

IF FOUND PLEASE RETURN TO BRENDON  
MCNIVEN - c/o OVE ARUP, LEVEL 12  
360 ELIZABETH STREET, MELBOURNE,  
VIC 3000, AUSTRALIA FOR REWARD

060 8377351/1  
DM 2, 95

9.10.00

"Tis even as a border town,  
having strong walls and six  
gates... with a wise and prudent  
gatekeeper. Thither should come  
from the East swift twin  
messengers, asking for the lord  
of the city... he sits in the  
midst of the crossways. And  
they twin, having truthfully  
delivered their message,  
should regain their way. And  
other twin messengers should  
come from the West..

... The town is this body; the  
six gates are the six senses; the  
gatekeeper is mindfulness; the  
messengers are calm and insight;  
the lord is mind; the message is  
Nibbana"

Samyutta-Nikaya  
iv. 194.

10.10.00

"Your vision will become clear  
only when you look into your  
heart.....

Who looks outside dreams  
Who looks inside awakens"

Carl Gustav Jung.

"The leader has to be practical  
and a realist, yet must  
talk the language of the  
visionary and the idealist."

Eric Hoffer.

12.10.00 More quotes!

"I believe that imagination is stronger  
than knowledge, that myth is more  
potent than history. I believe that  
dreams are more powerful than the

facts, that hope always triumphs over  
experience - that laughter is the only  
cure for grief. And I believe that  
love is stronger than death."

Robert Fulgham.

14.10.00 Some footage of a motorcycle accident  
come through on email yesterday. Dark and  
grey and misty pictures of a motorcycle and  
a truck on one of the motorways, and a limb,  
and bits of flesh on the road unrecognisable,  
~~not~~ swollen with the wet of the rain, and a  
section of intestine, and other bits in the double  
wheels of the trailer, and finally an  
expressionless still head, furry hair and eyes  
wide open, next to an arm, on the pavement,  
cars would have been sloshing past a few  
lanes away, somewhere nearby there would  
be the normality of the inside of a police car  
or traffic van, into which someone would soon  
go to sit down, shut the door and smell the  
interior as I has always smelled whether  
look at the depot or outside of their house,

and they would sit for a moment knowing about the head and the arm from what was not very much earlier just an overtaking manoeuvre or a momentary squeezing through traffic in a much bigger picture. A mere moment of time passing <sup>very</sup> quickly that somehow got snagged somewhere, and spun out of control, and into a long drawn out, still, mess of bits of a whole life up until then, on the road; in the rain.

Reading a book on Buddhism by Ronald Furse of the Buddhist Society. I like it because it is so old and contains the basics without too much of the over analysis. It is written very evangelically though which I don't like. 'And the blessed one said unto...' and all of that. It also mentions the ages of different Buddhas (Simon and Marigo have named their little boy Matt after Maitreya, the name of the next Buddha apparently. I prefer to think that Buddhism

is a philosophy. There is no worship, ~~and~~ Maybe they are ages of the ~~the~~ great teachers?, the great growths forward in understanding.

The three signs of being

- impermanence
- sorrow
- self.

The four noble truths

- The truth of sorrow
- The cause of sorrow
- The ceasing of sorrow
- The way to the ceasing of sorrow

Four stories of  
life and learning

The five rules of the Buddhist follower.

- refrain from injury to living things
- refrain from taking what is not given
- refrain from sexual immorality
- refrain from falsehood.
- avoid intoxicating drinks.

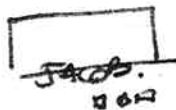
For the busy  
life under  
Buddhism in the  
world at large

### The noble eightfold path

- Right understanding or right views.
- Right resolution or right motives
- Right speech
- Right action
- Right occupation
- Right endeavour
- Right mindfulness
- Right meditation

I have read a better book, the first book I read on buddhism in fact from the Hang Kong library. It spoke a lot more on getting rid of desire from life.

Thought I might do web pages for all the new born babies



Stampsign

← Name  
Hospital.  
Photo gallery.  
Newspaper.

15.10.00 Spent most of the weekend sleeping and around the house trying to get over a chest cold. Drifted off to sleep in the bean bag in our front garden (quite a small garden) in the sun today and woke up hearing a dogs bell and saw Lisa (Jessie's owner) walking with Russel smiling at me. Was really nice somehow. Went inside and lay down and wanted her there (is that bad?) just with that smile and ease and appreciation between people of what those moments are. That dual caring for each other. Have that a lot with Ange dont get me wrong, its just nice when it happens with others also.

Finished this book on Buddhism, feeling pretty equanimous I guess, would like to get back into meditation, or Tai Chi or philosophy or the Theosophical Foundation maybe. Peace, love, gentle man...

someone at the Mercy and get a schedule for all the visits we should be making etc. etc. That will be a bit better. Ange and bump!

21.10.00

I am feeling a little better thank you, someone has let go of my balls and taken away the pressure in my head. How wonderful a simple little cough after all the hollowness.

Ange (+1) are feeling a little lost with this shared care pregnancy thing. We missed out on private insurance by a few months which isn't a real worry but it does mean you get a constant doctor.

I thought this would be good as we will get different views and opinions. Probably is but Ange has been going to her old doctor, a gynaecologist / Obstetrician in Box Hill who is not that good. Will have to go to

"That knowledge that sees one inexhaustible principle in all created beings, the undivided in all that is divided, is called Sāttvika knowledge.

Knowledge that perceives diverse principles in different created things on account of their being separate is known as Rājasa knowledge.

But that tripling knowledge which is unreasonably restricted to what has been done, seeing it as all encompassing, with no concern for its cause and no understanding of its fundamentals, is called Tāmāsa knowledge."

The Bhagavadgita.  
(Śrī Bhagavān).

Sattva, Rajas and Tamas are states of mind or being, that were introduced in philosophy when I was doing it. The Bhagavad Gita actually had quite an influence on all of that.

Sattva is a higher, lighter or enlightened state, concentration, perception, compassion so on.

Rajas is the middle state, a state related to unthinking, unlightened working. Wheels in motion type state.

Tamas is the lowest state, of inwordness of almost intentional blindness, small mindedness or selfishness. This was (mistakenly I think) explained as a sleep or still type state at philosophy. I can remember depending the state of a depressed state with scotch late at night with music going, as something that can be

worth while, even if it is only because it is needed for balance. I still believe that, Maybe it isn't Tamas, or maybe you need that balance, it is just a matter of pushing it as far to Sattva as possible? I think maybe more it is a Rajas meditative state, maybe even Sattvic subconsciously. There is a definite feeling of experiencing oneness, of quiet of immenseness, it is just not a concentrated, focused awareness of all of this that I imagine it would be in pure conscious Sattva.

Sometimes when you can't seem to grasp the truth lead on, can't seem to quite focus on it and its pure state, it is enough, or all you can do, to sidle up beside the knowledge that it is there, to sit eyes glazed feeling its warmth in the hope that one day a door will open up to it.

To not know it is there would be less frustrating, but also less beautiful! think, less of an adventure, less of a feeling world. Less of a tragic world also at times?

There was also something on the caste system written into the Bhagavadgita. Pretty hard to get rid of a caste system when it is written into the religion (I would have thought):

" Peace, self-control, austerities, cleanliness, patience, integrity, spiritual wisdom, empirical knowledge and faith in a future world are the duties of the Brahmin, arising from his nature

Valour, prowess, fortitude, resolve, not fleeing from battle, generosity and a lordly disposition are the duties of the Kshatriya, arising from his nature

Agriculture, rearing cattle and trade are the duties of the Vaishya, arising from his nature; the work of the servant is the duty of the Sudra arising from his nature."

A man is encouraged to perform his own duty to be absolved from sin, to attain perfection.

The levels of happiness also explain the three levels quite well (as well as offering insight!).

" That which is like poison at the start and nectar in its effects, that happiness is said to be Sattvika, and arises from the serenity of self understanding.

That which arises from the contact of the senses with their objects, which is like nectar to start with but poisonous in its effects, that happiness is said to be rajasa.

That happiness that deludes the soul both at the start and in its effects, which arises from sleep, laziness and neglect of one's duties is said to be tamasa."



And no one, Gods included is free from all three.

22.10.00 Ange has renamed Flask 'Squitching Tenzo' after the reincarnated buddhist monk that he obviously has within him. This springs from the wild dogs around monasteries in Tibet that are considered reincarnated monks (failed monks). I think Squitching would most likely have failed due to lack of strength of mind, easily intimidated and led by the other monks.

Reading more about Hinduism, quite an interesting religion. The religion does not rely on sets of rules or faith so much as intuition, experience and inward realization. The scriptures are transcripts of the lives of perfected people. I think, and am extrapolating a bit now, that you can choose what is best for you, what God you wish to follow to try and live or realise that inner experience. (c). a

whole number of suggestions to achieve the basic goals of the framework.

This might be why there is such a contradiction between the religious ideals and the reality of life which is more based on achieving Western materialism, this looseness allows too much freedom (that materialism is obviously a gross generalisation, perhaps unfairly as India is also one of the most deeply spiritual nations there are (imagine!)).

That looseness is also why it has survived for so long, any new religion if worthy becomes another example of the realized soul that fits into the framework. The next God.

The width or scope also must make it quite forgiving, people following different paths, accepting differences. Actually, that I don't believe, even in the same religion different paths would be defended, forced on others. Judaism, Catholicism, Christianity are good examples.

The Bhagavad Gita interestingly

preacher's action. Right or wrong it advises on fulfilling your station in life, doing so however detached from the consequences of these actions.

Sounds pretty loose to me and probably there to encourage order, maintain the workings of the society, by all means, struggle for inner self-realisation, but don't rock the boat while you are doing it.

And what is correct, or destined action → (prescribed duties they call it) - Karma Yoga - your stations in life I guess.

The theory behind it is that no one has ever reached enlightenment through inaction, you are better trying through living your life. I don't totally disagree with this although as you reach stages of realisation, surely your motivations must change.

I guess in the end the only motivation that matters is that of realisation. You just become more + more detached from your actions. Compassion then that

features so strongly in Tibetan Buddhism is another attachment, or a symptom of it? Perhaps. Doesn't seem quite right however. You must dign all things in your life we thinkst. If you are adjusting behaviour by stripping away the outer layers of the onion, (rather than adding masking layers to those already there), then you must be outside, what you are inside.

It denounces mechanical ritual which I could not agree more with. It should be a life.



23.10.00 Flash found a baby possum at the bottom of a tree this morning. He shook him around a bit before we realised what it was. Picked the poor little fellow up and brought him home thinking the birds would get him if we left him in the tree. He was beautiful, little curled creature in my jumper clinging on to the weave. Little reddish eyes, reddish brown fur and a long curly tail. Small curled body made for cuddling onto the

the mother, glazed eyes still at baby stage  
not accustomed to the light or not used to  
having to focus past mum yet perhaps.

Gave him a few drops of water and  
wrapped him in an old shirt but he died  
within the hour. Flash had thrown him  
around quite hard. Probably the last  
thing Melbourne needs is another possum  
anyway ... I don't know ...

Has rained quite a bit recently, long  
bouts of constant rain. The reservoirs in the  
country are still pretty low apparently however,  
Still moments at night when Ange has gone  
to bed, and the rain falling outside, or  
sometimes just the darkness of the night, a  
quick walk with Tenzo to the end of the  
street and then bed and sleep ... and work.

3.11.00 Thinking I would like to write some  
Haiku. Short concise, a breath of  
conformity, a hundred thoughts to start,  
a single essence to capture

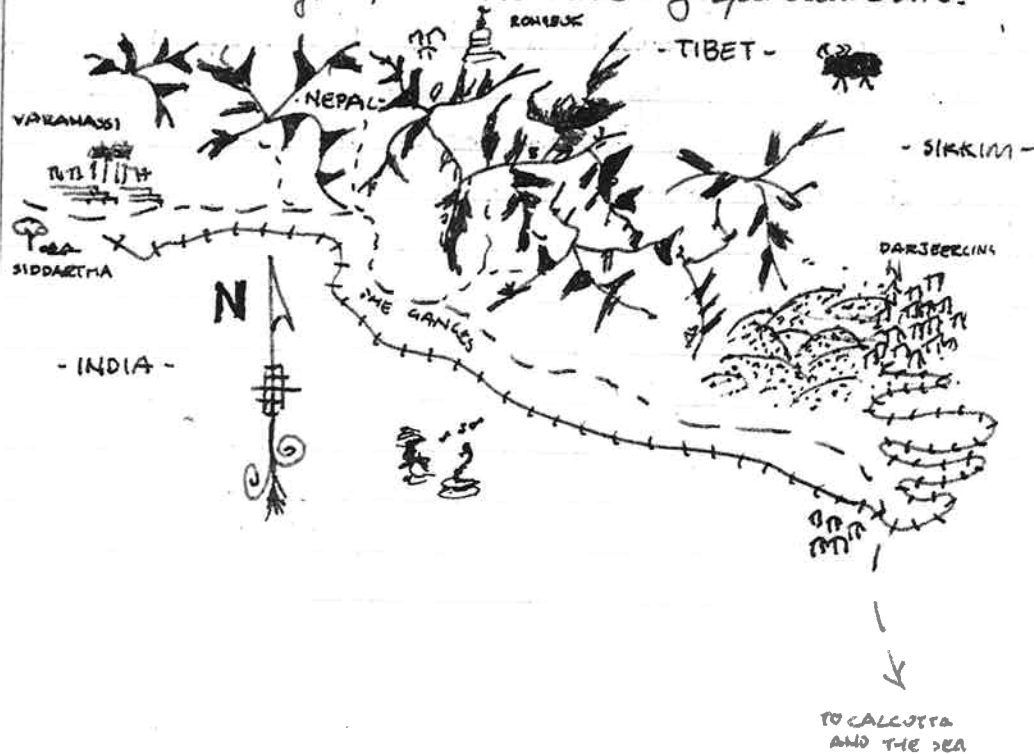
Am sitting in a little diner just off of Bourke  
and Swinston, Dinos, some time to myself,  
just a few, tea, twenty maybe minutes.

There are two older guys here, sitting ...  
watching. Q - do minutes like this resolve  
anything. A - no, I don't think so. Are  
they worthwhile; a respite, a few minutes  
of another life, & a few minutes look at  
others lives, I think so, ... I don't know :-)

☺

5.11.00 Have just finished reading 'Everest 1933' by Hugh Rutledge. Brought back our time in Darjeeling and travelling out to Rongbuk Monastery and base camp. What a wonderful time that was. Fills me with desire to go back there and do something, to live perhaps, in the hills of Darjeeling or to photograph again the areas around Tibet.

India, Nepal, Tibet; the Himalayas are just a magnificent place. Full of history and intrigue, surrounded by spiritualism.



13.10.00

"To live for some future goal is shallow, it is the sides of the mountain that sustain life, not the top"

Robert Pirsig  
Zen and the art of Motorcycle Maintenance.

Humid day, cafe Adesso Bridge Rd.  
\$500 for two paintings framed (merry Xmas)  
\$31.50 for a leather basketball, Ange in Mazi shopping, toasted cheese sandwiches and potatoe wedges w. sour cream.

19.11.00 I would like a bigger house... I would like a lot of things material. I would like to go to India to live for a while.

20.11.00 "If the doors of perception were cleansed everything would appear to man as it is, infinite. For man has closed himself up, until he sees all things through narrow chinks of his cavern."

- William Blake.

"We presuppose two things, that there is yet to be learned infinitely more than is now known, and that man can learn it"

John Wood Campbell Jr.

"Only two things are infinite, the universe and human stupidity, and I'm not sure about the former"

Albert Einstein.

I like the word infinite, Eternity

22.11.00 On my way to Adelaide today. Funny, feeling a little melancholic over the last couple of days. I think it is the pregnancy. It's a real medical-hospital-operation thing this giving birth. Seeing Anja's tummy grow it feels very unnatural! I imagine things will get a lot better once we do some ante natal classes. I'm at work mentioned another weekend course that tells you all about natural birth that sounded quite good as well. Still the questions of the plane falling apart on the way to

Adelaide or Anja having complications seem to loom large just at the moment (and we haven't finished painting the house yet :-)).

Ashes to Ashes

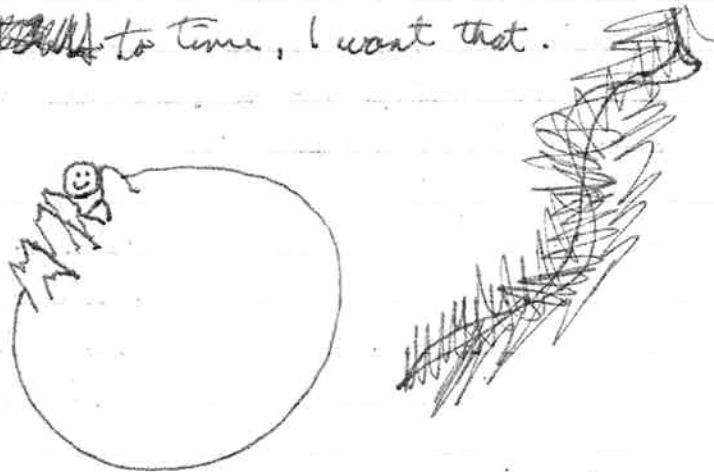
Dust to Dust

where is this inbetween

I find myself in?

This feeling of transit is so appealing, why... forced time, time for reflection and planes, going places coming home, life changes, time out from reality. If I had my way maybe I would fly around the world forever, travel and see and walk - that's it more I think, it's always associated with travel. It's that association, right now I am back on that flight home from London after South America, what an absolutely wonderful time. How can you describe what it is that time. An unleashing of the soul, soaking up all of the things there are, that there have been, wings that have been kept unfulfilled for years. There is definitely some infinity in there, some beautiful thing based in life, and through life's connection, to the earth,

and then ~~to time~~ to time, I want that.



A little prince isn't it a childhood journey (no) The journey of a child (and more). Go easy Brendon now!  
Very hippy dippy wonderings.

6-12-00 Very tired and looking forward to a week or two off over Christmas. Turn away at the thought of going to work now but have to battle on...

11-12-00

~~Should rather~~

"If I had to choose, I would rather have birds than airplanes"

Charles Lindbergh.

17-12-00 A week ago on Monday there was the most amazing full harvest moon, big yellow golden moon opposite a pink to red sky. Amazing, beautiful, serene, a moment, a momentous thing.

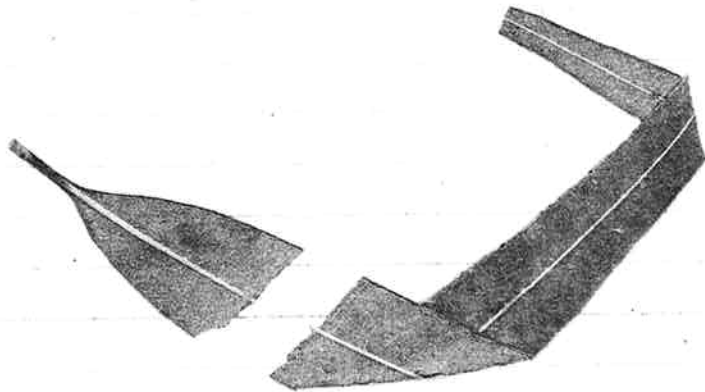
This week I have not been feeling well, distracted mind, distracted body. Similar to Sylvia, Jaquie is very child orientated, there is something that is missing; some unknown thing, a subconscious flirtatious thing maybe. Lets face it an attention thing, there is always a possibility and that is one of the things that attracts me. I love that intimate moment that comes every only so seldomly often. But with a baby that goes, the face is turned the other way, there are no moments? There is none of that possibility that getting to know someone, only the fascination with the baby, and it doesn't get any better, or does it.

I don't believe I know.

Feelings of eternity and the reality of now. Swirling around together and me. What is to become?  $\longleftrightarrow$

26.12.00 Boxing day 2000. ☺. Here I am having stopped work, no walk planned, no pressure to do anything, coasting completely and I could have guessed I would be at a bit of a loss. Download some songs from Napster, watch some television. I will walk the dog later + get a video maybe - but enjoy it, hummm... Make a list brendon for the next few days ☺. Catch up on reading. I feel my mind is blocked, all of the outlets have been sealed except for that central work channel which has been pushing for so long. A bit of internal pressure needed to get everything flowing. Time is short though 20 years 30 years how money will be spent all but blocked?

28.12.00 When you record (or download these days) songs you like, they become very long as they are... well you. When you listen to an album or the radio the things you pick up on are not only the good, you also pick up the future you, the you you wish to be, want to be



A broken leaf from the reddest gum tree I have ever seen. A gum tree unworshipped along the yarra trail near the off turn from the boulevard to Sworst. Unassuming and having lived in my back pocket for the short duration of a walk with Flash over to Muthorn East side, having also underved a decision to spend the night at the Cathedral, a drop off of Flash, a drive through the Yarra Valley, the Black Spur and Buxton, past land for Sale in Cathedral Lane

to Cocks Mill to a small dishevelled tent and stove full of South America, Croazengalong, Scotland and Europe, full by association of India + Nepal, stuffed in a sack while Ange kept with a pillow betwixt her knees, though wallabies and wombats tote in the night, through panel on neighbors, a wait in the car during which the wind blew high on sugarloaf and it was our lounge room for a short half hour or more, through on even shorter spell, a minute or two on the top under a Kathonika umbrella sheltering from dabs of rain, through a mild victory for a babe, and a mild descent and on through again another passing of the black spur and a drop off at M+O's and Auto barn John in Ringwood until back in a city like it accompanied. Flash and me to the video store through the back streets, and Tom to the Church. And a sofa and Fight club and scotch and a glue stick to home to be unhumorous in suspended dizziness (with us and all like us) car (and till and after) our dying days... What a whirlwind journey with the leaf, what a

Troika of destiny, supremely blessed or otherwise, as the case may be, and tears will indeed show, (as we however shall never know)! All the way to fight club and the very best of Margaret.

Fight Club was a very good movie. How can all of these people see this though and nothing ever come of it. We are a frustrated people we think. To live, to really live I could never dare, I don't think many could, to be prepared to throw away what you have, I have not that belief in life after death - do you? - Moments of immortality get overtaken overshadowed even before that by a lifetime of time of reality, of post that or alternatively to that - death. Human... Let me put my pen in paper, to Margaret and let it drift lets see what happens - another mouthful of words to help things mature, materialize though - and...



01.01.01! Living in an age those before us could only fantasise about. Dreams of the moon, of Jupiter, hurriedly enough never of enlightenment. An age those after us will look back on nostalgically. An age to us that is just full of the here and unextraordinary now.

What would a modern day Utopia look like to us now I wonder? In the past it has been prostrated ideas on social order, on efficiency, on shared wealth and on fairness and justice. Predictions that fatally ignore human nature, written from the heart of one philanthropist or another: fitting a world of wheress, reflecting a want for order, in fact being a call for order, a call for a stop to all of this uncontrollableness in life the universe and everything.

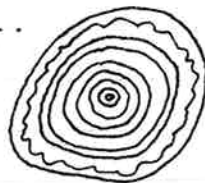
Can there ever be more than a view fit to accomodate one mind only. What picture makes us all movie stars, gives us all the power to influence, allows us all to create and become enlightened at the same time?

This you could argue is as good as it gets, freedom to do all of these things (with

some fairly stringent and harsh percentage rules influenced or corrupted anyway by dog eat dog attitudes.

Pain and suffering then a vital ingredient. Of course as long as it is not us. Even so that accepted which I like to think I have, then why are we still not supremely happy?

We will never be happy until that final accorn of emptiness is filled. The thing to realise is that there is no end, no holy grail, that this is Utopia, pain pleasure unfairness, soundness of mind (unsoundness?) I don't know how you fore telling that to a person in a torture chamber. Enlightenment, seeing all things and accepting all things in this moment, and turning that moment with others into a string of experience, knowing this and having others around you know it, that is Utopia.



We are down at Blairgowrie at the moment having rented out a house with Chris and Nic for a week. Morning swims at the rock pool at Sorrento back beach, much lying around doing nothing and a deck on which to sit and look at the tea tree hills and bay glimpses, a few distant fireworks on new years and all of that. Very nice.

03.01.01 Was reading about Islam last night. The Quran (Koran) is supposed to be the actual word of God taken literally through revelations or visions of Mahammed.

The reading of the Quran is supposed to be a two fold process. I think - you read the actual Quran and not only does it relate the word of God but also helps you then to read the word of God in the world around you. Read the land, the trees, the stars and all of nature and life. By reading the words you are therefore gaining spiritual benefit (a little like

reciting the Tibetan scriptures) points towards enlightenment. Kind of a nice concept really.

0.6.01.01 Andy Kaufman: just finished watching the movie on his life (not sure about Jim Carey. I think sometimes the only person his method acting was fooling was him). Good movie though. All of his practical jokes + humour larger than a person who lives for the worlds opinion of him. Very very real person.

And then having said that I come to think well he really had is friend Bob (George) who helped him write, who shared all of the intimate details of the most private plots. Someone with whom to laugh, with whom to take recognition from?, to take his opinion of himself from. True on the smallest scale (two people including himself) but a scale.

Some of the couple who deciding to give up humanity or to find true enlightenment, or just some peace and quiet lock themselves in a secluded valley to live off the land. Total isolation but an opinion there to ascertain self image.

Can a person sanely retreat into himself only. Me writing this diary, I am projecting an image

in a way from imagined opinions of a future reader: I may say this is for no one to read, how much do I believe that, not totally (there are other reasons also but besides the point).

Even the act of deciding to live your life out in solitary, even that decision is there I would think to create an impression. I wonder if Terzjng Palma ever asked herself what people think of her (back home, other buddhists) (even Buddha?).

To be truly alone, in deed, in mind, in spiritualness is too nihilistic if not an impossibility. And attractive as it may seem sometimes when needing a break, I can't believe it is in line with the overall answer. ←

This is starting to become a bit of a guide. Not quite if it feels good do it, but if it feels right, if it feels true, if there is some inclination, purity, something fitting about it do it.

Rather than learning the equation to an exponential curve, try feeling it. Rather than trying to describe the symptoms or ~~ph~~ immediate

manifestation of something, living it and going along with the ride to see if it takes you beyond the end of the axis, to see if it takes you somewhere else.

{ A blind man in a dark room with his eyes closed, feeling sensing his way, rather than the blind man in a dark room with a torch, trying to pick out what he will never see under cold light anyway? }

You holistic heavy hijer you Boren :)! Spent the night watching television. Let me tell you my stomach was in knots after an episode of the Bill! Too many plots at once, too much suspense, I am set in beach, in morning swim, looking at the stars in the sky, the crosswords in the paper mode. This life around the things we have moved back to, its heavy and complicated at times. Mental note: try and lighten things up a little sometimes, turn the TV off and be a bit simple, one thing at a time (from time to time :)).

8.1.1 "It is as hard for the good to suspect evil, as it is for the bad to suspect good."

Marcus Tullius Cicero, 106-43 BC

I hate the idea of work, it really is something that takes away your life. Who knows what could happen if your life was allowed to meander off in any direction? Instead it is stolen and the marrow sucked dry, by being forced to do something you don't want to do, being forced to lock up your spirit and your calm and all of that for ten hours a day, five days a week.

Yet this clinging to security, this forced motivation, this image in conversations... Deal with it Brendon. Maybe the Redo thing next year - who knows?

9-11 Again the sight of this place! I am already feeling tired with not wanting to face it. I come back from holiday feeling fantastic but what I find is that I am no longer much good at handling the stress. All of that lighter air stuff → All wind in sails until you have to deal with it.

You must force yourself into a pace, into one step at a time considered. Take all of those colourful up and down streams of your life

and tie them into a semblance of one grey hard tight string of composure. Hate it, Hate it, Hate it. Partly it is a control thing. Everything is under control on holiday or in your own time. Mistakes are small problems aren't really problems. Here it gets stepped up a scale (but it is still rather small in actuality). You operate on a level I guess and you need in some way to stick or stay in that level.

11-1-1 Getting better → working through a few tricky problems that have been hanging around for a while. Gradually learning to become that person I was again! I sit that sad.

13-1-1 Just get on with your life Brendon. Ignore all of the thinking of the doubts, anxieties, wants. If only it was as easy as all that.

If only that was the right answer?  
I don't know.

I feel constrained



of mind internally. There is something that is not flowing as it should (as it wants to?)

Maybe it is me being lazy. Not wanting to do anything. Maybe that is why I enjoy sitting here writing watching, dreaming.  
Quiet time

I want to feel strong capable powerful, loved, admired worshipped. Basic nature Brendan. Must learn to leave that and concentrate on reality on me and on life.

One thing for sure is I need something other than work to get my basic idea of me my identity from. Gotta face it if something takes over the majority of your life, whether you like it or not, whether you are forced into it or not, you in some fraction become it. A prisoner is forced in a way to become a prisoner.



14.1.1 It has been a spiritual weekend indeed. Coffee at the Cafe of the rainbow silence heart, a swim in the sea at Point Leo, a lecture on compassion and happiness from the Agoutie monks at Mount Martha house, a view across the bay to the city and the coast road home to Melbourne! A drink at a pub with Tub, Lachlan christening the morning at a regular service which was interesting and an afternoon of cleansing heat before a trip to the Tibetan 'Himalaya' (movie) at the movie. All the things I like. Peace of heart, but not as yet mind. Funny, I would have thought one flowed from another. I have a feeling I still have a lot left to do in this world. I just can't grasp what it is. I wonder if it will happen?

15.1.1 Still the most striking image of the talk on happiness by the Agoutie Monks is that visual image of him sitting there rocking backward and forward in his maroon robes etc, on a platform covered in gold and maroon. Floating there superimposed on the all white Mt Martha house, 32°

The ability we have in the world now it seems to pluck a little bit of culture from one corner of the earth, place it in a room full of another culture on the other side of the world and let it discriminate. It is a good thing.

18.1.1 "There are situations in which hope and fear run together, in which they mutually destroy one another, and lose themselves in dull indifference"

Goethe.

I can relate to that at work at the moment.

20.1.1 The summer school of madness I can relate to, and the papers want to know whose shirts you wear.

I have been reading about Haiku. There are a whole series of rules you can follow, the most basic being a single line of seventeen syllables ~~with~~ or three lines of 5/7/5. There is also mention strongly of contradiction, comparison, association and riddles but what is nice about Haiku, and what seems to override all else is that sense of moment it is supposed to convey. It is said that successful Haiku relates a moment of enlightenment the author has (or is) experiencing.

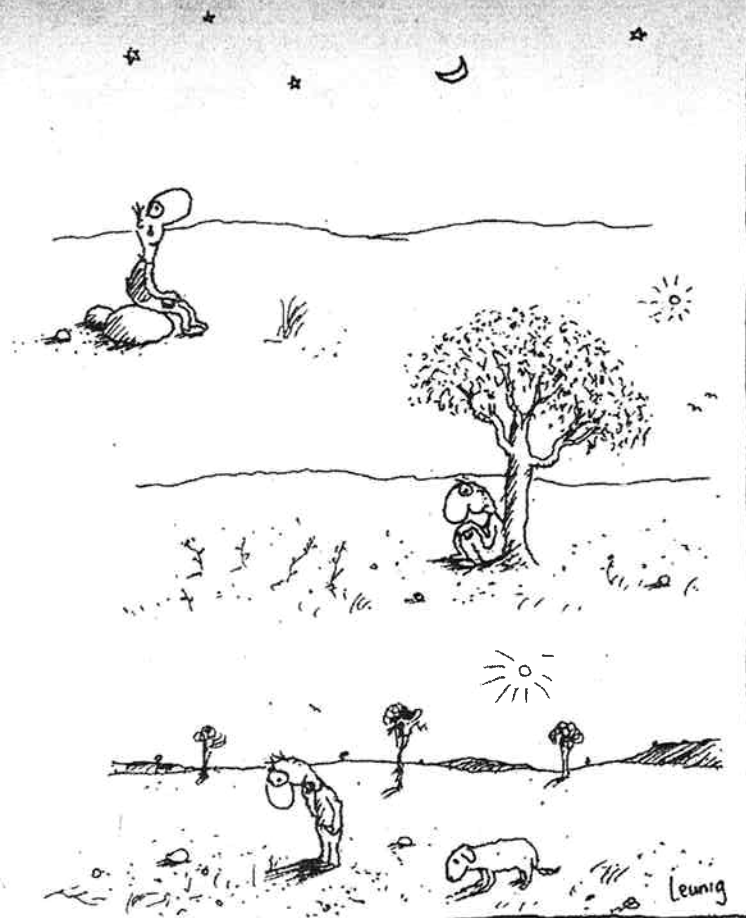
I can relate to that. Tradition artists also say it is supposed to relate to nature and not mention people. What a clean form of art to be untouched by the business that human life imposes on everything. I haven't got a problem with including people's life. If anything, the simplicity of it all raises life in nature's terms. If you are forced to write in the language of nature, that of enlightenment, then you must avoid that part of human occupation that is inhumanity.

## Summer School

The summer school of sadness,  
The master class beneath the moon,  
The little drop of gladness,  
Swallowed from a silver spoon.

The summer school of hoping,  
The workshop underneath a tree;  
Deep, creative moping;  
Dreaming of the silver sea.

The summer school of staring;  
The lesson of the tired hound;  
The sky all hot and glaring,  
Standing, staring at the ground.







In fact it follows that that all over  
powering immensity that we fear, is actually  
a product within ourselves. Falsely formed  
and patched over our minds like an ~~unreal~~  
net from which we wish to escape.

All that is real can be realized in  
moments of enlightenment. S, T, S. Anything  
else is a product of our imagination.  
Reach to us in our chained state but lost  
in the enlightening simplicity of nature.

Crustle dog scowled  
Higher lives of up and down.  
Oppressive heat... on.

Went and saw Greg Rusedali beat Neil  
Carters Kuenton in an upset on Thursday  
night at the tennis. Was very good, very  
Melbourne. Very clean and invariably  
pocrossing, not so judgemental as the rest  
of life.

"Imagination was given to man  
to compensate him for what he is not,  
a sense of humour to console  
him for what he is."

"Nature is a labyrinth in which  
the very haste you move with  
will make you lose your way."

"There is no excellent beauty that  
hath not some strangeness in its  
proportion."

Sir Francis Bacon (1561-1626)

Quotes of the day - Francis Bacon was at  
one time attributed to having written a lot  
of Shakespeare's works. Now not much  
believed.

26.1.1 am Australia day. It is incredibly hot and humid and sticky. I took Flash for a quick walk to the end of the street last night and noticed four ghostly white cockatoos roosting on a branch over Jacqui and Richards house. No wonder they drive them crazy, couldn't help a little smile - all quiet amongst the natives, sleeping house below, sleeping cockies up above, a warm starlit night of repose ☺. Down further in the tree a possum was having a go at a fruit bat, a little micropolis of australian life on a hot night before Australia day.



pm download a few songs from the internet, mostly unsuccessful, Monteverdi, Orfeo and some English Baroque choir on Bach, music full of angels and cherubs and Michaelangelo forms reaching down from the heavens. A trip to the NGV on Russel with Jacqui Rich and Arch. Richard and I and Arch walked around the permanent collection, European, Chloë, McCubbin, Sidney Odon, Ortho, Jacqui + Ange the Versace exhibition. Cool in out of the heat and humidity. Mt Waverley to see Tab before he leaves to go back to London. Talking with Merv and eating Vales cheese + tomato and chocolate biscuits. Little Sean and Stew and Shan. Waiting for a pizza, an old man behind the counter, an Indian man with Stuart Little and his two kids, the tennis on television, Ange and Flash in the car. A video with Pizza (and unwanted anchovies unsuccessfully removed). Joan of Arc. And halfway through a roar and orange light from the window. We rushed outside to see a fighter jet

with its afterburners on shooting up into the sky. Seeing that long jet of orange flame I momentarily assessed Melbourne on the beach and wondered about a missile, trap door hole in the ground here. Watching it start, it disappeared into the sky and became a prick of light. Turning away for a moment and looking back, I could not tell it from the first of the stars. Then fireworks over the yarra, Dany + Sandra from next door out in the street to see also. Peep a slightly better view on the back of the EH. Flash is scared of the fireworks (Back in to watch the rest of Joan of Arc) and hides between the phone books and the computer under the desk. You see what you want to see, message from Joan through the Ages. And then onto My own Private Idaho an american icon of despair of reality. And, as always Ange asleep on the couch and Rage and the dog. I will walk Flash to the end of the street and back again. A nice little track of a

day, something you could splice end to end for I don't know or even imagine what? A little day in Australia does in much longer things.



3:2-1 Another aftershock in Gujarat today.  
(after a psychic was jailed for causing  
panic and a mass exodus when he foresaw  
its coming). ☺ One of those little quirks.  
I'm sure they don't think so over there.

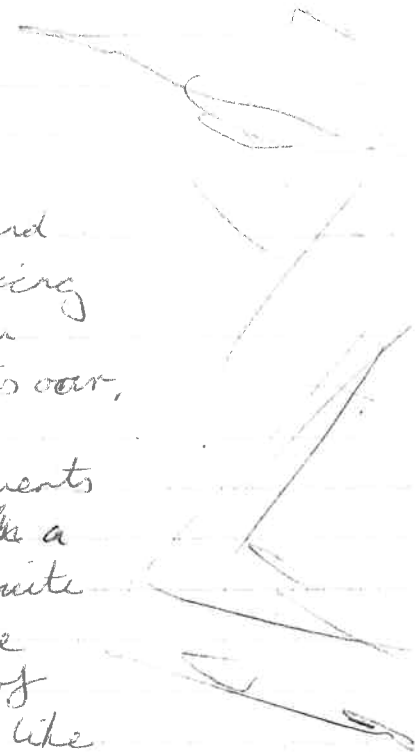
Thirty seven degrees again today.  
We have had a very hot summer. I love  
these extremes. People talk at work about  
getting airconditioning, slowly removing  
all of the real experiences. A shrinkage  
away from the world around them and then  
in the resulting vacuum of boredom, a  
turning to the television and all things  
banal and inconvenient. Living life you  
absorb and become of that depth of nature,  
of reality, turning away from that you  
become dinner time conversation, a life less  
lived than talked in the best.

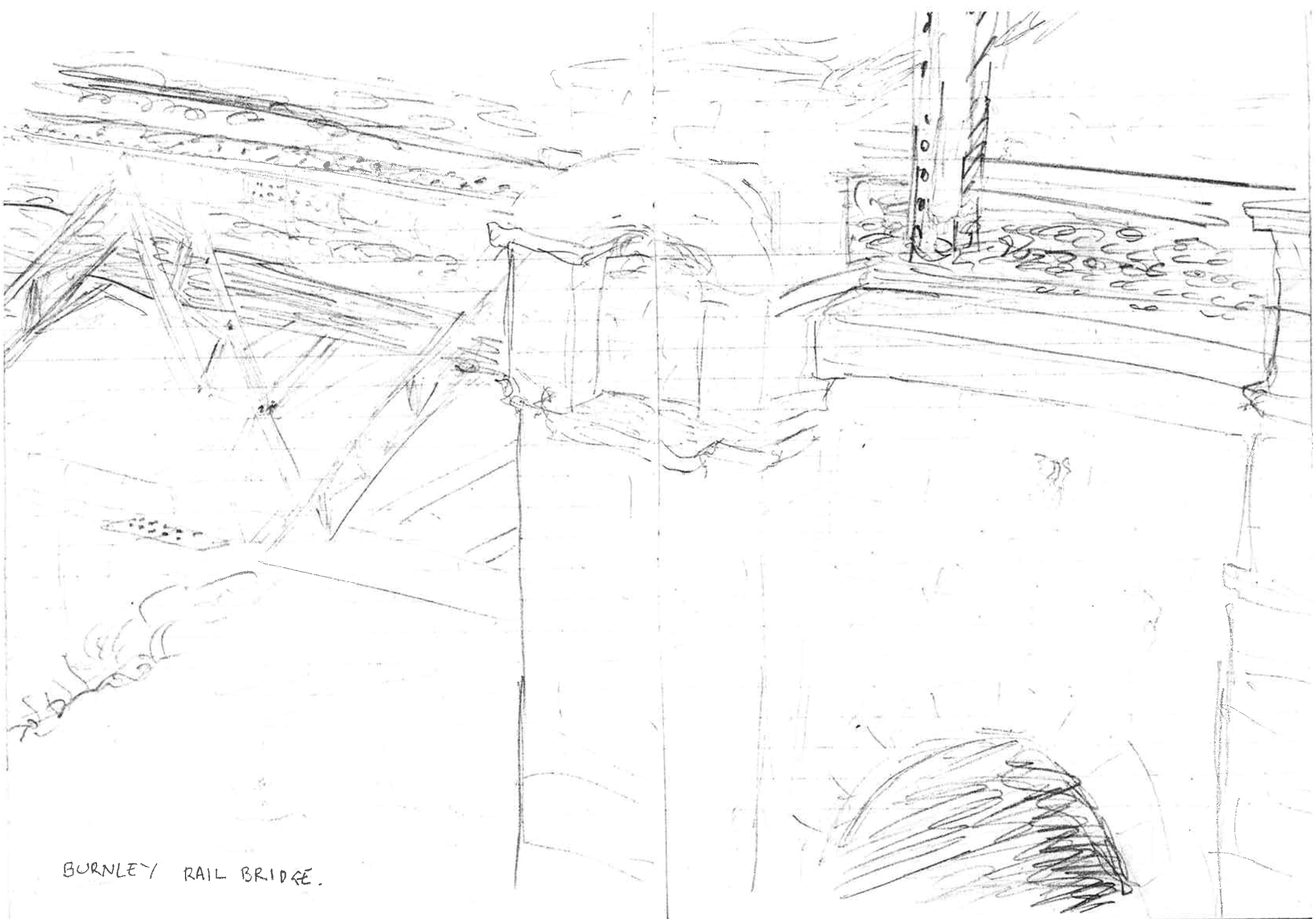
So what's happening, spent the first  
half of the day shopping etc etc, Baby-  
sitting Mitch at the moment who is a  
beautiful dog, went down and had a  
look at the Head of the Yarra in the  
heat. Melbourne Uni looked like they would

have taken the honours.  
One crew arrived with  
~~the~~ a rower collapsed in  
the arms of the rower behind  
him. A shout of 'you fucking  
idiot' associated with him  
trying to sit up or grab his oar,  
or I don't know what?

But one of the nicest moments  
was stopping to watch the a  
wattle bird (I think), quite  
a young one suckle some  
pollen or nectar? out of  
agapanthos. Like Head like  
a little seal stretching and  
turning this way and that,  
shimmering sleek little lines.  
Watched him for no longer  
than a minute hopping from stem to stem  
at the end of our street, the park.  
A little note of nature making itself  
known. More time on  
the computer and an  
(relatively) night for a  
hopefully an early

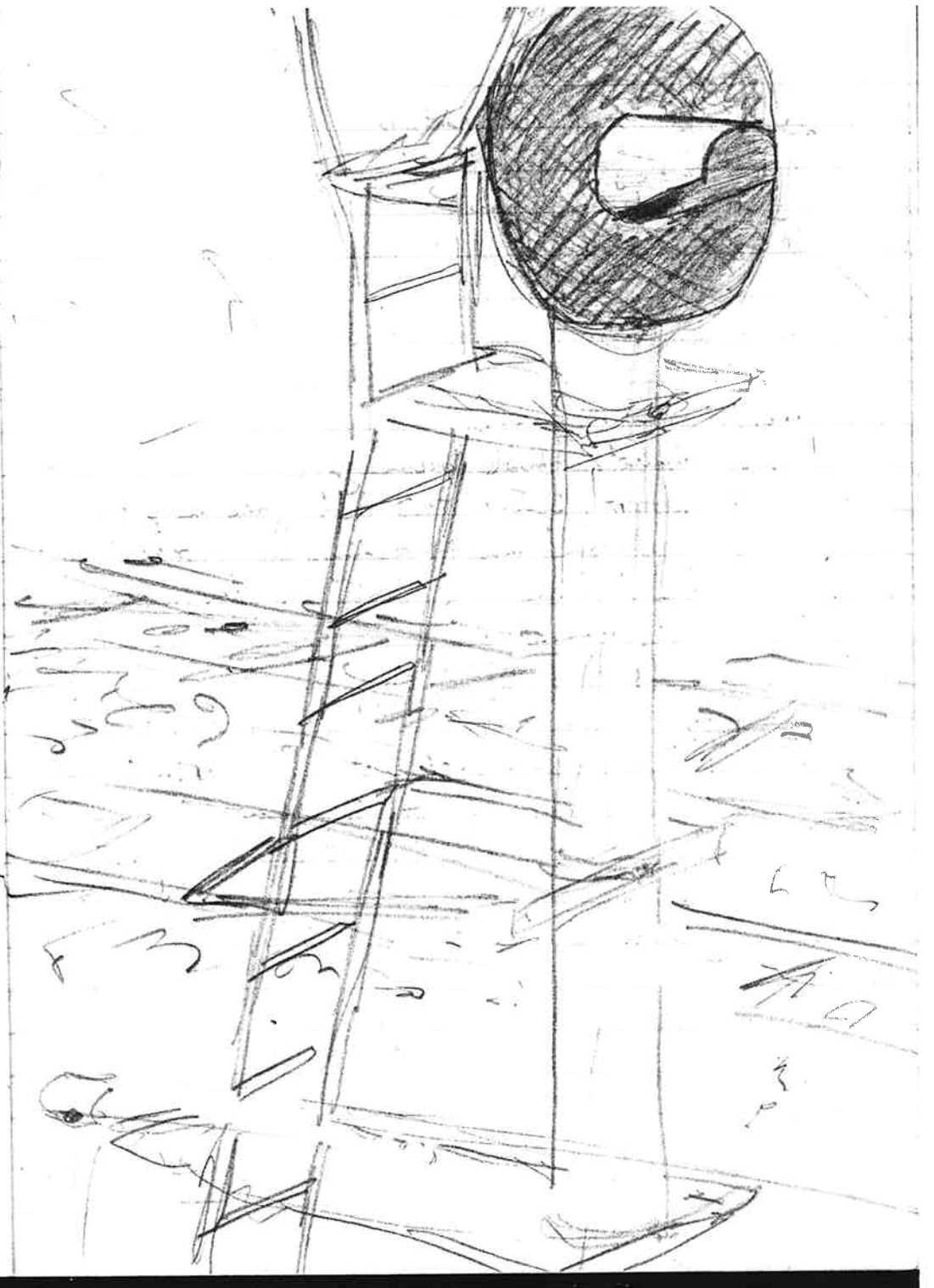
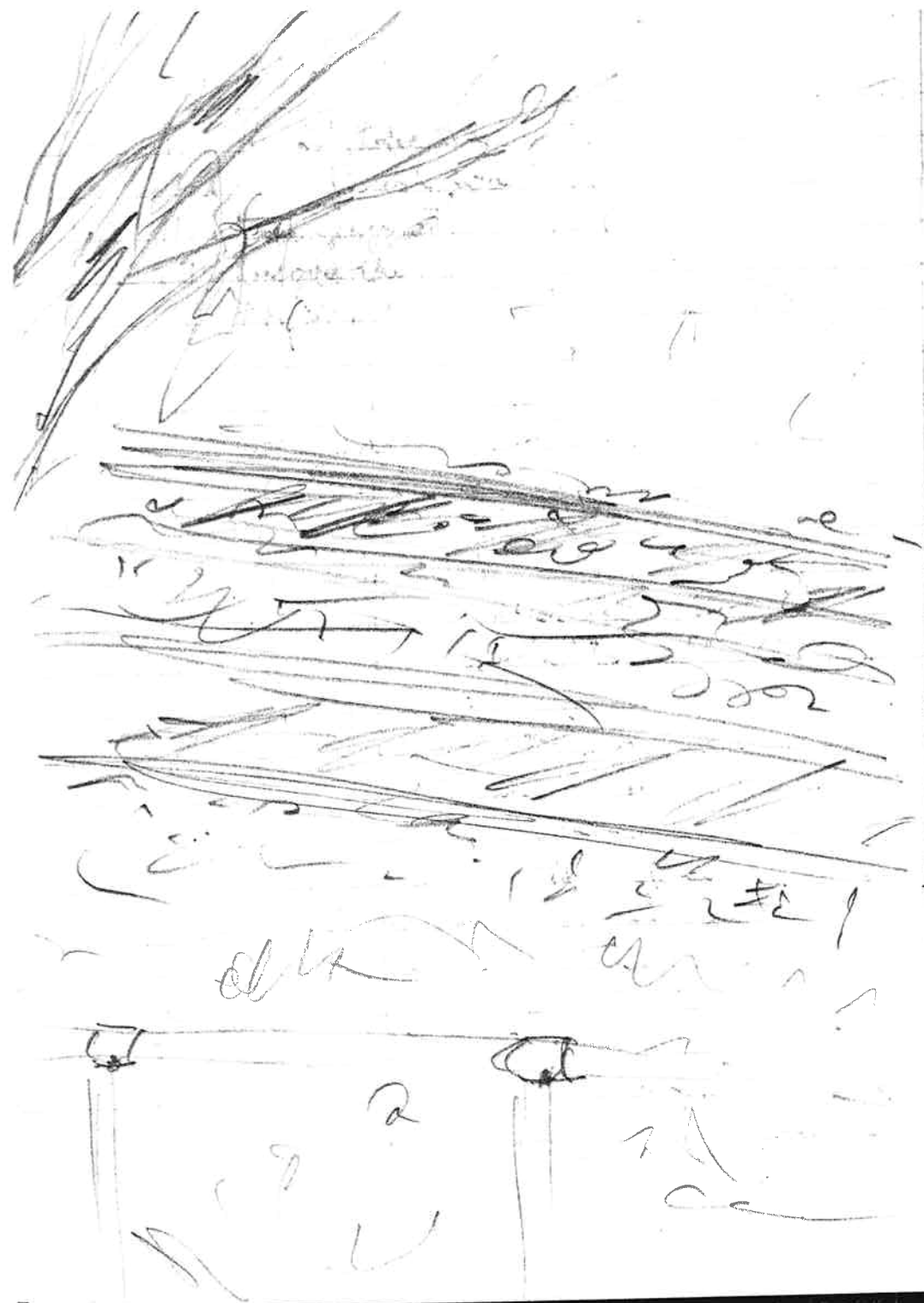
early  
change, and  
morning.





BURNLEY RAIL BRIDGE.





30-1-1

"It's not true that nice  
guys finish last.  
Nice guys are winners  
before the game even starts."

Addison Walker.

31-1-1

"You can spend all your money on  
roads and housing and on the  
poor, but in the end you simply find  
yourself needing more money.  
Real civilisation always  
starts in the mind"

Prof Mohsen Zahran  
architect and city planner  
on the new Alexandria  
Library in Egypt.

Seem to be into the quotes at the moment,  
in intake mode reading a lot and settling  
back a little in mental posture to watch  
and observe, rest for a little bit.

HOP SO  
SURE

SEE THIS  
A LOT

COULD NOT  
AGREE  
MORE  
AND THE  
APPRECIATION  
↔

"in order to obtain this ultimate  
perfection one must live through  
every experience and learn to love  
all persons; that the love particular  
should lead up to the the love  
universal; that the worth of life  
is not to be measured by its  
results in achievement or success,  
but solely by the the motive of  
heart and effort and will; that  
the value of experience depends  
not so much on its variety or  
duration as upon its intensity"

John Murray on  
Edward Wilson (of the  
Antarctic)

Enjoying reading about ↑ at the moment.



So ordered and strong, my diaries by comparison a muddled mix of a person pulled this way and that trying to find his place, his sitting, his self? Other times I think not so muddled, just happy to go with the flow to see what surfaces as the truth. That, now I say this, is something else Wilson mentions, that the truth is a burning thing that will always have the tendency to surface displacing the misconceptions, half truths and lies that surround it (in not so many words). I like this outlook on life.

12-1 In Norbubinka (the summer palace of the Dalai Lama, there is a large pool that is apparently fed by a spring. The water comes and goes apparently with the seasons. When the Chinese came, the pool was empty and so they lined the base with concrete, and filled it with water. It didn't matter how hard they tried however, the water kept seeping away. The spring it seems was blocked in the process so now the pool sits

permanently empty. This was offered as a rather good (I thought) allegory to the Chinese occupation of Tibet on a documentary we just finished watching. I like it because there is no judgement, things just happen and are, sad though they be.

2-2-01 Francis of Assisi seems to be popping up a bit at the moment. Tezqing Palvo, the picture of him we (unknowingly) brought back from Bolivia, and Wilson of the Antarctic. I like the idea of a way with animals also, suggests a naturalism, something borne from the old earth and not the new.

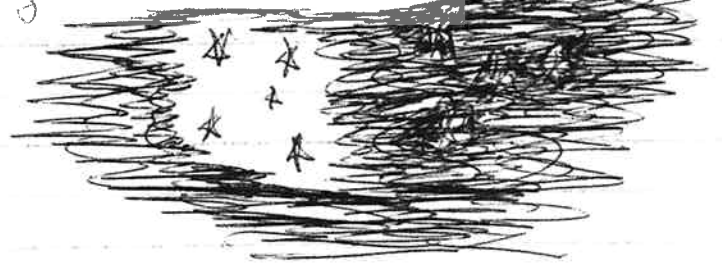
In the words of Edward Wilson (of the Antarctic, "Look at life carelessly. The only things worth being disappointed in or worrying about are in ourselves, not in externals". It took a moments hesitation to think this through. What if people were just... You can do little to change people, you can do nothing to change the present so I think this is pretty good philosophy (and something I have been trying to get into for a while. Let it go and work around it.

Flour with the flour and enjoy it. A bit ruff?  
- probably,

10.2.01 It is inspiring stuff Wilson. But very bloody Christian. I really appreciate all of his wonder in nature and sense of the real, of beauty and of method. Longing for hardship instead of comfort, something brought on in sure like it is for me because of the value of life that accompanies it. (I have been taking the odd cold shower recently to take me back to Torres del Paine and Nepal. :-). I am going to put more work into my web page and make it a little more observatory, the passed flowers from Pera etc. And I am not going to feel so guilty over it not making any money or being ultra professional. I am not after all and it is more the enjoyment that I get out of it I know.

Has been a very hot summer. The very minimum in January was around 18°C. I love it! I love any of the extremes for their novelty value. The heat and guntires and cookies and terrace houses, the Yarra and

wellbirds, very Australian indeed mate.



11.2.01 Saw Drew at Chris + Nicole's housewarming last night, he was saying Chris (Hocking) has left a note with his flatmate saying you probably won't be seeing me again. He has left his car and all of his stuff and hasn't been seen again. Everybody is fearing the worst. I hope he is ok.

I was reading back through some of the old quote pages from philosophy and come across this one ~~about~~ "Death said, God made sense turn outward, non therefore looks outward, not into himself. Now and again a daring soul, desiring immortality has looked back and found himself"

from the Katha Upanishad.  
Daring and brave. Everytime I have done this. Ie feet

even in looking surface deep and not within I come across things I can not reconcile with my life as it is. Love for a single person, working for a living in a house, an office, a town, a whole singular framework. To make that journey you need I think to strip all of those. It would take a braver man than myself at the moment. Mostly because I think a lot of these things are good. Anger and children must lie in there somewhere, as a way of making the inner work on the outer, work through the sieve of paranoia, greed etc that are failings we have inherent. Inherent in minds not yet strong enough to let the full beauty of the being, the life force or whatever it is at the base of it all, shine through on the surface. What would life be like in that world. A world of superheroes. Good and evil still I suppose on a higher heat searing plane of existence?

At the moment our feeble minds are better suited to the outer than the inner. Perhaps always, perhaps that is the nature of things for the majority?

12/2/01. Went to the Opera at the Markets tonight. Fortester, a warm Melbourne night, dinner at Republic tower, and a thousand people sitting under shed K watching the Opera. I liked all of the Italian and French. The English pieces were a little predefined whereas the foreign language you could just let your heart go, flow with it up and down and everywhere and then away, beautiful. You could tell the difference between the languages as well, hot dark bloody Italian full of love and romance and Tuscan landscapes, the streets of Rome, of mopeds and dark curly hair on a boy leaning over the handlebars watching the street walk by. The French full of nostalgia, of gentle warm heart leading flow, of peasant towns and revolution, of earthy love, baguettes and cheese and wine, of Parisian apartment buildings in the Latin quarter, of love on the Pont Neuf.

The end of it scared me not a little. For some reason part of 'I still call Australia home' (which I wasn't so keen on) reminded me of the snowman. That incredible sadness that is the stringy part of a lamb's heart when you dissect

it in ~~primary~~ secondary school. I kept thinking if I ever lost my job and listened to that it would be the end of me, I would not be able to take it. My heart would break, perhaps not my heart, my resolve perhaps. I would break down and cry inconsolably and from there I do not know where. A rest, a sleep, I don't know. A new beginning? Too hard to think past that moment of breaking, that seems so so significant noteworthy. Yes noteworthy only, not significant. Just so intense, you don't want to think past it.

Off to bed Brendon please :)

22.2.01 Spoke to Chris's flatmate Tracey last night. I had no idea he was gay. Apparently he was a little stressed about telling his parents. They figured out he took a couple of shirts with him but he did not take passport, keys, wallet, maybe a little (very little she said) cash. If he wanted it to look like he went off to kill himself he did a good job. (or he went off to kill himself). They have put posters all over the place etc etc and

the policeman in charge has been very good. So where are you Chris? Maybe off with a boyfriend, maybe dead and rotting, maybe killed and I don't know...

pm. Organised a trip to the Prom on the weekend that was really good. Striking images of floating in Seabes Cove beach with Derek, 'this is an absolute paradise'. Stunning azure blue water, watching a sting ray early in the morning from up on seales rock with Anor, another paradisaical swim at refuge, late night stas on the beach, early morning sunrise again and a hot, hot walk out on the final day. Beautiful part of the world.

Have been enjoying talking to Sandy at work, she has a lot of the same ideas on things that I have. There is also a strange attraction there, for me anyway. I'm not sure Sandy feels an attraction for any thing :). Not a physical thing definitely, more one of approval or intimacy I think. Life is a line of love for Ange (we had a great anniversary night out tonight at Groove Train) and a series of interactions with others on the way.

What to do, it feels like kaman nature, I wonder if, suspect Ange is the same. I wonder if it will ever come up between us, either to be discussed, or to push apart. I hope not the latter. We are both nature, at least I can speak for Ange in some respects and me in others! And never the twin shall meet, who knows. I still crave that intimacy / attention along the way from different sources.



• and where are you Chris.... ☹

23-2-01

"While sitting on the banks of the P's River Chong Tse was approached by two representatives of the Prince of Chiu who offered him a position at court. Chong-tse watched the water flowing by as if he had not heard. Finally

he remarked "I was told that the Prince has a sacred tortoise, over two thousand years old, which is kept in a box, wrapped in silk and brocade." "That is true" the officials replied. "If the tortoise had been given a choice" Chong Tse continued, "which do you think he would have liked better - to have been alive in the mud, or dead within the palace?" "To have been alive in the mud of course" the men answered. "I too prefer the mud" said Chong Tse.

Chong Tse.

Yes - reading the long awaited Tao of Pooh. Very, surprisingly, strong in its ideas. Very against education and learning for the sake of learning. A strong bitterness even I would say coming out from underneath it all. But does explain a lot of the sentiments of Tao which is good as I have never been able to find much upon it. But I like the way of all things in this world it is what I can relate to. And of things in the next? Turn to

Buddhism for that. The Tao of Pooh explains the three men tasting vinegar in terms of Confucious, Buddha and Lao Tse. The latter expression on Buddha's face is his distaste for all of the attachments of this world. I agree in that this world is not to be ignored, but neither is it to get attached to.

I have been spiritually very happy the last couple of days (before even I started Pooh) have had a lot of laughter in my life which is good. We will see what happens is ... Maybe it was the cleansing of the Poom. A weekend in heaven gooted as a break.

24.2.01 Flashy and I are back from the vet coffeeing at The Rainbow-Silence Heart. More Tao of Pooh in the waiting room, all very transcendental man! :)

Tao of Pooh is annoying me a little in that it is pretty down and straight criticism of other ways of life (than the Pooh who just is). More and more I think you can live your

life on any level you want as long as you are happy (more happy than sad, interested than bored!) The key to that is recognising what your level is and that is where all this spirituality comes into it.

I think part of enjoying talking with Sandy at the moment is that she has a similar mind to me. Argumentative and stubborn at times but only in so much as to give a point a fair hearing. She is willing to be convinced other ways (I hope) - talking about me now is. Sandy also has that element of tired, someone you want to just lie down with for an afternoon, to sleep and talk and hold each other, to relax completely, to let what you are spread across the room and to meld in bliss and intimacy I guess. Do I sound tired, I must be he thinks?

Flash is lying at my feet being very well behaved. I think he is happy at the moment, as I.

← Maybe this is because people are giving him a hard time (Benjamin Hoff) about being who he is - or he is a little insecure? There is also



From the course of  
The Tao of Pooh

definitely a bit of the cleverness about it. After Chang Tse's last quotation about the turtle were the words "Good bye". I didn't include them because I thought the arrogant and selfish. Here is my clever argument now goodbye with a wave of the hand. No discussion, or thought for the soldiers, a smug grin inner or outer only it would seem. Dit very christion of you brother Chong J.

26.2.01 Coming back from weekends now it all feels very foreign. My mind wanders it seems along a cohesive kind of paths away from work and towards my real self I suppose. Come Monday morning there is no expectation of work, there is expectation of me and of life, with all of the rude awakenings (that are getting slower and sleepier) that that entails.

28.2.01 'Wherefore weep you?' At mine unworthiness to take that which I ~~deserve~~ <sup>with</sup> desire, at my reticence to give that which I shall die, desiring to give. And why is that, for fear of rejection which I tell myself at times is fear of losing a friend (for comfort only ~~and~~ and comfort <sup>should be</sup> is not an excuse in this life). For fear of hurting Ange which is a reason is the best reason, which as a society is an unfortunate custom. Built on one side to comfort our paranoid minds and on the other to stifle our free spirits.

3.3.01 The thing I think nobody expected about arriving in the year 2000 and 2001, is that they would go so quickly! We expected celebration and comparisons of past futures, we expected slight feelings of

notability and even a little notoriety.  
What we did not expect was 2002  
to be coming up so quickly on the footsteps  
of it all.

My head is sore at the moment with  
the cold, and with thoughts of Sordy  
and Jackie. No drawback from Ange  
if you are ever reading this Ange. Just a  
desire to lie down in a field or on a bed  
for an afternoon and get to know someone.  
To talk intimately about things, people,  
philosophy. I wonder what that is?  
Ethereal masturbation? Foreplay without  
sex ~~is~~ maybe at its worst. I don't know...

afternoon. Most of the day in bed apart from an  
Auction down the street, number 1 for \$498,000,  
and a visit from Stew. Heavy dreams relating  
to anxieties about work, self doubts and  
weakness, and getting better - slightly perhaps?

5.3.01. Woke up at 4:00 last night with a  
jolt and a sense of foreboding. I'm not  
sure about what. Something about the EH

I was thinking at the time.

6.3.01 Sleeping very heavily recovering from this cold I  
think. Last night was being hunted around the underground  
of a train station (which now I say that, is quite a common  
venue). Ended up with a dreamt scream on learning  
that Jack had died. On my back, looking up the side of  
the lit up Flinders St type building as it receded  
jerkily into the night following the scream. I remember  
thinking at the time that it was very well executed  
visually, that I should remember that for some  
potential movie or something. ~~Also~~ <sup>could</sup> mean that ~~as with~~  
~~so~~ the dream <sup>was</sup> perhaps not ~~being~~ that serious, a little  
fabricated perhaps. It could also be evidence of two  
consciousnesses, not that maybe, but 2 entities, a  
conscious + a subconscious. And very very separate,  
the one watching the other? Who knows what they  
get up to in quieter moments?

pm Tired eyes, tired being, rolling thinking mind.  
Upset stomach ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ Two dispair, a  
rolling sleep half an hour away perhaps. Perhaps  
a rolling thinking sleep.



10.03.01  
~~10.03.01~~

'How did it end?'

'Have a guess.'

'I don't know, just tell me.'

'Whats all of this with endings  
anyway. It doesn't matter,  
all these endings

from 'The Cop' (misquoted).

Saw the eye as a part of a Tibetan film  
festival type thing along with some  
documentaries etc. Was good, and they  
are right, what is this preoccupation with  
endings, good bad or otherwise. What  
matter the ending, and what ending in any  
case, nothing ends does it?

With endings comes expectations, with  
expectations sometimes disappointment, sometimes  
not, but never finishes. There is something  
that reflects on our turning life, that keeps  
turning. What does that then mean? It just  
means it keeps turning, I guess is...

Try watching half hour cuts from a dozen  
movies, that is life. The person screaming in  
the street, in his home, at his school with  
a shotgun... He is trying to reach an ending,  
with the cease of that scream, there, take  
that, let that sink in, and it never does.  
It just doesn't... end. Which can be a  
thing of warmth as well, something that warms  
everything through you, around you, above  
you... perhaps.

12.03.01 It has been a very regenerative week-end. Baby:  
sitting Jacob (into the wee hours!) on Friday night, sleep,  
The Tibetan film festival Saturday night, Marty and Alina  
at force music in the gardens and Moroccan dinner Sunday  
night, some work on the web page, breakfast and Moomba  
with Craig and Di this morning, a second hand book on  
Eastern philosophy and my stomach slowly recovering  
(and without my sense of mind - which goes to show what  
a fragile thing it still is to be at the mercy of my physical  
being). And some Homer, 'The Odyssey' which I am  
really starting to get into. Telemachus sailing off in a  
rowing boat from Ithaca. Having 'sat down in the  
stem sheets' following the wind across a 'wine dark sea'.

It brings it all together for me, time, space and  
aura... India, the fishing boats and nets of Goa,  
chopped straits of the Greek islands and the  
shoals of the perfect storm, this human experience  
of the world which is more than human, only  
yet we have to realise and recognise this.

13.03.01 "The only man who is really  
free is the one who can  
turn down an invitation to  
dinner without giving  
an excuse"

Jule Renard.

21.3.01 Spent the weekend up at Mt Hotham,  
Friday night in Harrietville to arrive at the  
start of the razorback walk to Feathertop.  
2°C, gale force winds and mist (cloud)  
and rain. I didn't walk!

Spent the night in a cattleman's hut at  
JB Plain however which was good. Mist and  
snow gums and the odd cattle roaming about  
the place. Looked up some Benja Patterson  
when we got home which was beautiful in

that light. Cloney of the Overflow with  
ceaseless tramp of feet and the ~~the~~ vision  
splendid of the sunset plains extended? Life  
does have some beauty in its corners, in the streams  
and creeks that wobble through the mareses.

22.03.01 Bio 21 has started. Working with Kim  
which is good. He seems to have a real energy for the  
job a lot of which comes from getting off Ortel  
work I imagine. Will be good. I wonder what depths  
it will take me to? Or what highs? ~~the~~

Things are a little more settled with Ange now.  
I think she is doing a few things which is helping her  
direction. We are going to spend a weekend together,  
just as which will be good. The bikes and the dog on  
Sat night, coffees out, sleeping, all the nice things  
about living in Richmond.

Headed out of the house this morning having listened  
to Buena Vista, Iuka Maska and having read some of  
Cloney of the Overflow. I am right into this cultural  
life vision thing at the moment, into feeling the depth  
and being behind it all, soaking up lives (which I  
feel I can do in the West - in reality it is soaking out  
small bits from a CD on which some of that culture has

been laid through music - to really get the full benefit  
you need to go, to see and in the end to live.

The man from Snowy river ~~with~~ misty snow-  
gumms that stay within you, take me travelling  
to other vague places in time and I don't know, where.

"The means by which we live  
have outdistanced the ends  
for which we live

Our scientific power has  
outrun our spiritual power.

We have guided missiles  
and mis-guided men "

Martin Luther King Jr

26.3.01 Really pissed off at the moment. Piva  
has stepped in to take credit for the majority of  
Bio 21. Feelings of attenuation of resignation  
of a whole lot of things. Calm Brendan,  
nice as pie and chip away at the edges.

A lot of time left yet. A lot more to life than  
work

- Create Some Brendan only  
initiatives

- Do some leadership / project  
management training for myself.

Expand a little and make some use of the  
advantage. Go to Wednesday mornings  
resourcing meetings.

- Develop overseas ties

- ARID

- Financial

- Integration

- Hang Kong?

Appropriate engineering (Innovation).  
Concrete engineering awards.

28.03.01 Went and saw the Australian String  
Quartet last night. Very nice! They played  
a set by Shtatalsowich  $\approx$ ? which I did  
not enjoy (too much piano and experimental  
looking for sounds at the highs + lows). But  
the Mozart and Haydn was fantastic.  
Such a pure pure sound. I closed my

eyes for a bit at one stage during Hayden and under all that priority you pick up this amazing complexity of sound, like a hundred bows on a thousand strings, the constant movement of the notes. Beautiful.

1:4:01 Had quite a doink on Friday night. A bit embarrassing actually. I think one thing it showed me was that all of this energy I have felt the past week, it is a nervous energy. Not something that is good. Not bad but in need of temperance I think. All of this has led me to a bit of thinking over the weekend about how happy and at ease I really am. Maybe all that energy is from that, maybe I am just kidding myself? Not objective enough to know I am afraid.

Tonight however was my second real 10 minutes of meditation. The first was a couple of months back and was just a whitewash of not even starting!

Tonight was a little better. No breathing exercise, no imagining, just

me. I am thinking meditation on the me, and meditation the it. Half way through the it became the actual it and the spiritual it, and in hind sight I think the we could be the same. I have a feeling that a long way down the path it should all become the same, but not for now. For now the me and the it...

I started with the me, sat legs up hands around ankles feeling confined. Chin starting to touch the hair on my legs. the smell of my feet and the smell of my groin! I imagined through my legs, my arms, my body, in space without so much actuality, or connection really. Then still, and onto the mind. I found myself swivelling my head around to get some perspective and watching the black space in front of me. Kind of like looking at one of those 3d collage images moving your head back + forward slightly to help get a grip on a perspective point. And what did I see? Not much was the answer, in fact blackness and it was

a black room (and I had my eyes closed) :).  
I saw a neuronal profile in my imagination  
+ I thought maybe these are the sorts of  
things I might find. Keonels of prehistory,  
of anxiety of this + that, little boxes. I  
think now as I write this however that the  
mind is not made of little boxes? It was  
very quiet and very dark but ... it was  
explorative and it was a start. If I find  
nothing down this path then I have at  
least found that. It is my beginning is  
the thing that feels so right about it. No  
adoption of a technique, just quiet and  
see what happens in Brendon's mind. Ten  
in + out of distraction minutes seems like  
an incredibly small start but it is the  
change in inertia that matters and this  
is the first time I have felt that change.  
Good Brendon. To bed now, small steps  
feels good. Large steps, inconstant and  
not contemplated enough. More contemplation  
and less progress for the moment.  
Building blocks.

3-1-01 Heavy sleeps, 8 1/2 hours and more, heavy  
dreams of patrol fires, started and put out, not  
without anxiety, by me. Dreams of lots of people,  
of Kate, of Richard and Jackie, of hosts of others  
broken by sudden awakenings

pm I don't like work because it makes me a person  
who I am not. I like work because it grows me  
in directions I would not normally go. What do  
I want, who am I - I don't know. I change,  
I am sometimes someone with whom I am not  
familiar at all, how does that work - external  
influence, internal following or acquiescence?  
What is this rubbish. This is me in limbo, we  
waiting for my new life to happen. And what  
will that be, I can tell you it won't be me.  
It will make me someone I am not, it will force  
me to grow in directions I would not normally go ...  
☺

5-04-01 And nothing ever happens  
and nothing never is  
lalala lalalalala  
lalalala...

"A bird doesn't sing  
because it has the answer  
it sings because it has a song."

Maya Angelou  
Poet.

6.4.01 Tub's dad Merv died the day before yesterday. Yesterday we went and picked up Ian (Maria + Ian) ES which he is lending to Derek for a while. A barge in cheek push from a guy at a service station and a lift to the tennis centre for two guys going to the Kiss concert. Work is really busy on B is 21 and I do believe it is a full moon soon. And still... nothing ever happens.

7.4.01 "The universe is full of  
magical things patiently  
waiting for our wits to  
grow sharper"  
Eden Phillpotts.

9.4.01 Went and saw 'Elena and the N  
at La Mama on the weekend. Overacted, ~~was~~  
staring nobbingly and in awe to the space above  
our heads - quite annoying, but very good play.  
It was about a Greek woman and a nightingale.  
She is waiting the return of her fiancée from Australia  
where he has gone to make his fortune. He (the  
Nightingale) is feathering his nest and is attracted  
by Elena's singing in the woods. For threads from  
her dowry the nightingale flies to Australia to  
find news of the fiancée. There is a distance, a  
mistrust between them, Elena who has been taken  
before by soothsayers and the nightingale whose  
song is sadness, deep to his heart, we are never told  
why however. The nightingale returns one day at  
last with news of Australia and the fiancée who  
it seems has been struck down by some machinery  
and who lies on his deathbed. The nightingale who  
has cut his throat on a rose thorn pleads for ditching  
from Elena's hands, Elena who wishes to visit her  
fiancée pleads for the nightingale's wings so they  
can carry her there. They end up singing to the  
moon in competition to see who will get what they  
want (so that they should not both die) In

the end they join as lovers and put their parts behind them. To both disappear into mythology perhaps? Very well written with some beautiful passages. (that I could write like that!).

I like La Mama cos it works on so many levels and is so close to you. This incredible vibrance and raw feeling, emotion arising not off a polished satin screen having been produced through money + distance and extended time, a local uprising of <sup>the</sup> beautiful part of humanity. No profits or flash, a small room and pure theatre its bad as + alive as its good.

pm. Thoughts for the day:

Marriage is an institution in which I don't ideologically believe. Yet I participate in it because it ~~is~~ is of practical use. It protects as well as restraints.

Drugs are an institution in which, given for exploration of the self, the soul, the mind, the you; I believe. Yet I don't take

them because of the impackibilities. They destroy as well as open inner doors.

What a life unbound from those negatives. What a tragedy, what a misery, what an enlightening experience, what a rush? I don't know.

Somehow the realisation of the options counts for a way...

Sweeney Merwin MacKinnon's funeral today. Very sad yesterday when Tab was relating the last days. Merwin asking about rehabilitation, the doctor saying 'no, Merwin, I don't think you will be making it out of this hospital...' Not so sad today with a shining sun and social gathering, Merwin's jazz playing at intermission! Very sad when Joshua's grandson breaks down whilst trying to read his speech. We were there yesterday when he was writing it and he seemed so strong, so kid like in the

way it all brushed off him. Passed on  
mourning from adults or undercurrents  
unseen? Goodbye Merve.

10:4:00 Reading back over some diaries last  
night, I had a bit of a fixation with death  
at one stage. All this thinking but never on top

12:4:01 Went to visit the doctor today with  
Ange. It was good, got a much better feel for how  
things are going, why he is recommending a caeser  
at this stage and that he would consider natural  
if the head engaged and all of that.

Now sitting on a train on the way back into  
the city, full of frowning youth and tired older  
people, and the school holiday kids, urbanity  
man away from my stiff little stressed world.  
Can say neither appeals, give me a slow moving  
train through walled fields in India any day.  
And now, time to sleep --

PM I am going through some quite  
complex feelings at the moment including  
the anxious wait for the birth, some really

positive and really negative work concerns  
with the result that I don't really know  
where I am. I am transferring my feelings  
on to others and keeping others bottled up  
and am very tired, a little confused.

This life, is it out of my hands? I would  
like to lie down and talk with someone but  
I would not. I have strong feelings when  
talking with Sandy but do not know  
why. I have pulled away from that  
probably for the good, I am fairly sure  
that Sandy does not feel the same way?

So why am I hurt. You know Brendon,  
it is because you are in love with her?  
I don't know. Too easily in and out of  
love.

13:4:01 I think that I am obsessed with these  
feelings at the moment and I don't know why.  
I cannot think for ~~minutes~~ without my thoughts  
turning to Sandy. And is it not always that  
way, from one person or another? Is Jackie,  
or Sylvia, Tutie or Sora any different? It  
seems like this has just come over me but I have



a disconnected feeling that it has always been, this obsession on one thing or another. It's just heightened by the pregnancy, this time over Easter to think to myself, I don't know. Full of danger for a frail ego such as mine, (who dares not give that which he shall die wanting to give). You are a little pathetic Brendon, stand up and see the world around you.

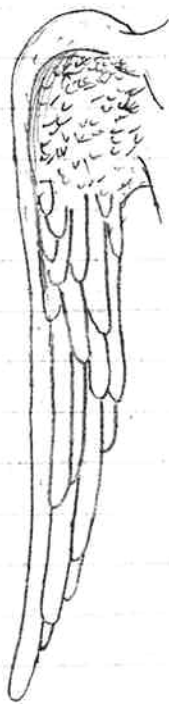
14.4.01 Easter and saw a good film last night 'Memento'. Story of a guy with no short term memory, has long term memories but cannot make any new memories, they just keep fading. The whole thing was written backwards and his history slowly unfolded as he might have seen it should someone explain it to him, not really engrossed in the mood and funny enough could relate to a lot of it. Countless bits of paper to remind him, relearning a hundred things over, rediscovering things I have discovered before, disorientation, unswedness, living 'on-line' from day to day rather than any great reliance on stored, 'accumulated'

memory. We got into the car and I expected I could find a gun in the glovebox. My life seemed more like that movie than my own. This endless philosophy, thinking, searching, it is hard, disjointed pieces only that make it through. How are we ever to break this code if we are relying on our poor weak intellects + memories. What does carry through is beaten into our heads, the equivalent of tattoos on our body for us to dredge up + rediscover every day when the need arises.

This would all point to i) memory control - are we capable, I do not think so, we are distracted by life and under-developed beings, maybe in millenia when our minds are opened to us? ii) development of a lifestyle. If it becomes your life then you are immersed in it. The reasons we get tied up in society, in eating meat, in making money, in getting ahead, ... is all because that is what the tattoos say, we wake each morning and the things that have been programmed into our mind the most are

those our lifestyle is made of. A life, a direction that seeds upon itself, takes us away from our natural thoughts as much as society will allow. Society is a leveler in some ways, stops us getting too far off the track through ballast which is everyone else. Went to kill that guy for his money, hang on, life, society won't accept that, come back. A monk knows meditation, he knows exploration of the self and his path is a different one. So the immediate answer is to stone all of our discoveries in life in our lives, tattoo them into how we live so that they become the base. I will try to keep that in mind. If I enjoy photography, make time, make it a part of my life. Ditto philosophy, generosity etc. etc. The difficulty is now what to keep + what to throw out.

12:50 am Block Place, Lentil soup, coffee and tap water, echoes of rainstorms and dinner before Dave Hughs. Latin American music (Ange is off shopping to meet at 2). A



waitress from Wagga, two late middle age, hard, teased looking ladies carrying out ritualistic conversations on shoes and their tribulations in finding some. Other couples, couples with mothers, parts of couples waiting for the other <sup>couple</sup> part, couples with couples, and two other women shopping together. And me, a displaced couplet part for the moment is. And a couple of incredibly serene and at peace women through it all. Quiet smiles, passive, poised receiving, listening faces, short hair done up to just the right kind of messy. That

warmth of tired that comes with hair brushed, massaged on the back of the neck, that warmth of waking in bed and stretching seeing the bits of winter sun in the corners of the blinds, that leaning over and quiet of little words through waking smiles, happy with what has gone

and the moment of now. (A couple of those spread through as well) which take my heart that I cannot give but to daydreams, which in the end rest with me alone. And along all of that a hairdresser across the road running her fingers slowly through a ladies hair at the basin watching it all walk pass as well in a distant look. How to live in those moments more dangerous than drugs moments that should come at the end of life and of rainbows as you are about to depart, not here and now where they take your mind and your concentration and happiness and blur it like a sea, stretched out to wild distant unknown and unmerciless perhaps place?


The world is a just and easy place to live in at moments like this but in a few minutes I will have to get up and walk outside, and in a day or two I will have to walk further, back into work, into exciting days of engineering where other Brendons wait for me also, Brendons who find it less easy to live justly in

their worlds.

16.04.01

"Strong hope is a much greater  
stimulant of life than any  
realised joy could be"

Nietzsche.

17.04.01 Three coffees at work this yesterday  
afternoon  (web page from 12-1:30).

19.04.01

"The man who insists upon seeing  
with perfect clearness before he  
~~making a decision~~ decides, never  
decides, accept life, and you  
must accept regret."

Heri-Frederic Amiel.

22.04.01

"The intense effort, the giving of  
everything you've got, is a very  
pleasant bonus."

Sir Edmund Hillary on  
reaching ~~for~~ for goals.

23.4.01 I think now that the due date has arrived and gone that Ange and I are a little more relaxed. The wait is shorter and shorter, still holding our breath somewhat however.

Ange said to me last night that her world is a small one at the moment. Just the house, the park and the dog! I don't think she is sick of it yet but it won't take long I think. 😊. Flash especially seems to be spending a lot of time on his bed not wanting to walk in the rain, scared of thunder! He is ok when we are both with him. Middle age! 😊!

Killed a mouse last night. Trap closed on his snout trapping him, crushing his little face. Will try and find one of those maze traps next time. Put him out of his misery with a broom handle pretty quickly. Got him literally a few minutes after turning out the lights, little buggar was chewing through cardboard, through the plastic ties and into the food! Cropping all over the place and beginning to smell so he had to go.



26.4.01 Anyac days come and go, a ~~lot~~ of ~~times~~ few old diggers, a lot of kids and relatives, and a lot of cheap television reporting full of gravity on faces whose sincerity has long since been lost, another day in the press mill is the overwhelming impression I come away with!

Still no baby, we have both relaxed quite a bit now but there is still some base anxiety about it all, booked in to be induced Monday which is I think the most likely scenario. I would like to be pulled away from work a little earlier! 😊. Have been working on weekends and yesterday which was a public holiday to try and keep up with Bio 21 and to make up time for hospital visits and all of that.

And nothing ever matters? or happens?, the bond just keeps on playing... somewhere is a quiet Indian valley where the dust settles of a morning when someone walks by and the music drifts up from the plains, a long way away and quite dim. Have been reading some poetry and putting to pictures on my web page which has been good. My favourite stuff is still the Haiku from Basho. Pure, simple, beautiful, clean memories that let you explore them at which



ever level you wish to. How can so much exist in a moment like those, and relatively so little in the playing of a whole day of life? Has something to do with being tired. Being tired makes things less beautiful (sometimes?)

30 4 01 Mostly morning, up early to go into work and give a final proof read to Bio 21 scheme report. Blue lights from the high rises giving of shadowy colours most atmospheric. Felt very like surreal morning trip to an aeroplane to a waiting bus (to something happening, someone coming even). Was all church spires and leaning gargoyles home through East Melbourne. Flash got a quick walk and turned it back with the suits (usually we) through still misty morning to Ange. :- lots of smiles today.

Felt a little sad leaving her there last night, big vinylled sterile place, tall beds, loud sticking clocks, nurses station outside (she was the only one in that ward) and timber cross above the doorway that takes on a whole new seriousness away from the light of day, into the night in that place of peoples souls. |

begin to think they should routinely move hospitals to stop that build up of history, the smell of starched uniforms with red crosses, of boxes at with souls and dead childrens spirits. All your childhood concerns seem to dwell there is that it Brendan! Anyway enough of the over dramatising. Today it is the place helping bring little skidoo into our lives.

12:30 Ange had been in labour since 2:30 apparently, just small but very frequent Prozin pains. They broke her wates at around 9:00 when she was 4cm dilated. After another 2 hours, she had not dilated at all. So they gave her some Syrococin? to help the contractions. Ange was very tired and was already at the limit with pain in each contraction, squeezing my hand very tightly so after about 9 1/2 hours they gave her an epidural and here I sit, Ange trying to sleep, babies ...

... At 2:31 after about half an hour of hard pushing, of mirrors and nurses and red faces, out come a little baby. Her head was so squashed on the way through and she came out blue and white. The midwives whisked her away giving her some oxygen and clearing

her mouth with suction, she took a few seconds to start breathing. I did not know where I was it was so amazing. I put my head down next to Angeles and we both cried, I was thinking it's not happiness, or scared, it's a bit anxious. I think now that it was everything at once!

They put the baby on Angeles chest and she asked what it was, they (Bernadette the midwife in) lifted up her legs like she was a fish straight out of the bottom of the boat + pronounced a girl (much to our surprise as the midwife had been saying it looked like a boys heartbeat the whole way through).

So how to fully describe the thing that for forty weeks is bumps + kicks in Angeles tight stomach, pictures in books and dolls in Ante natal classes. This thing that is a condition in Ange, an unknown that is carried around to last meals at restaurants and last movies at theatres and quiet times overly pregnant, that this becomes the sight of a head and then a head and in a rush of

midwife + emotion a small girl. Watching and listening to the cardiograph as the heartbeat goes up and down with the contractions, bdlmp bdlmp bdlmp... bdlmp... bdlmp... thinking it is going to stop as it slows as the head gets constricted, Bernadette saying she doesn't like this, the baby is getting tired, how you are in that heartbeat wanting to cry everything it takes a dip. How that frail thing becomes the baby, and then you are wondering as they clear her through and pump her mouth, is she breathing, and she seems so small and you want her to cry so you know she is all right. And you are in this child heart + soul and it feels good to have something to give yourself to. You know that everything you can do you will do unconditional to protect and nurture her. Puts a new light on how your parents must think of you.

3.5.01 So the night before you were born Stella I went for a walk with Floshi. It was if my senses were tenfold. Let me tell you about the stars, Mars was in the East and

is the closest it has been to earth for a decade, I swore to myself that I could make it out as a small disc even with the naked eye. In the SWest was a very bright star flashing vividly white green red, brighter than I had ever seen before, and in the NWest towards the hospital was a new quarter moon. And on the ground was a low mist you could just pick up with a little streetlight. A most severe and real scene!

The next morning was heavy mist, I stood in the kitchen room peering out a window through it, photographs stood on the tops of tall buildings and took photos out over it to the tops of other tall buildings poking up through it. And by 2.30 it had cleared and drifted away, and you come. As we went up to the ward around 5 or 6 you could see the most beautiful sunset, the nurse actually said to us make sure you tell your daughter that on the day she was born there was a beautiful sunset.

I apologise if this is a bit all over the place but to put down in stolen moments between work, the house (and flash) sleep and you! my beautiful Stella

8.5.01

If only there were evil people somewhere insidiously committing evil deeds and it were necessary only to separate them from the rest of us and destroy them. But the line dividing good and evil cuts through the heart of every human being. And who is willing to destroy a <sup>piece</sup> part of his own heart?

Alexander Solzhenitsyn

11.05.01 The first days and weeks with Stella. It is autumn, mist in the mornings lifting to clear blue skies, moist ground and fallen leaves. There is a gang of 'gang gang' cockatoos in the park at the moment.

Charcoal mottled colour with red heads on the males. Much smaller than the big sulphur crested white cockies, and they fly around each other in and out altogether as much fun as the sulphurs but more civilised. I tell myself they are here to say hello to Stell, to welcome her, but she is of course indifferent. Her vomiting has calmed down now which is good and she is on and off again feeding sleeping, looking around with more and more recognition each day.



'GANG GANGS'

The Gang Gangs have a lower quieter cocky type croak, screech. I wonder if they are visiting from somewhere, following the river down (or up) and decided to drop off here for a bit. Come

to join the lorakeets, Rosellas, jidgers, starlings, lutes, Sulphurs, grass parrots, come to, join in the symphony, this little jamboree of birds playing in the quietening of the autumn days, bird sojourns before winter takes over completely and the festive spirit runs into a forced hibernation.

Autumn baby, what means this life to you?  
 Twilight sun played off against your cries and stretches as you struggle your beautiful new life onto the quietening days towards winter. Bear sprouts against a receding winter sun your cries are beautiful, your dawning is one of a life not a mere season. Welcome to this world little babe, it will soon be yours that currently looks on with curiosity through black eyes and crimson heads at this new arrival, notewise men come to see what the future holds.

12.5.01

"For man, as for flower and beast and bird, the supreme triumph is to be most vividly, most perfectly alive"

D.H. Lawrence.



Use what talents you ~~have~~ possess, the woods would be very ~~quiet~~ silent if no birds sang except those that song best.

Henry Van Dyke.

13.5.01 Stella and I just fell asleep watching a couple of movies on the couch. I zipped her up in my jacket and she lay on my chest. With all my laughing and stomach gurgling (I'm not sure it wasn't less actually!) she never woke once. It must have been very womb like, it was very beautiful this little thing so comforted by you. (I also know it is not good as now she is back in her bed she will wake soon without me, but she won't settle other wise - we need to get more of a ritual routine going re thinkst! Harder than it sounds).

Watching these polished feel good American movies with Stella on my chest it all gets to too cosy. I took Flash to the end of the street and watched the stars for a few minutes. It is indeed a big place...

20.5.01 Sometimes a lone single card will turn up in your life. This one on the way home from an under the sea party at Andy + May's. I was a sleeping fish, Ange an angel fish and Stell a little starfish. I am a big believer that you should pick them up, give to someone close to you, or put them in your diary for safekeeping ☺. (I'm not really a big believer but it is a nice idea).

24.5.01 Early mornings, busy days, late night trips to T/11 with the dog to pick up a new dummy after the former dragged the previous off to his little den.. hmmm. Sleeping less and sleeping late when I go in the mornings. What is all this, a distraction, a thing to provide focus in an otherwise unfocused life. I don't know but I know that it feels right.

26.05.01 I am in a strange inbetween at the moment. From all sides these people I am are peering in to see the new baby, still taken by the beauty and the newness they have not yet really thought what it means to them. There has been a little bit of unsettledness at work, insecurity mainly over all the work coming

in. Not very together Brandon. Too satisfied with the surface calmness in everything we thinkst, need to still the depths, need to be a bit more robust,...

Bron. Flash and I are sitting outside of 'The Rainbow-Silence-Heart Cafe' sipping a soy latte and eating a pumpkin scone. Auge is off at the Saturday morning veg markets. There is a big gathering of Christians at the Richmond assembly of God and the streets are full of middle class Godites with some trays. Its all so Sunday morning, doilies on the tables stuff.

28.5.01 What do you think about as you lie in bed waiting for sleep to come? I dream of relationships that would and could never be. I wonder if others ponder the same?

"Like all great travellers,  
I have seen more than  
I remember, and remember  
more than I have seen"

Benjamin Disraeli

30.5.01 Heavy work, reading in trays on the train to get home to the bean, to see the bean grow!

16.01

"I remember long ago another starry night like this,  
You were humming to yourself and softly strumming your guitar.  
Every hour every minute seemed to last eternally."

Alba, Fernando.

The thing I love of a starry night is that connection back. It is the same sky that was there at Wilson Poon, in Tibet at Nom Tso, the same coldness, the same eternity and reflections. A starry night you always see from a moment of life.

Mama Mia the musical is in town and I watched some of an ABBA show on television tonight. Listening to S.O.S and Fernando, and watching brought up a lot of emotion, they must have been

very strong moments, images of those times for me. Particularly Fernando, I remember or feel myself in pajamas at home watching with Mum and Dad. From where come these things that shape us. Or rather is our shape waiting to be filled by the little jig saw pieces we come across, discarding those that don't fit.



LATE NIGHT SCREECHING!

4.6.01 Buzzy - tired - still. Could do with a bit of time travelling or drinking or I don't know, some sort of plan made maybe. Feel like I am on a bit of a bridge to somewhere at the moment. Let the somewhere develop perhaps.

7.6.01 I dreamt last night that all of the clocks had gone astray. I had a feeling my watch was out by 15 minutes so I looked up at the Flinders Street clocks (always right) which said it was 10:30 in the morning, nowhere near the five or six it was (I was going home by tram from memory). I then looked at all of the other clocks I can normally rely on, GPO and others and they were all over the place 8:30, 2:30... I don't remember much after that except I would say perhaps that it was society that was breaking up, not time if you know what I mean (perhaps). It was a very real dream, this morning on the tram recalling it the only reason I knew it was a dream was because it had not been resolved. I would never leave something like that unresolved. Otherwise it could have been yesterday.

10.6.01 Close to another pay day, another blip in the money we have behind us. Mary visited last night, she is a good friend, stirred up thoughts of the next year, this overseas thing, which way will it be. Stella, house renovations a life of no money somewhere in India

or China. Perhaps I should be doing something to  
aim that way → a writing course and write a  
book? (I love the idea of being a writer but  
I am not naturally good at it ...). More  
development engineering orientated? Visit  
a few companies to see what they do over  
there. Visit there? We will see.

Just watched a show on the CIA's  
involvement in the Tibetan resistance. One of  
the old CIA officers comments was

"They were truly a unique  
people, they still believed  
in their religion".

Pretty poignant reflection on American  
life and spirituality, and Australian for  
that matter.

11.6.01 Truly autumn now despite some warm  
(ish) weather. I have been walking Flash down  
by the river this weekend. I stood this morning  
under the elms on the way back and a breeze

blew through the tops of the trees, from one end  
to another like a gentle brush of someones hand,  
to drop down all of the yellow leaves. It was  
incredibly beautiful this fluttering of yellow  
leaves to the ground all around me. Following  
me as I walked. Greys and yellows and  
moist ground, wet grass. Late autumn ☺

12.6.01 Stella is down to 2 1/2 → 3 hour feeds at the  
moment! Little bugger, she hardly seems to notice. She  
spent a good half hour lying on her tummy on my chest last  
night. I sat up at about 45° and she gripped onto ~~my~~ the  
neck of my t-shirt with her little fingers. The warmth  
of her fingers on my chest reminded me of the hospital  
just after she was born when I put her under my shirt  
to keep her warm ☺. Anyway she discovered she  
could keep her head up + look around which she was  
pretty happy with, even a few smiles and squeals if  
I imagine hard. Definitely a lot of looking around.

'No one would remember the  
Good Samaritan if he'd only  
had good intentions. He had  
money as well'

Margaret Thatcher.



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aim that way → a writing course and write a  
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incredibly beautiful this fluttering of yellow  
leaves to <sup>+</sup> round all around me, following  
me as I    
moist ground  and yellows and  
autumn ☺.

12.6.01  
moment!  
spent a good  
night  
neck of  
of her!  
just a  
to be  
cereal

pretty happy with  
I imagine hard. Definitely a lot of looking around.

'No one would remember the  
Good Samaritan if he'd only  
had good intentions. He had  
money as well'

Margaret Thatcher.

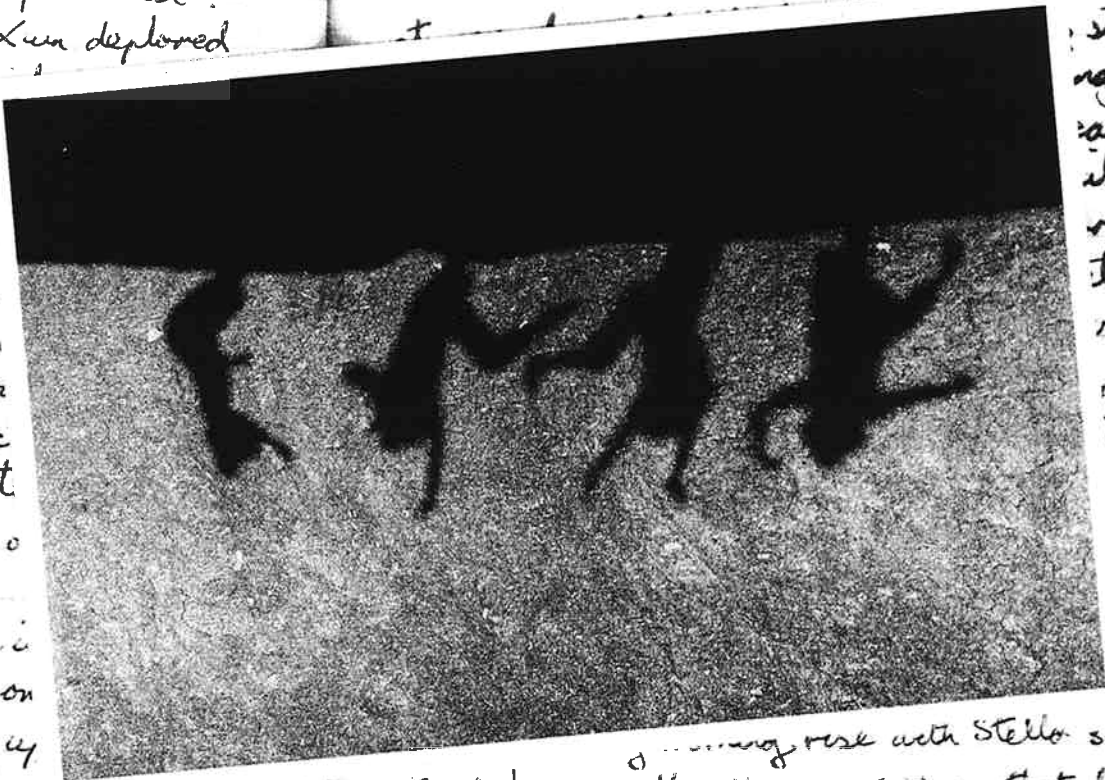
how feeds at the  
was to notice. She  
my on my chest last  
a gripped onto my the  
eyes. The woman  
me of the hospital  
[ her under my shirt  
she discovered she  
round which she was  
- smiles and squeals if



14.6.01

To write moving lyrics a poet must have strong feelings; ... Lu Xun deplored the shallowness and one of some Chinese poets. "They, untitled poem on passing th of some palace maid, or the on seeing a withered tree laments or feelings of self p how strong, can never poor work. ... (It) must have the poets own love and hat

Wong Yao o



around the room, at us, at the light in the window,

starting to ng them but ally good iles above r me at the television is! - said) woken es, short - work g at work in

→ very + can push around on the computer so I watch.

Feel the same way about life i world a lot of the time. Someone who is subject to empathy ends up empty laments and feelings of s - puy. You need a cause. Stella is a little one I guess. It is why I feel like I would like to get back travelling or living in a third world country. A bit more reality in life.

19.6.01 Stella is now a lot more awake, and a lot more grizzly! i. she will sit and look

Flash for a walk. It was right on that breaking time when the sunrise has just started. Frosty almost dew on the grass, the subtlest of lilacs on the under sides of small Simpsons clouds repeating ad, infinitum to the horizon and a pale, pale blue sky in darkness. The air was so crystal cold and clear that noise ran from everywhere, banging of trains wheels on the tracks normally deadened by

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To write moving lyrics a poet must have strong feelings: ... Lu Xun deplored the shallowness and one-sidedness of some Chinese poets. "They may write an untitled poem on passing the burial ground of some palace maid, or their reflections on seeing a withered tree." Such empty laments or feelings of self pity, no matter how strong, can never produce good work. ... (It) must forcefully express the poets own love and hatred.

Wong Yao on Lu Xun.

Feel the same way about life in a western world a lot of the time. Someone like me who is subject to empathy ends up with those empty laments and feelings of self pity. You need a cause. Stella is a little one I guess. It is why I feel like I would like to get back travelling or living in a third world country. A bit more reality in life.

19.6.01 Stella is now a lot more awake, and a lot more grizzly! i.e. she will sit and look

around the room, at us, at the light in the window, at non-descript blank walls? She is starting to reach out and touch things, grabbing them but not being able to let go. Ange is really good with her hanging balloons with smiles above her face and all of that. Life for me at the moment consists of home at 7, television (big brother reality + other game shows! - said) and then bed at 9 is = an hour, woken sleeps + even up and down sometimes, short bursts on the computer and up at 6 - work 8:00 + all over again. Very busy at work which is good, and have to say I am enjoying it all.

30.6.01 Early morning rise with Stella so took Flash for a walk. It was right on that breaking time when the sunrise has just started. Frosty almost dew on the grass, the subtlest of lilacs on the undersides of small Simpsons clouds repeating ad infinitum to the horizon and a pale pale blue sky in darkness. The air was so crystal cold and clear that noise ran from everywhere, banging of train wheels on the tracks normally deadened by

very + can pick around in the computer as I watch.

the day, fluttering of wings from nests as birds wake up. And by the time we were walking down the boulevard back home it had all gone; the shell had been broken and slipped away sometime when we were down by the river. Beautiful morning.

This little sketch is from Jade. They were house sitting M+D's house at the time and Jade drew this for me after work one night.



I met in the street a very poor young man who was in love. His hat was old, his coat worn, his cloak was out at the elbows, the water passed through his shoes - and the stars through his soul.

Victor Hugo (1802-1885)



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7.7.01 The painting in here is something I keep seeming to come across, or at least noticing when I do. The Angel and the chequered black and white floor tiles in perspective. There always seems to be a reddish earthy colour to it and something strong about the light. The first time I noticed it was in a mosque in Spain (Cordova I think), it was a converted church so I imagine the artwork was a carry over? I remember then wishing I could take a photo or bring an image of it with me, this painting that stopped me in a

pretty nondescript corner for some reason.  
This similar image is by an Australian  
painter, Rupert Bunny (1864-1947). Painted  
I think when he spent some time in Paris.

14.7.01 Thinking about investing some  
money, probably \$50K. Will probably  
split between a managed fund and some bank  
stocks. I like the banks on the basis of all  
of the internet technology reducing costs and  
the strong real estate market. I feel we  
should be in a managed fund to spread  
our risks a little. The way it works out  
is that as an additional investment the  
tax breaks:

loan 7% say  
dividends 4% say  
Costs 3% which is  
tax deductible  $\rightarrow 1\frac{1}{2}\%$   
and of capital gains  
should be more than  
this.

Whereas if we had cash to invest we  
would be having to make  $6\frac{1}{2}\%$  + tax

$\approx 10\%$  on it before we broke even against the  
loan, and the loan option is no risk.

17.7.01 You have to love the bear. I can hold her and  
give her a big smile and she will smile back. Not entirely  
sure of what she is doing, but happy anyway I think.  
Yesterday morning she woke really early  $\rightarrow$  4 or 5 and  
never settled back down again. We brought her into  
our bed and I stayed in a half hour later than I  
normally would drifting in and out of sleep and  
watching her. Little dark eyes like buttons in the dim  
night, succubled in doors between us. Pretty cute  $\ddot{\smile}$ .

14.7.01 Stella has been making her first real sounds  
this week. You can say hello to her and a big smile  
will come across her face and she will respond with  
a sound not too different to a hello back  $\ddot{\smile}$ . Then a  
bit of conversation goes on (all hellos) and she  
smiles a happy with herself smile all the while  
looking, staring intently into your eyes. Her  
favourite things are Ange, myself, the  
television, the painting (print) we have on the  
wall (a large face), and funky chicken and  
peg doll that hang up above her on her little

rocker seat. I think the worst of all the  
growing pains are over now and she has times  
where she can sit + take things in (determined  
frown just watching, processing). - He says  
away from the crying and on his way to work.

Nature ever calls people to  
live along with her,  
Why should I be lured by  
transient rock and honours?

Tofu  
~~712~~ 712-?

26.7.01 Quite often end up going to look at  
Stella in the dark. Little sleeping face and  
every now and then a quiet little thing with ink  
black eyes staring out to you and smiling.

Really tugs at the soul the little thing and  
I feel danger at times in loving her so unequivocally.  
Giving ourselves to her fully without restraint,  
if anything should happen to her we would be  
destroyed. Keep tickling little Stella :)

28.01 If only we could put down in a stamp the  
feeling we have in a place. The roundness of a  
heart in a song, smells of coffee and of food,  
blocked nose slightly veiled consciousness. It  
might make more sense of the decisions we make  
and of the feelings we have. And conversely  
if we could peel that stamp off our lives  
once and again to see what is the real white  
soggy reality behind it. Maybe that would  
help too. Or maybe it would be too boring,  
too easy.

6.11.01 Three months and one week later. A pause  
second, a car, the feeling of a cold road under my  
back and a body in shock. What do you remember?  
(I remember paramedics leaning over my face.)  
Do you remember anything else? I remember  
Christmas in the hospital quite well. I remember a  
black BMW pulling out in front of me! No one  
could believe the amount of morphine they pumped  
into me. "Truckloads" apparently and that's where all  
of my dreams come from. Bringing in early  
Christmas and substituting black BMW's ~~and~~ for  
white Porteras. The vision of the angelic

paramedic was real, I think. A few small memories came back later talking to Ange. Telling her to keep Stella away because of the risk of disease from the hospitals. And actually that is about it. Ange said she got me to move my hands + head + fingers, they took me away then to surgery and sedated me for what ended up being seven weeks. I brought a broken leg, broken wrist, broken ribs on both sides, a collapsed lung, ARDS (adult respiratory distress syndrome), a tracheostomy, dislocated shoulder and if that wasn't enough a cut up pair of jeans + greenstone necklace (inherited apparently on the ride to the Alfred!!).

9.11.01 Going home on weekends now. I'm back probably only one more week here. I am going to miss people wandering past late at night - gives you a nice feeling of being looked after someone changing your feed at 3 in the morning. I'm the tiniest bit anxious with a return to work in the wings and a reduced physio of 3 times a week as an out-patient. Doing things for myself! Then there is Ange and Stella. Stella

slept between us last Saturday night because she had a cold. It was so beautiful, turning your head to this tiny person flat out sleeping, arms above the head and heavy breathing. I want her to sleep with us the whole time but Ange is a lot more practical. Things keep reminding me of what is to come, from advertisements for health care to the Simpsons. She is so beautiful and I can feel the warmth in me from the love I have for her, such a deep caring I did not really expect, it's not that I would have thought it inconceivable, just that your life is so many other things and once she arrived this wonderful responsibility to help her live and enjoy life.

Family holidays and trips, I can see the attraction of suburban life is! Little Stella, I hope I give you all that you deserve.

Had wanted to get into writing down some of my dreams. There were just so many, vivid dreams full of paranoia, some terrible dreams involving Stella and trade offs with evil doctors. So many I don't know where to start. Bizarre dreams of history of art deco flying

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cars, of foreign hospitals and strange places. Of misguided operations and perverted minds behind the scenes. A hospital outside of a central Australian airport, of drugs seams, a sweatshop hospital in Hong Kong, and people, people I knew sometimes and others I did not but I can't believe I invented them. Dreams mixed with reality. The hospital in HK had the same colour codes for emergencies as the A.U.S. I dreamed that I watched the whole S11 thing on early morning TV but that it was all a fabrication by some amateur film maker with a video cam and some hi tech graphics. I dreamed I was in Adelaide because the things I could see out the window reminded me of Adelaide. The retractable lights to the cricket ground were always just out of view. Dreams of the Duke promoting ABPlex machines and hair loss sprays, payments for your character in a western film to see how you would react. Dreams of trips to China, of David Macronucci as a doctor of sea side adventures at the heads to port philly. Of I was helping deliver

twins - one to Ange + one to me, - those daughters! and then breasting gingerly and asking Mum + Dad what happened to the babies thinking Ange must have mis carried at some stage. Dreams of old England radio humour of Witley and of the Henry Jones twins - family relations in Dublin who owned a pub, rough as guts with their own team of backyard doctor around them, of 7/8th haircuts (the mawic tattoos over the faces). Of false insurance awards of gold alba Rossos, of trying to co-operate when Dad was forcing a tube on my nose to prove to the insurance company that it was for real. Of deals with an Irish doctor who was more or less claiming rights of child abuse on Stella. Of old nover houses and a nover generation turned gangsterish. Killings and drugs and young girls running rackets (Stephen Walker's little sister). I could go on for hours. So many memories that I couldn't tell what was real and what was not for weeks. Desperately trying to scribble for Mum + Dad and Beck, don't leave me here alone, convinced they would switch off the machines. I must have been dreaming the whole 7 weeks, dreams

of easy money gifts, of windfalls and on the other side playing my worst fears and overambitions Stella + Ange and my life.

Maybe some more another time...

11.11.01 Not doing very well at the moment. Have been in + out of tears all weekend. I just want my old life back and my nose is running out. Finding it hard to be strong. Stella and Ange are what are keeping me going at the moment. Decency rather than strength (hear!)

12.11.01 Other places I visited in my dreams were New Zealand. A small country hospital that doubled as a school. I was put in a small classroom off to one side out of sight and the nurses weren't that nice. It was early in the morning and they were making themselves toasted cheese sandwiches and milk with hot milk in those old honey glazed coloured wood mugs. I remember wetting my bedclothes and being unable to move for quite a while because they were so heavy.

It was on my return from Ireland, and

I had to think through how NZ could come back economically after all of the drugs and drinking that had become a naawi lifestyle. In the end I came up with 100% pure drinking water and was very happy with myself. I kept asking for two cups of water, one from the tap, the other I can't remember but no-one would trust me or give me any.

Part of the hospital became a 7-11 type shop for an airport and we made a killing selling these natural mineral water drinks. Kiwi fruit green flavour for NZ, <sup>2</sup> blood for South Africa + something for Aus. I had the whole strategy sorted, kids lunches at school + advertising through the cricket over summer.

There was an old naawi guy who was in for a shark attack, his second! terrible injuries the bite right across the abdomen just above the hips + pelvis. I remember being slightly in awe + jealous of his life virtually lived in the sea. His friend related that this time he managed to walk all of the way out and his blood pressure only dropped to 2?

The other patient I remember was Brendon



—? who came in just before the Grand  
Fisch (a richmond rickman). He had his uncle  
or grandfather constantly visiting with bears  
tagging onto his home and wanting to spend time  
with him to be writer.

The other place was a place on the coast  
in the UK or the Europe somewhere. a place where  
when the tide went out it created a huge  
whirlpool. This was tied up somehow with a  
movie like search for these precious stones. Only  
visible at a certain time of the year and leap  
tide. There were all sorts of periphery issues  
about children (new born babies) that I can't  
remember enough about. I do remember something  
to do with horribly deformed exomere twins  
in steel frames holding their spines straight.  
Distraught Chinese mothers at the mercy of the  
Chinese hospital system and I was trying to help  
but all I could offer was that it was too cold,  
the hospital being very cold.

There are all of those other paths off to side  
adventures that I can't recall - futuristic

life styles as kids games taking over reality, the  
restoring of an old war plane and flying to Hawaii  
a surfing culture resurrected based around this plane  
and events that occurred in the second world war.

On and on and on dreamlands some fairly  
transparent visions of my head, most with very  
strong story arcs but not making any sense.

p.m. I have just spent 20 min or so talking to a NZ  
girl about being here. In hindsight it was quite  
important for me to be able to talk about it  
How just the realisation of how close you have  
come is enough to set of a state of depression /  
self pity? I feel a little bad that I felt the  
need to get all that across. I must pay more  
attention to listening in the future. I must  
however not suppress all that either though! A  
little balance Brandon, the essential part of  
every conversation from which both can benefit.  
Re-reading C. Lewis's autobiography at  
the moment and enjoying it. Experiments with  
the truth and thoughts on religion good



guidance I could do well to  
remember and live by.

13.11.01

Finally, this is better, that one do  
His own tasks as he may, even though he fail,  
Than take tasks not his own, though they seem good,  
To die performing duty is no ill,  
But he who seeks other roads shall wander still!

From the Gita.  
(Bhagavad Gita I assume).

Lots of Asian sea type dreams as well, involving  
a seafood restaurant in an exclusive location on a  
peninsula somewhere. Diving themes with James  
Bond type equipment. Very lazy, really on in  
the whole experience I think, but lots of  
beautiful back in beautiful settings type dreams.  
The morphine lasted a long time I think  
as I still had dreams full of paranoia when I  
started rehab. A week on out of of incontinence  
dreams of different people / characters, not a nice

experience. Calling out in the night which ended up  
with me in my own room so others could get some  
sleep. One memorable dream after watching 'Saving  
Private Ryan' was developing a TV type pain killer  
that took me back to a normal life. But for  
every minute I used it, Stellas life was reduced  
by the same amount as payment.

The people who featured strongly were  
some from work, Darren who I thought was a  
paramedic (and tried to convince me vehemently  
of the fact one night waiting for an operation),  
i.e. Sue Show who was always a nurse, in particular in  
Hong Kong. I think because I thought Jim had  
left engineering to become a doctor (not a  
lawyer).

Leonie + Jade were there as guests at  
a house one night, David Maravocci, Rhyad  
Aunt, and quite a few nurses. Janice in  
particular at my advanced Christmas, and the  
speech therapist who ~~was~~ with the blue dye.  
She appeared at the end with the one who had  
organised all of this Asian holiday for our  
family had been on (that spans up a whole

new dreamscape but it is a little vague in detail now. And before that at my part in Kings built is times I was imploring me to swallow all of this blue dyed purple fruit or something for the sake of the body and my recovery. - I went out and about that and what, when they fed me.

Too many details to be writing, too many missing pieces + vague sequences that I know were prolonged and important but that I can't remember.

India was another one something to do with a huge standing and cricket stars, following the cricket greats over there, and something to do with coloured birds - I don't know!

11-1-2002 Windy night with low level looming clouds heavy with rain blowing across the sky. Very atmospheric.

" You can't put the blood  
back into the sheep "

a quote mentioned on Taggart. I'm not sure why but it really struck a chord, something to do with my experiences dreaming whilst I was unconscious. Had that feel to it, the cruel jaggedness of well lived life. Traditions centuries old of killing and blood lust feasts. There is a dish I can only just remember that came into a few dreams. I knew it as Osso Bucco and it was cows eyes or something.

It continues to astound me that all of this has happened. Things like trying to remember my pin number, it really is like starting a new life, like stepping into the shoes of someone, only I know that it is me. It must be. I do feel changed, I feel as though the whole thing has been to my advantage although I am not sure how as yet. That will come perhaps.

Stella is fantastic. I lie awake at night sometimes worried that someone will come in and steal her. Would adopt her as their own. She would be distressed maybe and then after a while just accept her new life out of necessity as children do. And we

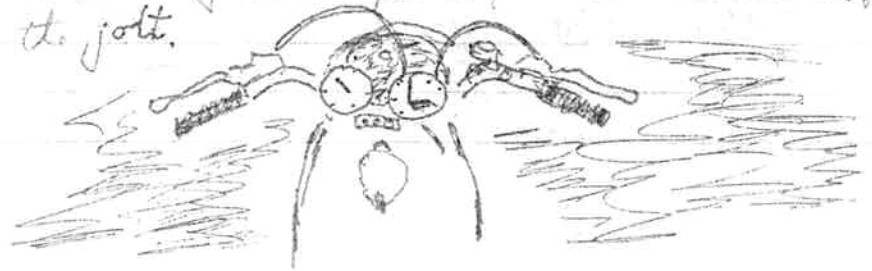
would be forgotten memories, she wouldn't know how much we loved her. It would be incredibly sad her little face with someone else, not knowing what was happening. Poor little thing, she is just so reliant on us at the moment, breaks my heart to think about these things. Perhaps I do it just to feel that love. It is a beautiful wonderful thing ☺.

24.1.02 Here I am out the other side of the accident (almost). Taking things slowly and enjoying the small simple bits. Walks in the park and time with Stella. I have a road ahead of me now and I just have to calm down and walk it one stage at a time.

Just finished reading Lionheart, the story of Jesse Martin's solo unassisted trip around the world by sail. Very inspired. A few things I would like to do: get into meditation and Buddhism and Taoism a bit more, have a go at selling some travel writing and photographs, maybe to a publisher? One thing I am now good at is slow persistence, the kernel

of rehabilitation and recovery. I must admit getting back into work is a real downer. Financial problems etc etc etc. Maybe one of these days I will get the courage up and do something else. The money makes it very attractive however at the moment I will set us up for the longer term. \$80,000/year is hard to come by elsewhere.

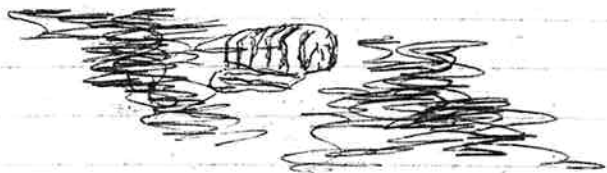
28.01.02 I remember from the accident a kind of second chance. A replay of the car pulling out, a second go at avoiding it. But replayed at the same rate, and I didn't have a chance, he was just too close. I have a feeling that I didn't even have time to brake let alone swerve around him. My memories are pretty unreliable given the black BMW and white Pintara thing, but these feelings feel like base feelings, like they are the truth (and I don't have any reason to doubt them). The replay is an interesting thing though, going over what had just happened perhaps, trying to absorb what had just transpired, like a little echo of the jolt.



2.2.02 Saw a documentary on the holocaust the other night. Terribly sad. Saw a little girl that looked just like Stella, staring out of a black and white photograph with a striped cap on, her eyes wide open with that look of taking everything in, a look of wondering what was going on, a look of trying to understand. Innocent and at the mercy of things, events and the people around her. I have seen that same look on Stella, breaks your heart knowing what was happening.

Another man raped by one of the ~~guards~~<sup>inmates</sup> and then had his hat taken, by the same guy, an assurance of death at roll call the next morning. He ended up stealing someone else's cap to stay alive.

A little girl (now alive as a grown woman) looking for her mother + being shown the furnaces, "your mother went up there" pointing to the chimney. What horrible things went on there.



13.2.02 Extremes it seems are born from extremes. Severe poverty creates people with the drive to become millionaires. Restriction of freedom, people who live and die for a cause, for a religion even. We live (here in the west) in an age of providence and plenty.

Perhaps it is that I should put myself in a position of necessity. It is too easy to stay with this life. It is easy and I enjoy it. What would I do if I found myself without a job? What if I were to give it up for a cause. What cause would you choose Brendon? The environment, religion? Art?

I must push myself to some of these limits.  
In time...

1.3.02 Work is stealthily crawling around me, its tentacles growing and clasping, won't be long now before I am fully back into it. Hmmm.

I still think alot about the consequences of the accident, still remembering different dreams. One of the hawaiian restaurant dream, sub-decor (not culture) based on a whole lot of surfer culture.

had lived before in the fifties. The dream of the flight to Antarctica. Five or six people on a doomed flight waiting to die from the cold, each one of us trying to build their own little shelter. Beck was there in one. A dream about doing ecological work in an American beach / marsh land, something to do with Pelicans and rubbish getting caught in their wings etc.

The flying cars and that smell that went with them, a kind of burning smell in the nostrils, I smell it once during an x-ray as well so it might have something to do with that. A dream about films being shown during flights, old 8mm scratchy films about places, documentaries etc. Makes me think a lot of the dreams may have been related to what was on television at the time?

I think sometimes I would like to go back there, to all of the dreams and ICU where all you had to do was exist. I'm not sure I like this other world where things are expected of you.

How have I changed? Happier with less

but still prey to expectations and wanting recognition. I must try and get over that + achieve some inner peace and tranquillity. The first step will be some Tai Chi I think. I have almost given up on meditation. I can't find what I am looking for in it. It seems a little empty, I need to relate to something, like Tao or something, get my mind + body in line with nature and the way.

I might start a little art collection on the web as well, some Asian art I am thinking. See where it leads.

Stella is good, just over a mild case of the Chicken Pox. She is just starting to crawl and expand her horizons, I am very loving at the moment obviously ☺

21.3.02 Drizzle wet quiet morning, this morning. Morning things like walking the dog, feeding Stella, sleepy wakenings happening. Very nice ☺.

24.3.02 Stella is at her most beautiful when she cries. Her mouth pouts and then forms into the most perfect little shape. She will look around for Mum for a bit and

cry. She is at it so hard quite often she doesn't make a sound for a second or two, just that silent expression of total anguish coming on. Her nose flattens out a bit (sort of like when she smiles in fact) and then it all comes on. The worst things in the whole wide world are happening and happening to her. I can't help but smile and love that poor little anguished soul, so totally dependant on us.

I will have to get a photo one of these days.

29-3-02 I feel very fallible at the moment. One of the ribs under my left shoulder is hurting and I should go in for a manipulation under anaesthetic. But I am scared, I don't want to put myself at any risk and I don't know how good things are. They tell me I am back at 100 lb with my legs etc but who really knows? I am definitely weaker than I was. I used to be strong, used to be able to take the extra weight in the pack, go the extra miles, not so now. How has all of this affected me long term? Has it taken years off of my life?

There is too much there to live for now, the thought of not being there when Stella grows up is too much to bear. I am thinking I should just live with the shoulder, slow and safe.

Very fallible, tenuous and at sea in something I can't really control.

Stella, if something ever does happen, know I love you more than anything. (you are the stars, the sea, a whole world to me). In times of trouble, and at other times I hope you think of me. If there is a way to help you ~~but~~ I will be there. My spirit will always be with you and my love. I hope now, I am part of you, and go with you where you go. Let the world change and move on, let things happen that will happen. I hear them, nor anyone any grudges. And let that part of me that is with you stay with you always.

love

your Dad ☺

Feeling a bit sorry for myself now! Daytime will bring new fresh feelings, and also this life that I am having to be living at the moment. Let it keep going, day by day to a natural end.



# SPRING FLOWERS AUTUMN GRASS

The Spirit of Nature in Asian Art

21 February - 21 April 2002

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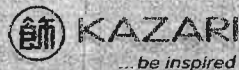
Exquisite works from the NGV's fine collection of Asian art.

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Bookings essential: 9208 0208

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*Teisui* (Japanese 19th - 20th century) *Snake and Strawberries* (detail), 1900, from *Nature Studies*, ink and colour on paper, album, 6.8 x 7.8 cm (closed); 6.7 x 15.5 cm (open). Gift of Dr Margaret Stones, 1994. National Gallery of Victoria



[ E01 NAA 02mar02 ]

1.4.02 Every now and then I see some image that reminds me of intensive care. The latest was the horizontal, supremely quiet face in one of Salvador Dalis paintings. Greek aquiline features, a close country side and hot warm weather, very Adriatic.

Too much detail to ever remember but something, some other world there to ponder on, too exist within me behind my other life which is now. Where exactly does it sit? What exactly does it mean and what exactly is it?

I went to the Epworth emergency dept yesterday to get my ribs checked out (very sore on my left side at the moment). Such an emotional place, the tubes, the machines, the liver and the beds. I was in tears and unable to get myself together enough to talk clearly. That feeling of helplessness, of perhaps being on a downwards path again back into ICU, away from Ange, Stella and my recently regained life.

Stella has a cold at the moment. Ange is

a little worried as she has been on + off sick for a couple of months (it seems) ever since creche and the chicken pox. Battle through little babe.

5.4.02 Worried about Yarns Edge + how we are going to get it all done

- Must - read Golder report on piles ✓
- set out piles under cols + walls ✓
- get design of lift access organised ✓
- get podium piles organised ✓
- table of bending depths + coxets / w/cor. ✓
- remaining podium load tabulations → walls ✓
- Get Gordian started on podium floors ✓
- Get drafting for neo-stake top floors (D&E) ✓
- Do joint layout for walls. ✓
- Do pers for walls. ○
- Do lintels for walls. ○
- Do shear for walls. ○
- Do deflections for walls incl pile ✓
- R do wall t / w/c schedule. ✓

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- get podium piles organized ✓
- table of loading depths + coxets / w.c. ✓
- remaining podium load tabulations → walls ✓
- Get Geordie started on podium floors ✓
- Get drafting for rev stated top floors (etc) ✓
- Do joint layout for walls. ✓
- Do pens for walls. ○
- Do hatches for walls. ○
- Do shear for walls. ○
- Do details for walls incl pile ✓
- Rado wall t / rev schedule. ✓

Going to be a busy couple of weeks!

3-4-02 'He is happiest who hath  
power to gather wisdom from a flower'

Mary Howitt.

12-4-02 'Art produces ugly things which frequently  
become beautiful with time. Fashion on  
the other hand, produces beautiful things  
which always become ugly with time.'

Jean Cocteau.

24-4-02 Got very run down last week and had to  
leave early Friday. Then couldn't sleep and went in  
to work at 5:30, got a bit done + felt a lot  
better! But losing weight, back down to 87.5 kg  
now, this Yarras edge is really stressing me out me  
thinks. Must put it away and learn to handle it a  
bit better.

Stella bean is not helping either, first full  
night's sleep last night for a while + feel a lot  
better so to today.

28-4-02 Working all today (Sunday) on Yarras Edge  
+ still don't feel like we will make it.

~~5 weeks~~

- Wall design show + ~~penetrations~~ - BSM
- " " penetrations - BSM
- Compark - DPK
- Level 6 - ???
- Podiums - DAC
- Level 1 - ??? DAC
- Towers - AM
- Lobbies - KM
- Plantrooms - ???



DRAFTING

- TC Col schedules, Podium
- TC " " Tower
- RS Lobby memo
- RS Tower memo
- SH Wall elev + ver

By 29<sup>th</sup> May.  
(4 weeks).

- To wait - Crown Structure
- Link Structure.
- Facades.

I hate all this. Must find something else to do. School  
teaching? Photography?

11.5.02 Off to work on another Sunday. Saturday.  
I feel like Yarns Edge has turned a corner and is  
no longer in miracle territory. Still very tight +  
hard work - perhaps I am just more relaxed about it?

Enjoyed work this week - went for a tour of Fed  
Square which was most impressive, including Chris Bell's  
light sculpture which I helped out on. Nice to see  
things complete. Must do more brochure sheets.

Also this week had a phone interview on Asia Centre  
with Building products news. And got told by  
Joseph that Indesign magazine used my sketch  
for the front cover! Bob Nation was even too  
happy apparently! OK well!

Might try and find 20 min today to have a coffee  
+ watch some people. Got to have a little of a life  
after all.

17.5.02 'For those of us who live in  
cities, nature is not natural. Nature is  
supernatural. Just as monks watched and  
strive to get a glimpse of heaven, so we

watch and strive to get a glimpse of earth.  
It is as if men had cake and wine every day,  
but were sometimes allowed common bread.  
G. K. Chesterton.

20.5.02 'Climb the mountain and get their good  
tidings. Nature's peace will flow into  
you as sunshine flows into trees. The  
winds will blow their own freshness  
into you, and the storms their energy,  
while cares will drop off like Autumn  
leaves.'

John Muir

22.05.02 Really scared about going under general  
anesthetic. No control and the possibility that you  
might not come out the other side, no Stella, no Ange,  
no nothing. When I drop Stella off at creche she  
gives me a little wave and a smile which just melts  
my heart. Beautiful beyond our world are the little  
people. ☺

25.05.02 Sitting in front of an open fire in one of the  
sitting rooms at Erskine House. Been in with Ange

Beaker or Flagon, or bowl or jar,  
Clumsy or slender, coarse or fine;  
However the potter may make or mend,  
All were made to contain the wine:  
Should we seek this one or that one shun  
When the wine which gives them their worth  
is one?

Sufi utterance.

Hinduism has an attitude of comprehensive  
charity instead of a fanatic faith in an  
inflexible creed. It accepted a multiplicity  
of aboriginal gods. It brought together into  
one whole, all beliefs in God.

Hinduism is wholly free from the strange  
aberration of some faiths that the acceptance of  
some particular religious metaphysics is necessary  
for salvation, and non-acceptance thereof is  
a heinous sin meriting eternal punishment  
in hell.

It does not regard as its mission to convert  
humanity to one opinion. For what counts is  
conduct and not belief.

Mum and dad and it is clear and cold outside with a near full moon having just risen into the expanse of cold sky. Many people shiver over the sea. Sticky ambient air trees a silhouette to the view. They are playing some relaxing jazz while cleaning up the bar for the night. There is coffee and scotch waiting behind them for a nightcap after a movie and dinner + before bed. The only thing coming to spoil it all is a misquidated sense of guilt.

This is a base Brea feeling. I shouldn't be enjoying all of this when I am not a perfect being, when it is not a perfect world. This should be someone else's life, my life belongs in the realms of punishment, of struggle. (You are unworthy). OK → off to make an effort to enjoy it (should be manageable).

29.5.02 Issued 996 tender dogs today to MPA, of which David Lytle was an absolute pick. saying we were late because we did not issue hardcopies. (but help people like that (we were working on their project centre or electronic based system!)).

Things to do

- RMIT drainage
- YE checking
- Ask MPA to review all services fees
- Issue CAD files for this purpose.
- find out what car DC does + let tyres down!

1:6:02 There is no English word for aborted fetuses. In Japanese it is *nigako* (water child). Historically Japanese Buddhists believed that existence flowed into a being slowly, like liquid. You weren't considered to be fully in our world until the age of seven. Similarly leaving (returning to the primordial waters), was a process that began at 60 (celebrated with a symbolic re-birth).

This is out of an Age mag article by Peggy Overstein. I think they are beautiful sentiments and I can really relate to them from the point of view of Stella. They may also just be sentiments invented to help us deal with infant death and miscarriage. But then that side of reality (mourning + sadness) is an ethereal side in any case so only ethereal assumptions or light put on it is just as real as the emotions themselves. And not for that matter worse

from an isolated cultural occurrence. ("Show me the child at seven, and I will show you the man").

5602 "I have always found in preparing for battle, that plans are useless, but planning, is indispensable."

Dwight Eisenhower

6602 Went to my first gym session today. (last official physio was last Friday). Swam a few laps and stopped in the deep end. I could hear this wheezing sound, and it was me! Like a restricted drawing of air. Didn't feel bad but sounded awful. Well time to get fit again - looking forward to it!



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0002 "When a train goes dark as it passes through a tunnel, you don't get off and throw away the ticket, you sit tight and just your trust in the people driving the train."

PM: Ok. Hopefully the last late night, I can sleep like a Yarnas Edge Tower.

- revised rti leads + pte layout. ✓ 1.5 HRS
  - revised pte con design ✓ 1.0 HRS
  - revised level 1 opening. - 1.0 HRS
  - revised wall 3 make up. ✓ 0.5 HRS
  - check wall drawings. ✓ 1.5 HRS
  - revised level 1 recess layout. ✓ 0.5 HRS
  - \* - revised plant layout -
  - podium lift walls. ✓ 1.0 HRS
  - interior stair wall. ✓ 1.0 HRS
  - \* - podium stairwell -
  - DDR - revised wall 1 cols, podium wall. ✓
  - \*\* - kitchen layouts -
  - organic drafting. / 1.0 HRS
- \_\_\_\_\_
- \* not tomorrow 1.0 HRS
- \*\* not our fault!

Ok. job ahead of me tomorrow!!

11602 ok - one more late night session

Tasks for tomorrow:

- |                    |             |         |
|--------------------|-------------|---------|
| - use 1 costume    | 200 ticks ✓ | 10 mins |
| - podium will work | leave one ✓ | 10 mins |
| - test wall dings  | ✓           | 10 mins |
| - Wall 3 P/c       | ✓           | 10 mins |
| - 39 Transfer      | ✓           | 10 mins |

40 mins

All I will have time for  
- know to meeting.

11602 There are two types of people in the world,  
the givers and the takers, the takers eat  
well, and the givers sleep well at night.

Clive Staples Lewis 1898-1963

11602 Taking a week off this week. Fantastic, hard  
but I have now alive again. Doing all of the things I  
really enjoy. For the people, banking & investments  
(not doing too well at the moment!) Might try

some cooking, writing & old photography.

Something else that is interesting is this slow  
wake up after the accident. Remembering back to  
when I first went back to work after Christmas. I  
felt fine, but it is all a bit of a dream, I don't  
think I was all there. The physical and mental  
are very much tied together it appears. A severe  
lack of energy and battling against fatigue,  
a slow motion mental train of thought.

The trick is though that its a kind of feedback  
loop. You feel ok second to second in real  
time, your perceptions are affected in some  
way by the same thing. A lower performance  
or understanding, a lower perception making the  
whole thing. And then, how much of that  
are we subject to day to day? People like  
Peter Hood are living a much more vibrant  
real time life than I and others?

There is something else also, something  
I can not quite put my finger on. If there is  
a ~~short~~ time me, and a longer time me (like a  
3 month averaging curve ~~or~~), how do they  
fit in with things. Maybe the only

difference is in my memory. Things appear  
worse and more disordered because my memory  
is blurring them? Who knows, just  
live the best you can in real time Brandon.

25.6.02 Well here I am again, late at night  
worrying about Tower 5! Holiday was a  
nice break for a week but all too soon forgotten.  
This time worried about design issues. Bearing  
on deep beams etc!

- revised level 1 opening concrete walls
- kitchen blockouts
- move level 1 entry into podium
- coded forces to take propping  
loads level 1
- bearing / compatibility of wall 3rd fl.
- pile cap bar development for  
the pile cap.
- extend into 2nd level p/c walls.  
podium wall opening below pile cap.
- plant room layout
- non type stairs.
- hire 2 days to services  
consultants.

I am sure there are a host of other. Can only  
take a few deep breaths and work through  
them all.

- re hash finances
- loading level 4 roof.

Need to get BPM to help a bit now  
that tower 6 is finished for the moment.

Oh for the days of Asia Center when  
the forces were a lot smaller!

Had a cold the past four or five days, Stella  
coughing + sneezing the whole time. Has been  
a bit tense in the household. Things will (must)  
get better. Bought a photo quality printer, will  
see what comes of that. Perhaps get a few  
letters of on a book or paper pieces based on  
Sunda. Aspin will wait + see what happens.  
A lot depends on time and energy I have  
available now.

- Also see KPB re activating DAC in  
leadership matrix.
- I see Cates to check.

31.02 Sunday morning it was quiet and cold and I was walking Flash along the river on my own, a very quiet and calm moment. The bellbirds were belling every now and then, every few seconds or so. It was triggering associations in me, pulling me back somewhere. It took me a little while to realize that feeling was one of early morning ICU. Very quiet, little belling noises every now and then, intermittently and randomly.

A feeling of stillness, of slowed time and awakening, of comfort and of being. I would not call it beautiful or deep or anything, just a nice shallow 'nice' feeling. Stillness and at ease with things (rare).

12.7.02 Yonas Edge 5 again!

- Stem design - RC? 0.5 ✓
- Plastrons - DAC 0.5 ✓
- list of minor other BSM 2.0 ✓
- internal partiles BSM 1.0 ✓
- piecey solution within BSM 1.0 ✓

Blockarts BSM	1.0	✓
Coard drafting.	1.0	✓
Leins markings.	1.0	✓
Crown construction	1.0	✓
	<u>9.0</u>	

Wght have to work the weekend to finish off

- 28.7.02
- 2 - respond to Branched 1+2 1/2 ✓
  - 5 - checks queries 1,2+3
  - 4 - gcu case design.
  - 1 - specification addendum. ✓
  - 3 - WP site visit - contact Spio. ✓
  - 6 - variation letter YES.
  - 7 - billing.

29.7.02 As well as the above:

- problem with ground floor at delayed pour stop
- asia centre box on coaching.
- St return box on popping.
- " " " on stairs.
- WP stop drops.
- WP RFI's.
- YES checks queries

- 290V display cases.
- 290V airport additions.
- YES punching shear checks.
- YES hearing checks.

Need a late night tonight to finish a few of these things off! Doesn't help when people send through stuff on continuing verbal advice. Why not lunching confirm in writing at the time, just means I have to re-do it!!

Getting frustrated but not much I can do but work through it all one by one.

Was a nice weekend, particularly Saturday afternoon when we went for a walk along the Yarra. Sunny with afternoon, stark trees leafless against a stark sky. The world seemingly quiet and still, paused in contemplation of something I am not sure what but off in a little eddy, turning back on itself for a moment while the current peeled off.

It is now Monday night. A ge is up + has

been up all night coughing. Still is asleep next to me, quiet for once (she has been up coughing most of the time the last few days until last night + tonight).

Singapore if it happens looks like being some time after Christmas. A little too far away for my liking but it really needs to be that far Melbourne offices side. We have lost a few key people lately, Derek, Nick and one close to my heart Kim.

So anyway could do with a settling down and partial rebuilding before losing me. Will work out a little better tax wise, but just want to go and make a new start if I can (I know it won't happen that way, but I could do with a change).

0802 Thomas Edge checks queries found a hierarchy! → We used  $d$  instead of  $D$  in calculating our stiffness. At least it was done by someone else (Sam Kroll + Rebecca → checked by Brendan). Still affects everything we have done by floor + not just Yarra

Edge - shik will hit the bon tomorrow + we will be in the middle of it!

$$I_{\text{Floor}} = \frac{BD^3}{12}$$

$$I_{\text{ACC}} = Bd^3 \times 0.045$$

Ways out - deck code for stiffness

- is it actually D
- new formula any better?

Checks with Branson's formula to get more stiffness out of the slabs (I still)

Add negative ones

Add post tensioning.

Shik!!!!

Stella is sleeping with us at the moment.

All but over her cold which is good - I am so worried about above that I can't even put sentences together.

15.5.02

The 7E5 list continues!

- 7E1 - Adjust jth layout for revised cores + align ✓
- Branson's Queries ✓
- scheme on level 1 bond beam. NO COVER USED
- depth of diaphragm beam. ✓
- core acceleration ✓
- detail for central core beam. NO COVER USED
- RFL # 6. ✓
- revised jth layout - WRITE ON 1120
- revised level 1. ✓
- revised delayed strip → WRITE ON 1120

7E2 -

7E3 -

- under control.

- internal secondary walls. ✓

7E4 -

- ongoing - lower slab isolation ✓

7E5 -

CHK 90 section.

17.8.02 Another card, this time from a scattered pack in the park by the barbers. Very non-descript standard. A pure luck by choice thing. 80 I like getting a heart although I'm not sure what it means. Just warm on life and loving. All things I think I secretly doubt I am so I like any reinforcement I can!

Singapore is looking odd on. Better off by about \$20k / year which is nice but it is more the adventure side of things. The only downside is more work pressure. Will have to happen sometime, if I don't take it when it offers itself I may never get another chance. Better to fail soon and now rather than later.

Had a Ulys group night out last night. Korea which I hate. Dima embarrassed. At least made an effort, pretty lame though!

25.8.02 Spring is starting to show its presence. We have been walking on a Sunday morning to Ferns cafe down overlooking the river by Victoria Street. Cool sunny weather, beautiful.

Singapore on the other hand is virtually

on the equator which will be interesting. No wind and 25 - 33° every day!

I am tired at the moment and overcommitted at work. Working weekends (Saturday), more because I have no one to help rather than because I have too much on.

Western Precinct  
Yarras Edge 5  
NGU  
RMIT 56 + 57  
RMIT Magistrates  
RMIT Police Garage.  
St Peters

I spent a little time reading over my webpage on Friday night. I am quite happy with it. I like especially the quotations. Reading back through them puts me in a nice frame of mind, reminds me of some of the thoughts on life that are important to me. Centres my ethical being a little on some stable concepts.

Had a few words with Peter Hood yesterday about Singapore. He was going

on about ambition and opportunities here. I think he reads a little too much of himself into me. I am happy to just let things go a bit and see where they take me.

Singapore is a bit of a reward, reaping a little of what I have been sowing. Might not be the best career move, but then, might be! We shall see. I am looking forward to the travel and a bit of adventure. Life is too short for work the whole time. Time to enjoy and spend a little of that good will + money we have behind us. →

#### FOR

ADVENTURE + TRAVEL

AGES STUDY

HOME HELP FOR STELLA

MORE RESPONSIBILITY.

CHANGE + REFRESH

+ 25 → 30 K \$

FREE COUPLE OF TJS INLOAD.

LAST CHANCE B4 STELL AT SCHOOL

#### AGAINST

STRESS + HARD WORK

LOSS OF CONTACTS (WORK)

AWAY FROM FAMILY.

The wise man does not get caught up with transient feelings of pleasure and pain. (SHUNANAO QITA) ~~Shunao~~

These only seem to narrow and localise ones perspective. Make you small and trivial reactive to the everyday and the mundane. I want to live on a broader level. A level of mankind, of emotion and good will. Let the rain pass over and shed from your being, appreciate ~~the~~ instead the beauty of the storm that has brought it here.

'There is no religion higher than the truth'

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

There is a rally on this Friday night against detaining the refugees. I am going to try and go. I think it is disappointing and it makes me ashamed to live in this country.

27.8.02 Yarrow Edge is killing me. I can't make any headway against the outstanding work on



my own and there is no one to help. I feel like  
crying. It is a financial disaster + an  
emotional one. I feel let down by people,  
by the people who worked on it who didn't do  
a good job of the cables + drops, by Peter  
Borstel on the financial side, by the  
architects on the changes and recognition of  
extra work side. Erik is helping but it is  
too little + too late. I want a way out  
but can't find one. It has eaten into my  
emotional volitions + I feel like I now have  
no strength to go on and am in a weak  
position to start Singapore!

I shouldn't be stuck with this. I  
should be able to spend time managing the  
job. It is not my fault and I feel like  
running away and crying. i.

29.8.02

"The more we live by our intellect,  
the less we understand the  
meaning of life"  
Tolstoy  
1828 - 1910

30.8.02

'What lies behind us and  
what lies before us are tiny  
matters compared with what  
lies within us.'

Oliver Wendell Holmes  
1809 - 1904.

pm I don't know why but the poetry from the big  
issue (homeless people) really touches me. I think  
perhaps it is because I am a 'homeless person's heart'.  
Deep down that is me.

'But my heart is lonely + gentle  
they don't see the inside...  
... I'm writing this for those  
people who don't seem to care.  
Hoping it will open up your heart  
and teach you how to share"

Vince Hamilton.  
Homeless + in Melbourne.

3.9.02  
night.

Felt like a mini armageddon last  
night. Furious winds and up in my pajamas

in the middle of the street at 12:00.  
Had the feeling that I was here unintended  
(partly due to the accident), ~~was~~ watching  
the onset of a wild nature taking  
apart the fabric around me, redefining  
for a new generation, a new world?  
Woke up this morning to Stella in  
bed and mallee dust all over the cars.

12.4.02. Tired, pressed. Dinner out with new grads,  
Singapore ever closer + a eternity away. Trying to  
read out + finish tasks before me in the short time  
which seems to have been going on for ever. Stella  
is beautiful, Ange is beautiful + understanding. I am  
getting by, just ~~is~~ ☺.

17.4.02 Nana Gypsett is dying. Mum is over with  
her. She had a stroke, is on steady morphine  
but gets worse with every day. She is Stella's last  
surviving great grandparent. One so small and  
inexperienced and opening up to the world, the other  
saying goodnight. I wish I had made the effort  
to take Stella over, you somehow think that they  
are going to be there for years... Nana once

told me she would like to die with a bullet in her head.  
Pretty deep stuff for a seven year old or whatever I was.  
Have always appreciated that remark however. Being  
spoken to like an adult. Always made me think of  
her in a special light. That and her liking of simple  
things. A new Zealand ~~the~~ Buddha statue, just here  
to be gentle and nice to others.

Dad just called to say she passed away  
last night. Perhaps not with a bullet  
but without much pain.

The world will be incrementally a colder  
~~place~~ without you and  
love Bren.

18.4.02 Get the rod out of my leg mid Nov, and  
risk blood clotting when we fly to NZ, or  
leave it in and risk a messy operation in 2-3 years  
time when we come back! → what to do?

19.4.02 "Soap and education are not as  
sudden as a massacre, but they  
are more deadly in the long run.

Mark Twain  
1835-1910

and then her bones and ashen flesh. And  
 it never really stops. It just keeps on  
 going. Love and happiness + life, and  
 sad nostalgic passing. All the more  
 reason to concentrate ~~on~~ on the Love +  
 happiness + life I guess. I guess I am  
 happy to be here to see it come and  
 go, come and pass. ... I guess?

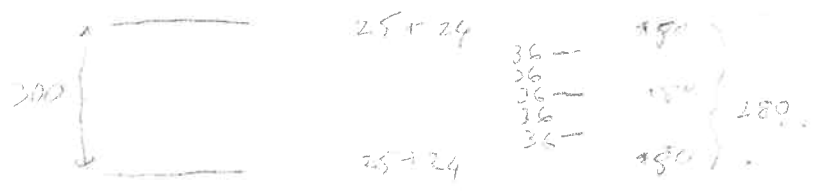
"By three methods may we  
 learn wisdom:

First by reflection, which is noblest,  
 Second by imitation, which is easiest,  
 and third by experience, which is bitterest."

Confucius 551-479 BC.

- 1 10 02 1 - notices  
 3 - WP review  
 2 - Monitor - YES  
 4 - RMI7 notes may  
 5 - mag fees

- 3-10-02 WP notices ② ✓ LUCIA All party  
 WP review ③  
 notices ③ ✓  
 letters ③ ✓  
 ① John Major gazet ✓  
 - home 4/11 ①  
 - non 2/9 ②  
 - 4 pages 1st - ③  
 → per. book ④  
 - spec - core ⑤ ✓



10-10-02 Stella was beautiful this morning. Busy busy  
 busy little bee, walking here walking there, lots of places  
 walking. Then 20 min of Dye. Bye in waves, and walking  
 + more byes. Then when I finally went to the door to see  
 between crying and saying bye again. So simple all that  
 expression just flowing outwards, no holding back, no  
 hiding, just Stella lovely girl. She is all but over her  
 colds now and is an absolute angel in the mornings when  
 she wakes up. A little early at times, but still an  
 Angel. Love you little Stella! (Baby Stella as I  
 think she will always be to us - and most people  
 at that :-)

24.9.02 Outstanding design 75

- ✓ - TC15 for reduced loads (continuity?)
- ✓ - rebate level 1.
- ✓ - para breaks.
- ✓ - length of AB channel.
- ✓ - cone base.
- 

27.9.02

Over seriousness is a warning sign for mediocrity and ~~bureaucratic~~ bureaucratic thinking. People who are seriously committed to mastery and high performance are secure enough to lighten up.

Michael J. Crowl

I think I am a little over serious at the moment. Comes from worry about doing the right thing, and about what other people ~~will~~ think.

29.9.02 I was just lying watching tv with Auge + Stella in bed, winding down a Sunday night. I looked down at my right hand, the big pink scar and lump spread across the top and thought instantaneously about things, the accident, the rheumatism I will probably suffer when I get older. And suddenly time overtook me. I looked at my watch, and it was the watch of an old man, a relic of a possession left to someone for who it could never mean as much. The couch was just a memory of a time past, something grandma + grandpa used to have, inconsequential in the light of some future present. That future that is probably Stella's. My hands become boxes, my flesh dust long since gone, with just another word, he was an engineer. Again all inconsequential, like last year's weather, not important just ~~history~~ a few lines, memoirs or someone's book, maybe a family history, maybe this diary, maybe not - I doubt whether I would be interested enough to read it. And after this world of Stella's that is to come, another, older Stella,

31102 In Singapore for a week. Supposedly to work but really to dip our toes and have a look around. Very excited, apprehensive about the time ahead here, and what we will be leaving behind. Peter-Bowtell said to me on Friday night that this would probably be the last time we worked in the same office together. More from his perspective than mine I think but none the less something to think about - makes me sad to think it might be true. We will see it.

First impressions of Singapore are good. A green city of the tropics: Beautiful palms and trees along the streets, not that smell of an Asian city. I remember it from Hong Kong and I never too come to think of it. A heavy smell, a bit like wastewater lying dark in the heat. Sleeping up from the bottom of storm water drains in the back alleys and streets. But mixed with everything else. Like the old perovoking wrong

of India a cocktail of the rest of society, the foods, noodies, sweet breads, car pollution, just the sweat of the people as well even I guess, the trees and hot excretion, as mixture of things down to the smallest insect buzzing the humid air that surround the senses. As much visual and felt as smelled a whole impression that 'is'.

Images of wastewater and the like are hardly romantic, but it is not like that. It is not trying to be romantic and just through that it probably is. Reminds me of the author whose name I can't recall right now, writes alot about adventures in the far east and africa etc, the darkness of the malarial jungle, the deep rivers and human personal tragedies of the expat westerners that first pioneered all of this. 'Heart of Darkness' was one of his books. The sweat of the heaven yield amongst cultures bigger & stronger ~~than~~ (unknowning & unwarily so) than anything one man could be.

A little (or a lot) different now, but some small similarities. I think Sing. will be a good experience, not necessarily fun, but the experience we are after.

A tropical part of the new world that people will look back upon in 100 years time and imagine what times were like.

Enough of a frontier for some Western society to inspire some imagination and curious wonderings.

4-11-02 Things to consider for Singapore.

DUTY FREE

- DIGITAL CAMCORDER - IXUS - A TS2
- OR VIDEO (DIGITAL) + JVC - \$2300
- MICRO STEREO SYSTEM
- DVD PLAYER.

THINGS TO BRING:

A LIST

- TV + VIDEO RECORDER.
- BED (FUTON)
- COMPUTER / SCANNER / PRINTER.
- POTS / PANS / T'WARE.

- B-LIST - TALL BOY, SIDE BOARD, <sup>DINING</sup> ~~TABLE~~ TABLE  
COMPUTER TABLE

- THINGS TO BUY - CHEST BED FRIDGE  
OR BERT  
- CHAIRS (KITCHEN TABLE?) WASHING / DRYER.  
- SOFA  
- POTS / PANS / T'WARE?  
- COT / STEEL CHAIR + TABLE.

- THINGS TO STORE - STEREO - BOOKS - KITCHEN TABLE - SHOE RACK - VANITY DRESSER - CUPBOARD (BEDROOM).

11-11-02 Hospital tomorrow for the rod out of my leg - slightly nervous about going under general. Ever since the accident I keep imagining the worst, and as always it is not death that scares me, it is the loss of life. I have a lot to live for at

the moment. Ange and Stella, and Singapore, my family and friends. Memories having the way through is unobstructed, if it isn't it is just another way, I suppose. It's just that the thought of Stella growing up without a Dad kills me with sadness.

Little pea, you are the stars and the sea, you are the whole world to me...

12-11-02. The trip to Singapore was good, shake off a few comforts of familiarity in Melbourne, bit of different culture + climate, it will be good I think.

Walking through the back streets around Arab Street + Bras Basah I had a strong sense of déjà vu happening. Warm (hot) humid air, street bazaar type shops and various architecture. Street babbles going on reminded me not of one particular place firmly enough but of dreams I had in hospital. Sort of surreal feeling of being disconnected and wandering through this foreign scene. Connection with that Indian place I was dreaming about in hospital, large old architecture + public spaces, not unlike

the circulation corridors around the MCG. Low sun and slight mist in the air, warm smells of curry and asian food, very aromatic which may be what sets off the memories. And a nice place to be, nicer than here and real life, perhaps this is even what is awaiting me at the other end.

A few times now I have felt that I should not be here. This time is a time granted to me out of kindness, a little longer on this earth with Stella + Ange just because it means so much to me and I want it so badly. If it is I have really enjoyed it, I really hope it isn't the the end though. Ange + little Stella I love you more than I can say. You eclipse all the other beauty in my life.

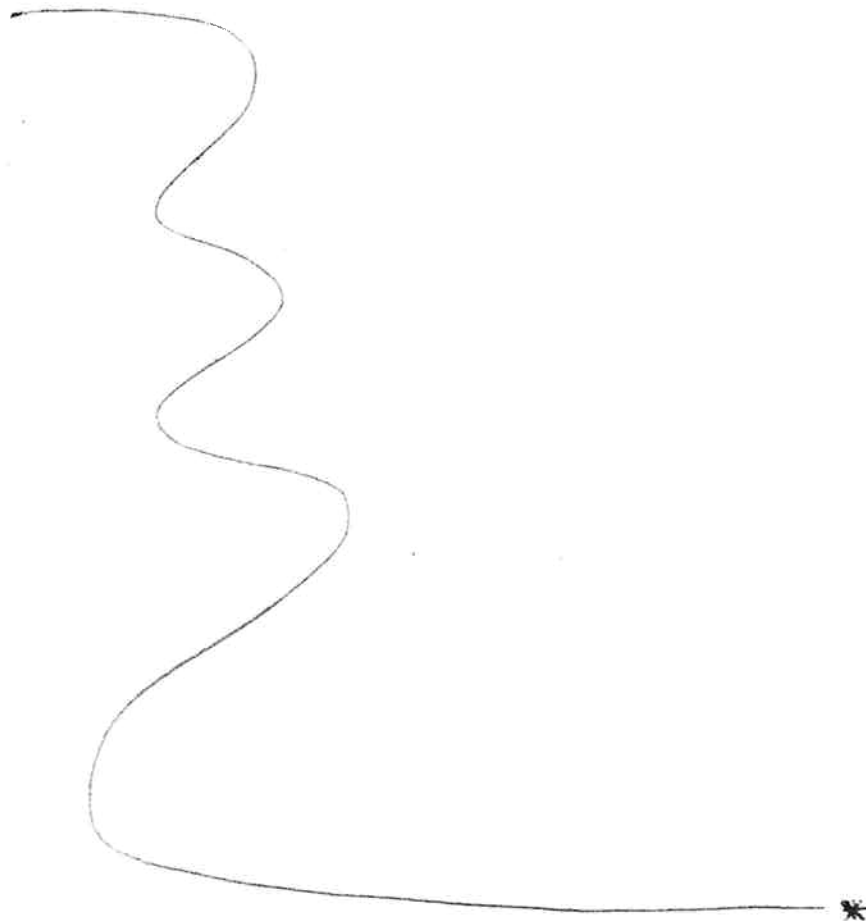
What a lesson around it from that teenage Brendon who used that of suicide.

17-11-02 Back into recovery mode and not enjoying it as you can imagine. It's a spin out at the moment, ups and downs in quality of life. Trips to Singapore, dressing drags + operations, draggery drags recovery, draggery drags trying

to do a days work, (so much to do before we go). Still, I am still here (with Stella + Ange) and having a good time. Singapore will I hope be recuperative, no social engagements, work, early nights, time as was, to reflect, to sweat! As I have said all along, whatever it is, it will be an experience to be had.

Stella is walking on her own now (little pea!). She is really growing, starting to cry to let us know things, not just because she is in pain. The other day she woke up while I was still some sleeping, walked all the way out to the back room, where her green car was locked, and stood outside inconsolably crying - little pea!

Removed + separated! Feels good it is just me now, getting better on my own. No more metal, no more operations. Just Ange, Stella and me.





29.11.02



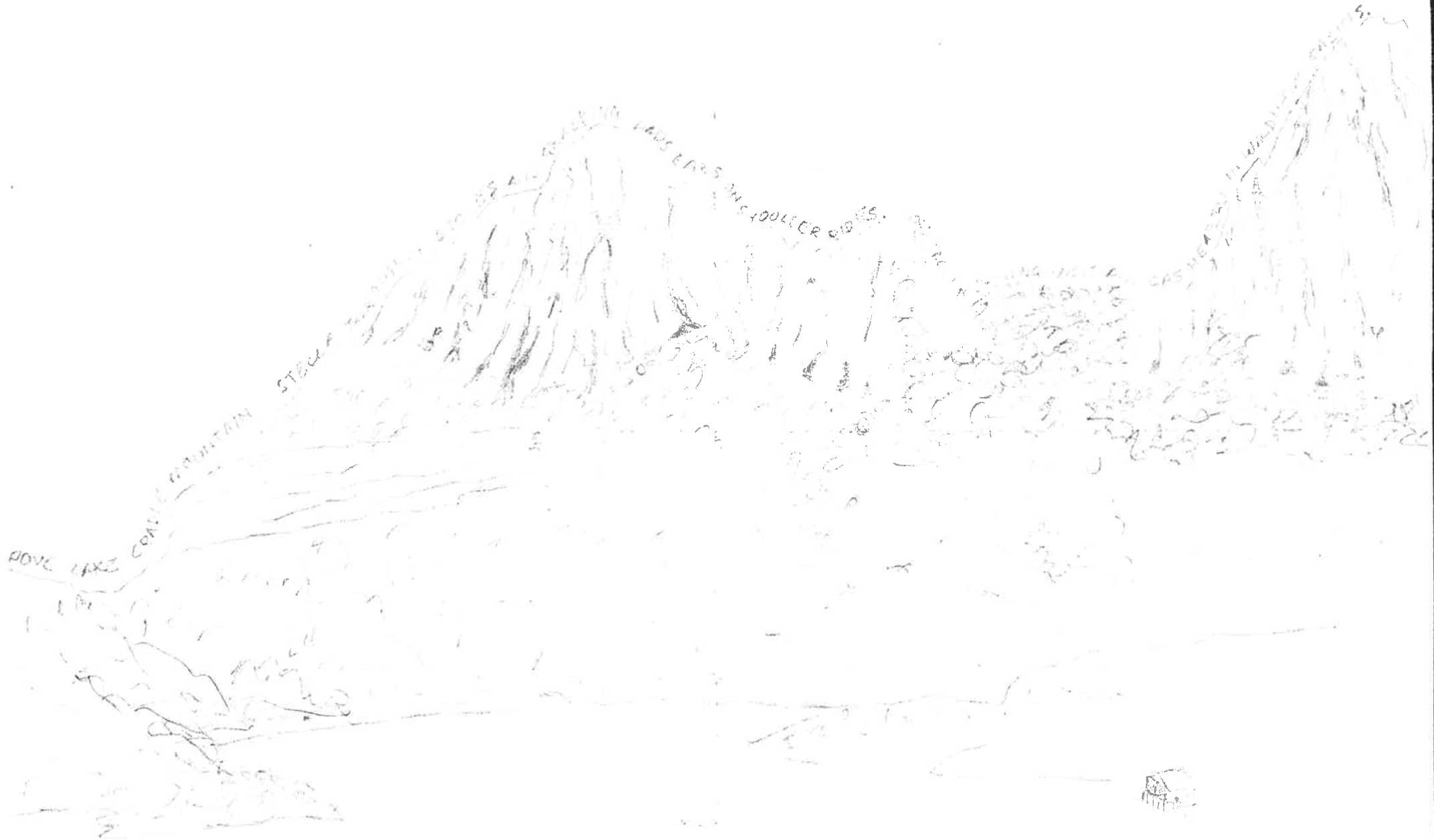
DARK FOREBODING CLOUDS  
ON THE WAY TO CRADLE MOUNTAIN.

29/11 Staying up at Cradle M mountain in one of the cabins around the original Wabalbun residence. Pretty basic and pretty nice. Heated which is the main thing. Got up early this morning and went up to Dove Lake to look at the mountain. Was hoping for a bit of sunrise light on the rock

faces but just the wrong angle. Very cold and a little breezy instead. Very quiet also long streams of firth across the ice with looking like. Everything different depths of grey with an over hovering cold steel blue sky and hints of yellow through the clouds over the top of the mountain. Strongly suggest atmosphere, a touch of a frown objecting to civilization and tourists who are attempting to tame it and make it their own. So they think, what would they know of real wilderness.

have  
"We seemed to arrived in another climate, warm, sheltered, compared with where we had been in the last four days. In fact it was an escape from a snow prison"

Surveyor + Explorer  
Henry Helbyer  
on coming out of the  
Cradle Mountain Plateau  
1825.

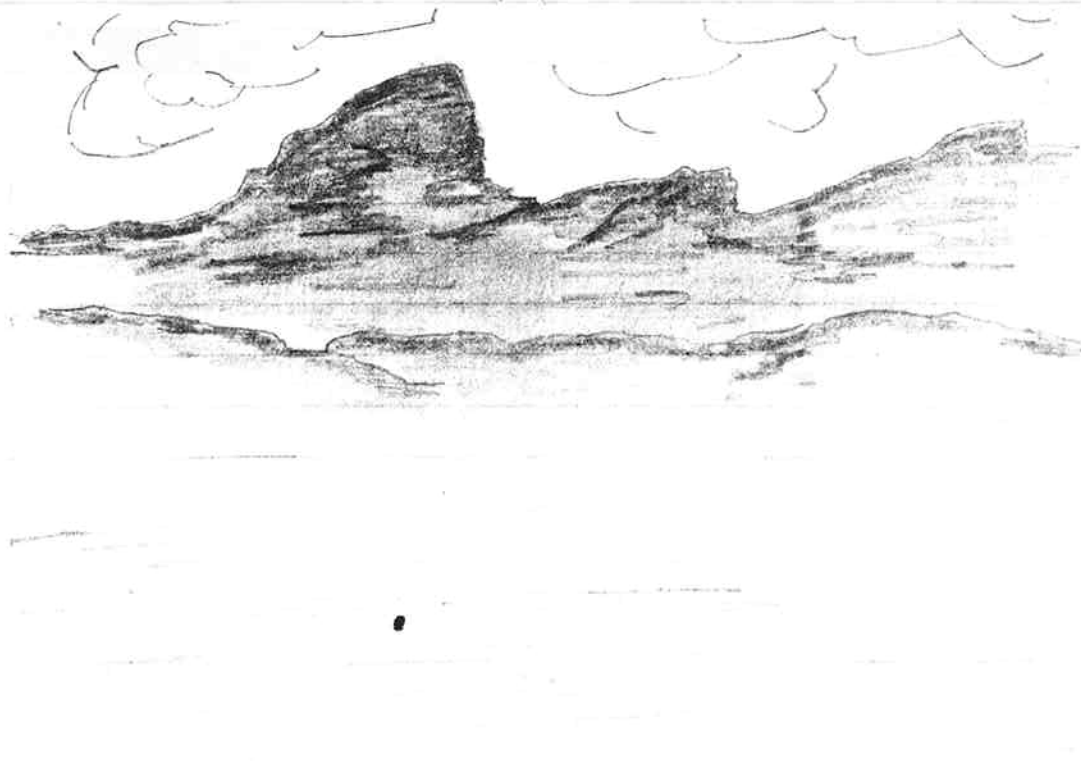


1-12-02 Taking a boat cruise out of Strahan, around the harbour and up a little bit of the Gordon below Franklin. Very nice, was a bit worried about Stella but she has explored & explored watching the other boats and meeting all the other people, even getting a chocolate from the Cadberg factory (was flat out asleep on the velvet couches!).

Bit of a nature walk at the end to a fallen 2000 year old huon pine. Amazing life spans, so because of the oils they produce apparently. Can be a few hundred years till they reach sapling size maturity, and another few hundred after they die till they even start to rot.

Has been a bit funny being a part of the big group but also enjoyable. Not so much of the peacefulness of being alone in the wilderness walking, a little more of the spontaneous mouth organ renditions on the wilderness boardwalk! But very happy kind people loving fun which is what it is about.

A big part of this is the knowing what it means heritage wise. The Franklin



FRENCHMAN'S CAP FROM  
MACQUARIE HARBOUR. DOGPHINS  
AND CONVICTS AT HELLS GATES, NOW  
SEPARATED BY TIME.

don protestor in the seventies. I would have loved to have been a part of all of that, 1300 people arrested standing up for something they believe in, something worthwhile which is now here for evermore for people to enjoy. Just knowing it is here is a comforting feeling.

2.12.02. Stayed at Lake St Clair last night, the hearth.  
Anger Bren in a backpackers room. Mosquitoes and  
steel framed bunk beds. Dodgey beer from Spec  
in a communal kitchen with noodles and packet  
soup. Ramshackle in terms of lodgings but a  
nice place. Sat down by the lake for a while  
and watched the changing colours which was  
very peaceful and calming.

Felt a bit rested and quick getting up  
this morning. Stella isn't eating well, went to  
the toilet four times or something ridiculous!  
Then hopped on the little ferry which goes to  
the end of the lake and back. Engine noise  
drowning as it cut through the water. And  
then a funny 10 min stopover at beautiful forest  
around Echoe point, and an even shorter 2 or  
3 minute stop at Narcissus hut. But it  
was beautiful, the boat slowing down  
at the head of the Derwent to a beautiful  
panorama of mountains around the water.

This low lying eastern land, very soft  
and peaceful a thousand miles away from  
the park complex and the roads and everything  
else. A glimpse of perfect wild a quiet

at the end of this lake, the first step past that  
mental barrier into nirvana (well being at one with  
everything anyway). And for some reason it didn't  
matter that it was so quiet, in fact it almost  
intensified the experience. I really felt like I  
carried a part of that place away with me, a  
corner in my mind to be revisited some day?

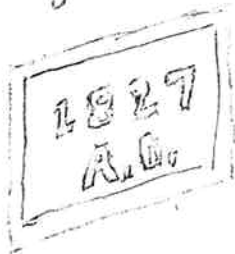
A quiet peace born of glacial times, living on  
here to stir the same feelings in me as if I  
was visiting a hundred, five hundred years past.

Now in Hobart, fantastic B+B although  
a little pot poured for my liking (dangerous when  
combined with the cheap perfume of the rigger  
bag that is so much a part of our lives now)  
View of the city and the hills silhouetted  
against the yellowing clouds at the end of  
the day. All wrapping its arms around us in  
a comforting embrace.

Oh + Ange asked me to mention the  
baby ducks who wandered up to us out of the  
blue in the botanical gardens. Waddling over  
Ange's hands and around Stella's feet.  
Morning duck keeping an eye out, all very  
relaxed and intimate.

3.12.02. Camping out at Cruden Point near Port  
Athena. Been having very sunny weather. I would say  
perfect but I think a lot of Tassie is best seen in  
the cold and especially with the mountains, in the  
snow. Anyway beautiful view down through the  
trees to the sea and a little beach (wouldn't  
want it to be anything but sunny here :-). Also  
now feel relaxed, not hot (4 days) usually a little  
longer and a fight or two along the way. So  
reflection on our lives isn't it - but by no means  
unusual.

Singapore soon, looking forward to our lives  
taking on some significant turns again.



Visited Richmond Bridge today  
for a morning break for Stella. Ran various ducks  
and covered concrete stone. I wonder if they  
could have ever imagined.

7.12.02. Well apartment in Lancaster, lots of room  
for Stella to play, lots of traffic noise + a floodlit  
carpark + compressors! :-). Couple of days down in  
Port Athena were good, good to reflect on lives back  
then, wasn't so much life, which conjures up  
associations of choice + free enterprise etc, more a  
matter of a life you are dealt, born into the  
working class, born into the working class and very  
difficult to go anywhere (hence the cards you are  
given when you go into the penal settlement)

Thought that was a good idea, I was a baker  
who stole a loaf (in another colony) and so  
got sent to Port Athena as a secondary  
offender. Brutal hard work, confinement and  
isolation. There was a report from an inspector  
that really highlighted what it was like, a  
report on every cell, some peering up and down  
with angry looks, some with brittle grins on their  
faces, some just dejected. A terrible thing, this  
destroying of people's minds, destroying of people,  
unravelling them from the inside out.

President National park yesterday and  
a walk to winegrass bay look out which was  
hard work with Stella, but worth it. Huge park

3.12.01 BOOKS TO READ

to the  
poor  
the  
snow  
tree  
want  
row  
large  
well  
unet.

- DON QUIXOTE
- DARWIN - TRAVELS OF THE BEAGLE
- ABOUT THE AMAZON
- THE TAOH OF POOH ✓
- SATYRICAL VERSES
- A PASSAGE TO INDIA
- A ROOM WITH A VIEW ) ERMINGHAM

OTHER THINGS (FOR BRENDA)

- BUSINESS PLAN FOR INDIAN CAFE - SET UP IN MELB 2 YRS AFTER THIS - A LA GALLEON.
- SELF TAUGHT - INTERNET COURSE ON WEB PAGES - EBUSINESS?
- 11.5.01 - FOUND PHOTOS ON SUNDA
- 12.10.00 - THUMBNAIL PAGES SUNDA
- OTHER EUROPEAN COUNTRIES.
- NO RESPONSE - PROMOTE SUNDA - SEND TO AGE - MIRROR, AUSTRALIAN, TRAVEL MAGS, INFLIGHT MAGS BOOK PUBLISHERS ...
- NEW HOUSE RENOVATION PLANS
- WRITING COURSE.

7.02 - SIGN OR LOOK AT THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Ja  
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cor

QUANTAS THE AUSTRALIAN WAY  
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granite mountains, blue blue seas and green trees all under the ever present veil of the gale force winds that were with us the whole time we were there.

Another place you could spend a week walking - maybe another time -







ARUP

“... Total Architecture implies that all relevant  
design decisions have been considered together  
... by a well-organised team ...”

Brendon



