

The new arrivals drift - by taxi or rickshaw or adventures few on foot coming up the road from the ferry docks where the every 15 minute ferry arrives from Emakuba. From the other direction up Princess Street comes the faint sound of singing, a mans voice drifting out of a courtyard several houses away. The rickshaws have turned on their lights and the police take up their night time post in the little thatched roofed substation. From the corner of my eye the street is a river of motorbikes and pedestrians, an old man ~~was~~ wearing a white skirt and soiled red shirt - shuffles slowly by pausing to run his hand through a shock of white hair - disarray atop his head. The tiles on the roof opposing my balcony are black with a kind of mossy soot that seems organic in its ability ~~to~~ to crawl over nearly every patch of red clay and marginic in its ~~ability~~ complexion - as if had swallowed all light that ever cast down upon it.

Postcards so bleached that sandy beaches have turned to gray shores and dark skinned Indians made white



Ernakulam - a city like any other people, stuff,  
but the real differences are behind closed doors  
happen in temples, churches, mosques, back alleys  
private gardens, terraces, places the tourist  
does not go. So it remains a city like any other  
Something happened to the American city some  
time in the fifties I think. It cleansed up.  
I sanitized itself. Which has its good sides  
(don't need those Malware pills in Miami for  
distance), but which loses something. And it  
you don't think globalization is really happening  
Come sit next to me in this random ramshackle  
Indian restaurant and watch the

for a while (I imagine the ads for a cricket  
match this weekend might surprise you, but  
otherwise we could be in the Bronx)

It's a strange thing India wants western  
technology and the west wants Indian spirituality  
Luckily for India it's a whole lot easier to  
export flat screen TVs than it is a way of  
life. But I hope India will heed  
in mind that it's entirely possible that  
technology is the very reason we come  
looking to them for meaning. Maybe our  
soullessness is unrelated to technology  
but it sort of makes you wonder.

Now that the channel has been changed  
I can confirm for you that there are in  
fact Indian gangsta rappers, which you  
really have to see to believe

Something in the way memories of ~~the distant~~  
and pain seem to elongate while other  
memories - particular moments during a cross  
country drive or the corns <sup>poking through</sup> the landlady's  
~~flat~~ sandals or the kind of sun you  
stole from the 7-11 before school - become  
crystalline snapshots. One ~~day~~ morning  
working behind the counter of the coffee shop  
I chanced to read an article which claimed  
that the human mind is incapable of  
remembering like a movie, but rather  
remembers like a photograph or at  
best a flipbook, such frames played fast  
enough they become movie-like. But I wonder  
if this is a fact true or if so, will  
it always be true? Will children enamored  
and raised on continuous stream videos  
one day come to think like it?

"Smoking is bad for you", he shrugged, "keeps  
the bugs away" and they're worse, trust me.  
The British are like the flies everywhere you go  
there they are

Nevertheless that this is actually what movies are  
doing too, perhaps the entire world has been  
better stated as the human mind cannot achieve  
the necessary 24 frames of memory per second  
to create continuous motion. Perhaps we are  
a little less, 23 perhaps or maybe a paltry 18  
perhaps ~~from~~ it is different from  
person to person



But what happens if the brain goes digital?  
What happens if we transition from the  
snapshot ~~for~~ back metaphor to true  
motion vectors? In the breakdown of bicameral  
mind the author posits that what modern  
man knows as his inner narrative might  
once have been conceptualized as god speaking  
to ~~us~~ <sup>us - god inside us</sup>. It is only a shift of consciousness -  
is this not what many religions advocate and  
practice - ~~do we have~~ <sup>do we have</sup> after all, as the  
transcendentalists suspected, little gods  
within us, part and parcel of some continuous  
stream of consciousness, barely separated  
by a thin membrane ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> identify.

A dream in which all I recall is that I was  
sitting on the couch and Laura was talking  
and for whatever reason Susan Sontag was  
there as well and after Laura had said  
something particularly brilliant I turned  
to Sontag and said isn't she great. And  
Sontag responded yes she's brilliant we should  
really be writing down what she's saying.

Is this why schizophrenia is a mental illness,  
the breakdown of personal identity, the loss  
of the thin membrane, renders us incapable  
of normal life? Is the membrane that  
isolates us an evolutionary necessity, a filtering  
device that allows day to day survival?

We dined by candlelight  
would be a poor first line  
squashed me like a bug - true

There is a very strange one-stringed instrument  
here that produces quite a wide variety  
of sound, though all of relatively the same  
pitch, for what it is.

Had dinner next to a very nice British  
couple that are headed in the relative  
same direction I am - Thailand, Cambodia,  
etc. The Indian man who sat down after  
they left <sup>has a great love of Bach</sup>  
I am curious about the fact that my  
parents rarely if ever mentioned their  
travels as I was growing up. Perhaps that  
was some great restraint on their part or  
perhaps they preferred not to infect me  
with those memories. Still I find it  
strange. I suppose my children will always  
be able to read about it on Luxair &  
but knowing me there will be no way to  
stop myself from regaling them with  
bedtime stories of foreign lands (God help  
them) (which makes me think of the Simpsons  
marge: The children are our future. Homer,  
Not if we can stop them) Sometimes I think  
children scare me less than they should  
though oddly I ~~try~~ always see my children  
as girls, never boys. I wonder how I  
would feel if I ~~had~~ <sup>ended up</sup> with a son.

I can think of only a few stories my parents  
told and all those come from large  
dinner parties they used to have, never me  
sitting on my dad's knee or anything of  
that sort. Perhaps it is simply that memory



Two German women both very stout in the way you would expect German women to be, not fat, just stout like beer (I wonder if they have good heads? ask pins) Ask beer spillover one of the best arguments for ballpoint. And the German woman has ordered a salad, risky or indicative of a stout constitution

I hate Indian coins and therefore tip whatever change I have on me.

I also hate Indian beer, but have no choice in the matter.

More Germans, two young men with shaved heads. The Germans seem so nice how could they care... and deep down one suspects they might agree, but tries not to let that get in the way.

It's easy to tell whose traveling alone they always have a pen and pad of paper in front of them. If I stay out here too long I'll probably end up talking to myself

English really is the universal language. Put a German, a Swede and Frenchman together and they'll speak in English

In traveling at a strange age - about 6 years older than the average backpacker and about 10 years younger than the lifers who seem to have been traveling ever since they were six years younger than me. Surprisingly enough I think there are more women traveling than men. At least in Cochabamba

The breakfast course was worth it. I'm glad I stayed, got to see the jungle, learn a good bit of botany, saw how the long fingers of Scaevola Phormium can reach even into the Indian bunkers, saw a lizard on a lily pad, kingfishers, snakes and an elephant walking down the road. As well as the swollen bloated carcass of a cat. And experienced the craziness of a monsoon (again)

Why is it that Laura wants to understand the male orgasm - some attempt to understand the behavior of men (ie construct in Paris), or the writing of male poets or just to try and understand what sex is like for a man. Not that it really matters one way or the other. I'm a man and I don't think I understand the orgasm beyond clichés like mini death and all of Rachel's little pet theories. The orgasm feels like this - like one of those magnetic maps of the earth where fields are thrown out and the return back in from where they originated.



Ask no internet this evening. Storm knocked out all but one cybertube and it's crazy fall! One might think I would be glad to be free of the internet, but the truth is I'm desperately attached to the old webnets. I realized of the 10 programs on my laptop that I actually use only two (BBEdit & Photoshop) don't connect to the internet or startup

~~It~~ like <sup>my</sup> time in New York the three months that followed it contain no distinctive memories, save lying in bed. And yet I'm quite sure I did not lie in bed for three months



The first distinct memory that emerges from this time is of a friend, a law student who pretended part time as law students are happy to do since they can rest easy in the knowledge that once graduated they will never want for money again. Sarah or other LT, as she was known amongst her friends had gotten it into her head that I was reclusive and withdrawn because I was broken hearted. Its possible I may have said as much, but I did so mainly because the truth was much more difficult to explain. I did not know then what happened to me in New York and I still do not know much more today.

LT took it upon herself to fix me up with one of her friends and I went along mainly because I did not have anything better to do. I didn't have many friends at that point because I had kept everyone at arms length with idea that at any moment I might disappear up to New York. Now of course there was no threat and also no friends. The only person I ~~could~~ knew well enough to care about was dating a woman I could not stand to be around, so I spent a lot of time with LT drinking and half heartedly trying to ask her out. Perhaps to avoid what from her point of view would undoubtedly have been an awkward situation since ever I knew she would say no and perhaps also to cheer me up, she set me up with Amy. Amy was a nice girl, but I believe it was accident of language that to set someone up is most often followed by negatives such as for a fall or to get busted. Ohly in the context of romance does the phrase set

you up. pretend to be broken or <sup>garden</sup> of course I was not thinking of it that way at the time. At the time I thought Amy was fairly attractive, reasonably bright and most importantly willing to talk to me. So we dated rather casually for a while.

About the time I first started spending my nights at LTs bar - position finally opened up at the coffee shop. The then manager left town for two months and my only real friend Sunny was temporarily promoted to manager leaving his former position vacant. I took it and then, the students left and several more vacancies opened up. Suddenly we were short staffed!

Holy christ its hot today. I suppose I should start dating these its the 14th (7th week) at the Kashi Art cafe. really hoping they still have french toast. And they don't god damn if I never make it for breakfast

11/15/05

Heat lightning on the horizon as I caught the ferry. Sat at crankleam Town station for 4 hours waiting on the train. Tragedy the ferries stop running at 8. Nice Indian man roughly my age helped me find my berth as my ticket had nothing on it (nor did his so I didn't feel fooled) Train ride was uneventful, first class is not particularly classy. Now I'm in Mangalore with 3 hours to kill until the train arrived never seen so many flies. Ate at a restaurant that if it doesn't make me sick, nothing will. Small of food and shit



The spacy feeling I had in France has returned perhaps its fatigue perhaps it's something worse whatever the case it it is not gone soon I am returning to the states to undergo tests. Mangalore is a pit. This is the India you think of when you picture the blackhole of Calcutta India is bad there are moments when I want to breakdown, run to the nearest airport and escape back to the relative serenity of Europe or the states or even on to Thailand. Then there are moments when I think its such a magic wonderful spectral of a place. But hard too. Like the man with no forearms begging and I gave him like ten rupees but christ what drop in the bucket and how many armless, legless crippled people have I seen - too many to count and this is but one country so much poverty in the world. The poorest people I've seen in America live like Kings compared to what I have seen here. Things I would rather not remember

And what of the culture the religion. Do I sound like a bigot if I say that in a truly borderless society that strives for equality there is no room for religions which oppress women, make children property, glorify martyrdom in the name of... an idea?... to say nothing of the caste system

which, law or no law is very much alive probably due to its religious and cultural institutions. what do you make of a culture that admonishes against littering, but has no trash cans, that constantly promotes environmentalism and allows toxic pollutants that make the Ganges - holy river a novel you'd think is one of the worst in the world. Where is the line between respecting another belief and saying hey you a fucking idiot if you've got to change, you can't drag a seven year old girl and throw her on the funeral pyre of her dead husband and watch her burn alive and later call her a saint and build a shrine - that's not a cultural value worth saving obviously (and that incident prompted the Indian government to ban Sati, but of course it still happens doubtless sometimes voluntary sometimes not). But what about things less obvious? And who gets to decide? I suppose we'll find out in time as culture continue to collide and have to deal with each others differences - look at the Paris riots. This collision is happening everywhere not just in western influence coming to the third world



11/16 Colva Goa India

So this is Goa. I arrived last night too late and travel weary to do anything stayed in an overpriced hotel and woke up to disaster in all its forms. Desperate to get in touch with Laura and couldn't no rooms for rent finally found one and then they thought I didn't want it and let someone else have it so tonight I'm staying in the families house in the sons room and then tomorrow I get my room. Now I'm lying on the beach and swimming in the Arabian sea. Surprisingly not salty but otherwise pretty much a beach like anywhere. One thing Mr Bill was right - but was beach towns. From Hawaii to Florida to India there all basically the same thing. Probably because theres really only one thing to do at the beach - lie on it. Now that I think about it I should amend that to say tropical beach towns since those in Maine were markedly different. The girls walking up and down the beach selling jewelry and being tattoos very persistent girls. Nice though they're all married and only like 18. I just want to write in peace and they don't stop coming which is rather annoying but that's the way it is.

Where are you Laura I think I'm going to have a nervous breakdown if I don't hear from you soon.

I gotta figure out away to control my head so I don't freak out all the time. It's just that this press and the only emotion I fear - helplessness. In a lot of ways perhaps this trip is a quest to overcome helplessness to prove that I can successfully travel around the world alone, but I wasn't counting on this feeling of helplessness the inability to express love must be the most terrible kind of helplessness worse even than being in chains. Being imprisoned is physical and can therefore be overcome but mental is a personal well inside your head.

Sitting in a bar called first base watching the glimmer on the Arabian Sea as the sun heads down into the horizon. Thatched awnings and tourists on chaise lounges umbrellas fluttering in the even breeze like a post card never sent this is Goa. Fishing boats in garish bright colors moored above the tide line, tops cover the nets in the stern of each boat and when the breeze blows you can see them orange and faded red lying beneath the tops. And still I don't know what I am doing anyway, trying to escape a reality that doesn't want me to be with Laura, trying to prove that I can do this, that I can navigate alone in the world so that I don't have to, to know so as to put to rest the quiet hesitation that has haunted me all my life. Not even to see these places, places are what they are it is one way through the - observing, recording and moving on - that

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I'm smoking Danhills now which at least  
burn slower than coveys. And when the  
food is spicy enough I can trick myself  
into thinking I enjoyed that cigarette.  
The table cloth is plastic and ornately  
faux embroidered with floude lys and  
cross hatch patterns and the couples  
walking around around the road  
make me jealous. I might ask Laura  
to marry me with a - like bracelet  
would that be horribly tacky? Perhaps no  
less so than with a ~~stupid~~ ring.

Krishna next to the virgin a party a boy  
I'm staying with is working on. Painted  
on silk, a kind of banner - quite good  
to, perhaps tired and overdone but the  
boy has talent you can see it in the details  
of the face and eyes which are somehow  
exactly how the madman's face and eyes  
should be, lifeless but with character  
and depth.

I'm completely alone and lonely. I feel at  
times further from myself than I have  
ever been as if I am walking ten  
feet behind me watching in amazement  
that I am moving, doing things, interacting  
with people, that I am finally, "anything  
at all". It really is amazing to be something  
to exist to be able to travel to learn to  
laugh, to love, to cry all these are in the  
end, amazing. And I don't care about things

like cheating, though lying would bother me  
because if we are not honest what are  
we? No the reason I freak out about  
not talking to Laura is not because I suspect  
her of anything but because I feel cut  
off from her and I can handle anything  
but that. Cheating that's a laugh is it  
even possible? Cheating is only cheating  
if you lie about it. If Laura went to  
another man I would be okay with that  
I would like it more and be more  
comfortable with it if I were present  
even if only as a spectator. I have no  
problem with that in fact it turns  
me on. If she called me and said hey  
brody sorry I can't talk but I'm sucking  
a fat dick right now I suppose I would  
be hurt, but no because she was sucking  
someone else's dick but because that  
was more important than talking to me.  
The flesh is but a passing sensation why limit  
it like we do? In 40 years we will  
both be old and no one will want to have  
sex with us besides ourselves, why not  
enjoy the pleasures of the flesh while  
we are young and have that physical  
beauty that our culture has ordained.  
Oh Laura where are you? I have  
always loved you. Even before I knew  
you I dreamed of how it would  
feel to love someone as completely  
and unconditionally as I do you.  
(skip page)



matters to me.

- Does Press just take the left side of the page? I mean I do when writing in these notebooks but what's their excuse? -

To move with grace and humility through all space and time. To know, not suspect or think but know that the world is infinitely large and I but a speck both in size and time allotted and yet my speck and everyone else's speck is the most important thing in the world.

- The black massage massages the pesty white flesh of the man who needs a massage far less than the one who gives it. -

I want to be able to tell my children with absolute certainty of experience that the world is a wonderful and magical place and that they are what gives it yet more wonder and ~~magic~~ <sup>magic</sup> ~~ty~~. I want to tell them that love is the only thing that matters, the only thing that outshines the moon and all the stars, that is created within us and yet grows out of us and sees earth expanding until it fills even the vacuum of space with its invention freely giving wherever we send it.

I have stopped eating. I subsist on one meal a day with snacks. I do this not because of any concrete reason save perhaps that my nose feels glutinous and unnecessary.

I wonder what I will think of this journal 20 years from now? Will I be embarrassed by its emotional content or will it perhaps be like writing with a old

friend? Perhaps it will not even be around in 20 years. Perhaps it will have crumpled or be destroyed. Or perhaps I will, and so the sun sinks to nothing and reads itself to go and shine on the other side of the world. And I, I head for what is temporarily home feeling better realizing again that writing is what saves me from myself.

Turning Christmas lights on the veranda railing, I am waiting for Byron: sipping beer and smoking dunhill cigarettes. In a way I wish the riots would get worse in Paris though I feel guilty for saying so but it would be nice to have an excuse to stop this madness to be able to be with Louisa and not to feel this helplessness. This trip has hardly begun and I have already felt more fun than I have ever felt in my life. Waves of emotion break over me constantly and it feels at times like I am standing on the break of the wedge continually being hauled to the sea and forced back up again as it being squeezed in the face and turning to say Thank you Sir may I have another.

Or a passing thought - I wonder where bird flu is these days or global catastrophe bird flu goes from human to human and I have arranged to meet in Athens Greece since it's about halfway between us and we originally met in Athens GA. That would be ridiculously romantic in a Hollywood disaster movie sort of way  
(see back page)



Sitting in the "candlelight cafe", which from what I can tell is actually lit by fluorescent lights, smoking cigarettes and watching a few chickens scratch the dirt for seeds. Why do roosters only crow in the morning hours or mainly crow in the morning hours? Is it the reverse of a cup of coffee? Have just recently purchased a plane ticket from here to Amrabad and then a train ticket on to Udaipur. Still about 24 hours of travel time but much better than 3 days and will allow me to squeeze in Rajasthan before its time to leave. Next Wednesday I'd like to get to the Angkor Market and then onward Thursday. But in the mean time I have six days to relax in Goa. I plan to write in the mornings (letters and emails) and then go to the beach in the afternoon, have dinner and a few beers and then back here to get some real writing done. The Joana tourist house where I am staying is very nice pleasant little house with attached rooms a little like the old Athens GA campus area. The ~~air~~ air is hazy and smells of burning wood from the many backyard fires around here. I recently learned that there is no public dump in all of Goa and certainly no trash services so burning garbage is the main means of getting rid of it, including plastic. The best thing about leaving India will be ditching this massive lovely planet guidebook. Hopefully I will be able to buy a guide to

Nepal otherwise I'm pretty well fucked when I get there. I need to get some webmonkey articles in the cue, I think I'm going to propose a two parter to Mike which should cover the expense of Laura's ticket to Thailand should she choose to come in February. Though I doubt she will with her father and sister very likely to be there it's a false hope I cling to anyway. I fear she does not understand the lack of communication that will happen if I go to Laos and Vietnam. I don't think either place has much in way of phone or internet connections. And of course if I am able to get from Hanoi to Moscow no one will hear from me for at least 3 weeks. I'd like to spend a few days in Mongolia as well as Lake Baikal and Moscow. I may end up having to fly from Moscow to Paris though as I don't know if Moscow to Paris by train would be any cheaper. There is a most magnificent bird in the garden here something similar to a nuthatch but with a iridescent blue head, a red throat and whitish yellow breast. Even the dog lying in the shade beside the house seems fascinated by the bird. Lovely flowers too, yellow and pink, almost translucent petals. The pink ones especially seem to be favorites among the butterflies.



Ah lava just staring at your picture drives me  
crazy those brown smooth lips, rather ripe for  
the licking, and the remainder behind your  
head that love is a gentle whip. Though at  
times like these it feels more like the  
brutal crack of a bullwhip than any  
gentle tap from a riding crop.

Downen beer in the hot sun or water as the  
case may be and I never really fought the law  
I find of more dodged it and tried to keep  
a low profile.

The Indian ocean or rather Arabian Sea  
as this bit of it is known sucks at your  
feet when you walk; the sand is a fine silty  
sort that must be coming from the rivers  
up the coast since no ocean is capable of  
creating sand this fine. Laura thinks I'm getting  
better as a writer I think I'm getting worse  
The breeze is nice keeps the mosquitos and  
sand flies and countless other bugs  
at bay. An Indian man with dark brown pants and  
a light shirt swung unnaturally long arm similar  
to one might when flying down. I love the  
way the ocean moves and the light reflects off  
it, no doubt this was the origin of stained  
glass, melting the shoreline to capture the  
irradiation and glitter of the sea. And how  
perfect that the source of glass lies right  
next to the sea a beautiful arrangement the  
sort of thing that leads one to see the  
organization behind nature or in the

Individual geletic beads of orange suspended  
from the fine fibres of pulp also not unlike  
a monocrystalline stained glass and holding water  
the fragrant juices of sugary water that  
burst when we bite them. Is everything  
finally liquid like glass though it appears  
solid permanent even yet over time  
it melts like window panes in Victorian  
cottage or Roman stone flowing down the  
hilltops of Rome liquid dust thrown by  
the currents of wind as seaweed and  
water are by the sea. I can see the  
whole cycle the clouds forming off the  
ghats to the east, rain falls on the  
farms and feeds wells, ground water tables  
drawn up cools the glass drawn from  
the glassmakers furnace creates steam that  
rises up back into the atmosphere and  
the man puts glass in the cockpit of a  
boat and sails out to sea to watch  
the storm form over the ghats again  
and come back to repeat the process.

Or water rising from the sea full of  
plankton which gave us our oxygen  
everywhere vectors of motion behind what  
we see lines crisscrossing the world and  
linking it all by threads of silk drawn  
from the caves out across the mountains down  
the foothills through villages, rivers, plains even  
desert and far across the sea a web of  
silk extend up into the heavens and whenever  
one of us moves the web jiggles, a delicate  
balance to maintain.



Soft clicking of coconut palm fronds rustling  
in the breeze and the bushes in front  
of them grazing right out of the  
infertile sand with leaves a deep  
forest green on one side and light mint  
on the other, purple flowers here and  
there from vines that also cling to  
a sandy existence. Coconuts ripe and  
yellow, ready to drop and leaves turning  
now to sound like seashells clinking on  
a log strand swaying in the wind.  
And all the vendors on the beach want  
to sell you something, fruits, jewelry,  
frankets, ice cream, t-shirts, saris  
and other stuff.

From the Talmud (roughly)

Beware those that make a  
woman cry

For god counts every tear

War was not created  
from man's foot

To be walked upon

Nor from his head to his loins

But from his rib to be equal

to stand heart to heart etc

Mixed English baby running amok on the  
sands of Goa. He's quite cute and it's  
fun to watch him playing with the also naked  
Indian children just down the beach sort  
of a garden of eden thing going on or  
at the very least a testament to the fact  
that racism is a learned behavior ~~of~~ taught  
by culture and not inherent in the mind.  
Not to say of course that children can't be  
fantastically cruel to one another especially  
at those ages where they have learned  
the prejudices of adults but not the  
decorum. Still a child has rarely, if ever,  
started a war. How old was King George  
in the American revolution? I know he  
was young but I think he was at least  
a teenager and of course that was a  
revolution not a war so, while he may  
have presided over, I don't think it  
would be fair to say he started the  
war. But this British baby is starting no  
wars just chasing crabs and tossing coasters  
and working on that full body tan (which must  
be a rarity in Britain). He seems particularly  
fascinated by kites and parasails but  
who can blame him? and isn't that later just  
an extension of the farmer? A desire to  
be one with kite, to be where the kite  
is. Oh yes and babies and small children  
scream and cry I'll have to bear that  
in mind. Did I scream and cry? I must  
have. I wonder what I was like as a  
child. I don't have much in the way of  
memories prior to about age five. The kite  
in question is like a racing kite, at least  
a meter across and controlled by two lines  
which can make it dip and turn in a  
Suzanne



To say I don't eat would be of course an exaggeration, but I don't eat much. I have a little breakfast usually some bread and fruit but sometimes eggs and toast then for lunch I generally have a few bananas a couple of oranges or maybe a pineapple and some cashews or peanuts and of course some beer or maybe a pine colada made with fresh coconut juices. Then I have a huge dinner my one proper meal a day.

At the table next to me are two likeable guys trying to hit on two descently cute, though fairly stout (why does that word keep coming up) women. The problem is the guys are Irish and Scottish and that pretty much should explain it. Part of me wants to bust on on them and say hello, why are you talking UK politics when clearly these women are looking for sex. But the other and more dominant side of me is far too amused by the situation.

Here's a direct quote: "but without politics there would be nothing in Ireland nothing in Scotland, politics is all we have it makes us who we are..." I am reminded of a documentary we watched in my human sexuality class about an island off the coast of the British Isles where the sexuality of the culture was so repressive that people actually did not know where babies come from or even how to have sex. Most couples interviewed had only had sex once.

Padon restaurants/bars never empty your waiting which I profoundly respect. An old saying is like a blank page you have to fill it to get any satisfaction.

I hurts me physically to hear Louie write of such emotional pain that she feels, and it hurts because there's nothing I can do to help her I think she needs to write her way out of it but that's just what I would do and I also think she's scared to be happy that for some reason (and not consciously) she won't allow herself the freedom to be joyful. This sounds cliché but I can't help thinking of ~~the~~ Suzuki's quote:

For the beginner endless possibilities exist for the expert few options remain. I just hope I am not the source of her misery or that ~~she~~ she thinks our relationship is what has her in this state of depression.

What is it about European noses that I can instantly recognize them as not American.

What about me? Am I happy? I am and I'm not. I'm happy on this trip I'm happy in where I'm headed in life, but I'm not happy about the fact that I haven't published anything and I have no fall back plan of teaching since I don't have the requisite grad degree. I feel like I need a graduate degree for some reason. Why? reasons:

- 1) my father and mother both have them
- 2) I like learning
- 3) fallback plan if I never do make enough off of writing







## Notes on Ansterlitz by WG Sebald

Almost always know where you set and setting are meticulously detailed and become the starting point for almost every metaphor or story. Sebald is fond of a sentence structure that runs: precise detail, elucidation of detail, another detail often drawn from previous elucidation, subject, action with precise detail, elucidation of detail and on. He also does the short sentence zinger thought not very often. He often describes a scene from a distance and then in some way I can't put my finger on we seem to fall into the scene describe as if falling into a painting and finding oneself in CS Lewis' Narnia.

Indian establishments often play American music as if thinking that Americans having traveled round the world & might be more inclined to stop in somewhere that reminds them of home

I want to cry. I miss her more than I can bear

I can't wait for this trip to be over, I keep counting the months and wishing they would fly by just a little faster to get me back to Europe sooner. I miss being able to read Lou's email it made me feel closer to her like I knew more what was going on in her life. And yes maybe it was invasive but I just want to know her better to understand her and she's so tight lipped about her emotions sometimes. Besides I would let her read my email in exchange of course no one but her emails me so that wouldn't really be a fair trade. And probably she thinks me very tight lipped though I try and try. I wish she felt about me the way I feel about her and I think maybe sometimes she does... do I ask too much of her even though it's no more than I am willing to give? I wonder what her friends say about me, I wonder what she says about me to them. And I guess she isn't coming to visit me in Thailand which is too bad. Oh well maybe with that money I can stay longer in Europe.

The Northward rip pulling me up the beach as if to say come there is more, come to Northern India see the palaces and fortresses see the architecture so grand that as Sebald says we can only stand in wonder at waiting for it to crumble to nothing



Comble to dust like Babbar runs  
And the tides that recede every afternoon  
though there is a desert break in the  
morning the afternoon is merely for watching  
the very visible pull of the moon, each  
successive wave falling just a little short  
of the one before it until finally  
one wave, sometime in the early morning  
must make that leap and exceed the  
reach of the one before it.

Already patterns form - I eat the same breakfast  
at Goodman's after checking my email (though  
in my defense a decent breakfast is hard  
to come by in India and the stuffed omelette  
with toast is pretty good - one thing indelibly  
American about me is breakfast, I want eggs  
and toast and maybe some home fries - I'm  
not into other cultures' breakfasts even  
the french breakfast didn't do much for me  
Americans know breakfast) I have been  
going to the same beach but everyday because  
there's a desert break in front of it but  
I think I'll change it up today. I looked  
up and found a classy hotel in Bangkok with  
high speed wireless so I should be able  
to get some shit done there and update  
my local email folders on the laptop. Unless  
it's prohibitively expensive.

I like eating breakfast with butter flies  
crawling by though I could do without the  
flies.

I wonder what the Indians think of white  
tourists and their tits and ass hanging out all  
over the place and the men from Europe with  
their little dick umbrellas - a far cry from  
the almost zero flesh costumes of the  
natives. It looks sort of obscene to see the  
two side by side. I've yet to meet or  
even see another American tourist. I changed  
locations and this one is not nearly as good  
as the other though the pinacoladas are  
much more ridiculous served in coconuts and  
basically as one the top full of speared  
fruit and umbrellas as you would want  
A friendly dog is lying in the shade beneath  
my chaise lounge and so far the annoying  
gulls and their juveniles are content to  
pester the british couple next to me  
The sun is absolutely blistering hot until  
about 3 in the afternoon its strange, this close  
to the equator the heat of the day  
really is noon and it starts to cool off  
around 3. Perfect twelve hour days  
6:30 to 6:30 would. I went ahead and  
bought my bus ticket to the airport  
Slee market so I will be doing that  
You never see Indians lying in the sun I  
guess if you brown to begin with there's  
no point. White people tanning themselves  
brown, Indian people tanning themselves white  
with the creams and potions I see advertised  
on TV - beautiful contradictions

Today was a good day spent the morning (Hill mid afternoon  
actually) and then met up with the man from  
Nepal whose name is Rajendra Shrestha though  
doubted if I can pronounce that. We sat on  
the beach of a while and smoked cigarettes



And talked mainly about home, in his case Nepal where his wife and two sons are awaiting his return. He comes down here every year for six months (the tourist season basically) and then goes back to Nepal for the rest of the year. I was sort of hard to talk to him because I suddenly felt extremely guilty about all the advantages I got in life - of which is essentially dumb luck while this man who does alright by local standards, will never get one millionth of the chances I have - and why? Does guns, germs and steel really explain it? And, if so why isn't the world working to change the economic disparities that exist? And I'm not so naive as to think that we could end poverty but christ we could certainly spread the wealth a little. And what are all these western companies with their products going to do when they're isn't anybody that can afford them? I feel the web thing is - I feel the web of life jiggling, just barely perceptibly. And ~~in~~ in spite of the fact that I probably spent more to get here than he made this year he has invited me to stay with his family in Nepal. Apparently last year he invited and had an Australian man come and stay with his family. I figure I might as well. Perhaps I can pay him for lodging but I think he would find

that idea insulting.

Mudallas looks like femurized more graceful Madhrot sets. India is too overwhelming to write my kind of fiction - reality is more than enough here. I think after Faulkner I'll read another Indian author. I see Europeans on the beach reading various hindu holy texts like it will make more sense here or something. ~~But~~ Rajeendra is hindu, I told him I was christian though I am not but explaining my religious view in broken english just wouldn't work. I found my language changing as I talked to him. I quickly dropped all contractions and found myself suddenly aware of how much of my conversation is made of idiom that are very hard for nonnative speakers to understand. I also tried to make everything present tense when possible.

Faulkner writes of Sutpen in Absalom<sup>2</sup> as a young boy in west virginia never having conceived of a world where men had value over other men according to the color of their skin or the things the hue required. That passage was the highlight of the book for me though possibly because it struck in such contradiction to what goes on around me here in India where rich indian men and women expect to be waited on hand and foot - they will snap their fingers for a waiter to pour beer out of bottle into the glass rather than do it themselves, just try that in a New York restaurant - anyway that passage in Absalom<sup>2</sup> was a particular ball with me.



I like this restaurant though I have no idea what its called, good chicken tikka masala and Fin the only white person here which is how I've come to judge Indian restaurants as I walk by. Though the best restaurant in Coler Beach is definitely the one Rajendra works at.

I have noticed in typing this journal up for Laura that I use the word though way too much.

Its funny that Laura and I keep writing about sex because when I try (out of an old and longstanding habit of unknown origins) to picture people here having sex I just can't do it. It may have something to do with the fact that any public display of affection between married women is strictly and I mean very very strictly taboo. But nevertheless I see Indian couples, with kids for christsake and I still can't picture them having sex. Not even simple procreationally ordained missionary style. Isn't it interesting that the "standard" sexual position is one that maximizes the chances of pregnancy? Or should I say is it my under that...

Finding a box for shipping is a lot harder than I had imagined but I got to get rid of this stuff its just too heavy.

I didn't visit Laura last night I hope she isn't too disappointed. I just couldn't write last night some sort of melancholy has settled over me and it

isn't just missing love, something more, some sort of nearness I can't explain nor really even suggest the origins of. Today is essentially my last day in Goa tomorrow I go to the Anjuna Flea Market and then Thursday (Thanksgiving as Laura reminded me) I fly out for Udaipur no more beach time for a while. Months actually. I don't know what to do in Nepal and then Thailand is lovely as well. I think perhaps I'll go north first and see the countryside and then slip into Laos and come down Cambodia and back to Bangkok then south to the beaches then up to Hanoi and into China by train. (Assuming I can pick up the appropriate visas while in Bangkok). All of which should put me back in Paris around 4/4/06 probably with no money. Hopefully I'll reach Thailand with ~~1000~~ ~~1000~~ and ~~1000~~ can live on \$1000 a month for 2 1/2 months. Then maybe pick up some work while I'm in Paris or I guess I'll have to pack it in and head back to LA and start saving again.

Very windy today and the wind has shifted 180° bringing some stormy looking clouds from the north. But that's alright today is my last day at the beach anyway. Why is it that an American beer tender could select a whole bar in the amount of time it takes an alien to retrieve one beer. Clouds are quite beautiful to watch they seem like you could reach out and touch them like cotton candy at a fair. I must be honest, but what have do I have? Just a nebulous idea/place called America, not even a specific location within America just the whole damn damned thing. But I miss the land, the cities, the people, I miss Fall or now winter in Northampton, Spring in Athens, any season in New York.



With this word its actually easier to write  
on the left side of the page  
I have noticed that some time ago I ceased  
fantasizing about other women. In fact its the  
only reason I believe I have about other men.  
Not that ceased to notice beautiful women  
by any means. I still love to see a butt  
wiggling down the street but I never then  
make the leap to wanting to have sex with  
her or if I do its always with I have there.  
Its doubly weird to realize how sex is so  
much apart of western culture where it  
just isn't here. - the east. Strange because  
India gave us the Kama Sutra, but then  
that was a long time ago and cultures change  
India is too family oriented to have a sexualized  
culture like the west does, where we give  
so much lip to family and then send our  
old to palm beach so we don't have to  
deal with them. Such behavior would be  
unthinkable here. Even Thailand, legendary  
for its sex tourism, is a very modest culture  
from what I've been reading. And the  
sex industry there (which, alarmingly,  
accounts for 5% of its GDP) only really  
dates back to the Vietnam war when  
the GIs on leave came looking for sex.  
I just saw the most fascinating thing  
a woman (western) wears a bikini and  
going for a dip being circled by an Indian  
man, also going for a dip, with an obvious  
erection (from me tend to swim in their  
underwear so its not hard to tell) when somebody  
has a boner. But the fascinating part was the  
way he rapidly backed off and left the water

the minute I got in. And looked at me with a  
weird look of fear in his eyes sort of like  
the fear I imagine a child would have when  
caught doing something they know is wrong. And as  
a footnote let us have, for the sake of Indian  
women that his penis was not representative in  
size of the natural average)

The look of fear reminds me of the time  
my man caught me shoplifting at the grocery  
store and I was so ashamed of being caught,  
not mind you ashamed of shoplifting I  
specifically remember thinking how embarrassed  
I would be if any of my friends knew or  
saw that I'd been caught. I never had  
any remorse about it and even managed to  
keep 1 of the 3 candy bars I'd grabbed because  
it was tucked in my sock rather than my  
pockets. And it wasn't like that was the only  
time I shoplifted. I just got better and  
was never caught again. I used to steal  
five six books a day from Barnes and Noble  
and Borders when I was in my early  
twenties and they didn't have alarms yet and  
even later when they did and I figured out  
how to pull out the little strip that was  
tucked in the spine of paperbacks. And I  
only stopped because I reached a point  
where I had the money to buy books not  
because I really felt guilty about it. At  
the time I needed to read so I took the  
books, just like at Dietrich's I needed the  
money to get out of debt, so I took it.  
When I no longer needed the money and had  
money to buy books I stopped taking it/then.



I need to start compiling a list of things I would like to forget so that I don't like the man with no forearms or the man with polio atrophied legs who swings down the beach using a pole to move or the man on the bridge with no legs at all who begs for change. But really I don't have to write them to remember them because I can still remember the old woman begging in Mexico City with their children whose eyes looked like they had been dug out with spoons lifeless holes where fires congregated. So much pain in the world. Ought we all to be Gandhi or never sleep well again?

Thinking -

Another long wait to catch a train/plane etc sitting in the Airport terminal in some ways this is my favorite part of traveling in some ways my least favorite. Terminals feel like borders between where we are and where we will be, a chasm between past and future we religiously refer to as the present. Something about the mirror polished floors waxed to reflect the ceiling so that there is no up no down just reflectors of what might be up or might be down. And everything within this directionless landscape is revolving round or points toward the central edifice of travelers reality, the madame clock, always high on the wall so as to be visible from all corners of the polished room, not watching over, not even ceding perhaps merely a marker of dimensions, not boundaries of space but a measure of the wasteland between now and then, to speak of it perhaps as Maeky writes the measure of woe. Signs in terminals are never words interactive symbols standing in a place where even language can hold no more than echoing temporality banal and reverbating

of the cold stone or metal surfaces, as if language itself, to be written would imply a past tense that is out of place here. Words are spoken slide of four tongues and into the past so that language is constantly filling behind us

Pen titles Hank Hon ok  
rushing toward me in your new summer suit  
The director of publicity asks to be served  
and then cannot be found by our  
boring staves or cleaning the lobby

Learning to ride a bicycle your father's  
head still on the seat  
And you taking your already riding  
Your mother in a robe by the curb  
holding a sign: no visitors beyond this point

Or maybe it is not that the knitting stops  
altogether but that it blinks like  
dying fluorescent bulbs ~~and~~ confused notes  
surrounding

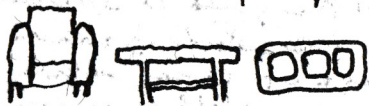
Later: my pencil box is full of spoons  
and there is a neighborhood of no knives  
will the fit creep over our belts  
one day cushion our fall?

All the glass is smoked and reflects the flutter  
of the outside banners and overlays them on the  
image of those walking behind the glass. Inside the  
outside world is reversed, mirrored as a willed distortion  
of itself. The architecture of airports is inevitably  
futuristic in style as if the present cannot be enough  
for those that wait. The reverse image of the  
International Film Festival banners flaps up in  
jests of wind and then falls back as the gust abates,  
a steady rhythmic up and down in the midst of a  
world without directions or anchors a small part  
of the outside leaking in.  
The anti-aeroplane cool of central air tubular lighting  
fixtures from the future of light, fluorescent cool  
white Swedish designed chairs from a 1950s fantasy



of what the future will look like while  
passenger wait for the shuttle to Mrs. Curiously  
timeless magazines lie scattered atop blackish  
small tables lacquered brown and shiny. The  
floor tiles of the main lobby are polished white  
with rusty brown patterns formed by alternating  
tiles, always geometric patterns squares or  
rectangles enclosing space. On the columns  
of Paris with their similar polished smooth  
surfaces supporting polished smooth bodies,  
velvet makes a comeback as if (announced by  
a local Pipe the Nakhud Trust) to provide some  
measure of plush lined comfort to worlds such  
as this terminal, a texture to stand against  
the polished smooth textureless world of  
Airports. Cigarettes on display in plexiglass  
cases with machine cut curves and a smoothness  
that belies the idea that the world might have  
corners as if to bend time and work our way  
into the future must begin with the surfaces  
of the objects we inhabit.

The Chairs - Randed plastic arms or lacquered wood perhaps  
and foam padded ~~with~~ cushions



Well with the typical inefficiency of India (which  
without the British world I think be using steel tools  
and living in mud huts - oh wait, reversed) the flight  
to Ahmedabad has been delayed 4 hours and now I'll  
miss my train which sets me back another day. Oh  
well, part of me just doesn't give a fuck anymore  
and I feel a bit like I'm serving my time here.

I haven't been writing enough and now by twilight  
on the train to Udaipur it suddenly seems right to  
write. I spent two days hanging around with  
an upperclass British guy who had been all over  
the world making his own trap to India where  
our paths crossed. The British are old ways have  
been very class conscious, not that they seem to  
look down on other classes (or up for that matter)  
they are just always aware of the existence of  
class. But I'm was a very nice personable, guy  
I have no idea why he took a liking to me  
but he seemed to, perhaps fellow solo travelers  
are, like me hungry for someone to talk to. One  
thing that's changed a little about me is my  
willingness to approach strangers at this point  
when I'm confused or lost or both I don't  
hesitate to ask the nearest Indian where  
the hell I am. Indians do this curious hand  
shaking, or more of a wave maybe I don't  
know all I know is I tried it in the mirror  
yesterday and just couldn't do it, but you ask  
them a question and they do the little head  
shake thing and it can mean anything from  
yes to maybe to I don't know to I don't give  
a fuck. The only thing I know for sure is  
it doesn't mean know.

Anyway I'm was full of stories most of which  
I don't clearly remember but a few stuck out  
The nicest people he had ever met were  
apparently the Iranians, though I suspect that  
maybe because he was there most recently



He also told me a story about why his wife and daughter will not come to India and why his wife is apparently still to this day afraid (understandably so) of large crowds of dark skinned people apparently they were in Delhi during the infamous 1984 riots and were caught up in them and beaten as well as sexually assaulted. Understandably he didn't give many more details than that and I never brought it up again. But one thing that fascinated me about Ian was the fact that he was nearly 60 and still backpacking his way around. He did mention once or twice that he wasn't sure how much longer he would be able to do this, as he put it, but Christ I'm thirty and I don't know how many more times I'd want to do it. And he already had his next round the world trip in the works apparently some real estate deal with a condo in Dubai was going well (as I have heard such things do in Dubai from reading Wired) and he and his wife were planning to do a trip next year. I would like to meet his wife she sounded like a fascinating person and I may stop by their house if I make it to the UK with Faith. It was nice to have a friend for a few days even if all we did was eat dinner a couple of times and make a trip to the Anyava market. But I'll always remember him as the person I ~~observed~~ the most backwater Kariuki experience

ever - just the MC singing to himself in a terrible mix of Hindi and English, can not afford to attempt like a virgin alone onstage in a nearly empty restaurant you have to at least respect him for that. Just as when I think of Bombay I will always think of Am the Swiss man I hung around with - I at veg kabobs while we waited for hours for our plane to actually take off. I had to avoid him on the plane lest he realize how terrified I was to fly in that Russian made turbo prop plane from the 1970s, but we shared a rocketshow and cigarettes from the airport to our respect hotels. I wish he had told me sooner about his hobby of collecting old stock and bond certificates. Apparently he buys and sells significant share certificates - the holy grail of which I imagine would be some Belgian certificate from the first stock exchange - Antwerp whenever that was, hundreds of years ago. Not that he had one but still it's an interesting pursuit the sort of quirky weird globe trotting pursuit I have been looking for to use as an excuse to end a fictional character out on the road. I don't know that I will end up being that as a plot but it was fascinating to look to as the rocketshow weaved and swerved toward Ahmabad. He also dealt a little I say dealt but he said hobby in autographs. He told me he had recently



managed to get Albert Einstein cherpy  
in the states and had such dense  
people as Jay Gould and Ernest Hemingway  
One of the best things about being out here  
is the interesting people you run into and  
their infinitely varied and almost always  
unique pursuits.

Made it Udaipur inevitably still can't sleep well on  
trains but that's okay. Experienced being cold for  
the first time in India, fleeting feeling that vanished  
shortly after sunrise. Udaipur is a pleasant peculiar  
place. Beautiful lake palaces left and right pavilions  
flying about. Exactly the sort of place that fairytales  
of princesses are set. Or the sort of place you  
honeymoon if you are inclined to that sort of  
thing. I get the feeling that this is a pretty ritzy  
area the sort of place even I couldn't afford  
which is a first for India and me. Everywhere  
I look there is a rooftop restaurant. Right now I'm  
eating breakfast on a rooftop staring absently  
at the place where, among other things, more  
impressive fin sure, octopus was filmed. Or at least  
parts of it and I have to say it does look a bit  
familiar in a sea-cannery kind of way. I wonder  
if the Scottish make pilgrimages here.

Sat inside the city palace in the King's bath  
chamber essentially staring for a long time at  
collection of novel cages framed with rosewood and  
inlaid with brass that once housed carrier pigeons  
A pair of cages hanging outside the display overhead the  
main walkway are more modern solid metal open

to decode in his endless pursuit of twenty. The pages  
were largely ignored by tourists accustomed to email  
and telephone but I of course was thinking of the  
story in Aristotle of the carrier pigeon that  
walks home after her wing is broken. I sat on  
the bench and admired the 104 carved marble niches  
and listen to guide after guide pointing out  
that I was sitting on the fourth and highest  
floor of the palace and that the King's bath  
sunken slightly and made of inland marble with  
carved edges, situated immediately behind me  
was in fact the precise center of the mountain  
which the palace flows over as if this detail's  
were full of great portent - and meaning that  
the simple statement might make everything clear.  
I pictured in my mind a King not unlike the one  
in the children's book that Laura gave Shan  
Kilbreath's daughter that tells the story of  
a King who would not get out of the bath,  
seeking I suppose to find some connection between  
this place and my own but finding always backs the  
real mediators between worlds, images can  
mesh and overlay one another much easier than  
whole places, whether they be images or from  
pictures or images painted with words.  
Palaces are a nightmare for anyone interested  
in details as they attempt from top to bottom  
to be so ornate as to overwhelm all ability  
to pay attention to anyone part and seek instead  
to overawe you into a generalized sensation of  
wonder or perhaps even confusion, but I  
picture the King lying behind me in his bath  
above opening of the rounded cut marble stones  
and the tiny green plants in their open centers, or



contemplating that the negative space the plants  
seek to fill might be the same sort of space  
a leader must inhabit wedged between stone  
and always looking over at the same <sup>cutting</sup> slice the  
cut away space that has been <sup>cut</sup> in yet  
another stone as a key must be in hand, in his hand  
his people, his economy his foreign affairs. After  
a while an older <sup>Indian</sup> man who appeared to  
be weary of the large tour groups of which he  
was apart, sat down beside me we spoke  
for a while of the mamba around us and  
where it must have come from, who hauled  
it to this place, what did they do in the evening  
certainly they did not spend my time here.

Eventually the bunch which we were sitting on  
came into the sun and after a few moments -  
its glare without exchanging a word he nodded  
to me and set off to fetch his tour and I  
wandered off into the cooler shaded depths of  
the hazy garden

The Indians in general loved some mirrors, that's about  
all I have to record on the rest of the city  
palace.

I dined (had dinner? Did I spend too much time with  
the British?) at the Rainbow restaurant later that  
evening <sup>panner</sup> finks and Nan my sports raters  
amongst the endless beating of my own lack  
of sleep, induced headache. The sunset was not  
much to speak of in spite of the lovely view  
of the lake I find myself slightly bored with  
Udaipur. The lake is pretty amazing though -  
am I down to bodies of water because I'm  
a fire sign? If so, is that an essentially self  
destructive gesture or merely a need to  
find balance? Is there a bit of fire in me  
somewhere? Love clouds I <sup>love</sup> <sup>some</sup> <sup>ones</sup>

but that's all more ad harmoniously balanced  
but the truth is astrology refuses to stick in  
my head no matter how closely I try to pay  
attention to it. The lights of the lake palace  
just turned on it looks remarkable out there as  
if it must be a stilt, it simply covers the  
whole island so completely there seems to be  
no island. Tomorrow ~~the~~ morning I think I will  
try to see the monsoon palace and then take  
care of the bus tickets to Udaipur and make  
the books home. I have only three more  
land journeys to make in India. I may try  
to do an all day safari in Jaipur and see  
what camel riding is like... I think I'm going  
to extend my stay in Nepal and possibly do  
a short trek there as well in the Annapurna  
region. The vaguely dreary sitar music is  
for once strangely fitting as I sit on this  
rooftop watching the mustard orange last glow  
of sunset fade away behind the hills. Udaipur  
is a very different India from the one I have  
known so far, a believably quiet even during the  
day and the people are much more even step you  
on the street to ask where you come from and  
trying to sell you something either, just want  
to know. The lake is one of the stillest lakes  
I have ever seen I barely ripples though, it  
has been a still day a lot of quiet and still  
day. Twilight here is magical and the beauty  
of purplish orange sunset the lights of all the  
waterfront houses began to turn on, the palace  
light up and look like spectral floating  
manages in the distance. And on the horizon  
the monsoon palace glows an ethereal <sup>delicate</sup>  
high top blue mantle. The water front  
lights are doubled by their reflection



water making it seem like a glimpse of some  
parallel world shimmering within the slight  
ripples of Lake

This journal is beginning to reach daunting length, at  
least in the sense that it was my intention to type  
and upload it should anything tragic happen to my  
belongings. I should at least like to know that I  
retain my words. And my pictures. It seems now that  
the only truly archival copies of my pictures are  
the very low res versions on my laptop. And even  
that isn't all of them, just the ones I decided  
to share.

The only thing so far that really depresses me about  
this trip is that I haven't stayed anywhere long  
enough to make anything but passing traveler friend-  
ships with anyone. I think when I get to  
Thailand I am going to spend at least two  
weeks in some place just so I can actually get  
to know the local people be expats or natives.  
Not to say I haven't met a million people so  
far, but none far long enough to make any  
real sort of connection. It's too easy to make  
acquaintances out here and yet very hard to  
form any lasting sort of friendship since  
everyone, including myself is either coming or  
going soon so if you don't like the person  
well you probably will never see them again.  
The gate at my hotel closes at 11pm which makes  
me feel a bit uncomfortable like, though I'm sure it  
wouldn't be that difficult to jump a fence, but  
that would probably piss people off so I guess  
if I don't want to turn into a purple or  
worse I need to get back by 11pm.  
The one danger in a land of ~~no~~ restaurants is  
drinking to much and having to argue the stairs.

A strange bit of my Kerala backwater tour botany  
lesson just came back to me... there is green pepper  
what we call Peppercorns then you dry it a little and  
it turns red, if you then peel it at the red stage  
it turns white. Black pepper is fully dried or maybe  
even roasted I can't recall.  
Also some more of Ian's stories can be back to me earlier  
today, especially his mexico 'chicken bus' stories  
(which I have also ridden on) but now I can't recall  
the details except to say they were more interesting  
than the usual crazy bus ride stories. Oh yes there  
was an Honduras actually I believe but he was  
alone with two kids one of whom was 13 the  
other 11. Apparently the 13 year old was  
ostensibly the driver and the roads were muddy  
much as they often are in Honduras I suppose  
and suddenly, in the midst of slipping and  
sliding about the 13 hops up from the wheel  
opens the door and jumps out. Apparently the  
11 year old grabbed the wheel and took over in  
time to avert disaster and in the end got Ian  
where he was going. Eleven years old.

Sitting in the window of the mansion Palace watching  
the sun sink slowly behind the hills. Down below  
in the courtyard

If I were to write of everything I have seen I would  
have to stop now and start writing for probably at  
least two months, possibly not even just writing and  
writing like Prosest I would have to stop living entirely  
and just write. Just the beam of light fall  
across the narrow stretch of lagoon between this shore  
and the one opposite me, light that begins its reflection  
strong turning ~~the~~ narrow band of water brilliant  
orange but then as it extends out from shore the  
band narrows like a very straight road in the desert  
it shimmers as it comes to a point, ripples from  
the placid but not entirely still water back the  
light and wobble it side to side so that it







floor of the Palace and sat in the window  
of the balcony and looked in the last  
waning rays of the sun. The entire room  
had become imbued in a soft orange glow  
a light which cast ~~in~~ soft shadows  
so that from a distance even the edges  
appeared feathered and indistinct as if with  
the disappearance of the sun our identity must  
lose some distinctness.

Every night if go out here I realize how simply  
and amazingly beautiful this place is. I don't  
know why but it really disturbs me to end a  
sentence with any form of a to be verb. I  
went today to shop to see native crafts and  
dance and music. I have mixed feelings about  
~~the~~ on one hand it's a wonderful little  
program by the Indian government that probably  
helps the villages immensely. The set fifteen days  
in Udapur, they live in domes and get Rs 125 a  
day plus whatever the tourists gave them. It's an  
interesting mix of artist colony and tourist trap. They  
bring people from Gujarat, Goa, Rajasthan,  
and have little living museums of how these people  
live at home. But the weird part comes in  
because I almost ended that last sentence by  
saying how they live in their native habitats and  
indeed the whole place has a feel to it a bit  
like a zoo, which is creepy to say the least. Still  
the dancers were very good especially the girl who  
could bend her back over anyone in school style and  
pick up rings with her eyes. Of course it didn't  
hurt that she was the most beautiful girl  
I've seen in India. This morning I made a  
visit to the Temple and the  
Haveli. The temple had fantastically intricate carvings

stone and was massively large, but organized religion  
still creeps me out on some level, whether it's  
Hindu Muslim or Christian or whatever. The haveli  
was interesting in so far as it gives a glimpse  
of how the rich Indians of the past lived. And  
that's all we really remember isn't it - the rich  
and famous. Fudge history, what a lie. Poems  
and stories are the real history.

At night the mansion palace looks like a lantern  
hung on the horizon by some mythically large giant  
spent the morning getting a package mailed to the  
states which lightens the load very nicely. And now  
writing for some cake in the German Bakery which is  
naturally full of Germans. Apparently one of the reasons  
for small doorways in India is the idea that god  
lives where you do so bowing before entering the  
room is a sign of respect. Of course pueblo dwellers  
in New Mexico and Arizona also use very small  
doors because it keeps things cooler inside and I  
guess they didn't feel the need for coral plan  
architecture in religion. I think it's important  
to recognize how religion often takes second place  
to more practical concerns and is then added in  
later. Not to say that all cultural decisions are  
of a logical nature, but perhaps many more than  
is generally recognized. I want to learn more  
about architecture and botany. I feel like so much  
of who we are is determined in part by how we  
interacted with the environment which in turn  
reflects on how we design our buildings, towns  
cities etc which also affects how we live and  
finally who we are. Besides which architecture is  
just fascinating and I think I never noticed it  
before because we don't have a whole lot of  
interesting architecture in the states. Some but  
not enough to pique my interests I guess.



Dude were getting the band back together... oh  
wait no were not, but I haven't lost my interest  
in music and in musical instruments. India  
has a number of fascinating instruments and before  
you start thinking of ~~it~~ and ~~and~~ sitar  
music, allow me to interject - that's not the whole  
story. Yes there is the Sitar and yes it gets annoying  
after a while, but there are some very good  
sitar musicians out there and there is a whole  
lot more to Indian music than the sitar. The  
is also the ~~which~~ which is somewhere  
between an organ and an accordion. It's a small  
bellows instrument but produces a sound much closer  
to an organ than any other hand bellows instrument  
I know of.

One of the very strange things about me is that  
I have no problem sleeping in a spartan Rs 100  
a night room and then getting off to dine  
at extremely fancy restaurants that charge  
about \$20 US for a meal. I don't mind  
staying in the nice hotels, but I'm not willing  
to pay for it, food on the other hand is a no  
expense spared sort of affair for me. And  
you might think that this comes from me being  
a chef, but actually that's backwards the  
chef part comes from my love of food. The  
only reason I know how to cook is because  
I constantly hung around the nicest restaurant  
in Athens and eventually they put me on the  
payroll.

Ward or water with a little light may well be  
the most magical beautiful thing in the world  
note to self find synonyms for beautiful fantastic  
and fascinating  
And then to cop) A off a glass of Indian Satch  
good lord I am gluttonous

The world is a beautiful and terrible place. It  
would be rewards of me to leave India without  
writing something of the poverty I have seen.  
For one thing I would like to dispell the myth many  
people seem to have that the poor and village  
people of the world are somehow okay with  
their lot in life because they love the simple  
things and find joy in what little they have. That  
is bullshit; something you and I tell ourselves so  
we sleep better at night. The poor know they are  
poor and if they accept that it is only because  
they have no choice. It is hard to walk the  
streets of India knowing that I make more  
in year than many of the people around me will  
make in their lives. And I am not even rich  
in my own country, not even middle class a  
fact. I have seen things here that have made  
me breakdown and cry. I think of a old  
friend of mine Matt Brown who had a pair of  
shoes that were quite simply the coolest shoes  
ever, but while Matt was in the Dominican Republic  
once he gave his shoes, his very cool shoes  
to a man who had no shoes.

And I've seen the man with no forearms  
but tattooed stumps  
that look like they were cool saddled off to  
the sand of a whole lot of screaming  
And I didn't dream when the Mahiranga  
fell from the window  
They all came and brought back a sitar  
must have missed something or  
Maybe struck a dollar in the shirt pocket  
and said go on now  
His arms fumbling toward his mouth  
those stumps his mother has to feed him



Arrived in Jaipur around midday to a thriving swarm of shouting gesticulating touts intent on earning their commission. Fortunately, I had booked ahead with a guest house that sent someone to get me. I dogged the touts as best I could found the man I was looking for, hopped on the back of his motorcycle and was whisked out of the chaos into the even greater chaos of sprawling Jaipur. After dropping off my bags and making a reservation on a bus to Jaitsam I went out into the nucleus and commotion of Jaipur's old city. Countless tiny markets of vegetables and fruits, jewelry and silversmiths, every thing from sewing machines to tailors lined the tiny, narrow curving streets. For the first time in India I quickly got lost. After savoring on street food, fresh roasted peanuts and a pineapple Lassi I asked around and eventually found my way back to streets I recognized. ~~Like you~~ Indians have a curious way of shaking their head that seem to have a two axes at once so that you can't determine anything like yes or no from the gesture. And in context it seems to mean anywhere from yes to maybe to I don't know what the hell you're saying but it's making me laugh. Back at the hotel I headed to the rooftop restaurant to have a proper meal and enjoy a nice cold beer. I sat on the roof for some time staring up at the Majestic Fort (Maharagarh), which is indeed majestically perched atop the any hill around and looks like hell to try to assault. Ten or so Indian buzzards circled above the fort gliding slowly about on the thermals as if waiting for some carrion and feasting that their parents

might have scavenged about years ago. The last time there was any carrion about the fort was nearly a century ago.

The courtyard of treasures - Rajput princes were chivalrous and built a number of palaces - the window screens are j-alies each is unique and no two are alike from the outside its near impossible to look in but the words sunlight filters through in ever changing geometric patterns which ~~are~~ dance across the floor as if running away from the sun Darlathkala. The arches, curved stone coes on the windows look like mango narrower helmets but were apparently inspired by the roofs of huts. The roof arches together with the curved screens give the impression of architectural schizaphrenia embracing both organic symmetry and asymmetry. The courtyards are interlinked and form the entire - the courtyards or ~~rooms~~ rather the series of courtyard sections holds the whole architectural design together and makes asymmetry flow smoothly in and out of symmetry. Mehrangarh was converted to a trust in 1932 and the initial money earned to begin restoration came from the sale of ~~but~~ ghana to farmers (for fertilizer). ~~At~~ Up on the ramparts, after listening to a young boy play and sing a local folk song and then of course demand money which I gave him but only in exchange for a photograph, I ran into a German man I had met the day before. We smoked cigarettes and strolled the length of the rampart with its various cannons, ~~including~~ including one remarkably beautiful one captured by Mowat and British forces in China during the Boxer Rebellion. The German man was anxious to practice his English and he seemed to understand me but as I do with Spanish he had some difficulty speaking finding the right words. We sat for a while and the upper edge of the rampart near a non



descript and write common looking down  
on the Indigo sea at Tadipur and the intensity  
of the clock tower market. ~~He~~ He had  
apparently spent the afternoon of the day before  
seeking but failing to find the street somewhere  
in the midst of the general din of the  
market which was visible and even slightly  
audible even from our elevated perch, where  
they sell nothing but betel nut in all its myriad  
and varied forms. I have seen a few betel  
nut chewers at various places during my travels  
it's a habit that seems on par with chewing  
coca leaves in Peru or perhaps smoking except  
the betel nut juices rots the teeth and dries  
the gums crimson. If you come to India and  
see people that look like they had their grill  
wicked in (as Jimmy would say) the night before -  
those are your betel nut addicts. ~~He~~  
~~near every other European I've met the game~~  
~~was essentially unaltered by my arrival to~~  
New Orleans, though he did not so much as to  
make a dog out of the States as to say that he  
had to cancel a trip because of it. We talked  
of America and England sure he wants to learn  
English I suggest he go to one or the other  
but of course with the panel where it is  
only the richest of the rich go to Britain for  
any length of time. He said he was scheduled for  
a conference in New Orleans early next year  
but naturally that had been shifted to Seattle.  
New Orleans is a favorite for anyone who wants  
to knock Bush but the German merely expressed  
amazement at the fact that the wealthiest  
nation in the world could lose a whole city  
and look, for all appearances, like a third world  
country. I agreed with him and thought of explaining  
that nepotism and cronyism are universal problems  
even in ~~Washington~~ the US, but I'm not sure

his English was up to it. Later after we parted ways  
I was having a snack at the fort restaurant when  
it suddenly occurred to me that no country is immune  
to the problems that are so prevalent - it would be.  
The US is but a thin shell propped up as a bulwark  
against total chaos. In New Orleans the shell  
cracked literally - figuratively and the third  
world scenes looked right back on as if collapse  
and destruction are constantly knocking on every  
country's door. The only thing spectacular about  
New Orleans is that the U.S. has so far to fall  
whereas India has barely begun to climb.

I finally ran into rehydrated water. When the  
bus stopped for lunch the Australian man next to  
me bought a bottle of water and when he went  
to open it the plastic wrapper was sealed but  
once he removed that the cap came off with  
out even twisting it. Needless to say he didn't  
drink it.

I returned to the guest house after purchasing  
a train ticket and played a water strange  
game with some of the boys that work there.  
A cross between shuffleboard and pool, not unlike  
a various boardgame my parents have that is called  
Kroknol except that instead of one whole in  
the middle there are four holes, one in each  
corner and the object is to slide the disks into  
the corner pockets using a cue piece. The board  
itself is lightly coated in chalk to make the  
pieces slide easier. There was the word Sahil  
written on the board, but I don't know what  
that's the name of the game.

Oh laur I went to dive between your legs like  
dolphin jumping into the air and then putting it  
nose down to return to its natural habitat, to suck  
at the swollen lips of your pussy and on the  
tip of my tongue like a tip-dancer across your clit  
to kiss you and drink of your mouth taste your  
hungry tongue. I want to find you a woman and  
open the door for you to walk through into her  
warm moist depths to taste her sp. A and dive between  
her legs like I know you would love to do.



Oh and I met a Ital. - man, you think you Ital. -  
is hot, mine is hotter and his girlfriend even hotter  
both their eyes smolder with laughter and lust  
- perfect combination, they might be the  
most attractive couple I've seen since we  
parted. Perhaps they are another of the Tilmath  
perfect same couples. Perhaps we can meet  
them in Italy though I did not get an address  
not even a city but who knows the world has  
times seen a very small place (sometimes a very  
large one). One detail that won't be going in the  
book is that I was in it my time in ~~perhaps~~ that  
I ate upon early as I understood the fact. I  
~~didn't~~ had upon in almost ten years I forget  
how great its, damn strong its so addictive.  
but it was nice to eat the ~~book~~ part of  
had a city cost Rs 250 which is about \$5  
Jaipur is a nice if somewhat bustling city, if  
I had more time I would stay and see more  
but as it is I have a feel for the place and  
that will have to do. Two days in Jaipur  
and then a two Delhi, I can't believe my  
time in India is nearly over, though I'm excited  
to see Nepal

I laughed when the man driving the camel  
ran straight off on the ditch  
And the girl with rosy in her eyes said  
hello you have a dollar  
dodging mosquitos in a wind to cold for  
mosquitos but there they are  
little war planes hang in the sky with outlines  
in circles wading  
on a carriage that isn't caring no matter what  
you grandfather remembers

Speak to me in French I don't want to under-  
stand anymore everything looks like a broken  
Kaledoscope no patterns left just shattered  
glass and light like shards fill my eyes and there  
is no longer a scene or my lips ~~to~~ other

I recall pretending to sleepwalk as a child  
so I could tell them things I couldn't see  
- we're like ask for ice cream. To this day my  
parents still believe I was really sleeping which  
to the best of my knowledge I have never done  
I went ahead and booked a camel safari as there  
doesn't seem to be much else to do here in  
Jaipur. Should be interesting. I figure I was on a  
little safari down to the south of France and I  
can't let her out do me here so I want to take it  
up a notch and hop on a camel for two days. I really  
does look like a slightly tweaked version of the  
southwestern united states out here complete  
with very pueblo-like dwellings and endless sandstone  
adobe-like structures. The desert is a little more  
barren, less vegetation and more sand dunes, more  
sahara like. But once again I return to Mr. 151/  
idea, desert dwellers build pueblos, sure there  
might be some variation between the actual  
style of the buildings whether round as the  
pictures I've seen in Africa or square as here  
and in the states, but the environment dictates  
the materials and dictates artistic expression  
of what it does with those materials is what  
gives everything its variety within environmental  
limits and constraints.

The sun is set the glow fading off the sandstone  
and giving way to that magical twilight, the few  
electronic lights on the roof top begin to pop and  
glow and slowly light up as if mirroring the  
first twinkles of stars and planets beginning to  
glow in the deepening purple of the night sky. Sand  
stone ash trays and sturdy wooden tables with  
detailed edging supporting my kofta and Itili  
foods rumored to actually be like Italian food  
and served ~~with~~ by Nepali waiters and cooks.  
The jobai village is everywhere, the airplane and  
the internet have revolutionized the world (the  
no two other things. Even here in small desert tourist  
town



with anyone.  
It will be so amazingly indescribably wonderful  
to see Louisa again.  
The wind whips the pages of my notebook as if  
trying to remind me of where I have been, and  
yet some of those places do seem so far away even  
though it is but a few weeks past. Strange to think  
that just over three weeks ago I was sunny in brass  
arms on a tiny bed in a tiny apartment in Paris France  
and now I am here on a rooftop in Jerusalem  
Israel which will in turn probably seem very far  
away once I am in Nepal and the that so far from  
Thailand and so fine, inexorably marches forward  
dressing me along with it. So many people, so many  
scenes flash before my eyes and so too images  
of what is to come, images which no matter how  
well returned are seldom anything like what I find  
when I arrive. Yet it still love to imagine it like  
a shimmering oasis on the event horizon.

I brought two quarters because I may not  
talk to you again for weeks and I feel the  
running beneath like <sup>Marathon</sup> river and I'm on the  
bridge and can't feel anything about the bikes  
except that I want to watch the breeze flutter  
the oak trees and ruffle your shirt against  
your breast until we stand and take off our  
clothes and wade into the water until you  
wrap your legs around my waist and long  
ghost ships of the past float by us some  
at full rigging making clipped ticks full  
sterns ahead and others burning sails leaping  
off into rowboats to take chances against  
the current better than flume and then  
took your hand and you led me into the room  
where the young girls took my hand and laid  
me a silk sheets and you showed them  
how to touch and still holding my hand  
recited poems softly in my ear because

she was laughing and you were laughing  
in between silent echos when your lips met  
and I was sitting under the tree singing  
in colors hungry for some bread and when  
the tide recedes the black water under  
the bridge turns purple the blue that clear  
to the sand where the ~~strakes~~ run slit  
to the sea sing for me with your head  
tilted to the side strike out every other  
word but here and in this room I grew  
mad and could not sing but lay still and  
silent until you released me blindfolded  
and young

The smell of moth balls or formaldehyde  
or grandparent's house from the blankets  
is here by from my joints rattle like the  
skeleton keys at the bee keeper belt  
his feet shuffle dust on the long hall of  
the mausoleum. We built a fire by the  
corner of toy railroads in the shadow of  
the desert creosote and watched the flames  
lick the dunes to stained glass  
I have because of this voyage there are no big  
waters into which I slide and the  
shorlight grows dim but I turn the soil's  
and of these echos speak only in whispers  
because of where you lie the sun dries  
London's clouds and waits for the soul  
of dispatched nuns and drawn quarters  
pulled out of the well behind the  
barn  
chick scratched dirt where nothing grows  
now we lie side by side and share  
a cigarette in the moonlight watching  
the dunes retreat of shadow and bone



Help me carry this bag these visions no longer  
live at the top of the hill with the strophed  
beggars and children with no eyes flies  
roost in the sockets of the lost bulbs  
we can say little her hand knew as it  
lifted the black Cypriot songs for a dollar  
on the street round the corner begging  
for chocolates and because there is time  
to think now of Symeon diggers and the  
things far so long we didn't say now sand  
cruel on the sand like jessed canal banks  
bleached in moonlight and howled over  
by wild dogs and ignored by. Frenzies and  
goats jangling from under brush. Wipe my  
brow with the inside of your thigh  
I'll just bleed here writing for some torn  
tunic to the rasp of unsheathed diggers  
dreaming of songs in color tales told  
by weavers on narrow streets full  
of blood and urine. Because of this night  
the sparrow and the ant and the spore  
beneath the truckbed we bury ourselves  
in old clothes and kitchen rags full of  
grease until we are waterproof and  
swimming the blind seas. The fork tailed  
swallows died on telephone wires while  
we slept still dreaming of this which had  
been

Of some foreign desert I know nothing save shaggy  
sheep and men in jeeps and a swindler selling  
brocade patterns of the

covered in dust and the soot of campfires  
Because of this length of rope we were  
forced to untie the cattle and bulls began  
to prance in heat around kiln of your legs  
I held a bowl of gruel and porridge of  
oats and barley like wine we drank from  
the beekeepers' mead and sticky sweet  
perfumes in jars to hide the lingering smell  
of canals and goats between sips of orange  
soda and broken English of German girls  
pump from provinces and still paste with  
like glue from doll factories in the hills  
where the boy weaves silk till his fingers  
disolve to powder and are carried on the  
wind to six shores and larval down on  
the sand burnt ash embolated fingers  
speckled sparrow eggs laid on the overhanging  
eaves of a cottage that still stands beside  
the ruins of Roman roads and the tomb  
of Uthman's lover turned to sand and  
white teeth scattered like dried corn  
in the slop troughs at the side of street  
The illegitimate daughter of the mark went  
to college in the city and dreamed of  
sequels and sandpipers whittling on the sand  
photographs of shadows and sandstone havelis  
screened her eyes from the films of  
hollywood and the crackle of hearth and  
earth dirt between her toes while mark  
fucked boys and acrobats in a white room  
of stilted Russian dolls saying explain we  
have come here for forgiveness she learned  
of sailors and seafaring ways and dressed  
as a boy took the far cities captive to  
her dream of white light and burnt  
sapphires like crumbled bits turned to ash



In his twenty seventh year she went  
grey and soft turning slowly to the  
protoplasm that nurtured her like the  
sun rising through a cloudy east where all  
her dream were born and swept across  
the sky as geometric patterns of dissolving  
light or soft jewels churning gelly and  
dreamy still of the noise from behind  
the refrigerator.

The black beetles and the mirror under  
the head board the rotting planks of bone  
beneath the bed the poison shrub where  
the beetles roost at night the market  
shell where fruit and flies nest in the  
morning to talk of white candles surrounding  
the unmade bed where legs stretch and  
multiply before dawn while sparrows  
twitter on the sill of windows over looking  
a courtyard where the oxen are throat  
slit and the koi man in swift lateral  
lines seek on the sea the brine the salt  
the girls on your neck dance like parrots  
hanging from the arches of lost palaces  
where mango ghosts plot wamp-thus against  
the currents of an urgency. The waves are  
repeared at a small store on South and one  
where an old man huns show times and idles  
with a gold watch he left by the front door  
seeking salt from the pockets of a woman's  
robe

I sit high on the balconies listen to the store  
cutters' searching the sand of walls growing  
higher and the man urinates on the wall the  
streets run with blood and come I am  
a collapsing roof carved and roosted with  
pigeons feral cats and the same leering  
I had as a boy staring up at the desert

Stars white quartz tail moved from horizon  
to apex on polo licks and an lateral contact  
I dream of between starts of fear and hope  
or rush of wind whips sand in a stressed  
brushes clear last night's dunes. I walked  
on the coals of ~~the~~ morning taking of  
simmering smell of corn and potatoes breads  
called in a store hearth will this be a threat  
in time like a dream you are told of by  
one you hardly know.

My lover is a prepubescent girl lying on pillows  
a bait for generals and politicians a dream  
of formation a punishment for all who  
enter her to feel the cool stab of water  
steel on their neck and her cries of fagued  
pleasure.

"I discover myself beyond the laws  
aware of the ribald the sublime and the reckless"  
- S. S. S.

The Taj is unlike anything I have ever seen by far  
the grandest architectural identity of all mankind  
history. Monks in yellow robes, saffron colors unstead  
and the marble everywhere your eye time it is hamed  
and drawn back to the massive solid marble that  
dominates the courtyard. And inside, each engraved flower  
has 32 separate pieces of other stone just to compose  
that single flower and there are hundreds of thousand  
of flowers each no more than 3 inches in diameter  
then there is the vine-work that connects them  
also in laid stone which means each and every flower  
had to be first cut in relief into the marble and then  
each piece of stone carefully fit in its place  
Then there are the carved marble screens inside  
which are single pieces of marble carved to the  
point that it is a wonder they remain in fact  
The Taj itself is so massive you don't feel dwarfed  
but reduced to total insignificance.  
I sat for a while under a tree and ~~watched~~  
listened to a man of indeterminate nationality  
speak British accented English speak of modern  
but whole - also spoke Hindi



and India. His conclusion was rather simple that cultures must find enough common ground to meet but only enough so that everyone is content and no more lest we melt to the point that all culture loses its distinctness, the edges blur so to speak but ~~the~~ the primary cores remain intact on both sides. I sat on a bench in the shade adorned to take in the massive marble structure but found it quite impossible to comprehend. Too big, too much marble too much beauty to swallow. Where the Louvre would take two life time to see every work of art the Taj Mahal would take to life time simply for its sheer existence to seep into your pores. If I sat on that bench until I turned to dust and simply blew away the mark of the Taj would remain unchanged perhaps not redifferent, but certainly unruined. The grounds were crowded, though not overly so with tourists, Indian and foreign alike milling around constantly point cameras in the direction of the Taj often with a friend or two in the foreground so that the Taj can more or less be seen as a whole into something more manageable like 4x6 or 5x7. But at such size nothing of the experience remains. Like Yosemite the Taj can only be experienced first hand it is not possible to do more than record the light playing off the object, as if the object itself were impenetrable. This was indeed the last thing to see in India. I am glad I came but also glad I waited because having seen the other things I have it helps somehow to place the Taj Mahal in a context ~~of its own~~. I don't have to leave floating there on its veined marble foundations but on a chair it is in my mind to something more alive and breathing - the other parts of India I have seen

The courtyard in front of the Taj are a series of interlocking sandstone pathways cutting geometric patterns through the close cropped grass lawns and variety of large trees and smaller shrubs. My American companion has worn out his welcome with me though I wish I knew where he was since he has my train ticket back to Delhi. It's good to meet people while you are traveling but then sometimes it is much better to be alone. I enjoy spending my days by myself and often meeting others for dinner. Besides which the American is too, well, American. I can spend hours just sitting on the bench and admiring the pattern of sandstone blocks on the pathway in front of me or watching the afternoon light fall across the Taj Mahal and the deepening of the shadows as they move across the recessed archways surrounding the window, but I can not for now drag myself to the head of the long pool to take the quintessential Taj Mahal photo. And even to try and hunt out some new angle or different way of photographing the Taj seems entirely futile. Like chasing a sunrise through the desert, it is good to sit alone and feel the warmth of the sun at my back and listen to the chatter of parakeets and sparrows in the tree branches overhead and watch the length of my shadow extend slowly across the sandstone pathway to its short concentration on the actual moment of being here with as little thought of the future or past as it is possible for me to have. Perhaps what makes the Taj difficult to comprehend is that it provokes no singular association nor even any small number of connections or memories, but rather as if all your memories, connections and associations were being called forth all at once and then to draw you son / wife their suddenness so that they appear simply as blank if the Taj had in fact retained a blank slate - to which you can be written



or not written so that it becomes a threat  
to your very existence. And seems perhaps both  
mythically and spiritually as well as architecturally  
to have arisen from nowhere, without equal  
or context

leaves of a tree like kyoji (Japanese script)  
rows like a flash flood tearing rocks down  
the canyon creek bed

I could tell you some facts I read in books  
but it wouldn't help you understand

I gave the boy 3 bananas and the physical bible  
and sat on the train car until it started  
to move and he ducked back in the streets  
and gutters like a dirt covered St Francis

The rolling wheels rolling rolling

This journal is making less and less sense the longer I'm  
out here. And now that all my friends are gone I'll  
be able to write more. Here comes Nepal... my last  
Indian dinner is on its way I hope it takes  
up to ~~the~~ its burden. Looking again at the Siberian  
express seems more double to me right now. I  
guess I have a few months to decide. Delhi  
seems nice but I'll have to save my explorations  
for next time. At least I managed to see  
the Taj Mahal. This is the first bar I have been  
in in India. Germans always seem like they're  
yelling at each other even when they aren't. Such  
an aggressive sandy language.

There are Indian 20 something's in here behaving just  
like my friends, having a few drinks. For all  
appearances I could be anywhere. Except these  
clothes give them away

The younger girl pulls her hair back on her  
skin like a calf ~~the~~ nose sloping to a witch's  
point what about the change I didn't see  
and when my eyes began sleep only to see  
the world never get it is swollen black  
nights crescent hook of stars looking to crush  
the satellite streaking pattern I held the light  
I had it in my hands Simon says no sweat  
no no no only Pepsi and Coca Cola and we  
wish with sand and thorns everything in  
shadows and glare no edge softness I want  
something to hold my head up it keeps falling  
off this oil and dishwasher stand

I met the broadcaster in the airport  
her head on the television, smell of shoe  
polish and cleaner polished mirror  
ceilings the cabs reflected off the street  
She said yes it is me. If you wear  
an illusion it suits you like silk or  
Pushover electrical outlets and Tokyo  
signs Saverit holy man in turbans  
Drive me crazy like it's 1942 and New York  
you shaved your head to build bomb sights  
and Harlem is just quieting down like  
French boys dancing rubbing their penises  
on your leg are you awake yet or  
haven't fallen to sleep? Still dreaming  
of a cartwheel, cherry blossoms falling  
from trees to blow in Autumn wind we  
could wake together and drift back like  
carnivals mantles left collisions flood  
plains in spring flood sweetly the sewers



of Bombay as the American students make  
their way to Beijing the glint of sun of  
an air bus windows at the airport  
made her head turn and it looked just  
like television with the smell of soap  
and the last notes of music going way to  
horns and voices. ~~the~~ The broadcaster  
wore pin stripes and spoke with affectation  
I was sad when the puppy ran away when  
the sidewalks stopped when the pie  
pulled away, when the girl took off her  
skin, when the broadcaster spoke the cavity  
tiles blistered and peeled she smoked Dutch  
and drank whiskey like the tide water  
rising to cover the sulfur smell of marshes  
reeds, cattails, snow on the foothills  
egrets and cranes like ghosts in the  
water where the dead swim and teenagers  
throw bottles in the Corder to watch them  
sink If you have a look or an over an  
crossbar to harpoon the moon beams  
across the marsh marching single file  
to the east imperious of rising tide as  
the broadcaster telling me of communication  
satellites, protocols, language of wires and  
waves, radio spectrum written in software  
by gumshoe engineers in the payroll of  
corporates and shoeshine boys This one  
will not have limits this one will not have  
scents of Persia, this one will not throw  
over bottles, this one will be broadcast  
to a sand of airport immemorial spoken  
in tongues by hyperian soldiers crossing  
a field in the night a disorganized  
litter of keps and fuses going south

jump cuts tangled and unraveled black sea  
were to replace the last corner hair - el  
radiation sunbeams bobby black spots of  
the North Pole ~~stiffly~~ migrating to summer  
in Siberia The buttons of your blouse fumble  
with my fingers you ankle jewelry chews  
the wind to kick up sand at the approach  
to the temple where the monks twist  
and bite their tongues in silence trying to  
breathe through the rising caffeine hearts and  
salted wrong youngs tickle taped across the  
building in red dots, siffon robes fall  
about your ankles and someone tries to reach  
to ring the bell but the crossbar is remembered  
and used to suited purpose.

Do you remember your bed was too small we slept  
head to toe like Stifus shipped to an English museum  
far from our home in the desert and when the  
children came we fit them in the top drawer  
of the dresser like lamb's wool sheets  
and Kashmir sweaters until our daughter was  
old enough to weave she knitted in the arm  
chair laughing and feeding peanuts to the sparrows  
and starlings of her eyes. If I spelled  
all this out it would take some time  
we do not have an acronym instead ILYBA  
NATDRNSITTPFMHUYWLMC

[I love you but am not able to demonstrate right now  
so I tear these pages from my hair with you  
will let me closer]

12/11/05

Nepal I like you already. Big mexican style breakfasts - dinner  
it's been a while and more jackets than you can shake  
a stick at. Mint tea that's just hot water and  
fresh mint leaves.



Katmandu seems one big shopping mall with a sprinkling of temples to maintain some feel of authenticity. I have overheard several tourist both here and in Rajasthan in India lamenting the loss of local culture, whether its to touristic nature of yet another shop selling cheap curries or the architecturally two story block houses that seem to spring up outside all the old cities and often threaten to swallow them, but I think it is naive to expect one part of the world to retain its traditional culture when certainly England has changed from stone houses and fence is not building bars around trees anymore. In fact it seems to me that our expectations for it is often naive as well, represents a desire that might be thought of as cultural pornography where movies handed to us from the past have dutifully in tourist markets and museums by people who then return to the suburbs and live in their "manthentic" homes. Is it a terrible thing that from the garden courtyard where I had dinner last night, dinner of steak and potatoes and you, the view upward of brick apartments and roof top piping, telephone and electrical wires humming with vague white noise drowned out by the sound of Van Morrison's Gloria could just as easily, based on the atmosphere, have been in Brooklyn or London, or Paris or

Louis Armstrong  
Sarah Vaughan  
John Coltrane  
Miles Davis  
Charley Parker

Roy Eldridge  
Errol Gardner

Chemonix

two weeks on vacation from India, a group of French Ready German Climbing expedition recently returned from a late season attempt on Annapurna which failed due to high winds, a nepali couple from Pokhara, exiled tibetan monks who love jazz dreadlocked hippies from sweden two chinese business men who know more about the history of the blue note label than I did.

I've seen the jazz haps deal the harmonica the dogeado silence than all - a drummer who could pull more tones from two nepali drums than the average American drummer gets from a full kit (I said average Mr Braden) I've heard the guitarists call phone rings even in Nepal to a good round of giggles and the New Orleans jazz met the Nepali traditional in the full improvisation spirit of true jazz of a cultural without boundaries a world where the global will just show itself for what it is, not utopian but a worldly sense intimacy on a purely spiritual and ideological plane that means the marxists have only bombs while the rest of world marches forward leaving violence as a relic of strange times a virus like others to be studied in labs and attacked with the anticipation of love and communication that can understand the chaotic melodies of haps and flutes, harmonicas - and alyngalos they say don't go out after dark for the wolf lurks on the way to grandmother's house and we say thanks for the information, its being disseminated on the web and cameras he is the guilty in projects for all to see and so we added it up and found that the ear sun gone was one and now it times and that are and one and one is three. The idea of the global village means certain security and perhaps culture shock is one of them or ultimately perhaps is it I just have been







purchased several shawls, a mask supposedly fifty years old, which I don't believe for a second and perhaps most strangely a ~~pair~~ cotton silk skirt all of which excepting the mask will be given to friends when I return home. After stopping off at my hotel to deposit the dogs catch on the unused second bed pushed against the far wall, I went back out and, as I said, walked down to the lakeside with the intention of renting a boat.

At just over \$2 US an hour the boats were hardly a bargain (my hotel is the same price) but I rented one anyway and opted to paddle myself since I was seeking a reprieve from the drone and melody I had walked through for most of the day, though admittedly even the streets were nearly deserted and I only really saw two other tourists during my morning travels, a woman and her daughter bargaining hard for a nice purple pashmina ~~and~~ shawl. Still I wanted to be alone on the lake to collect my thoughts and process the events of my stay in Nepal. The boat I reviewed for my 150 Nepali ruppees could easily have seated a family of six and two guests as well and consequently moved rather sluggishly with only one lone paddler sitting in the stern.

The minute I shoved off and began to paddle myself past the Varahi Temple where a small fire on the north side of the island was sending a modest plume of smoke across the lake which looked not unlike some of the foggy scenes in the jungle hillsides in the background.

Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* - 2nd time to the south and was confronted by the cake icing snows covering  
Such views spurred my paddling on until I was well across the lake skirting the opposite shore among a multitude of waterstruckes darting on the placid hill skattered waters. A handful of other boats were on the water though I seemed to be the only foreign tourist out at such an hour, indeed this was one of the many times I have felt that I was in fact the only tourist in Pokhara; most of the other vessels on the water were fishermen or transport boats hauling loads across the lake, though here and there were a few pleasure craft including two boats chock full of ~~the~~ local school children still in the blue and white uniforms of the day, one boat full of girls and another of boys each racing the other back to the dock. After about 45 minutes of paddling I reached a point where the view of the Annapurna range was, in the words of an Englishman I met several days before in Kathmandu, gobsmacking gorgeous. I put down the paddle and moved to center of the boat where the seats were still dry and lay at a one-foot distance extended with my back against the starboard gunwale munching on a saichers bar and chomping water as the sun painted ever subtly changing orange hues across the mast of or more. I must have laid there an hour or more until finally I watched the full moon rise over the western ridge of it and it occurred to me suddenly that better part of an hour's paddle to get back to the dock I had departed from.



Watching the clouds change across the snow ~~covered~~  
fields of ~~the~~ I thought for a while of  
the total lack of sunsets back in Katmandu, how the  
sun simply disappears into a cloud of diesel fumes  
and burnt garbage until a general brown glow  
settles over the city for half an hour or so and  
then slowly fades through various shades of leaden  
grey until finally the starless ~~night~~ night casts its  
pallor over the city. Despite this seemingly grotesque  
parade of Katmandu, I rather enjoyed my time there  
and it will remain a unique chapter in my memory  
just as Mexico City remains a fond memory of mine  
despite its ugliness and occasional cough inducing  
layer of haze. I thought also of Delhi and the  
two India businessmen I met in the  
restaurant my last night who insisted that I  
had ~~not~~ missed an opportunity by not indulging  
in the services of an Indian woman and offered  
to pay for such an excursion. Despite my earnest  
protesting dragged me to the ~~and~~ nearly deserted  
disco adjacent the restaurant with its slowly  
spinning disco ball and dull empty flickering  
of variously colored spotlights zig zags  
across a nearly empty dance floor where  
one lone couple went through seemingly  
unnatural gyrations to the sounds of  
Michael Jackson piped in through loud  
and thoroughly abused speakers which  
buzzed at the bass and ad squeaked in  
little chirps whenever Michael strained  
at the upper end of his vocal range.  
I remember sitting with them at the bar  
drinking richly sweet whiskey and  
talking of US global geopolitics as a means  
to avoid any encounter with an Indian  
prostitute, though as I said we were the  
only people in the club other than the  
couple out on the floor. Fortunately the two  
men had a train to catch and there was no  
time to find a prostitute nor did the matter

come up again after leaving the restaurant  
and I was eventually able to escape their  
clutches unscathed. And in the midst of this  
recollection on the lake I thought too of why  
I neither wanted nor desired an Indian  
prostitute nor any other prostitute because  
I remain loyal to a woman who is not sure  
even whether or not she wants to be with  
me, a woman who even as I sat at the  
bar in the disco could well have been clanking  
into bed with any number of handsome and  
eligible bachelors in France where I had  
for the time being, putted seas with her.  
And while the truth is I did not usually care  
whether she might be with another it  
nevertheless played me that she was using  
of me ~~it~~ perhaps because I, who had  
never been sure of another before, was  
sure of her. Such mental thoughts assailed  
me as I lay in the boat wondering how  
long I would wait for her to be sure, would  
there be a limit to how long I was willing  
to wait? And what of the family I dreamed  
of having? Would I wait so long that  
neither of us was capable of starting such  
an adventure? Would I ever be willing to  
let her go and move on to someone else if  
I truly believed she was the one? And  
if I could do that what would that  
mean to my own powers of judgment or  
what faith I might have in my own  
intuition and feelings? If I abandoned  
her would everything else afterward be  
a kind of song through the motions  
if not then would I ever be able  
my own judgment on the matter?  
Tangles of sustains inevitably lead it up



Watching the colours change across the snow covered fields of ~~the~~ I thought for a while of the total lack of sunsets back in Katmandu, how the sun simply disappears into a cloud of diesel fumes and burnt garbage until a general brown glow settles over the city for half an hour or so and then slowly fades through various shades of leaden grey until finally the starless ~~night~~ night casts its pallor over the city. Despite this seemingly grotesque portrait of Katmandu, I rather enjoyed my time there and it will remain a unique charm in my memory just as Mexico City remains a fond memory of mine despite its ugliness and occasional cough inducing layer of haze. I thought also of Delhi and the two India businessmen I met in the restaurant my last night who insisted that I had ~~not~~ missed an opportunity by not indulging in the services of an Indian woman and offered to pay for such an excursion despite my earnest protesting dragged me to the <sup>and</sup> nearly deserted disco adjacent the restaurant with its slowly spinning disco ball and dull empty flickering of variously colored spotlights zig zaggung across a nearly empty dance floor where one lone couple went through seemingly unnatural gyrations to the sounds of Michael Jackson ~~and~~ piped in through loud and thoroughly abused speakers which buzzed at the bass and ad squeaked in little chirps whenever Michael strained <sup>at</sup> the upper end of his vocal range. I remember sitting with them at the bar drinking richeningly sweet whiskey and talking of US global geopolitics as a means to avoid any encounter with an Indian prostitute, though as I said we were the only people in the club other than the couple out on the floor. Fortunately the two men had a train to catch and there was no time to find a prostitute nor did the water

come up again after leaving the restaurant and I was eventually able to escape their clutches unscathed. And in the midst of this recollection on the lake I thought too of why I neither wanted nor desired an Indian prostitute nor any other prostitute because I remain loyal to a woman who is not sure even whether or not she wants to be with me, a woman who even as I sat at the bar in the disco could well have been clubbing into bed with any number of handsome and eligible bachelors in France where I had for the time being, putted rays with her. And while the truth is I did not really care whether she might be with another it really plagued me that she was using of me ~~it~~ perhaps because I, who had never been sure of another before, was sure of her. Such mental thoughts assailed me as I lay in the boat wondering how long I would wait for her to be sure, would there be a limit to how long I was willing to wait? And what of the family I dreamed of having? Would I wait so long that neither of us was capable of starting such an adventure? Would I ever be willing to let her go and move on to someone else, if I truly believed she was the one? And if I could do that what would that mean to my own powers of judgement or what faith I might have in my own intuition and feelings? If I abandoned her would everything else afterward be a kind of song though the notes and if not then would I ever be able to trust my own judgement on the matter? Such tangles of sustains inevitably lead me



to think of Joseph Heller's Catch 22 which I had noticed on the shelf of a Karmada bookstore several days ago and which I had almost purchased simply because the cover was different from the commonly available editions in the states. I thought of Yossarian talking to the group psychiatrist who tells him that he cannot declare himself insane because he does not want to fly more missions because clearly that is a very sane view and were Yossarian to decide he wanted to fly more missions he would be insane, but such a state would not help him because obviously war creates insanity and therefore he is sane to be insane. Such I felt lying in the boat was my own predicament with regard to the woman I loved. Were I to stop loving her I would be insane but were I to throw away my life waiting on her, would I also not be insane.

At some length such thoughts became tangled and seemed to diminish into a bramble bush which one allows to get far too out of control until finally one is totally unwilling to get anywhere near it with a pair of pruners and so one allows it to take over a portion of the garden and simply changes one's definition of the garden in such a way that the bramble is no longer included. As the mountains deepened from light yellow to orange and the deep red all my recollections gradually faded away and were replaced by an acute sense of presence as if the increasingly narrow

wavelengths of light that reached my eye were also narrowing the concentration of my mind until finally I felt myself falling into the distant snowy crista like a child falling into a panting CS Lewis's chronicles of Narnia or back which to this day links my childhood memories with clarity that is startling next to the often dim recollections of the actual events of my childhood.

I thought for a while, as I watched two men in a fishing boat make their way across the lake, of the Nepali people. While slightly more reserved than the Indians I met they are every bit as friendly once they let down their guard and given the turbulent political situation in Nepal their reserve is really no surprise. I remembered the British climber who told me of the Sherpa guides that his expedition employed, who despite the fact that they had a two day walk back to their homes waited beside the runway at the airport until the British climbing party's plane took off, which as he told me, was delayed several hours and the Sherpas would not leave until the plane was in the air. I can see them standing at the side of runway waving smiling as that plane finally lifted off, tucked its wheels and disappeared on to the sun.

The last day I spent in Pokhara I rented a bicycle in the morning and road around Fewa lake stopping off occasionally to watch fishermen women washing clothes in the tributary streams or children herding goats and horses on the raw barren bog terraces at the upper end of the lake. I rested for a while <sup>in the shade</sup> ~~under~~ a large tree and several young boys played on a bridge came over to see if they could take turns riding my bicycle while they older two road up



the road and back I sat in the shade with  
the younger boy and showed him how to take  
pictures with my camera. He kept try to push  
the shutter and when ~~there~~  
Shanti Lodge was no result he just pushed it  
again thus discovering a repeat  
fire feature that <sup>over</sup> I wasn't aware existed  
I shared some chocolate cookies I happened  
to be carrying and eventually decided to  
head back to Pokhara.

12/23 Bangkok

~~Khao San Rd Bangkok is a neat version of New York~~  
~~or San Francisco's Chinatown where in those places where~~  
~~one is walking about the city one suddenly step across~~  
a nearly invisible boundary and it is as if one has  
moved clear across the ocean. Signs are no longer  
in English the shopfronts full of strange animal crosses  
which are found nowhere else in the city, near  
signs blank in a script you don't recognize and  
the general buzz of the street changes pitch and  
tone as if the city were being conducted ~~to~~ some  
enormous crescendo that separates this enclave from  
all others. In Bangkok nearly the exact opposite  
happens in the Khao San Rd Area. Suddenly foreign  
scripts are replaced by English and everyone on the  
street seems of European descent

I skipped the subway to go overground  
digging a tunnel of wire entanglements  
for your window to mine

I forgot all the faces and fell asleep  
with purified colors dreamy of  
ash and wipers ~~losing their leaves~~  
~~fall to the ground protest~~

One long shaped red divided ~~with~~  
wires where the heart would be -  
these coils in fact like ~~an~~ ~~antenna~~ ~~making~~  
making trip ~~to~~ the ~~meat~~ ~~and~~ ~~back~~

Hitch hiking by airplane never caught  
on like your brother thought it would  
He is still studying in his ~~university~~ <sup>red</sup> silk  
scarf waiting on a biplane to  
dust crops with dalky white  
mist like the kind that accumulates  
on grandmother's night stand  
What if this streetlight did not  
burn out to leave us scribbling in the  
dark with only a memory of  
letters to guide our fingers between  
your buttons and mine

The wires were a mistake we keep  
thinking they are the only way and  
when the radio still plays that  
crap who can blame us?

When I was younger my father had  
a ham radio set but we never  
used it it glowed when you  
tuned it on tubes humming faintly  
a digital protest song

But the letters began to fall off the  
page in darkness and we left  
find some light in the night

When I was lonely I dreamed of you in medieval  
costumes serving plates of bloody meat  
to the King's henchmen in a German  
Tavern though it may have been English  
and your hair was longer and blond  
like the woman on that beer bottle which  
is ~~obviously~~ where I borrowed this