





CEYLON SUPPLEMENT



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29.11.97 Visited Pertridge the other day as a part of putting in a proposal at work. Was amazing. Tiny little cells with painted windows in these huge limestone buildings. Standing in one of these cells you can feel the weight of all of the stone around you. Solid and enveloping. The thickness of the walls blocks out all sound, ~~you put your hand 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. ~~Wahast~~ Your screams would dissipate into ~~them down the stairs~~ and the muffled gurglings that did get out ~~most pass~~ ~~the ears of a prisoner~~ ~~to~~ ~~their~~ ~~away~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~empty~~ ~~night~~ ~~air~~ ~~outside.~~ ~~That~~ ~~however~~ ~~would~~ ~~be~~ ~~it~~, ~~they~~ ~~would~~ ~~fade~~ ~~into~~ ~~the~~ ~~darkness~~ ~~there~~ ~~is~~ ~~that~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~outside~~ ~~is~~ ~~separated~~ ~~by~~ ~~a~~ ~~more~~ ~~land~~ ~~that~~ ~~becomes~~ ~~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
one denied to him. ~~It would take an expensive~~ the
~~mind~~ ~~instead to provide enough space to avoid~~ person
the catastrophic that ~~most surely~~ ~~drive~~ you
~~to~~ ~~break~~ ~~imagines~~.

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

And it is all so old. The lethality 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.

3.12.91 Writing per on paper is a list of a host
of these days it would seem. Mentality's getting
bigger 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. I say 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.
Humm. Work is quite busy, Cashberg 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 lake, 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 ~~back~~ 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 draws from it, or just feel
that it is there. Very comforting.

19.12.97 Sydney on the weekend to see Chris.

He's a good friend. Manly. The Steyne, The
Kimble, the balcony in his flat watching
parabets in the trees. Was a good weekend.

Look forward to seeing him from time to time in the future.

1 Finding myself reading 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 Murr.

Sydney itself is beautiful, the harbor. The
city ~~itself~~ though seems all roads and traffic.

A little evening, 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 :-).

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



19.12.97 Post is an interesting concept. 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, the stillness and moral rigidity.
I wonder what echoes the floorboards of a 1930's house hold.
A world of jazz and progress, a world growing up in houses
of large ocean liners, windowless and was black and white TV
around them? 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

Plus the mortgage. The conservation

OK NATWEST

you get the ones Ange \$2000 which is

CBA

really bad. Julian has signed his hands

NAB

of it saying he is no longer a director

VISA CBA

and pulled things off on some finances

VISA NAB

in Sydney. Ange is stressing over it

CASH

and has been in tears a couple of

560

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.

11.12.98 Hanging Rock needs today with Monty + Alina etc. Very hot, very Australian. Watching a show on the progress of mutation for pines O; the flowers etc. I'm not saying it is a bad thing but does demand 5-6 hours in a hot sun. I people are. When

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 consciousness to these? Maybe it is a scale thing? What 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 Mary 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 corridors 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 looks a bit European or even Turkish although I have never been to Turkey. That sort of dry brown scenery with open areas below you in a slight haze caused by the distance and the sun. You enter onto a courtyard anyway and opposite you across

Wellstone 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 realize 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 upwards. It is colder down here being enclosed by the stone. It is also a ~~bad~~ 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 Yarra 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.

