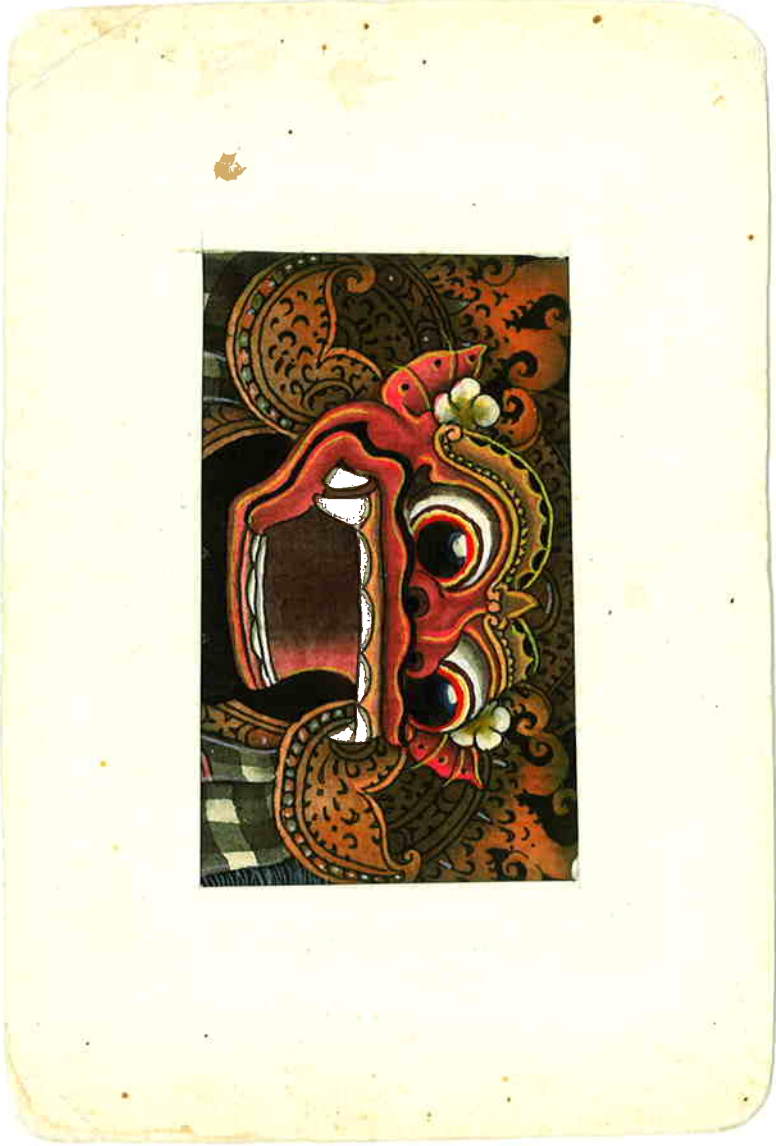


12.5.05 Dear diary, now beginning? Last year you has been hard. I have struggled with self confidence and maintaining a positive attitude. Having said that I am happy with who I am and not unhappy with where I am.

At the moment that's in Bali! Sitting on a veranda of our room in Atrium 3 in Ubud. Kids asleep and Ange reading inside. Absolutely beautiful here.

Bali is a procession of third world type activities, motorbikes and hawkers. people get all hours making a living, markets, dirt and dust. And spread through it all rice paddies and art and tourists and lovely smiling local people enjoying life.

And this place is great (Atrium). Nocturnal in amongst rice paddies and palm trees on the side of a hill. Nice pool, colouring balinese garden. No airconditioning or television. Nights are a continuous array of frogs and crickets: and earlier on (not last night when we arrived but about 1 am in the morning but now at least at 8:00 pm) sitting under chimes being



AND STAIRS AND RICE PADDIES AND PALM
BACI 12 MAY 2005 GECKOS + GRASS HOPPERZ AND
AND BATAVIA AND INSIPID CAUTERUS AND BRULE
AND EUMU AND STELLA AND US. STONE
AND FLOWERS AND FORESTS AND MONKEYS
AND BUDDHAS AND SPIDER BOATS AND BEACHES
BAMBOO CHIMES AND FROGS AND
AND EUMU AND STELLA AND US.

in moving them around will be 5. A couple of hours at Surawau (spelling!) beach, outriggers (spider boats as Stella calls them) lined up on the beach, a floating gold and yellow umbrella washing up as Watson and I stem. Three fishermen heading out to the reef with a long net, the guys on the outer end up to their necks in it. All three with blue printed cone hats, very local fisherman stuff. Down to Kota to have a look at what appears to be many Anauis. Great long beach with six or seven netters of shade along the beach full of surfboards and longer boards for him, hair plenters, massage oil, list of a score with salty serfor leads and which sternal young leads walking around with an air of new bread merchant and self importance and importance. Could see the oyster. A place to drink and to be cool. To drink and to surf (or look like you can surf), to sleep and eat and rub up and down against Balaice and tropical South East Asian local back Island culture.



Drive past the site of the Bali Bombings, the Sari Club and Park (I think, 200 people and only 3 Balinese according to Madri over dinner. Near a street block called Bali Peace Park and a memorial across the street. Yet more horrors intertwined through and around this life we live in, pass through or whatever. And the thing that makes me uncomfortable with the whole thing is we all have our horrors and live on both sides of the fence. Walking Australians coming here with immigration laws back home joining the exchange costs. Seeing the local women, the mothers, the sisters and daughters, getting water on hand and foot, creating our own private hell for these people in a lot of respects. Complaining about corruption in a place where it is all a person can do to stay alive, I sit there but for the grace of a higher God go all of us. A vibration like us, like me and Ange and Stella Ewan. 200 people. It is a bit hard to reconcile. Sometimes like beads like a hundred current of swirls and eddies pushing puling deadlier deers, looking along and we are just absent in amongst it all. At the bottom of submerged beaches of waterfalls and undercurrents. We are ill equipped to dance our own director but do so out of

not being an option to do otherwise. I guess I meant to
Hickman in a way and page of right action. Do what
your station in life dictates. - There you go who would
have thought I would ever be on the side of the Costa
system - Through a lot of selfishness mixed with a
lot of loyalty to Stella + Evan, and also a lot of
love to do much else (Cherter maybe). One of these
days I will start to make up for it. At the moment
- its not after us, being as nice as we can along Thruway
NOT getting her that plastic bag at the supermarket,
generating a child in Vietnam and writing good intentions in my
diary; one of those days... I guess also the more people
the us who don't go the long and try to bring a lot of
senseless measure into the world (that's a 'she' with it)
anyway; the more crossing over ever it is just is a
well intentioned tourist sense, the better, the more
the \$ flows and the more the culture flows also.
I don't know the answer, let's face it, I don't
a struggle myself, and maybe that is part of it. Its a

though wide cruel world but it is all moving forward and
we are all just being our little part in it, up, down
and around and forever onwards...

How are you ever to enjoy yourself Boulder
when you insist on taking on other problems and on not.
It's very difficult to live in the now, and I'm not sure at
all it is the right thing to do. If I indeed ignore or
putting aside others then it feels a little like sitting on the
porch at the scene of a horrible automobile accident. The
past and future and present all merged up in a mass as you
sit your way through it leaving on the happy times.

And so today was up to the Ditch (to the
mountain and Lake Batain). (Huge huge huge caldera.
Southern plus a couple of hundred meters of elevation.
Coffee and cocoa on the way down, hot springs temple,
and a scenic trip back above Utah though all the nice
fields with the main reaction is the heavy stone above
the palms etc. Stunning and romantic almost scary if
I wasn't for the secret and dust and hoppers and
mushrooms and dogs and children and the unending

flight had gone tomorrow afternoon. So... really
rice is. Dinner overlooking the rice fields again. Steaming
colours and atmosphere and everything else (again). And
not much more than a few years ago I was lying in
bed watching through a tube and wishing to hell I could
walk ~~and~~ and leave my old life behind again. We are nearer
then ever to release I don't get this slight afflict
forgetful head, a reason to be excited of this Army
shell into something a bit more adventurous and better for
my fellow men.

One day pretty soon we will
all understand. One day soon we
will know the truth.

I believe in one day...

(Today)

21.5.05 Ewan is a definite second child. Poor
thing has to make his presence felt amongst all of the
other bigger people in the house (and he does a pretty
good job of it!).

He is such a happy, swifty little boy. He is
quite to break into a cry at the moment but it is
when he doesn't get his way more than anything else.
His head has become quite resistant to words, floors
and furniture etc.

When we were in Bali he was often carried
around by the waiters or waitresses and one of them
was showing him the various geckos on the roof.
So now his repertoire consists of clapping which we
all taught him, and pointing.

He is also talking a lot in baby talk. His
first word was I think a version of pa-pa-been-been
which he loves because it makes everybody laugh.
Stella is lovely with him and looks after him.

25.5.05 Back in Melbourne with Fungusitis. This
engineer's thing is hard. I am trying but is hard, I

cost seem to slake down at all constantly comparing
over things which all ends in a vicious circle of no
sleep and reduced ability to cope.

Wish for the light of day! Things will look a bit
better maybe.

26.05.05 Just watched a very good show on
home sexuality. Made me feel very comfortable, very
straight very sensible and targeted in this married
with kids and a professional job society that I have
been led into. I am not gay and don't have any
feelings even leaning that way. Similar to the
Tinkers we met in Nepal however, I envy the
caring of their lives, a cause to believe in and fight
for, how fantastic. I think that is what I need. I feel
there is nothing strong enough in my life at the moment,
but I know I can be capable of feeling it.

It also made me a little scared for Stella
and Ewan. This reality is an ignorant and scary
world we live in. I just want to protect them both.
I wish Angh have been so lucky. I just wish that
they can be the same, be spared the cruelty and

abandon that seem to be all around.

"We're all going on a bear hunt, a bear
hunt, a bear hunt..."

We're going to catch a big one, a big one,
a big one...

I'm not scared,
I'm not scared,
I'm not scared,
I'm not scared!

Children nursery song
from preschool.

I like this song and what it says about the
human psyche. 'I'm not scared' is a nice little
statement of energy and human will in overcoming
what must be overcome in life. Spoken by a little
child it is just beautiful. Pure and innocent, full
of excitement and hope and pleasure.

I hope and pray that that hope and excitement
and sense of pleasure can be shared and give the
chance to grow in Stella and Ewan. Life can be