits of my life at the moment everything is great in fact, it's just turning out to be very hard to find a balance between them all.

9.6.98 Every now and then when it's really cold and night has come, and I feel like being alone, not even alone as Ange sometimes comes too, solitary maybe, out of phase or away from it, taken away even, Flash & I walk down by the river. really is beautiful, be it mist or rain or moon or just night it has a density of feeling atmosphere about it. When a train goes over the railway bridge above you and there is stone and iron and green light and the solid sound of train over rail all superimposed in moving shadows of positive & negative, you could be fifty years away. You could be in a world war, in a Sherlock Holmes novel

time and place seem to tingle with connections to where  
so what I do not know. It is quite a nice moment to  
turn from this, hands in pocket with Flash on the  
with in front of you somewhere and walk further  
into the darkness.

10.6.98 Ross funeral today, quite emotional. I tried to  
try out of it a bit having quite a cold interest in death  
to the moment, not cold, cold is not the right word, ~~but~~  
assise, natural, distancing or overiewing, I don't know,  
something that gives me an acceptance of it, like a kid at  
the airport watching relatives leave. Life has gone on, is  
ill going on + will continue to go on, not that it should not  
be wished, the life should not be celebrated or anything like  
it, I guess I am just in a selfish inward looking mood at  
the moment. Defense mechanism? I don't know, I don't  
like so. When I am buried I would like to be put into the  
with in front of everyone. I want a cheap coffin  
retroble to the worms, I want people to see and hear the  
spire of earth or the timber and I want to decompose  
on the earth. I want rivers to run over me, grass + trees  
gain strength from me. I want a very unreligious  
mon that starts with ashes to ashes, dust to dust  
I mark the passing of my corpse, the corpse that I carry  
th me today as I live in the words of the Tibetans, the

passing of my corpse back to whence it come. And rather than  
mourning the passing, I would want people to remember the  
life, and life to come, mine or others. I will be ready to  
pass, I feel ready now in lots of ways though I don't  
want to, too many things left undone, too many things yet  
to enjoy. And if I pass into other life, or if I pass into  
oblivion then the very passing will have merit I have been  
here, a part of something, or maybe just me but I have  
been.

So Heburn Springs and Daeglesford. Open fires and  
cold outcides, new meals + coffee shops. Enjoy! ...

11.6.98 Go stalk the red deer o'er the heather  
Ride, follow the fox if you can  
But, for pleasure and profit together,  
allow me the hunting of man, -  
The chase of the Heanon, the search for the Soul  
To its ruin, - the hunting of man.  
The Old Shikarri

He was not in the open fight  
We threw away the sword,  
But in the lonely watching  
In the darkness by the ford.  
The waters lapped, the night wind blew



Full armed the Fear was born and grew,  
And we were dying ere we knew  
From peace in the night.

'Beani Bar'

A couple of poems from 'Rudyard Kipling's Plain Tales from the Hills'. Whilst there are beautiful passages and a constant of good insights into life in India, his writing I do not believe compares with people like George Orwell or Steinbeck, maybe they are early pieces in his career, probably being in India, will have to keep an eye out for the longer story, Rudyard Kipling has always been a figure of mythical significance, a soulmate imagined after 'The Man Who Would Have Been King'.

Lots of things to consider in life along the way.

Death, should it come sooner or later is but one small concern

that often gets put aside in light of more pressing matters.

Probably a good thing that I think. You ~~don't~~ <sup>shouldn't</sup> need to sacrifice today in order to prepare for the 'morrow', right?

15.6.98 Michael Luerig in an article refers to the way people refer to God, God this, God that, oh my God, God knows, and he says it means to him people's reference to their deepest

truest expression, to something not earthly or profitable, and I think not religious (necessarily religious) either. An inner core, a walnut at the centre or just the soul. I like that outlook or I like that here is a direct reference to this inner belief, a belief in good and bad, a direct statement aimed or said to something so basic + so pure that people try in different ways to find and explore + know everyday of their lives. Why it I haven't noticed this before, it's so beautifully simple and there in your face. I know, it doesn't answer any question or anything but it is a great insight on the mind, on the psyche.

So back to work back to work back to work. The jolt served to demonstrate how stressed and uptight the workplace makes me (it will take time to get back into dealing with that and how relaxed I was after holidays). The other end was gradual change, a gradual release, pretty quick I guess at a week, not as quick as the jolt back. Hmmm... what to about that.

27.6.98 Saw 'Judgement' at the Colton Courthouse last night. Cold motorbike ride, a wedding dress out back of La Mamas asking for directions, a room with open fire, a cup of coffee, ten or so people and a raffle. Then the play, a smoke-filled courthouse and a monologue on the mental progression through an act of war. Seven Russian officers left locked in the basement

of a monastery and reduced to cannibalism. Fantastic  
delirium; very very good.

29.6.98 Depression and sadness are altogether purer  
feelings than is happiness. The slightly ill formed human  
brain of today has no means of blocking out the trace  
poisonous that run through it. These complement sadness,  
they soothe it or at the very least provide no objection  
to it where as happiness sees them as stains.

2.7.98 A week back I was on a high, now I'm down to the  
depression again. That destructive (self destructive) trash it  
all anger. And we all know what the ultimate trash is don't  
we. I think its coming of RMT and the fact that I didn't get a  
pay rise and that I didn't get a promotion (no pay rise  
worth mentioning anyway). Whats the answer - to get one. I  
don't think that that would help. I think I feel on the outer  
of people in management, of not management, that doesn't  
worry me but of the people that are crap, that matter -> yes  
probably the management. That pisses me off more. Pippa isn't  
that great yet gets into all of this. But slowly slowly? I  
didn't want it all did I just get anyway. Maybe its the  
eyes of bullshit I uncover on the way up. Dinner the other  
night was a bunch of rude, pompous arrogant arseholes  
eating themselves stupid. A bunch of deluded dicks -  
Stephen King especially, what a fucking poor sad

petty victim of a human being. Do I not like that because I am  
associated with it all, living in it all, becoming one; or  
because I expected different, or because of the injustice to the  
good people around that people like this should exist and  
empty their bowels upon them, or because he was promoted  
to associate? Probably a bit of all. Is it because I am  
tired, that I can't be bothered pushing it any further, this  
life that is. Am I just grumpy + want people to share my  
bad mood? I think that may be it, I daydream about  
resigning moving on more to hurt the Peter Bowtals + David  
Singletons of this world more than anything, to hurt in  
anger, is that a reaction to the commitment those parties  
are drawing from me. Maybe that is it, I am reacting to  
commitment. Its a thin balance the effort + reward, the  
rewards are so thin + tenuous and based on perception, and  
perception is based on mood and its all a self feeding  
circle. Trash it fucking all anger.

2.7.98 Sometimes I try to feel a future. Feel a mass out there  
like you can feel a body of water pressing on its banks or the  
airiness of breeze through trees. I can feel a past but it is  
difficult as the present seems to claim the past as its own and  
overpowers it. The past rarely has any feeling of mass about it,  
it is more a burnt black shadow of the colours that were the  
mass as it happened. Which perhaps is why I can't feel the

lecture, it is colour waiting to be heard. Or perhaps it is not there, perhaps I have no future of any significance, of any feel in this world.

Something is missing. When we get to the end of this world maybe we will know what it is and we will next probably then look back with sadness and a sense of loss and say if only I had known, if only this and if only that. Well I feel like I know there is this missing of the point, this waste building up around me but I don't feel strong or disciplined or intelligent enough to figure it out. Help me please.

If I was a psychiatrist I would put this sense of something missing down to a yearning to attention and for material reward. And if I were to be brutally honest with myself I might agree. It is too easy however to go back to the habit, to set up the delusionary networks of pots on the back and to keep searching, looking for the same, the unknown we all crave.

7-98 Watched 'Farewell my Concubine' last night, a movie about the Chinese Opera and the changing political conditions affect the lives of three people. A movie full of pain. China

must have been full of pain over the last 50 years, reminded me of wild Swans and of how scary humans can be. You would hope that all of this is behind us now wouldn't you however there was still that reading in peoples eyes in China, that hard accepting wariness of the bigger wheels around them. Maybe I could work in amnesty or ~~as~~ greenpeace or something once we get a little settled financially, maybe. I would really like that.

7.7.98 'What we have to learn, in both meditation and life, is to be free of attachment to the good experiences and ~~detached~~ aversion to the negative ones' Sogyal Rinpoche. I can believe all of this but I can't believe we are supposed to detach from pain and joy, and life.

9.7.98 Lights over the face of the town hall. People gathered in the street looking upward, trams dingy post, the odd taxi, lights of the city reflecting in a wet night. Gas heaters ~~straining~~ off ~~planned~~ steam to the cold air, umbrellas, smiles, helmets and leather jackets. Went and saw the three Tenants tonight, a sampling of opera performed from the windows of the town hall. Cautious to the people, felt like I was living a paragraph in a book a hundred years hence, a lithograph or wood block print of hooded peasants outside of the Albert Hall, music to the people... Really enjoyable thing. Dropped into

Pellegrini's ~~on the bike~~, wet city <sup>again</sup>, heavy jackets <sup>scores</sup>, and a homeless guy on the sidewalk chatting about the ~~Harvard~~ <sup>Bike</sup>. Coffees and Napoletanas and throwing out and home to see Flash.

10.7.98 Saw Kundera tonight, the story of China's reoccupation of Tibet and the fleeing of the Dalai Lama. Very good film intelligently done. Made a few comments without judging, a statement of fact left as just that. Refreshing in a mainstream market film. The Regent asked to go into retreat and then being arrested and dying in prison in the Potala, the Chinese saying how the revolution had been good for them. Both comments on corruption in government, strongly turned around to the direction of the overall happenings, the suggestion of some corruption in a Tibetan government that was however of pure intentions overall, and of a corruption to come in the Chinese government that started out with the well intentioned actions of the people against Imperialism.

A government assuming as it has sorted out its own problems ~~that having their solution~~ that its ideology is good and forcing it on another people. Ironically so convinced it is in the right it resorts to propaganda and force against the people it is liberating, the

seeds of a decline in its own philosophy and so its own country. What a terrible thing that government became. What a beautiful culture in both China and Tibet did it go well toward destroying.

12.7.98 Plato wrote apparently about Er, a soldier who came back from the dead with tales of the afterlife. On the journey back he saw all the other souls on their trek through the desert that separates those places from oblivion in this world. They were stopped at a river from which they were drinking. The water from the river was such that it could be held by no vessel and that it erased the memory of what was behind. He stopped from drinking so that he could carry the tales back with him.

Leaving aside these stories, the other stories of children remembering parts lives, of recognition of people and of things, of knowledge of places that could have come supposedly from no other source, logic would dictate that belief in the afterlife is a no loss concern. If you then die and that is it, then... no more. To ask the other, that there is no afterlife then and to die unprepared, that may be a loss. Is this right? Or worse the life lived in delusion? Does the fact that

there may be no afterlife preclude other things, the path of an overall consciousness in the race that is poisoned by delusions like the immortality of its component soldier/worker ant parts?

Is there a need to choose? Can we be anything else other than deluded explorers of human nature, this greater level something out of our reach. Speculation on the stars, speculation on the heavens, speculation on what the unseen fringes of our minds are all about.

14-7-98 Cold in the mornings now. I hope the lovebirds are ok. Lyall is out quite often but I haven't seen Brip for a while (outside that is). Maybe some more insulation is called for. All they have at the moment is leaves.

15-7-98 Bought home an injured raven this morning. Not sure if Dee (a friend of Flash's) caught him or what but Flash chased him for a bit without touching him. Broken leg or wing him not sure. He might even be a baby. Incredible steel blue eyes in black, and quite calm as we carried him home. He is in our shed recovering so will see how he is tonight.

16-7-98 The raven stayed in our shed for the night. Drank a bit of water but would not eat the worms out of the compost heap. Brought him out this morning and he didn't seem to be able to take off on his own but when I gave him a bit of a launch he flapped over to what sounded like a neighbors tin roof. When we got back from walking flash I climbed up but he had gone. Chased off & killed by a cat? taken off on his own and back to survival. Should have kept him for a while I think, maybe fed him bread and let him get some strength back, although that wasn't going to help his leg. Steel blue eyes and ~~black~~ black everywhere else. Shoulders smooth as Ravens Claws. Frank, beautiful.

17-7-98 The Indian man who knocked on our door at ten o'clock one night ... was reaching out for help. The girl outside Safeway tripping I think on drugs and wanting food, and people not helping her. I don't ever want to leave people like that again.

21-7-98 "Our society promotes cleverness instead of wisdom....  
... We have become so falsely sophisticated and narcissistic that we take doubt itself for truth ... Our minds are riddled and confused with doubt, not open doubt



necessary for testing and proving truths, but a destructive form of doubt that leaves us nothing to believe in, nothing to hope for, and nothing to live by.

23.7.98 Strong feelings of an overwhelming inertia starting to creep in. Get up, work, go to bed, walk dog, work, get up, go to bed, seems to make that impending death come closer, a tunnel vision stretches out and invites it to the door!

26.7.98 Ceylon Breakfast tea. Civilised serenity from a winding path of history <sup>down</sup> through exotic places. A trace of physical matter from the hillsides in Sri Lanka over the oceans and through more romantic settings than most of us will ever know ~~on~~ and into our living rooms. The very tea leaves themselves.

2.8.98 What is Rigba to the Tibetans is The Way to the Taoists and is most probably the presence of God to the Christians, to borrow from Cihardi. The Tibetans approach it from the mind, the Taoists approach it from nature, I am sure it contains or influences both. The Christians stumble upon it in a deluded longing maybe. Maybe I am a little harsh... maybe

When one part thought has ceased and a future thought has not risen, in that gap, in between, there is a consciousness of the present moment; fresh, virgin, unaltered by even a hairs breadth of concept, a luminous, naked, awareness!

Sogyal Rinpoche - The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying.

4.8.98 I'm here appreciating the subtleties of the city at night and paying off the house and good food, bad food whilst somewhere in India a prostitute girl sold for 5000Rs is dragged kicking and screaming down a corridor by a well fed woman as a tourist couple run past trying to avoid being implicated in a drug transaction. All those subtleties of appreciating philosophy on life break down in a small corridor filled with kicking & screaming, filled with the ravaged human rights of a young girl with the eyes of a terrified animal. As in fact they break down in the animal testing laboratories and all other corners on this planet where a person or animal or thing is denied control of its own physical being. Where pain the pain inflicted on nerve endings and straps restricting

movement or the mind way forward are under the control immediate of another less respecting entity.

9-8-98 "We are all in the same cart, going to execution; how can I hate anyone or wish anyone harm?"

Sir Thomas Moore.

"When <sup>your</sup> fear touches someone's pain it becomes pity, when your love touches someone's pain it becomes compassion."

Stephen Levine.

I am a little suspect of all of this compassion this and compassion that and less self and all of that (in The Tibetan Book of Living + Dying). Where is the fun? Where is the individual, the expression, the celebration and achievement, the progress. Surely all of these things should not be laid by the wayside. Is nirvana a spiritual suicide, a spiritual coma? Most likely not but what about life?

19-8-98. I turned right, out of Bridge road tonight and a guy waiting to turn into Bridge went to pull out and stopped me having the right of way. He was shaking his

arms up and down and yelling and cursing. Not having had the best of days at work and being a little tired I stopped, quite calmly, next to him to let him know what an idiot he was. I motioned to him to wind down the window, he muttered a few lines at me and turned to look forward and ignore me. He took off pretty promptly after and me in an angry frenzy thumped my fist against his window and then the rear window as he went past. I was so fucking angry just at that instance. I felt like I had failed a test. Here I was shouting and banging (well mentally shouting) at this guy, this idiot. Felt disappointed in myself, reduced to these pathetic games.

I wonder if it was all of my frustrations in work that I was venting out anger against. I wonder if my mind jumped at this chance of being in the right when I am so often in the grey subject to the grips of doubt every other time. I wonder if once he was gone, and this vent denied, I then turned my anger back to myself. I wonder if the whole absurdity of this little situation struck me, this loss of control in a pissy little thing when the whole world is out there. Too close to the bone with my petty little life when the whole world is out there.

21-8-98 And then after that I start to invent parts of the story to tell an imagined jury, an imagined judge. I pulled up

out deny that, the he pulled off knowing full  
wished to speak to him. He was in such a hurry he  
swerved against oncoming traffic and turned so sharply he  
nearly knocked me over, hence my banging on the window.  
Purely to steady myself your honour, perhaps some  
aggression in panic at the thought of being run over.  
Does the timing work for that? I don't know, perhaps a  
variation, perhaps I admit to the banging first, he ran  
over my foot your honour, did you not feel the bump  
sir, all very pathetic Brendon, and who are you  
going to tell this to, Ange, Friends, the court and its  
jury when they have gone up against the stand, the  
questioning God some judgement day?

Anyway, that was days past, very boring.

29.8.98

Now when the bars of dying dawn upon me,  
I will abandon all grasping, yearning, and attachment,  
Enter undistracted into clear awareness of the teaching,  
And eject my consciousness into the space of unborn Rigpa;  
As I leave this compound body of flesh and blood  
I will know it to be a transitory illusion.

Padmasambhava. Tibetan Book of the Dead.

The nature of mind is the very root itself of understanding.  
In Tibetan we call it Rigpa, a primordial, pure,  
pristine awareness that is at once intelligent, cognizant,  
radiant, and always awake. It could be said to be  
the knowledge of knowledge itself.

Do not make the mistake of imagining that the nature  
of mind is exclusive to our mind only. It is in fact  
the nature of everything. It can never be said too  
often that to realize the nature of mind is to  
realize the nature of all things.

At the heart of all religions is the certainty  
that there is a fundamental truth, and that this  
life is a sacred opportunity to evolve and  
realize it.

1.10.98  
(8:30 am)

1 tons of priority to look at tomorrow morning  
before meeting or retreat + hockey stadium at 2:00 pm.  
- dist. of axial forces + relation to moments +  
buckling in sportshall:  
- organize a storage space under decking.  
- above to include generic trailer seating.  
- approx depths of hockey centre roof.  
- trusses



- longitudinal lateral stability of roof where no transverse bracing.
- get Annette to confirm bracing sizes.

- 2.9.98 Items for today before mtg with Lyon:
- plot room beams and all edge beams to be 300 wide (750x200 → 500x300) £ 550 max
  - storage mezzanine
  - CIA list → send off.

- 3.9.98 AM
- Inclined columns at front → provide prest tensioning in beams to control cracking



PM. - Sitting in the foyer of an architects office, have just worked 3 1/2 hour days through the flu, have blown my nose so much it has started to bleed. Must calm down a bit and pace. Hmmm...

Feels like a bit of a rush actually, → not all bad. Will be nice to see things get resolved. Hope they do get resolved.

How do you live your life.  
what do you wish for,  
and for what would you die.

Just watched Karthoum - an old Charlton Heston movie. Very good.

5.9.98 Where am I in this world? Everybody getting so tangled up in coming to grips with their lives that they lose themselves along the way. Pour their souls into their houses, their cars, their children, their wives, their football teams until all that is left is the suburban shell. The disconnected husk revolving with the light of the days and the long darknesses of the night in a self-perpetuating trip to a coffin. And that's where I'm being pulled.

I miss London and keeping in touch with Jaime + Maria and Justin + Rosetta. I love Ange, and like work and our time in Richmond. I need some more to balance, some creativity, something alternative, I need some travel some spirituality.

Family is a fantastic base I don't want to miss out on. ~~Water~~, the earth, the skies, the senses and the mind, screaming beauty and screaming sadness are the things the human race is here for & feel. Can't give up

on instincts, deep what is deep ingrained somewhere down there. I need to love to touch to explore. I must find some balance.

I'm suffering somewhat from what everyone seems to suffer, the lack of understanding. I need a soulmate other than Anqi for some balance. And Anqi if you read this I love you, could not live without you, you represent all that is beautiful and gentle about this life and I need that but I also need other things to swirl the surface of the beauty you give me.

I think the idea about life is that it is so complex, that there are so many influencing factors that you can never understand it, and that even that keeps changing along the way. How then can you explain your wants and needs to someone. To change your desires on basis of simplistic theories of human etiquette is to ignore your real complex needs, to ignore etiquette is to destroy relationships, to hurt others.

To find the balance, to satisfy both is impossible isn't it? isn't it? isn't it?

7.9.98 - Purin design!

12.9.98 - Reading 'The God of small things' by an Indian writer Arundhati Roy. It is a little similar to 'Midnight's Children' by Salman Rushdie. A kind of hot and heavy interest in something almost occult, born, as it reminds me of a lot of our time there, out of the heat and the people and the days where the momentum seems to be all that keeps time going and strange almost hallucinatory thoughts, not unpleasant just vague and heat ridden drift in and out of your head from the everythingness of India around you. The thought drifted into me reading just now, of returning two weeks into a trip on a dusty bus to Orcha. Buying some food by the river there, perhaps near some old temples, perhaps with some old temples, and living a life ~~out of~~ getting lost in the memories of history thousands of years old that are attached to those places. Living a life in the heat and in the monsoons and surrounding myself (ourselves?) with the people of Midnight's Children and The God of Small things.

17.9.98 Still really busy at work - my mouth tastes of clay, my balls taste of clay and are sending an emptying ache into my stomach and my eyes and ears also taste of clay. My throat is bubbling with a mixture of green plasma that seems to be pondering on whether to break out into my tonsils or not. It probably knows it has a bit of time before it has to make a decision and is just enjoying the interim moments. A break in the work is a week or two off yet!

18.9.98

You understand. It is too far. I cannot take this body along with me. It is too heavy.

'The Little Prince'  
'Antoine De Saint Exupery'

19.9.98 We wandered down to the jetty watching little frogs jump out of our way and frog swim away into the clear depths of the water. Later with mesh networks of brown and grey and red weed. Feeding very together. Looking closely at the end of the jetty I prompted a couple of frogs I could see and we watched them frog dart off again.

Then we turned around, we were to go swimming but I was suddenly worried about where we would put the motorbike jackets and none worried (once I had considered the option of just leaving them back on the sandy silty shore, this place seem edged in grey, there was even a hint of previous rain) that Aqi wouldnt want to go in then and would sit with the jackets watching me swim. We dont want to go outside of the bay I thought even though I would have liked to, I would have secretly liked to go and just keep swimming on a long adventure ending somewhere by a comfortable fire + tired feeling. So I looked back, worried and that was the end of it.

This was a late morning dream that came back to me with a rush ~~with a rush~~ as I was reading. With a rush I guess as its rare that they come back, dreams. The feeling of a bay suggests saltwater, but the frogs and weed and silty sand: I think it was the freshwater lake down near Nelson, where we are going this Christmas, and I think we might have been going to snorkel.

4.10.98

The sense of consciousnesses arise from ones mind. The flesh, bones, organs of



Nicolaus Copernicus (1473-1543)  
discovers that the earth  
revolves around the sun.



Modern person discovers  
that the world, in fact,  
revolves around matters  
which, at the end of the  
day, are not really very  
important at all.

Leunig

smelling and odours are formed from the earth element. The blood, organ of taste, tastes and liquids in the body arise from the water element. The warmth, clear coloration, the organ of sight and form are formed from the fire element. The breath, organ of touch and physical sensations are formed from the air element. The cavities in the body, the organ of hearing and sounds are formed from the space element.

It is from mind, which embodies the five elemental qualities, that the physical body develops. It is because of this mind/body complex that we perceive the outside world (in turn composed from the five elemental qualities).

From Tibetan book of living and dying. A generic life that has taken the form from the elements of the world it finds itself in. Let's not get too attached to this being we find ourselves in. Look forward post death and back before

Circle?

6.10.98 Steelwork in EMT still not resolved.

- old S's new bracing - Get SAH to resize main members.
- S's in hat dome.
- unbalanced loads on piers. - talk over with B.M. Dance.



- E's over 100m with friction grip bolts.
- Support of N columns IITC at level 8
- Purlin design.
- Mullion design - office of pop. student.
  - IITC / Main hall.
  - Oxford extension.
  - Stairwell void.
- Cladding Panel supports.
- Anchor point posts for static lines.
- adjustable column detail.
- precamber / erection sequence.



- Column design typically
- Connectors
  - galleddowns to purlins
  - 300PFC to P/C. (purlins)
  - column to MF.
  - tension braces
  - compression braces } x2
  - fly braces
  - lift core x3
  - stair core x3
  - inclined col → concrete.
  - Cables at port
  - Compression at port.
  - Base plates.
  - NW anchors → MF.
- 1
- purlins at west wall
- peel out breakoffs.
- column grid J base

- Column base of grid J
- Compression members at port
- tension br works at port
- inclined columns L2 → L3.

11.10.98 Sunday morning thoughts

Maggies, sparrows, miners, willy wagtails, starlings, rosellas, grass parrots, Black cockatoos with yellow cheeks, kookaburras, pigeons and bell birds are all birds you can see in the park at different times. I forgot the cormorants, the ducks, the seagulls and the herons.

A husband and wife presumably are painting the lift lobby, at work with their baby in a pram in the hives sleeping. ~~work~~ work ethics.

Our love birds have had two babies. We didn't know until they dropped out of the nest about 2 inches in size!

Laid our brick paving yesterday with Mick & Dad. Where does close friendship sit with me these days. Don't know → perhaps I'm quite selfish in being a bit unclear, perhaps I'm just a bit short on the time to put into it?

13:



HIPPH  
FLASH

g gazing at the  
st).

support conditions

ing

ies comments.

14-10-98

- And create
- Call Ana Lee + hanging walkways
- Check Sherriges colors + get drafted
- Mullion Information.

4-11-98

- Important technical issues.
  - calculate accelerations of hanging stairways → talk to Sydney re these.
  - confirm with KPB level 3 stability at NW end
- Important design issues
  - issue level 4 layouts
  - issue linked mullion sizes
  - mullions A/B st
  - mullion cuts
  - cladding panel sizes

Other

- get From to do erection logs.
- Call ASJames prior to Mtg.

8-11-98

To see a world in a grain of sand,  
and a heaven in a wildflower  
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand  
and eternity in an hour

'Blake'

I like to feel sometimes that life is about  
trying to fit the world into your mind.  
It feels like it should fit, like it  
used to, its just getting all of the  
pieces one by one. If you understand  
something and appreciate it, you love  
it.

Notes

- Lateral stability of NW core → tying together of  
precast walls to level 3
- Twists / connections stairll.
- Erection Drags.
- 101
- 101 Shop logs.

9.11.98

Dare you feel you could ever understand this world!

I'll send a wave of complexity so immense high - it will crush your simple little ~~mind~~ <sup>heart</sup> ~~into~~ <sup>into</sup> a glass onion.

I'll inflict a barrage of your fellow humans' cruelty and senselessness, so inane and a matter of fact ~~unmoving~~ <sup>unmoving</sup> in its nature that ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> will ~~tear~~ <sup>tear</sup> ~~any~~ <sup>any</sup> faith or comfort you may take in a common cause ~~into~~ <sup>into</sup> bloody shreds.

I'll push you so far over the line the snap of your brain and the vicious thought you dared contemplate this understanding with will strike to the distant echo of a cold pin prick of light in ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~your~~ <sup>your</sup> swirling darkness that will make ~~you~~ <sup>you</sup> ~~your~~ <sup>your</sup> world.

How dare you think you can aspire to understand!

12.11.98

Low cloud with rain blowing across the city today. The elements making themselves felt, drawing us away from the papers and problems in front of us to a windswept destination somewhere at the dawn, somewhere where it all started.

19.11.98

Design of steel columns supporting cone absolute priority.

27.11.98

Finding it quite hard at work at the moment.

- secondary steel
- design of front facade erection/movement
- precasters on dogs
- concrete spec
- design of lateral slablet
- deck of dogs
- design of steel seat - supp. cone
- wing plate thickness?
- steelwork detailing
- ITC penetrations

One at a time Brendan I suppose.

+ Co-ordination issues.



Jeff Stewart came in today for a chat - there were times he was close to tears. I felt for him, and was then worried he would come for us and then I don't know. All of this stress around. All of this competition. All this inequality. It is a hard world, it's not very nice. You just have to hold tight + keep on keeping on I guess.

Maybe I should ask for a review on RMIT on why we didn't make any money? → Is the museum the same boat? Hmm.

Lao Tze's mystic valley spirit was all around last week at Wilsons Prom. Smoothing, maybe not soothing but reassuring to the soul knowing that presence is there. Rising in the mists from the trees through the slopes of the hills and in the warmth and fertility of the crashing of waves on the beach we lided on. Beautiful walk. → long week but worthwhile.

Racy at the moment, ~~and~~ too racy, no time to register what is happening. I need 6 months of something to let it sink in. At the moment it is

6 months of RMIT and it is sinking + starting to fray me around the edges. Calm and deal with it as it comes. Don't get too out of yourself. Easier said than done!

21.12.98 "In rejecting contradiction you destroy all hope of man's ascent, establishing for a thousand years the in its place the robotism of the art heap. Order for order's sake castrates man of his essential power, which is to transform both the world and himself. Life creates order but order does not create life."

from "Letter to a Hostage"  
Antoine De Saint-Exupery

30.12.98 How to get away from stress in this life? I neither seem to create it or are not as good as others at dealing with it. On the one hand is the work, the



achievement, the money and the self respect, the recognition and the moving forward. On the other hand is the calmness, the peace of mind, the enjoyment and spiritual advancement, the love of life.

They are the opposite ends and they must be brought together, it ~~is~~ feels like the only way. You can't turn a blind eye to the contradictions and just not deal with them. You can't ~~live~~ situate between these poles, there has to be a common ground or cohabitation on good terms somehow.

At the moment there is a strength of character holding them. Benefits from one seep to the other as they are both under the same roof but it seems a little strained. My character doesn't seem as strong as I would like and in fact is in danger of splitting/would even say. This feeling of impending breakdown.

A little more time and forgiveness would help but they are in short supply. A little more experience and capability would also help and this will come with time I guess.

Anje is reading 'Grishin' at the moment. It tells of a Japanese thought relating the colour of the eyes to character, grey being that flexibility and fluidity of air and water yielding and flowing around objects in its path. Brown being the strength and solidity of timber. Nice concept, I will have to have a read of the book.

3.1.99 'Tis the season to be jolly... except that it's time to go back to work. Hmmm. Has been a good break. Not one to calm me to the depths but a bit of time to catch up, to do things that I've been wanting to do for a while. To calm to the depths it has to be a long thing, a thing of semi permanence, of course I'm thinking of our time travelling. I think high on the agenda now is a course in meditation. I found a place that does it, used to do it, so will make an effort. I'm hoping that will fill a bit of a hole that has been growing out of neglect on the spiritual side. Travelling was a spiritual experience. A feeding of the soul on the ground luminosity of the world if I may borrow a Tibetan term. Reading kept it alive for a while but that was more finishing rounding off travelling. I need something fresh. All of this is springing from the



seed of being someone. Whether growing a star or well rounded or just happy with yourself. Call it search for fame, call it holier than thou, these things it may be in one existence or another. I prefer to address it on the terms of self and of identity. Not necessarily a bad thing - Skyhooksii.

Walking out from work on a Sunday you leave through a almost side door, ~~you have to pass a~~ ~~medium~~ ~~between~~ the door is infrequently enough used that the bluestone paved area outside, slightly shielded from the street by an ornamental tree or two, is a bit of a back alley. You often surprise people who are sitting having lunch or a rest or whatever. I like it in a way as it is a bit of a lucky dip into people on the streets, shoppers, kids hanging around, homeless people all sorts.

This afternoon a man of about forty, well toned and a little unkempt caught me approaching out of the corner of his eye ( ~~he seemed like~~ ~~the corners~~ of his eyes did a lot of that sort of watching ). He took one slightly older lady who ~~was~~ was rolling a cigarette she had picked up

over + over in her fingers, assessing; firmly by the hand + led her away, a determined downwards watch now.

A watch that ignored, that looked for diffusion, that reflected lone instinct, embained in letterness but ignoring this in turn in the interest of self. How many of us live that life at a different level, failures? incompetents?

So I took on my own pretend it is happening look of diffusions and ignored the problem through a happy analysis, though thoughts that don't penetrate the depths that they need to, they just stop + burn out in the shallows on the way down.

Praise and blame belong to  
youth and glory.

Age and decline are content  
to be poor and sick

T & F.

4.1.99 I really do apologize for my writing. It is a terrible thing having so strong a thoughts and feelings and not to be able to convey them. Perhaps with time?



Id forgotten, not relaxed; on the way to relaxed maybe but really forgotten. The anxiety about something that doesn't work, about as a nest of things that I don't know about that won't work, about things I just don't know that are coming. About a three week deadline that we will struggle to make even without the unknowns.

Its an empty feeling. Not a sawtooth jagged tearing of flesh that one would imagine it might be but a smooth painless cutting. And not one that cuts at the organs, it cuts at the flesh around the organs letting them go on surviving. Distressed by anxiety they go on trying to cut themselves, cut into the work ahead; when further and further the flesh around them is removed by slices.

The realization of having to live with this for another extended period of time is like what I imagine losing a limb would be like. You look down to a bloody stump, no pain but a realization of what has happened. Looking around you see the rest of the people and for them nothing has changed, they show sympathy and empathy

but the blood guilt is yours. You wish it wasn't so, that you could change what has transpired, you know that you cannot and this causes you sadness, you feel a deep sorrow for your self, you're not angry just a deep puppy what is to become of me now.

A pleading for help when you know there can be none, that you will have to face it alone.

6-1-99 Im at work, and I am scared, and I want to run away. There is no one to lean on ~~and~~. Amazing how a little lack of confidence can escalate.

7-1-99 Im at work, its raining outside, I am tired, and I want to go home to bed.

10-1-98 Im not going to let this happen next year. Working weekends though the summer is not on. I should be down at the beach bumming not very heehing way to work.

12-1-99 All these people with their lies and minds solving life viruses that are really not very

important taking in the whole. Me distracted  
each way and not coloring anything either way.

13-1-99

One withered pedant between  
the Chien and the K'un.

(between the sky + the earth) Tu Fu c700:

25-1-99 Cathedrals on the weekend. Lay back  
on the blanket and stared up into the sky.  
After a few minutes the stars have lifted out down  
to you. You can probe and explore all of the  
corners and edges and paths around the different  
clusters. You can ponder time and space and  
life. You can send your searching stare up  
there wondering how many others have sought  
either <sup>with</sup> solitude or understanding or reflection. You  
can wonder if there are other eyes, other souls  
searching back this way from their own corners.

Drifting off, too sleep perhaps you open  
your eyes again to the wide of forces and  
the stars have reverted back to their two

dimensional blanket, speckled and dusty stretch...  
And again you can start to look.

2-2-99. Started a 12 week philosophy course last night.  
Enjoyed it a lot. So many questions, so many thoughts.  
All this openmindedness. Is it too much? Does it mean  
you lose the ability to follow a path, lose direction  
in the web of possibilities rather than find it?

We did a small awareness exercise. What  
good is awareness without application. Awareness of  
yourself, of life maybe. I don't think it should be  
withdrawal from it all. One guy said he repeated  
a mantra to block out external thoughts. Ok I  
guess as long as you don't block out internal  
thoughts.

I think that I have said this before but one way  
of considering Buddhism is the peeling off of life  
bits one by one until there is nothing left. A suicide?  
I know its peeling off of externals to expose the  
ground luminosity of self. I'm not sure I know the  
answer to why though. This recurring life, is it so  
painful. At times, at times not there is only relativity,  
which is life isn't it. Peeling away the life bits might  
be an interesting exploration but is it the



answer to what, to everything that is uncertain,  
to understanding?

Still destined to die unknowing. I can only  
keep looking to understand, what other option  
is there, it does feel like a wide expanse out  
there, and I do feel like wandering aimlessly, lost  
at the present.

Maybe the way out is to follow one  
path right or wrong or ~~neither~~ neither. I won't  
resort to that just yet.

My religion right now is knowledge  
experience, observation? My religion now is  
tentative to say the least is! I have a bit of time -  
keep wandering for the moment. I should not say  
religion, - philosophy, spiritual path, beliefs?



Sitting on a dark Angelsea beach with the  
gleam of Molluscum on one side and the needed  
twinkle on the other nestled in the sky to keep  
me company. A glowing orange orb was drawn up  
from the sea and passed through it in low  
altitude, a nervous moon before continuing on  
into the cloud. Its heavenly counterpart a cross  
of stars appeared at the same time to see what was  
happening, was of the night sky out at play  
above only me in their private playground. A coil of  
dark land and sea and washing water with  
a lighthouse blinking at from the far side 16  
seconds on keeping the train to the clockwork  
of their movements.





5.2.99 Was a beautiful scene last night. Like hiding in a dark corner of a room full of toys once the lights have been <sup>turned</sup> out and catching the toy soldiers awakening and starting to stir before they realise that they are not alone and revert back to their inanimate state.

Sitting now having breakfast on the beach - I love breakfast on the beach. A little dance of sandflies around me (none bothering me badly), the long line of gentle waves breaking, wet sand and a procession of birds walking up and down along the beach. Quite amusing, none of this flying stuff, just walk up and down heads held high, like gentlemen on a morning walk, all top hats and cones.

5.2.99 Down at Wilsons Prom for the weekend (a long weekend) with Angie. Australian mountains up and down and around the bays and inlets, the sea and the rocks and the sky. All of this solidity but I can't seem to mesh with it. I need another month like Angelsea to make sense of it. My mind is like a cauldron of opposing directions at the moment. I think I need to do something like publish a book. Put myself, or a part of me out there. I don't mind if people don't like it, just so I can say there it is, a little bit of me to continue in the dust of some far distant corner. Maybe to perish but just to affirm my being here. Silly? Maybe...?





When you think of rock and of earth you think brown and solid. of depth below a surface, of foot upon foot upon mile upon mile of texture, of weight, a quiet steady state of matrix resting on, supported by, nestled together all the way to the middle.

When you think of water you think of that sensation immediately after plunging under your head. Of strange carried sounds of bubbles and distant surface swirls. You think also of weight, of quiet weight pressing down on the ocean floor, and of expanse, and of unsensational being, with the case of a river ever of personality, maybe a little short of that, identity perhaps.

Having cause to consider them over

a ~~to~~ bit of time, I was surprised finally to come to the beach and find what I did. Surface shushing. Waves and boom and roaring. This is not water I thought, this is the thin spreading of where water reaches out to the dry. This is conflict almost. It wasn't until I was beyond the break ~~my surfboard~~, lying watching listening absorbing the clear swirling of fluid around the tip of my surfboard that I recognized the water again. ~~So~~

Scales so immensely different it is hard to hang on to everything even at those ~~low~~ levels. So then I set about coming to grips with the beach. A place of beauty, of harshness of severity and of conflict. A life young up out of the meeting of two ground minorities. And that's where I hid myself now, trying to relate to the base components, and trying to understand and chart my

way through the ~~complexity~~ that is  
world that has sprung up over them.

23.2.99 am Really enjoying a short course in philosophy  
I enrolled for. Confirms a lot of things I have thought  
through in the past.

Have to now try to put these into practice at  
work. To easy to get lost amongst it all.

PM This personal relation thing with other people, I  
never feel comfortable with. I think it is due in part  
to not being able to talk properly. My pronunciation  
and vocab are not very good. I must make more  
of an effort at clearly speaking.

Also I am not very good at making small  
talk, I'm not interested in it (but we see that it  
is a part of the preamble and the flow and necessary).

I also need more practice at forming small ad-lib  
speeches.

28.2.99 " Not a twig or leaf on the old tree  
Wind and frost harm it no more.  
A man could pass through the hole in its belly,  
Ants crawl searchingly under its peeling bark

Its only lodger a toadstool which dies in a morning,  
The birds no longer visit it in the twilight.  
But its wood can still spark tinder.

It does not care yet to be only the void at its heart.

- Han Yu - Late Tang.

The void at its heart is both the hollow  
inside the tree and the Buddhist ideal  
of the mind freed from the illusion of  
material body.

I like this for the line "does not care yet  
to be only the void at its heart" Telling  
of holding onto the moment, this life  
before taking up or merging into the void,  
into nirvana (if indeed this is what the  
void refers to). I feel there is some  
truth to this.

I also like the metaphor, the growth  
and life of greenness, the development of  
the hollow and the sheeking withdrawal  
of life into this nurtured hollow at its  
heart, a dwelling from which to pause  
and look at the world before slipping  
into that infinite.

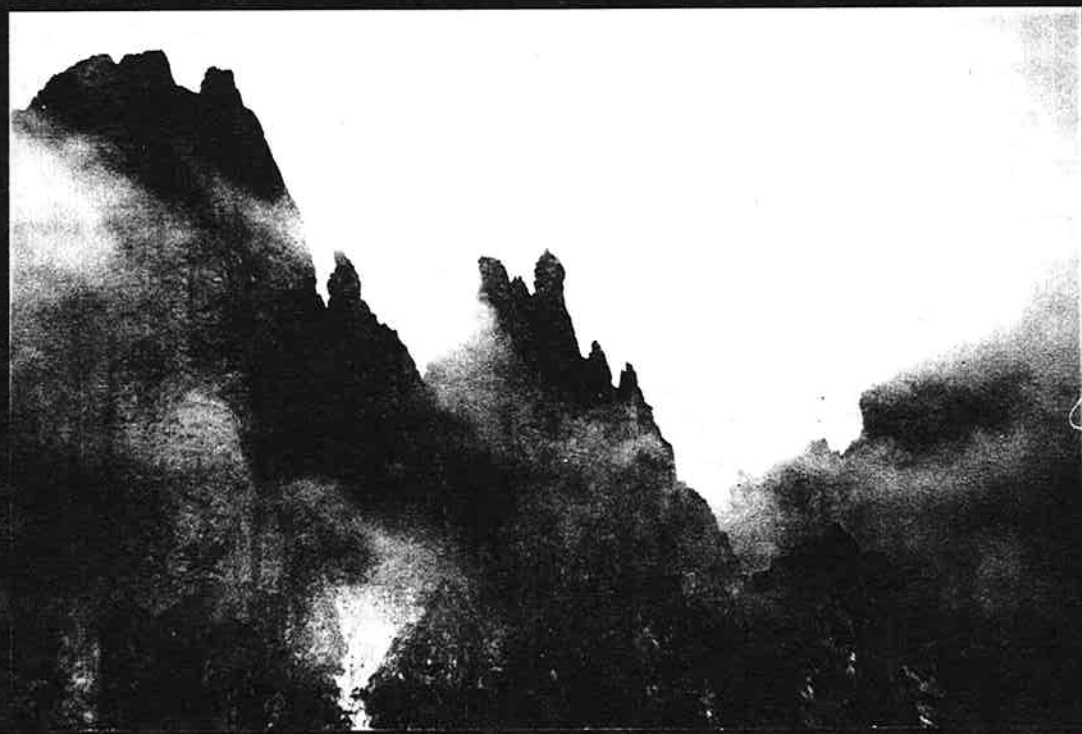
Do not go gently into that good night, go  
with purity and awareness, slide your ground  
luminosity in but do not go gently, live the  
experience.

This one is a few extracts from "The South  
Mountains" and most beautifully lays  
down the ~~life~~ ~~essence~~ of mountains, I could  
really relate to the thoughts, of standing  
amidst them and letting the mind wander  
around the cliffs and valleys and peaks.

Gazing as I climbed a high peak  
I saw them huddle closer together,  
Angles and corners jutting as the air brightened,  
Emerging patterns in a needlework;  
Or interfused in a steamy haze  
Pierced through by sudden glimpses  
of heights and depths  
As it drifted at random, winnowed  
without a wind,  
And dissipated to warm the tender growths.  
Sometimes a level plain of cloud settled  
With scattered peaks exposed above.

Long eyebrows floating in the empty sky,  
The lustrous green of paint newly touched up;  
And a single strut of broken crag protruded,  
The upreared beak of the Roc as it battles in the sea.

- ✿ In spring when the Yang waters in secret  
And from deep within breathes up the glistening shoots  
Though cliff and crag loom tall against the sky  
Their outlines soften like a drunken face.
- ✿ In summer flames, when the trees are at their prime  
Dense and shady, and deeper burg the hills,  
The magic spirit by day by day exhales  
A breath which issues in the shaping clouds.
- ✿ While the autumn frosts delight in punishing  
The hills stand starved and stripped,  
with wasted flanks  
And sharp edges which zig zag across the horizon,  
In inflexible pride scorning the universe.
- ✿ Though winter's element is inky black  
The ice and snow are master jewellers,  
And the light of dawn shines over the dangerous peaks  
Constant wide and high for a thousand miles.  
In daylight or darkness never a fixed posture,  
From moment to moment always a different scene.

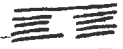



... ~~and~~ the vista opens  
Far and wide over crowded beams and wrinkles,  
Lined up like files in processions  
Or crouched like grappling fighters,  
Or laid low, ~~like~~ as though prostrate in submission,  
Or starting up like crowing pheasants;  
Scattered like loose tiles  
Or running together like converging spokes,  
Off keel like rocking boats  
Or in full stride like horses at the gallop;  
Back to back as though offended,  
Face to face as though lending a hand,  
Tangled like sprouting bamboos  
Or piled like moss on a wound;  
Neatly composed like a picture,  
Curly like ancient script,  
Constellated like the stars  
Conglomerated like stationary clouds,  
Surging like willows  
Crumbling like hoed soil

And some like champions, Fen or Yü,  
When the stakes are down, eager for the prize ahead,  
The foremost and strongest rearing high above,  
The losers looking foolish and speechless with rage;

Or like some majestic Emperor  
And the vassals gathered in his court  
Even the nearest not too familiar  
Even the furthest never in subordinate;  
Or like guests seated at a table  
With the banquet spread before them  
Or like a cortege on the way to the graveyard  
Carrying the coffin to the tomb;  
And some in rows like pots  
With others sticking up behind like vases:  
Some capaced like basking turtles,  
Slumped like sleeping animals,  
Wriggling like dragons fleeing into hiding,  
Spreading ~~like~~ wings like pouncing vultures;  
Side by side like friends and equals,  
Ranked as though in due degree,  
Shooting apart like falling sprays  
Or introducing themselves like lodgers at an inn;  
Aloof as enemies  
Or intimate as man and wife,  
Dignified as tall hats  
Or pliant as waving sleeves,  
Commanding like fortresses  
Or hemmed in like hunted prey



Draining away to the East  
Or reclining with heads to the North,  
Like flames in the kitchen stove,  
Like the steam of a cooking dinner;  
Marchers who will not halt  
And the stragglers left behind,  
Leaning posts which do not topple,  
Unstrung bows which no one draws,  
Bare like bald plates,  
Smoking like pyres;  
Unevenly cracked like diviners' tortoiseshells  
Or split into layers like hexagrams,  
Level across the front like Po   
Or broken at the back like K'ou   
Han Yu - Late Tang.

What a beautiful, fantasy almost of unfolding thoughts.

28.2.99 The second blue moon of the month I think. I am still trying to travel. That is what I am doing when I want to open a web page, when I buy a book or watch a movie about where we are going. Trying to relive the experience. In

not entirely sure of the consequences of that, distracting for a start. Futile, sad? Nostalgic, I don't know. I will have to sort through in the end.

1.3.99 Got the Slee-hummm. Philosophy class, Beauty or the appreciation of beauty can only be appreciated by beauty within, (or something to that end). Not so sure about that one.

Can you fully appreciate beauty from a detached state, a state of awareness. Can a mind multi-task even to the slight degree of retaining an ounce of awareness whilst experiencing something 100%. I don't think the two can happen at once. The brain is capable of one conscious thought at a time. You can be aware it has happened, in hindsight, you can analyse and detach + be aware instantaneously of the event. But to lose yourself in a moment, to fully experience pleasure, pain, beauty; you must succumb to it however momentarily. You must allow yourself to be taken, for an experience to lead you, to show you all sides. I might go so far as to say that when you appreciate beauty you explore it, you enter & look around and feel

and appreciate, when you experience beauty however it explores you. It opens your mind and shows you parts of yourself you don't know. It takes a hold of you and makes your hair stand on edge. That is the experience, the appreciation comes after that, in retrospect and hindsight.

Not to say I don't believe more awareness, more living in the present is needed (particularly in my case) but there should be a balance. As the body needs sleep it also needs rest, escape and awareness in the conscious state. Balance between perities.



and lemon and whiskey and scotch and tissues and broken glass and many noses. Television and broken sleeps and dogs and reads and heads and aches and coupets. And yellow light and mess and bed warmth and too bonition. And guilt and want and on and on. When you stop you want the world to stop too. It is keep up

or get left behind, disowned. Deep down I say I want to be a part of this world, get back on it, quick. I creak and groan inside at the sea of hurt others have had to go through in accepting, in dealing with their falling off. And I strain and begin to crack on the outside that I should feel this all so important. The collective consciousness is a huge rolling ball of crushing mass to which we all contribute in its motion and to which we are all chained by need / want of recognition of belonging, of staying on the ball. The earth is encapsulated with this huge brown acorn spinning around it as an organic disease, tentacles flailing outwards thousands of exoteric miles into space in a silent roar through the universe. A highly contagious bacteria, culture driven by these inward chains, an unhappy race locked into its self expansion, a drive for survival, reproduction, dominance built from the anxiety of the individuals not to be lost in it themselves. And are the individuals spurned, thrown off, half smudged onto left behind maimed and abandoned any sooner than exactly that, a lone insect having left the hive. I don't know, I do know that I am hanging on to that ball for dear life. My mental chains are cracking and starting

1801  
M

to give, with then gives this dependance and  
tentuous mission, and with that may go my purpose  
and sonits. Little electron bestriding along in  
the moment of solid unyielding metal or to turn  
off in the darkness and the dust in a dead end  
fizzle to one silent silence.

... and then comes death, and at which  
point are we recycled into the crescendo? Or is  
that just it?

5:3-99 I get up this morning and felt the guilt I  
was dealing with yesterday but I also began to  
think why and this and that and I come to realize  
that quite a large part of it wanting to be there. Be  
there with people but be there to finish all my  
projects, get things done and create and construct  
these sets of documents, work at and finish  
things, join a host of people, pass my entrance  
into a profession - to leave it perhaps I don't know  
but to say that I have passed entry and been  
accepted, to ~~see~~ belong and then to be able at  
least to say I have belonged. Noble or ignoble?  
Funny how I think you have to be successful to  
achieve this, everyone fails to some degree or

another in their chosen path, in lost opportunities,  
of only passing even, or in plain out failing but  
it keeps rolling. Do they have the same feelings.  
Do they feel like they are unworthy, do they  
feel like someone is around the corner ready to  
say, you failed, you don't belong. Mental  
chains of society, of expectations, those we are  
subject to from above those we deal out below  
in order to keep our cause going. I'm dwelling  
a bit hoping I will arrive but I don't think  
that will happen (it doesn't usually) so stop.

Resolution to be nicer to people, I think I discovered  
that you get when you give, but I took that to  
giving only when I get, how many truly nice  
things do I do these days without expecting  
return. Give a dollar to a beggar, expect gratitude,  
give a smile and expect a friend. Giving has  
become about me and not about who I am giving  
to. Change that.

6:3-99 Watching all of the outrageous comments made by  
people in the eighties, all of the justifications (call them  
lies), call them people hating themselves and others with them

I suppose) makes me ashamed of who I am. My own justifications those around me. Ecology, homeless, jobless, immigration, sex, hate, work, competition, ego... I start to look at my life as a rolling snow job of smothering my true feelings. So when my truthology uncovered, they surface as depression as nostalgia, as a urging for escape to a lesser known reality somewhere.

Some of these things are what makes life, ~~life~~, ~~love~~ ~~truth~~, ~~competition~~, some of these things are antithesis we convince ourselves of in order to achieve the other. Truths and purity ~~is thought and deed and it leads to a~~ ~~path~~. Me sitting here with power to help, and not helping is a sign all is not well.

I think helping a child overseas is good as it transcends this lucky country, Australia thing that rubs so roughly. We are led to believe, we instigate the beliefs that we are a race of Australians, not of human beings. It is a thickly veiled cry of me, me, me; not you...

8-3-99 Lie down in a comfortable place with a pillow resting upon your forehead and covering your eyes. Start in a nearby place and lift your point of vision, not so much vision perhaps as awareness. Lift it up slowly, up through the

levels of the trees until you can rest them joined above, 360 degrees of space around you. Rooftops, tree tops, telegraph poles, all gently being there around you. Then spread. Move out and let it rush around you. Don't try to recognize, just feel it there be aware of the presence. Slide out over burnt meads, orange mallee, country towns and rugged hills. Roads and rivers and wildlife and people. Feel the individuals in the population slip as you pass your outward. Go over them. People working, eating, being, fish in rivers, animals in parks. Narrowly miss a startled cockatoo <sup>mid flight</sup> as your consciousness swoops out over the landscape. Feel the heart beat of the whole, the hum, the pulse of the countries consciousness all as one being pushed around from rock to tree to person to animal. All related, all connected, all living off the same arterious flows and pushing. Daoists calling it the way, buddhists calling it ground luminosity, Christians calling it goodwill and God; don't name it, feel it tying, bringing sustenance and life, connecting every atom animate and inanimate together, an earthly heart beat. Slightly act

of phase here and there but beating and moving, in a, out, in all the same.

Pull up at the breaking waves around the coastline for a moment or two. Waves on sand, against cliffs, mangroves, coral reefs, whorves, breakwaters. Poise there having enveloped the country, the red centre, the population centres <sup>the cities</sup> ~~the~~ this wide flat continent of continent, poise aware of its whole and then move on out further across the white tops. Envelop the fish and the sea, the underwater mountains, the sand and slywoods the algae and the myriad of other life contained in the sparkling rolling water tops. Envelop the islands and keep heading out towards distant shores.

This is where it gets a bit out of my control - perhaps with practice. I remember vividly lying in bed in Hongkong sixteen floors up ~~on~~ suspended in a mass of humanity being able to feel it all very strongly. It may be a little harder here as you have to envelop more of the silent slower moving earthly consciousness, almost not a consciousness at all but definitely there.

We can see the earth set against the background of billions of stars and galaxies and clusters of galaxies. I had the experience of recognizing that it's all connected - that it is not, as we in science had tended to believe, a cosmic accident; it's all not that way at all - the molecules of my body and the molecules of the spacecraft were manufactured in the furnaces of ancient stars billions of years ago. Everything was a part of this process that created us, and that there is a connection between all of it; and that it is an intelligent universe, not just a piece of inanimate matter floating around.

Edgar D. Mitchell  
Astronaut, Apollo 14.





Went to a different tutor for philosophy on Thursday night. Monday night is Alton Stokes who has a very monotone voice, and talks his train coming across very slowly. Thursday night was taken by a guy who is a school teacher who used a lot of pronounced expressions and broad second reproaching look humour to get the information across.

Everyone I spoke to said how much better he was, how much more lively and open. You know though I don't like being sold stuff and that's what it kept coming across as. Interesting how people relate to different people. He probably was clearer and got his point across better but I found it more imposing. I for better enjoy having the point made, let stand and take or left on our own judgement that that's each step of driving it home.

P.S. its 3:30 am. Mum + Dad are in Kashmir on a houseboat. I'm not worried about them, I'm worried about Dad taking the expensive easy way out and not immersing into life in India. Too comfortable, a resort without the base & even an escape from the base. Mum sounded a little creeped on the phone. I hope they will

be ok. By the way to this time of the movies really does suck. They are basically 1/2 hour long adds broken up by other adds (if your lucky), and a crappy german language education program. Shit man!

15.3.99 Philosophy 6

The three constituents of consciousness, the primary qualities of the universe

Sattvic - peace and light  
Rajas - mechanics  
Tamas - sleep.

Philosophy 7

ADVAITA

The philosophy of unity

11.3.99  
Something there is, whose veiled creation was before the earth or sky began to be.

pm If beauty is in the eye of the beholder, if it rests in the light of their perception, which it does, as everything else is just fast, cool unconscious molecules, with living energy; then it follows that so does sadness, anger, depression, all of the other ethers that only exist with us.

And is that a revelation? I would say not. So we apply our inner perceptions as outward qualities on the world around us. We do that as a race in order to communicate feelings etc etc.

So then it comes down to differences in perceptions.

I don't know about this reflection of inner beauty shit though. Sounds too Christian now.

10.3.99 Not coping with going to work very well at the moment. This head cold has dragged me down a bit. I also feel like I have low self confidence, or ~~lose~~ lack the energy to push myself forward. You know when you have overloaded your computer and it starts chugging away at 100% capable of doing even the smallest task at a bit by bit rate. Better to reboot.

11.3.99 Won our first semi final last night in basketball. Made me realise I still have a

major portion of this lead cold hanging around. Sweated out a lot of crap that has been sitting in my skin (and that smelled quite bad!), and felt very knocked about afterwards, light headed and all the rest. The importance of being fit, of keeping active and all the bodily functions ticking through. I get so wrapped up in things I forget to even breathe at times, what chance have I? Got to learn to adopt the right attitude I guess.

14.3.99

The reason perhaps that I can never fully believe in myself; is that I know there is a greater truth out there.

(to follow?) Truth is a manmade word. Nature knows only truth. It is the weakness of mans interpretation, it is the manipulation of nature's facts for to his own benefit, that gives rise to the word truth. Truth only exists through lies.

So silent, so aloof and so alone,  
It changes not, nor fails, but  
touches all:

I do not know its name,  
A name for it is 'Way'.

Lao Tzu

Should we accept that our recognition of beauty <sup>arises from ourselves</sup>  
then following whatever subtleties we may find  
charm us and cease our inner ways, following  
a perception of beauty no matter what level,  
may be said to be ~~following ourselves~~ in keeping  
with it not following ourselves?

17.3.99 Having real trouble in the mornings facing  
work. I think I'm in denial a bit. I need a good  
month off.

18.3.99 Sometimes I have these thoughts of a  
Brendon born back in prehistoric times. When I

was young I didn't think he would stand a very  
good chance of survival, and I rather think that  
he wouldn't have. Now when I think back I sense  
no memory of how he did survive... perhaps as his  
mind is not great enough to ~~be capable of~~ <sup>be capable of</sup> ~~the~~  
~~keeping of~~ memory, as when I think back now it is  
a Brendon consumed with the present. He is  
skinny, and dirty, ~~dirty and~~ Skinnier and dirtier  
than most as he is near the bottom of the pecking.  
He lives in constant fear and paranoia, of his  
fellow savages, bitter and small minded with  
humoured brough ~~bred~~ through ill treatment.  
He lives for the pack. Weak of character and  
body he could not survive on his own, but  
hunts with the pack, living of the gristlier  
scraps & of the kill left by those ~~in the pack~~  
stronger than him, ~~and that~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~wastes~~. He  
is used to the company of <sup>the</sup> outcasts <sup>↑ Hisesan</sup> who wait  
for him with a few other stragglers to finish  
~~off~~ <sup>satisfied</sup> ~~(without the stronger sleep well fed +~~  
~~stronger of the pack stand of back looking for new~~  
~~game or sleeping after the hunt.~~ He looks up to  
those around him and is also picked on by

the same. His best moments are when he ~~litters~~ runs with the pack, not entirely as useful as others but at that moment their attention is turned away from him and he can join the common cause, become a part of the hunt. He has no thought for <sup>the</sup> money, just for that momentary sense of belonging, ~~then~~ as he also has no thought for his fellow human when he falls, just as long as it is not him, so he joins in the pack as they turn on a weaker pack member and follows the throng with a sideways glance to ensure ~~to~~ <sup>common</sup> following the direction.

He does not seem to register, living only in the present I suppose, that sooner or later it will be his turn.

And perhaps this no sense of memory is because the Brandon isn't back there at all. He is the real prime of the me that lives in the elevated society we have built up over this baseline.

20.3.99 In the middle east the experienced camel riders ride only the she camels. The she camel

will press on without complaint to its limits, steadily and enduring. A male camel on the other hand will start to complain and snort and bellow and finally throw tantrums. It will throw itself to the ground and die unnecessarily. Strike any parallels?

24.3.99 Maybe what we need is not knowledge of all things. Maybe what we need is knowledge of one thing that we can be sure of. One aspect of something in that is present in everything.

Not explaining myself well but it comes from a belief in Tao. That one certainty is something that is very comforting in everything, where partial knowledge of a myriad that is the brings frustration also.

Philosophy 7

Human Being

I am not that which I can observe.

25.3.99 Feeling very very jaded at the moment. Any hard work or series of late nights leaves me exhausted with no energy. I feel like I can't push myself to motivation.

And so, if I follow philosophy what I

Can you turn yourself into a happier person? How is bliss to be found? The first step might be to stop looking for it.

# Happiness is ...

**H**APPINESS, LIKE DEATH AND THE SUN, cannot be stared at directly. Turn to look at it and it disappears. We know when we're unhappy, irritable, angry, depressed, but we realise we're happy only when it's over and has become a memory. Yet still we seek happiness, as if it is a thing hidden from us, or a place we are trying to reach. In the United States Constitution, "the pursuit of happiness" sounds like the hunt for a half-wild animal.

There are professors of happiness, laughter clinics, learned studies, scientists dissecting the brain in search of the site of contentment, just as anatomists used to hunt for the human soul. We have "happy drugs" such as Prozac. We have come to think of happiness as our right.

At Harvard University recently, a psychologist called Daniel Gilbert published his research on how one's "emotional barometers" function. His study – based on questioning more than 100 university professors, before and after they found out whether they had achieved tenure – casts a strange light on our ability to achieve happiness, and our stubborn refusal to change.

Gilbert's professors all expected to be

happier; in fact, after the initial elation (often allied with a wild spending spree), they settle back into their average mood. If they were glum before, they were glum after. If they were tranquil before, then they were tranquil again.

That old saying seems proved: money can't buy happiness. A book that is causing a stir in the US makes the same point. Robert Franks's *Luxury Fever: Why Money Fails to Satisfy in an Era of Excess* claims that two decades of rapidly increasing affluence and lavish spending has not made anyone any happier. Clearly, retail therapy doesn't work for long.

Franks believes that the Western world has gone on a spending spree that has trickled down from the very rich to the middle and even lower-middle economic classes – what was once a luxury

people had suffered from serious mental illness.

Drug use, violent crimes and compulsive behaviour such as bulimia, anorexia and gambling are all on the increase, as is the suicide rate. James quotes Freud: depression is the rule, not the exception.

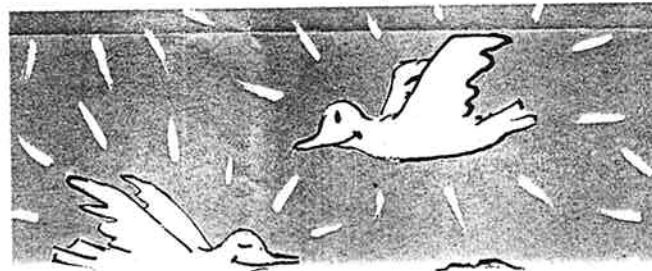
He points to many reasons for our misery: we might all be richer, but the gulf between rich and poor is growing; divorce is like an emotional world war; unemployment reduces the sense of self-esteem and purpose; young people grow up so quickly, often so brutally, that they lose the gradualness of childhood. We feel let down by love and by our own aspirations, argues James. Even when we succeed, we feel we have failed.

What is this happiness of which James, Franks or Gilbert talk? The affluent of the West live in a therapy culture; even those of us who have not lain on the couch are soaked in the language of self-consciousness, fulfilment, self-knowledge. We have learnt to expect things our ancestors never sought. We look inside ourselves for the reasons for our dissatisfaction. Our life becomes a journey of self-discovery and our ambition is to find happiness along the way.

And how, even if you know what it means, do you measure happiness? Certainly, you don't find it by looking at it, any more than you find sleep, say. Happiness is a by-product; it lies in the margins of the day, between the lines. It is the shadow thrown by something else. In therapy, you can discover, sometimes, reasons for personal pain and incapacity and through understanding gain control over your life, but you can't find contentment.

People are never happy when they are dwelling upon themselves. In all the research into happiness, what emerges is that when people say they are happy, they are almost always busy, and caught up in activity. Employed people are far more likely to be happy than the unemployed, which is only partly to do with income.

Eccentrics are contented because they



ind happiness in ignorance! How can you turn your  
 mental laboratory? I think that maybe this is not



Happiness comes when you lose yourself? To find happiness is back on all that is. Contentment through Frontal Lobotomy it. So then, what is.

TOHBY RIDDLE

center Daniel Gilbert published his research on how one's "emotional barometers" function. His study – based on questioning more than 100 university professors, before and after they found out whether they had achieved tenure – casts a strange light on our ability to achieve happiness, and our stubborn refusal to change.

Gilbert's professors all expected to be quite happy if they got tenure and rather unhappy if they did not. In both cases, they were wrong. Those who succeeded were happy for a while, but not as happy as they had expected to be. And those who failed were not as unhappy as they had predicted.

Moreover, there seems to be a baseline for one's state of mind. We may feel euphoria or misery for a bit, but we soon return to our usual level. The discontented remain so; the sunny-natured continue cheerful. The change in circumstances, however violent, merely causes a blip in the predictable graph of our lives.

This can be read as good news or bad: it's not easier to make ourselves happier, but neither is it difficult to cheer ourselves up. "Most people are reasonably happy most of the time," said Gilbert, "and most events do little to change that for long." We are dogged dwellers in our normal states of mind.

Many examples prove Gilbert's phlegmatic philosophy of "reasonable happiness", some more momentous than promotion at work. People who were tested for Huntington's disease or HIV infection expected to be devastated if the news were bad but, extraordinarily, most were not. What was most distressing was uncertainty: those who decided out of fear not to be tested fared worse than any other group.

Lottery winners might expect to be made



becomes an expectation. Its absence is a source of dissatisfaction. Bigger houses, better cars, more luxurious holidays, less time with family or friends, more time on the couch. Can we ever have enough? The answer seems to be no – even too much is never enough.

British psychologist Oliver James goes further than Robert Franks or Daniel Gilbert. In his book *Britain on the Couch: Why We Are Unhappier Compared with 1950, Despite Being Richer*, he argues that more of us are depressed now than 50 years ago, even though we are markedly better off.

An analysis of 39,000 people from eight countries concluded that 25-year-olds were three times more likely to suffer from depression now; that in Britain cases of mild depression had risen from 22 per cent to 31 per cent of the population; that in America 20 per cent of

life, but you can't find contentment.

People are never happy when they are dwelling upon themselves. In all the research into happiness, what emerges is that when people say they are happy, they are almost always busy, and caught up in activity. Employed people are far more likely to be happy than the unemployed, which is only partly to do with income.

Eccentrics are contented because they become so engaged with their obsessive pursuits. Cheerful children are those who disappear into their play.

In other words, happiness comes when you lose yourself. In these moments of euphoric forgetfulness, when we are no longer dwelling upon ourselves, we find what we cannot ever grasp when we are consciously trying to do so. And perhaps it follows, therefore, that our introspection chases away happiness. Perhaps we are, or feel we are, less happy today because we are trying so hard to be more so.

In days gone by, people didn't think happiness was their right – partly because they didn't have the time, but also because life used to have God at its centre. Life was a waiting room. Even when it was full of pain and deprivation, it had a purpose. But today few people have that kind of faith. It is what happens when we're alive that matters. In a godless world, we ponder life's meaning. If there is no immortal happiness, we have to find it here, now.

You want to be happy? Don't buy a lottery ticket or blow your savings on a holiday. Instead, clear out that cupboard that's been getting you down, make that awkward phone call you've been putting off. Research suggests it will make you happier. And even if the research is wrong, at least you'll end up with a clean cupboard rather than a worthless lottery ticket. ■

should be doing, now is to say these feelings, they are not me. I can choose to be what I want. So I detach from those feelings and keep going. Doing the task at hand.

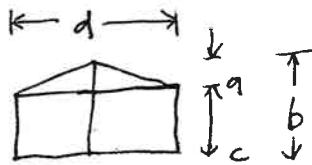
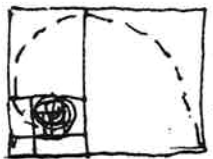
28.3.99 Architecture



Proportion 0, 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 44  
 2, 1.66, 1.64  
 1.5, 1.6, 1.62  
 1.618

$$\phi = \frac{a}{b} = \frac{a}{c} = \frac{c}{d}$$

Acropolis.



pm To forswear all <sup>selfish</sup> peace and quiet while wandering with them, was one of the least pleasant lessons of the desert war: and humiliating, too, for it was a part of pride with Englishmen to hug solitude; ourselves finding ourselves to be remarkable, when there was no competition present!

T.E. Lawrence - Seven Pillars of Wisdom.

'Before my blood and spirit fused, who was I?'

Li Ho - Late Tang

29.3.99 Sometimes when I sense self I think I don't sense that base, I sense that analyst that commentates. Maybe through some meditation?

3.4.99 Up at Kims property in Yea, Minto Road. Watched a beautiful sunrise this morning. Walked up to the top of the hill by the road, and the sun wound its way, like we were all a part of the clockwork, above the far off hills. On the other side of the hill you could



BRACKENCOVERED HILLS

see down into a stretch of valleys  
in all directions. A low lying  
mist sat

FLASH  
between  
the borders  
of the cleared  
lands and  
the people of  
the wooded lands.



And single trees showed above in a random fashion  
along with small ridges this way and that helping  
scores of little creeks and hollows and landscapes up  
and down in and out. I noticed that Flash was unaware  
of all of this (as you would expect him to be). Appreciation  
of beauty is a human thing it would seem. Like however  
is definitely not. Flash no doubt has some some  
ground luminosity (I like that description - Tibetan) the  
same as I do, but it that he cannot be aware of it for  
the some reasons he does not appreciate beauty? Or  
is it that beauty is some surface thing created by  
the mechanics of our minds. A side effect. With  
consciousness and judgement you also get this  
unavoidable perception in all things of pleasing or  
displeasing. A sitting of our mental strains within

the worldly matrix around us that is either comfortable  
or ~~and~~ uncomfortable, comforting or dis comforting.  
I think that if we do then it is no more or less than  
all else we have erected around our base spirits. So  
where does that put flash. His superficial structure  
is a humpy in the scheme of things, ours an intricate  
~~low~~ collection of steel and glass and cable tensioned  
up and hanging this way and that at all angles. His  
a basic protection from wind and rain, ours an  
expression of self, of competition with other  
structures, a wild fantasy of a contraption. His of  
all things earthly, ours of processed earth, a  
construction once removed from the base ~~is~~ natural.  
His ~~low~~ within the nature's forest canopy, aided by  
her natural protection, ours reaching above the treetops  
to see far, to catch light and be all the more  
beautiful however being by the some sword  
subject to the winds and squalls, the extremes of  
temperature causing movement this way, strains  
that way, even the odd collapse.

4499 Sure I saw a steam train this morning in the  
mist. Could see the shadow of this huge loco and a  
plume of smoke or steam being pushed out. It shushed

through the gum trees and the fences and out over the Yarra, a dark spectre. We heard a steam whistle a minute or two later off down the track as if to reaffirm its reality.

5.4.99 Read some Haiku yesterday. Japanese poetry constrained to three lines of set syllables. I have never understood in the past what end this could possibly serve. It constrains the writer to the thought however, to the moment. Like a photograph the reader is left to extrapolate, is given time to let the sentiment fall within his or herself, to let it move as it will becoming a much more participatory experience.

How pleasant  
just once not to see  
Fuji through the mist

Bashō

The quietness in the mist, the wooded path,  
dew on the clothes, the walking stick, the

quietness of mind and awareness of the immediate around. The heaviness of mount Fuji reassuringly out there; hidden from view and yielding to other simpler pleasures.

'First winter rain -  
I plod on  
Traveller, my name.'

'How I long to see  
among dawn flowers,  
the face of God.'

pm 'Powagpatsi' - A Hopi native american word for an entity or way of life that consumes the life forces of other beings in order to further its own life.

Didn't like this as much as Baraka. Too slow. Did not feel carried along. There is a lot to be said I think for keeping the some time format for shots. Baraka did this a bit more, 10secs, move on, 10seconds more on. Detaches you a little and get gives you an



# ONE OF THE MOST TALKED ABOUT AND HIGHLY ACCLAIMED MOVIES OF THE DECADE.

Like its predecessor *KOYAANISQATSI*, Godfrey Reggio's eco-doc is a visually stunning look at our world. This time he focuses on the Third World (filmed in Brazil, Egypt, Hong Kong, India, Kenya, Nepal, and Peru) and its domination by Western culture. The often breathtaking and inspirational imagery set to a score by Philip Glass using choirs and instrumentation from African and Latin American music - some of which Peter Weir re-used for *THE TRUMAN SHOW*.

In *POWAQQATSI*, Glass's score is less intense, more symphonic and melodious. The main theme is one of the most beautiful and inspiring pieces of music ever heard. Like Ravel's *Bolero*, it seems designed for meditation, as though each tonal range was aimed at a specific chakra. *POWAQQATSI* is simply the most thought provoking movie ever made.



*POWAQQATSI* is a Hopi Native American word for an entity or a way of life that consumes the life forces of other beings in order to further its own life. From the west Indian focus of *KOYAANISQATSI*, *POWAQQATSI* shifts to east Indian. The emphasis isn't on the clash between technology and mankind but the stronger bond between mankind and his planet.



# POWAQQATSI

LIFE IN TRANSFORMATION



**SYDNEY**  
STARTS FEBRUARY 18  
Check the Sydney Morning Herald for details

**VALHALLA**  
166 GLEBE POINT RD, GLEBE 9660 8050

**MELBOURNE**  
APRIL 4 to 17  
Check The Age for sessions or phone cinema for program.

**ASTOR**  
1 CHAPEL ST, ST KILDA 9510 1414



awareness of how factual it all is. It doesn't overtly play on the emotions but has the same effect. A little Haiku in fact as well.

Richard mentioned something interesting tonight. The selfish gene. The gene is the one thing of us that lives on. It merges and moves but it lives on. It must evolve as well but it has the history of a hundred lifetimes presumably, and it lives on. Will have to think about that one. I think it might be akin to a fingerprint of the human race, this gene pool, a developing thing. I'm not sure where it stands us but it is like an undercurrent, a living breathing blueprint learning and adjusting. A computer program altering itself with every successive generation, every successive version. And life is its electricity, its current and its medium. And where does the greater consciousness lie, with us or with it. We certainly don't recognise its consciousness, which isn't of course to deny it.

6-4-99 Meant to mention spotting a big grey

Kangaroo bounding across a paddock at Tea with what we thought at first was a small black kangaroo hopping alongside about forty or fifty feet away, and which turned out to be Flash, excited as on beholding our way and then the roos as if to say look what I found, look what I found! Very funny sight.

p.m. Philosophy 10. Stress arises when we try to lay our preconceptions over the real world and finding they don't conform. The answer is to live more in the real world than your preconceived one. Now I have heard that somewhere before. What about changing the world? I think that is still possible. Living or recognizing the real world should not preclude being yourself. Yes, I think recognizing is a better word than living in this sense.

7-4-99 Treadly, treadly, treadly steps, what is waiting around the corner? Each day I feel more removed, my life is tangential off from myself I feel somehow. Oh what, oh what, oh what is around the corner, something to bring them back together.

a change?, a costly heartfelt change perhaps?  
treadly, treadly, treadly...

8.4.99 Feeling like I need a sabbatical. Some  
time off to contemplate. Another year travelling?  
Lazy? I don't know. I do think I am having  
trouble with motivation! Hmmm...

10.4.99 If heaven too had passions,  
even heaven would grow old.

Li Ho on immortality  
and on heaven.

12.4.99 "Unity in diversity and  
constancy in change" Philosophy II

If we do look at the whole picture of diversity  
and change. If we do allow it and recognise  
in it unity and constancy. Then detached and  
observing, drifting we need something else  
to guide us. Dare I say it purpose. Rule  
under the Taoists in China comes to mind  
where thousands were sent into battle

under the good plan. A recognition of change and  
diversity, a detachment, a larger purpose of  
the advancement of the civilisation. Not  
necessarily wrong or right but ~~the~~ evidence of  
the need for a purpose. Love thy neighbor  
may in fact be too small to be fit for purpose.  
It may instead read ~~love~~ love me (do unto  
others as you would have done to yourself).  
It may not.

All of this philosophy is useful in stopping  
back layers, in getting to know yourself.  
It may even result in the recognition of self,  
of soul, of ground luminosity. It doesn't  
seem to help with purpose at the moment  
however. Looking in a mirror will not  
tell me which way to turn.

a change?, a steady hearted change perhaps?  
treadly, treadly, treadly...

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however. Looking in a mirror will not  
tell me which way to turn.

21.4.99 A walk in the rain under the umbrella  
this morning, dark clouds and a rainbow to the  
city. some pigeons flying circles above their  
home. Me in a ~~some~~ distracted mood making my  
way through all of it. Is this really happening?

25.4.99 Brecky at the Groove Train in Bridge Road.

Ricotta pancakes, blueberry muffins coffee and cold water.

Thirty years ago the 20-Somethings were, so we are told, taking drugs and fighting for world peace, and generally enjoying an extended childhood. Our lot scumbled into suits the minute we got out of uni. Forget peace and love, what was the starting salary? Then that awful moment when we realised the secret no one had told us: that going to work was really, really, awful and unfair, and depressing.

From an article in the Herald Sun magazine. I can relate to that definitely!

"And Joy, whose hands is ever at his lips, bidding Adieu"

Keats.

28.4.99 Well, Mum and Dad should be or should have (yesterday) crossed the Thorung Lia pass by now. Ooooo.... Hope I've done the right thing!

Chaired my first talk for the Concrete Institute last night. Everyone said it was a huge success and was run very well and I come across as very relaxed etc...but.... I hate public speaking. My voice is terrible in that respect. Far too damped and deep and monotone. Well can only go on can't we I guess.

9.5.99

All these hopes and dreams I live among,  
when this heart of mine was wise and young  
shine for me again little Prince in your eyes.

'The Little Prince'

Just finished watching a fairly crappy movie called the son. I'm not sure why but I feel a little somatocal now, it's a little scary. I want to get back to hard cold daylight. Am I losing control, and I losing my mind. Feels a little like hard

gods just now through battling with no-one but myself. I need to relax a bit we think.

This desire to get a formal dining table + room. Growing up a little from grunge and as it comes. I'm not sure if I am comfortable with all that. I don't want to grow up just yet. Please.

I am definitely going through a period of self. I find it hard to give me to Ange, except from self justification. In reading poems from the late tong, I have no time for Li Shang Yin who writes of love, my heart responds to the stern of the mountains and the ponderings of the individual.

14.5.99 The leaves have turned over the last week and a bit. They blow around and collect in the grass in the park, they flurry up the side of my building twelve floors up. Nature in metamorphosis, swirling capriciously around our feet and legs in the very streets we live in. And us refusing to be distracted, turning our

vision to the tasks we must complete at hand, our lives we must develop.

17.5.99 It is still not right, I need a month or two off to gather my senses. I know because if I was to quit this job, I wouldn't be able to face turning up at a new one full of energy and enthusiasm. It's not the job, it's me at the moment.

27.5.99 Having said that, I had a big fight with Ange over the weekend of my birthday. Frustrations voicing themselves, a weekend spent in silent brooding stubbornness. Needed? I don't know.

If all of the barriers were taken down the masses would spread, the poor and overpopulated would have a better life we perhaps would not but the world would be a more equal place.

If all of the barriers were taken down the masses would spread, the world would not have to face the issues of overpopulation until it had to face it as a whole. It would then either survive or fall on its face.



As good an argument for diversity and unfairness as I have heard. Darwinian even perhaps.

Started philosophy again. Not so sure. Everything is too nice, like is not all about nice is it?

30.5.99 This weekend consisted of a rainy day shopping in the city, Robor and Catarina's engagement at the Montaque, Friends of Burnley Park doing a walkaround Sunday morning, Nick's Blackies 30<sup>th</sup> at the Geelberg Sunday afternoon and back here, a quick chat with Jackie + Richard + to bed.

Talking with Steven Lane, he is on 72K + cones, Victor is on 71K flat, I am on 55K flat. Hmmm. They do wastewater + I do structures. Is that the difference? Its alot considering it is on top of. Will see what happens with this association.

Mum + Dad are back tomorrow. Have taken the day off, half for me, half for them. Looking forward to seeing them and hearing about the trip.

8.6.99 I am quite disturbed at the moment. depressed, slightly distressed disturbed. Life is going on in a distorted fish eye around me it seems and my connection with it is twisted and turned and strained in accordance. I need to break, to distance myself for a while to rebuild, to renew. Only will I be able to come back? And who am I kidding as I know, well sense one way which is the same thing for this moment, that the break will not happen. I need instead to live in bouts of the present in order to keep wheels turning, and deal with the other changes as I can at other times.

Gods strength Brendon and good luck.

I have a sense of impending fate, of something much greater or nobler than my present life dawning. I walked outside; just then to give Flash a short walk and a low flying, very slow and reasonable size plane flew over. I stood still and looked up almost waiting for a verdict to be delivered,

waiting for the turning. Common sense tells me this is me coming to grips with the fact that I will never be famous. That urge for recognition that is not going to be satisfied, passing opportunities, diminishing futures. My belief in ideals, my love of losing myself in distraction, in fantasy past and present, is at odds. And all of this from someone who can be quite good at the here and now, the emergency of the moment.

Reconciliation of failure has never been a good point, probably my worst actually. Tantaums, depression; that's where I am now.

Well keep on and try to reconcile I guess. Finish some photography, at least then I will have tried. What is needed now is a cool conscience and a focused intent, direction. (Unlike this writing).

O words with intent...

21.6.99 Solstice Eve ☺. I don't care for the winters, the cold and dark. It would be better if it got cold enough to snow.

Still in the realms of depression. I need

a lot of rest when like this. It is like I keep my life ticking over while something more important unceremoniously I can't see it. Worse than that. I feel like I am missing it; if only I could see what it was then everything would be ok.

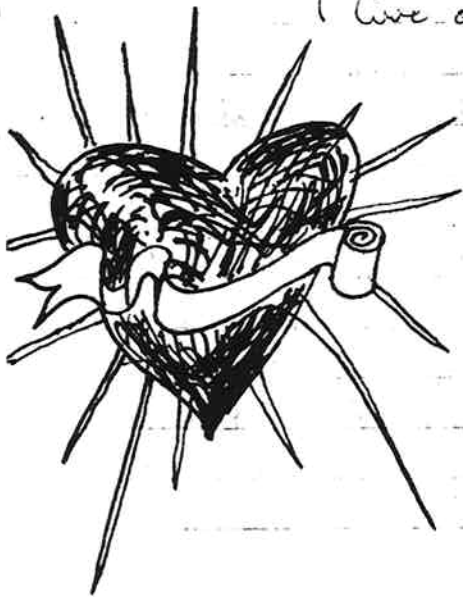
23.6.99 Travelling up to Sydney today to pick up some cable truss work from David Hunton. Like flying, it is a novelty and gives you a sense of importance, unfortunately I think. It is more the break in routine, break fast on the plane, lunch in another city and all of that.

Angie is heading up to Sydney next month with work which she is really looking forward to. I must do more to increase her self confidence and respect. On Monday night I sat and watched her watching television. She really is a beautiful person. Non violent, caring and steady in this world. She just does what she needs to to get by and deals with everything at her own pace, on Angus terms. That may sound strange but I think I often deal with things on other peoples terms. Either trying to please them or trying to be them. Not good for stress as it can only bring conflict.

13.7.99 I wonder how strong the fabric around us is. If I were to go into work, put a gun to my head and blow my brains out, if people would go back to work that afternoon, the next day, the next week? If people's priorities would change, would they deal with it, get depressed, be sad, even recognize what they were?

Saw 42 up tonight (unrelated as I had that thought a few nights back). Interesting film.

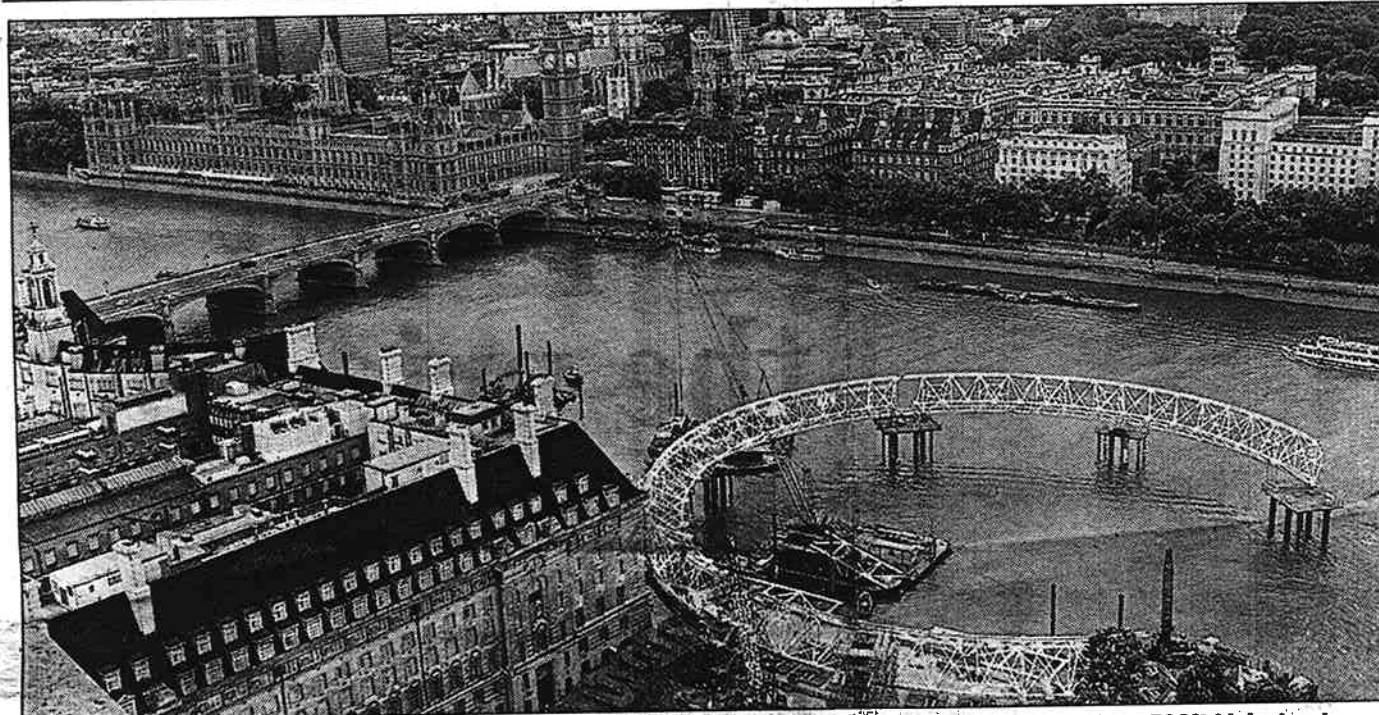
9.8.99 All these hopes and dreams  
I live among...



13.8.99 We search for coloured tragedy, for that moment when quiet inward sorrow fuses with soul and self to break in thunder; and tempest; in an orange swirl across darkened cloud heavy with least felt gravity. A burst

to spread to horizons each side, to extract heavy tear drops upon dry matter below. A thunderclap to roar the pain, the justice, the moment, to ~~roar~~ ~~that~~ fusion, to make people stop in their tracks and turn their heads heavenwards, to shake and echo down to the immutable reality at their core. ~~As the~~ ~~these~~ ~~essences~~ Screaming the kaleidoscopic intensity too deep to be contained within a single soul. All of this in a suspended moment laying itself across time, yearning but denied, extending itself in the hope of outlet ~~to die~~ with only to reverberate into distant hills, to lie unheard in an unknown spread of natural terrain. All to await for our eventual heavenly visit, our here and now unfulfilled and in expectation of the next storm to brew.

Is this colour as transient as people would have us believe. Should we discard the exaggerated moment for the reality of the present. How much is this life in this sober reality, where are the unbound limits of the wandering mind. I sometimes suspect this reality we live in is the ordered part of a volatile unreality that is the universe, our



**Coming full circle: the world's largest Ferris wheel is starting to take shape on the Thames. The £20 million, 500ft high structure, being built horizontally on seven platforms, will offer breathtaking views across London when it opens to the public next January**

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mind, the physical manifestation of a simplicity we can deal with. What if the answer is to let go and drift into those exaggerations, to soar in swirls of subconscious, of distracted blathered unconscious even. To free ourselves of earthly bonds, of the easy order of sanity. What if all of this then key? Who says the path to enlightenment is one of simplicity and reality, of non attachment preempting death?

17.8.99 Ange is having trouble sleeping which means so am I, work is getting very light on, the gas man told me I was up for \$400, I just topped my bike on a car - another \$300 and no claim bonus, fair to things have been a bit of a shit today. Be calm and get a bit of perspective Brendon!


Diane and Leonie are funny at work. I really like Leonie, she has a great time wherever she goes, and isn't full of shit or airheaded. Reminds me a lot of Rosetta, really good fun to be around. Refreshing reality. Why everyone has to be so small and narrow minded, its a shame I suppose. So left a

note on the SAAB anyway. Perhaps I should have just skipped it? Its that reality thing. And if I hadn't have been insured → gone mate gone! :)

msm Hlo darkness my old friend. With all of this looking outwards, creating with hands and with mind, of tracking reality, I seem to have lost some relationship within. Well here I am, to see you <sup>once</sup> again. You are reality aren't you, when all else withdraws, the physical the logical the physiological it is only your frame that remains. Or are there dualities separated by veils. misty woods in which to wander.

You are confused and tied down in words, when thought tries to take you, to ~~describe~~ and describe you are stilled, you ~~desert~~ <sup>desert</sup> ~~break~~ into tenuous wispy strands against a thin black, whereas before you were the black, you were the inkiness, where now you are a frame you are the whole.

So, to sit and let you come then. To let the inkiness play into ~~consciousness~~ <sup>consciousness</sup> and see what develops





Something there is whose  
veiled creation was before  
the earth or the sky began  
to be; so silent, so aloof  
and so alone. It changes  
not, nor fails, but teaches  
all. Conceive it as the  
mother of the world.

I do not know its name.  
A name for it is 'Wag'.

~~22-9-99~~ The purely moral proposal is most probable  
where people press together and life requires general  
agreement on its conduct. The mystic view becomes  
probable where individuals confront the universe alone.

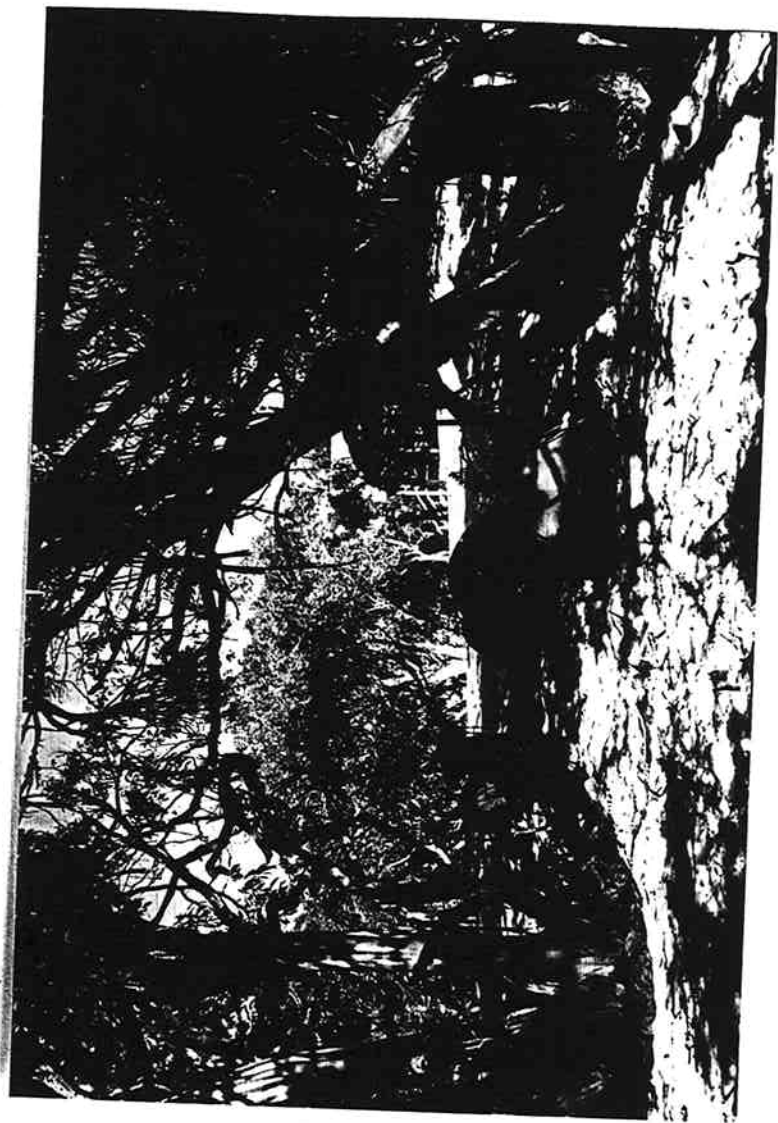
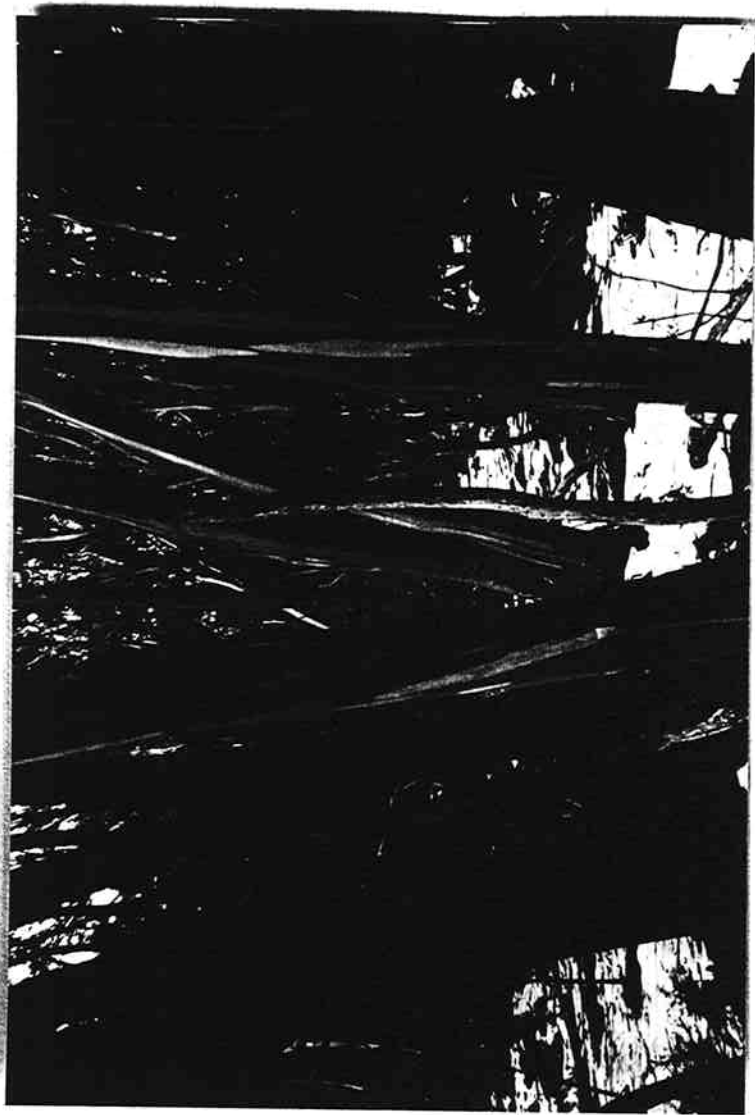
R. B. Blackley.

Interesting. The difference in leanings perhaps  
between religions and philosophies, smaller and greater  
vehicles. Reduces some of the black and whites to  
greys and makes me think as I do more and more that  
there are no rights and wrongs, just differences, different

points from which to view, different perspectives to view.

30.8.99 Had a great weekend up at Mount  
Stirling with people from work, Frank and his  
two eldest boys, Stephen and Daniel, Per, Shao,  
Lisa and her boyfriend Tom, and Bob Tomlinson.  
Beautiful sunny days, white snow, blue sky  
and 360 degree views of the high country,  
pale blue ridgeline after ridgeline disappearing  
to the peaks in the distance. Clouds  
streaming off of Falls Creek taking us back  
to the clouds streaming off of the Himalayas  
from Dalhousie. Pink Summit above camp,  
Baileys and Scotch in the Hut, a long walk  
in the quiet and the unknown to find a  
toilet spot thinking about the four lost  
snowboarders. Would be a horrible thing to  
be lost and alone in a place like that.  
Unforgiving, vicious indifference to a small  
human trapped in its midst. A bit of a buzz  
being up there, felt very strong. Most  
definitely unwork.

Fortune and fortune means less and less  
to me as I grow older, (and they become



more and more unobtainable) ☺ being honest.

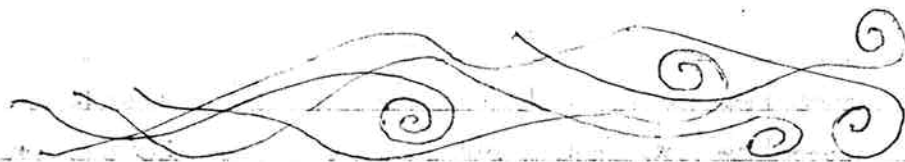
Its a struggle being honest, recognizing reality, and then finding a compromise between it and the world of people other realities (or otherwise) around you.

3.1.99 Asia Centre is about to take off. Must have a look at

- reprogramming
- circular penetrations in beams
- plaster boxes
- stair supports - typical stairs
  - West stairs 1→2
  - Main Stair
- Platform (W 5) support

before they turn around and bite us!

4.1.99 A windy weekend seeming to bring in stray spirits. Distantly reminding the wind through the trees and the grasses, the streets, tinous and thereal not words of change just of short term disturbance. Too sprightly to be held down in one place for any amount of time.



A wind of falling off motorbikes, of motorbikes falling on cars of their own accord, of headaches and faded vegie fritters, of dog vomit on sun visors.

19.9.99 ... of a drive, tired, up the yarra valley and over the Black Spur on friday night; of white doonas and waking in the tent to rain, end of sleeping and waking and sleeping and waking, again, our own little minimalist world, the reality of wet grass and the Cathedrals only inches from our heads... of driving again this time through misty forests, and of tailgating cars ahead and breakfast in Healesville, baked beans and mushrooms and Welsh flags on the walls, of a down syndrome boy watching the rain and being with him doing the same a few minutes later. of connections of place and of expiring time... of a collection of old books at the back of an opportunity shop; of patting calves at the Yarra Valley dairy and a rooster

perched on a rail in a barn, of cheeses and corrugated iron and fallen windmills and Dame Nellie Melba's house and of impending Melbourne, and of Dave and Syl and Brenton and Jacinta, and of Nicolas new house and of it all starting again...

25.9.99 "If the heart could grasp the meaning of life,  
In death it would know the mystery of God;  
Today when you are in possession  
of yourself you know nothing.  
Tomorrow when you leave yourself  
behind, what will you know?"

From the Rubaiyat (two line stanzas of Persian poetry) of Omar Khayyam. I think this comes quite close to a truth even though in all his poetry Omar Khayyam seems frustrated and accepting of never knowing the answers to the question the second two lines outline (The Question?). If your heart (and soul) could grasp the meaning of life (live in harmony and understanding of the forces in this world that pull it this way and that), in death it

would know the mystery of God (In death you may be able to understand the same, or at least set yourself on that path, of ~~the~~ whatever comes next be it something or nothing). I think this is me laying some buddhist beliefs over the top of this which is maybe not so pure, but it puts an interesting light on the buddhism side of things. Live your life and make peace with the realities of this world so that you may ~~ask~~ recognise the realities of the next. Making your way through the confusing and scary Bardo's other death by recognising your ground luminosity, the reality of base self.

"He began my creation with constraint  
by giving me life he added only confusion;  
We depart reluctantly still not knowing  
The aim of birth, existence and departure.

Oh least you will not arrive at the solving of the riddle,  
you will not reach the goal the wise in their subtlety seek;  
Make do here with wine and the cup of bliss,  
For you may and you may not arrive at bliss  
hereafter"



If my coming here were my will,  
I would not have come.  
Also, if my departure were my will,  
how should I go?  
Nothing could be better in this ruined lodging,  
Than not to have come, not to be, not to go."

He sounds very frustrated, I think I am past this a little in that I have learnt to value this life and what it can teach me a little more than I used to.

Teaching me perhaps for what comes after death and if this is nothing then maybe drawing from me for its own life as this reality does seem to be on a path itself. To meet me later perhaps in some graduation of its own? And if nothing, then nothing, then it becomes the passing of time and a life lived on a micro happy and sad scale in delusion of something grander.

26.9.99 Having trouble sleeping. I like to think I have quite a good reading of reality. I can see things for what they are. I still find myself

ignoring it though. I guess that's not having a grip on reality. I know things are happening, I know I have to do stuff but I put them off in favour of distractions, I ignore them in favour of not thinking, of relaxing my brain and doing something not requiring this addressing of what I see in front of me. Laziness? tired? Hmm...

28.9.99 Still not sleeping well. Frank slept with us last night as he has not been feeling well. He ended up comfortably on Angus discarded pyjama top which was quite funny. I got up, did some stumps, rearranged some books and all of that. A bit tired today needless to say.

1.10.99

Have you ever noticed how little people tell the truth, and how ever less they live it.

People like me, bound by what we think a society might judge, by what it may turn its back upon.



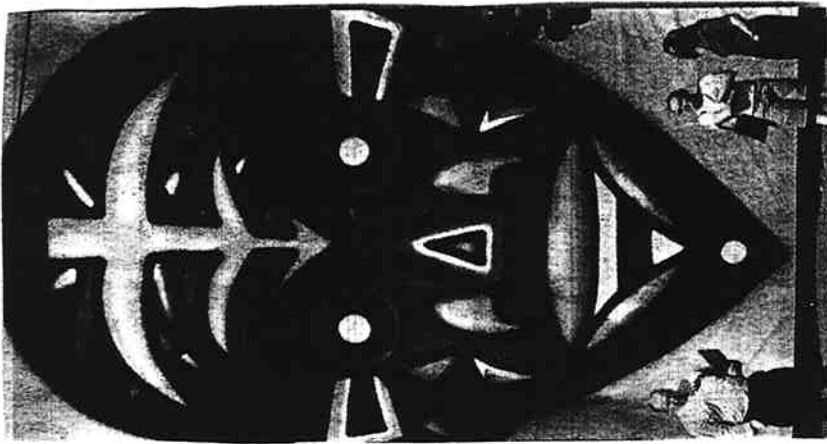
2.10.99 I wonder how many of the Holocaust victims took their lives on the trains or in the camps. I wonder if there is some person who would commit suicide rather than accept failure, or be married off. (It is from an Indian story Tales of Maghadi that spurred this thought) would they commit suicide when abandoned as a child when thrown into like threatening adversity. It is hard to be clear. I am trying to identify between adversities. When do they prompt the giving up. A banker forced to live through bankruptcy or the same banker forced to live through the labour camps of whatever war. Why will one event end in suicide and the other not when the one that will not may be a worse fate. Base instinct under threat of life. In this pogroming we carry with us there is an objection to the taking of our life except by ourselves, a loophole to the end result. Or is it relative circumstances. I think maybe loneliness leads to it, in a group it is possible to be strong to still be above the norm and have value, when you are left out on your own by a group, displaced by financial failure

or communication failure or any other difference, that is when value at its lowest can be questioned and suicide is entertained? Difficult to know unless you have been to the brink I imagine. When does that self survival kick in, does it even?

10.10.99 Twenty eight degree days and a night of humid lightning backed rain. Warm smells of moist earth and dripping trees. Waking to this and that during the night and melting in and out of it in the morning in bed. Time there to let it happen to you, to let it enter your body and soul rather than to be restricted to observing admirations. Time to live it.

Reminded me a lot of travelling. How I wish I had time to wander among all of this in a state of continuity, but it will be broken by work things, by other life things also.

... if they are unhappier than most peoples, they are noisier also. If they are trapped in some ways they are brilliantly free



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liberated in others. Sometimes their endless pacing to and fro is sad to see, but when the weather is bright and the sun is rising, then it assumes an exhilarating rhythm, and the people (of Manhattan) seem to dance along their avenues, round and round the city squares, in and out the sepulchral subway.

Jan Morris  
from The Islanders.

15.10.99 The truth is not there to be toyed with.

Joseph Paonessa  
during Asia Centre.

And never a nobler word was spoken about the design process. I have really enjoyed working on Asia Centre. It has been a hard struggle but we have had the people to carry it through.

A post from Andrew Heath I think that's what heart you shall. Anyhow we have had a short intensive time and produced a lot of good drawings in a short time. John Legge Wilkerson is a pleasure to work with. He really took the pressure off big time and I think is really the reason I have enjoyed it so much (I'm not so sure if he has!!), I hope so).

Frank has been in hospital with high blood pressure, 255/90 not sure of the denominator but dangerously high, only one kidney working apparently. He had hemorrhaging into his eyes giving him blind spots. The interesting thing is when he has both eyes open one compensates for what the other doesn't see. When he has only one eye open his brain compensates. So when looking at a green field the blind spots aren't black they are just blurry, the mind filling in the grass. It was only at right out of his peripheral vision (the one eye only) when his brain was filling in the spots with the black of

the road and they happened to be falling over the white line that he noticed. Pretty incredible.

And me, I'm going along ok at the moment, waiting to spend a little more time on my life. Asia Centre will be finished quite soon, hope.



17.10.99 And work, and Sunday, Sunday night and wine and a new table and candles and cheese and biscuits and lying in the backyard with garden lights and portishead and Byron Ferry and Tracy Chapman and talking and beer and lime cordial and more candles in a new fireplace and the start of

summer and a little dog and it looks so pretty to me, like a spanish city to me when we were kids, love you like the stars above, love you till I die :).

23.10.99 He endeavored to make the universe eternal, as far as this could be done. So he made a moving image of eternity. When he laid out the heavens he made this image eternal but moving, in accord with numbers - distinct from eternity with is one and at rest. This moving image is what we call time! Plato.

References to the eternal, one and at rest, similarities to ground luminosity in Tibetan Buddhism, the way in Taoism, and many others I imagine.

This passage and bits before it about making a living creature in the image of the Gods are very similar to Christianity also not that this has any relevance to the real world, just interesting. I can't figure out which come first, must be Plato + Pythagorus surely.

24.10.99

Suppose the world went as you wanted, what then?

And suppose the book of life were read through, then what?

Let me suppose a century of self gratification left,

Even supposing we had a century more, then what?

Omar Khayyam.

Since your beginning and end are only of dust, do not imagine you are on the earth, but in it.

25.10.99

On a week long leading the consultancy of the 'Interim' course, I don't like being in a social situation the whole time. I like time to myself, alone as well, whether it is working or not, time to drift into me not be subject to the playing of others around me I guess. I never feel comfortable with myself in that situation (I think I was going to say)

26.10.99 Ove Arup Sydney laid off four people at principal level yesterday. Not good. A lot of people very upset by it. Fucking unreasonable as one person, Keith Pollock a senior guy from Perth put it. Unreasonable maybe but necessary also I imagine. Ove Arup as a company you would have to say is struggling. It has been interesting hearing, learning about the senior guys in the firm. Disappointing, a bunch of old full of themselves ball scratching egotistical men with not a very good grip on reality. I don't know what I expect of these people mind you, severe philosophising men of the world perhaps, full of wisdom and compassion. Maybe, and I think it is probably more likely it is my reaction unfairly to them at not being one of them, not being able to talk with them as one of them etc. etc. etc. And maybe it is a bit of both.

I feel very disorientated being up here. Like my mat of reality has been removed. Out of my natural habitat I suppose, we have been back in Melbourne, entrenched as it were in Park Street now for almost 2 years.



This should be a chance to close my eyes and rest. The problem is is that when I open them again I am not on a beach in India, I am at work.

There is an egret on a log out in the bend of the Hawksberg over which we look. There are the winds and breezes that blow past and the bubbling and flow of water around him. The log is in a huge eddy that carries him around, slowly, taking an hour perhaps for a sort of revolution. He must just watch the surrounding landscape, the bank, the trees, the sky slowly revolve. Watch it all move as one around him with a mild disinterest in the actual path the log is taking. A bit disorientated but in this situation and so no bothering to make the initial probably uncomfortable flap away.

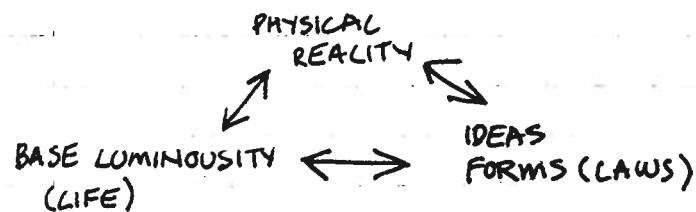
Man's capacity for understanding truth is innate in each man's soul, and that the way that he learns it is like an eye which cannot

be turned from the darkness toward the light, except by turning the whole body. In the same way the entire soul must be turned away from this world of change and shadows until its eye is able to endure the bright light of reality, and the brightest of all realities, which we have called the good.

Plato, The Republic, Book VII 518b-c

Plato as I understand him takes reality as the generic forms and ideas, the governing rules of numbers and of science perhaps that form the world, not the physical manifestation of those rules.

It must be both.



I put the following passage in (the prelude to the previous one) because I think it is a nice parable but also because it has something of the Devil in it, some esoteric menace on the human spirit. In some ways it suggests masters and slaves as well as philosophic parable, a philosophic bondage of ~~the~~ human nature.

'Here is a parable which shows how our nature may become enlightened or remain unenlightened. I imagine the condition of men as living in a sort of underground cavern, with a long entrance to the light. Here men have existed since childhood, fettered by the leg and the neck, so that they cannot move or turn their heads in any way, and can only see in front of them. Higher up some distance behind them, is the light of a burning fire; and between the fire and the prisoners is a path with a parapet along it, like the screen at a puppet show which conceals the performers whilst they display their puppets above it.

I can picture it he replied  
Now behind the parapet imagine there are men carrying all kinds of objects - including figures of men and animals, in stone and wood and various other materials - which project above the parapet. Some of these people would be speaking and some would be silent.

This is a strange image you conjure up, he said, and those chained men are strange prisoners,

No, they are just like us I replied, For, to begin with, do you think such prisoners would see anything of themselves, or of one another, except for the shadows cast by the fire light onto the wall of the cave facing them?

How could they see more if their heads are prevented from turning?

And they would see just as little of the objects being carried past.

Of course.

Now if they were able to talk to one another, surely they would suppose that in naming the shadows they saw they were in fact naming the actual objects.

Certainly.

And if their prison had an echo from the wall facing them, when one of the passers by behind them spoke the prisoners would naturally assume this came from the shadows passing before their eyes.

By Zeus, the would indeed he said.

In all ways, then, the prisoners would consider reality to be nothing else than the shadows of those artificial objects.

Inevitably, he agreed.

The Republic, Book VII, 514a-c

27.10.99 I am realising I am not as tired as I thought I was. Mentally a bit drained perhaps but not sleep tired.

That egret is still circling. What a great way to spend your time. However that song goes... I am a passenger...

	PJH	CSH	JFR
29.10.99	Conscientious	Stressed	Intense
	not always at ease	Dogmatic	Liable

JOY (an ex social worker 55ish sunbunt and surgratted woman from the Gold Coast's opinion on PJH, CSH and JFR sitting opposite us on the flight)

30.10.99

On the plane on the way home from our week away. Really enjoyed all of the course. But in true Baer romantic style I guess, I was really taken by a girl from Brisbane. Falling at first sight. ~~With~~, I don't know why people think that that can only happen once. Anyway we got to communicating as a part of an exercise for five or so minutes and she was everything her looks beguiled. I had that feeling I had with Angie and with Leonie and Sayl, of wanting to ~~sit~~ sit down on a couch, hold each other and just talk a night away. ~~So~~ I actually did it with Angie (and Julie beforehand) I guess is the difference, it breaks me up inside not being able to take it any further. So beautiful <sup>a person</sup> and I just want to close my eyes and be close ~~with~~. We were actually very similar ~~people~~ and in fact that hint of connection in the short time we talked scared me a little and I <sup>ended up</sup> staying away from taking it any further. For fear of failure, for fear of creating a mess in a work environment, for not wanting complications? For shyness for a whole lot of reasons.

Really enjoyed the psychology sessions. Strangely ~~has~~ felt a little disarmed?, uncomfortable anyway at the end of it. It was such an opening experience I felt very unprotected. Where as before there was an element of good and bad to people in the office, in the group also we really became the same people. Sensitive, introvert, worrying, detailing people. Gave a nice group, huggy identifying and relating feeling but took away some claws, an undercurrent of vulnerability.

Do you need a sense of competition, of good and evil, to incite a passion, an ideal to win over and defend with whatever it takes. It seems like realising for the first time what that phrase means, there is no good and evil ~~in~~ the people in the world, just different ones. The fight against evil for a blinding minute felt like it should be a nurturing of these poor souls back to the positive sides of their psyches. And I'm not sure that's not how it shouldn't be but I would never survive would I? As

much as I like to give people the benefit of open understanding you still need a bit of evil to fight against. A bad guy over which to dominate, a threat to keep you going.

To sit down cross legged on a couch, facing each other, to smile and to talk and to love. And to end up asleep somewhere together, comfortable to a touch, souls filled with the depth and stillness of a universe ~~let~~ unperturbed by understanding. It fills me with grief and sadness ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> heart this wanting for something I dared not ~~bring~~ broach.

~~Towards~~ have ~~been~~ been able to put my forehead against hers and perhaps kiss a platonic kiss on the cheek in total understanding. To share those feelings with someone I love. Even you get overrun by emotions at times Hmmm. Not good, not bad just debilitating. Living fantasy. I may send an email along the lines of I wanted to tell you how much I enjoyed our talking but an appropriate moment never seemed to arise. Hope you got as much from the course I did, maybe give her Dundas

address to show her some of photos. I'm not sure. May not be a good move.

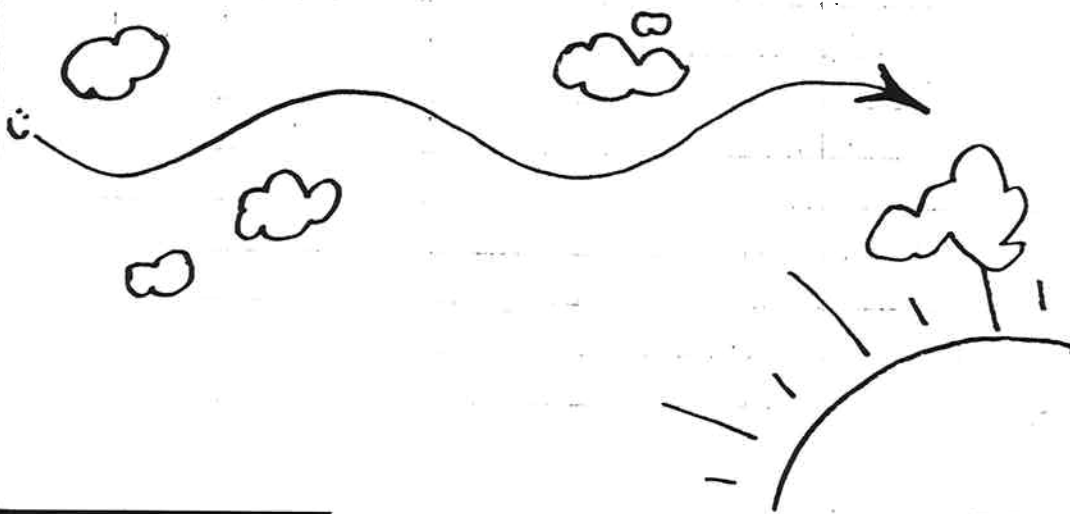
31.10.99

'Falling in love with love  
is falling for make believe.  
We are the species that  
demands to be lied to, in  
the nicest ways.'

Joyce Carol Oates, the Age.

4.11.99

Me and my partner. Sounds a bit Noah's ark doesn't it. Pair by pair, the male speckled hen and its partner. Genderless nineties



6.11.99 Saturday morning. I want to move fast. I want things to be happening to the pace of the background music TV. My mind is blocked. I want to live the image, I want my head to be rolling back with half closed eyes and a spinning world of vagueries around me. I want to be this, I want to be that, the reality is here is what I am. Sweep the floors, not even that, its paint the doors which I would like to do but doesn't happen. That turns up again and again in my life, this missing action thing. I could do with some time alone. Just do it? Maybe I could do with 5 min meditation breaks to get myself started. Its the ongoingness of it all sometimes I think. The deadening length of life. No matter the crescendo like goes on, no matter the low, life goes, time turns, no matter how we slow it in our minds the infremiting turning, no slower no faster turns.

7.11.99 Have felt very unsettled with myself this weekend. I need some solidity. Spent



this afternoon walking in the rain with Ange shopping at supply and demand and reading 'The Tempest'. I feel a bit the better for it but time will tell. Work seems to be at odds with the self I am most comfortable with.

'Give me the folly that dimples the cheek, say I, rather than the wisdom that ebbles the blood.'

Hermon Melville

Wherefore weep you?

'At nice unworthiness, that dare not offer what I desire to give; and much less take what I shall die to want.'

Ferdinand and Miranda  
The Tempest  
Act III scene I

Quietly and passionately Brendon, and with honesty and patience.

13.11.99 Had a dream last night. We were on holiday somewhere with Jackie and Richard. It was quite long and involved, but I only remember being hot and a little bothered at exerting myself in the heat. A reway the bit I remember vividly is diving into some water. From the top it was fairly broken up and marshy but underneath for some reason it was cool, blue with a large light sandy bottom. Jackie then dived in and then totally unexpectedly she swam underneath me and as we were slowly rising she took me by the shoulders, with ~~her~~ beautiful happy smile pulled me towards her slightly and kissed me. It was so vivid because the water was so cool and nice after mucking around up top and it was a beautiful unexpected thing. (I sound like a really bad cheap novel I know!) So we stayed down for a while, the water made everything

quiet with that echoed ethereal feeling but didn't seem to worry vision or length of breath. And again into the novel but I put my hands on her hips and kissed her back, thinking at the time she had a beautiful body. (I think that may have been a reference back to sex with Ange that morning, at which time the same feeling came over me with Ange). We swam around for a bit but I knew uncomfortably that this ~~was~~ wouldn't be because I would never risk my relationship with Ange. While swimming back and forward across this big pool, at one time I came close to this scary type of fish in some weeds on the sandy bottom which seemed to be a reminder of this discordance in the situation. And that was it. Now I like Jackie a lot but would never consider any relationship like that (never admit to it maybe?). I think it might be a desire to have an intimate friendship with her perhaps. I think she is a beautiful beautiful person but only really interact with her walking the dog or

seeing them in the street where it is all talking. This seemed to be a quiet, ~~the~~ easy connection, a moment of ~~total connection~~ total giving, of at one, of love and sexual feeling. Perhaps it would seem I crave that moment where you fall in love. Leonie, Cathy, Jackie. A Ineer would to give you all those things would be beautiful but it would make the day to day hard to deal with. I don't think I would be quite up to it. I say this, write this down, and think Brendon you are very stressed and conservative, I could do with some time to guide tours in Asia right now, to fall in & out of love, to be taken where it takes me for a while, but I won't have children and Ange and to do well at work. Must try to give myself as much time as I can to let the less regimented part of my life flow a bit more. Take me places.

14-11-91 Saw Simon play with Geoff Achison tonight at the Continental in Greville Street. Not all my type of music but a lot of it was very very good. I love the strings.

Nice to do something out and about for  
a change. Surreal drive home, mild  
wind blowing about the place, the odd  
person/people in cafes or bars watching, the  
odd person in the all night car wash cleaning  
their car! Quiet streets. A world  
turning from the momentum of the day  
through the night approaching a new  
week. Mother, mother, mother... there's  
too much love in this world... ♪ ♪

15.11.99 People who suffer severe depression,  
Michael Palin, Luening, Hemmingway,  
Winston Churchill...

Nice to do something out and about for a change. Surreal drive home, mild wind blowing about the place, the odd person/people in cafes or bars watching, the odd person in the all night car wash cleaning their car! Quiet streets. A world turning from the momentum of the day through the night approaching a new week. Matra, matra, matra... there's too much love in this world... ♪♪

15-11-99 People who suffer severe depression, Michael Palin, Luening, Hemmingway, Winston Churchill...

4-12-99 What are the depths of the stars and the planets and the universe to to the ~~someone sitting home~~ someone sitting homeless. Looking out at that grandeur, the possibilities, the intrigue, must make the isolation complete. The cold air and sounds of traffic nagging at your sides reminding you of your place on this earth whilst you ponder that of the earths in this universe. To feel

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夢

DREAM (YANSHOU)

precluded from this scene must truly be despair. Your world must be more earthbound, must deal with local mother nature here in the

hills and the woods and the springs and the seas. Would the stars become two dimensional, that extra being owned, claimed and staked by the books of glossy for reaching photos from poking telescopes, for reaching theories from poking minds.

It would take a strong mind indeed to explore those depths yourself and live at one with them knowing other feet trample there as you sit bound to this earth below your feet.

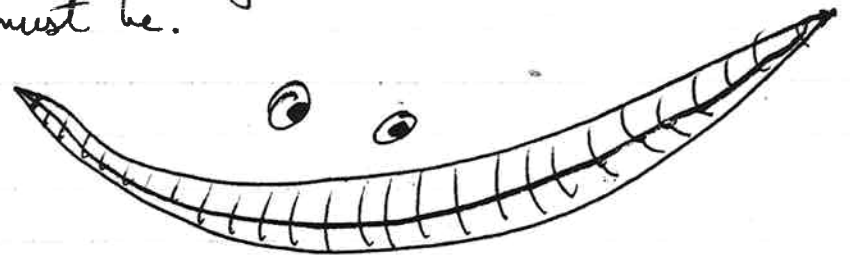
CIA (Concrete Institute) dinner at the Cuckoo last night. Tis a funny world of warped and twisting pockets of time we live in ☺.

15-12-99 I seem to not be strong in this world. I am washed this way and that wanting to be liked wanting to do well. And when the world that washes me around becomes confused, unreal, manipulated distorted unreal and a little insane, all of that is spread across me as well.

19-12-99 There seems a lot of strong and colourful, winding, billowing, seducing ribbons in this world. Swirling around truth and falsity, right and wrong, wrapping people in gaiety or depression, taking some and battering them against rocks, tickling others in the ribs and flowing on upwards into splashes of psychedelia in the sky. Persuasive and powerful, subtle and submissive, real and unreal we are lead we are pushed, we are bypassed and left behind.

Some of us try to strip the ribbons to find the base truth, some of us ride them like wild ~~struck~~ things reveling in the experience they provide, they inflict.

We are born into life and we die. All we truly know is the inbetween and that incompletely. Forms, factions, somethings, nothing there is a key, and what a wonderful thing it must be.





27-12-1999 Thura river campground, it has been very wet which is a bit of a downer, and we forgot the milk - hmmm. Angus' thong has broken but Mallacoota was beautiful in the mist and am really looking forward to the next few days walking. Rain, hail, sun, at one's.

28-12-99 Cape Head (10 km). We arrived around 1pm and have spent most of the day sleeping and reading. I don't know if this is because we are run down and now in recharge mode or if it is because we are not sleeping well. We are camped in (under) a little tea tree gully at the foot of a sand dune not far off the beach. I thought it would be a little more isolated but some people are camped in a carpark on the other side of the dune. A fair way away but ~~so~~ they use the track to go down to the beach. They have been very nice and offered us water or anything else if we needed it which makes me suspect that they shouldn't be here. They are not causing any harm and so we will leave them be.

The walk today was all along the beach. We are taking fairly short stages to give

ourselves time to relax (and to make sure the walking is not too much!). Was all bare feet today which will have done wonders for them I hope. Calves and groin are a little sore after the sand and I feel like I have been beaten with a stick about the shoulders. Pack is pretty heavy but not too bad - will have to do a little more training pre South America we thinkst.

So today was beach, and surf and dunes, mostly overcast with a 20 min break of sunshine to which we promptly lay down + slept in. At one stage a cold front sprung up from the coast behind us and we watched the dark grey clouds and line of black sea approach and overtake us with a cool wind. Never had any rain from it though luckily. They say the weather clears usually once the Sydney to Hobarters have gone past (poor bastards!).

Black sandpiper birds with orange pencil beaks, cormorants and black headed gulls. Washes of the waves over our feet and light trails of sand being blown before us.

Yesterday was also good. Spent the afternoon going down to the lighthouse, saw some seals playing in the sea and a swamp wallaby (blackey fur) on the track who looked fairly tame (let us get quite close).

A large tree bough fell upon our neighbors (who happened to be an architect or from Melbourne we work with a lot). A dog of 'Corey' as we walked back from the beach at dusk (having been lighthouse spotting). They were very lucky they or the kids weren't hurt. Thurra river seems full of people who have been going a long time.

Ten years, eighteen years, maybe they are scared of not getting a booking - I don't know? Maybe that's how a family is measured in Thurra river, a sense of security, of belonging that their subconscious minds need not feel so displaced maybe.

And everything seems damp. It is only a little humid but without the sunshine (and I'm not even sure if that would help) nothing seems to ever fully dry, only to a certain damp point. Even the pages of this book.

(→ WINNAN INLET 29.12 = 13m)

30.12.99 Yesterday to start with, was a long wet day (drizzle on and off but a bit heavier towards the end) Made our way up into the tea tree forest which was magical. Nice and quiet and sheltered after the continuous wind and ocean roar on the beach. Had lunch on a crest of dune (second or third in covered with tea tree) and just watched over the valley in front of us. Parakeets and even one black ~~Cockatoo~~. Most serene and natureful! ~~SK~~

Should have mentioned first our early morning (well 10:00 or 11:00) rock hop around some points. Saw a black snake just as we started off. Only about 1.5 m long but would have been 40 or 50 mm thick. Slinky every man! Angie was a bit spooked then by snakes on one side in dense brush and the crashing waves licking at our ankles the whole time on the other. Very large seas and full of power, wouldn't want to get caught in them. Gives me second thoughts about a trip across the Pacific, could think of nothing worse than being trapped on a boat with nowhere to go. As our driver said on the way down, the only cure for seasickness to sit under a tree for a while.

So the highlight of the day anyway was a

small side trip up to Rams Head where we came across a whole flock of black Cockies. We were very quiet and found ourselves just standing in the middle of them. The largest (and the leader I think) just sat and exchanged glances, big orange eyes. Then he went and the other followed groups coming from everywhere.

There must have been 15 to 20 all taking off down into the hills behind us. There aren't many others on the trails and so it feels like you have the hills and valleys and treetops around you to yourselves. Very nice.

The walk into Winger Inlet campground was very nice as well. Lots of boardwalk along the edge of the lake, walking alongside the swans and the pelicans.

Saw the couple we stayed with (shared a campground with only 2 wag) last night. They had intended walking back to Thurva but decided to take a lift back by road. 2 hours along those roads again. I could think of nothing worse! The guy annoyed me a bit, 'Is that all you've got in rain gear!!!' - wearing the same as you! - I was very wet as my Tapaora doesn't cover my shorts (why you

so long). Anyway were lucky enough to see a boat come in and he gave us a lift across to the hikers camp on the other side. They had been out since 12:00 pm fishing and looked pretty cold and wet so it was good of him. Gave him \$20 for his trouble. Just as he was leaving there was a short shout from the shore and he made another couple of \$20 (imagine ferrying five others back the other way. They had been stranded there for the day and were going to try wading across at 9:00 pm low-tide (all but dark) - lucky I reckon as the tides are supposed to be high so it would not have been so enjoyable! So we saw them off and inherited a warm fire - how good was that. I had to head off on a 40 min trek for some murky water. I serially failed in a pond up the trail of what is supposed to be a creek! Not moving but clear compared to sites further down and slowly seeping from the sand I think. Gave me the creeps a bit that little beach I got water from - dead seals etc not a good omen.

I forgot to mention, saw a seal playing in waves very close to the beach (+ us) on the way to Winger. Up and down  most

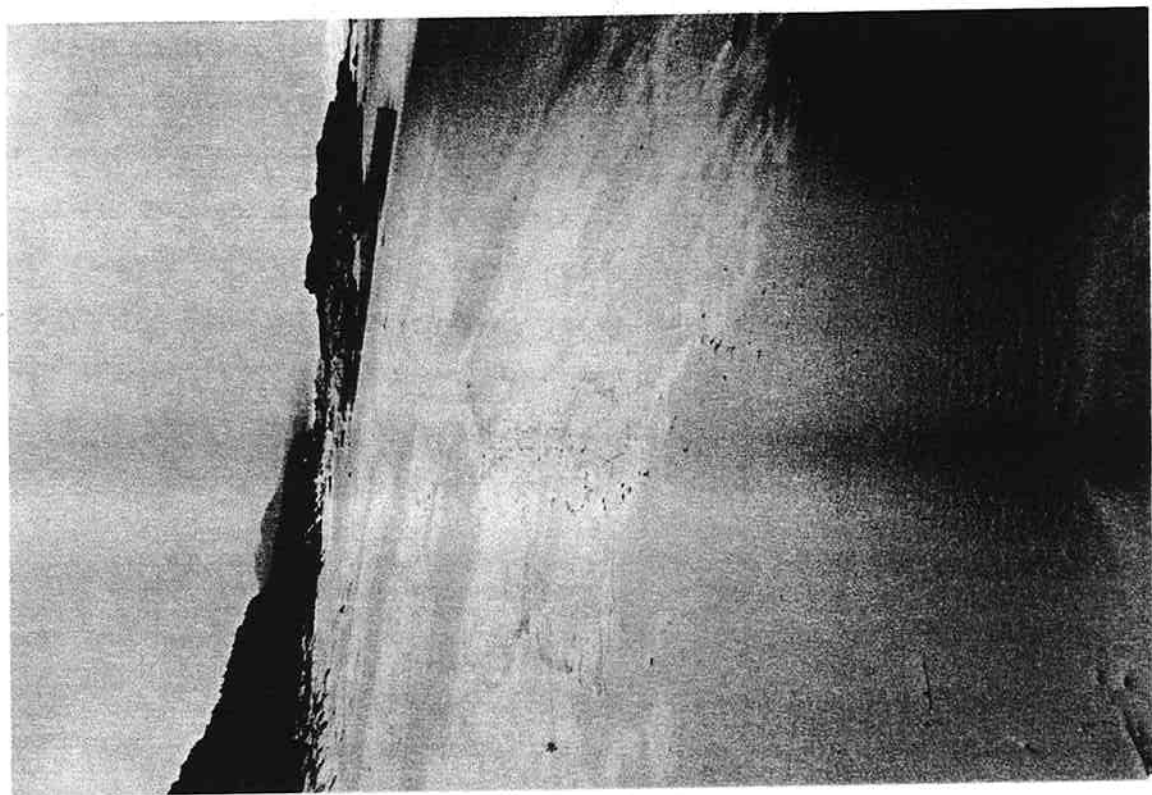
impressed. Two little smiling faces (and his a third probably). There is a seal colony here on the Skerries, some rocks just off the inlet. You can hear + even smell them at times apparently but they had a quiet night and the wind blew away any smells the night we were there. Not a great night's sleep. Worries about falling trees, tides, ~~and~~ animals, and flaring fires ~~that~~ when I should have been falling asleep. Not sleeping well the whole time we have been here. Then again not too tired. Just long restless sleeps. Today will have to wait until tomorrow. (→ BENEDEORE RIVER = 15 km 30.12)

31.12.99 Millennium eve. Yesterday was a long wet day also. Spent the first bit of the morning going back to dead seal bay - bad omens - then the rest of the morning doing more rock hopping. Ange wasn't as spooked as the day before and actually showed a lot of balance and did really well. More beach walking and then up into the bush at Red River. Nice camp spot to have stayed, high up on the dune overlooking the lagoon.

Then started to get a bit tired of it. It

drizzled constantly, we decided to do a short 10 min side trip to get water which was 25 m each way (thanks Lonely Planet!) and had a big lunch down by Red River upstream. Then through grown over track inland. Old 4WD track rutted all over the place and we ended up totally soaked from the waist down because of all of the water on the scrub. Squeaking boots back onto the beach (after more extended travel times - hmmm; we were slow but not that slow), a little rock hopping and into the West side of Benedore river.

Benedore river composite, what a godsend. Cleared area for a fire with driftwood benches set up like a reclining lounge set etc. Protected from the wind right on the lagoon, absolutely beautiful. It was so protected and covered completely above by the tea tree canopy and deer underneath, it was like your own little house with the lake all around one side and the dunes the others. Living room with fire, kitchen area with the packs and bedroom tent spot. What a feeling, warming up and drying out our boots, our clothes, ourselves! ☺





Patchy night sleep again, deliriously thinking about mosquito bites thinking I had some disease or something. Need to find myself a comfortable pillow I think. Woke in the middle of the night to go to the toilet. Stars! Taurus, Pleiades, ~~Southern Cross~~ Orion. I got up and had a little look around so won't have been that tired. Shining the torch into the lagoon, all of the fish started to jump at it. Only little ones about 15 to 20 cm long but was interesting anyway.

Spirits dampened at around 3:00 with heavy rain for a while and then light pitter-patter for an hour or two, but woke up to patchy skies. At last some sun! Went for a walk back to a small waterfall at the creek (about 15 min back down the beach and over some rocks) glorious sunshine. Ocean is still pounding and the wind is blowing a gale but the campsite is very protected so are spending a bit of the morning here. Half kemp smoked out rocks that were by the fire last night are now billowing in the breeze drying out with everything else.

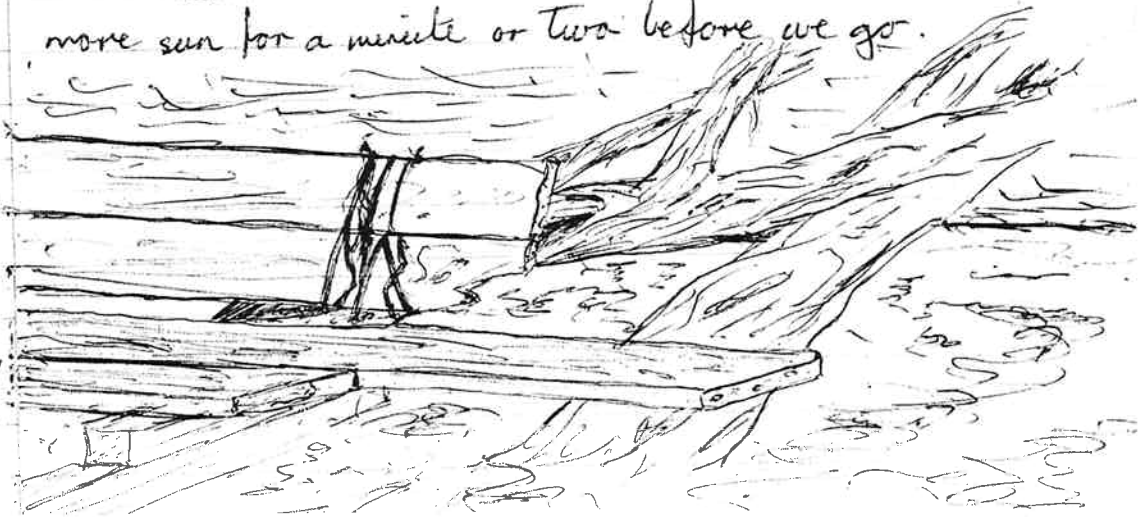
Dumped a 3 day long shirt and feeling

quite happy. Legs and feet are feeling it though. It has been a bit longer and harder than I had first thought I admit. Good preparation for Patagonia if we make it to the Paine Circuit which I am keen on (not so sure about Ange).


Just noticed some people on the other side (east side) of the lagoon who camped there last night. They have had bone feet all morning so I wonder if they didn't get a fire going. Waking up to wet boots would be the worst man!

Half day today as stopping short of Shipwreck Cove at Seal Cove to avoid the cor camps for New Years. Will be a quiet one but I wish we had bought a small dram of scotch to celebrate with!

Back to Robinson Crusoe (the book) and some more sun for a minute or two before we go.



1.1.2000 Yesterday ( $\rightarrow$  SEAL COVE = 7km) was not too hard as we thought although I was a little tired and crabby. Slowing down half a pace or so for Krage over long distances can get a little frustrating when it drags a little and you just want to get there.

Anyway, through a high level flat, plateau almost terrain of heathland formed from long spindly grasses, grass trees  and the odd interspersed banksia. Then in and out of this were island forests of taller trees. All sand (very little top soil anyway) and wet + marshy. The track was the old 4WD track which was just a couple of thin strips of water for a lot of the time. So it was straight up onto this plateau then a couple of hours walking through the African Savannas as Krage compared them to (expecting to see giraffes pop their heads out  $\Rightarrow$ ) and then as suddenly as it began, straight down and into Seal Cove campground which is very nice. A fire and some more unwelcome drizzle. All felt a bit strange last night, had the campground totally to ourselves again for the third night in a row. Prefer having a few other

campers around like Wilsons Prom I think as if anything goes wrong there is always someone else there. You get a little spooked by the sounds of the trees at night. The big ones because they can fall on you and kill you, and the smaller tea tree because it makes it sound like there are things moving around the campsite (and because you start to think that they could fall on you and kill you!) Particularly the falling aspect last night as there seemed to be a lot of squeaking and little twigs dropping just above our (right above us) heads.

Having said that slept really well (I think I needed it!). Had a tick about 11:00 which I woke up finding myself pinching on my leg. I deliriously thought it was a bit of boosekin or something but managed to hang on to it and then squash it between my nails when I had finally woken up enough.

This morning was a rather dip in sea, which has calmed down a lot, to give myself a bit of a wash (more needed than the sleep). Beautiful in. I really like that sort of thing (Sunnier weather today although still the odd cloud passing over the sun - I want sun + nothing else, is that too much to

expect.

And then there was the change of the Millennium (as generally recognised!). A bloom at 11:55 and we poled our heads out of the tent to see a starlit sky up between the silhouetted tea trees, the roar of the ocean in the background and the rocks of Seal Cove just across the way. Another bloom at 12:00 pm then back to sleep. Was a nice little moment in amongst it all.

Seal Cove itself is nice although not as nice as Beredone River. Some large rock formations forming a couple of small beaches with a creek or two running in from behind. You can see the Mallaoota Peninsula spreading out and finally Gaba island at the extreme tip. Roaring waves at night and wind that seems to swirl round, (if our fire was anything to go by!), and finally just before bed, the light from the lighthouse on Gaba island flicking in the distance across ~~the~~ the roar of the chopped up seas.

2:00 Amassing more and more comfortable things around me. Life is still very much me but the ultimate answer (there will be no ultimate



answer ever - the ultimate direction better) will be outside of me. I must spend some time firming myself in this world but not to forget to start channeling that back a sometime. When does a little stable grow become an empire building exercise?

What form it will take? Not much more than a sentiment but one I hope will come.

You can't change your life I think, the pace moves too slowly. You can only set it in a direction and then weave things in and out of it.

Today was a good day. Cleaning up, looking after Flash, some shopping and talking about South America. A Bron + Anze day.

And why the slight hints of guilt? Work my bog work! Can't be healthy that!

Stayed in a small pub in Yarragon on the way home. Old lounge out the back, landscape paintings. Cocoon heating and lace curtains, Pub TAB in one room and the ~~back~~ front bar in the other all darkness against the blaring light of the windows. Beards and Carlton Draught. One couple, a farmer and his wife in the bistro with us. Two T-bone steaks + dessert water quietly knife + fork. Must be a civilised world of chains at home dear. Rosettas Mum + Dad spring to mind.

What am I doing here? It will all be revealed lad, patience now patience.

Stank weaving some threads perhaps, perhaps perhaps.

31.00 "There are sun worshippers, moon worshippers and worshippers of various other planets. There are people who regard some great or good man of the past not merely as god, but as the supreme god. However, the vast majority take the much more sensible view that there is a single divine power, unknown, eternal, infinite, inexplicable, and quite beyond the grasp of the human mind, diffused throughout this universe of

ours not as a physical substance but as an active force."

Thomas Moore - On Religion in 'Utopia'.

How Taoist is that! This was written in 1516. The second sentence is to me a bit of a go at Christianity but after this passage he relates how easy it was to convert them over to Christianity as they all saw the sense etc. No doubt ~~the~~ included to appease the church at the time and justified maybe, by Moore, in that it was them who were bringing in the external wrongs and his original untouched Utopia that he was forming word by word was still the perfect world.

Very interesting book. Some scary ideas, some of which have surfaced throughout history at different times, hopefully to have been disproven and relegated but I am sure not. Most interesting of all is the time of writing - 1516, just amazing. There are a lot of notes that describe different things as well.

Mithras (they call this force Mithras) was the Persian God of light. Mithraism had some similarities to Christianity, baptism, ritual drinking of a mix of flour + water. Temples of Mithras have been found in Northumberland, York and London.



In relation to the storing and hoarding of wealth as being self defeating as you are doing without it (no mention of security apart from other queries about as only enough as for some foreseeable disaster in other sections of the book - from memory!). But anyway: Pall Mall safe deposit loses unclaimed during demolition at Haymarket - 200 - this then quotes the New Statesman 1962 but I am confused as to why this would be included except I guess as a translator's note. This must be. (not so interesting then!!).

5:1:00 Trying to get tickets to Santiago, not proving too easy - humm. Will have to try a couple of other flight agencies.

Have finished Utopia. Moorer's 'communism without money'. It ignores variation in character. Those people in the human race who after comfort and security crave power, crave enjoyment, crave adversity. Jealousy, pride, competition, struggle, competition!

Zoe died because she was not strong enough.  
" We live in a world where you have to be strong

enough to overcome forces that drive you to suicide. What a horrible thought.

I sometimes think it is just perspective.  
'Big Girls Dont Cry' - Series on the ABC. Suicide that is, (the perspective thing).

6:1:00 'I am not free one single day  
From ~~the~~ bondage to the world  
Get not one breath of joy from  
all my existence  
I have served a long  
apprenticeship to time  
But am still no master of  
this worlds business'

Omar Khayyam.

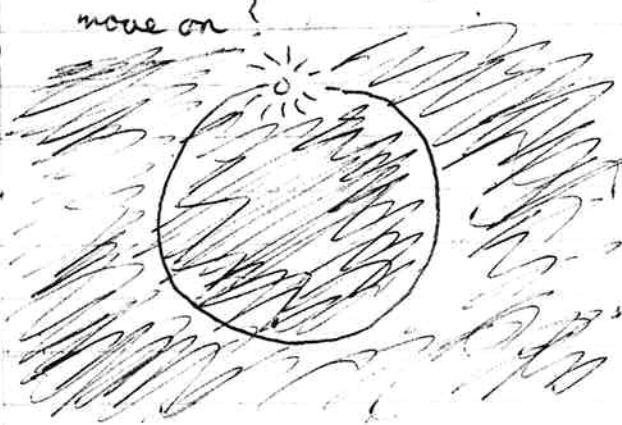
He was a very down guy! This makes me think you must look for the ribbons of light and follow them. Make every effort to understand what is and try to build enjoyment if not at least peace from it.  
Feeling a little like a cold coming on. Has been a tough week back at work.



I had had thoughts of catching up but you soon realise how short a week is once you have a few things to do (no matter how slowly it may seem to go.).

9:100 Reading a 'Cave in the Snow' by Tenzin Palmo (or about her actually). All of her recognising of things, wanting to explore spirituality, attraction to the east etc. I have very strong feelings about also. But I also have strong connective feelings for a lot of other things. England for one. I think maybe it is parts of your character and what types of life or environments they are attracted. I also feel very attracted to A rope. I also feel the patience, this pace of life that is not too quick, that yields things through sustained efforts, solid things. I, in the back of my mind still think I will finish this phase, this western phase maybe, and travel to Tibet (explore somewhere in the East. To help, to teach even, although that sounds absurd (to me also at face value). But the end of this phase has not arrived and it needs to be finished. 5 yrs, 10 years? Also I am not that into genius or

being a genius. These travels must be individual journeys of exploration. They need to be built from base principles. The base principles perhaps should I could be taught or related but everything else needs to be built up from there we think. I don't know, perhaps it will come in time. The trip to South America will be good as it will give me another perspective, one to perhaps make me realise that these feelings are borne of the romanticism of travel. Perhaps not. I don't feel the same desire to see South America other than to put it as a jigsaw puzzle piece into the picture of this globe upon which we live. To try and close to some degree the circle that is the understanding of this planet so that I can move on?



16:100 (700) realise that the nature of our existence is beyond thought and emotion, that it is incredibly vast and interconnected with all other beings"

Tenzin Palmo,  
"Cave in the Snow"

CENTRE COURT

# SINGLE SESSION HOSPITALITY

# 2000

**ACCESS TO:**  
Lawn Marquee - Reserved Dining  
Australian Open Dining Room  
Corporate Express Outlets  
(Doors 2 & 11)  
Free tram travel route #70



Australian Open



## FRI JAN 21

DAY SESSION 10:45AM

DOOR 10 ROW CC SEAT 337

**LAWN  
MARQUEE  
DINING**

13.1.00 Hot 30 degree days, dinner at Pellegrines (Thursday night dinners) on the way home, drinks at the Standard with Leonie, Dianne, Geordie, Barry + John a bit later. Later a chat with Tiaquin + Richard and a walk with Flash + Mitch. Home to a crescent misty orange moon at the end of Park St hanging over the city, hot nights! everyone not sleeping that well, taurus, orion, the southern cross through the sky and no sheets at night. Having a good time at the moment!

16.1.00 "Renunciation is not a giving up of external things like money, leaving home or ones family, that easy. Creative renunciation is giving up our fond thoughts, all our delight in memories, hopes and daydreams, our mental chatter. To renounce that and stay rooted in the present, that is renunciation. . . . Only bits of us want to be enlightened. The ego that thinks how nice, comfortable and pleasant it would be. . . . We all like dreaming". Tarzia Palma again. I can relate to this. And is it the right way, that I don't know. I am not ready for

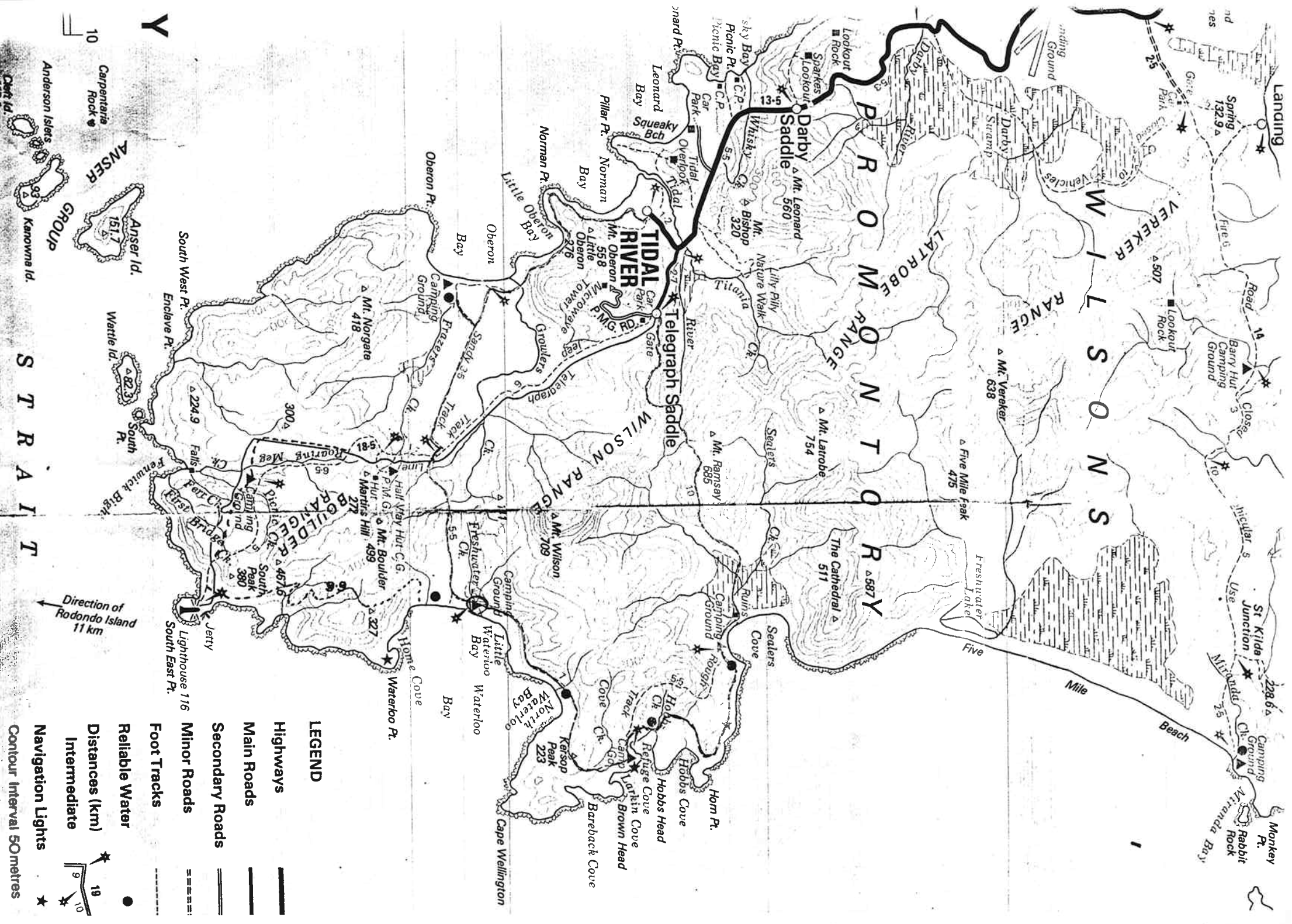
that yet. There is a cycle here that needs to be gone through I think first. Maybe that will be closing the options, sealing samurova, maybe it is laziness staying here to complete the cycle, maybe I would be thinking differently if I were not married to Anne, Mouse + dog - I think not, they are just a good excuse but there would be other I could think up.

Anyway, for better or for worse here I am for the while.

19.1.00 Picnic in the St Kilda botanical gardens. Hit + humid + Hard stands and climbing the fence to get out, and breaking bottles of lime cordial water.

23.1.00 Weekend at the Prom. Tidal river Findlay night, Little Waterloo bay via Seales Cove Saturday and then back to Tidal river on the Sunday via Oberon bay.

Wanderers discover in themselves a primeval calmness (known also to the simplest savage), which is perhaps the same as the Presence of God.  
Hudson  
(Idle days in Patagonia)



- LEGEND**
- Highways
  - Main Roads
  - Secondary Roads
  - Minor Roads
  - Foot Tracks
  - Reliable Water
  - Distances (km)
  - Intermediate
  - Navigation Lights
  - Contour Interval 50 metres

Y 10

S T R A I T

P R O M O N T O R

W I L S O N S

R A N G E

T I D A L

R I V E R

R A N G E

Direction of Rodondo Island 11 km



19  
10

24.1.00 Had a fantastic weekend at the pom. I now find myself full of anger?

1.2.00 A very full weekend. Humphrey Bogart with Maria and Ian at Epton on Yara on Saturday night and then straight on up to the Cathedral that night and walk up to the Farmyard the next morning. We are reasonably fit at the moment. It has been really good doing some walking. Good for the soul and the disposition ☺.

Went to the first week of a four night introduction to meditation tonight with Richard from down the street. Concentrated on breathing which was good. I didn't feel much, what do you expect with a little bit of breathing over an hour? In fact I must say I felt confined. I think if I was looking inwards I was at the top of a very deep storm water pit. Confined small blank space. By comparison with walking or travel where my consciousness seems to spread out to permeate the space around me. An ocean of calm (primeaval calmness ☺) to flow into, to drain out to and be one with. That is what I must learn, or try to

learn to do with meditation. To expand that small black space, to infuse it with the primeaval (I like that description) around me. A long way. All I can do is give it some time.

This is all through the Sri Chinmoy centre. Jaquie was glad it was the two of us so we could look after each other is Fanny. She doesn't believe in a free lunch. Either do I normally but I trust Buddhism more than most. Will see how it goes.

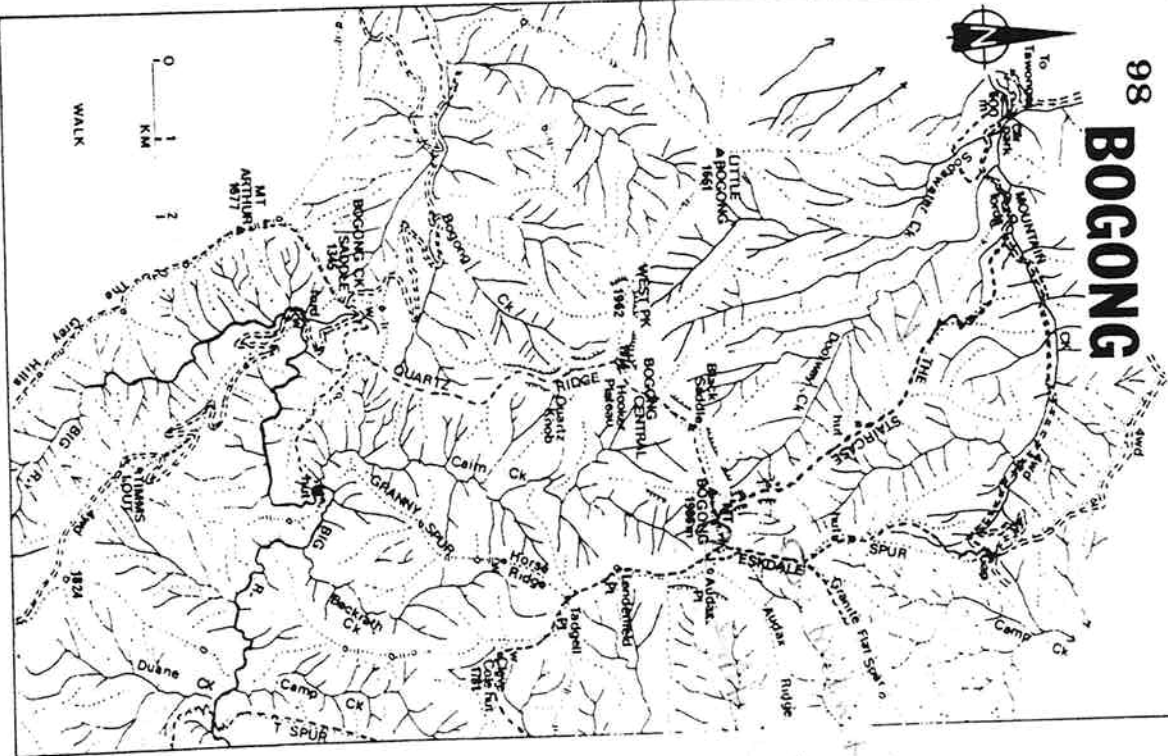
8.2.00 Not as good this week. I think a bit tired. Kept finding myself having drifted off somewhere. I don't think I believe in this visualisation. Better to keep letting the thoughts go until you find what is left. Otherwise the one visualisation image is what is left. Maybe this is then easier to give up, but still seems a little unpure.

Something else I don't like is this guru, teacher thing. The truth is there, a little guidance maybe but not this faith. Faith should be reserved for the truth, for the reality around us.

Frankie goes to Hollywood and baked



98  
**BOGONG**



*Handwritten note:*  
Bogong Mountains

beans in a cheesy tomato sauce. Very doggy  
Brendon's.

15-200 Good weekend walking up Mt Bogong.  
A comedy of lateness, mixed tracks + blisters but  
we all made it up on Saturday, camped at  
~~Goldate~~ near Hells Gap saddle. Great views  
and stars to rival Tibet. Windy morning + down  
again. 1400 a straight up the staircase was  
pretty hard - 6 hours for 6k although we  
slowed down a fair bit. Feeling really fit  
at the minute. Hanging out for South America.

20-200 Slow watching from a distance. Have  
a lot of energy and I feel I would say  
enjoyment, but not sure. I am tired all with  
~~with~~ it at the same time. Hot days and  
warm nights. I like it a lot really. Bring  
out a smell to living that gets frozen away  
in the winter. Italian saffron,  
caribbean rum, something that suggests  
things should happen.  
Make me walk a street with a  
blackpink mesquite over donuts + dogs

and handpresser stands. take my life  
away for a minute or a day and replace  
it with a string of events come what may.

Seems we would be ten points this seventy  
sixty, twenty that and trying to be it all,  
mixed success. Dinner - well drinks after a  
presentation to NFK at Besses → Joseph  
Pronessa at choco one only + he is - whether  
he really believes or even knows I don't  
know.

Crutcher by. Sth America is giving me a  
lot of energy. Things look up.

Midsummer night's Dream in the garden  
last night. Terrible Shakespearean acting  
spout from Park + the last actors but nice  
night full me full of facies, full of  
summer.

Cafe zeeh - beautiful people, beautiful  
chefs waitresses waiters. how do they all  
end up here. how do they all feel about  
it?!

*Pittsford*  
CORPORATION

26:200 Finished my brief meditation introduction. Was good, I especially enjoyed doing it with Richard, the ride home was a good time to relax and talk.

I want take it further just yet. As led to up and into gears and increase too quickly, I prefer to take it on my own rate, something a bit closer to day to day reality.

It actually put philosophy in a much clearer light. The exercises are nothing more than meditation. Done quite well to not deliver too many preconceptions with it. Philosophy has other ethereal baggage though. Again, later after some personal exploration perhaps.

It also gave me some sense into why I used to lie in bed at night and try to feel the heartbeat of the human race. Try to tune into the hum, or the swelling + falling. I used to imagine the people in the suburbs around me, then the city + country + then masses in China, in the end, a billion people asleep, a billion people awake turning wheels. That knowing of

something is very close to that universal consciousness they talked about.

Also that exercise of being down + imagining my consciousness rising up just above the tops of the trees and the flats viewing the rolling hills + tops of trees, lids <sup>maybe</sup> around for a poised moment before spreading out in an expanding circle whooshing over country + telephone lines and lakes and towns and deserts, slowing only slightly as it passes the yellow beaches and glances back to them as it embarks out over the dark blue and white crests of the oceans. I never got further than that.

That describes best ever I think of it why I like flying so much. It's a physical journey into (insight maybe more accurate) the universal consciousness. A shrinking of day to day isolation into an inter connectedness that is here. Reminds me also of the Apollo quote, I can't remember who the astronaut is now.

So anyway, this has been a search

USK219 GENRL ADMISSION GROUP

CN64097 GENADM 28.00

THE603 SHAKESPEARE UNDER STARS

VIS 1 DIRECTED BY GLENN ELSTON

GROUP PRESENTS SHAKESPEARE'S

C 12 A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

19JAN00 BOTANIC GARDENS, MEL GATE F

738910 SAT 19 FEB 2000 8:30PM



started early on then it seems. Frustratingly  
it will seem - and never ever knowing  
(Rocky Horror) is lost in time - lost in space  
and meaning). It is like a sleeping giant  
this universal consciousness that will one day  
be topped into a corner. May even one day  
awaken.

9:30:00 Went and saw Lawrence of Arabia  
last night. Peter O'Toole comp as. Never seen  
a man look so gay riding a camel!

Patience, and honesty. Good feeling  
about that, there is always a bigger  
picture.

and endurance.  
Life is pain + achievement?  
and is that a bad thing.

WHISPERLITE FUEL AT CRAJINGALONG

\* SLIGHT LEAK WITH GAS  
~~WATER~~ BOTTLE.

350/900/500	THURRA RIVER	2.5L	+ BAKED BEANS
<del>350/350</del>	GALE HEAD	0.5L	BREKRY.
		0.5L	(LUNCH) TEA
		3.0L	DINNER
		1.5L	SOUP
900/530		1.0L	BREAKFAST
	WINGAN	1.5L	LUNCH
		1.5L	DINNER
		1.0L	TEA
		3.0L	LUNCH
	BENEBORE	1.0L	DRINK
		2.0L	DINNER
400		1.5L	BREKRY.

→ 10L TO 500ml minimum

→ AROUND 2 DAYS TO 500ml.

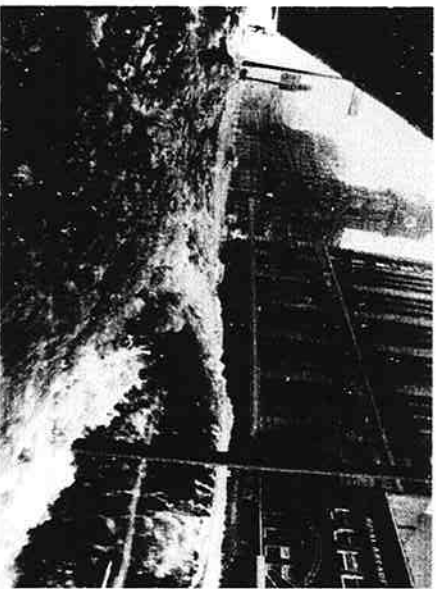
PATHELIA - 10 DAYS → 5 LITRES!  
MIGHT HAVE TO RESTRICT  
TO ~~PREPARED~~ COOKING ONLY.

MT BOLOONG - }  
LUNCH }  
DINNER } 1.5 DAYS = 375ml  
BREAKFAST }  
LUNCH }

THINGS NOT TO FORGET - BINOCULARS, CORRT/PEPER/SALT IN FILM CANISTERS  
COMPASS, MILK!, SCOTCH, SEWING KIT, LIGHTER CUPS/BOWLS, SPARE PRINGS  
FOOTIE, LIGHT AROUND MAT, DRINKING BOTTLES, CARBAGE BASK, TORRISH BUN,  
ROUND BATTERIES (SPRING BATTERIES), WAST COPE LANT, TOP GUM, THERMOS, LET  
CE COKE SAND, DENHO AND MAT, TENT RECHMAN?, MATCHES IN FILM CANISTER,  
MILKES IN MEDICINE KIT, LOWELL, LIGHTER, WRES BATTERIES, BUCK WARM,  
MATH FOR BREAD BUN



060 8377351/1  
DM 2, 95



*Fitzhugh, Silesia under water, 1972*