

17.03.00
Above the odd paddock and fence line and cow and sheep and
dom, then slowly a vista of them all, and then a scope
where they have receded beyond ~~your~~ ^{attached} ~~actual~~ reality
into a world, below which you fly. And lifting to star
heads and up through holes, cumulus up and in and
down and out and magical flying machines, propeller
dozers and goggles and scopes, and a whole other
world above. And then cirrus and long jet stream,
sweeps, smiling stewardesses and long ~~again~~ ~~to~~
super sounds of the sixties and seventies

inclines, ~~the~~ jet age, and then above that into their
atmospheres and ten kilometers ^{economical} of cruising height,
the paddocks made of dirt having become a crust,
and the crust encapsulating a huge rock ~~and~~ spreading
in a shallow curve everywhere. ^{That's not of a planet,}
not that high yet, but a definite earth, and we still
only skimming the thin atmosphere, ~~sense~~ like around
it; and sunsets and coastlines.

And then an easing off, ~~and~~ of noise, of signposts
like, and clouds, ~~one~~ ^{white} on, ^{white} off, ~~on~~ on, off, off and
then overcastness and paddocks again, and houses
and real moving speeds, ~~and~~ ~~a~~ ~~long~~, and the clean
breaking up around the edges, piles of earthworks and
leveled land and dirty gravel and tufts of grass
and humanities un-empt development and terrain
and temperatures and an unfortunate drop back into
elaborate reality, ^{seemingly} ~~some~~ everywhere. Different people,
different times and a slow ~~down~~ decline and adjustment
is their ^{new} reality ~~down~~ starts, very slowly at first to
et itself be known.

14:03:00 Arrived in Santiago. Started this trip as with
many others in the back of a speeding minibus from the
airport. There other faces in the dark and odd flashes
of signs and factories and merge and exit ramps. An
then Santiago, first a smell, diesel and dry sweet
dust and heat, lots of other things, a seed sprigs
to mind, that some dark caramel type of thing but it
wasn't. Could have been India or China or Hong
Kong, the smell of decaying fox belts and oil filters
giving on the side of the road maybe is. And then the
'Central Station' buses, big old yellow single type
at the front, lots of clearance, dented scratched
tatted curtains and fluorescent like buses. Sounds
this time of diesel is and out as they slowed down
or speeded up, lots of them, two deep on the side
of the road picking up and creeping down at times.
And more city, older buildings, close together,
taller apartment blocks, streets fenced off. And
middle aged women with shawls and vinyl handbag
in the fluorescent light, two to a bus head ~~its~~
turned to watch the other traffic, an international org

hands on bag on lap on bus coming and going. And people on the streets then in between the buses you start to notice, paper seller stalls, people walking, talking, taxi drivers play fighting, people eating and walking, lots of people on the streets (for a Monday night?). And then we duck off the main boulevard to drop a passenger off, darker, older three and four and five storey rendered buildings with security grilles over entranceways (open). And a corner store with old furniture and a wall with lots of small simple colour paintings with large gold cornered frames slightly ajar and with too many coats of paint. ~~That the~~ fluorescent light hiding from the darkness around. An unpretending corner shop full of humility and considered ^(venerable maybe) openness, a warm sign of life blood here running in veins and arteries through what will vary to cold and hard and deep in places. And back again to the boulevard, into the centre (centro), very similar to any town, London, Cloning Cross road with another 10°C. And off again, Ange

following the map in Lonely Planet, it doing in her hand, we are close she thinks, The church San Francisco, big red walls and old stone. then a passing moment of an elder man looking a some going on with an exasperation. Confined not being able to be met by his circumstances, we too slow, thinks too slow? I don't know but sigh of wait and of watching it disappear, not to the means to meet it, the release of that moment! heart went silent and I was scared for him or for others, and I registered how many people had seen and here without the same softy. An felt mean and hard because I did not have to some universality, I had US dollars that was inefficiently, ~~in life terms~~, spent. I hoped he had place to sleep. ~~And~~ Reflection in that moment came out pity and a bit of guilt, an appreciation of other lives, and ~~of~~ then of being scared I lest they be ~~go~~ my eyes there with a minibus the dark passing by. An ^{associating} ~~meaning~~ of a m which is not ~~good~~, ~~oh~~... exasperation on

Hotel Paris Ltda.

RUT.: 50.107.590 - 6

PARIS 809 / 813 — SANTIAGO CENTRO

Santiago, de de 199.....

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Habitación	23	13000
Extras		
Imp. "HIDALGO" - Burdeos 1157 - Stgo.		Total \$
		13000

Nº 191577

BOLETA DE VENTA
DUPLICADO - CLIENTE

out I guess, may there be a higher order that
looks after this man, gives him a moment of security
each day in which to rest. Or am I talking about
it probably. All too much, let's not devalue it
by thinking about it. Let's just say a moment in which
was watching, scanned for him and others and for
me. And Hotel Paris. The people here seem really
nice, the minibar guy Marco at the airport and the
advice here. It's all real costs though \$US 10 from
the airport, \$US 26 for a room. We will have to
watch that. A nice feeling about Santiago though,
came from sitting on the terrace at the airport,
hills ~~of~~ silhouetted, rumbled, around us having
flown ~~is~~ around Aconcagua ^{ca (6960m)} and the andes on the
way in. Simple, open space, dry dirt cattle
type feel to it all. And a flight down the Andes
tomorrow to Punta Arenas and the start of our
little truck. Should be good.

(5 1/2 HOURS)

16.3.00 Day 1 - Slept in + were lost to leave
Walked up to Campamento Torres, night up

the valley of the lookout. Beautiful day which
made it enjoyable and raised our spirits a bit
(we are both a little anxious still I think). Hard
walk with full packs on, straight up around
400m and then up and down a bit by the river.
The lookout was fantastic, about 45 min walk a
steep slope to see the lake and the Torres.
Spectacular! Sat up there for an hour or so
just watching and being. Rarely saw them at a
distance on the way up so was nice. This is supposed to
be the most spectacular part of the walk so a
probably should have saved it till last but
there is a chance we might not come back the
way. I must admit the bit I am really
looking forward to is the circuit. Not neces-
sarily being right at them the whole time but
being in the countryside around and gettin-
g into a rhythm, as more gradual and slow
being, letting it unfold and taking time to
associate with it all.

Day 2 - back down to Camping Las Torres.
(5~~1/2~~ HOURS). Got up early this morning - 6:30
and went up again hoping to catch sunrise on
the Torres, did but only on the way up!
Couldn't believe it, half an hour earlier and I
would have been ok. The rocks were burning
orange and pink, was beautiful. By the time I
had got to the top the sun had risen above the
cloud line and it was all washed out! Still
very nice, I spent an hour or so exploring in the
quiet hoping for some sea but didn't see any.

Early morning you could hear the odd avalanche
or giving of the ice. I couldn't see anything and
it was quite hard to tell where it was coming
from, ~~heard~~ the sound rumbling around the
canyon from one side to another. Wobbly day
down on the knees and a still this time camp site
with clearing weather. Beautiful ranges in the
distance, every one spectacular in itself. This
is Patagonia!

guess, desolate



frontier land, jagged mountain mastiffs break
out into the golapelego of the west, low lying
heath land and large property farms in betwee
cold lakes with pink flamingos, rando
birds ~~and~~ living ~~alongside~~ the in tandem wit
farms and flamenco guitar music. The peay
have seem strangely out of place, the land
large and remote and desolate they seem
them like islands of humanity with waves o
~~the~~ what is the Patagonian land breaking ag
their outposts, the weather, the light, the
land everything. ~~A~~ Conveys an undercurrent
of nervousness that is probably more in me t
them. It's just this remoteness, lots of square
miles of silence and wind in grass for every
warm room with a fire + flamenco music. A
little eerie, I wonder what they think, rather
so melodramatic I'm sure :-.

18.3.00 Short day today (4 1/2 hours). Arrived
2:30 to see everyone else arriving at 4 onwards

having done huge day 1/2's etc. Man we were some after 4! Hmmm....

All Patagonian farmland today, still very frontier feeling to it all. Scores from rawhide kept popping up, expecting to see Ox round the corner in a ten gallon any second. Path had many bovine hoof marks amongst other things - the smell brought me back to primary school camp at Saringal form! Even saw a Torro drawn cart haws that for frontierland. I think I would get very depressed living here, the cold and the the desolate expanse (expanse is the right word - a little harsh and hard as a landscape) would get to me.

Scenery is very nice although not as awe-inspiring as the Himalayas, (+ cold!!). Keep making that comparison. The Himalayas seem so full of warmth somehow, the people + villages + culture you pass through I guess, and the mystique (+ the weather!!!). Pretty relaxed getting into it day even though this

ALPINE MEADOW
DAISY - SERON

I THINK THE
BACK IS ALMOST AS
IMPRESSIVE!

is day 4, still only day 1 of the circuit proper. Nice to see some others in camp. A lot of comfort in being able to lean against - look on it as shallow - Buer - perhaps. It that more of a change sake I think. I probably would be doing the depressed meditative thing I think, absorbing all that desolation (to my demise) - maybe, probably not, depth I prefer to think. I have been getting into it a bit, just not fully yet - an introduction day, Patagonia! Kind of has its own mystique just one of ... of big country, of lots of square miles per person like I think I mentioned yesterday. Of ice cold water over your hands in a stream when you're out in the bush. The mystique of cold there even when the sun shines, a bore! Not to say bad, just cold. "And nothing grows in that cold and desolate place" springs to mind even though it's not true.

19.3.00 Day 4 - 6 1/2 hours.

20-3.00 AM Its very early morning and I am up by myself again (at Lago Dickson). I meant to mention this lone Englishman I think he was, yesterday, who just as we set off come up to have a look at our map. He was determined to make Coicon that night as you didn't have to pay there, only he had had to burn his map last night for fire wood "So cold!". On a mission or what?

Yesterday was beautiful. Weather was sunny all day and only a breath of wind here & there (its normally really windy here apparently although mainly on the other side of the pass). We got up to the saddle at the head of the valley leading up through Lago Paire to Dickson and had this panoramic view of the peaks that form the Argentinian / Chilean border. Beautiful. We sat there for a while watching in the sun. Big glaciers, and sharp jagged peaks. The Himalayas I would call majestic, monoliths, carved stones of mountain where as these seem to be jagged saw tooth edges, melting shreds

of ice. Peak after Peak each distinct in its own a folding of on each other across the horizon. The little peaks & series forming edges, whole peaks at inclines to the vertical forming over that must be hundreds of metres high.

And that was the day, walking through nice forest and green flat lands - too much to do jigsaws for my liking - I prefer the personae of the mountains themselves without all of the greenery in front - watching the changing mountains. Saw the towers poke their heads above the ranges to our left (East) for a bit. They are stunning because of their colour. Pigeonite I suppose → no sedimentary, poking above the black peaks around. TOWERS OUT ARE VOLCANIC - OLD CA TUBES ET

Lago Dickson is beautiful although again the autumn trees make it all a bit jigsaw. Spent dinner talking to Carlos, (a nice Chilean on the walk) who has just finished a film making course and wants to make documentaries of South America. Not a bad job.

m. Day 5 (5 hours) Up through forest the whole day today. Beautiful (again), a lot taller with a proper canopy up high (getting all the sun!) and us below in pretty dead floor. Wasn't rainforest but I kept expecting to come across Yoda (of starwars fame) bumbling about over some small hill or dale. A little bit of magic quality to it I guess. Yes my life is full of past associations (signs of an incurable romantic or just someone who is slow to learn new things?). We did see some woodpeckers along the way which was very nice.

Your traditional Woody woodpecker as well, some all black with a stripe of white by the wings, and some with pure really bright red heads. Pok Pok Pok, not scared of us in the slightest. That was nice. Pretty uneventful day otherwise after the vistas of




yesterday. The final bit though saw us cross an old suspension bridge to rival those in regard for its sturdiness. And then up on top of a moraine ridge to see the terminus lake and Glacier Los Perros (the dogs). What a sight, felt like had been building up to it the whole way up the valley with glimpses of the end ice face, and then there - big icebergs in the lake and a whole lot of little ones over closest to us having been blown there by the wind (pretty windy). Nice to see a real glacier up close - I like that close and the having to have walked to get there.

Can see the pass from here - doesn't look too bad - not if you listen to Bob - our American Canadian who is getting a little overexcited by it all - he tried this walk once before + never made it! The other interesting guy is an American, Ed,

from LA, must be 60 if he is a dog, big
pack, two ski stocks and steady on dick
tick dicks on his own. Not Bad. Carlos
hasn't turned up today. I hope he is OK,
maybe he decided to camp early or something.
He was very late leaving. → later than 1:00
apparently.

22.3.00 Yesterday - Day 6 (6 hours). Had
the chills the whole night at Los Perros and woke
up very unwell. Had stomach trouble the whole
first two hours. Really bad headache, aching
muscles and nauseous feeling. Had to keep stopping
every 40-50 m to rest. Not a nice experience at all!
Finally about an hour before the top of the pass
Ange took a photo of me and walking backwards
to get the right view fell over. Very funny, little
ange ~~to~~ limbs flailing, camera intact thankfully
attached to this big back pack. A new way turns
out she had the lens cap in her left hand and so
we spent 1/2 hour or so searching this rocky river
for that. Didn't find it but gave my stomach

and headache a chance to settle and I was OK
from then on (well better!). The pass was something
else. Above the tree line, scree and more scree
walking on the moon, and then a gentle saddle
and slowly a view of the mountains and then
glacier Comeg, the biggest fuck off sea of ice
and snow you have ever seen. Blue skies +
sunshine, very little breeze so we sat up there
for a while just admiring. Such a great
spectacle after rain that morning, boggy marsh
and feeling like a bag of shit. 
Got down to Campamento Paso,
very steep but dog so not so bad.
Bit of a disappointment as no one else there so felt
bit alone. We had been going very slowly also
we were doubtful if anyone would be coming behind
us. Another 3-4 hours to Los Guardos was
enough to put us off so we camped. Ed and
Carlos turned up later on as well as the 3
Argentines which was good (as well as a
couple of others that must have come from

Dickson!! Carlos as it turns out has a very painful
nee and the trail is constantly up and down - gave
in some wooler today to help. Offered to take his
tent (which he balances behind his neck against
the pack! :- skater apparently, good balance),
but he would not hear of it. He plans to spend
a couple of days resting at Coney.

Day 7 - (5 hours). Rained all last night so
things were pretty wet and muddy this morning.
Mist in the forest, more and more stormwars,
felt like a little camp of wookies - on a bit of a
mission! Ed was late rising - he has a small
tent designed apparently for high altitude - good for
passes in Nepal perhaps but not so much for wet
nights in Patagonia. He has a gortex sleeping bag
though and was quite comfortable he said.
Walked along the side of the hill above the glacier
for the whole day. Unnecessarily up and down I
reckon! Some nice views of the glacier up close,
deep ember blues and greens through the crevasses,

and finally the terminus, grey Lago Coney with
lots of icebergs from the glacier. A couple of
interesting ravines along the way, - we think
Clem (LP Jome) might have his times wrong
but it has to be said the main focus of the day
was just getting to Refugio Camping Coney
Civilisation and a warm room :- And here
we are, little ~~pine~~ ^{pine} refugio with frosted
windows (condensation from the warmth)
looking out to autumn colours in the trees on
the ice strewn Lago Coney just to remind
you how cold things are! I really hope
Ed and Carlos make it to Coney today.
a huge effort - how soft one! Feel a little
like we should help more, but what can we
do, its each ~~man's~~ persons own fight to get to
I suppose and you gear your endurance to what
you know you will have to go through.

AM

23:30 Did I say how big glacier Coney is? It is huge
as far as one can see up into the white mountains at one

and all the way down the valley in front of you, smaller glaciers feeding into it along the way, ripples and crevasses and seracs, undulating whites and blues for a whole landscape across, down finally out of sight to its terminus at civilizational rock at the foot of the valley still a days hike away.

What hit me is that there is no life across that huge expanse other than the in and out of the ice itself. I would call it a scar though not disrespectfully of no life across this swage of the earth. Just hundreds of metres of ice and below that rocks and river systems on a whole other landscape of its own lying hidden from those of us above. No animal would venture out over its cold surface, ~~it~~ would be a feat of endurance in fact to even make it very far ~~up~~, no fish swims in its streams or algae lives ~~in~~ its ice. A whole set of laws unto itself embedded there by sheer brute force and strength of will on a grand scale.

The night last night was good, spent the evening after Carlos sitting down to enjoy dinner

with us (pays no camping fees as he is the only chilean quater food + sugar! - I like Carlos) working up in the Refugio. Had that nice travelles feel about it all that haven't really had in a big way yet. Wrong travelles or anxious travelles all relaxed & happy with the world, not needing to talk, but talking every now & then, just being. Was a little that way with some Aussie guys we met at Co Perros - full on, travelling from country to country on a whim - cocained out in Columbia, running as the Soviets as they did not feel comfortable, to \$10 flights to make carnival in Rio (and it being cool!).

One of the differences between here and the Himalayas is the Himalayas had so much warmth, culture + history about them. You knew each peak name, and the locals had revered them for center spirits lived there, prayers were offered and incense burnt. I must spend some time studying about the peaks. There are so many of them that they are hoodley individualistic like the Himalayas. It a

a generalised history I think, one of prehistoric
ages and woolly mammoths and the people that
we have.

Woke up this morning to the sounds of Grey
ling into the lake and the bluest iceberg I have
ever seen. How does it get that blue, must be
extra compacted solid ice. I will take a photo
if it is a little far away to be too effective I
think.

pm Day 8 (4 hours) Spent the most of the
morning walking out to the mirador (lookout)
and looking at the terminus. Some of the ice is
incredible, glass sculptures with hints of blue and
green everywhere. You could see the scow marks
on the rocks we were clomping over from a
older time! Not much else of note for the
rest of the day. Watched the view of El Grey
cede (poor anyway compared to the pass!).
Pehoe is nice, views out over a very blue
Lago Pehoe to some Patagonian mountains. The
some mountains we could see from Los Torcos

on the other side, so felt like we have completed
the loop somewhat (come in out of the cold! (This
is what Paso + Perros felt like abik). Lots more
people here, and day trippers as well. General
on the back of the circuit we have been camped
with 15-20 others, here is a little more like 30
maybe. Also nice views to the back of the Toros
Went for a short walk to the top of a hill to
get a glimpse of what is in store with Rio de
Frances - should be good if nice weather.
Circular Polariser finally made a difference
to a photo - useless NZ95\$ thing! Must only
be good for looking side onto light? or away
from also? Mmmm cheese + leeks + pasta.
Must say I am sick to death of thick vege -
think that was the meal that went through my
stomach - Hmmm.

(+ 2 hours to ☺)

25-300 Day 9 (yesterday) - (5 1/2 hours) @ ~~night~~
Pehoe (Pehoe) to Britonico. A long day. We
were the only ones for one (Austin an American was

ad just completed a 30 day ice hike across a glacier in the North almost the equivalent of Crey - the last two of them without food!). Hmmm... Was a good plan - not much in for spending 8-9-11 ours worth of hiking for a quick glimpse up there - back - too hard. Was a good walk up but hard. From Italiano to Britonico was up rocks, moraine ridges ~~and there~~, steep with Clavier Frances prumbling and avalanching the whole time on our left. The view of Paire Grande was awesome just thing up there towering in front of you with the glacier very much at its mercy clinging on where it could. The wind, especially lower down in the valley was strong, long gusts would sweep across Lago Skottsberg, you could watch them be runaway spirits whooshing along the surface. Looking back the other way (south) they made little rainbows against the darkness of the lake. At the suspension bridge it was just a roar the whole time. The whole valley was like that. Due to the rocks probably it was hard to pick the difference

between the wind, the river, the planes and the avalanches, the sounds seeming to come from any where. The rest of the walk was up and down over little streams which was very tiring but finally made it, the last stretches of the walk now are, we must be there soon, we must be there soon.


We took off for a look at the lookout. Found it and a track that kept going, so up we went. Ange stopped after about an hour from Britonico + kept going to within 10-15 min from the saddle line. In the end, I was a long way up, Ange had been waiting 30 min and I knew she was getting cold. Was absolutely bugged + thought there would be some false summits so decided to come down. Normally I would be quite frustrated but I was very, strongly ever, comfortable with the decision. Maybe because we had the whole valley to cross and so were pretty relaxed about things, it was fairly quiet serene place also. As it turned out looking at the map, there was no real saddle

except where it meets Ventisquero Torres, the
lacier that slides into the lake on the other
side, the lake in front of the lookout walk we
did on the first day. Would have been nice to
glove with an ice axe, someone else and a couple of
tea hours. So we settled for the valley, unfortunately
we got only direct light for photos, but was a nice
lace to spend some time, Torres all around.

~~And~~
Cordillera Spanish for the Andes chain (long chain)

Day 10 (4 hours) Britanica to Pehoe. Woke
to rain, slept more, more rain, walked,
one rain. Boots lasted about 1 1/2 hours, not
ad considering the treatment they have had since
a nikowax, pants lasted about 1 hr! Jacket
as quite good (I think, walked quite quickly,
knge on a mission - girls don't like being wet),
quick remind of the day before, the mountains
by visible for a few ghostly minutes at
time through the mist, their snow stretched

WIND SWEEP BUSHES!
PEHOE.



some shirts stretching up into the cloud +
rain stretching up into the clouds that it was probably the
causing rain up there (could see ice
down to a relatively clear valley at times).
So still a presence, sacred place, ^{maybe} not, be
a place at day tomorrow, a lot of time in
the kept, spending time, being a bit bored
contemplating a bit, and being a bit happy with
ourselves too, reading over the walk maybe and
some more of the history etc. which will mean more
now at this end of the walk.

26:3:00 Rest day today in Refugio Pehoe, has gone too que
thought it would be a day of endless idleness which
has been (but all too quickly). More wind, mountain
and mist, the launch arriving and leaving, trucks
arriving and leaving, the lake, geese + the lake, 7
horses standing behind trees for shelter + looking at
the lake, rain, sunset, sunshine, Carlos, Torres
(in and out of the mist), Cueros (in and out of
the mist), the refugio, cords, the refugio all

ound again and then again and forever in idleness.

1:30-00 Leaving Pehoe today by boat. Feeling little guilty as Carlos is walking out presumably save money. We could have spent an extra day & done the same thing but we have kind of had set in our minds for a while that we would boat it - having spent the extra night at Britanico instead. I'd be a little harder on ourselves and a little more in sympathy with the local currency, people, I guess. I'd be sure I got his internet address so will stay in touch. Really hope his documentary thing comes off. He has to spend this year working to save around 4000 for air fares and fees to a university in Barcelona.

Must try to make use of the day in Puerto Natales. Went to photograph some houses / people, test develop a film, wash some clothes. Back travelling.

Sitting in Indigo's cafe - warm legs, warm feet, a healthy glow and this is the perfect place to

enjoy it. A little expensive but not too much (6000 here 4000 in town and this includes breakfast and this perfect living room experience).

Saw the much awaited Guanaco on the bus on the way out, they were all over the plains, fantastic view of the range on the way out. Put it all in a perspective it would have been nice to have had on the way in. The South view really is awe inspiring, pink torres and blades in and out and amongst the other darker peaks all rising from the ponpa (lowlands I think) around. Ever had a chance to stop and take a photo or two. I think I must have been to the camel in an early life. I have to let the photos speak for themselves. Now only the nose lives on! (maybe not a distant relative!).



Bus trip out and the country wasn't a lot so Big country with only a few estancias breaking it up. Scottish heath greens browns and gold being lit up by sun and clouds put in their place, forced to move across the land like

ends, tamed by the space in all directions. A single road this way and that through it all, seeming a little like ~~an imaginary~~ thread of reality, a path, a line of consciousness through an unreal dreamland all around, the end swirling this way and that about the us, the centre of perception of reality, guiding the bus where it wants it, like a board changing inclination to run a marble this way and that. Day ~~run~~ over romantic Brendon. It's this month. What a beautiful feeling.

1:3:00

Every morning upon awaking, I experience

the supreme pleasure

that of being Salvador

Dali, and I ask myself,

wonderstruck, what

prodigious thing will he do

today, this Salvador Dali

Diary of a Genius
(Salvador Dali)

"Dadaism: Dada devotes itself to nothing, neither to love nor to work. Dada, only recognising instinct, condemns explanations. According to Dada we cannot keep control of ourselves. We must cease to think about these dogmas: morality and taste" Andre Breton.

Basic life, what an unbridled full rich, scary and anarchic world it would give. Enter religion for those of us who need justification for security, morality for those of us who know ourselves well enough? Morality - concern for others well-being?

Ange gets a little uptight about money and all of the at times, I like to keep track of it but not to get too uptight. If I'm totally honest maybe I get stressed also; act stressed on my way which is strange. Must let go a little more. There is a bit of traveller's competition out there, not a good

thing, detracts from it all. Should be larger than all of that, the travelling thing that is.

Puerto Natales is indeed corrugated iron buildings as HP promised. Off centre identities these towns, not sure if you would call it a crisis, I think not, just a little eccentric to the natural mean. I think a lot of Chile has lost its base soul through losing the indigenous cultures. Very sad story of genocide, survival of the fittest used as a justification, horribly after South America had been the inspiration apparently for Darwin in the first, on the Beagle - a book I must read (as well as Dalis autobiography). So there is this disconnectedness with the land somewhere down the line. Australia and everywhere else has the same thing I suppose only it has not been totally lost. Interesting that a visitor to Australia would probably get into the aboriginal Australia with everything else something foreign and pasted on top (as they should). I think if both sides are respected, the ideas can live together. The ideal

is of course the indigenous but the world is changing place and colonisation, smaller planet etc is all a part of that. I still like to think of the spirits in the hills. That is one of the nice things about nature, it is the reality where the things lie. It is not a book or webpage that tells you about them (although they are necessary) it is the physical manifestation of it all, something that changed day to day life will not, does not need to change with it.

South America is its own new identity then with the indigenous existing as a museum and some old scratchy black and white shots only. Not as full bodied as in other places but that fact in itself is part of what South America is (Chile anyway, it is apparently very different in Bolivia).

29:3:00 Back on the planes, Punta Arenas airport actually had quite a bit of literature on the extraction of the indigenous. Indigo also had a large book documenting

the tragedy of the landscape in Chile. Different country, same issues with environment and times past I guess, only they have not been so lucky. Same issues with what is ongoing now also I imagine. I wonder if they are only more sensible or reasonable about it than we are.?

203:00 Wake up this morning to the sound of the people in the room next to us getting it off, ugggh, ugggh, Si... Beautiful views from the flight out of Santiago this morning. Ridgeline after misty ridgelines into the distance, carpets of low lying stream wadded looking cloud / fog creating islands of all the hills and the Andes. Jolly stretched up one side. A concha sitting on a monstrous and monstrous coldly on its own. Just inspiring, its like a serenity, an at one forced, mixed into you, smothering you with bits soaking in through the pure pressure of it all there. I love this flying, its noticeable the second you left off. Santiago was beautiful on the ground, early light orange hills in the haze around the airport, low lying mist in the

LAN CHILE CC - CRP 73



CHILEAN CABERNET SAUVIGNON
+ MARINATED DRIED FRUITAS.



HEAD IN THE PAZE

TIACO RANGE ACONCAGUA, LAN CHILE STEWED APPLE + PEAR, BLINDING BRILLIANT SUN, IQUIQUE

A grey blues and greens lower down, a real horizontal calmness about it, then you lift off and it's a pop up picture from a book appearing, this impressive observational state you are taken into, a scratching of even and of clockwork, of geography and matter on a vgr scale than our crawling panoramic realities limited by horizons, by limited horizons of buildings and other small objects. We are now out over the coast judging I think Iquique and you can see the whole wealth of Chile, quite barren actually hills and ins lying at the foot of the Andes rising over the eye to form the eastern horizon. The Andes are all a bit of an unknown. I'm not sure if you

class Torres del Paire as the Andes, up here it looks like a string of volcanoes the same core shape repeating every 50 after down the line.



Last night was a good stopover in Santiago, in glad we made the effort to go in to town. Felt a bit less threatening and we both seemed to have a lot of energy. Stayed in Hotel Londres which is absolute beautiful. Huge ceilings, parquet floors, elaborate cornice work and common living spaces, old art dec furniture and nice man on reception - fantastic. Went into town for a walk and found a little cafe + bar to watch the last quarter of Chile v Argentina qualifier for the world cup. Queer Caliente sandwich and a beer, was good. Then wandered around the main square, plaza de Armas I think, took a couple of photos of the very 'very' this fair city Verona Cathedral and wandered back. Streets quiet of traffic (alot of malls) with people doing the same

was wandering slowly to a not so pressing destination. Quite a few homeless, quite a few sorting through garbage, collecting cardboard boxes, I don't know what else? Stopped in Iquique now for 20 min - light khaki desert running into rocky coastline. Nitrate mining town ~~appears to be~~ ~~it is~~ ~~which~~ ~~is~~ dry, dry, hard and rocky desert landscape. Another Abu Dhabi stopover.

When Magellan sailed through the straits named after him he called Tierra del Fuego the 'land of fire' after ~~all~~ the multitude of campfires ~~he could~~ glittering from that side of the coast. In Carlos' words you have to go to Tierra del Fuego ~~it's~~ its ... its Tierra del Fuego ~~is~~ - bit of a touch of magic about it.

pm La Paz, slight headaches and aching tired after a city block or two - 'This is a good place to pass mes life. Here the climate is mild and the view of the mountains inspires one to think of God' - 16th century spanish historian Cieza de Leon. I don't know about all that but I think I like it. I don't like the tall

buildings in the centre but I like the sprawling maze streets, the extreme closeness of it all, I like that is Third world and not, that the traffic crawls in and out of itself without traffic lights, I like the street vendors and markets, it could do with so outdoor cafes with which to watch all this, such Melbournean Bren like our Hotel (Vienna), the amalgamation of buildings, primary colours ~~fall over~~ ~~the~~ larger than reality plastic sunflowers and symmetric arranged furniture, glass chandeliers hanging from rafters supporting translucent corrugated pagoda cladding (aluminum), jungle pot plants and rich ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ decor and I, a little devil + black sleek in and it all. It does want more life though, these rooms were made for comings and goings and coffees and someone rolling up a ball of wool in the corner not this reservedness that is. Let the day dawn tomorrow without head and tooth that ache and let La Paz arise early and clean before the tiredness of the ~~the~~ day to further introduce herself.

3:00 ↖ 30.3.00
La Paz in the morning is a little clearer, less
fried on the mind as I'd hoped. The traffic noise
brought our window (worth it for the sake of a ~~scenic~~
reached view of the ^{back of the} contorted terra cotta roof to
the church nearby) died down I don't know what
time - late - but didn't start up by the time I was
wake and out for a short wander with the camera.
I slept in to a bit of a preer (I think ☺) Old men
tending on public steps watching with other old men,
discussing general day to day life things. A
universal constant in a healthy street life city. Also
lots of the locally dressed women, none of whom
would let me take their photo. They are quite a
ace into themselves, all carrying the cloth of
oods on their back, all variations on the ideal,
large hips, I would say overweight and distorted
posture wise but it is hard to know what is
going on under all the clothes and shawls etc.

They certainly move to a sideways rock, looks
like hard work. And all the same brown
skin, big cheeks, strong chin (some more of my

roots maybe?), and small bowler hat that too
pined on but actually sits there at a tilt by the
grace of god and good balance. Oh - and black
black hair that turns blue through Auger sun
and long pigtail extensions if I'm any judge o
wood is.

So the day was through the markets, a fonto
internet cafe for lunch - 'Colonial' (think - inter-
like a Bolivian barons manor fifty years back -
I'm any judge which I'm not, lovely earthy, bold
shopular and in your face, guns on the wall,
big heavy dark wooden tables + chairs, cut glass
chandeliers and paintings and lace and white
walls to floor boards - fantastic. Markets are
very touristy but really enjoyable, what we were
after I admit - I'd hazard even a little traditional
ponchos, weavings, dead llama festocuses as at
the books promise, magical herbs, some antiques
silver etc. Spent a short time in the meat
markets also - topware, shoes, denim, much like
the Vic Markets at home.

Visited the museum of National Arts which was fantastic also. Renaissance / Baroque paintings - I love them really inspired, all from the 1600's most of unknown painters, big gold frames, embodies so much of the human spirit, this fair town Verona, an inner ~~space~~ classical music echoing down corridors of dust + time and a multitude of lives lived in poverty and in wealth in ruin and filth and dark ages and in posh drawing rooms of crystal and cornice work, all paraded past the eyes of the archangel Gabriel and the others looking up in hope and down in sorrow for the changelings around them coming and going. You can buy latter day versions in the markets. I think we will although never know how that sort of thing translates to the light of day in Melbourne. Beautiful building as well, the museum, ~~over~~

Should mention we moved to Hotel Torino (next door to the museum). Plain but very rustic and nice, better position, nicer people.

Shame, Hotel Viena has so much going for it and just missed somewhere. Our view is now - the Western side of the main Cathedral. Mon terra Cotta down to spare composites ready restoration, grass and exposed ~~off~~ timber to gable ends in places, laminating screeds ~~of~~ over cobble bricks, tangles of power and telephone wires (another linear this time wire constant - particularly tangled in La Paz) and finally under the stained glass and choncs in the evening, under the wooden boards / cinema (haven't been inside yet) under the church vice and dusty joists, street level shops that must have been there in one form or another from the beginning (1500-1600?) Some cobble streets probably, more tarnished time colle in the nooks and cracks echoing generations us now, sun, dark, cold, warm, wet and otherwise washing over it all. I like La Pa like it like India, it is perhaps a little more in the process of breaking its roots with th

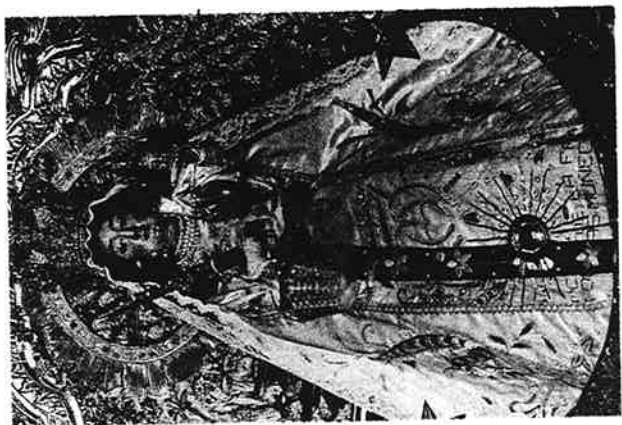
people in the streets, money is creating concrete + glass and internet cafes, but not all forgetting their past & but starting the move in that direction I can't help but feel. By all means move on, that is a third ~~is~~ universal and I don't want to sound attached to an ancient image or culture, rather it is the voice inside me saying, I love all this in the attached now and I want this love to last, you can't though, you love a place and time and a person, and all of those change. There is a momentum however that is also La Paz and I like that also. Where will you end up going La Paz? I have another feeling it will be somewhere warm and dusty and lovable.

2:400 Too much loving Brea! So anyway, La Paz to Cochabamba, 3 hours, lunch in the plaza of bread + cheese, cars and trucks blessed outside of the cathedral, a tour of the markets and a virgin de Cochabamba from a nun in a dusty book store and the rack who ~~was~~ broke out into a big smile when we

noticed we only wanted one even though she had no change and then wanted to thrust five or ten onto us (the simple god fearing Christian Traveller's pilgrimizing to the virgo and after a simple souvenir >:). I like all of this iconic stuff as I think I've said before! That such an interesting sociological system as religion can still be alive and well today. I find fascinating especially as it works on a some plane perhaps in indirect ways.

4:400 (2:400) - So Cuzco 2:00am in the morning at the Euro hostel with slightly dodgy owner overlooking (but providing free transfer), people looking for corners sleep in (we found a bed) and others going out on the town !!!

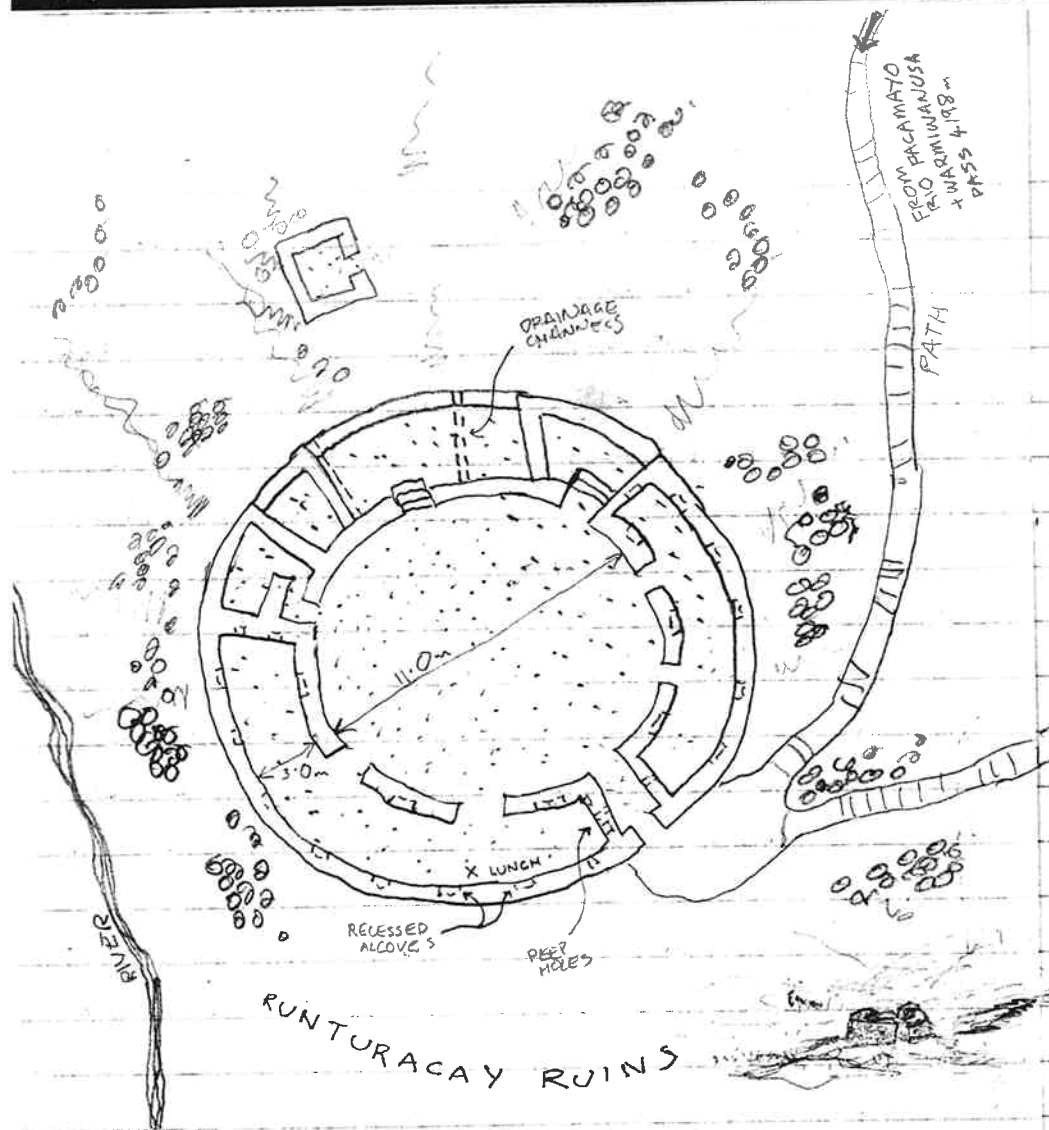
5:400 (2:400) Cuzco is a bit of a traveller's centre, people constantly heading out to Machu Picchu in 4WD tour bus groups, lots of travellers around the main square and other older groups congregating at the vicar's ruins or going through the Cathedral. Lots of good restaurants, trekking agencies, all of that.



I got up early and went for a walk (after a midnight debacle of fumbling in the dark for shoes, Anger touch etc to go to the toilet which ended up with annoyed words by Ange the lights on and everyone awake, Ange isn't very understanding when it comes to sleep!). Walked up to San Cristobal Church near the top of the hill which I liked because it was so quiet and I was on my own. Very dark inside, ~~with~~ just being able to make out large paintings of Saints and others in the gloom alongside darkened gold - I don't know what you call them - worship stands in the alcoves, one or two people in prayer on their way to work, or for other special personal reasons (not everybody makes the effort or feels the need at this time in the morning). Kids outside walking down the hill before school with a view of the city.

Was a good day. Breakfast overlooking the flag raising ceremony in the main square Plaza de Armas. As well as the red and white Peruvian flag they also raise the rainbow flag representing the four corners of the inca empire apparently (very similar to the gay

rainbow flag!). Got train tickets without a problem a without getting anything stolen (a policeman pulled us aside to warn us about the markets around the station I might be naive but there doesn't seem enough people for it to be dangerous. There are lots of fantastic churches around town, very European swing to the architecture of the odd inca walls here and there sit low down and humbly subservient under newer buildings etc ~~and~~ in line with their ~~historic~~ place in a distant ~~past~~ dim past that is no more. The cathedrals day still lives on through the religion that has stayed. Visited the main Cathedral, big buildings, amazing that they could get the expertise to build them out here in what must have been a frontier colony - certainly a much smaller town in the 1500 or 1600's. Absolutely enormous paintings cut to fit around the building. So must have been 6m high by five metres wide or so. Equivalently carved central choir similar to the A hall in Spain with different Saints above each of the 'isles' and naked rippled breasts at the ends of the arm over for the bishops + abbots to fondle during services no



RUNTURACAY RUINS

doubt). Was under restoration which wasn't bad you got to walk a convoluted route quite close to of the stuff, through the middle of the chair etc. And a final Peruvian touch as LP pointed out, the last

supper with Guinea Pig as the main course. There was also a fantastic painting of a birds eye view of the site documenting the damage done by the great earthquake of 31st March I think 1650 - exactly 350 years and 3 days ago! Showed all of the streets, much in the same layout as they are today, the squares (slightly larger in cases back then), the churches etc - not all present as they hadn't been built yet and all of the buildings of the day, some lined out here and there, all the roofs covered in religious figures crying and weeping and praying. Our Spanish is not good but it decreased as far as we could make out that there should be memorial procession in remembrance of this too event every year - I wonder if there was one, something tells no or we would have heard about it somehow.

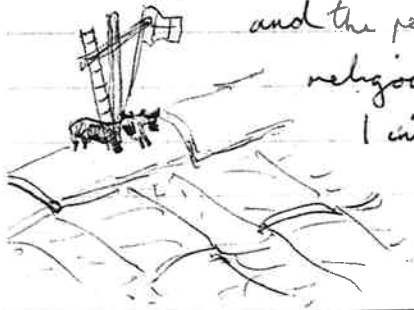
Then went on to have a look at the Inca wall not interesting in themselves apart from their being history, serious way back empire of the sun history

went through the foundations of the city. Then the
artists - bought a couple of paintings and seriously
bought about a big 1.5 x 1.0 approx painting of San
Diego for \$150A but put it off and up to San Blas
square - church all of which was closed (Sunday?)
and ~~not~~ good day.

5 1/2 hours walking (big day!)
3:40) On the train for the Laca trail - 15 Sols for
first class local train, not so much a line of locals out
on your belongings as a mixed bag of day trippers and
weekend tourists on their way to the ruins. Did
switchbacks all the way up the hill to get out of Cuzco
and then peasant farm scenery going by with the
kilometer markers and Ken, an American coast guard
sitting opposite. I like train travelling, watching it
I run past. All of the roofs had little religious
crosses on top, a cross, a ladder, and a couple of bulls
and the pennant flag - maybe not so
religious, probably covering everything
I imagine! And finally kilometer
88 and about 15-20 others

an official ticketed place and start of walk, the
footbridge over the brown and rapidly rushing
Rio Urubamba to the grove of Eucalyptus trees
mentioned in the book and the beginning of the
Laca trail! All felt very Nepalese, the mountains
(or very steep hills), the trail with the river, large and
dirty here, power lines and locals also off the train
carrying stuff to their villages not far up the trails,
everyone heading off adjusting back pack straps and
retying shoelaces of walking boots not quite knowing
what to expect.

Really hard first day. 5 1/2 hours of walking
(including small rests) uphill all the way from the
train station which must be about 2500m to Mollusky,
just above the 'cloud forest' which I would reckon
was around 3650m. Broken up by lunch on a small
ridge overlooking the power lines and river, train etc a
Mactopacata (minor rains which were actually quite
large) on one side, and the valley we were to walk
up on the other, also a few small streams,
farmers houses, farmers wanting to know if we

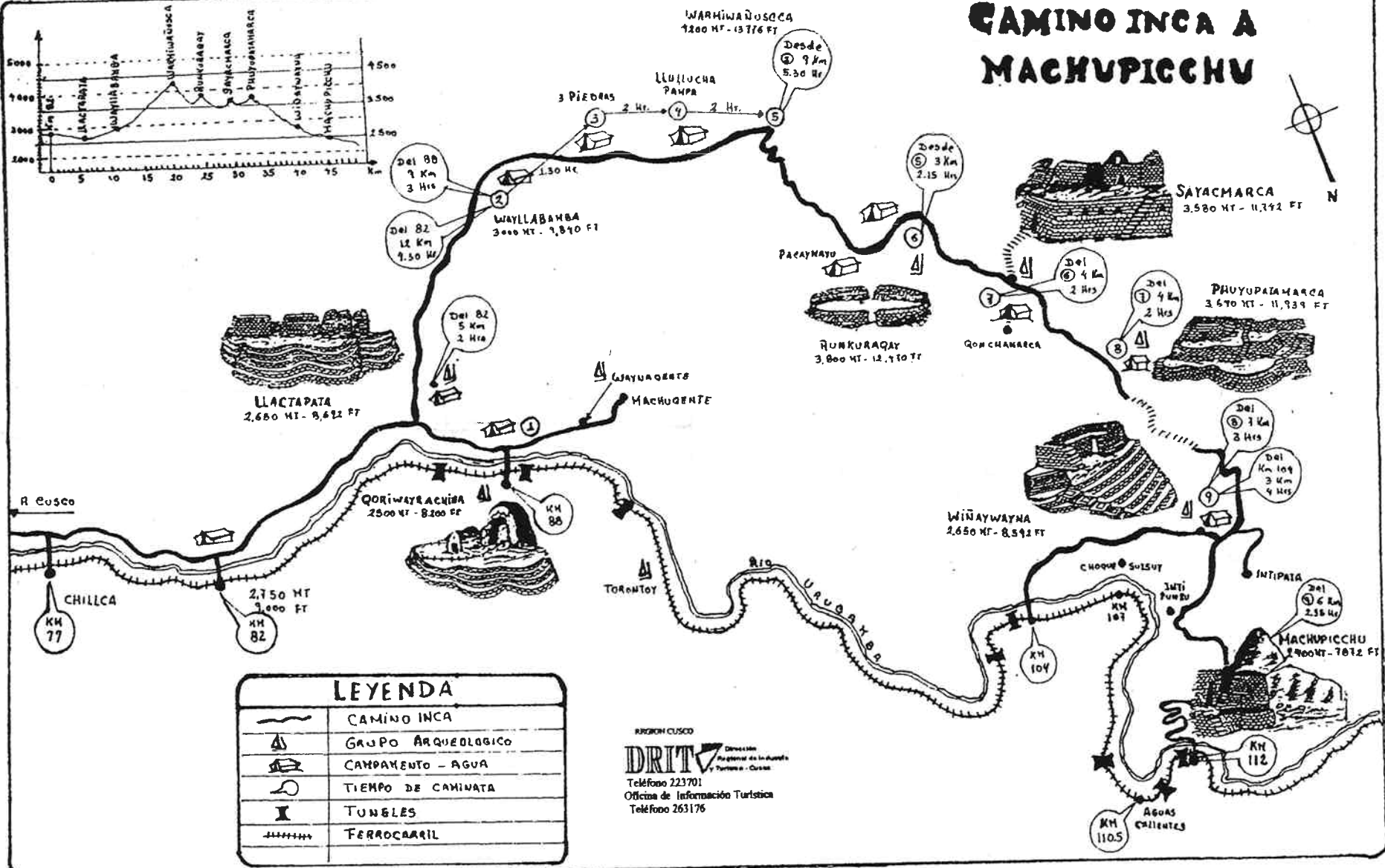
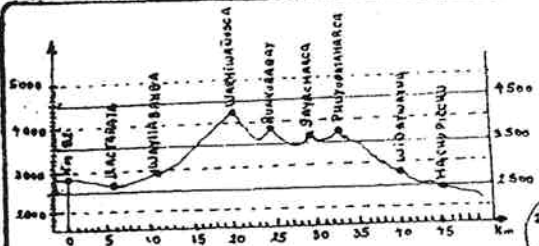


outed porters, the potential. First camp which was
really ordinary - decided to go on as unlike in Chile
we had been making much better time than was suggested
by LP, and finally a last stretch of 'stairs almost'
through beautiful cloud forest, mossy trees and
thick undergrowth around the river, wasn't clouds
but it wasn't hard to imagine ~~the~~ fog drifting through
it all, very nice. A 2nd camp overlooking the hills
and valleys, the tops of which all disappeared in
cloud, dark and gloomy and loitering in and out and
over the ~~dark~~ rocks that they seemed to darken with
their very presence up there. A Peruvian farmer who
warned us about thieves, asked for some food - the
real reason he was there I imagine, ~~and~~ who asked us
the next morning for una sol to take a photo of his
Mamas, and who needless to say I did not like
very much. He ended up being around us for ~~the~~ most
~~rest~~ of the rest day as we passed him back and
forth on the trail after the girl in an Armenian, I
think from the scrawl on the trekking register, gave
got him to carry her pack up to the pass.

↙ 5 1/2 hours walking
(4:40) yesterday) Breakfast (slow and easy river
we had made it further than we thought we would
yesterday) overlooking the valley and even some snow
capped mountains that had shown themselves now the
some of the cloud had disappeared. What a great
way to wake up, left the tent door open so we could
see the mountains and watch the lightning light
the porridge and coffee and exploring the campsite
the llama herders but and the llamas peered at
the night that make funny bird like sounds, not
what you would expect and that took considerable
self conscious with erect heads and antenna so
They would come up to smell for food when you
outstretched your hand to them. Nice llamas!

Then the pass! We had left it late en
that a continual stream of trekkers and porters
that had come up from the valley below shared
trail with us. Was only 1 1/2 hours but it was very
up hill, very hard and hot, lots of breaks for re-
site with the altitude having a bit of an effect
Wasn't hard by any stretch comparing with

CAMINO INCA A MACHUPICCHU



LEYENDA	
	CAMINO INCA
	GRUPO ARQUEOLOGICO
	CAMPAMENTO - AGUA
	TIEMPO DE CAMINATA
	TUNGLES
	FERROCARRIL

REGION CUSCO
DRIT Dirección Regional de Inmuebles y Turismo - Cuzco
 Teléfono 223701
 Oficina de Información Turística
 Teléfono 263176

(Warmiwañusa (Dead Women)
Pass - 4193m)

Nepal but we did have full backpacks on which made a difference. Stopped at the top with about thirty or even forty others, mostly from groups who could stop when one of their team members came up. Was quite a friendly atmosphere even if it was a lot of people and I didn't mind it that much. Must be incredible during peak season which starts in May/June I think (this is the 'deserted off season').

A little bit disappointed at the top as the side over which we were heading was just a blanket of snow and a trail that headed down for about 20m before disappearing into the mist. Headed off one way and it was all atmospheric, everything looked in and out mysterious like, the stone path coming out from and disappearing into the fog. And so many people strangely enough, just the odd reloaded porter all but running down the trail as now that gravity was on their side. Also heard someone playing bits of peruvian flute of sight in the fog which was nice. Heard it a couple of times during the



the next time at the second pass, not much but enough to give you a nice feeling of current and people and peruvian people move importantly around you even if they were porters.

I like the porters. We were walking with the yesterday ahead of the groups that start a bit before km88 at Chilico or some town I think. Similar to the Nepalese, huge loads, big iron stoves, steel folding stools, big sacks of stuff tied together with rope which along with some old clothes formed the shoulder straps to it all. Bent over porters ~~wearing~~, all wearing silky soot shirts, 'muscle toned' brown little legs with sandals and blackened short toenails. Always smiling and 'Kola' when you or they pass.

It started to clear on the way down, or more likely we started to descend out of the dou and so we got the views down to the river and up the ruins on the other side we were after. Steep up and down the hills! The whole trek is apparently only 33km its just so up and down that it takes

three to four days to walk!

Saw a few humming birds which was amazing, very close long little snouts into the bigger stalks, these bushes... Beautiful metallic green and black, blur of tiny wings, ~~stunning~~ magical little wings. There is a huge variety of wildflowers up around the hills. Reds, yellows, whites, indigos, mixed washed around rocks and brush and shrubs. Not what I would call a beautiful scene just little wildflower spots of colour and detail in amongst spine type plants. Nice to see and interesting to note all of the different types along the way (I have decided to squash a few for physical touchness' sake!).



pm We arrived at the bottom of the valley, in the rain, in a mud mire of porters and trekkers cooking and chattering under thatched eaves of the few buildings that were around (mainly toilet/shower blocks). Wet dirt trails up and down around clumps of grass

and shrubs and other porters cleaning dishes etc. they weren't apparent at first glance. Could have been a scene from a vietnam war movie - look after your feet boys, look after your feet. We took it in, in a few minutes under a spare eave ourselves, filled up with water took off the japos and holdies or foolishly or perhaps because the alternative was a small steamy spot with porters cooking food running backwards and forwards the whole time, headed up to Rantseracay ruins (3800m).

What a beautiful place for lunch, it stopped raining and big cloud banks would move in and out of the valley. We sat at the back of the ruins in one of the rooms and set up watching it long winter before us. At times you could see right the way up to the pass and the whole valley would be clear, rows of groups tents at the river below and mist rising out of ridgelines (like a chinese painting as Ange pointed out). At other times a big bank of cloud would move in and engulf the conifer, or us, it was very nice. The ruins also were

very nice, small enough to get your mind around.
(see sketch plan earlier on). Some of the ruins
apparently the rooms are set up and the windows
blocked in or not, to align light at sunset or sunrise
with the recesses on the far walls to tell them what
time to plant etc. Sounds a bit suspect I must
admit given that each time winter came, they
assumed the sun would be leaving forever and
offered sacrifices (llamas and virgins most likely -
actually I think the guide we overheard mentioned
llamas only) ~~that they would not give to the~~
~~llamas~~ Maybe it was knowledge limited to high
priests and all of that? I love travelling for niches
like that. A few people started to arrive towards the
end ~~of~~ so we left them to it and started on up to the
second pass.

Up through more clouds on and off, a couple of
small lakes and a sharp saddle - again not so many
views because of the clouds. Lots of atmosphere though,
a little more flute in the mist and then gone - actually
I saw a recorder strapped to the side of a porter's pack

today so it may well have been that and not the
traditional flute! And down, more inca stones in
and out of the mist, past a dark looking lake
to a set of very steep stairs leading up to some
ruins perched on a ridge line, Phuyupatamarca
ruins, larger this time, a whole little city (quite
little) perched around the ridge. Keen to get a
campsite we headed on a bit, around 15 min
to Aombonda. The names in GP don't seem to
match up with those marked on the trail, or
those on the 'official' contour map you see
everywhere - then Hmmm... Nice campsite on a
very wet so everyone was perched on these little
mounds ~~with~~ covered in straw to help keep things
dry and surrounded by marsh. Frog hollow lot
tell you, when do those little suckers sleep!

Was a gorgeous sunset over craggy peaks
with the odd snow covered mountain, late in
coming back to the ruins, took a few photos hope
they work out. Saw here to dog everything and
warm us up. A dinner to rival lunch.

Today? - seems like
days ago!

4 hours

(5:40) Wake up to rain again this morning, a few momentary glimpses of the mountains and then cloud and drizzle again! Decided to lie in the tent a bit write in the diary and all that and relax making it a 5 day walk (which is what we first intended but had been making a lot better times and so were around 1/2 day ahead of schedule). The rain cleared around 8 and so we had breakfast, half packed up and headed back to the ruins leaving the tent and the packs ~~at~~ at the campsite. It's no easy walk without pack either I realised!

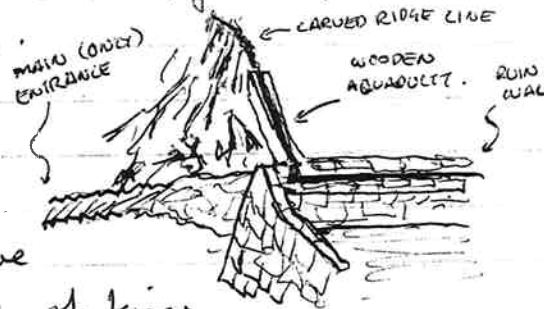
Ruins were nice, impressed most by the steep staircase in, & very fortress like in position - I don't quite know how you attack a place like that, I wonder if that was why they lived up here, or if they were just like me, and like a ~~novel~~ novel position with a view. Lots of tourists, trekkers looking around, tour groups with guides. Enjoy saws dropping to catch little bits but the place has so much mystique and so many secrets without the guided tour fully impressed over it. Was also impressed by the little causeway

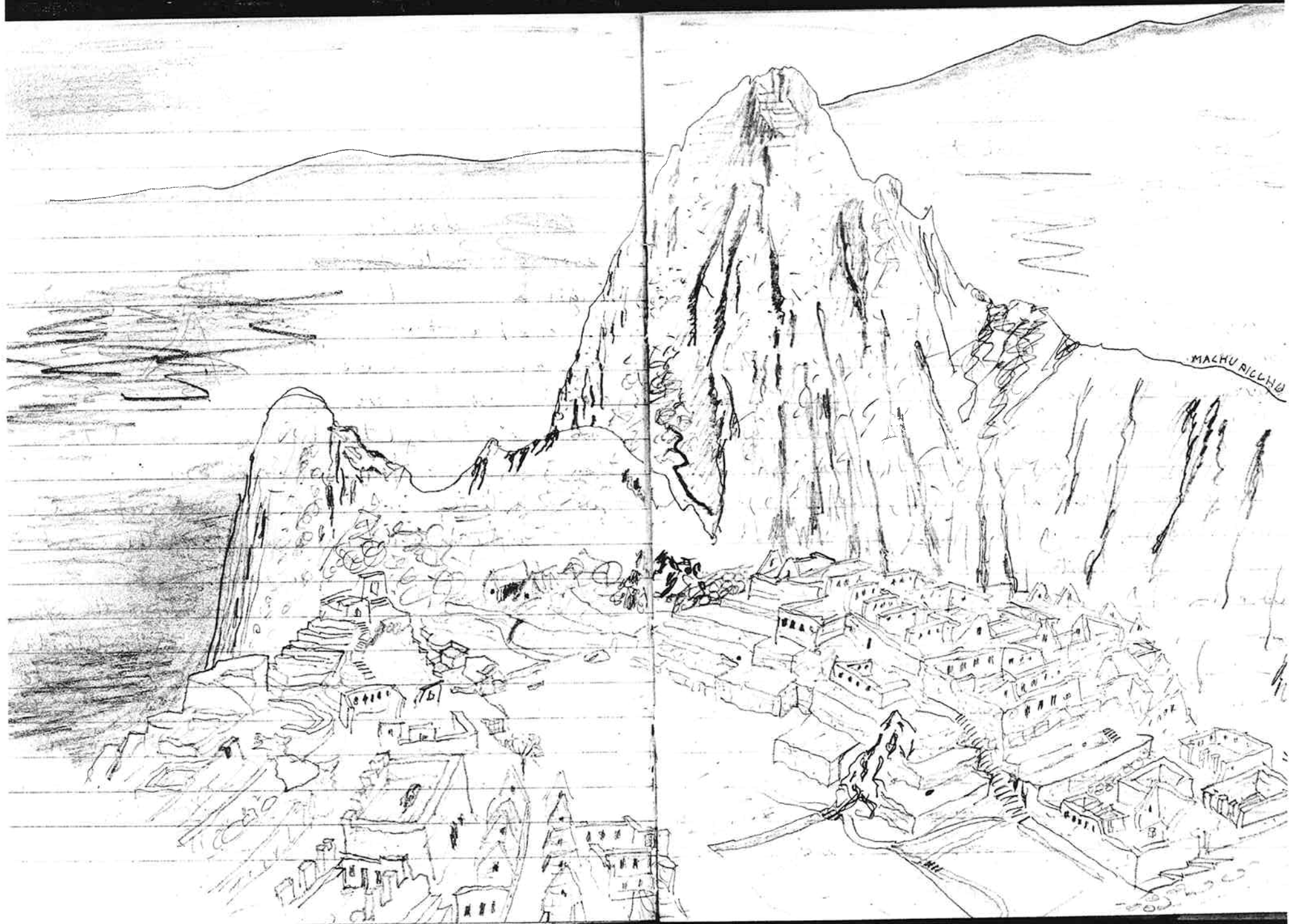
across the main entrance door that come of the ridge line of rock above - quite the engineers, it all really is the stuff school kids dream are made of.

They must have had a lot more flair for the imaginative than we

do. A race of dreamers, of kings and Gods actually I think! I must admit that other than that and a few flowers out of 'iron rocks' giving a little romanticism, I much preferred to night watching the ruins from afar, the sunset mountains and cajoling clouds.

I meant to mention a little more about the of a bus trip from Paris - a little bizarre, John Claude van Damme movie which was ok and then a couple of others without subtitles which were a pain as I couldn't restrain myself from watching and picking up the plot every now & then. Drives high on cocaine according to an Aussie Couple in front of us. Go a little worried about terrorists when we stopped.





or no apparent reason at one stage. Stuck my head
at the window to beautiful stars, the big dipper
right on the horizon and Bolivians
tanding around with lots of jackets on. Turns
at they were taking turns sleeping in the baggage
compartment - cold! All of that and an upset
stomach made for quite a tortured trip, a
delerium of trying to sleep in amongst all these
out of centre things going on. That's right, a
truck, stationary in a town around midnight, full
of people wrapped up in scarves etc obviously
going or coming, other towns just a few store
lights paraded past the window not ever rising
above the reality of the bus engine noise, and a
scolding jesus lit up on the hill. When I
looked up the town is Lonely Planet it said
something about third highest crime rate in Peru
and something to be missed. What a strange way
to experience a town, no sound or touch or taste,
no smell only a passing vision of a few things, a
nice feeling, a very average review and all too

ON THE WAY UP TO WARMIMANUSCA
(DEAD WOMAN'S) PASS - INCA TRAIL
≈ 4,000m



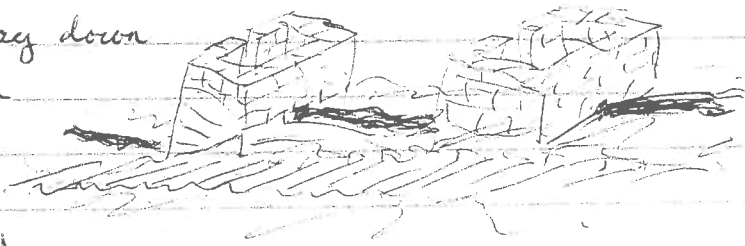
John Claude von Danne in the background and that grinding differential noise moving things along. I think a guy actually ran alongside the door of the bus for a few seconds trying to get on, to get it to stop but we just kept going, no time for ghost towns that exist at night like this, unmarked mirages in the passing darkness.

So woke up late in the rain (waiting for it to finish) packed up from our little island in the boggy marshes and hiked on. Not so much to experience, a hard slog to passes (the third pass is a gentle pass) just an inca tunnel - natural cave with steps! - rising and falling mists, porters, tour groups - oh, a couple of beautiful views down misty valleys to the Urcubamba and at one point even the little red and yellow train, all a kilometre or more down, digging inca heights, actually not so dizzying, just high, you get used to being up there, an elevated domain of the Incas!

14:00 Arrived at the pass after 1 1/2 hours (we were expecting a lot of tourist groups cooking lunch and setting up tents. Looked like a nice spot but was a bit early so decided to be going to Intipunku and cut a day off. Went down to the ruins (^{PHUYU PATIMARCA} ~~PHUYU PATIMARCA~~) which were only a couple of hundred metres away but we had them all to ourselves (the tour groups seem to stick pretty closely together. Set up and ate lunch on some rocks just above the ruins, very majestic and watched the changing view to the valley below. There were also nice ruins, a set of ceremonial baths down one side, water cascading from one to other on the way down.

Caught up with Todd and Tracey a couple of

very nice Americans we met at the station buying train tickets, they had been camping not far behind us, Todd hadn't eaten anything for the whole walk not being well! Unbelievable with the strength you needed for the climbing. He must have lost a lot of weight. Was good to see



them, for some reason we seemed to hit it off together and camped with them that night & ended up going out for dinner once we got back to Cusco. Just seemed very comfortable around them. They are from Portland Oregon, (outside of Portland) and seemed pretty down to earth.

So down hundreds of inca steps, beautiful cloud forest (I still like that name) and lots of wildflowers, down past (or being passed by) porters all but running, would hate to see one put a foot wrong, out of the changing cloud and into more panoramic views. We could see ~~the~~ ^{snow} covered ~~no~~ peaks from time to time, I wish the views on clear sunny days must be a lot better, I haven't minded the cloud though, we still get views from time to time along with the atmosphere of wind banks playing in the hills. Funny enough I do remember to walking through proper cloud forest the mist! Anyway down to the hostel and other buildings. You could see the ruins of Conchamarcá and also Huíay Huayna, little bright green scabs of masonry with a few buildings at one end, on the hillside on the way down. Decided given they

were off the track a bit and that we would see Mac Piche tomorrow to give them a miss. So we arrived a hell of ideas about continuing on to the 'Inca sea gá' hours that for an impressive name - Intijunke to cover filling up water bottles, tour groups and porters all around us only to be ripped in the bud by an ~~off~~ official looking uniformed park... official!, and more definitely by a closed gate and fence blocking the path stating pretty clearly 'Campamento Intijunke prohibida and trail open from 5:00 ⇒ 14:00! Much complaining by white tourists that we wished camp there, would miss sunset etc, ended up camped on the hillside with I must say not a lot of view at all of the mountainous drop away hills as urambamba below, and when it cleared ~~at~~ a bit snow cap ~~or~~ every now and then above. Much cool and settling up it seemed in confined space, bit of a chat to Todd + Tracey, up and down to the thumping happening hostel full of tour group people, cevachas, smoke and yphagetti bolognese. Started to feel for the guard who has to put up with this every day,

every night. The whole campsite was packed near to
ll, I don't know what they do peak season! And
in complaining people like us with their own ideas and
see spirit traveller attitudes wanting our way - what
nightmare job, no wonder he has a gun.

Rained really heavily that night pretty much as
on as we went to bed. I was up and down
covering things in plastic and worrying about things
sting wet, water running under the tent etc and
specially not being able to sleep. Sat with my
rod out the flap for a bit watching the faint
st lightning and the torches of the various
ple from trekking groups flickering around the
beside, all to the sounds of the rain, the
umbrella in the valley below - (mainly the rain) and
background singing of screech'd out trekkers in the
val. Was a bit of a scene.

(4:00) 3:55 am alarm - no movement back to bed,
2 alarm, a bit of a torch in one of the tents, a
- getting dressed (Ange still cocooned) and 4:10

into it, pack up wet tent, wet sleeping mats (the rest was
fairly dry) cook porridge, make tea all with maglite
in mouth in the dark, up to toilets etc and Jim, along to
trail to the gate, tickets in hand to be stamped and off
walking in the dark to Intipunku at 5:15. Not bad
going. Darkness and silence and walking, keeping
up a pace in the wet forest, bodies not yet awake,
vague thoughts of sunrise and sun gates in mind. The
valley below was filled with mist which was lit
up in a luminous blacky greeny blue colour (as it was
last night I forgot to mention) quite impressive
actually (lit up by what I think is a hydro type scheme
or the beginnings of one - probably just some sort of
construction base as now I think of it we couldn't see anything
that looked like a turbine)

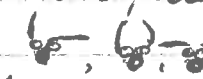
So onwards, people passing, people being passed,
quite a few on the trail, brightening sky the whole time
a little patch of red on a cloud - mainly fire - will
there be a sunrise? what time will it be, how much
further, wet, dark, torch in front to pick out the
steps, on, onwards, Intipunku! (which had by now

one a bit of a holy grail).

Reached Intipunku around 6:30. It was quite
light by then but because of all of the hills, the
still hadn't risen, in fact some low clouds
cloped by the horizon so we never had a real
rise, just some morning light on some snowy peaks
the horizon. But Intipunku! A stone gateway on
all spur saddle, inca steps, inca
, inca steps, people
regated, inca steps
then over and Machu Picchu (2400m) down in



ent valley revealed. Now spread out because
to a different angle from the classic photos
was good to see it, felt rewarding
was hoping up to be a nice day and we were here.
sun gate and much anticipated Intipunku were
they soon forgotten and left behind. Photos, smiles
& congratulatory looks as everyone made their
y down at their own pace, enjoying it on
~~and by~~ their own terms feeling a part
the days group descending. Took quite a few

photos, especially once we got down to the caretakers of
Furever's hut. If one thing this trail has taught me, it
to take photos while you have the chance as it may well
be a blanket of cloud again in a few moments! The
ruins are very impressive as are the vertiginous mountains
and whips of cloud around them. I remember thinking
after a few minutes of taking it all in that this is the
best spectacle I have ever seen. We spent three or
four hours sitting up there peacefully watching, eating
our two days rations of chocolate and dried fruit (I
know no longer needed). Taking photos, did a bit of a
sketch, looking from different angles. Found some
Machu Picchu llamas and took some photos. Very
funny animals, very tame, would let you get right
close - within a foot or two to photograph them.
obviously they live with the tourists every day, they
self conscious, blank sort of looks, ears swivel
this way or that like xerophane  very
funny. All eyes and eyebrows and ears and
noses and little cud chewing jaws hanging off the
bottom. Got some really good photos I hope,

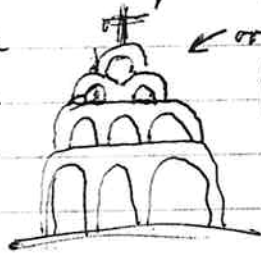
would have liked to have sat down and sketched
re for a bit. Reminded me of the conchs in India,
a lot of character and bemused rather inose
ersonalities :-

Hmm... so what to say about Machu Picchu,
really steep conyora mountains, terraces on terraces of
ruins and a middle grassy central plaza like area,
peruvian cloud forest (never tries does it :-) a dog
following a couple around, up and down - he had
been with them on the trail for a couple of days I think
Ange said, I hope he belongs to them. Tour groups
and trekkers, not taking away from the scene
somehow, big american style cafe restaurant (when
Todd and Tracey went for breakfast there they were
met with incredulous looks and do you realise the
cost is US20!) A relatively quick look around (about
an hour), more impressive from far away, holy
rocks that might resemble pumas or quinea pigs or
the mountains around aren't as interesting as the
overall city perched up here in a peruvian ~~amazon~~
wilderness of ancient Inca trails and other citadels.

But just out of interest, Picchu means woman, they find
lots of buried peasant or servant women but no noble
no gold etc etc. Conjecture as to use, sacred woman
site, university, ritual centre with women servants or
knows. Best buildings towards centre of layout I'd
built along lines to fit in with erosion patterns or som
couldn't really understand that... etc etc. Ange I
bought a local copy of the book which will be
interesting to read - always more interesting after
the event as with India.

Packs back on out of a quick storage, onto
bus and down the hill to Aguas Calientes, down
the now Surioso Urumbamba after the rains the
night before, impressive river when it flows but
Down into another world, looking back up you
could not ever see Machu Picchu the hills were so
steep and the heights so high. Incredible, really
did put this Inca thing as as a race of kings
in the clouds, a network of trails and inca cities
way up high somewhere above. A little romantic
awe inspiring.

& Quas Calientes on the other hand had its roots
 only in today, the whole town, markets, restaurants,
 cafes, shops, police station seemed to line the
 railway tracks with only a couple of little estuaries
 leading off, one of them the quiet plaza with
 spanish type campanile
 that!! up against thick forest taking
 off on the hills, spanish settlements
 fighting off the jungle, very Christopher
 Columbus! So in amongst the
 rain and the ~~Quas~~ Urambomba and the stalls, a
 quiet little spot next to a dog curled up and
 sleeping under some of the eaves we sat and waited
 for the train. Train, sitting across from portes
 from a group, bus, high altitude meadows, above
 O Mantaytombo, the heights and outskirts of Cuzco
 and then Cuzco. Hotel Felix, funky little local
 place with a big painting of Jesus or the Virgin
 (couldn't quite figure it out), stone stairs, a
 courtyard and hard traveller feel about it, I
 liked it. I'm almost sure! A beer at Paddy's



← or something like
 forest taking
 settlements
 very Christopher
 amongst the

with Todd + Tracey overlooking an election gathering
 Senor Toledo and his blonde headed wife himself
 addressing a very full ~~Quas~~ Plaza de Armas



DAY 2 - INCA TRAIL
 ON THE WAY UP TO 2ND
 PASS ABOVE RUNTURACAY RO

very interesting to see. The elections are on the 9th and socialist Toledo is the main runner against the currently in power and slightly corrupt some say Fujimori who according to second hand information is re-writing the constitution to try and secure another third term ??? Hope it doesn't cause us too many problems getting out - some say there will be no travel on the 9th. There is also a rumour of a strike (buses) going from Puno to Copacabana, due to finish on the Sunday (the 9th!) Wild rumours of backpackers hijacking buses at knife point etc, a load of bullshit in my thinkst! So that sees us in Cuzco for a rest day today 7.4.2000 Friday which has been enjoyed strolling markets, eating dove the plaza again, watching a nude homeless man (looked European) washing in the main plaza in a freak hailstorm, getting offered postcards left night + centre, through windows whilst eating eggs for lunch, everywhere! And then the comment on precheje, peruvian people, men as well as women + children hitting the streets trying to get

by shining shoes, selling postcards and souvenir type stuff with a hundred others in the same bog desperate situation, threadbare stitching and the homeless man unable to deal with it having given in exasperation, something maybe having, seems have, broken within. ~~nothing on in streets as of~~
Travel to Puno tomorrow to see what the situation

8.4.00 Headache from the altitude change, upset stomach from bus (and overeating probably), tired from lack of sleep, sore throat from cold picked up in Cuzco. Strikes on buses in and out of Copacabana won't end for weeks (as far as my Spanish can get out), elections in Peru stopping us from travelling tomorrow, that's how the situation is.

4.4.00 Arrived home in La Paz (to Hotel Comercio) to everything half closed and 15 soldiers ~~blocking~~ blocking end of the street, up at the main square, Plaza Murillo ~~they~~ at the other end of the street had set up a bit of a barricade with timber poles.

andbags and even a little tripod mounted machine
gun! Bit of excitement! They have apparently called
state of emergency to quell demonstrations that
are going on. It started with ~~the~~ people being unhappy
out the privatisation of the water supply and having to
pay for it, the price of petrol then apparently went up
quite a bit and the police (who earn about 1/3 of
what the military earn - 25\$US vs 75\$US per month)
started to strike. According to someone we spoke to
who was speaking to some Americans here on
business with the peace corp (or something like that
(a second hand dodgy source it ever there was one!))
they were called in and told that they had feared
a coup may have been on the cards over the last few
days but apparently now the danger is past. I guess
into what happens when the people (or someone)
decides they are not happy with the way the
government is running the country and they still
have two years to serve. It apparently got to riot
status last night around Plaza Murillo just up
from our hotel hence the cordons and barricades.

Don't feel in danger at all, the tourists are always
looked after for appeasing of the international community
we are not the source of the trouble. The general public
aren't about to take anyone hostage as an attention
seeker one would hope (must look up CP but I
think the shining path is Peru? - there are rumours
that the tales of the shining path are propaganda (I
Fujimorie anyway). Do feel a bit better about
three days in La Paz resting now there is a
definite reason not to go out anywhere and a bit
of interest in what will develop.

We did notice a lot of military camped by
the side of the road at intervals on the Bolivian
side of the border, but the closest we got to an
action was watching the army fire shots over
twenty or so protesters throwing rocks somewhere
a news break on television (in the middle of
Terror Profunda! ², a Nick Nolte movie to which
I'm sure he bought all of the english speaking copies
to try and save his career). Speaking to a
German girl here, we were lucky to get into

that was taken in London. - Must have a look

that image, curled up on the pavement staying with me. I think that may have been in the diary I wrote,

La Paz, others have been trying for three days, have ended up walking for 12 hours, and getting rocks thrown at them for using the roads which were supposed to be off bounds. It was however a struggle finding a good place to have coffee and some food this afternoon! A two deep line of soldiers with loaded rifles sticking into the air is a pretty awe inspiring sight across the front of a street, but was met with smiles and a couple of raised thumbs followed quickly by a serious military stance when I asked and then took a couple of photos. Our bus driver today seemed nonplussed about it all, giving a couple of soldiers a lift, and pretend shooting at others in the backs of trucks on the road. soldiers didn't seem to be laughing but I think there is a fair bit of goodwill around, just some civil unrest also. Will see what happens.

As evidence that not everything is closed, we went and saw American Beauty tonight (In English with Spanish subtitles). Brilliant movie, I really liked it. Especially the bits about beauty,

A very removed moment, bright lights, and the sound of the bus accelerating away + reality echoing from every surface all in a slowed time.

Reminds me a little of the old lady curled up on the road from the top of Hong Kong.

about filming an old lady who had been hit by a car or something, and lay dead looking very sad. About looking into her eyes and seeing the reflex of God (or the ultimate truth?) and about it being beautiful. The filming of a plastic bag dancing the wind and that realisation in this of ~~an~~ a bigger thing - I can't remember the words but I think the feeling - an ultimate - something, and above simple life being so full of these things, this beauty that it fills your heart to bursting unless you let go and let it run through you like raindrops (beautifully written also - there are times you get knocked off your feet and are forced to sit back and admire (this was one of them, so was Romeo + Jul another work, intellect, feeling + depth in being able to create such a physical, touchable, recordable beauty themselves right there in front of you.) In the movie, the boy used a video camera to remind himself it, I can relate a little to that in writing in my diary, a reminder of all that beauty, that precious moment of anything that happens that is so beautiful.

because it is pure. Hmmm... hard to grip, to describe anyway, good movie + I could relate.

The Bolivian cinema was great, they had a big board with holes drilled in the seat layout, and when you buy your tickets you get given (or can choose) little rolled up seat numbers out of the holes so you know where you are and how many others have bought tickets - a bit like the computer systems only you get to choose, and it is quick + easy! The whole of the inside of the auditorium was covered with egg crates as well, will have to tell Andrew Nicol about that one.

10:40 La Paz is just about back to normal. The plaza is open, the streets are busy, there are only a few groups of military, still pretty heavily armed, standing on street corners about the place. Apparently the police got their salary increase. I'm not sure what that means for all the other people who were protesting about water and petrol etc. Presumably they are now a minority and they must

suffer forgotten in silence now without a voice large enough to be heard. Hmmm... As long as you keep the police and the military happy and on your side, and the oppressed portion of the people (willing to speak out) so then you are ok I guess.



PM Day shopping up down Sargatnaya, + trying, a couple of stops to sit in front of Iglesia de San Francisco and a coffee to wait a bus stop for a while just off the Prado. I get restless a little too quickly doing nothing. Must relax and enjoy. The internet is great, in touch with Rosal and Tabby, found American Airlines details in La Paz, do a course when I get home and get to the bottom of it to advertise a web page etc. I have a feeling it has to be independent of yahoo type groups - hummm... hope doesn't mean too much reworking.

It is an interesting thing toilet cleanliness. Some of the worst toilets are those used only by travellers. Travel

ness who are too clean to dirty themselves with things
such as pulling a cord to flush a toilet. The fact that
they have had to sit on the edge of a ceramic bowl
so dirtied them too much already, best they take their
own whiteness and get out of there as quickly as possible
sitting behind this Bolivian toilet, their mess of course is
behind them and as long as they can partially save there
on high standing what is left is only in tune with what
local toilet deserves for not being the spotless porcelain
that its local tenderers wouldn't, couldn't understand.
Like some when travellers diarrhoea spews from their
bottoms over the bowl, exit quickly this local thing, this
mess in my stomach is not me, it is a local product that
has crawled inside of me, exit me, and leave it all
behind this local mess caused of its own accord. It
is not for me to clean up or even simply flush, run,
get away from this local filthiness, these are some
of the worst toilets I have ever seen they make note
to tell their friends.

For pompous bottoms cannot survive on their
own it seems. Bodies in denial of their own

arseholes, in denial that they are the real filth in
this equation ~~is~~. Their minds lie in pursed lips
and look only forward lest the reality of shit on
ceramic from cellulite riddled bottoms and thighs
should catch them up. (Far too long winded, just
amazing concept though really, the high and mightier
of the pursed lipped bowl shitters!).

22m - Been out to listen to a bit of Bolivian music at
of the Peñas. Two big tour groups - hummm... Went bad
though, they played local songs from La Paz and the
altiplano - I liked the altiplano, a bit simpler + more
upbeat, similar to the Peruvian stuff we heard in Cuzco.
They (the flute player) was much better in Peru.
Off to hear some more hopefully lower key stuff (a
got out tonight just before the sequined dancers
arrived!) over the next couple of nights - should be of
Oh yes + that universal favourite that seems to be crossing
all borders and all groups... 'I'd rather be a hammer to
a nail... Simon + Garfunkel must have toured at some

11:40 A day of sitting in Plaza Murillo watch

the pigeons being fed, icecreams, jelly creams and fruit salads being sold by white hospital gowned women, speaking to an old lady who seemed to still live in memories of a trip to Paris many años ago. Vege platters with photo books at Casa de los Pacenas, very nice and an afternoon sleep. A Bolivian orange poncho (170Bs from 250Bs!) and a movie tonight, drums and brass dancing around each other but ~~not~~ never together coming through our rooms walls as a marching band I presume practices somewhere nearby, a little pon plate in + out of the tubs and walking bass drum.

pm. Went out saw the informant - about the tobacco industry when the CEO's lied under oath. Good movie, true story so it was a bit of a documentary on the industry (news) but was a really good statement on just what big business can be - what in the end, people can be. . . denial is a powerful thing.

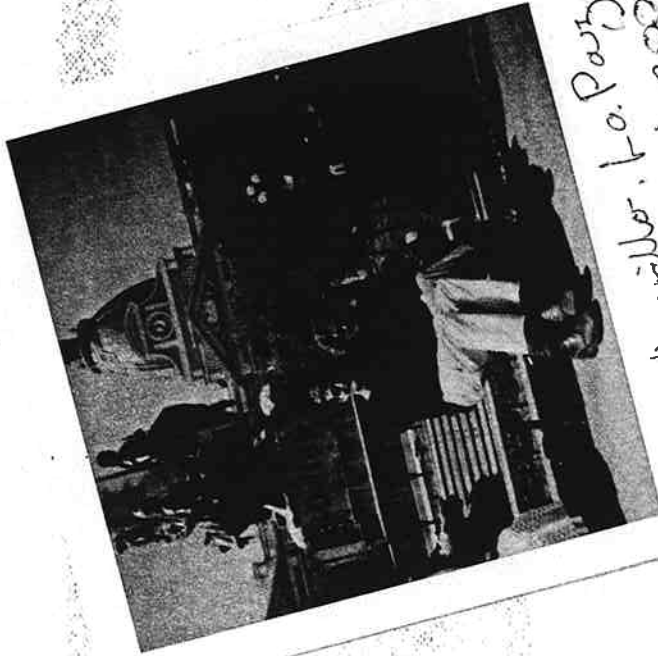
The music turned out to be band practice, I think a room under the hotel must be a school or something (I sneaked a view through a window covered in

newspaper to pon flutes and a nervous looking (and sounding) drummer).

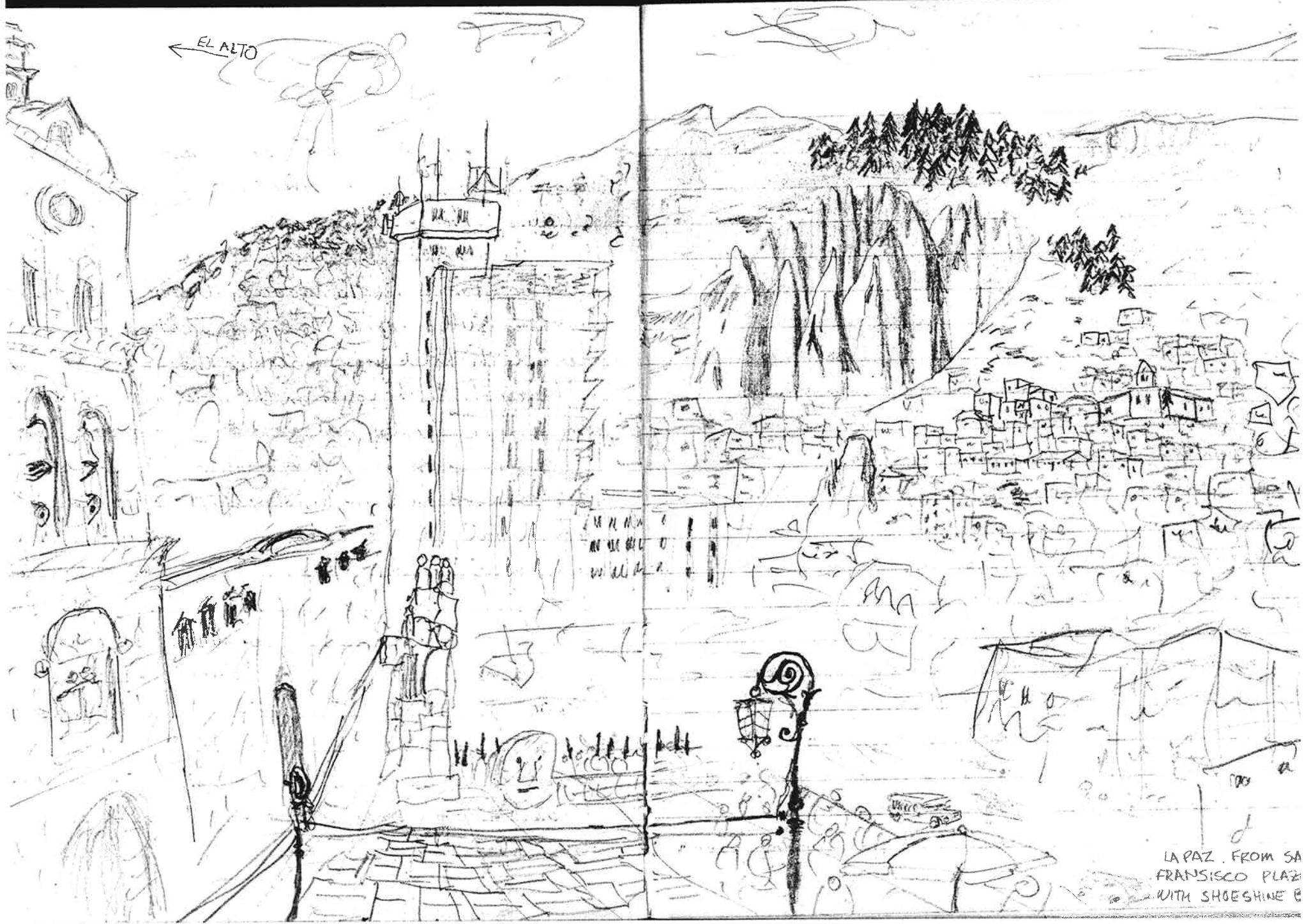
Getting to be a little neighborhood around here a bits of life become apparent, the street stalls packing on the way home from the movies, the video game ha the army still manning the corners, closed internet cafes and the hotel boys watching the end of the movie on the couches in the foyer on the way up to bed (be very sesame street!).

12:4:00 Quite a few lunches spent in the very outg decked out Angelo Colonial, sandwich de he and pizzas fritas' (dads fries?), this one after bit on the internet with Ange off every couple of min for a toilet break, must have been those vege be

13:4:00 Went out last night to pick up the laundry make a quick phone call home (A&S a minute, hope x wasn't too offended!). Took my time coming back through plaza Marilla, a good place to spend time observing. Some of the buildings are



George in
November, L.A. Party
the April 9-10-11



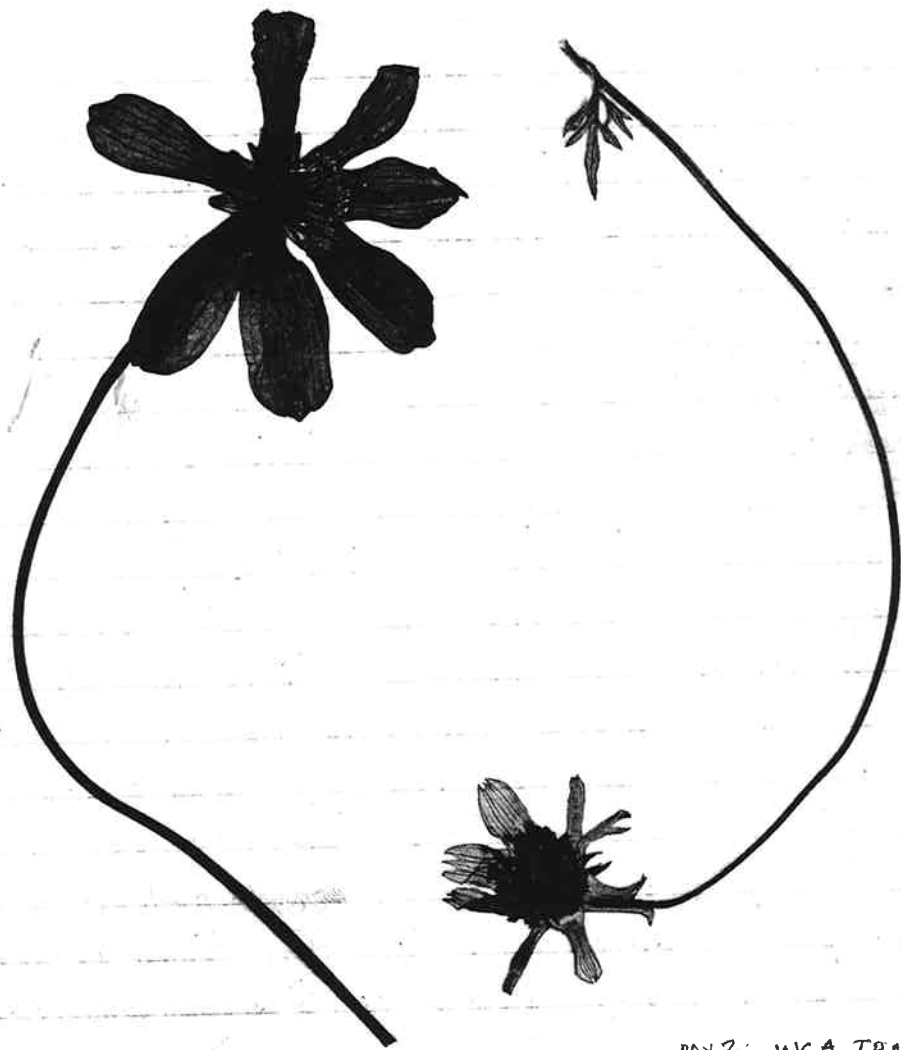
← EL ALTO

LA PAZ . FROM SA
FRANSISCO PLAZ
WITH SHOESHINE @

truly really beautiful, looking through an open window I could see ornate columns circling a huge arched glass skylight that must have lain over a big circular hall space on the inside of the building.



Pointing to another building a little shoe shine boy agreed with my observation of Presidente (along with considerable expense which I couldn't understand!) - the one with the brass uniformed guards outside. Later that evening coming in after our Bolivian 'Raymond' music cultural experience! they had some shots of what looked like artismant, or the equivalent of, sitting, the guy behind the 'eak' motioned towards the square (I asked him having seen the vans with dishes earlier on). Not just all jelly rooms and feeding pigeons! It's been really good how all of the different levels of a place slowly unfold through glimpses here and there over time. From presidential functions to local land practice and a continuum of shoe shine boys on the way through. Much nicer than a tour with a perfunctory overview of all and sundry before



DAY 2 - INCA TRAIL
ON THE WAY DOWN TO
SAYACMARCA RUINS FROM
SECOND PASS

swing on to the next site of interest.

So the Bolivian folk 'Raymundo' pan flute, guitar and um combo at the Casa de Cultura! was actually into good after a slow start. Arrived an hour early to grab the first two tickets! - and spent an hour circum-navigating the local markets around San Francisco square hiding time (with no Boliviano to spend - ~~spoke~~ never a move in limbo feeling there was). ended up being thirty to forty people (in a hall for a few hundred) including a few tourists, and judging by the kids etc., quite a number of friends and family. They did quite a bit of 'out there' stuff involving the blowing through the recorder or directly into the pan to get that haunting just a little over-somatic wind sound. That and the extended four-foot long bass pan that never sounds quite pure enough to constitute a musical note. Not a fan of all of that really, feels a bit 'because I can' rather than because it sounds good but who am I, fat white invert, to judge. The wind noise I think is typical of some of the more altiplano folk which might make

sense as it must get pretty windy up there. There were a few sheep and bird and other animal like noises worked in at different times. The really beautiful things were the smaller flutes and recorders when played by themselves or as a strong lead. Captivating and so pure up and down in sound. The guitars, a lead and a tiny don't know what you call it (pocito) that you strum very quickly and vary the loudness of quite a bit, were also good. They were all good but tended to overrun each other a bit, got better towards the end when they 'let warmed up or got into the more traditional better parts + choreographed stuff. Was good, felt nice coming out after a bit of a performance into the streets closing down for the night, making our way home with everyone else, something you might do if you lived there. The only thing I would have liked to have seen would have been some off the cuff or small time bits small pubs, I don't know if it even exists, pretty hard to find if we were at home I admit. Maybe some South American Jazz in a Buenos Aires bar, like on Auss couple we met found, one of these days. They have

the odd bar key gig at the town hall at home - will have to keep an eye out.

Which brings us, after a 4 o'clock rise, a long ride in the dark with a flapping flat tyre to the aeropuerto, and a quick look at a gucci watch for Ange duty free, to American Airlines boxed muffin and orange juice flight to Miami. I know Lisa said it before but I never tire of flying. Fantastic mountains rising above the altiplano coming out of La Paz (get on the US if we ever do it again!) including a couple of very high cinder cone volcanoes in the distance.



Then down into Santa Cruz and big soft bedded rivers which must fill with the rains, tropical

fields with gashes of untouched jungle, high topped trees and palms, thick with ~~growth~~ humidity + vines and wildlife + mosquitoes imagined perceived - felt from a height ever. Onto Miami (baby!) and Havana cigars, over the Darien gap, curving

around the earth's surface.

Flying over all this jungle (Brazil now, Bolivia being left behind some squiggly river boundary) here of miles of rivers and jungles at which time, one could presumably drop into a quiet of toucons, insects and possibly local people with black fringes red face paint, or possibly a jungle book. She kaha? hard to imagine the earth in danger on a balance seems so overwhelmingly dense and expansive, like snake river after big snake river, an oxygen producing machine of depth and breadth unimaginable a single tiger if they indeed have tigers here could Territory twenty miles square and that could be repeated ad infinitum at all four points. Star after star after solar system after solar system after galaxy after galaxy beyond mental calibration.

I wonder dropping in ten times how many would come across a road, across a muddy clearing of steel caterpillar tracked machines clearing the acres every minute? If you walked ten m

in one direction would it still be jungle you would find, or would you be collected by whatever type of human redneck tributary had been straggled across the country and funnelled spinning at human pace back into civilization?

Maybe I will have to buy a book?

And it's not that I don't agree with minimum impact. I do even if this is the case. Living in an earthly paradise, reversing the timely flow of the old testament, maybe to ever end up de-creating in an ultimate realisation of what is? Sound very religious don't it? I am not ^{orom} only in so far I guess as religion and God can be taken to mean philosophy and reality and truth (but generally they are taken to represent the opposite the only parallel I can relate to is the lostness ... perhaps).

Well, the jungle has run out, maybe not run out it has been splashed with the squares of moss fields, tricked with the long muddy clay hies of roads.

It happened first with the rivers. I noticed the white bow line of a boat making its way upstream into heart of darkness (although these times are not near so dark, we have confidence and technology on our now). That must be how it starts, humans making ways up the arteries to establish muddy cleared comps along the banks, and from there inward along tracks soon to become thoroughfores and in end roads. I wonder still to what extent it has manifested, how deep exactly is the deep dark

jungle? Reading Salman Rushdie, 'The Moor's Last Sigh' at the moment really enjoy his writing because it embraces so much of what India is to me, large and full of mystery and heat and spice and time old and sun-pleaty. He mentioned a nice concept on the fall fear (this is particular) it has nothing to do with courage. It is driven by something much more straightforward: the simple need to get on with y life. I stopped being afraid because my time o

roth was limited' (more or less) and finally enough
quotes Joseph Conrad 'I must live until I die'. I
n feel the same sorts of things happening. Fear of
future, of rejection, of embarrassment. Life is too
short.

Montego Bay, Jamaica, Haiti, Antigua, Grenada,
Barbados, Dominica, Key West, Fort Lauderdale,
Cruz Larga, Bermuda, Kingston.

When you take your shoes off in a plane, and they
t cold, and de-hydrated and swollen, they can
suck the life right out of you from the belly first,
you feel everything dropping, your breath, the energy
n your arms + shoulders, your stomach, all sucked
down. You have to get your shoes back on, do
them up tight to hold it all in, support it all
from the bottom up with a compression type
bandage or it will all just deform + blow out.
sneezing perhaps :)

17:40 Back in England, fantastic seeing Justin +
Rosetta again. The first hour was all english
number plates, roads, houses and all of that and once
back in Freshom drive Bolivia all a sudden slips
into that million miles away in another time
category and it felt like nothing had changed.

Made our way straight up to Thaxum, just
beautiful as I remember it being, country lanes
old stone and brick houses and walls and hedges
lining the way, up and down through gently
rolling farm hills and the wash stretching out
on one side. The churches and pubs, the lifeboat
in particular, & white swans in wet green paddock
views over the flats to the coal barn, to the
boats in the reeds, to further off dunes and old
odd houses in the distance the next town or two
down cut off at the base by distance shimmer,
very Dali! ☺



3.4.00 Lord Nelson, goodbye Jim + Jane, Wells next
the sea, wind and rainbows, yellows and greys and
curtains of rain, tides in and out, tired dogs and the
lifeboat, short tastes of long writes set and ruled by
the weather given face by the sea, by the coast, by the
stones that have crept from the land to the lanes and the
alleys and the walls and finally to enclose the windows in
wooden frames in the houses, East Anglia, the wash, the
seven Burnhams.

20.4.00 Problems with a tooth again! I hate this sort
of thing - a huge hole is now be termed it - hmmm...

22.4.00 On the plane on the way home. Another hard
punch behind us, a guillotine edged cut in our lives, ...
so sharp; everyone frozen in that last goodbye outside of
Frensham drive and receding so quickly, a full blown
windy sucked away in a whoosh of perspective to the
racked reproductions of your memory, very pink blazed
my bed. And a little dog on the other end, whoosh
back again. A strange feeling of people, places, shrunk in

size and put away smiling + waving goodbye, into the
drawers of an oak vanity. A look at the huge image of
yourself in the ~~mirror~~ cut edged mirror in front of you,
brief look at the darkened brownning walls of the room
around, a door there unopened and to ~~where~~ you
know not where; to the afterlife, to the infinite, to the
universe around; not for this moment, in this room, this
lifetime anyway. And then back down to another drawer
~~that~~ you put your hand on the ebony coloured handle,
pull it open and other sounds and lights and people
begin to fill the room, and the walls disappear and
you wander through the other side of the guillotine,
slightly wavering non perfect receding cut behind you
a warp, a distortion, behind when you ever bother
to look.

I could see the reflection of a white light on the wing
before so I got up and had a peek out of one of the
windows to see a bright, brilliant two thirds moon
high above the wing tip. And then incremental light
breaking behind it, the soft blue west dawn of an

we see sun rising on the other side of the plane. Over India
would like to think (we do actually fly over India),
over dark skinned men with blankets wrapped around
them waking to a land soon to be filled with the heat of
the sun, a culture that feeds on that warmth and mulls
it with curries and spices and mists and maharajahs and
labi wallahs and scotchragers, old and new, to make its
own reservoir of warmth also washing over the land,
topping briefly in a slowing hibernation only in the wee
hours to perhaps let the moon pass silently by, or just
to let the still blackness be for ~~some~~ some respite to its
artifacts.

Just finished watching a movie called 'The Legend of
100'. The sound of the ocean (from the land) is a
cream, a shouting of the immensity of life. When he
wanted to leave the boat all he could see was an
endless keyboard in front of him, something infinite
and unable to be played except by God himself unlike
small parade of life that he had on the slip on each
way. The numberless streets and people and towns

cities were too much, how do you choose just one? I can
relate, but it is the feelings, the opportunities, the
associations, it is immense. It is longer than our lives could
with, hence the search for an ultimate, for a whole.

The cabin is still dark, all of the windows are
closed, people are sleeping. Outside it is daylight
bright but mistimed. We will arrive in Singapore at
6:00 in the evening, at the end of a shorter day
was blocked from our sight.

Enjoyed London. You forget about a lot of
little things, riding in the tubes and seeing cavernous
spaces in the dark, other tracks or sidings or who
knows; The rush of trees on the top of the 85 bus, the
buses racing each other on the way into Putney; the
house on its own in Wimbledon Common, the ~~bus~~ red
buses and black cabs down Oxford Street squeezing
all of the other traffic out. Even looking hard at the time
seems there are a lot of things your conscious misses. It
a good trip in that respect, brought a lot of good times

Had quite a vivid dream, about a lot of things I think, that are a bit vague, but ended up in a helicopter catching all of these people and dogs and in the end over other animals, horses, sheep, all chase this one poor animal that had done something wrong, bitten someone or thing it shouldn't have in circumstances that were unclear. At first we thought it was a wolf but as we got closer it was a big brown fluffy haired dog, a little like a giant poodle, it was tired and hunted and was cornered near a bend in a river scowled senseless, legs spread banking viciously to its aggressors. Three men finally got a hold of it and two of them were about to kill it, to shoot it through the back of its mouth, the third managed to argue otherwise and as they forced his mouth closed, put a gladnap type ribbon around him to keep his mouth shut. I felt so relieved, all of this anxious tension now with a ~~solution~~ end in sight. Just seemed very vivid and important somehow. Twenty four hours on a plane and so does everything!

Hummm...!

Five (more) weeks of mountains and Inca and La Paz in South America, a past life in London, and I will be in Melbourne with a little dog in under 12 hours. Has felt like a real journey, particularly over the past week with so much of it behind us. Back to Melbourne reviewed, so many other things ahead also, must try to keep the peace and clarity of mind that we have right now, the good humour. Tone said to me at the Freshers drive reunion that 'you look a lot better with a ton's', must try + keep that, I noticed the dark rings ~~in~~ around my eyes in the toilet before, must try and so those!

24:4:00 pm Redback shoes crowd warm socks, a little better scuffed + ~~and~~ thick with waterproofing wax, ~~at~~ in our living room, pizza having gone down, quiet after a movie for Ange in bed, slush on a cushion. I feel like the reflection is to begin, the sinking in, the absorbing of this solidity and stable somewhat pace, this warmth in my feet in my boots I have.

sleeping, and looking out to the terrace and the other tents and the odd bit of lightning. The world felt very small and warm, a lovely place to be starting out on. Why can't I live in that moment, hold onto that hope, that calmness of being, observing, it's just so beautiful not to be running for sleep, away, just to have the time, the whatever it is drawing you to sit up and watch.

That's what it felt like now I say it, something drawing me up to watch. Something out there in the night? Something simply out there (as in night out there), or something in me? I don't know, but sitting here now mistakenly or not I feel I can sense its lurking presence, and it is a key part to it all. What did draw me to sit up silently like that and simply watch that piece of night, that piece of time and place, take me back there please.



6.6.00 ↙ something out there in the wet night in a dark place with heavy drops coming off the trees around, black wet dirty soil under foot, a place foreign to itself, a place from which to sit and watch me, watch me observing back, knowing I sense something, but knowing I don't know what that something is, what it is.

Product of a delusional mind? Perhaps. A yearning for some meaning, some depth, something more than what I am now? Mo: probably. Enjoyable? yes. Healthy? not sure, probably not in the scheme of things, for the years and decades there are to come. Keep that knife edge of reality with a continual brushing of the delusions careful not to drop one way or the other and recognize each side for what it is. Perhaps. Give it a little time, get relaxed with it to let it grow of its own accord.

28.4.00 Work, strains, pushing to get things moving, get things done, more within me than without at the moment. Too easily distracted!

30.4.00 It's good being back but this work thing worries me. It threatens to take over everything. Time, all my energy, all my thoughts. A big blade slicing away all of the wandering directions my mind wants to stray to, big slabs of brain dead as the central nervous system is shackled to the work. I must fight it I think but that means to some extent letting the work suffer, and that is not in my nature.

Diary moments will now be restricted to caught glimpses, odd comments, the squeaking of an entraped mind. (and a silent, dry teariness formed way down deep somewhere, I dared not fully recognise or acknowledge it lest the horrible reality from which it sprung become too vivid. Faced with the full truth, the open wound I think I would shy away and lose the will to go on).

Is that what I am talking about? A shying aw
Surely I must be able to do both, surely! Mu
cut things off, leave thoughts at work and not
bring them home to live here where they will dest
everything else. Or maybe I just have to confine
those thoughts, not stress + worry over them, us
them in the light of cold white fact so that they
don't grow and enstrangle the rest of me.
Maybe a little meditation can help me do this

2.5.00 Chilled a little after the initial mental
shock, one task, one idea at a time, a work
life of little parcels Brendon to help preserve yo
sanity!

5.5.00

I keep thinking back to that night camped,
the rain just down the hill from the youth host
Big heavy drops of rain, sitting up by the door
to the tent, wetness heavy all around, Ange

and see where it takes you. Yes, if you can.
If you can - relax and enjoy it.

I like sitting alone in cafes. If I worked
for myself I would do none of this. Do it
more during the week, midday and at
night; and in the evening when everybody
is going home.

7.5.00

"
I see the stars come out tonight
I see a bright and hollow sky
and everything looks good tonight
I am a passenger, la la la la la la la la

Iggy Pop.

pm I thought about buying a book on all the
different religions today, but shied away.
I read about Tao, passages on just being,

fighting conflict with fairness and justness. That's not
quite what I got out of Lao Tzu. For me it was
the way, that something ~~that existed~~ whose
veiled existence was before time and creation.
I don't want to embark upon a study of religion
so much as work it out for myself, use what I
kind to live, to experience, to see.

Maybe in good time but now I want small
bits to be given, uncovered slowly so as to allow
time for them to work their way in in a form around
my needs.

That and I want it to be a beautiful experience.
A romantic darkness, this is life, the earth and
everything, this is all the dawns and times down
through history. There is a cosmic river out there
to be tapped by osmosis, it's a slow organic thing
of small corners of second hand book shops and the
backs of cafes. It's not 'worlds religions for
dummies' from Borders. When I am strong enough
perhaps. Like most things in life, it is an
experiential development, but you need the

slow feeling around the darkness to irritate it in your own mould, around your own self. This has got to sink deeper than the surface science of bridge design 101.

9.5:00 Seriously fucking unbearable shit this work thing.

Had such a good weekend this weekend that faced with the prospect of moving interstate I realised that I don't want to. Walking back into the house, I want to be here not anywhere else. Never was there a clever sign that a move is in the air!

10.5:00 Am really disappointed in work at the moment. When I come back I wanted to do so much. There is so much that needs doing. I get bumped with twice the workload I can handle and everything turns to shit. This place is a sorry state of affairs being driven down further by crop fees and in flight

managers. I am very frustrated.

14.5:00 am Things that are good for you:
swimming in a saltwater pool with oysters and docks and broken white horses around the rocks. Things that are bad for you:
Aluminium based deodorants.

am "I feel as if I've slipped in time... but whether into the future or the past I cannot say.... she reassured me... The past and the future are where we spend most of our lives, what you are going through... is the disorientating feeling of having slipped for a few moments into the present".

Salmon Rushdie, *The Moorcock Sign*.
(on flying)

I prefer an explanation of disconnectedness more. Maybe the present of the mind; but not the present of this world. Maybe that is the only real present!

Coffee and breakfast in the little cafe across from Deons Ant in Gertrude Street, before work. Chinese lanterns bought from Smith street, the Age, the motorbike, cold fingers and blue winter sky. Heavied and slow, to treade am's weighed upon by work from Friday receding, work on Monday booming and this extra bit today slopped over the top of what is inbetween.

13-7-00 Need to put together on a list of photos for Sunda - only use those in the name to etc. As soon as someone sees something of mediocre quality it will tend their attraction.

23-7-00 Mount Stirling for the weekend. Good snow, up and down, bluff your hut, iced over trees, falling trees near Daniel and Frank stopping over twenty metres on his nose! Volunteer ski patrols, scath in the cold, dinner in the hut and toilet at night (as always). In a dean bed with a dean tired and wisp of Jasmine! A blowy blowy wind outside and a very coring dog, at rest Ange (knitting) and wrinkled rug :-).

25-7-00

To conquer death
you only have to die...

- from Jesus Christ Superstar

Sounds fantastic especially in the context of the song and to music. But to conquer death you only have to be aware?

Had a bit of a fight with Ange the night before

DAY



VALID FOR

ADULT X-G

23

WARNING

№ 001334

Under the Alpine Resorts ("Ski Area Safety") Regulations 1998 a skier assumes the risk of any injury to person or property resulting from any of the inherent dangers and risks of skiing and may not recover damages or compensation from the Resort Management Board, Ski Patrol or any Ski Area Operator for any injury resulting from any of the inherent dangers and risks of skiing, including: - "changing weather conditions, existing and changing snow conditions, bare spots, rocks, stumps, trees, collisions with natural objects or man made objects, variations in terrain, and the failure of skiers to ski within their own abilities."

NOT TRANSFERABLE

NO REFUNDS

My clothes are ragged and best laden
and I am ever blissful.

I use no magic to extend my life
Now, before me, the trees become alive.

Kakua on having
attained enlightenment.

Dinner waiting for a haircut (no. 59).
Trains rumble past every so often and they
call out specials in the store. \$6.50
(including GST) what an institution.

9:7:00 I have been very tired lately. My eyes
especially, working late and not sleeping well.
Last week I began to see stars around my
peripheral vision at times and glancing one way
I would pick up flickers in the computer screens as
you sometimes see on television. My mind
slowing down perhaps, that processing that
takes all of the quantum that is the reality of the

world around me, that takes it and streams it
past me in such a speed of blur that it seems like
a continuum of life, that processor starting to
fray at the edges? Will I end up lost in one
of those moments? Hardly I think, perhaps
steady snow around the edges though?...

10:00 My mental state had reduced to tea on Tuesday
morning. Unable to cope - human. Taking it all too
seriously I think. I would like to take it seriously but I
think that that is not a good idea. It is too much to
handle. Where to sit in this reality thing? Take me
away to a place where I can touch the heavens.

15:7:00 Ange had a bit of a cry when she got home
on Friday night, 'Why can't we run away from all of
this? There will be a running away sometime, a
couple of years hence maybe with a little baby even?
To a hazy shazzy India? A cold and brilliant
Tibetan sky?

- more professional looking home page.
- own address (to advertisers)
- sort out size one + for all.

The essence of your mind is not born, so it will never die. It is not an existence, which is perishable. It is not an emptiness, which is a mere void. It has neither colour nor form. It enjoys no pleasures and suffers no pains.

I know you are very ill... You may not know exactly who is suffering, but question yourself: What is the essence of this mind? Think only of this. You will need no more. Covet nothing. Your end which is endless is as a snowflake dissolving in the pure air."

Barrui (a Zen master)
to a dying disciple

Following narrow lanes, past you the
interconnecting paths of distant mountains,
by strength failing and by vitality
exhausted, I am at the side of the lake.
I only wait, ^{to} beaute sailing through the
mist at night.

Kossion, a Zen master
is working for
enlightenment.
He is the tea table, with
the ordinary things.

I am meant to this, and see the next step,
using some footprints made by a rabbit. It is
less, a long journey of uncertainty from now.
Convinced it adds with a blue line now or less
outlet with. I will have now for a while think.

is a part. I am bigger I hope than those mere things?

27.6.00 * It's a bit like getting seasick, all of the ups and downs have the effect of blocking your focus, your consciousness.

~~~~~  
At the time it is inexplicable and looms over you insurmountable. It would be a strong mind that can condition itself through this

~~~~~  
2.7.00 GST now on... Had a good half weekend away with everyone from work, talked about a lot of things. Hopefully a lot of things will come of it. Peter Hoad is incredibly bitter about the National board. Singapore (and himself) have really destroyed him.

"Not force this day
into your foot gem"

(This day will not come again
every minute is worth a priceless gem)

Takuan, a Zen teacher

6.7.00 Toothaches, headaches, tired, lots of work to do. Feeling a bit heated about the head by 10 AM.

Got behind, just saw the little old barechested man with the backpack. Has back after seven years? Wonder if he has been anywhere, he would have topped Australia in that time. Secretly I'm thinking it's shades of a future Chris Houston. Bare chested in the middle of July is.

Time for some re-think on Sunday. Used a

pass with you from life to life. Karma?
Seems like a waste. Maybe it is a try in
any one life and if that does not, maybe the
next try will achieve enlightenment?

24.6.00

"A man does not attain release from
action by not acting, nor does he
attain perfection by mere
renunciation of action.

For, no matter who he is, he cannot
remain for even a moment without
acting. Prakṛti (impulses born
of nature) compels everyone
who is dependent to keep performing
action"

Karma Yoga
(Sri Bhagavan - Bhagavadgita)

Detachment from the senses whilst still
moving through their world. Like diving
into a pool and drifting underwater.
No sounds, no smells, disassociated, foreign
senses of touch and taste in the body of
water parting to move around you, closed
eyes an echo between all your senses and
you, disenchanted for a moment,
disengaged.

One stroke, turn, drifting.

Break the surface, breathe out, in, out
and quiet and lapping and dripping and
a unborn directness with the immediate
Where in all this does the action lie?

How detached is detached, how decaring
should it be, how de-passionate, how
de-loving, how de-experiencing?

Are you becoming Buddhist Brendon? Guided in
part by it perhaps. No not a Buddhist, a
Brendon, another thing of which maybe Buddhism

It is uncleanable, and cannot be
burnt, called unkillable. It is permanent,
all pervading, stable, unmovable
and primordial.

It is said to be imperceptible, unthinkable
and unchanging. Therefore knowing it
to be so, it does not become you to
grieve.

Sri Bhagavan
Sankhya Yoga
The Bhagavad Gita

The first part of this is very Buddhist while the
second part has strong elements of Tao. It
heavily enough gets used in a strange way,
the detachment from grief used to justify
going to war. Chanting through I think
the same argument could be used for not too

go to war, if all is permanence what can you
hope to achieve. For ~~of~~ on the side of
hurdness - very happy Breen!

I am still cut between both these ideas,
the ~~per~~ permanence of life and the circular
nature of life and, the being of the moment,
the development generation to generation of it
all.

The other interesting thing about this is
its references to it have been always + will be
always. This as I understand it is the basis
of a lot of Hinduism (and the Halkrishnan)
where there is a thread of gods forming the
one, and one of those is Shiva the destroyer.
There is also a creator from whom
there are in the context of creating + destroying
within the limits of the material that is there.
Working with death + birth rather than with the
building blocks.

Another Q - what good is it to know
these things if that consciousness does not

piece of classical music or a Venus to live
forever.

20.6.00

" You grieve for those whom you should
not grieve for, and yet you talk about
wisdom! The wise do not lament either
the dead or the living

There was never a time when either,
or you, or these rulers of men did not
exist. Nor will there be a future when
all of us will cease to exist.

Just as in the corporeal form the soul
experiences infancy, youth and old
age, so does it in taking on another
body. The wise man has no doubts
about this

Sensory contacts, O son of Kunti, which
produce cold and heat, pleasure and
pain, come and go. They are impermanent,
O Bharata learn to bear them.

O Chief among men (Arjuna), it is the wise
man who is not affected by them, who is the
same in ~~to~~ pain and pleasure, who becomes
fit to attain immortality...

... Just as a man casts off worn-out clothes
and puts on others which are new, likewise
the embodied soul, casting off old bodies
is united with other new ones.

Weapons do not cut it, fire does not burn
it, water does not wet it, the wind does
not dry it.



Depend upon it, Sir, when a man knows he is to be hanged, it concentrates his mind wonderfully.

Dr. Johnson

Fantasy falls from your eyes...

... 'choiceless awareness'. Smriti

(Pali, Sati): mindfulness

Tidde Krishnamurti +

John Snelting .

I want to create beautiful things. This (←) was inspired by certain material! I want to be able to do that from me. I want to see a single inspiring ^{beautiful} end result. At the moment I don't feel I have the means or the control. Something come out of that crystal quiet clarity before a deathly moment is what I want. Something I can look at + live in, a

around you. Sand and water for an
instant everywhere and then. Fries.

28.5.00 Erskine House, Kostas, room 58, the beach,
hailstones and the EH. Good weekend. Walked out
to the beach before bed, lawns and gate, in stone
wall and then, sand and stars, clouds behind
over the house. Felt like stars feel everywhere,
the milkyway. beautiful. Felt like everything
was there for us. A strange feeling. Enjoying
that moment, a little high on a hill with the
down gradient starting to roll under your feet.
Back to the ~~the~~ pits three minutes to the well maybe $\frac{3}{4}$.

26.00 I also like walking to a site in the city first
thing in the morning when people are still going to work.
Smells of coffee and breakfasts, people hurrying.
A time when the streets become the property of the
subconscious minds, even the homeless stand back
a bit to watch it go by. And having arrived
at work and left my dream state on the

no way in somewhere, I all of a sudden am at
liberty to walk it and see it in the corridors,
what a wonderfully warming ~~that~~ sight, all
that clockwork, all that waking, all the
peoples personal time being spent, introspective,
wandering minds.

16.6.00

There are no teachings,
there are no teachers and
no disciples
(a man in a cage).

Only in sorrow and suffering,
does man draw close to his
fellow man. Only then, his dream
does his life become beautiful.
Henry Miller
(an American writer)

but other choice. Be my imagined Kings
like as mine on a more informed level,
perhaps there are other levels, other ways
higher again?

Sound desperate and naive don't
I. I am at a stage where I must delude
myself like this to keep going. A surrogate
meaning ~~from~~ to replace the one mine seems to
have lost (or never found).

It is I feel my lot to die this way. Limited
by intellect or time or ~~some~~ environ (I'm not
sure, it feels like intellect at the moment. ~~It~~
Make your peace with it Brendon and die.

Smile and enjoy your
time here for there is
plenty of wine to be
enjoyed. Let longer
circles look after themselves,
they will come when they
are ready.

and don't worry too much
about delusion. Even
reality is short term and
delusional in the scheme
of greater things. In fact
delusion may be the only
way around reality to
the bigger circles we look
for.

This is all such fucking trite. Ignore it. It is only
the ramblings of an unoccupied mind turning in
circles. What you need is some focus Brendon

learn to live here now first
- (and please let there be)
something else ... -

I seem to be a lot more dingy when I am
back at work. Not so observational, just
wanting an answer, something to cling to.
Try to be more objective about things

whatever, even passive melding the first step is that collective. After that there's the step across the black cold into what it is? Is that connection there now?

Once we reach the collective do we find a dead end, another searching and leap only able to be realized by a fully mature collective of which we are not?

To die ~~like~~ unrealized spurs our fate. Will one of us ever make this. Will the rest of us be brought back. No, I think probably not, our lives are doomed by the times in which we were born, evolutionary steps, increments only to be forgotten in a shortened history. History rendered not important as always by the burning light of the present.

Not a shame, just a fact. Do we stop to think about others lives, why should ours be somehow more significant.

Observe and go on. Create opportunity.

live the internal, feel for an external.
"Keep eyes on circling skies, tongue tied and twisted, earth bound misfits"...

Still the closest I feel I have come is through Tao. There is a way. It influences us as it influences the external also. It might not ever be a connection but it is a common, this I feel.

A people on another planet, distanced by space insurmountable but connected by the same rules that allow life to develop. And in the same way our reason connected to something else, another reason by a larger subset of rules, how many layers and to what end?

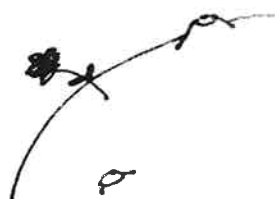
To imagine I feel ~~this~~ ~~magical~~ ~~something~~ ~~there~~ ~~is~~ this "something there is" gives me comfort. ~~that~~ ~~magical~~ ~~something~~ ~~there~~ ~~is~~ A seeks comfort that his kings (or queens) like is none, ordained and for some reason. Misplaced perhaps

18.5.2000



The stars are beautiful
because a flower one
cannot see....

The little Prince



23.5.00

Ask me if I am happy,
ask me if I know about
things like new washing
machines and old cars.
Ask me if I can make
myself calm, at one.
Ask me if I know where

I am going. I would most
likely observe, that even if
I knew the answers to the
first questions, I would not
know the answer to the
last. That much I feel I
know, probably...

Too calm, too at one with peace. No too internal.
You can be raging, ranting, laughing, crying,
delusional leaving at one I think. To let myself
free like that I could not, I am too observational,
that is my nature. So what am I then if I feel it
does not lie on the internal, how to make that
external connection.

My first reaction is other. Larger than just
me, the praise of other, as many as possible. Very
shallow Brandon! Other feel this way for
reasons conscious or not. Perhaps there is
something to be said for the collective
conscience. Through unknown, home, infancy

whatever, even passive melding the first step is that collective. After that there is the step across the black cold into what it is? Is that connection there now?

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To imagine I feel ~~this~~ ~~magical~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~something~~ ~~there~~ ~~is~~ gives me comfort ~~that~~ ~~magical~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~something~~ ~~there~~ ~~is~~ A serfs comfort that his kings (or queens) like is more, ordained and for some reason. Misplaced perhaps

but other choice. Be my imagined Kings
life as mine on a more informed level,
perhaps there are other levels, other ways
higher again?

Sound desperate and naive don't
I. I am at a stage where I must delude
myself like this to keep going. A surrogate
meaning ~~to~~ to replace the one mine seems to
have lost (or never found).

It is I feel my lot to die this way. Limited
by intellect or time or ~~some~~ environs I'm not
sure, it feels like intellect at the moment.
Make your peace with it Brendon and die.

Smile and enjoy your
time here for there is
plenty of wire to be
enjoyed. Let longer
circles look after themselves,
they will come when they
are ready.

and don't worry too much
about delusion. Even
reality is short term and
delusional in the scheme
of greater things. In fact
delusion may be the only
way around reality to
the bigger circles we look
for.

This is all such fucking trite. Ignore it. It is
the ramblings of an unoccupied mind turning
circles. What you need is some focus Brendon

learn to live here now first
(and please let there be)
something else ...

I seem to be a lot more dinky when I am
back at work. Not so observational, just
wanting an answer, something to cling to.
Try to be more objective about things

around you. Stand and watch for an instant evergreen and then. Focus.

28.5.00 Erskine House, Kostas, room 58, the beach, hailstones and the EH. Good weekend. Walked out to the beach before bed, lawns and gate, in stone wall and then, sand and stars, clouds behind over the house. Felt like stars feel everywhere, the milkyway, beautiful. Felt like everything was there for us. A strange feeling. Enjoying that moment, a little high on a hill with the down gradient starting to roll under your feet. Back to the ~~the~~ fits three minutes to the well maybe 24.

2.6.00 I also like walking to a site in the city first thing in the morning, when people are still going to work. Smells of coffee and breakfasts, people hurrying. A time when the streets become the property of the subconscious minds, even the homeless stand back a bit to watch it go by. And having arrived at work and left my dream state on the

no way in somewhere, I all of a sudden am at liberty to walk it and see it in the conscious, what a wonderfully warming ~~that~~ sight, all that clockwork, all that waking, all the peoples personal time being spent, introspection wandering minds.

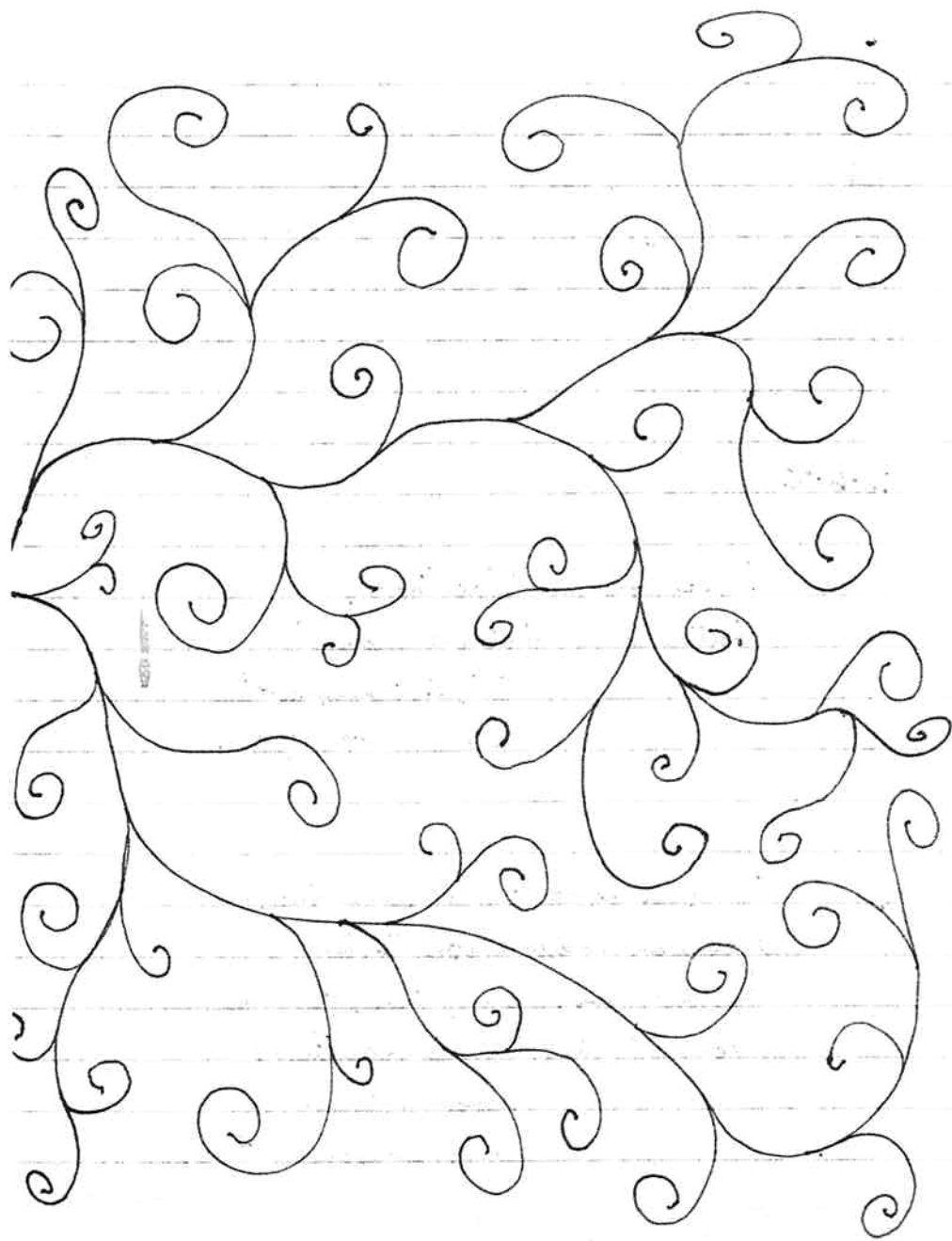
16.6.00

There are no teachings,
truth is a trackless land.

J. Krishnamurti
(a modern sage).

Only in sorrow and suffering
does man draw close to his
fellow man. Only then, it seems,
does his life become beautiful.

Henry Miller
(an American writer)



Depend upon it, Sir, when a man knows he is to be hanged, it concentrates his mind wonderfully.

Dr. Johnson

Fantasy falls from your eyes...
... 'choiceless awareness'. Smriti

(Pali; Sati): mindfulness

Tidde Krishnamurti +
John Saelling.

I want to create beautiful things. This (←) was inspired by certain material! I want to be able to do that from me. I want to see a single inspiring ^{beautiful} end result. At the moment I don't feel I have the means or the control. Something come out of that crystal quiet clarity before a deathly moment is what I want. Something I can look at + live in, a

piece of classical music or a venus to live forever.

20.6.00

" You grieve for those whom you should not grieve for, and yet you talk about wisdom! The wise do not lament either the dead or the living.

There was never a time when either, or you, or these rulers of men did not exist. Nor will there be a future when all of us will cease to exist.

Just as in this corporeal form the soul experiences infancy, youth and old age, so does it in taking on another body. The wise man has no doubts about this.

Sensory contacts, O son of Kunti, which produce cold and heat, pleasure and pain, come and go. They are impermanent, O Bhārata learn to bear them.

O Chief among men (Arjuna), it is the wise man who is not affected by them, who is the same in ~~to~~ pain and pleasure, who becomes fit to attain immortality...

Just as a man casts off worn-out cloth and puts on other which are new, likewise the embodied soul, casting off old body is united with other new ones.

Weapons do not cut it, fire does not burn it, water does not wet it, the wind does not dry it.



It is uncleavable, and cannot be
burnt, wetted or dried. It is permanent,
all pervading, stable, immovable
and primordial.

It is said to be imperceptible, unthinkable
and unchanging. Therefore knowing it
to be so, it does not become you to
grieve.

Śrī Bhagavān
Sāṅkhya Yoga
The Bhagavadgītā

The first part of this is very Buddhist while the
second part has strong elements of Tao. It
funnily enough gets used in a strange way,
the detachment from grief used to justify
going to war. Chewbacca theory I think as
the same argument could be used for not too

go to war, if all is permanence what can you
hope to achieve. For ~~of~~ on the side of
kindness - very hippy Brea!

I am still cut between both these ideas,
the ~~super~~ permanence of life and the circular
nature of life and, the living of the moment,
the development generation to generation of it
all.

The other interesting thing about this is
its references to it has been always + will be
always. This as I understand it is the basis
of a lot of Hinduism (and the Hax Kish
where there is a triad of gods forming the
one, and one of those is Shiva the destroyer
There is also a creator from memory. Maybe
these are in the context of creating + destroy
within the limits of the material that is there.
Working with death + birth rather than with
building blocks.

Another Q - what good is it to know
these things if that consciousness does not

pass with you from life to life. Karma?
Seems like a waste. Maybe it is a try in
any one life and if this does not, maybe the
next try will achieve enlightenment?

24.6.00

"A man does not attain release from
action by not acting, nor does he
attain perfection by mere
renunciation of action.

For, no matter who he is, he cannot
remain for even a moment without
acting. Prakṛti (impulses born
of nature) compels everyone
who is dependent to keep performing
action."

Karma Yoga
(Śrī Bhagavān - Bhagavadgītā)

Detachment from the senses whilst still
moving through this world. Like diving
into a pool and drifting underwater.
No sounds, no smells, dissociated, foreign
senses of touch and taste in the body of
water parting to move around you, closed
eyes an echo between all your senses and
you, disenchanted for a moment,
disengaged.

One stroke, two, drifting.

Break the surface, beneath out, in, out
and quiet and lapping and dripping and
a reborn directness with the immediate.
Where in all this does the action lie?
How detached is detached. How decaying
should it be, how de-passionate, how
de-loving, how de-experiencing?

Are you becoming Buddhist Breendon? Guided
part by it perhaps. No not a Buddhist, a
Breendon, another thing of which maybe Buddh

is a part. I am bigger I hope than these mere things?

27.6.00 * Its a bit like getting seasick, all of the ups and downs have the effect of blocking your focus, your consciousness

At the time it is inexplicable and looms over you insurmountable. It would be a strong mind that can condition itself through this

27.7.00 GST now on... Had a good half weekend away with everyone from work, talked about a lot of things. Hopefully a lot of things will come of it. Peter Hoard is incredibly bitter about the National board. Singapore (and himself) have really destroyed him.

"Not twice this day
inch time foot gem"

(This day will not come again
every minute is worth a priceless gem)

Takuan, a Zen teacher

6.7.00 Toothaches, headaches, tired, lots of work do, feeling a bit beaten about the head by it.

Can't believe it, just saw the little old bare chested runner with the backpack. How back after seven years? I wonder if he has been anywhere, he could have lapped Australia in that time. Secretly am thinking it is flashbacks of a future Chris Harrington. Bare chested in the middle of Jul

Time for some re-think on Sunda. N.

more professional looking home page.
own address (to advertise)
sort out size one - for all.

"The essence of your mind is not born,
so it will never die. It is not an
existence, which is perishable. It is
not an emptiness, which is a mere
void. It has neither colour nor form.
It enjoys no pleasures and suffers
no pains.

I know you are very ill... You
may not know exactly who is
suffering, but question yourself:
What is the essence of this mind?
Think only of this. You will need
no more. Covet nothing. Your
end which is endless is as a
snowflake dissolving in the pure air."

Bassui (a Zen master)
to a dying disciple

Following unnamed rivers, lost upon the
interpenetrating paths of distant mountains,
My strength failing and my vitality
exhausted, I cannot find the bull.
I only hear ^{the} locusts chirring through the
forest at night.

Kakuan, a Zen master
on searching for
enlightenment.
From the Ten Bulls, written
in 12 century China.

I can relate to this, and ever the next step
seeing some footprints down by a river. It is I
fear, a long journey of commitment from here.
Commitment at odds with a life I am more or less
content with. I will dwell here for a while I think

My clothes are ragged and dust laden
and I am ever blissful.

I use no magic to extend my life
Now, before me, the trees become alive.

Kakasaan on having
attained enlightenment.

Dimneys waiting for a haircut (no. 59).
Trains rumble past every so often and they
call out specials in the stone. \$6.50
(including GST) what an institution.

9:7:00 I have been very tired lately. My eyes
especially, working late and not sleeping well.
Last week I began to see stars around my
peripheral vision at times and glancing one way
I would pick up flickers in the computer screens as
you sometimes see on television. My mind
slowing down perhaps, that processing that
takes all of the quantum that is the reality of the

world around me, that takes it and streams
past me in such a speed of blur that it seems like
a continuum of life, that processor starting to
fray at the edges? Will I end up lost in one
of those moments? Hardly I think, perhaps
steady snow around the edges though?

13:7:00 My mental state had reduced to tears on Tuesday
morning. Unable to cope - humm. Taking it all too
seriously I think. I would like to take it seriously but
think that that is not a good idea. It is too much to
handle. Where to sit in this reality thing? Take me
away to a place where I can touch the heavens.

15:7:00 Ange had a bit of a cry when she got home
on Friday night, 'Why can't we run away from all of
this? There will be a running away sometime, a
couple of years hence maybe with a little baby eye
to a hazy shazy India? A cold and brilliant
Tibetan sky?

Coffee and breakfast in the little cafe across from Deons Apt in Gertrude Street, before work. Chinese lanterns bought from Smith street, the Age, the motorbike, cold fingers and blue winter sky. Heavied and slow, too treacle am's weighed upon by work from Friday receding, work on Monday booming and this extra bit today slopped over the top of what is inbetween.

18-7-00 Need to put together an 'A' list of photos for Sunda + only use those in the moments etc. As soon as someone sees something of mediocre quality it will taint their attraction.

23-7-00 Mount Sterling for the weekend. Good snow, up and down, bluff your hut, iced over trees, falling trees near Daniel and Frank stopping over twenty meters on his nose! Volunteer ski patrols, scouth in the cold, dinner in the hut and toilet at night (as always). In a clean bed with a clean towel and wisps of Jasmine! A blowing blowing wind outside and a very cooing dog, at next Ange (knitting) and wrinkled rug :-).

25-7-00

To conquer death
you only have to die
from Jesus Christ Superstar

Sounds fantastic especially in the context of the song and to music. But to conquer death you only have to be aware?

Had a bit of a fight with An^o the night before

DAY VALID FOR

MT. STIRLING
23
ADULT X-C
WARNING No 001334
Under the Alpine Resorts ("Ski Area Safety") Regulations 1998 a skier assumes the risk of any injury to person or property resulting from any of the inherent dangers and risks of skiing and may not recover damages or compensation from the Resort Management Board, Ski Patrol or any Ski Area Operator for any injury resulting from any of the inherent dangers and risks of skiing, including: "changing weather conditions, existing and changing snow conditions, bare spots, rocks, stumps, trees, collisions with natural objects or man made objects, variations in terrain, and the failure of skiers to ski within their own abilities."
NOT TRANSFERABLE NO REFUNDS

lost. She's under stress at work as am I, and we are both finding it hard to cope. It's not very nice - have to treat this as a head down period and make sure there are some awards along there somewhere.

27.7.00 Went to a talk with Sandy tonight + had a good discussion after. I like Sandy, she would be a good person to get to know, to spend some time with smiling about things. But very here and now. No after or around or quiet introspective, all the present, so many here and now thoughts to get out... I feel a little like soul mates in a way, whose paths are high + low maybe, or at different tangents, who will never come together to join or meet for any real amount of time.

30.7.00 Ange + I are pretty wound up right now. Had a good night of loud music and beers and a video from J+R on Friday night after work.

but it all returns pretty quickly as there is no immediate end in sight. That means I have to change the way I deal with the problem (ie if the problem won't change). Felt really up Friday night anyway.

Going to keep chasing that butterfly this dream of mine.
Urban Hymns

At a point where I am happy with my web page. Might try and condense the quotations a little and provide more diary background to the pictures. Some words about the country also?

1.8.00 foggy misty wet in the air morning. mind occupied in song or shadow of got up to put the lock on the motorbike before taking off to a grinding halt, ~~mind~~ mind + bike awake.

Watching a man in a cafe scratching his head,
 Then to wipe his mouth, then become self
 conscious of it; tap his foot up & down
 quickly, look at the table in front of
 him, conscious again; blink, head up
 staring into space; blink, blink, toe taps
 again, hand around the back of the
 neck, looks down again.

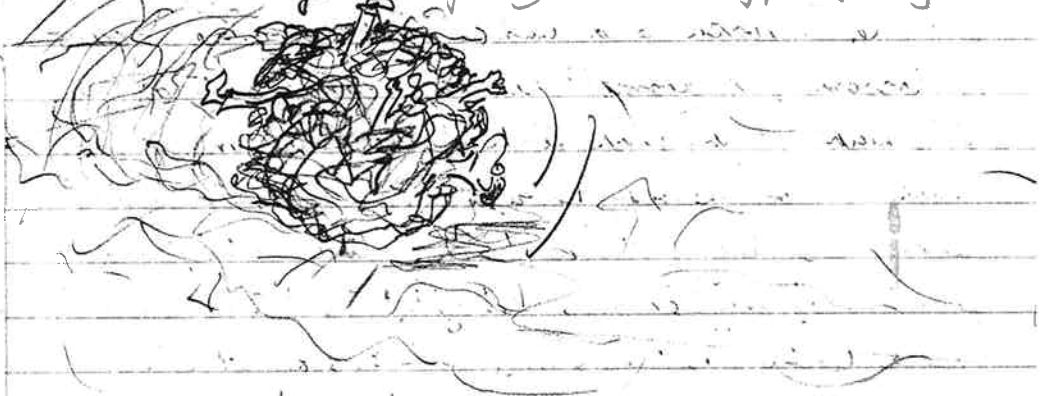
What is this prison we are in whose
 bars tie up our emotions and thoughts into a
 nervous bundle. So tight this bundle
 that they flicker uncontrollably at the
 surface of us, backwards & forwards, ^{loose strings,}

Where does it finally deposit us
 this prison when time is seeded. Maybe
 the shooting stars are the unrooping of
 all the bundles at this point. Little
 flickers of white threaded energy, overpowering
 to our little minds, surging, blowing all
 encompassing to a small unit such as ours,
 a small blue fleck of static to
 the cosmic surge around us.

It's not fair is it that we should suffer
 this for so little? Remind me again why we

suffer this?

Attachments are like a snow ball of
 strings, tangling, building, confining



11.9.00. And this is how I see the East, I have seen its
 secret places and looked into its very soul;
 but now I see it always from a small boat,
 a high outline of mountains, blue and afar
 in the morning; like a faint mist at noon, a
 jagged wall of purple at sunset. I have the
 feel of the oar in my hand; the vision of a
 scorching blue sea in my eyes. And I see a bay,
 a wide bay, smooth as glass and polished like ice

shimmering in the dark. A red light burns for off upon the gloom of the land, and the night is soft and warm. We drag at the oars with aching arms, and suddenly a puff of wind, a puff faint and tepid ~~with~~ and laden with strange odours of blossoms, of aromatic wood, comes out of the still night - the first sigh of the East on my face. That I can never forget. It was palpable and enslaving, like a charm, like a whispered promise of mysterious delight. "... There was not a light, not a star, not a sound. The mysterious East faced me, perfumed like a flower, silent like death, dark like a grave.

Joseph Conrad on a ship's note (Mabou I think) seeing the East for the first time. Made all the more poignant after troubles in the northern port towns of England and having to ditch a ship of burning coal. "The 'I have the feel of the

oar in my hand" brings back the vividness of the memories of Goa and Bombay, aromatic woods and spices and warm and endless mysterious possibilities. I would love to go back to India + lose myself in the myriad

14.8.00 Pesto Pasta and antipasta dinners, mystic misty Eastern views. why do things seem so hard?

17.8.00 Bathing - tired and stressed to the point where I can no longer put in the hours to work my way out of it and a angry man to boot! Must steady, maybe meditate, maybe spend a shift mood day not talking to people and get out of this...

20.8.00 Played indoor cricket with everyone at work, cleaned the house, rescued one of the birds who was left perching and gripping onto a branch with just his beak, stuck in a stick? attacked by the others? I will check on him in a minute and then sat down to scotch and cheese and 'The Castle'. Thinking about Leonie and how alone she must feel sometimes, not that it affects her, more how it would affect me I suppose, will have lunch with her tomorrow. And I am close to tears... I look around me at the simple clean house and all of the things that I love. I see my own pool room my own settle. We are all that way rich or poor, powers in a bigger existence. An incredible whiskey sadness, so quiet, so suspended so here in this moment a million years past, for that is how it feels. A human race with so much beauty, pain, so much feeling for this here + now as it will be three hundred years now... and still sadness with all its beauty, its subtle loveliness that is base us, ground luminosity, is the moment when we feel ready

to die. It brings me to tears to a tearful goodbye, a teary wanting of goodbye.

Ever felt ready to die,
as apocalyptic as the universe
around you, ready to melt
into that... that, that is...

Let me cry and hang my head;
in readiness for it...

I know however in this world
of ongoing that 6 degrees awaits,
6 o'clock awaits, the rest of my
fare of everyone else... awaits.

Is that why I feel like crying?
Not close enough to the edge by
leagues beyond, how to judge
leagues and leave little more than
seconds, for that is the question,
to be or not to be to die this
second or the rest, for the rest is a
lifetime...

"The eternal feminine,
it leads us heavenward."

An ABC para
Gustav Mahler's 8th Symphony.

26.8.00

When reality is not reality,
is twisted, is affected
everywhere, where do you
go, what do you do?

I want to fly... into the
stars, beyond all of this

into a world of fireworks.

And when after a thousand
stardusts I discover this
is also affected, twisted,
unreal, Nirvana itself
polluted?

Then to death as we don't
understand it. No transitory
bardo, no river to cross;
cold silent earth, moist,
six feet, dirt... death.

The struggle with life with meaning
Brandon ☺! Very teenager of you.
Move on my son you are caught in a
spiral of indecision.

What else other than death
is worth knowing
Christine?

SEX \approx INTIMACY \approx ATTENTION

27.8.00 It is all driven by women, by the want for sex, how far does that go, where would we be without it? Once every 8 sec. that thought crosses a mans mind. Coca Cola to the other soft drinks. Last forlorn. Comertable what is to be done. Nothing is to be done... smile, chase it, dream it, live it?... Pervert it!... Sex. Enjoy it, live with the longing as a fish to swim. I am not this stth person the rest of the world sees am I? I am what I believe society will let me get away with (for as long as I live in - choose to live in this society). Shi-~~gt~~ when with this end?

When living as you want means going to bed at ten o'clock, what does that mean.

When to be alone you feel like you need to sit in a public area (presumably to be seen

or to allow something to happen) what does that mean?

I want, I want, I want.

So the course:



First born - self assured, believe all they know is correct.


Second born - exploring analysing looking for attention.

Where is that place called truth. It is in the mountains I know that much. It is a people version of reality I know that

It flows in the middle of a deep river without air or mud or rock to touch it, perhaps to divert it, it may have fish, I know that also. It is a sound a feeling a touch and a sense, it is. It is separate to every eighth second although every eighth second is in a large part it.

Where is the physical part of my life disappearing to exactly? I want to give massages like Julie + I shared I want to melt from this ~~prize~~ prize that seems to have set (in?). I want my body liquidified when I die and to be streamed into a river to flow to the sea (me me me! :)).

And so Brendan if you are to be above all these things, that you presume to know,

you only need to start . You smile because you know that is not what fear is about. Is mediocrity not what it is about - nervous in suburbia rather than in the minute?

30.8.00 Enjoyed the motorbike ride back in, bit of a culture shock of traffic and city and tail lights. The first reaction at work was to turn around and go home. No gradual entry into that place, full on from word go, problems, over anxiety a concerted effort to make you feel bad and to lump things on you - welcome back Brea.



Horrible is a feeling that springs to me

4.9.00 Swimmingly around the gills, a steel spine jaw trap, locked... infusions of air

rather than a gulp, stifled sonored sounds.

11.9.00 Happy 511! Went down to show a face but was a little disappointed, it was all about blockade and not alot about passive protest, a show of faces and banners asking the forum to do something constructive.

So it's got to me again last week. I ended up on the verge of tears over resourcing. Too many jobs that are not paying, too few people to do them. Sitting down with Peter Bowtell, I realised that this wasn't it. I didn't have a clear idea of what was, the stress, the financial pressures, definitely not the people or the company I think, the responsibility ??? Maybe I just need a change. Funny, in response to that I had Kim mentioning overseas trips monkey, fur seals, walking across the Gobi desert, and I had a call from Andrew

Bell tonight about getting involved in setting up an internet company to do with marketing? I must admit I can foresee it as being for me but I have felt the need to bron out, outside of work, outside of engineers in some small way. I started with the web page and that was good. I would like to take that a little further with a course perhaps dreamweaver or something like that a company name and internet web page, who knows → \$150 → \$60 per year, is it worth it, maybe... just do it Brendon.

Things are not too bad I must say. Spent a really good weekend walking Flash, chatting with Tazjei + Richard, watching videos (Wotting Hill + suprising good Prince Charming Story), and a fundraiser for HH Dalai coming out next year (Chasing Buddha) Dinn Bridge Road (Their Oriental) and Leggon Street - there is something very


TUE 3000 1996 750

SEPTEMBER 13 8:00 PM

Football
Melbourne Cricket Ground
Interstate Football
Johannesburg, VIC \$35.00

GATE SECTION ROW SEAT
11 R5 H 17

SEE REVERSE FOR TERMS AND CONDITIONS 1 OF 2



Sydney 2000

GAMES OF THE OLYMPIAD

XXVII

OLYMPIAD


TUE 3000 1996 750

SEPTEMBER 13 8:00 PM

Football
Melbourne Cricket Ground
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GATE SECTION ROW SEAT
11 R5 H 18

SEE REVERSE FOR TERMS AND CONDITIONS 2 OF 2



Sydney 2000

GAMES OF THE OLYMPIAD

XXVII

OLYMPIAD



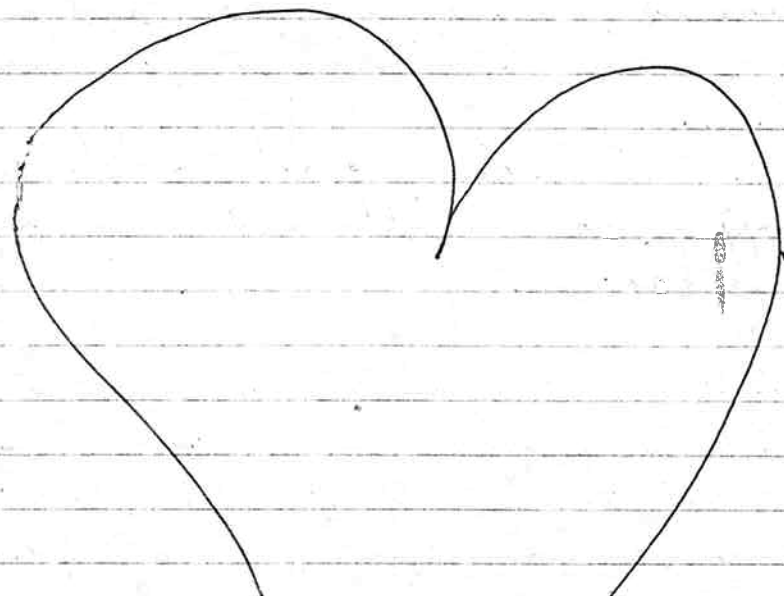
distinctive about a Lagoon Street pizza
at good perhaps but distinctive! - not bad...

So a little tickle in my self at times
it generally calm... generally me.

I was a little surprised at Peter
outells reaction to my wanting a move, very
notional, in fact he said that I was one
- the reasons he was staying in ways - that
nd what would happen to things there
without him - and I must agree - amazing
man although needs to be more cut
throat on the fees - as do I! - he is
hanging that way however (as am!!).
Very good people at Arup - make an effort to
be good to those around them. Very narrow
spectrum of people as well, mostly good.

Trauma counselling is something I have
thought about, something more humanitarian
- just even more humanities perhaps, dealing
with people at a base level, helping people
talking interacting with worthwhile people.

Exploring people, things places. That's what I
really enjoy enjoy.



I don't think I am a very feminine
person, understanding perhaps, intimate
(or wanting, longing to be intimate)
definitely. I don't think I am a very
feminine person.

Is there a difference between feminine and castrated. I think maybe? I want the energy side of things as well, the running, the use of body and muscles of abandon and intellect, of being alive.

Cut back on work to let this happen, early nights and sleep to make this happen.

17.9.00 How quietly and substantially does time pass when you sit down to yourself! Where do I go when elsewhere, to a place removed from myself, to the self that interacts with the outside world.

That self I am never wholly happy with. It does not succeed as much as I would like it to, it can be awkward and all of the rest when it projects itself.

I am at my least vulnerable, less abject to failure when I am with myself

or being interacted with. Hence that repose in time alone, in time at a theatre or a lecture, when that happy passive self may sit in its own sphere of comfort. And is wrong? Is that unhealthy? Perhaps in terms of advancement, of moving forward. Is that why people 'come to terms with' and find themselves? Is that just living in to me or discarding any responsibility, care for, care about the external world that is the same thing. (That is what this diary is after all isn't it, me time?)

Its terribly complex; is it fear of failure, need for recognition, need for external stimulation, opinion? A mix of too many things me thinkst.

And is Buddhism a retreat into the first (the me), or is it a simplification of the second (the desires the need). I would think it should be the second in order to let the first happen healthily.

Maybe the only way to come to grips with it is to let it all dissipate. No attachments. More than that? I would not call myself attached to a lot of things but I enjoy living in them. Seeing human interaction, feeling feelings and urges, sensing things around, appreciating nice things, ...

To dissipate all of this say to a single item for a long length of time. This feels like the only way to safely know the first, the me).

Not yet though. I have Ange (+1). This will have to wait, patience Brendon (again I feel this ~~is~~ long timescale, this need to let things unfold of their own free will. What is it there that gives me this?

Let it unfold, accept this life, this cosmic time scale and go into the darkness gently. Who am I with my pea size brain to force the natural order of this unfolding universe for unfolding it is, to us, and on its own.

Read a short book on Freud for beginners, it was very good. A few extracts.

- 'An impulse moves along the nerves of a frog at fifty feet per second.'
- 'Painful memories are banished to the sub-conscious, repressed by ego concerns'. They can build ~~up~~ and manifest themselves physically with hysteria.

Interpretation of dreams - all dreams represent the fulfilment of wishes and their functioning provides systematic evidence of the subconscious manifesting the wishes in partial ideas or symbols.

The mind operates with a largely sub-conscious related 'pleasure principle'

and a preconscious 'reality principle'.
(I need food - I will get it if I build a trap or do this). The reality principle tempers the pleasure principle with reality, accepts delays in wants etc.

Stages of ~~psyche~~ psycho sexual development:

- ① Oral, food is primary + I get pleasure from sucking. The world is mouth - then this is withdrawn and control is lost.
- ② Anal, voluntary control of bowels for control, effort.
- ③ Phallic, 3 or 4 years old, the thing to be creative with.
Then at age 5 or 6, the Oedipus stage.

Boys develop castration anxiety, girls develop penis envy.

④ Latency, from 6 until puberty, sex drive disappears, infantile amnesia takes place so you can deny early experiences.

Infantile stage of sexuality ends with repression of Oedipus.

Exogamy - a kinship system which forbids sexual relations between members of the same totem clan.

Primal killing of the father in order to get access to the females led to guilt and the tribal totemic laws, and ... human civilisation, art and religion!

Transference - Neurotic feelings are repeated instead of remembered, this repeating can be turned into remembering and hence resolved.

Narcissistic behaviour is when transference through repeating on another focus, can't be done - all erotic attachment to people or things has been abandoned in this respect.

It is also transference to oneself - self love which is a normal stage of ego development.

(THANATOS)

Death Instinct: An organism defends itself against all forms of death that are not appropriate to it. But it will attain, strive for its appropriate death.

Salmon struggle upstream to return to spawn, to die.

(EROS)

Life instinct: sexual life instinct governs the reproductive cells which guarantees biological species survival.

The nervous system of an organism is regulated by a constancy principle, a conservative tendency towards stability... an urge to inherent in all organic life to restore to an earlier state of things.

The basis of repression is the ego's need or desire to preserve its sense of safety, responsibility, and respectability (its integrity.)

THE ID - primitive, unconscious basis of the psyche dominated by primary urges (the newborn child). ↓

Perception of the external world is what starts to differentiate ego. ↓

Ego guides us in real perceptions belong to the ego; it inhibits + represses, it is unconscious

Super ego: what takes the place of Oedipus, hostility to parents is exhibited as aggression to them which is interpreted back as exaggerated strictness, it is introjected parental authority, it is this feeling of being watched.

"It is not our strict moral idea which renounces aggression, rather we have a strict moral idea because we renounce aggression"

"Humans will seek pleasure instinctually, but they actually spend more effort avoiding pain" ... so most people will sacrifice ~~and~~ pleasure, if civilisation, will in turn provide them with less suffering"

Hence the formation of and living by

moral ideas, by a civilised code of conduct.

Should I pay \$10 per month for a web host. It will cost me \$120 per year, it will help me be found in search engines (not that valuable) It will be the next step in learning about web sites (?) It will require an extra \$35 per year for name registration.

If this is all about creating opportunities then I should give it a try for a couple of years - it is not that expensive after all compared to other things - eating out - films etc etc.

22.9.00 Flinders lane at 7:55 am → ripples in the A delphi pool overhanging the street, green tape repairs to the ivy club canopy, a reversing delivery truck, two young girls in suits in a small car pull up beside me at the lights. into work and the offi


PT: MCNIIVEN ANGELA 237365

22-SEP-00 03:04:34PM
 EVZ 27HZ
 P.0000 R 32
 FEIHR1

PMR = 0dB
 48dB 0/2/4
 GAIN= 12dB
 *R CALIPER

CRL = 30.0mm NR=1000
 PRIOR MENU MRKSHT ENTER

CRL



PT: MCNIIVEN ANGELA 237365

22-SEP-00 02:57:13PM
 C3* 28HZ
 P.0000 R 252
 FEIHR1

PMR = 0dB
 48dB 0/2/4
 GAIN= 12dB
 *MOVE ID

PRIOR MENU MRKSHT

DEL



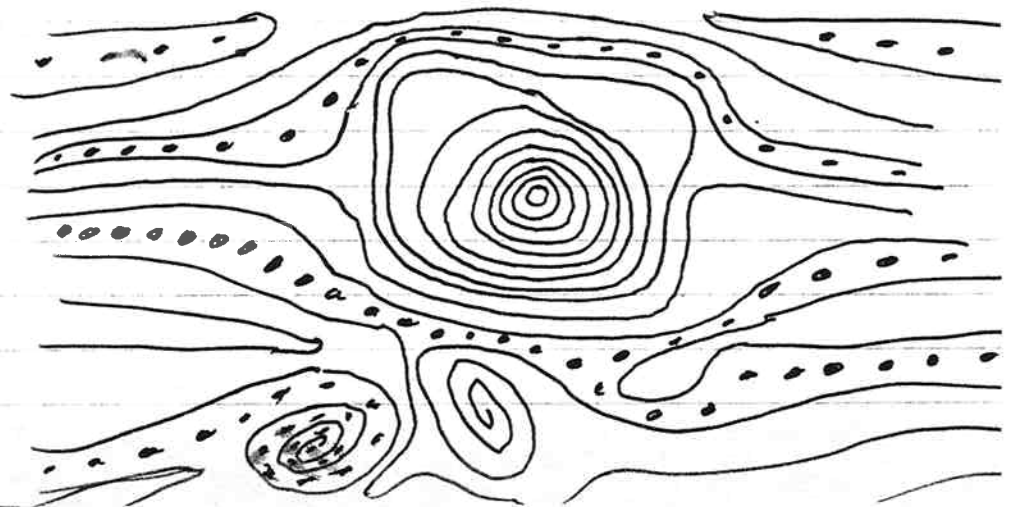
he building the lawyes the accountants, quiet Rosati
and apartment buildings being built. Square rimmed
glasses and seventies ties on awkward in mid level
eases. the man with disabilities walking contortedly
towards his every day, homeless blankets, rows
of suits and legs and breasts pushed up at the
Collins Street lights, left to turn right further
down Elizabeth out of the lanes and into the
arteries, walking people walking, driving cars
driving its all too mundane after the one on one
people snapshots of the lanes. Surreal experiences
drifting past my field of vision. music in my
head some distant tune repeating, onto the next,
this could spool out for a whole morning.
Very James Dean in New York very unfortunately
MacDonalds in that respect.

25.9.00 Prakriti - Impulses born
of nature

Hindi I think from The Bhagavadgita

Jung - into a lot of out there stuff.
had the theory that we can presuppose
or affect the synchronicity around us.

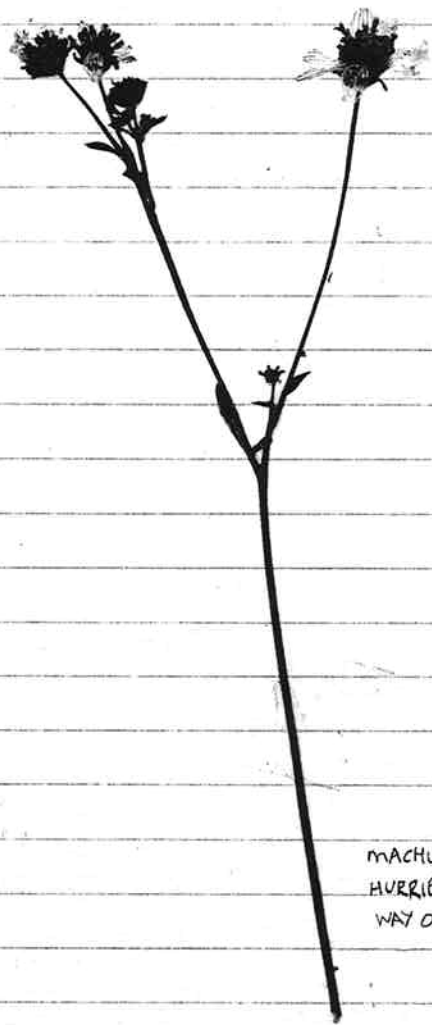
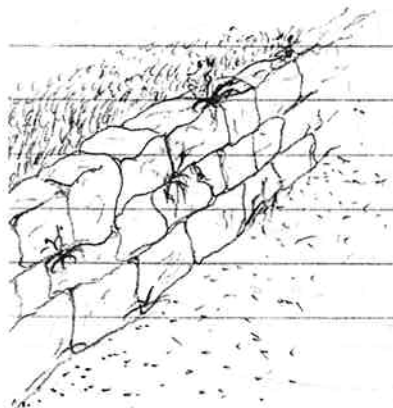
I believe this. We can alter the way
as it passes around us, as we move
through it? It is not a foreign thing,
in fact if I were to drop my beads, my
intent presupposition of me inner and
all else outer, I would say it is of
us, or we are of it... on a very
base level anyway... or even we
are the same.



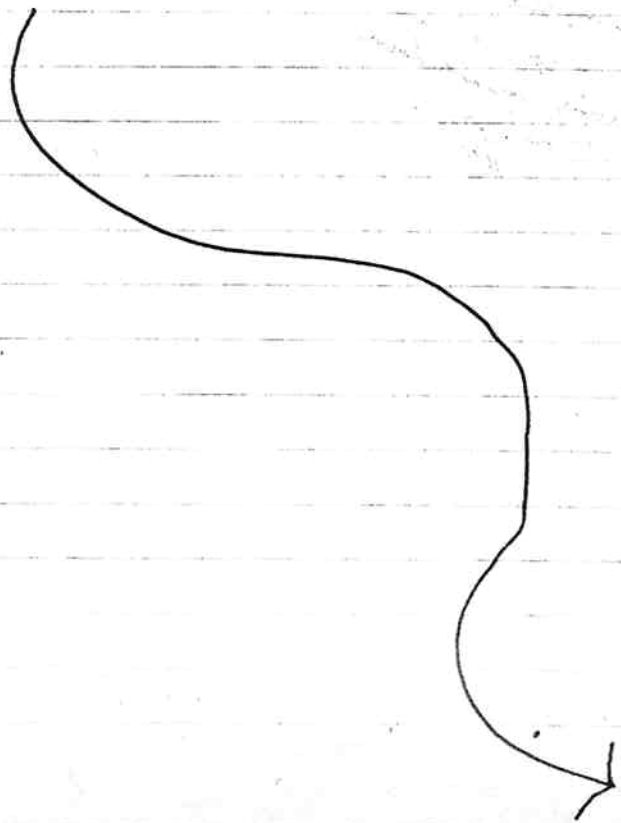
DAY 3 - INCA TRAIL - ON THE
WAY DOWN FROM THIRD PASS
NEARING THE HOSTEL

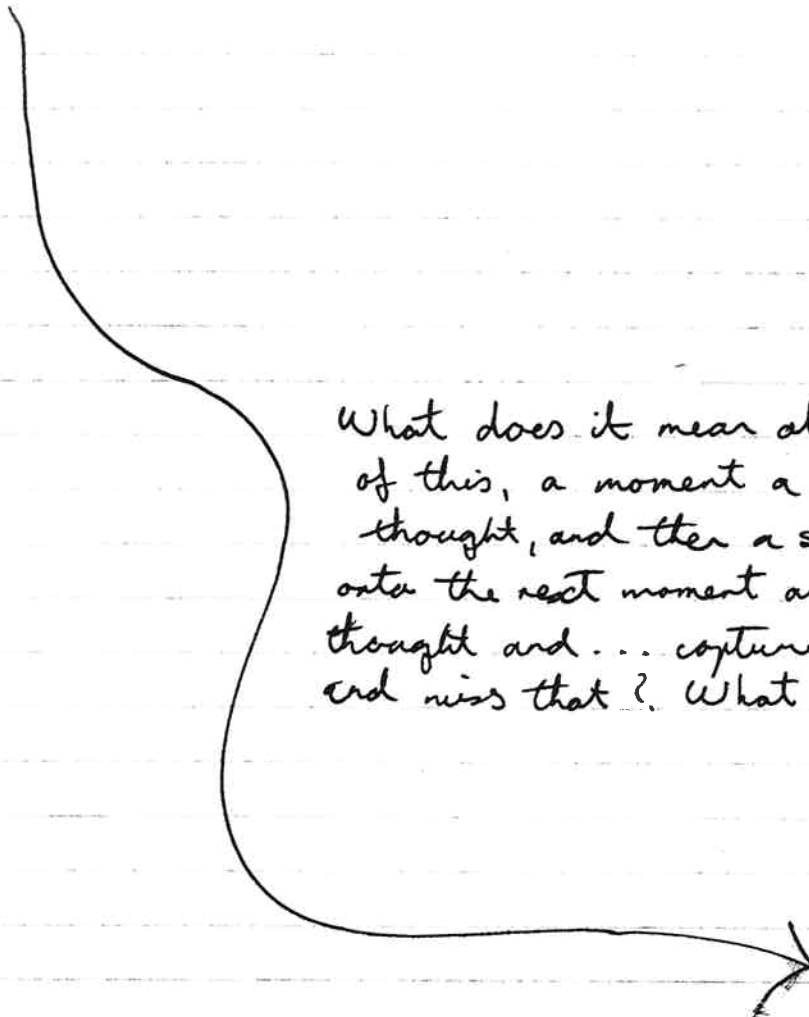
A group of porters,
many switchbacks &
worn soil paths and
ruins, up and down
between x post.
10-3-00

MACHU PICCHU,
HURRIEDLY ON THE
WAY OUT



Cathy Freeman won gold in the 400m Olympics tonight. She looks a very long way away. A lot of pressure. She said in an interview after the opening ceremony and her big part that she wasn't quite sure why all of this was happening to her but that she was glad of it. - Very nice. Very unassuming.





What does it mean all
of this, a moment a
thought, and then a scrolling
onto the next moment and...
thought and... capture this
and miss that? What is it?





1:10:00 Saw 'Gladiator' at the Rivoli last night
Always nice to be taken away to another world
for a while. A world of cause and effect and
of good and bad.

All of the way through the movie (Russell Crowe Maximus) was brushing his hand over a field of rice in a scene that was revealed more and more. It was this scene by his house and wife and son far away. Distracted thoughts from the reality around him. He held as much confusion, unfamiliarity for him as it did wanting. Something external almost, an experience not entirely of his own desires but with an element of predetermined destiny, of outside influence. It ended up being his death scene, his arriving in the afterlife to be reunited with his family. I liked this thing, could relate to it, this living with something that is at the base of it death, the afterlife. I can feel, or wish to feel it all of the time, and it is a very natural albeit black and foreign thing. And we dress it as we must to deal with it in our lives, our times.

To be able to stand front on unblinking, squinted to that blinding blackness on one side, and the blinding light on the other would be realisation,

THINGS TO DO AT HOME

- PUT TOGETHER BUSINESS PLAN FOR INDIAN? CAFE - 2YR
- SETUP CAFE IN MELB AFT THIS? ○

- DO INTERNET COURSE ON WEB PAGES - START SUNDA.COM
EVEN AT COST - FRONT STORIES ○

- PROMOTE SUNDA + SEND TO PAPERS / BOOK PUBLISHERS
IN FLIGHT MAGAZINES, TRAVEL MAGAZINES, LONELY PLANET

NEW FRONT PAGE - MOMENTS, QUOTES, LIBRARIES ✓

↳ USE WORD TO PRINT OUT CODE? ✓

(DOWNLOAD FROM NET USING FTP) ✓

- SMALLER FORMAT PKGS WITH RET →
LARGER FORMAT? ✓

would mean to
know... in all
its silent harshness
and coldness and quiet and peace.

A couple of times come that incredible sadness, 'I will meet you in the afterlife dear friend', followed with an imperceptible raising of the eyes, ... 'but not yet', and the smile indicative of a new freedom and transcendence over what was, what is, 'no, not yet...' Enjoy, he, enjoy...

READ:

- DON QUOTE
- DARWIN - TRAVE THE BEAGLE
- ABOUT THE AMAZ
- THE TAO OF POOH

NZ = 0.90A
 US = 1.65A
 C = 3.35A (CHILEAN PESO)
 B = 0.278A (BOLIVIAN BOLIVIANO)
 P = 0.50A (PERUVIAN SOL)
 UK = 2.70A (£)

* 1 DAY FLYING INCLUDED

	A, CHQ	B, CHQ	A, CASH	B, CASH
(FLYING IN)				
3:00 BUENOS AIRES	US 1080	US 900	US 56	US 52
ARRIVAL PM			C 26.5K	C 26.5K
3:00 LAS TORRES	US 930	US 670	4.5 US 16	US 25
ARRIVAL PM			C 6.0K	C 4.8K
3:00 PUERTO NATALES	US 910	US 650	US 16	US 35
LEAVING SANTIAGO (AM)	US 810	US 590	US 16	US 31
4:00 COZCO (pm)	US 510	US 470	P 167 B 110 US 17	P 169 B 40 US 11
4:00 LA PAZ (AM)	US 440	US 220	US 15	US 11
4:00 LONDON (AM)	< 1 DAY FLYING NOT INCLUDED >			
4:00 LONDON (PM)	- 7	-	US 15	US 12
4:00 MELBOURNE (AM)	< 1 DAY FLYING NOT INCLUDED >			

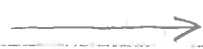
NOTES: ANGE - A 75 QANTAS FREQ FLYER

INCLUDED ADJUSTM

VISA ETC.	SPENT	PERIOD (DAYS)	A\$	CUMULATIVE (DAYS)	A\$	OTHER PURCH
-	493					
-	A\$ 493	3 DAYS	= 164 / DAY	3	= 164 / DAY	-
-	A\$ 272	12	= 23 / DAY (765)	15	= 51 / DAY	-
-	A\$ 307	2	= 154 / DAY (1072)	17	= 63 / DAY	-
(CHILE: A\$ 1072 / 17 DAYS = A\$ 63 / DAY)						
-	A\$ 526	8	= 66 / DAY (1,598)	25	= 64 / DAY	-
-	A\$ 744	6	= 124 / DAY (2,342)	31	= 76 / DAY	-
(BOLIVIA + PERU: A\$ 1270 / 14 DAYS = A\$ 91 / DAY)						
A 100 £	}	A\$ 1970 ÷ 9	= 207 / DAY (4,212)	40	= 105 / DAY	A - 60 \$ B - 105 \$ A - 2 4 \$
B 190 £						

BONHO 178
 BAF WITH 10
 PURCHASE 520
 SUMPERS 31
 PERU'S 190
 (A\$ 183)

INCLUDING DAYS FLYING



(4212) 42 = 100 / DAY

SEE OVER FOR ADJUSTMENTS

INCLUDING FLIGHTS ETC.



FLIGHTS/TAXS = \$ 6,555 INSURANCE = \$ 450
 INVOCATIONS \$ 270 LP'S = \$ 50
 (7325) (11,537) 42 = 275 / DAY

ADJUSTMENTS (APPROX)

1/2 PANTS - A30
 ILM + A30
 XOD + A10 x 12 + WAX + A12
 1/2 STAIR ETC A0.5 x 12

OOD + A10 x 5
 RSTAIR A0.5 x 5
 WING (A153)

SPIN9 (-A456)

TOTAL			CUMULATIVE		
A\$	DAYS	A\$/DAY	TOTAL A\$	DAYS	A\$/DAY

493 ÷ 3 = 164.3 493 ÷ 3 = 164

410 ÷ 12 = 34.17 903 ÷ 15 = 60.2

307 ÷ 2 = 153.5 1210 ÷ 17 = 71.17

<CHILE: 1210/17 = A\$ 71 / DAY>

578 ÷ 8 = 72.25 1650 ÷ 25 = 66

561 ÷ 6 = 93.5 2211 ÷ 31 = 71.32

<BOLIVIA + PERU: 1139/14 = A\$ 81 / DAY>

1,414 ÷ 9 = 157.11 3625 ÷ 40 = 91

<LONDON: 1414/9 = A\$ 157 / DAY>

<OVERALL : 3625/40 = A\$ 91 / DAY>

LOADING DAYS FLYING <O/A : 3625/42 = A\$ 86 / DAY>

LOADING PHOTOS (20x20) <O/A : 4025/42 = A\$ 96 / DAY>

LOADING FLIGHTS/INS INNOVATIONS/GUIDES <O/A : 11,350/42 = A\$ 270 / DAY>

PATAGONIA

FOOD - TREKKING / DAY	
PASTA	2.00
SOUP x 2	3.50
NUTS	1.20
ANGEL	0.50
MILK	0.50
CHOC	1.50
TEA/COFF	0.50

MACHU PICCHU

PASTA	2.00
SOUP x 2	3.50
NUTS	1.50
MARCEL	0.50
CHOC	2.00

A\$ 9.70 / DAY

(12 DAYS)

A\$ 9.50 / DAY

(5 DAYS)



Tracy Lorey
 tracecl@earthlink.net

TORRES DEL PAINE

Carlos Vasquez

FONO: 5413389

ST60.

ADDRESS: DARIO SALAS #10.

LA GRANJA. ST60. CHI

E-MAIL: CREACION@TNET.CL

JUSTIN
 01957 651 583 (M)

TOBBY - LONDON
 10A MADDOX ST
 LONDON W1R 9PAJ
 0171 409 3269 (M)
 0797 1988 740 (M)
 (BOBO HAPPOLD)

WEDNESDAY 29 MAR 00	Depart	PUNTA ARENAS LAN CHILE AIRLINES ECONOMY CLASS	LA 84	4:10pm CONFIRMED	8:20pm	4:10
THURSDAY 30 MAR 00	Depart	SANTIAGO LAN CHILE AIRLINES ECONOMY CLASS	LA 960	7:45am CONFIRMED	12:10pm	4:30
THURSDAY 13 APR 00	Arrive	LA PAZ	LA 922	7:00am CONFIRMED	3:49pm	9:00
THURSDAY 13 APR 00	Depart	LA PAZ AMERICAN AIRLINES ECONOMY CLASS	AA 922	7:00am CONFIRMED	9:30am	9:00
FRIDAY 14 APR 00	Arrive	MIAMI	BA 208	7:30pm CONFIRMED	9:30am	9:00
FRIDAY 14 APR 00	Depart	MIAMI BRITISH AIRWAYS ECONOMY CLASS	BA 208	7:30pm CONFIRMED	9:30am	9:00
SATURDAY 22 APR 00	Depart	LONDON: HEATHROW QANTAS AIRWAYS LIMITED ECONOMY CLASS	QF 10	10:05pm CONFIRMED	4:45am SINGAPORE	7:00
MONDAY 24 APR 00	Arrive	MELBOURNE	QF 10	10:05pm CONFIRMED	4:45am SINGAPORE	7:00

#4
LONDON → MELBOURNE
21:45 hrs overall
20:00 FLYING

#3
LAPA2 → LONDON
21:40 hrs overall
18:00 FLYING

#2
PUNTA ARENAS → LAPA2
20 hrs overall
8:40 FLYING + STOPOVER
10 SANTIAGO

OVERALL TIME TRAVELLING : 109 HRS. (46 DAYS)
 INCLUDING 2 NIGHT STAYS IN SANTIAGO
 OVERALL TIME FLYING : 65:80 HRS (2.7 DAYS)

Shop 212,
Melbourne Central
300 Lonsdale St
MELBOURNE VIC 3000
Tel (03) 9639 2277
Fax (03) 9639 4015

○ - FLIGHT TIME
() - ACFT. TIME / O/A TIME

ITINERARY

23 February 2000

PREPARED FOR: MR B MCNIVEN
MS A EDWARDS
RICHMOND
3121

PREPARED BY: leanne innes

Please reconfirm all flights at least 72 hours prior to departure. Failure to do so may result in cancellation. Ensure that your passport is valid, and you hold necessary visas and inoculations.

MONDAY 13 MAR 00	Depart	MELBOURNE QANTAS AIRWAYS LIMITED ECONOMY CLASS	QP 412	7:30am CONFIRMED	1:30
	Arrive	SYDNEY		8:50am	
MONDAY 13 MAR 00	Depart	SYDNEY QANTAS AIRWAYS LIMITED ECONOMY CLASS	QP 305	12:10pm CONFIRMED	14:45m
	Arrive	BUENOS AIRES: MINISTROPSTARINI		3:10pm 10pm → 1:50pm (3:50am)	
MONDAY 13 MAR 00	Depart	BUENOS AIRES: MINISTROPSTARINI LAN CHILE AIRLINES ECONOMY CLASS	LA 470	1:15pm CONFIRMED	11:00
	Arrive	SANTIAGO		7:30pm (10:30) am	2:15
TUESDAY 14 MAR 00	Depart	SANTIAGO LAN CHILE AIRLINES ECONOMY CLASS	LA 85	11:00am CONFIRMED	4:10
	Arrive	PUNTA ARENAS		3:10pm	

#1
WEB → PUNTA ARENAS = 46:40 TOTAL TIME
18:55 FLIGHT
+ STOPOVER IN SANTIAGO

Nº 006537 SERIE: 025

S/ 00.000

“El Instituto Nacional de Cultura, agradece su aporte que sirviera para la conservación y mantenimiento del Patrimonio Cultural de la Humanidad”



09 ABR 2000

Imprenta Amauta S.R.Ltda.
R.U.C.: 11469060
Calle Plateros N° 383 - Cusco
Aut.N°1652291023 • F.I. 03 - 08 - 1999

VALIDO POR 4 DIAS

Ubicación y Horarios de Atención

(1) Catedral y (2) San Blas
Martes: 10:00 a 11:30 am
Lunes, martes, miércoles, viernes y sábado:
Tarde: 2:00 a 5:30 p.m. de lunes a sábado

(3) Museo de Arte Religioso del
Arzobispado
Martes de 8:00 a 11:30 a.m.
Tarde de 3:00 a 5:30 p.m.
De lunes a sábado

(4) Museo de Arte y Monasterio de Santa
Catalina
Lunes, martes, miércoles, jueves y sábado:
de 9:00 a.m. a 5:30 p.m.
de 3:00 a.m. a 3:30 p.m.

(5) Museo Arqueológico de Orotiana y
(6) Museo Municipal de Arte
Contemporáneo
De lunes a domingo de 9:30 a.m. a 6:00 p.m.

(7) Museo Histórico Regional (Casa
Garcés)
De lunes a sábado de 8:00 a.m. a 5:30 p.m.

OTEC - Oficina Boleto Turístico
Casa Garcés (Español)
De lunes a viernes de 7:45 a.m. a 6:00 p.m.
Sábados de 8:30 a.m. a 1:00 p.m.

Plano del Centro de la Ciudad



La Catedral

Serie BPC No. 02758

CUSCO
CAPITAL HISTORICA DEL PERU

Museo de Arte Religioso

3^{ra} y 4^a flna


Museo de Sitio Cortesimcha

Museo Municipal

Fecha: 27-APR-2005

ca US\$ 6. \$1/21.0

Diseño e Impresión:


INSTITUTO NACIONAL DE CULTURA
 CUSCO PERU
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CAMINO INKA - MACHUPICCHU
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 Teléfono 371177 • Casilla 11390 • La Paz - Bolivia
Bs. 5.-

comp corporación nacional forestal
BOLETA N° 2973353
 RUT: 61.913.000-4
 DIRECCIÓN AIDA PRESIDENTE BULNES 285 - SANTIAGO
 GIRO: INCREMENTO, CONSERVACIÓN, MANEJO Y APROVECHAMIENTO DE RECURSOS NATURALES
 15-MAR-2010
 ENTRADA
 P. Unitario TOTAL
 \$504
 1ª COPIA: CLIENTE

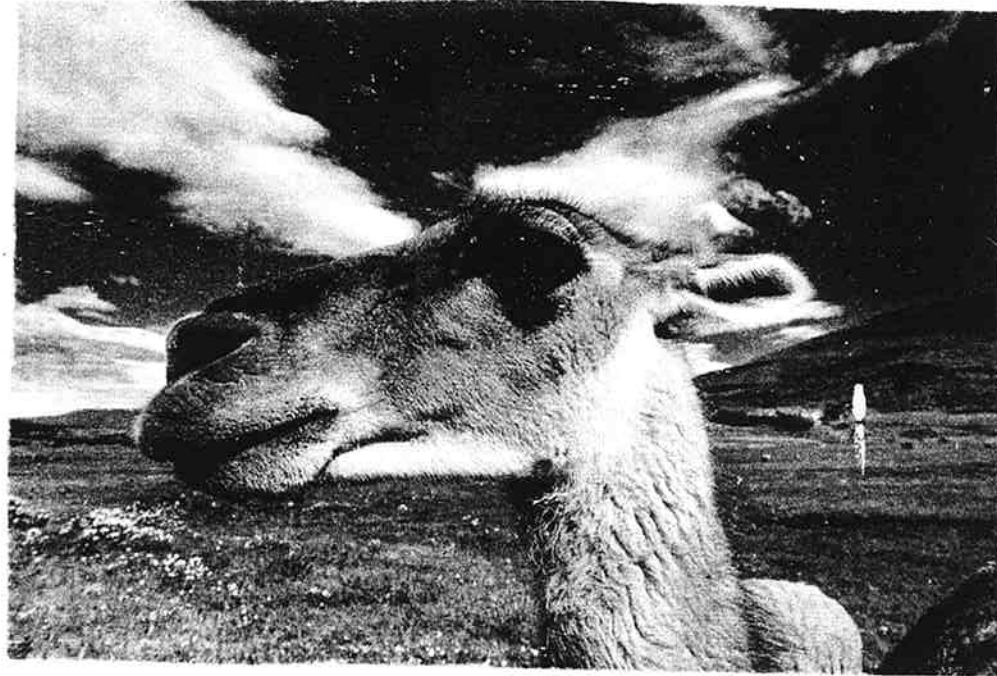

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USUARIO

TARIFA S/.
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03 ABR 2000

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VALIDO POR 4 DIAS

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1999



310

