

## 8. Standing stretch:

Clasp hands, feet apart. In hale and bend back.

TURN OUT leg that ( *you're* ) facing.

- exhale, bend forward, head to knee.

inhale and raise to center.

Back straight.

## 9. Balance:

raise toes, arms together, hands touching  
below nose.

## 10. Eyes closed, inhale, arms closed, raise on toes.

Exhale, arms down.

## 11. Neck rotation.

## 12. Complete relaxation, head down.

March 15

Today, four months ~~(Mon.)~~ <sup>today</sup> today to the day I left,  
I returned to the loft, trying to decide whether to  
sell it to B as planned, or rent it for the summer.

On the night of the full moon ~~but,~~ <sup>but,</sup> a rug and

water. Clear water. Blue indicated to rent for the

summer. ~~But~~ I felt badly to ~~(monument)~~ <sup>I promised to sell it to B as</sup> a brother,

a man I respect who teaches yoga. I would like the

loft to continue as a good place, to communicate what

I have put into it. ( ) my brothers and sisters,

my friend of the U and my friend in N.Y. Tonight I

realized, again, that the faint now purple and green vibration are muscle tension - like a too tight skin that I have shed. I wore dark glasses ~~the whole time,~~ <sup>to protect my right eye,</sup> and two socks -- a white one next to the skin and a dark one over that -- ~~over~~ <sup>to protect</sup> the knee. ~~Yes,~~ <sup>showed</sup> the purple and green could change to rainbows. The purple would fade and the loft turned to a rainbow. GO SOON

~~But there is still the right eye.~~ Opening the desk drawer and looking into it brings a rush of almost pain to the right eye.

So I asked <sup>↑</sup> if I should sell the loft, and heard the cat meow once. ~~There is no cat there now, of course.~~ Flashes of cat. I know it's you, ~~before I saw the Neg picture of you here and the~~ <sup>grey nose</sup> ~~(orange nose).~~ <sup>best,</sup>

Phone rings - B - very happy - jokes and laughs. ~~to~~ new place to live.

~~Just at my thumb.~~ Tired. B says sell loft. I say sell loft. Freedom to find a new place to live, and be, maybe country, <sup>?</sup> Purple <sup>as country</sup> No! I see blue off the left and shadows off the right, and ~~that pole faded~~ blueberry syrup color ~~on the pin.~~ Now that I have no fears, I want to tell the story. The only thing I personally don't like about the loft is the smell of wet wood still there, sort of rotten smelling -- needs

a lot of incense. B burns a lot and smells pink so that's OK. I'm really so glad to see it go -- I lived a while life there. I wish I had these films that I threw out last summer.

1968 (Kitel) at Woodstock.

1968 Water at Woodstock.

Snow out loft window.

1968 Foot at Woodstock.

Other water films

CRY CRY SOB

SOB

~~TV tape? Put them again on TV tape?~~

I should say I am at B's. ~~Moved in yesterday.~~

Very happy here. Very. Blue. ~~Love. Thinking again,~~  
~~about the stand up man muscle neck shoulder tension of~~  
~~holding up head - B says yoga positions imitate animals~~  
~~and birds.~~

Pale shadows, white, leave the blankets where my knee is.

I think the lights at (Slide) worked on someone's (Michael) no the

~~the U having its fun with collage (writing to~~  
~~Or - have the unmanifest intelligence write a book with~~  
you. They don't like that. Big grey and white outline ~~me~~.



Keep loft = <sup>↘</sup> long green stem pink rose on →

lilac and yellow

Garden ~~(1)~~ (smelly courtyard) apt. Pink rose,  
no stem.

Black and purple.

Sunny loft - medium stem.

Pink and green.

Bad day for B - no job. There's Bklyn. garden apt.

1 apricot sour

1 blackberry sour

24-hour heat

No heat here. It's cold. 20°.

I have a cold. Sore throat. Wish I had an electric  
heater by bed. <sup>see electric heater</sup> Oven at other end not enough for me.

Other end is 100 ft. away. Well, it's warm by the stove.


I asked myself - or who - if I knew if he she it  
or ---- (read blank) knew about the place I was going to  
live in, and got for an answer a pink rose on a medium  
green stem. So much for ~~foreknowledge~~. *recognition*.

Read Sybil Leek's I am a Witch. Says nothing  
except those nice simple things no one ever

Didn't finish that sentence (pink color ink).

Class. Both sides. Listen to music. Colds, flu, sore  
throat. ick ick. Can't write. This is boring. Can't  
find the last day. Can't find apt yet. ( )

~~TV program~~ NYPD. Freaked out about loft. Afraid to give it up. ~~No security. No new place - want large one.~~ Want garden. Want sun. ~~Need sun. Want garden.~~ ~~Want West Side. Need to live.~~

Muscle tension in upper back. Need chiropractor. ~~Need homeopath.~~ Need sun. Need love.   
Need to write book. Lucked out of electric typewriter second time - at <sup>Alan</sup> Alan's - it was stolen - at B's. Gone to ~~C's~~ sister.

~~FUCK - well,~~ better maybe write longhand.  
~~Yes. No. Type. Need electric typewriter. Need type.~~

10/11/42

~~Station~~  
~~8 Missions~~  
~~notebook 8~~

Fast day 6 - Sat Oct 31

411  
012

see 7 pp 1-8, 11, 12 - 7-1  
Fast day 7 pp 7, 8, 11, 12

- Sun Nov 1

Day 6 Saturday Halloween-6 planets in Scorpio. So long ago. Can I remember. Sleep tonight. I discovered the sink. The nice double sink. Water all over me relieved the pain. Water washed away the pain. One side of the sink, left deeper than the other side. I would usually get in the right side and put my legs in the left, pouring water over my knee. Then I would let all of me in the deep left hand sink, knees to chest and pour water over my right elbow. On Halloween all the little witches came out. They were (7-2) and 1/8 inch high and had painted black hats. I saw only the top part, like a cameo. On Halloween I heard Kite<sup>2</sup>l meow 10 and then more times. I saw her, too, an image of course. I saw the black cat with green eyes I had seen at Joyce's. I said black cats are not bad luck, go away. This intelligent cat image went away. So did the little witches when I said go away. I saw a dog, a blue and tan puppy pottery dog, Mexican style like the vase from San Meguel Guadalajara pottery. I think the dog was a symbol of my lover. He sat on the first shelf over the sink looking at me. I said King Size belongs on the top shelf. He moved to the top shelf. The movement of images is like the sharp cut of an animated cartoon. The images were there as long as I wanted to see them. They were comic. The black was different. The purple was pain. The green was pain, less than the purple. The black and the red were both worse than the purple. I don't know how I knew this but I did. The black was cold cloud that rolled in. The black had to be (7-5) persistantly with the mind. It did not help to think

10/11/42

check your notebooks

Fast

7-2

of white. The black had to be rolled back from the vision by thoughts of flowers. Yellow flowers, white daisies with yellow <sup>centers</sup> (7-5). It also helped to roll on the bed from side to side. It helped to push the black from one side of the vision to the other, to get it together in one place, replacing it with flowers, and then get rid of the small spot of black. The black was there with my eyes open. It rolled in from the cracks around the windows that were not sealed, from under the door when the purple and yellow and black (7-6) who lived upstairs went by, and from under the sink when you (7-6,7-7) a dead rat although that was later. The black was cold and evil. Unlike the other colors which were body pain. The black aimed for the mind. I could make it go away, become (7-7) of gray with a field of daisies. I thought it was my Halloween trial.

I thought (7-7, 7-7, 7-7) have to defeat the black. It was a frightening struggle and I only hoped I would not have to deal with the red. <sup>Day 6</sup>

Today, i.e., Ides of March and 4. I'm reconciled to moving permanently from the loft, even though as yet have no new place to move into. Sometimes it's so difficult to deal with the sights that come to me. On the night of the full moon 8 days ago it seemed important to save the place for uses unknown to me, like letting other people rent it, making a profit on the rent. One thing (7-9) (7-9) said that (7-9) me-in regards to (7-9), it's best to go by the (7-9), don't call them. They'll call you. And who is to know where one truly comes from? To live an honest life and try to protect yourself while



equally protecting others I mean to think of others as oneself  
 and oneself as others is not easy in a society based on money sur-  
 vival. Especially when I always seem to have at least \$100 more  
 than the next friend in need. B said (7-10) was based on love.  
 Here we (7-10) some common sense based on the necessity for survival.  
 In this country and this time. Living is being in (7-11). I want  
 to write this book. B is bringing an electric heater. (7-11) writes  
 feelings. Pink (7-11). Today's challenge is keeping your colors  
 bright. That's good communication. The colors have faded here. Much  
 brighter at Sals. <sup>the colors</sup> And boy were ~~they~~ bright Halloween. (7-11) enough  
 to look like cutouts. I was lying on the bed the one nearest the  
 sink, when the black rolled in. I face it with my eyes open. The  
 black was cold. It helped to have a sheet. I think I still had a  
 sheet. Friday I had gotten rid of all the purple things. Almost every-  
 thing I had bought on Thursday, day 4. The purple coat, the black  
 rubber rain boots, the <sup>knit robe</sup> (7-12) with yellow (7-12) my grandmother had  
 knit for me and which I had since college. I made a big pile half  
 way down the loft, beyond the second partition, and before the second  
 bed. Peter came Friday (7-13) for a couple of dollars so I asked him  
 to buy some plastic garbage bags and leave them outside the door.  
 He bought 4 packs of 10 each-I hated to pick up the purple stuff-  
 I didn't want to touch any of it-I felt it would (7-13)- I was  
 never clear about it how the purple (7-14)-but I knew as time went  
 on I got better and the old stuff had to go. So all the purples  
 all the bright green went out in yellow plasticbags on Friday night.

I was frightened of picking up any more deep colors from the outside (Peter was red and green). But I hadn't yet experienced the black from outside so (7-14) that wasn't there. I threw out my dark brown (7-15) with the orange spots. That color had bothered me when I bought it but you can't find the perfect things often. The belt went with it. The long (7-15) colored wool skirt (bright green.) I used to put it in front of my body when I opened the door-first I had to cut off the part with the zipper (7-15) (7-15) (7-15) to use a metal scissors had to wrap that in cloth. I also threw out the cheap blanket I had bought at Hudson's with (7-16) great regret the pink mohair cardigan B had given me the previous summer-that I had worn it Thursday when I went outside and it was purple. Also the fuzziness of mohair intensified the purple. I saved however the dungarees with green velvet patch and later traded those with B for a pair of white (7-16) pants. I also saved the blue (7-17) sweater and the fuzzy beige mohair pants I had stolen for B and even managed to wash those a few days later and (7-17) them in the bathroom today. That cost me a great effort. So I wrapped the skirt around me but it hurt too much so I (7-17) that in a yellow bag too and used a sheet of plastic I had bought, with leopard spots on it, to wrap around me. I left the yellow bags in the hall outside the door. Peter was (7-18) in a group I have that night and said he'd come by later. I never heard him but assumed the garbage was gone and the purple man upstairs would soon complain. On Halloween I also discovered that the black entered in one's weakest

Fast

45

7-5

places, so when I heard footsteps coming up the stairs I sank as much as possible into the water, threw my plaid blanket over my shoulders and dipped my right elbow into the water, I thought of flowers. I could distinguish between the green and red person who lived downstairs and the purple black and yellow person who lived upstairs because when I heard footsteps I would concentrate for a minute. The former brought a shot of pain, and the later cold. As the days went on and my sensitivity decreased, the ladies, as in a TV commercial "Ladies, when you go through your purification, do not forget to take your iron!" My anemia (7-20) the cause after the long fast-of months of weakness, or one of the causes. And not (7-20), (&-20). (7-20) that about the (7-20). I had four gallons of spring water and drank from that. I made a lot of (7-20) tea in the early days. When I (7-20) out green and red stopped bringing me pain, but the purple, black and pus yellow continued to bring me cold.

Notes

Today Ides of March and 5. Lenny and Kathy are coming to visit with eggs. The (7-21) (7-21) orange juice (horrors, acid and sugar!) and, if they pass a health food store, (7-21) (7-21) Tea. Also Chinese dinner-(7-21). A sip of yuba (7-21) tea with (7-21) molasses in it (iron). Not bad as B says, I (7-21) (7-21) those 8 bags on Friday night and I realized I had little left to wear and I would worry about being cold. The green was cold and I always needed to put on something when a wave of the green hit me. Friday I had my one (7-22) with the phone. It had been turned off (I can turn the bell off, a great mind saver!)-Although I found last (7-22) that

*Flourish that's the  
mind on control Kathy  
7-6 of things*

no one ever called me when I was meditating, a (7-22) or getting high or listening to the news, but when I was free it would (7-23). I am watching a movie of (7-23) and (7-23) if Phil Glass isn't as good in my time-I think of the composer Steve Reich and what I learned about phasing out of memory from his music. Sometimes when the same thing goes round and round the (7-23) memory grooves in my mind, try to grab a corner of it and change the whole by beginning with a piece. The phone-I had turned it back on (7-24). Tuesday morning it rang. Little flashes as I went to pick up the phone. These signals I interpreted as negative, but as I did so often that week, I ignored the signals-being in a kind of rigid (7-24) of my mind. I answered the phone. It was for the other (7-24). I said she (7-24) in-I hung up. Then I turned the phone off. It's hard to explain how I perceived these things. I didn't understand-and that made me fearful. Like the phone-to answer it. It occurred to me on Sat. that answering the phone brought in black lines--- that each ring brought some black in, but by answering it I had picked up much more black than necessary. As I had (7-25) (7-25) purple and green and so much that it brought me down. I have since experienced and understood the phone. On the 2nd. night at the Hotel I saw (7-26) and got very high-all the pain disappeared, from my heart (B was in the hospital) from me knee. I went to my room and it was no longer a place of pain and it rose to me, rather than bringing me down to it. I feel strong enough to call Phyllis, B's mother. Talking to her on the phone brought pain immediately to my bad knee. (7-27) -(7-27 (7-27)(7-27) (7-27) (7-27) (7-27) called homosecuality in the (7-27).

7:7-8 +11-12

4

47

7-7

(7-27) is a (7-27) of (7-27) (7-27) the T.V. I have a cold. I take Contac and an enema. I feel better. The blue light is pale. I close my eyes. (7-27) (7-27) image-all outlines-(7-27) (7-27) (7-27) been on T.V.-Double images like the screen, (7-27) that (7-27). (7-27) (7-27) blowing bubble hearts, a (7-28) a (7-28) (7-28) into a carriage for an old lady with mint green hair, horses (7-28) (7-28) his tail-It (7-28) to (7-28) as I shut my eyes. Have a golden wreath that wasn't around the neck of the gladiator.

Sometimes it seems the only way to live here is to be rich-(7-28) mean 3 or 400 a week I guess. Something to spend (7-28) on a garden apt.-Some to go away for the summer-Get out of the city. The left side is a (7-29) gray hold. What (7-29), Arsenic and Old Lace-fun movie-

So the phone was supposed only to ring-to bring in a little (7-29) for the experience. But answering it brought in too much black. Well, signal ignored. But I turned the phone off so it wouldn't ring again. Then there was red-red I did not have to experience, except for a dot-I didn't want and red-red I understood would be bad for my right eye. I don't remember if I slept Sat. night or not. Sunday, day 7, was the last day I ate. I turned bright green again and green was (7-30) with warmth and food. I ate some nut butter and drank some milk. I ate more nut butter than my intuition told me to. I brought the milk glass into the studio and some (7-31) that I put in a new (7-31) (7-31) earthenware jar. I threw them out with the purple stuff. I couldn't go to the bathroom to pee because of the metal-it was a tiny room and the (7-31)

were heavy. So I bought several earthenware bowls to the studio and peed in those-once a day. The pee from the first 3 days had pus on it-that is, Friday, Sat. and Sun. I lined the pots up by the wall, near the bed in the studio. I sued (7-32) lying around to wipe myself-the toilet paper was in the bathroom and purple. The paper-towels I was saving for my pet. <sup>dog?</sup> I couldn't "(7-32) a plastic heart have love?" Ha. I laugh. The heart (7-32) an again. Love (7-32) from the mind. The mind knows that we are one. We in our original state are one. The self is one we are little (7-32) and it is (7-32) our mind, not just the physical pump of blood, that we know we are one and (7-33) (7-33) knowledge we have. (7-33) (7-33) love that protects us from others and (7-33) from evil. Was just thinking angry thought-thought of death in a (7-33) way and the smell from under the sink came back to me-the smell of a dead rat in the pipe is (7-33)- the floor-the damp smell of dead (7-33)-the smell of the black..I'm angry today-the loft is (7-34) and I'm afraid to let it go-perhaps my memories for the bad will go too. But I can't work here-Spent two hours there last week, (7-34) dark glasses and 2 socks over my knee and I had to shower and lay all my clothes on (7-34) and B had to be with me before my eye and knee and spine were better. (7-34) it was in (7-34) veterbrae of my spine that I felt the pain-As well as in the muscles. The pain (7-35) contract my arms backwards. [Eventually I could (7-35) (7-35) elbows together behind my back.] A muscle twitches (7-35) when I relaxed. Good intentions should always prevail-(last night movie) if

the result of the good intention is bad, you've at least got the good thought in already: Good intentions include wise intention, in other words, ignorance is no excuse. Wisdom (7-35) a closer to the truth, the center of knowledge where the best of all possible worlds (7-36), i.e., the true reality where love and wisdom create reality. This wisdom comes from our own striving for knowledge of ourselves, from good intentions—for without love we cannot perceive correctly and accurate perception help us to act in accordance with love. (7-36) was seen on love alone, says B. and ever (7-37), the last (7-37), nevermore. At once again, (7-37) (7-37) the (7-37), give us one more chance to know that truth is love and love is wisdom and the whole is self. Man is an extension of godliness as (7-37) are extension of man. We have reached out in only one direction, to the (7-37) the realization in mechanical forms of our true state, (7-37) few reach (7-37) to experiences in themselves their full potential as godly men of love, this (7-38) and (7-38). Morning Sermon is over. The news. We need peace. We need houses. We need free medical care for everyone. We need stores in which we can exchange clothes and goods, recycling exchanges where useable waste can be left and picked up by the (7-38). I (7-38) I could have (7-38) with the apt. long enough to trade everything in it for other stuff I need: But won't stay there. I resent giving away things and not getting anything back. I can't help it as yet. I still resent it.

Just saw a rat apparition. Big gray one right in the middle of the red (7-39). I guess I don't have to stay in the (7-39) place

to recall. I wonder if the cat will be mean when I go there today. Once I read that <sup>adepts</sup> (7-40) leave their body on the (7-40) <sup>a certain day</sup> Spring and meet somewhere in their astral body. I wonder if it is true. ~~No. It is not.~~ They have parties in their physical body instead. Perhaps its more fun. Is it? I don't know-I've left my body only once to my knowledge, and then only a few feet-to look down on my own tripping body on a rod <sup>oh</sup> by a stream in woods (7-40). Not to exhalt himself above <sup>humans</sup> (7-41)-the (7-41) <sup>I said I saw myself, said my name, laughed at my identity</sup>

The <sup>apt</sup> ~~apt.~~ is gone. ~~B has it-~~ (7-41) keys, locks and colors. I <sup>brigit turquoise</sup> came out high (7-41) on the left-I mean a really luminous color, and lilac green and yellow strips on the right-well more purple. ~~If it weren't for the right eye I could stay there.~~ But still <sup>It is so good to know the place will be well used and I feel like looking for a new place now is right, well necessary.</sup> <sup>GO TO A MOVIE</sup> I'm sorry everyone but I <sup>I was right had in my foot.</sup> couldn't stay there anymore. I knew every corner (7-42) every peel of paint, (7-42) dent in the wall, every hole in the ceiling, every everything. I'd rather be surprised. A lot of energy there, though, (7-42) you can really feel it when you walk in. It is so much more cooled out now that those people who sublet it are gone. The man was a real heavy red-an angry, anal person. I shall miss the studio-that nice almost square room. It suited me and was my home. Perhaps I made a mistake but I don't think so-at any rate B won't use it only for himself. I wan't something sunny. <sup>(zap #1 ese)</sup> So funny to go back there-I lived a whole life there and did a lot of work-I want a new place, a new <sup>outlook</sup> (7-43). B met a ~~(7-44) (7-44) (7-44) (7-44)~~ to be interesting to hear about that. I was thinking of introducing them but someone got there



the result of the good intention is bad, you've at least got the  
 good thought in already: Good intentions include wise intention, <sup>are PLATONIC</sup> in  
~~other words, ignorance is no excuse. Wisdom (7-35) a closer to the~~  
 truth, the center of knowledge where the best of all possible worlds <sup>lie</sup>  
 (7-35), i.e., the true reality where love and wisdom create reality.  
 This wisdom comes from our own striving for knowledge of ourselves,  
 from good intentions-for without love we cannot perceive correctly and  
 accurate perception help <sup>us</sup> to act in accordance with love. (7-36) ~~was~~  
~~seen on love alone, says B. and ever (7-37), the last (7-37),~~ <sup>love</sup>  
 nevermore. At once again, (7-37) (7-37) the (7-37), give us one  
 more chance to know that truth is love and love is wisdom and the  
 whole is self. Man is an extension of godliness as <sup>technology is by</sup> (7-37) are exten-  
 sion of man. We have reached out in only one direction, to the (7-37)  
 the realization in mechanical forms of our true state, (7-37) few  
 reach <sup>inward</sup> (7-37) to experiences in themselves their full potential as  
 godly men of love, <sup>wisdom</sup> this (7-38) and <sup>ability</sup> (7-38). Morning Sermon is over. <sup>stat.</sup>  
 The news. We need peace. We need houses. We need free medical care  
 for everyone. We need stores in which we can exchange clothes and  
 goods, recycling exchanges where useable waste can be left and picked  
 up by the <sup>people</sup> (7-38). I <sup>used</sup> (7-38) I could have <sup>stayed</sup> (7-38) with the apt. long  
 enough to trade everything in it for other stuff I need: But won't  
 stay there. I ~~resent giving away things and not getting anything~~  
 back. I can't help it as yet. I still resent it. <sup>stat.</sup>

Just saw a rat apparition. Big gray one right in the middle of  
 the red <sup>my</sup> (7-39). I guess I don't have to stay in the (7-39) place  
<sup>old</sup>

to recall. I wonder if the cat will be mean when I go there today. (Once I read that (7-40) leave their body on the (7-40) Spring and meet somewhere in their astral body. I wonder if it is true. No. It is not. They have parties in their physical body instead.) Perhaps its more fun. Is it? I don't know-I've left my body only once to my knowledge, and then only a few feet-to look down on my own tripping body on a rod by a stream in woods (7-40). Not to exhalt himself above (7-41)-the (7-41)

The apt. is gone. B has it- (7-41) keys, locks and colors. I came out high (7-41) on the left-I mean a really luminous color, and lilac green and yellow strips on the right-well more purple. If it weren't for the right eye I could stay there. But still it is so good to know the place will be well used and I feel like looking for a new place now is right, well necessary. I'm sorry everyone but I couldn't stay there anymore. I knew every corner (7-42) every peel of paint, (7-42) dent in the wall, every hole in the ceiling, every everything. I'd rather be surprised. A lot of energy there, though, (7-42) you can really feel it when you walk in. It is so much more cooled out now that those people who sublet it are gone. The man was a real heavy red-an angry, anal person. I shall miss the studio-that nice almost square room. It suited me and was my home. Perhaps I made a mistake but I don't think so-at any rate B won't use it only for himself. I wan't something sunny. So funny to go back there-I lived a whole life there and did a lot of work-I want a new place, a new (7-43). B met a (7-44) (7-44) (7-44) (7-44) to be interesting to hear about that. I was thinking of introducing them but someone got there

he who loves  
 feels the soft (7-44) of skin  
 the living sweetness  
 the warmth and comfort of a body  
 a human body

*Fact 7* [ I think it was around Sunday that the feelings of (7-45) and pain subsided. What was happening has been happiness for a few days although I didn't understand it then, the living fun of Halloween restored my faith in the universe. So I slept cheerfully on. Trying my best to do what seemed the right thing as (7-45) (7-45). I (7-45) the wooden forks and spoons that I had bought and used **them** on my leg and my back. Where ever I felt tension of pain. The (7-45) took it away. Of course I couldn't keep using the same ones. They collected bad vibrations. What I saw as little black dots. So the spoons and forks had to be cleaned up, this could be done mentally, and by leaving the wood on other wood. Eventually, however, they became heavy-I could feel the pain if (7-46) a (7-46) was "used up" when I handled it. I spent a lot of time those first days in the studio, its a high pleasant room, using the wooden forks and spoons (7-47) in pots, sleeping on the (7-47) (7-47) of the mattress, with something like a sheet or undershirt on. I let the other end of the place alone-It was too heavy with purple, except when I was (7-47) in water. I worried about running out of wood, and (7-47) , which I used on my feet tied with pink velvet ribbon or masking tape. Walking across the floor I picked up bright green and that was more

*period* *Sometime here* *very slight*

pain. So tried to stay at one end when I was at one end. The studio was at opposite ends from the <sup>stone</sup> (7-48)-maybe 50 feet from studio to sink. I think it was Monday. I had used all the pee pots. I had even peed in a (7-48) of (48) tea that wasn't fresh anymore. (I was drinking it, and using it as an eyewash and the tea leaves on my right eyelid). I didn't want to walk across the floor again because of picking up the green pain. So I peed on the (7-49) *floor near* the green table and used a large piece of white cloth I found to wipe myself with. Oh well, I thought, there's nothing like destroying one's feeling of (7-49) about a home-it's just a possession-the feeling of everything having to be, well not just so, it never was that for me,

*home*

Jack m.p. 8:4, a N C 6MP

8-1

How I found the hash (which I had hidden when I came here 2 weeks ago - it was under the coffee table) B & C looking for it. No luck. I go to bathroom look at Kotex (lilac) box. Do nothing. Later. Go to bathroom. Look at Kotex box (lilac) Little winged flash of *no color*,

~~8-2~~

~~no color.~~ Look inside. Hash. Tonite <sup>D's</sup> ~~Yoga's~~ concert after day (vain) of apartment hunting. It's far east, filthy *OR* fortune, ~~after concert go to Klaus. K is with Jean and Steve and Laura. Phil and Steve back from applause in Europe. Maybe if America paid more attention to its artists they~~

8-3

~~wouldn't have to build up their egos to some insupportable~~

~~- talked to Joyce My about auras.~~

She ~~was wearing red and black, red and black.~~ *NAVUHOE RUG* ~~Naroki ring~~  
on wall.

8-4

Red and black. As I understand it - *LOW VIBES* - death colors - same color clothes protect from same. Tibetan

wedding canopy black and red plus figure, *PATTERNS* Fantastic

rug. Vibrates heat from it, *OR* from me back to me. Perhaps

*Murder*

~~that's it. It was hanging on wall. Nothing comes~~

8-5

from beyond. A has one in hall between room and door - red and black curtain. Joyce says purple coming out of my head. What! Not again! Was going to leave with Jo Ann

8-6

and ~~R~~ and Joan and ~~R~~ but ~~R~~ says

stay, wait ~~til~~ ~~he~~ and Joan drive Jo Ann and Phil home, return to party to pick up Steve and Laura and me.

Don't know whether to wait. Wait. Why. Laura tells me

~~about two places to live. See Sunday. Richard and Joan returns,~~

8-7

Richard says he saw me in car with them - I got out with ~~Jo Ann~~ and ~~Phil~~ and walked to corner of street.

~~Richard asks Joan~~ - how many people in back seat - ~~Joan~~ says three, then two. Was my ~~actual~~ ~~body~~ back there?

~~8-8~~

I didn't think about them when they were gone. I was just happy to talk about new places to live, and health foods with ~~Laura~~. Have seen some flashes the translucent salmon color of caviar. Hello E. He winked at me. Hello B

8-9

~~Joed~~ did the concert with the ~~of~~ paintings and rugs, all over purple. B says on other planets one can create

that with the mind, look how you want. Last fall, put colored prints and lacy things over TV - picture<sup>s</sup> on people

8-10

~~Like to do~~ the piece - oh well. Drank some wine. ~~to~~

~~Hurt~~ knee. Sleep TV write. Getting up in the morning.

Everything's dead. The colors are pale. My intelligence isn't working. It's faint. I want to sleep some more.

8-11

What happens to the electricity when you sleep alone. What a bore. Better to be with someone. <sup>zup # 1 cut tongue.</sup> Called about some loft.

Expensive rent or <sup>hey</sup> money. Had dinner with B the other night. Saw her <sup>is actual</sup> ~~usual~~ body, a black outline filled with

8-12

pale camel <sup>of</sup> his face. Like the outlines I saw ~~in class~~ when we did the tely<sup>gpa</sup>thy experiment and the light seemed brighter and everyone had a black outline around them. I used to have a fantasy when ~~I was married~~ - that

8-13

during the year the black outline around me got pushed and bumped and bruised and punctured and I went on vacation to restore the outline. ~~Had dinner with B another night and~~ saw a pink <sup>cloud</sup> leave <sup>the</sup> head. ~~Joyce~~ asked me what colors

8-14

love was and I said maybe pink and yellow but I don't think that's right. I've never seen love colors. ~~A place to live.~~

8-37

Hope B takes care of the rose. ~~The Live ad is great.~~

~~The big country. My~~ trying to do good - if he  
~~dies he sends money on up anyway.~~ <sup>his soul moves</sup> Gave me some hope,  
 well not hope, just made me feel better, not so alone.

Radio horse race this summer 1st Western Copy 2nd 3rd

Deranged Lady. ~~Last~~, ever lovin

~~88X~~ 8-38

~~He~~ said, like the pied piper, he would lead all the children,  
 but he wouldn't ~~XXXXXX~~ leave the lame one behind. ~~That's~~  
~~my B. The lion's face.~~ I've been seeing the outline of his  
 thin ~~XXX~~ hairy bearded face all evening. Colored stripes of  
 T shirt. Kept me home. Thought he'd call but knew really  
 it was a ruse to keep me in and

8-39

warm and high - get over cold. Have to admit - take care  
 of myself, yourself. D may know of house by lake. I want  
 a tree. ~~I need~~ ~~knee~~ needs tree. O.K. north again!  
~~Oh well. A tree for my knee.~~ I had some orange juice and  
 eggs and muffins and then later milk and spice cup-cake with  
 a little



8-40

chocolate frosting. Don't usually have orange juice, sugar and or chocolate but I feel better. I think I just don't eat enough of the right foods. I'm sure of that. Not enough fruit and fresh vegetables. Shopping in this district is non-existent. Should have

8-41

some yogurt every day too but don't know about it being bad for cataracts, that is causing them, heard that last year is it right? Or wrong. Wrong. I think I don't eat enough of it to harm. Hate details - like medical insurance and Con Edison. Ugh.

8-42

~~Bernadette~~ makes me hate my life. I'm crying. I want my rose. I wear it every day. it's the most feminine thing I own. Except for the ~~pink~~ shirt, which she took already.

~~Bernadette~~, I'll never forgive you for this day of pain -  
8-43

to make me hate myself for having given your gift - the green shirt - so you took the ~~pink~~ one too - ~~my silver~~ <sup>Rud.</sup>

~~Mexican necklace~~. Tired. gift in return? Oh never mind, I didn't expect gift in return. Just didn't expect to have more taken.



8-47

and he did, that they are separate from *us*. They are, but I tried to explain the symbolism of these two for me, femininity and self love. Self appreciation. An image in the world that

8-48

we live in and read us by than we show ourselves. ~~his~~ *Mc's* living mostly on sprouts - 10¢ a day and three minutes work. Karma. Our parents are our karma, he says. That's what we choose when we choose them. ~~So I should face~~

*Someone is*

~~no -~~

manners, if this and morals Sgambopa The jewel ornament of Liberation

8-49

Secretoral Teachings of Tibetan Masters, ~~Neal~~

Neal

The gods are chained to heaven by pride - even the gods envy men

The Hundred Thousand Sayings *milarepa*

U recommends the above - he eats sprouts, goat yogurt and goat cheese, Chinese vegetables *with* sprouts

*Read the Hundred thousand sayings of Milarepa*

8-50

Beer - bad for the liver. Just felt it, what a drag. Can't drink, feel really bad about that *freedom* <sup>rose</sup> ease. It gets into the whole *thing* of meaning, symbolism of object. My attachment to my mother - I feel as if I've failed in detaching myself from possessions, if I'm caught up on this one rose

8-51

*problem*  
The nobleness of Karma - what have I accumulated in this life without knowing, and what now do I accumulate knowing. I kill roaches. I killed rats. I eat fish and poultry - ~~it's~~ going to get A cat for the mice, and a lizard for the roaches. Well. Isn't that letting

5-2

something else do your killing for you? - is it more in the natural way of things - or are you just getting yourself an army <sup>?</sup> ~~to do your killing for you.~~ *Every* death ~~is~~ a hole a dark spot <sup>or</sup> white <sup>spot</sup> ~~that~~ like when I saw the plant bugs die. There was not a flash,

8-53

but a tiny black spot that faded to white when it died, ~~The~~ white was a "cybact" ~~and~~ then it too faded. ~~it not~~ blue, or ~~But~~ still the

8-53 (contd)

death occurs. And, after all, *or rather* before this, there are people

8-54

and their attitudes to consider - their approach to life -

~~A~~ says Alexandra Neel says this planet is most favorable for life. I hope not. I hope this isn't the only garden of Eden available to the spirit of man.

*red as most*

8-55

to the man of spirit, perhaps the fight for existance is stimulating but I find a quiet life, well not dull, but productive in a cooperative manner oh fuck Where? With whom? And for how long?

8-56

~~I wish I'd taped the conversation with B~~

day  
7/28/79

Fast  
see p1

53  
7

[ a woman - the space between the dresser and the counter was about 2 feet wide and a metal step ladder was beside the counter. I had to do something with the step ladder and I didn't want to handle it too much -

(1) I (1)it up - even though it had wooden steps I wanted to handle it with something so I took this wooden hanger that was in the (2) (I had thrown it there to soak in the water but had never gone over to turn the wats on. I had "used up" the hangar on my eye and it was bright open and purple but I could handle it I thought to put up the ladder with. That didn't work so I threw the hangar down on the flag under the counter and picked up the step ladder with a-pieeee ef-paper I don't remember - my bare hands? I only had to move it a few feet, since I decided the best thing to do was put it by the metal door, all the metal in one place to speak and later perhaps open the door and put it in the hall, although that would have made the hall purple as far as I knew, (because I didn't know that the ultra violet purple I was seeing was an aura and that not everyone could see it nor feel it.) I hoped that B would come to see me, because I felt he could help me, but I didn't want him to come and become a luminous purple ~~xxxx~~ color. I thought it was contagious, like a dye bath and I didn't want him to be so noticeable!

Mark  
this  
page

How I was so cute

"At the Doctor's office"

I don't think one's special talent should be applauded. The only great talent is for self-enlightenment and that is something that cannot be applauded for it would mean a lower self applauding a higher self and that would be an indulgence of satisfaction, and that is a pause rather than a moving forward the full realization of love where no applause is needed. Living in the world however often makes us feel we want some appreciation, perhaps ~~xxxxxxx~~ it counteracts the difficulties that life today entails. We are witnesses on a dying planet, hopefully not but perhaps so. We have learned only to plunder and pervert our own planet, killing instead of feeding, competing instead of cooperating, and now we move outward to the moon and other planets. What will even this country above all, with its mean history, is it prepared or entitled to bring itself, its ideal and its vibrations to other planets? And will they permit it? Will the universe permit the spread of selfish use? "Oh Claude! Not another one!" i.e. water lily.

Awake in the middle of the night, depression, want a place to live want summer place to write

We talked about despair in class. B asked me about it - I rank it with fear and anger - another useless emotion - only anger is mentioned as one of "the 10

(13) which prevent me from attaining final liberation" - but despair perhaps anger turned inward or disgust or hopelessness together are connected with the self. One's idea of how one should feel and live behave shamed else - for to me despair is partly anger and disappointment at such a grossly material world and myself too for having indulged so long in the pursuit of money and recognition: <sup>1</sup>The pursuit of maximum money through a job 2: the giving up of that pursuit in order to gratify my desire to write, even though this latter was a more enlightening path ~~and~~ because it gave me freedom to explore, live and express my true self - which I did in my art - and the self unconsciousness expressed the idea of the self I now know consciously.

Looking for a place to live is indeed an example of how I feel about myself. Living from place to place I have been passive - not entertaining at all, I've never asked anyone to come over - of course people do but not as much as when I had a home base to phone and people knew where to reach me, which they don't now. I've ~~started~~ stopped doing any public work and I leap from here to there so my sense of identity and self is pretty much ~~an~~ attached to outside objects events and images of myself (the rose excepted!) I wear (18) slacks - the white pant I traded for the dungarees with the green velvet patch on the rear, (via B from



an Aries) I can't wear any other because of my knee - only white colors - when the knee is in pain I massage the muscle of the leg, see sparks of electricity bone the knee, not butterflies although butterflies come from the calf muscle - now I only see a faint color, just more a little more pale purple (1) from the tense calf muscle - my (20) will soon reach this stage. Reminder how great writers of the past (b t) before typewriter had the patience to slow their minds in order to write clearly (in meaning and script). Perhaps I miss the pleasure in writing for I do not find it me. Its just that I want to say certain things - get it out - I have to write to do it. So I write and soon I shall watch Bugs Bunny and Road Runner. The early morning hours are good for writing. (5.30 on) I used to wake at 6.0 and write its so quiet and I don't wake in despair (a low energy problem - also - B'is grumpy close to anger when he awakes) I like to write

Sleep or nap again and up at 12.0 - feel good do some yoga feel better off to look at apt and V(23) show 27 and 67.

Another fruitless apt. hunting day - but I met a nice supt. I hid feet. Ah. Oh ah. Cement. Horrors grapes the tree with grapes the morning my right toes were grapish purple, exactly the color of the carob pudding I had eaten at 5.30. A less (24)

say purplish grey is the color of fear. They are talking about thought forms. However, I decided my right toes are afraid of carob pudding. Yesterday I saw a dark blueish purple mash over Dora's face - today my hands are that color. The man in purpled grey is picking a leaf from the grape tree.

"At the Doctor's office"

I don't think one's special talent should be applauded. The only great talent is for self-enlightenment and that is something that cannot be applauded for it would mean a lower self applauding a higher self and that would be an indulgence of satisfaction, and that is a pause rather than a moving forward the full realization of love where no applause is needed. Living in the world however often makes us feel we want some appreciation, perhaps ~~xxxxxxxx~~ it counteracts the difficulties that life today entails. We are witnesses on a dying planet, hopefully not but perhaps so. We have learned only to plunder and pervert our own planet, killing instead of feeding, competing instead of cooperating, and now we move outward to the moon and other planets. ~~What will ever~~ this country above all, with its mean history, is it prepared or entitled to bring itself, its ideals and its vibrations to other planets? And will they permit it? Will the universe permit the spread of selfish use? "~~Oh Claude! Not another one!~~" i.e. water lily.

Awake in the middle of the night, depression, want a place to live want summer place to write

We talked about despair in class. B asked me about it - I ~~runk~~ <sup>met</sup> it with fear and anger - another useless emotion - only anger is mentioned as one of "the 10

~~Letters~~ which prevent <sup>me</sup> me from attaining final liberation" - ~~but~~ despair, <sup>to</sup> perhaps anger turned inward or disgust or hopelessness, ~~together are connected with the self.~~ One's idea of how one should feel and live behave shamed else - for to me despair is partly anger and disappointment at such a grossly material world and myself too for having indulged so long in the pursuit of money and recognition. ~~The~~ pursuit of maximum money through a job 2: the giving up of that pursuit in order to gratify my desire to write, even though this latter was a more enlightening path ~~and~~ because it gave me freedom to explore, live and express my true self - which I did in my art - and the self unconsciousness expressed the idea of the self I now know consciously.

Looking for a place to live is ~~indeed an example of~~ how I feel about myself. Living from place to place I have been passive - not entertaining at all, I've never asked anyone to come over - ~~of course~~ people do but not as much as when I had a home base to phone and people knew where to reach me, which they don't now. I've ~~started~~ stopped doing any public work and I leap from here to there so my sense of identity and self is pretty much unattached to outside objects events and images of myself (the rose excepted!) I wear ~~my old~~ ~~slacks~~ - ~~the white pant I traded for the dungarees with the green velvet patch on the rear, (via B from~~

*only white hands*

~~an Aries~~) I can't wear <sup>1</sup> any other because of my knee  
 - ~~only white colors~~ - when the knee is in pain I mas-  
 sage the muscle of the leg, see sparks of electricity  
~~from~~ the knee, not butterflies although butterflies  
 come from the calf muscle - now I only see a faint  
 color, ~~just more a little more~~ pale purple ~~(1)~~ from  
 the tense calf muscle - my ~~(20)~~ will soon reach  
 this stage. Reminder how great writers of the past (b t)  
 before typewriter had the patience to slow their minds  
 in order to write clearly (in meaning and script). ~~Per-~~  
~~haps~~ I miss the pleasure in writing, for I do not find  
 it me. Its just that I want to say certain things -  
 get it out. - I have to write to do it. So I write and  
 soon I shall watch Bugs Bunny and Road Runner. The  
 early morning hours are good, ~~for writing.~~ ~~(5.30 on)~~  
 I used to wake at 6:00 and write its so quiet and I  
 don't wake in despair (a low energy problem - ~~also~~ -  
 B'is grumpy close to anger when he awakes) I like to  
 write

Sleep or nap again and up at 12.0 - feel good do  
 some yoga, ~~feel better off to look at apt and V(23)~~  
~~show 27 and 67.~~ ~~See B'~~

Another fruitless apt. hunting day - ~~but I met~~  
~~a nice supt.~~ I hid Feet. Ah. Oh ah. Cement. Horrors  
 grapes the tree with grapes the morning my right toes  
 were grapish purple, exactly the color of the carob  
 pudding I had eaten, at 5.30. A less (24)

*some*

say purplish grey is the color of fear. They are talking about thought forms. However, I decided my right toes are afraid of carob pudding. Yesterday I saw a dark blueish purple mask over ~~Dora's~~ face - today my hands are that color. ~~The man in purpled grey is picking a leaf from the grape tree.~~

Story of Plow

Fast day 7/28/9 58  
Sec 10 P 4.506 10-1

In the original state  
Thought creates;  
That the state I'm in,  
Free of "sin,"  
The sin of fear,  
Is sometimes near.  
And fears and thoughts  
And thought creates,  
And that a very sorry state!

3/27

The power of positive thinking is a very good title  
for life, and the feelings of loving children.

I would never write last line.

I ask myself ( )  
to turn on and a rose  
appears at 4 -- like I  
like this comedy.

Stick to the simple wife. A man's suggestion to a lady  
painter.

B says we are watching a dying planet. Half right.  
(Saw half of my two-sided ( ) in  
his eye.) So what's the other half?

This sublet - it's wrong. The new yes signal is a  
brown Indian profile face with a red outline. I got a  
straight on my hat when I said to B - "Well, if I take

this sublet and I find another place soon, there goes \$500 and I got the straight on sign, which means yes! God, my handwriting is awful.

The right hand is coral pink and the left arm is purple blue.

Maybe we're all experiments and the gods are watching us to see how we survive.

The smell came back -- the smell of the candle -- and the two leaves appeared on the clock face, one green and one blue -- the way the candle burned when I asked for a present from the universe.

B says Jesus taught us God is forgiving and I should get rid of my guilt. ( ) says purple is low energy, and I said I'm turning blue on the left side but there's still some purple left on the right side in the knee.

Got my period -- it usually follows the full moon -- I should keep track of them. It's early. I get waterlogged and depressed.

The smell of the candle came from the desk where I wrote three letters for a job -- so I guess it's a sign I'll get one of them. I promise to let you know the exciting result of this real life drama -- or (

) in the city doing the work (but not too much!) you like!



(Didn't get one of the jobs.)

Another dark garden. Another slim street, more garbage in a big barge with no truck attached. Dusty heap. The locusts sang. The moon moves into Libra, and darkness is not light enough.

Dragonwell tea -- communist subversive tea! The best green, very delicate -- this is lovely -- like some oriental poetry -- very subtle. Green tea is like wine in a way -- most are harsh or astringent. What's a good green store tea? Twining Gunpowder. They call the green tea leaves pellets. Twining Payday, a good black tea (fermented).

Some fermented: oolong brown tea. Good. Get good variety (\$1.50 for                   ), not Chinese equivalent of Lipton's (black). Oolong -- great big curly leaves.

#### Tea

Green: contemplative.  
Don't eat with it except maybe plain biscuit.

Gunpowder: center on tea (           ) loud noise.  
(           ) you might miss the tea entirely.

Black Darjeeling and Assam: blackest black tea (like a burgundy). Can get a red color. All body. A sensual tea. Drink with milk and honey.

Green: gunpowder or dragonwell.  
Young (           ).

Wagner's: American tea.

( ): tea with ( ).

Twining's: black with "

English breakfast: Ceylon ( ) and Assam.

American tea from Ceylon (cheap tea)

Brazil shit coffee.

Cafe Bustelo, comes in a bag.

Coffee destroys chromosomes to a greater extent than LSD.

Bustelo and half & half and raw sugar.

I decided to put the metal stepladder next to the metal door. I tried picking it up with a wooden hangar -- holding the wooden part and lifting with the knob -- but it didn't work. The hangar had been in the kitchen sink, where I had thrown it from the studio -- one good long shot. After the clothespin event I wanted to continue this magic existence, so I called the hangar to come back to me out of the sink -- I wanted it for my eye, which collects tension like the Department of Revenue collects green. Concentrate and demand as I could and would, the hangar remained in the sink. I consoled myself by deciding this would be black magic anyway, using powers for my own personal convenience.

"Why do people always tell you to have a good time

*Fast day 7/29/99*

*before birth day (10th day)*

when you're going to work? So depressing."

I don't remember how I got the ladder to the door -- maybe I just picked it up and put it there -- though anything so direct as that seems unthinkable! There had to be a something between the me and the it. When I got to the sink area I had still to navigate -- though that's the wrong word -- find a way to pass by? the enameled metal refrigerator, stove, and metal-enclosed sink. I found an old seersucker spread. A faded blanket, white one, and hung it over the stove refrigerator and in front of the stove and over the golden metal rod that was above an empty place with shelves where a box of rat poison was giving off fumes. The seersucker was a good protection -- better than a plain sheet, heavier, and the ( ) helped a lot. I hung a towel over each of the metal doors and closed them as best I could. There was another box of rat poison under the sink.

So I was getting the sink area pretty well organized so I could be in some comfort once I got there.

Part of this was fun -- I saw it as some kind of test for myself. Could I and would I endure these tricks? Could I solve all the little problems that presented

themselves?

As I was trying to rid myself of the purple Monday night (?) I lay on the very edge of the bed near the kitchen -- it was the only place left to lie down across the width, near the length, and I held one wooden fork and one wooden spoon up in my right hand all night. I don't know why -- I wanted to see if I could do it -- I wanted them to cool out so I could wear and use them again. I needed at least one sock for my right foot when traveling (it was so much easier than binding my feet) and clean wood for my eye.

I lay all over the ping-pong table, letting the wood absorb the tension in my bad muscles, rolling and rolling, and scraping my shoulders and neck along the edge, and rubbing my leg muscle against the edge as I sat on the table. The purple was tension in the muscle to me and every time I went through a spasm I had to get rid of all that. Wood took out and absorbed the bad vibrations. Metal reflected them back. I didn't understand that at the time. All I knew was a terror of metal, because it was purple, and purple was pain -- the metal had absorbed the low energy purple, and as my energy refined itself, the return of the earlier energy was

*Fast day  
&*

*Fast Stuffed*

At R's I began to remember the story I had written and thrown away. It began with a poem that had been a dream, and as far as I remember now is:

Everyone was going on a journey. Some people were going away. Some people were coming home. One man lived in the second story of a wooden house where the gray slats went up and down. The sun came into his windows every day, except when it rained. Beside the house was a road, a ( ) road that curved. Beyond the curve was the post office, and next to the post office, the florist shop. Every week the florist sent the man yellow daffodils of varying shades of yellow. The man painted these flowers, and the pictures hung everywhere. Sometimes there were no daffodils, so the florist sent daisies, and once sunflowers, all the yellow flowers, in varying shades of yellow.

Once there were no yellow flowers and he sent the man pink roses. These the man painted very carefully, taking great pleasure in the many shades of pink, from pale to dark, and the shapes of the petals that centered around the bud. This was the only pink painting in the house.

One day the man hung all the flower paintings on one wall. One wall he painted blue, like the sea, with

the sky above and the sand beneath. One wall he painted on the wall with the door, he painted a large red stop sign. The ceiling he painted the color of the nighttime sky. The floor he painted deep gray with a white stripe down the middle. Then he went on a journey.

I don't remember the other two walls, but as I see it now, one was green, the color of grass, and one was all lit with a sun that was either rising or setting. There were no adjectives whatsoever in this story, except as applied to color or size, except the ( ) thought, as applied to flowers (nasturtiums and mums) for one day the man wanted to send some flowers to a woman, but he had no money or was too lazy or spent too much time sitting under a large tree (that was colored red in the trunk, with blue leaves and some gold somewhere, maybe in the little branches.

So perhaps he didn't want to leave this marvelous tree and sent a little piece of ( ) instead which said Thought Flowers, which is something I think is very sweet, don't you? But what's remarkable to me

What is really remarkable is the point at which I stop writing up above. The thought flowers I made myself -- and I haven't told you about the sunflowers.

not-fast  
pre-fast

The sunflowers I brought home (yellow and brown sunflowers appears at word thought) from the beach -- one I gave away. The stem had three buds on it. One was blooming. I put the vase on the top shelf in the kitchen; and the two other buds opened and bloomed. So I dried the three sunflowers and put them in a black vase D and D had left with me along with the blue head curtain in a wooden box (I see these as I write, which is how I remember now) on a grey napkin with yellow daisies with brown centers I bought for \$1 at L & T and couldn't steal the blue one -- and put these on a little ( ) table on the large oriental rug (fake) in the studio and lay on the bed which was covered with many colored cloths and ( ) and looked at the sunflowers and saw ( ) tiny -- about  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch large -- the size of the witches, pop out from one of the real dried sunflowers, and I really almost jumped, the colors were so thick and real as opposed to now, the colors are so thin I can barely see them, which is an indication of my energy level. Low. The sunflowers were so thick and real and colorful as the winged green eye of K.

Another sorrow -- my hair was butchered yesterday -- the big fat balding grey-haired mother fucker who

*make it  
sure*

cut it took off almost three inches, when all he had to do was trim and shape it and even it out, and the result of being butchered is that I look like a butch. So I went to get this shirt and ( ) to make me look like a woman again, and instead of \$23 for the two pieces, that was just for the blouse. The shirt was 40!!!

I was looking at my face on the soles of my shoes -- I mean I cried and cried about the fucking no hair and wanted to go and cut that guy's hair about six inches on one side only and let him see how it feels, when the spade who was in the shop says, "I like your hair," and I nearly flipped, telling him a little but not all of the horror story, but saying it was uneven and could have been shaped better (thinking why didn't I go to a good black hairdresser!!!), and he says he doesn't see the details, it looks good, and I smile (!). Can you imagine, I'd just given all my money away and was thinking of running to the country and fasting in the woods by a sunny stream till I died. Despair, man! Will you try not finding an apartment in New York, get fired from one (of ( ) two needed for support) job and get your image whacked off by a futher mucker (a futher mucker is one who mucks and fucks up fucking!)



And you try shopping with the V. Yes ( )  
 shall I buy the pale blue T shirt (100% cotton but  
 the sign of the black necklace on it, whatever that  
 means) but lacy and open to receive, well, whatever  
 comes along. B wears black shirts so maybe I'll buy a  
 black one -- no -- I busted my knee -- oh, never mind.  
 I bought it, but it has patterns like stairs for the  
 ( ) to come through, and once I thought,  
 well, that came later -- we were on thought flowers,  
 weren't we? And the shirt was 10, not 14, so I felt  
 better.

Had some German apple pancakes, two glasses  
 Liebfraumilch. Love women's milk, women's lib.

( ) up 

green stems

Must get a new hat or something to put on while  
 I'm in short dresses, also opaque -- no sex except  
 upon request. I'll wear the blue shirt at home --  
 things are so bad I have to look at boys at bars.

B got her tax refund check first, far out, in time  
 to pay her rent. Far out, but still working!

B said once when I cried about the rose (Tina  
 gave it back today. Tina saves bottles to reuse to  
 save the country) they always told you if you lived this

long you would get screwed and she wouldn't go under and we are ourselves regardless of what we wear or own (or how our hair is cut -- never again, I swear again to cut it myself but the shaping!) Like the time B's mother cut her hair and she freaked afterward to think she had her hair. Don't let an enemy have your hair. Everyday witchcraft or how to cut hair, pare toenails and otherwise live in the big city.

I think I hate my face. The wrinkles are gone from the eyes but not from the mouth yet -- the smile muscle is unused. Don't cut your power off, boobies. Let your hair grow. I'm not sure, but I think it stores up electricity for future (you just got up from a nap) use - purple yellow.

Anyway, so B got her check in time, even from the government (two, one from State), to pay the rent and maybe eat a little.

It's remarkable to think that this month I paid her rent (living there) and next month it's old Uncle Sam, I mean man. If all your friends pitch in to help, there's hope.

In the original state  
 Thought creates;  
 That the state I'm in,  
 Free of "sin,"  
 The sin of fear,  
 Is sometimes near.  
 And fears <sup>to</sup> ~~and~~ thoughts  
 And thought creates,  
 And that's a very sorry state!

The power of positive thinking is a very good title  
 for life, and the feelings of loving children, *is thrilling*

~~I would never write last line.~~

I ask myself *what station*  
 to turn on and a rose  
 appears at 4 -- ~~like~~ *hope*  
 like this comedy.

Stick to the simple wife. A man's suggestion to a lady  
 painter.

B says we are watching a dying planet. Half right.  
 (Saw half of my two-sided *pen ring* in  
 his eye. So what's the other half?

This sublet - it's wrong. The new yes signal is a  
 brown Indian profile face with a red outline. I got a  
 straight on <sup>m</sup> my hat when I said to B - "Well, if I take

this sublet and I find another place soon, there goes \$500 and I got the straight on sign, which means yes! God, my handwriting is awful.

The right hand is coral pink and the left arm is purple blue.

Maybe we're all experiments and the gods are watching us to see how we survive.

The smell came back -- the smell of the candle -- and the two leaves appeared on the clock face, one green and one blue -- the way the candle burned when I asked for a present from the universe.

B says Jesus taught us God is forgiving and I should get rid of my guilt. *He* says purple is low energy, and I said I'm turning blue on the left side but there's still some purple left on the right side in the knee.

Got my period -- it usually follows the full moon -- I should keep track of them. It's early. I get waterlogged and depressed.

The smell of the candle came from the desk where I wrote three letters for a job -- so I guess it's a sign I'll get one of them. I promise to let you know the exciting result of this real life drama -- or *how to survive* in the city doing the work *but* not too much! *you* like!

(Didn't get one of the jobs.)

Another dark garden. Another ~~slim~~ street, more garbage in a big barge with no truck attached. Dusty heap. The locusts sang. The moon moves into Libra, and darkness is not light enough.

Dragonwell tea -- communist subversive tea! The best green, very delicate -- this is lovely -- like some oriental poetry -- very subtle. Green tea is like wine in a way -- most are harsh or astringent. What's a good green store tea? Twining Gunpowder. They call the green tea leaves pellets. Twining Payday, a good black tea (fermented).

Some fermented: oolong brown tea. Good. Get good variety (~~\$1.50 for~~ *quarters?*), not Chinese equivalent of Lipton's (black). Oolong -- great big curly leaves.

### Tea

Green: contemplative.  
Don't eat with it except maybe plain biscuit.

Gunpowder: center on tea. *if* loud noise.  
*in street* you might miss  
the tea entirely.

Black Darjeeling and Assam: blackest black tea  
(like a burgundy). Can get a red  
color. All body. A sensual tea.  
Drink with milk and honey.

Green: gunpowder or dragonwell.  
Young *hyson*.

~~At R's~~ I began<sup>i</sup> to remember ~~the~~<sup>a</sup> story I had written and thrown away. It began with a poem that had been a dream, and as far as I remember ~~now~~<sup>it</sup> is:

Everyone was going on a journey. Some people were going away. Some people were coming home. One man lived in the second story of a wooden house where the gray slats went up and down. The sun came into his windows every day, except when it rained. Beside the house was a road, a *(huge)* road that curved. Beyond the curve was the post office, and next to the post office, the florist shop. Every week the florist sent the man yellow daffodils of varying shades of yellow. The man painted these flowers, and the pictures hung everywhere. Sometimes there were no daffodils, so the florist sent daisies, and once sunflowers, all the yellow flowers, in varying shades of yellow.

Once there were no yellow flowers and he sent the man pink roses. These the man painted very carefully, taking great pleasure in the many shades of pink, from pale to dark, and the shapes of the petals that centered around the bud. This was the only pink painting in the house.

One day the man hung all the flower paintings on one wall. One wall he painted blue, like the sea, with

the sky above and the sand beneath. ~~One wall he painted~~  
 On the wall with the door, he painted a large red stop  
 sign. The ceiling he painted the color of the  
 nighttime sky. The floor he painted deep gray with  
 a white stripe down the middle. Then he went on a  
 journey.

I don't remember the other two walls, but as I see  
 it now, one was green, the color of grass, and one was  
 all lit with a sun that was either rising or setting.  
 There were no adjectives whatsoever in this story,  
 except as applied to color or size, except the (*wand*)  
 thought, as applied to flowers (nasturtiums and mums)  
 for one day the man wanted to send some flowers to a  
 woman, but he had no money or was too lazy or spent too  
 much time sitting under a large tree (that was colored  
 red in the trunk, with blue leaves and ~~some~~ gold  
~~somewhere, maybe~~ in the little branches.

So perhaps he didn't want to leave this marvelous  
 tree and sent a little piece of *a paper* ~~it~~  
 instead which said Thought Flowers, which is something  
 I think is very sweet, don't you? ~~But what's remarkable~~  
~~to me~~ *is the*

~~What is really remarkable is the point at which I~~  
~~stop writing up above.~~ The thought flowers I made  
 myself -- and I haven't told you about the sunflowers.

The sunflowers I brought home (yellow and brown sunflowers appears at word thought) from the beach -- one I gave away. The stem had three buds on it. One was blooming. I put the vase on the top shelf in the kitchen; and the two other buds opened and bloomed. So I dried the three sunflowers and put them in a black vase D ~~and D~~ had left with me along with the blue head curtain in a wooden box (I see these as I write, which is how I remember now) ~~on a grey napkin with yellow daisies with brown centers I bought for \$1 at L & T and couldn't steal the blue one -- and put these on a little (teak) table on the large oriental rug (fake) in the studio and lay on the bed which was covered with many colored cloths and (thru) and looked at the sunflowers and saw (1 more) tiny -- about  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch large -- the size of the witches, pop out from one of the real dried sunflowers, and I really almost jumped, the colors were so thick and real as opposed to now, the colors are so thin I can barely see them, which is an indication of my energy level. Low. The sunflowers were ~~so~~ thick and real and colorful as the winged green eye of ~~A.E.~~~~


Another sorrow -- my hair was butchered yesterday -- the big fat balding grey-haired mother fucker who



cut it took off almost three inches, when all he had to do was trim and shape it and even it out, and the result of being butchered is that I look like a butch. So I went to get this shirt and ~~(shirt)~~ to make me look like a woman again, and instead of \$23 for the two pieces, that was just for the blouse. The shirt was 40!!!

I was looking at my face on the soles of my shoes -- I mean I cried and cried about the fucking no hair and wanted to go and cut that guy's hair about six inches on one side only and let him see how it feels, when the ~~spade~~ <sup>man</sup> who was in the shop says, "I like your hair," and I nearly flipped, telling him a little but not all of the horror story, but saying it was uneven and could have been shaped better (thinking why didn't I go to a good black hairdresser!!!), and he says he doesn't see the details, it looks good, and I smile (!). Can you imagine, I'd ~~just given~~ <sup>g</sup> all my money away ~~and~~ was thinking of running to the country and fasting in the woods by a sunny stream till I died. Despair, man! Will you try not finding an apartment in New York, get fired from one ~~of~~ <sup>(2 jobs)</sup> ~~two needed for support~~ <sup>500</sup> ~~job~~ and get your image whacked off by a futher mucker (a futher mucker is one who mucks ~~and fucks~~ up fucking!)

And you try shopping with the V. Yes ( *messau* )  
 shall I buy the pale blue T shirt (100% cotton but  
 the sign of the black necklace on it, whatever that  
 means) ~~but~~ lacy and open to receive, well, whatever  
 comes along. B wears black shirts so maybe I'll buy a  
 black one -- no -- I busted my ~~kn~~<sup>?</sup> -- oh, never mind.  
 I bought it, ~~but~~ it has patterns like stairs <sup>RG</sup> for the ~~net~~<sup>net</sup>  
 (  ) to come through, and once I thought,  
 well, that came later -- we were on thought flowers,  
 weren't we? And the shirt was 10, not 14, so I felt  
 better.

Had some German apple pancakes, two glasses  
 Liebfraumilch. Love women's milk, women's lib.  
 ( *shut* ) up   
 green stems

Must get a new hat or something to put on while  
 I'm in short dresses, also opaque -- no sex except  
 upon request. I'll wear the blue shirt at home --  
 things are so bad I have to look at boys <sup>in</sup> at bars.

B got her tax refund check <sup>just</sup> first, far out, in time  
 to pay her rent. Far out, but still working!

B said once when I cried about the rose (Tina  
 gave it back today. Tina saves bottles to reuse to  
 save the country) they always told you if you lived this

long you would get screwed and she wouldn't go under and we are ourselves regardless of what we wear or own (or how our hair is cut -- never again, I swear again to cut it myself but the shaping!) ~~Like the time~~ B's mother cut ~~her~~ hair and ~~she~~ freaked afterward to think she had her hair. Don't let an enemy have your hair. Everyday witchcraft or how to cut hair, pare toenails and otherwise live in the big city.

I think I hate my face. The wrinkles are gone from the eyes but not from the mouth yet -- the smile muscle is unused. Don't cut your power off, ~~boobies~~. Let your hair grow. I'm not sure, but I think it stores up electricity for future (~~you just got up from a nap~~) use - purple yellow.

Anyway, so B got her check in time, even from the government (two, one from State), to pay the rent and maybe eat a little.

It's remarkable to think that this month I paid her rent (living there) and next month it's old Uncle Sam, I mean man. If all your friends pitch in to help, there's hope.

<sup>lady.</sup>  
~~workman.~~ <sup>He looked into the books.</sup>  
 Once there was a ~~girl.~~ <sup>PUT</sup> They locked up her socks. She decided  
 to live in a tiger. When she wanted to go out she left through  
 an orange stripe. The tiger had a red eye. He winked. She  
 blinked. They rubbed noses ~~and kissed.~~ He had striped balls.  
 She climbed inside. She didn't need socks. ~~She didn't like~~  
~~locks.~~ She had friends who rhymed. Friends who know no time.  
 Is this your first life? <sup>your first wife?</sup> Do you believe in marriage? No, ~~but~~  
~~I love you~~ said the tiger, What do you do with wooden shoes.  
 Walk in the woods. Talk to blues. ~~Blue friends, are good friends.~~  
 O blue is tops. See! Blue! Sea blue, a color between green and  
 blue. Some green is <sup>mean.</sup> ~~They locked up her dress.~~ What a  
~~mess! No, not the dress, it was crackled like stained glass,~~  
~~she couldn't have an overnight pass.~~ Hello tiger. Here I am  
 inside. It is velvet inside a tiger - ~~deep, red velvet.~~ <sup>red velvet</sup> inside  
 a lion it is deep blue. ~~Kiss you. Kiss you first.~~ Are you  
 thirsty? Have a ~~peach,~~ an apricot, a plum. ~~Mmmnn. Yum. Drink~~  
~~some coffee.~~ Think of all the creative people you know. Think  
 of ~~tigers,~~ green grass and spots. ~~Put the spots neatly together,~~ <sup>PUT</sup>  
 gathering <sup>by</sup> ~~them~~ <sup>spots</sup> carefully wherever they appear, at the elbow  
~~joint,~~ for example, and make a leopard. ~~Hello leopard, meet~~  
~~tiger, what color are your insides.~~ Slip in through a spot.  
 Oh, lovely, furry inside! ~~Grey and tickly.~~ Did you know leop-  
 ards are prickly. They locked up her coat. They got her goat.  
 Her goat gave milk. Her coat was silk. ~~Lavender silk with~~  
~~yellow flowers.~~ she wore it with striped wallpaper. White  
~~ground, black stripes, roses with green stems. Anem.~~ Do you  
~~like this ring? Wear it. see the sparkle.~~ This is silly. Willy  
 Willy. ~~lost the pace.~~ Here's <sup>my</sup> place. Beside the tiger. Wear-  
 the

ing a <sup>netti-</sup> lavender coat. What is this happy animal? doing on ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> page?

~~I drink a lot of milk. Milk is a blue drink. It is hard to find a green drink. <sup>cat</sup> Even green teas are blue drinks. I had a date who brought me dates, apricots have A. Oranges are blue and are good for you. <sup>you someone a</sup> Up will turn you pale lime green if you are purple when you come in from the outside. When you <sup>come come in</sup> come in from the outside you are inside. Leave your coat and/or your goat in the vestibule. Leave on your vest. If it is your best. If it is not your best leave it on anyway.~~

[ Let us go to the country and plant seeds. ] Let us join the please force. We are polite and will not give tickets except for rudeness. We ~~even~~ love you if you are kind and loving too. If you join the please force at 18 you can get your college education free as part of your training program and will have, after 4 years, a salary, an education and a job that will support a family of no more, please, than you are already. When do you say enough! ~~People!~~ Do we have enough people per square inch. A square inch is how much space (cubicular) a people (singular) indeed! [ live breathe think hope dream exercise bathe sleep love look at the stars. ] At the stars needs a window that looks at the sky and stars. Stars are easiest. They are there. Your own window look out at the stars is something to hope for. [ The mettalic effect of blue and orange turned coppery is painful. Soy oil is cheap and good for you. [ King size belongs on the top shelf. ] Not all black cats with green eyes are bad luck. Some are intelligent. ] There is no luck. ~~Only~~ what you need when you need it. ~~Indeed~~ that is a good dream! That is sufficient.

~~see~~

~~there are~~

~~Suff as in ~~stuff~~ with no ~~tea~~ is sent. Tea is sent ~~up~~ there is ~~are~~  
~~comb~~ honey pumpkin cookies: organic honey, organically raised  
stone ground 100% whole wheat flour, pumpkin, eggs, butter,  
pecans, alluminum free baking powder, sea salt, cinnamon,  
lemon, giner, nutmeg, allspice. These are good with ~~7Up~~  
(green with a red dot) and oranges (blue). ~~These cookies are~~  
good food. This is an advertisment for Pumpkins. ~~who~~ support  
pumpkin cookies by their continued orange existance. ~~on~~  
~~Halloween~~ all the little witches come out. They are an ~~an~~ 1/8  
or ~~a~~ 1/4 in size and are amenable to jokes. They are a joke.  
So is the puppy dog blue and rust and beige Mexican style  
who sits on my bottom shelf. He protects me but moves to the  
tv when it gets too smoky. Puppy dog what was that look on  
your face? The cat meowed 8 or 10 times. Hello cat. Thank  
you for visiting me ~~all ween~~. That is the delicious nature  
of pumpkin cookies made from our best ~~Halloween~~ pumpkin. The  
butterflies can be any color including a sooty ash black.  
They fly out of your elbow or your knee ~~or from wherever they~~  
~~happen to be~~. From your fingertips come many ~~colored~~ flowers.  
Think of your fingertips as picket fences on which to grow  
flowers. Why have fences ~~when you can have benches~~. Invite  
a stranger to sit on your lawn, ~~under our tree~~. ~~In~~ your sun  
spot. Tear down your fences ~~for firewood~~. Dream in front of  
your fire. Pop corn. Corn is good food. Invite a stranger  
to sleep in your home, for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Invite  
the person with the longest hair to come home and stay for a  
week. Invite the youngest dropout to spend a month in your~~

BEGIN

JOKES

GO TO THE BATHROOM

colored

41

SIXTEEN

BANNY

he was

slowly

spare room, your spare bed your own room your own bed. Share  
 what you have today and see what happens tomorrow. <sup>Jenny</sup> Give away  
 everything you do not need. What do you really need? Or  
 exchange with friends most precious or least precious posses-  
 sions. You will find you are the same you! You are even another  
 newer you who has surprises in store for you. Who? Never mind  
 who. The mind knows who. The mind knows. It is there watching.  
 If you do something good it smiles an intelligent smile on you,  
 if you do something intelligent which is what is good.

[ I threw away my purple furniture and my beige chair which  
 was green and my green table which was black and my <sup>GO HOME</sup> ~~natural~~  
 wood frames which were green and purple. It is possible to  
 become a fine translucent pink the color of cut glasses my  
 grandmother used, ~~for best.~~ ~~I want to write but I am lazy.~~  
~~I would like to put my thoughts directly on tape without the~~  
~~medium of speech.~~ Its unnecessary for us both to speak. ~~Does~~ ds  
 her thoughts to me or I send my thoughts to her? when we both  
 think it is 10 o'clock and it is 11.30 we are <sup>not</sup> ~~both~~ intuitively  
 perceiving reality. ~~not that time is reality.~~ / I hope the first  
 company that manufactures a direct thought to tape machine  
 (and now that I am typing it, a direct thought to typewriter  
 sheet or better even book machine) I hope this company will  
 give me one immediatly on production because I am lazy and  
 another machine as soon as they have corrected the bugs in  
 the first machine because I don't understand machines and if  
 they understand me they should self repair. They should self  
 repair anyway. / my thoughts right now are about my g r e a t  
 experience. The whole Earth Catalogue just announced a book

called "Kundalini: The Evolutionary Energy in Man" by Gopi Krishna, ~~\$6.50 postpaid from Shambala Publications Inc 2010 Seventh Street Berkeley California 94710.~~ The experience of a man <sup>with</sup> when the energy hit him - a quote - "Under the action of a stronger current than that for which it was designed, any man-made mechanism, even a hundredth part as sensitive and intricate as the human frame, would be wrecked or damaged immediately, but because of certain inherent qualities developed by the human organism as a means of evolution, the sudden release of the serpent power, provided the blood is healthy and the organism sound, is not attended by fatal results in favorable cases because of certain safety devices already provided by nature to meet a contingency of this kind in individuals ready for the experience. Even in such cases it is essential that the energy be benignly disposed and that the subject take the necessary precautions to maintain this strength of the body and the balance of the mind during the subsequent period of inexpressibly severe trial...." But what I witnessed and still witness within myself is so contrary to many accepted notions of science, at variance with many time-honored dogmas of faith, and so antagonistic to many of the universally followed dictums of civilisation that when what I have experienced is proved empirically there must occur a far-reaching revolutionary change in every sphere of human activity and conduct. But other people's experience aside, I suppose you'd like to read this, and can't if I don't write it, though if you are, it means I've written it.



Tues

I went out shopping for wooden spoons, forks, knives. I found what I needed plus <sup>US</sup> ~~serving spoons and soup spoons~~. I bought 2 ~~wooden bowls~~, <sup>2</sup> wooden bowls, ~~two~~ tea cups and <sup>a small cream</sup> pitchers a wine glass and a covered earthenware pot. The wooden utensils my <sup>SPIRIT</sup> intuition had been after me sometime to buy. I also knew that the body absorbs the metal from cooking pots and had given up my old ~~ones~~ stainless and started using enamel, ~~some weeks previously~~. A friend had told me that only certain imported stainless and real silver were really ok to eat with, and although I had both, I didn't like the taste of silver, ~~and there wasn't too much left of the stainless~~. I had become increasingly sensitive to ~~taste moreover~~ and to stir a delicate hot tea with a metal spoon spoiled ~~some of the flavor~~, <sup>also the metal</sup> I also thought it would be nice to ~~spread butter, nut butters and jams~~ <sup>use</sup> with wooden knives for the same reason, ~~especially since I lick the knife~~. I want to distinguish ~~here though my knowledge of wanting the knives and spoons and the strong~~ <sup>DRIVING</sup> intuition that expressed urgent need. The shopkeeper had a ~~medium~~ <sup>my</sup> clear blue outlining his right side. Then I went to a mens cutrate store where my intuitive intelligence, <sup>SPIRIT FORM</sup> and I had a few/differences. It wanted me to buy (I didn't and later needed them) 2 pairs of flannel pyjamas, small size, white socks, <sup>ironing tissue</sup> soap, ~~kleenex~~, a pair of pants. It also wanted me to buy (I didn't and didn't need it) a man's Russian <sup>FUN</sup> type hat with multi-colored embroidery on top and a black fuzzy rim. ~~You see, sometimes that intuition does love a joke~~. I chose a cheap blanket, useful. Then I went to the ~~Indian and Pakistani~~ stores and dressed a private fantasy. I bought a long sheer pale green gown, cotton, ~~like the Indian shirts everyone~~

~~wore a few years ago~~ - Mexiacn white cotton man's shirt with black embroidery, ~~a long Indian gown, heavy cotton, sort of brown on beige print,~~ a small <sup>cotton</sup> green and white rug and a wooden <sup>etal</sup> candlestick. I was getting heavier ~~and heavier~~ into natural fibres, ~~wood, pottery~~. I have the distict impression now that all I should have bought was the thin green cotton gown and ~~its~~ <sup>I never used any of it.</sup> ~~true~~ I overdid my fantasy. I had some inkling that I was laying in supplies ~~for a seige, but I didn't know what kind.~~ I just felt I would not shop again for ages. I think I also wanted to stay out of that <sup>smelly, exterminated</sup> ~~awful-smelling~~ loft as long as possible I didn't know it then but I was turning green. Green pains me on my bad side. Let me explain about my bad side, which, because of a sciatica condition had less circulation, <sup>had</sup> less strength and more ill, ~~than the other side.~~ I discovered this sciatica ~~a year and a half ago.~~ During the summer, I did yoga, hung from a branch, swam. In ~~the fall of '69~~ I went to an orthopoedist who told me that it was chronic, he could do nothing for me except give me one exercise; lying on my back and touching my knee to my head. The condition he said probably came from a ~~broken rib when I fell off a horse at 17 (I landed on my back but I don't remember breaking~~ <sup>anything)</sup> ~~a rib.~~ DISLOCATED I do remember that I didn't want to go horse-back riding ~~that day~~ <sup>that day</sup> and that I was in <sup>for</sup> pain/weeks after. The orthopoedist <sup>when I was 17</sup> then made me wear a girdle and sleep on a board but how I wish oh wish I'd gone to a ~~chiropractor then~~ <sup>recently years ago</sup>. Thats what I did in the fall of ~~'69.~~ he

\* MEDW  
 from the  
 apt  
 still

a year ago.  
 Howard  
 Saltzman

told me my ~~kneck~~ neck was also out of whack (inevitable because of the bent spine) that it would take so many treatments to re-

align the spine and proceeded to give me my treatment. I came out high. When I ~~don't~~<sup>didn't</sup> come out high I ~~come~~<sup>came</sup> out laughing which convinces me that the tension ~~engendered~~<sup>from</sup> by a misaligned spine and ~~neck~~, plus the inevitable muscle spasm and ~~sinus condition~~ has been directly the cause of tension, ~~nervousness~~<sup>and</sup> ~~bad~~ ~~temper~~ for many years. ~~at this point in time my back is 95%~~ ~~realigned.~~ ~~there's still some problem in the~~ ~~neck and muscle~~ ~~spasm.~~ I ~~can~~<sup>can't</sup> tell this because I haven't been for a treatment in 7 weeks and I have experienced no pain at all in the lower back. ~~It is necessary to understand this because I think what happened~~ ~~isxxhis~~ during these three weeks is this: the back finally got straight enough <sup>to allow a new surge of energy to flow through my bad side.</sup> I therefore experienced a sort of purification <sup>particularly of this side.</sup> in addition to the poisoning by exterminator substances, a rehash of ~~two acid~~ <sup>LSD +</sup> ~~trips taken in early october~~ <sup>trips taken in early october</sup> (I was getting everything out of my system) and I fasted. Monday and Tuesday I ate very lightly. I didn't know at that time I was going into a long fast. After I turned green tuesday afternoon I turned a clear ~~bright~~<sup>pale</sup> blue. I washed my eyes with Eyebright tea and saw the same clear blue water and the ~~same~~ clear blue sky and many-sailed schooner. Then I began to turn the minty milk color I so longed to be, a color that preceeded the pink that I would end up. I saw flashing by the bright red and green and yellow that I had seen in ~~V's~~ eye only now it was rainbow shaped. ~~The rainbow sign, no more~~ ~~water, the fire next time.~~ Then I fell asleep. I dreamed that a lovely curly-haired freind in a blue sweater ~~insisted on~~ posting on my refridgerator door lists of food on the shelves

I had taken 12 trips in the last year  
 2 the last month  
 I wasn't hungry

MORE ENERGY

stat

COMPLETE

CITY

LSD +  
 Misc.

had dreamt about

hoped?

and in the freezer. This was a critique of my logical order, ~~for~~  
~~I keep~~ cigarettes in the butter section and King Size goes on the  
top shelf. Then the same curly-haired friend ~~in a blue sweater~~  
sat on a bench on a white cement terrace overlooking a view read-  
ing a book missing a bus to teach class. Then, dressed in a grey  
shirt and dungarees, I talked pleasantly to the driver of a bus <sup>DONT</sup>  
~~speeding~~ down Linden Boulevard without brakes ~~out of control~~ and  
it was too late to jump because I had decided to chat pleasantly  
instead of following my intuition to get off. Then I was lying  
beside a black car the door open what do <sup>you</sup> do with that? Well ~~you~~  
~~you~~ crawl under the car and ~~fix it~~ and get up and ~~drive~~ away -  
thats what you're doing near and/or under the car lying down and  
you don't take the bus down Linden Boulevard and you do yes you  
~~do~~ obey your first intuitive impulse the very first moment it  
appears. After all, the one mind, the repository of all intelli-  
gence, must know all, it seems to me, and if one could reach  
one's own higher intelligence, it would be able to contact the  
other higher intelligences and bring to itself necessary knowledge. <sup>DO GO IN</sup>  
I have a friend - when she reads a book and should take notice  
of something, this appears in raised 3D many-colored letters. So  
perhaps our higher selves try to teach us how to reach our other-  
selves. The self out of love for the self created us selves, thus  
from love is the self in little self parts in us all as we aspire  
to be with the one self, composed of many ~~intelligent~~ selves.

Story:

One day Ted was sitting in the bath scraping the dust from behind  
his ears when he thought I wish I knew a magic formula to call  
upon whoever represents me with the universe. I shall never learn

a magic formula because I don't believe in ~~formulas~~ and I shall never have a guardian angel because I don't believe in ~~guardians~~ but I do believe in the universe so I shall say, "hey, ~~Charlie.~~" "Yes." "Who said yes?" said ~~Ted.~~ "Me." "Who," said ~~Ted.~~ "Me Charlie," chuckled Charlie. "Charlie hello," said ~~Ted,~~ "how come I never heard you before?" Your ears weren't ~~clean~~ <sup>OPEN</sup> enough not to mention the rest of you, ~~chuckled Charlie,~~ you must have heard that boring phrase cleanliness is next to godliness. Listen, said ~~Ted~~ after he had thought a long while about the good forces of the universe that would be represented by good charlies and the evil forces that would be represented by bad charlies <sup>feel</sup> ~~pretending they were good charlies,~~ are you a good charlie? ~~I have a lesson for you,~~ chuckled Charlie, I am an IHWTU. In Harmony With The Universe. The word good has been cut since the invention of movable type. ~~Didn't you know that~~ <sup>GOOD</sup> someone dropped an ~~o~~ and we got god, ~~Those who use their limited information processing binary system brain opposed evil to good or god~~ ~~so we had good and evil~~ and another printer made another error and moved the d over a space so we had good and ~~devil~~ or god and devil depending on whether you dropped an o or moved a d we don't use those words anymore only IHWTU. ~~And we don't use the limited binary sections~~ <sup>otherwise known as WITHU</sup>

We don't <sup>use</sup> of our brain for ~~intelligent~~ thinking, we use our associative intuitive what you might call ~~random~~ computer part of the brain.

<sup>use</sup> The binary system with its on off mechanism confuses people into thinking if something isn't one thing it must be the other, that is it must be either ~~on or off~~ or good or evil. ~~man~~ confused a storage and information system, a devise, a mechanism, for the

content itself.] A device to deal with content is not content, please remember that, chuckled Charlie. Ed said IHWTU is very good opps intelligent idea but what do you do with things that you should pardon the expression are not IHWTU? We don't think about it chuckled Charlie and we certainly don't talk about it you've heard of the power of ~~positive~~ thinking please add the ~~p~~ power of positive talking. The possibilities are endless said Ed. It only seems that way to your limited conscious chortled Charlie. many possibilities are probabilities and some certainly are certainties. said Ed why do you chortle. To rhyme of course chuckled Charlie, ch to ch. [As a matter of fact, it was your idea, before you were born you decided that when this was written you wanted a rhyme at the end of the word and for me a rhyme at the beginning of the word .... so you chose parents who would name you Ed to rhyme with said and I chose Charlie so that I could chuckle or chortle. suppose my parents had changed their minds? That, chortled Charlie, was not a possibility, you were always very careful about details. I didn't know you could rhyme at the beginning remarked Mark. there are lots of things you don't ~~yes~~ chuckled Charlie, for example the proper use of NO and YES. K n o w is not in use at this rhyme, which is, hereinafter, the word we use for time. Because it rhymes said Ed slipping back into his original rhyme out of astonishment! Because it rhymes chortled Charlie and because time has no significance for us and confuses more than it amuses. But to continue, k n o w is not in use because it sounds like n o and to understand or have knowledge of or be wise in the ways of is often to y e s and not to n o . To n o is to reject. Please be clear about

the language. Ed said listen Charlie in the real world we just talk according to the habits of the language and the grammar thereof and. Part of the problem chuckled Charlie and so is your use of the word real. Another misconception which appeared at the rhyme of the motion picture camera. You refer to the real world, the world of action already dreamed by the mind and acted out (including what you call thoughts, the by and/or end product of intuition and real knowledge). That is your world, Ed, the real world, but those who invented the language had only a foggy intuitive ~~knowledge~~ foreknowledge of real because the motion picture had not yet come into actual physical being so they had an inkling but no knowledge and when they put it to ink, for this was in the days before movable type, not that rhyme matters, used the word real which as you will see, if you hang in, refers to the really real world. Said Ed O. And ran through a forest of green grass 3" high. He was very short at that time. Later he grew some. Gruesome Ed they called ~~him~~.

Wednesday the 3rd day. Wednesday morning the second big mistake occurred. ~~On the 2nd day~~ I called about the heat. On Wednesday the steam heat came on. The furnace must have<sup>1</sup> been on a huge blink because great clouds of steam floated out of the radiators and through the loft, vaporising the ~~fucking~~ rat poison and spreading the roach spray smell and suffocating me in addition. I ran down and begged them to turn the furnace off immediately and not to turn it in again until the repair men had been to fix it. As I had no intention of calling the landlady about fixing it I was pretty sure no-one else in the building would, I was

~~pretty~~ certain the steam heat would stay off I hoped for as long as I was confined to the loft for by this time it was dawning on me that not only was I not feeling well but that I would be confined to my loft and unable to go out for some length of time, at least through my birthday a week hence and perhaps, I thought, til the 15th of November. It was also dawning on me that this was going to be a fast period and so my rush to buy foods on monday had not been totally necessary. I couldn't go right back to the loft however so I went around the block and bought some flowers, a huge bunch of pink ~~gladioli~~ on long green stems, yellow daisies with yellow centers and white daisies with yellow centers. Somehow I believed I was supposed to buy a plant instead and I wish I had. When I got upstairs the smell of flowers was so overpowering and I threw them out, leaving only a few daisies, ~~and one gladioli~~. Later at noon someone came to look at the radiators and I opened the door against my strong intuition. He had a bright red and green stripe down his right side. I was frightened by this time and he left almost immediately but I felt I had made another mistake. No-one was to come into the loft nor was I to go out until whatever it was was over. I wasn't sure what it was but the pain began. The pain when I experienced it, and I did right to the end, though not so severely ~~and not so often~~, was like this; it seemed as though everything in my body was drying out at once, and I doubled over, it came in spasms and would go away soon. It was never unbearable but it was never pleasant. ~~I think it frightened me more than it hurt ~~at~~ some times, and later, when I got used to it, it hurt more than it frightened.~~ After a bout of pain I would lie down on the bed.



I had two double beds in the loft, one in the ~~narrow~~ passage from the kitchen to the wide studio and one in the studio. After a while I noticed that I could not keep on the same clothes for very long. The clothes began to hurt me. They seemed to collect the pain that my body was giving off. The same thing was happening to the bed. I couldn't lie in the same place ~~for very long~~, and moved from place to place and from bed to bed. But I did sleep that night.

This is the end of the 49th day and ~~I am writing about the 3rd day~~. I have been happy all day. I also drank Mu tea and red wine, wrote some, typed some, watched parts of several ~~it seems~~ movies on television went to the bay and ate a lot ~~as usual but not~~, ~~spagetti~~.

17  
Hannah I was at Anne's

FAST sec 2  
101-5

2 (1)

18-19  
stink

FAST DAY  
4

up 2-5

S.P.

Day 92. Hell day 2. I'm blue.

I'm waiting for my chair to descend in a blue tunnel.

I'm depressed.

I'm anemic. I eat meat today liver trying not to think of all the hormones going right to the liver. Liver!

Live one! Clean your liver from the by product of liver from a living chicken now dead. D wraps a green-towel around his head. B blue is going to the country with E who is a blue in a camel-body. The camel coat is at B's. In hell people eat meat every day. It turns them purple for I see more purple since I've eaten meat than before. Watch this. Before the meat it was blue various shades from deep bright to clear pale. B was a milky green like the color of pistachio I've seen without the nuts. Now I think it means sick although I wanted to turn a milky green all over my body with a pink face like a long stemmed (blue light) American beauty rose. After the fast my hair was silky and curly - flash to my left arm, now the right. A blue flash off the book! Listen am I writing a book in documenting the forms and blue colors (dot) of energy. Green and blue of course I don't have to write it, but don't you (11) want to see blue what colors I see as I write) (o) So here I am in A's place carrying my hell to the dentist - he can't find a cavity but it feels like it blue flash old age. The 9th energy. All my power lifting the seat and here I sit rocking. Why can't I say goodbye

2: 2-5

Yuan

~~18-19~~

2 (2)

18-19 Sticks

my spirit  
wand

to it all. Charlie says another year: well my Charlie,  
 you know, I havn't introduced you to my Charlie yet  
 but wait. It was thursday the 4th night and I came up  
 the stair concentrating on keeping myself together  
 and just at the door K stops me. I wasn't feeling well  
 at all and I wanted in my door. But he stands in front  
 of it and great lines of thick yellow purple and black  
 outline his body. This hits me like a wall and pushes  
 me back. It hurts. Oh let me in my door I think! Can  
 I borrow your movie projector he asks. "Let me in!"  
 He stands in front of my door great waves pushing me  
 back. I loaned it I think I say knowing its there but  
 wanting to get away. Look, he says, can't you look.  
 Its broken I say. Its broken. Maybe I can fix it he  
 says. If I have it I say. I want to get in to get  
 away. You always want me to do favors for you. Why  
 can't you do one for me he says. Milky green as I  
 write. I'm being knocked out by streaks of that yellow  
 and black and purple. Its like being hit in the face  
 pushed back in the body. I try to get in my loft I  
 ask him to let me by he says he wants the projector  
 and I say let me in I'll see if its there maybe O re-  
 turned it. I get past him I'm almost knocked out. I  
 cry thinking of it I cry becauce I havn't been able  
 to write about day 4 that awful encounter with thick  
 purple yellow and black at my door. I had loaned the

projector to one after the other and it came back broken (blue) (black) so its not as if I don't loan equipment I do. But I like to choose to who and never to purples. I get in my door and I think, ah God is it a mistake perhaps I should let him take out the projector which I realise, as soon as I am in my door, ia a large metal object in the shelf over my closet and I should get rid of all metal. Is it a mistake I ask and the lamp blue flashes. Ok, I think, let him in and take it out. So I say Ok come in and get it its on (rose) the closet shelf. So he does and goes out and the pain really begins. I mean the mean green that bursts off my bad side and the purple which hurts both sides. And then I deal with the horror of it all. The worst horror of day 4 and day 5 becauce the pain which (22) out my back and pulled my muscles back and left me dry and burning was still new to me and I didn't know yet that sitting in water would ease the pain and relax the muscles. I'm still drinking yellow water and changing my clothes and trying to lie down and not cry out loud, for the pain is terrible and I am alone and know by an absolute certainty that I cannot go out and no one can come in becauce the (green) outside is purple or at least green for I realise all the ~~xxx~~ clothes I bought are bright green and I will not be able to wear them when the green goes away.

But now I forget what happened thursday night but I know I slept because at least I had a whole mattress to lie on but I cursed myself because I now knew the fellow upstairs was purple and I had let him in twice and I could (blue) have had him turn the mattress black lines when he came in for the projector green blue and I would have left it. I didn't know I was going to cherish every square width of floor. Red never mind bed.

Its alright now baby its alright now.

A yellow baloon with brown spots and outlines next to the red and white checked tablecloth blue reminding me of the color of ~~fact~~green.

Day 93 hell day 3 was yesterday and I discussed (27) with my new chiropracter who says my right kidney, my right areas, like the tip of the pancreas, the liver and the adrenals are not functioning properly.

The dentist yesterday couldn't find a cavity but cleaned the gums on the right hand side only and now I feel lopsided!

Left side heavier (with all that dirt). Day 94. Hell day 4. Money to D for boots 1) ~~must be but lie~~ (29) ~~money for clothes~~ 2) Wish I'd given him more.

So on day 4 after my upstairs naighbour had left I think I took a shower. If I did it was my last one. The shower is metal enclosed. So here's another prob-

*I feel terrible*

lem. I don't remember exactly. Spots. No I didn't take a shower - I couldn't get in the shower - the metal repelled me. It was the last day as a matter of fact that I used the toilet. The purple had soaked into the bathroom - ~~or~~ whatever - the vibes pushed me right back out - its a small room, the mirror was covered so the glass didn't burst, that is the ~~whatever~~ vibrations couldn't because of it to burst my right eye but the vibe from the shower pushed me right back out and I felt as if I were suffocating. It was becoming clear to me at that point that metal (true or not, thats how it seemed) absorbed or reflected or returned the purple vibes more than any other material. So I don't know if I took a shower or just tried to hurt to be enclosed by metal on 3 sides would be to throw my body from side to side in suffocation. Besides the energy bouncing off the light metal faucets waved ~~my~~<sup>hurt</sup> my eye which was light sensitive. And the purple was pain to both sides of my body the bright green was pain to my bad side. I realised that all the clothes I had bought were at least bright green, that it wasn't possible to buy clothes that were a safer color than that. One had to take them home and wash them and wear them in order to wash them out. I kept worrying what I would do for clothes when I turned pink and green! And if face got light green clothe your new body.- suppose you got purple!

Check  
original

Check  
original

*out*

I first got a flash on B 2's color. Green golds brown but not clear and deep - too deep and muddy. Hmmm. A little more ~~like~~ free. What you have to be. Waved I into blue and golden blue?

Wouldn't you?

Have you ever tried to ~~surprise~~<sup>surprise</sup> yourself when you masturbate? Difficult! Often have to do it through fantasy.

Your position a yellow sign with black letter but not a "curse". Red! D said I got red the other night when he wouldn't finish telling me what he'd started to say and all the red went to my knee and I said ah it hurts, as I write this.

D took the pain out of my knee. He put his hand on it and the bad energy went into the hand which hurt and left his wrist tense for a while til he got rid of it. There's still more in the knee of course.

## The True Model

Here, for example

(where?)

Is a perfect example:

me.

(Now where did I leave it?)

Lets see.

I was thinking about

perennial and annual

the other day

And how it helps to have

a little grass

while grazing on the infinite.

## Pledge

Officer

I no longer smoke

drop acid

or take dope.

Last year I meditated

but today

I'm just a blue color worker

on my way.



## Friend and Free

I have a friend  
 He's not free.  
 Neither is me.

## The

## The Permanant Memory

The permanant memory dwells  
 in a permanant memory bank  
 with other memory swells  
 of exceeding age and rank.  
 So if you want a memory  
 don't have one of your ~~own~~ *own*  
 right up to the memory bank  
 and take one out on loan.

Take Heed!

meditate upon a <sup>w</sup> need.

Beware of those

Who metaphor upon a rose,

The other side

though much more quiet

leaves me still

in need of diet.

The other day  
while sitting there,  
a thought came floating  
through the air.

I grabbed it, then  
a cup and saucer coloured red  
appeared. I put them, too,  
inside my head.

But when I paured the tea, alas,  
I had to use my toothbrush glass.

there  
is a rock with hair.  
Here,  
that is wierd!  
is a rock with a beard.

I keep my feet on the ground  
soles down  
and walk around  
that way  
especially during the day  
when I'm on my way

from point A to point B  
which is a distance equal  
to any sequal.

Sometimes,  
there's just a space  
reaching from x  
my feet  
to where the parts of me  
I still remember  
meet

or

Sometimes  
I have no legs, just feet  
and a large space  
reaching up to,  
well, you know,  
where all the parts of me  
I still remember, meet.

At night  
When no one knows  
I dance on my toes.

~~I-don't-believe-in~~

27

I don't believe in chance  
Does chance believe in me?  
When I ask that question  
I dance  
And I'm free.

\*\*\*\*\*

Hear P's music. See new. (107) come in - its golden.  
P plays. His feet are purple. I saw a red painting to  
the right side of P's kneck, and red under his right  
arm which I read as tension. A golden light with blue  
brown tone comes from his right shoulder. Later some  
black then it went away.

Day 92. Hell day 2. I'm blue.

~~cut~~ I'm waiting for ~~my chair~~ <sup>By my hair is dressed in a</sup> to descend in a blue tunnel.

I'm depressed.

I'm anemic. I eat ~~meat today~~ liver trying not to think of all the hormones going right to the liver. **Liver!**

Live one! <sup>OLIGHT OUT</sup> Clean your liver <sup>STCT</sup> from the by product of liver from a living chicken now dead. D wraps a green-towel

around his head. B blue is going to the country with

E who is a blue in a camel-body. ~~The camel coat is at~~

~~B's. In hell~~ people eat meat every day. It turns them

purple <sup>Begin</sup> for I see more purple since I've eaten meat ~~than~~

~~before~~. Watch this. Before the meat it was blue. various

shades from deep bright to clear pale. B was a milky

green like the color of pistachio <sup>ice cream</sup> ~~I've seen~~ without

the nuts. Now I think it means sick although I wanted

to turn a milky green all over my body with a pink face

like a long stemmed (blue light) American beauty rose.

~~After the fast my hair was silky and curly~~ <sup>Flash</sup> flash to

~~my left arm, now the right~~. A blue flash off the book! →

~~Listen am I writing a book in documenting the forms and~~

blue colors (dot) of energy. Green and blue ~~of course~~

I don't have to ~~write it~~, but don't you <sup>yellow</sup> want

to see <sup>blue</sup> what colors I see as I write ~~(e)~~ So here

I am ~~in A's place~~ carrying my hell to the dentist -

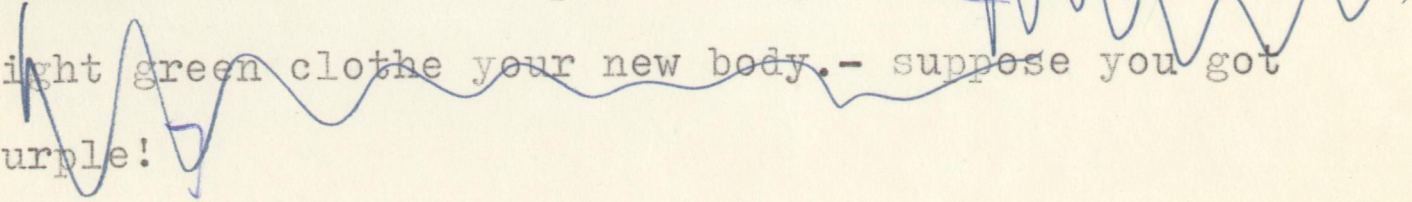
he can't find a cavity but it feels like it blue flash

old age. <sup>4th energy</sup> The ~~9th~~ energy. All my power <sup>left in</sup> ~~lifting~~ the <sup>Sink</sup>

~~seat~~ and here I sit rocking. Why can't I say goodbye

lem. I don't remember exactly. Spots. No I didn't take a shower - I couldn't get in the shower - the metal repelled me. It was the last day ~~as a matter of fact~~ that I used the toilet. The purple had soaked into the bathroom - ~~or whatever~~ the vibes pushed me right back out - its a <sup>small</sup> room, the mirror was covered so the glass didn't <sup>burst</sup> ~~burst~~, that is the ~~whatever~~ vibrations couldn't <sup>bounce</sup> ~~because~~ of <sup>the glass</sup> it to <sup>burst</sup> ~~burst~~ my <sup>bad</sup> ~~right~~ eye but the vibe, from the shower pushed me right back out and I felt as if I were suffocating. It was becoming clear to me at that point that metal ~~(true or not, that's how~~ ~~it seemed)~~ absorbed or reflected or returned the <sup>ultra violet</sup> purple vibes more than any other material. ~~So I don't know~~ if I ~~took a shower or just tried to~~ <sup>burst</sup> ~~burst~~ to be enclosed by metal ~~on 3 sides would be to throw~~ <sup>it</sup> my body from side to side ~~in suffocation~~. Besides the energy <sup>COOL</sup> bouncing off the ~~light~~ metal faucets <sup>was so bright it</sup> ~~hurt~~ <sup>hurt</sup> my eye which was light sensitive. And the <sup>ultra violet</sup> purple was pain to both sides of my body, the ~~bright green was pain to my bad side~~. I ~~realised~~ that all the clothes I had bought were at least bright green, that ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> wasn't possible to buy clothes that were a safer color than <sup>dark green</sup> that. One had to take them home and wash them and wear them in order to <sup>cool</sup> ~~wash~~ them out. I kept worrying what I would do for clothes when I turned <sup>pale</sup> pink and green! ~~And if face got~~ light green ~~clothe~~ your new body. - suppose you got purple!

I had stained <sup>very close</sup> ~~to~~ a light ~~and~~ ~~trick~~ on an ~~men~~ ~~briefly~~ ~~worried~~ ~~about~~ ~~going~~ ~~to~~ ~~work~~.



<sup>glau</sup>  
<sup>only's</sup>  
 I first got a ~~flash~~ on B ~~at~~ color. Green golds brown  
 but not clear ~~and deep~~ — ~~too deep and muddy~~. Hmmm. a  
 little more ~~like~~ free. What you have to be. ~~Waved I~~  
~~into blue and golden blue?~~  
~~Wouldn't you?~~  
 Have you ~~ever~~ tried to ~~surpass~~ <sup>surprise</sup> yourself when you mas-  
 turbate? Difficult! ~~Often~~ have to do it through fantasy.

<sup>as I write,</sup>  
 Your ~~position~~ a yellow sign with black letter but not  
 a "curse". Red! D said I got red ~~the other night~~ when  
 he wouldn't finish telling me what he'd started to say  
 and all the red went to my knee and I said ah it hurts,  
~~as I write this.~~

D took the pain out of my knee. He put his hand on it  
 and the bad energy went into the hand which hurt and  
 left his wrist tense for a while til he got rid of it.  
 There's still more in the knee, ~~of course.~~

Earlier I had instructions its paint over all the  
 metal in the apt ~~so the~~ + I had the lone  
 GLAht in mirror case  
 but ~~not~~ <sup>forgot</sup> the faucets in the holder  
 sink.

## The True Model

Here, for example

(where?).

Is a perfect example:

me.

(Now where did I leave it?)

Lets see.

I was thinking about  
 perennial and annual  
 the other day  
 And how it helps to have  
 a little grass  
 while grazing on the infinite.

## Pledge

Officer

I no longer smoke

drop acid

or take dope.

Last year I meditated

but today

I'm just a blue color worker

on my way.



## Friend and Free

I have a friend  
 He's not free.  
 Neither is me.

The

## The Permanant Memory

The permanant memory dwells  
 in a permanant memory bank  
 with other memory swells  
 of exceeding age and rank.  
 So if you want a memory  
 don't have one of yours ~~come~~ *own*  
*go* right up to the memory bank  
 and take one out on loan.

Take Heed!

meditate upon a <sup>weed</sup> need.

Beware of those

Who metaphor upon a rose,

The other side  
 though much more quiet  
 leaves me still  
 in need of diet.

The other day  
while sitting there,  
a thought came floating  
through the air.

I grabbed it, then  
a cup and saucer coloured red  
appeared. I put them, too,  
inside my head.

But when I poured the tea, alas,  
I had to use my toothbrush glass.

XXX

There  
is a rock with hair.  
Here,  
that's wierd!  
is a rock with a beard.

XXX

I keep my feet on the ground  
soles down  
and walk around  
that way  
especially during the day  
when I'm on my way

from point A to point B  
which is a distance equal  
to any sequal.

Sometimes,

there's just a space

<sup>between</sup>  
~~reaching from~~ x

my feet

~~to~~ <sup>and</sup> where the parts of me

I still remember

meet

or

Sometimes

~~I have no legs, just feet~~

~~and a large space~~

~~reaching up to,~~

~~well, you know,~~

~~where all the parts of me~~

~~I still remember, meet.~~

At night

When no one knows

I dance on my toes.

~~I don't believe in~~

I don't believe in chance  
Does chance believe in me?  
When I ask that question  
I dance  
And I'm free.

\*\*\*\*\*

Hear P's <sup>hil</sup> music. See ~~now~~ <sup>blue</sup> ~~now~~ <sup>Vaxis</sup> come in - its golden.  
~~He~~ plays. His feet are purple. I saw a red <sup>area</sup> ~~pointing~~ to  
the ~~right~~ side of ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> kneck, and red under his ~~right~~  
arm which I read as tension. A golden light with blue  
brown tone comes from his ~~right~~ shoulder. Later some  
black then it went away.

stet

Fast Days  
Christ PT-4

(Sec 3-1-2)

28

3-1

4/10

What I mean about it working is that it just happened-every-thing I did was correct to produce some positive happy result-to move things on further. There was no outside information Charlie-I just did the right 3-1 the 3-1 Hell Day 12 3-2 102.

A lot of fuss, a purple (black and red color but one thing agrees with me on 3-2 should I say, I agree with him?) There are intelligent beings to guide and inform you (?ha!?). And it is the aim of part of man's search for knowledge to reach this help. So I'm confirmed and feel stronger in writing about my adventures over the past year-the 3-3 lady forces that (who?) taught me how to make pancakes and the 3-3 of love. So eventually you may yet get the whole story or as much as I remember. For I wrote not one note on this, damn it!- I was too freaked out and 3-4 would have thrown it away considering It's- I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you just misused by humans who cover their dependence their dominance and their needs and passiveness under the phrase that should mean I am thee and thee me.

Today 103. Hell day 13. I have succumbed to an "unyielding desire to rest" as the teachings of Don Juan put it, I feel like a 15 wall 3-6 and I'd like to be a searchlight or perhaps a floodlight or a star. Had a purple flash last night. The new class is terrific-we are agreed that the purple which is 3-6 the "color" that black light is a color no one liked. At this point I think of it as undirected power; not

Fast day 5

See agenda

3-2 ?

Lets August

cooled out, not directed towards the blue.

Still Tuesday Day 5 is what I have to write about now...the day I had to fight off so much purple. It was a very painful day, enough to make me 3-7 3-7 3-7 I stood in the middle of the studio with my flannel nightgown on (white <sup>with</sup> and deep bright blue and deep bright green flowers) my face a deep bright green ((as)) I imagined it). Calling out to the universe for mercy! I stood with my hand 3-7 together and my face lifted to the ceiling. As soon as I tried this dramatic pose I had the weird feeling the universe had taken a picture of me for their snapshot album and in some later spent state when I was dead the friendly spirit who was keeping me was going to open this album and show me this funny snapshot of me with bright green face standing in my nightgown 3-8 my hands and crying for mercy! Then I began to laugh to myself at my melodrama and at the embarrassing spectacle I was making of myself. (I never for one moment thought I was alone.) As the day wore on things became even worse and the bright green morning was a black at one point 3-8 <sup>original</sup> the 3-8 and wanted to come in. I told him I still had a flea epidemic but could he get me some plastic bags. (I had to open the door and give him money) and come back later that night to take the garbage. I guess I gave him bills. I would not handle change. And the day before I wouldn't take change at the store, metal even in coins did something weird to me, something purple. But as Friday wore on I realized I had to get rid of the pile of purple clothes, blankets that had accumulated from Thursday. Thursday night and Friday. As I changed sheets 3-10 blanket or clothes I threw the purple

*Fast*  
*check original*

ones in a pile in one corner. I 3-10 was this gleaming purple pile I couldn't go near. In that pile were all the clothes I had worn from Monday through Friday. My new coat, plastic, glowed of purple on the right side. The coveralls, the pink sweater B had given me (that was hard to throw away but I had worn it in the street and it was purple and heavily so because the mohair attracted a lot of electricity, brown skirt I had slipped on in attempt to pull something 3-11 around me when 3-11 opened the door to give money. (I couldn't have a metal zipper near me and I couldn't use scissors either) The dark green blanket I'd bought had 3-11 that were much too heavy. Even an <sup>woolen dress</sup> 3-11 my grandmother had made for me and which I was very fond of went into the purple pile. I had to get rid of them all, I knew, or I would re-absorb the purple 3-12, which were the heaviest. It was a day of horror, because I knew there was something 3-12 than the bright green pain it was the purple pain and I had let it 3-12 3-12 into my house. I stood confronted with it in my hall. I hadn't a system for dealing with anything yet, either. I couldn't go in the bathroom so I took several earthenware pots to the studio and peed in those. Tuesday when I bought all the things I had bought some bottled water and a cup and a new pitcher and a new earthenware pot which I filled with 3-13 flavored 3-13 to eat and all of this turned purple or I saw it as purple and out went the new 3-13 and the new earthenware dish. At some point I had to approach it and put it into the yellow plastic bags 3-13 had brought me (40, thank heavens!) I used 3-13 and the plastic was hard

Foot

to handle because it held a lot of electricity and was painful to hold. But I stuffed in my new coat when I learned it was purple- and the 3-14 and most of the clothes I'd bought the day before- already used!- and 3-14 gift and pants and sheets and blanket and anything that glowed and I put the bags outside the door during the night and Peter came at one point and got rid of them somewhere down the street. I asked him please not to leave them downstairs by the door because I couldn't bear the idea that the little hall would turn purple and if B wanted to come and see me he couldn't, because the purple iridescent would cling to him and he would be noticeable and open to attack by the forces of evil. Well, 3-15 did I know what it was? I still don't but a lot of the fear was fantasy. I write these last few pages the sickly thick yellow 3-15 of the purple 3-15 I had 3-15 keeps 3-15 across these pages. So the pee pots I couldn't do anything about (I thought of throwing the pee out the window but then I thought there'd be these ultra violet spots in the street too! So I left them there and the first two grew a lot of 3-16 but the ones after that remained clear. But now something else was happening. I had been so long in the front part, the studio, that I had left so many purple 3-16 there and I couldn't stay there anymore so I had to sleep that night on the very edge of the bed, 3-16 at the head.



D told me today he was down physically a 3-16 to certain people (192 a day) he sees on the street who have very high 3-16 of energy.

If in one passing have you by some chance seen me rushing through an imaginary storm.

Stop me by taking my arm and, so gently, lead me out so that my eyes will once again see the light.

If I refuse your help:

grab me in some vigilant clutch

and swing me over to the easy side of life

Then I shall wipe the sweat

off my brow

And humbly take my steps

towards a new day.

Long roads we follow my friend

Some say a road of peace

Others a road of violence

What road my brother

is a road of truth

Is the winding path of infinite truth

3-18 is it the path of free

Ah if only a path was found

To be an ever lasting path eternally true

not for me  
 but for you  
 compassion is a road  
 love is another  
 Shall I pick my road for you  
 Or shall I pick the road for me  
 Some say the road is gone  
 Never to be found by the eternal mental being  
 I say 3-19 my friend and the road is yours to keep

B said only after you go through the pain of knowing and feeling  
 everything can innocence (ignorance?) be bliss

Monday Hell Day 16 Day 106

Dear B, Today I went to see your grandmother and grandfather red hearts  
 everywhere. I gave them a book on 3-20 . A blue book on American  
 Indians 3-20 , yellow and white ashtray and two packs of matches  
 1 yellow that said YIELD why not ( a message!) 3-20 that said soft  
 shoulders(for crying only) blue and red.

I hope everything is of when your father comes up but what can  
 that mean I must the 3-21 I'd stayed yesterday from 4-7 and talked  
 to your, 3-21 . I apologize. I know you said "never" say you're  
 sorry." 3-21 3-21 off the plum dress (the hem) and sea blue off  
 the left sleeve. Used a piece of 3-21 to take the electricity out  
 of my lamb's wool lining. 3-21 said lamb's wool had to be worn next

to your skin and I know 3-21 is-came to me sometime this autumn,  
 but what could I do, -damn it- a good winter coat, fur lined and  
 warm. 3-22 next year a new one. Something smooth. I was asleep  
 not to realize that you wanted me to stay because your mother was going  
 to keep me out-ok, let's hope it's just because she's so uptight  
 about your father coming in. Love, they'll have you by the short hairs.  
 I was so upset the morning when the 3-22 realization 3-22 3-22  
 one of not seeing you next Sun. and then when? That cried on the phone  
 3-22 your grandmother and 3-22 for having to go back to town and  
 myself for not staying anyway. I cried and slammed things around and then  
 I went to the Chiropractor who saw I was real sad and made me relax  
 and breathe deeply and worked on my neck till it floated between my  
 head and shoulders then 3-23 I could stop 3-23 and say what was  
 wrong and go to your grandmothers with some control and have a pleasant  
 evening and eat some delicious food. The 3-24 made me so hungry I  
 went in the kitchen and ate the noodle pudding made with goat yogurt  
 and apple 3-24 and the baked sweet potatoes with goat yogurt. Now  
 I shall 3-24 into sleep 3-24 .

Hell Day 17 Day 107

From the "Planetary 3-24 Book" Today is a 3-24 day. Nothing im-  
 portant should be undertaken. Tomorrow Wed. Mercury: the first 3-24  
 of the day; beginning at sunrise. No medicine should be taken during  
 the hours of Mercury, (3-24 7-8), 2-3, 9-10.

Thursday Jupiter

Sun

Venus



3.6

3-9

*not working*

Saturn Dec 22-Jan 19

Uranus Jan 20-Feb 18

Neptune Feb 19-Mar 20

The lights are at it again. 3-27 3-27 . A shot of energy to the right arm and a 3-27 on the bed. Hello Charlie. Will you help me decide whether to ask about Jade? But I get lots of red flashes on the Jade (purple then) so I think I'll have to leave. Something is wrong or I wouldn't hesitate so much.

Day 108 Hell Day 18

Titanium-no electrical attraction-an inert metal/ 3-28 an electric blanket like eels? 3-28 its smooth out the 3-28 . Got 3-28 and high last night just being at the party, no smoke no more. Charlie was here when I got home. About the Valentine Card to B- Mailed it this morning- I'll send the others to him after his father leaves- Valentine "2, a 3-29 . Must ask about Jade.

Saw a 3-29 on 3-29 band this afternoon-He said he'd been reading a book about them this morning-there's something about red again-can you imagine what this will be like when I type it? I couldn't figure out what to do. And I had cramps and I wanted to take a nap. I saw ok ok in my head. And whenever you see things with your eyes closed.

3-31 3-31 3-31 often drinking chocolate and 3-31 3-31 and 3-31 . 3-31 chocolate 3-31 . We are the 3-31 insane. We all

3-10

play the same. Light on left 3-31. That's the end of it. This song  
 3-31 up. I'm high blue on my left side tonight and magenta on  
 the right. Great-3-32 hand and now they're 3-32 bright blue.  
 Now I just have to plug in the middle. Heard 3-32 at St. Mark's  
 Church. S's 3-32 3-32 3-32 3-32. Signed to who has been  
 tops in her field and tops in my heart and with 3-32 be 3-32  
 in the 3-32 with everything. She needs when she wants it on 3-32  
 25 or March 25 3-32 3-32 refers to my saying I wanted to see  
 R's new play and there on the 3-32 at Howard Johnsons where we did  
 not eat- We couldn't find anything we wanted on the menu and we drank  
 the water and left-I feel sorry for the waiters. The 3-33 customer  
 had left her 3-33 and she 3-33 it wasn't her night- I wasn't. We  
 had beer and I also had soup. 3-33 3-33 said.

3-33 3-33 21 I said I liked them both-the only 2 3-33 anything  
 interesting. Then I thought of going. 3-33 3-33 by Gerald 3-33  
 at Max's but we could was 3-34 and the projector 3-34 3-34 so  
 I came home called Ed and 3-34 3-34 on my bed. No ~~3-34~~ today  
 3-34 3-34 in the hall going upstairs good-3-34 to Dennis and  
 I 3-34 out. I can't take that woman one more time on the phone. I  
 haven't heard from B today. 3-34 3-34 electricity? Is my left  
 breast too fat? Are the rosebuds on my panties too small? 3-34 3-34 .  
 is tall and Diane who is tall have made up and are lover's again. I  
 guess 3-34 anyway it's ok. They'll be here at 2 after the movie El  
 Topo? Haven't seen it.

Dear 3-35 , should I stay in this apt. green. I should go to another? Yellow purple. Should I put in a new phone. Magenta. Black. What kind of answers are those. Today I put some things away. I feel alive again. I need new pants and new 3-35 the old ones, the old colors. I have black dots around my 3-35 . Says there's still some gray shadow on the right side. It is Purgatory Day 2 I'm 3-35 . I never 3-35 good is it when I can't even tell which 3-35 has I mean I only have to 3-36 that one- I can wear the 3-36 -the ecstasy of cleaning out your 3-36 or 3-36 . How can the mind alone know this?

Today-went with 3-36 .

Purgatory Day 3- Day 116

The last day of Hell was the anniversary 3-36 wearing a print and head 3-36 shirt that matched the pink 3-36 . Dungarees-we talked about anger. After setting in a 3-37 and holding hands, he suggests. Talked about my father and everyone talked about father. 3-37 and bought him new half 3-37 in polished 3-37 and corduroy pants with pockets and a brown shirt and I had a steak dinner and the new John Lennon record and 3-37 in love with a beautiful blonde named Annie who looks like Jean Harlow and I went to hear Steve 3-37 3-37 3-37 good but and said do you need a job? I'm looking for someone to walk the dog and take the laundry down and shop and maybe mind the beds and She said have 3-38 3-38 and he said 3-38 and she said too 3-38 and he said 3-38 and she said not enough so they settled on \$1.50 and he has a new 3-38 and I said I'd pay for him and he said today was the first day he could laugh at himself and then we went

39  
3-12 *help*

to M's to listen to her sing songs and then I walked home and he  
walked home. At M's we smoked a joint and got confused and I said  
3-39 again he shouldn't and he said why didn't you stop me and I said  
then 3-39 just think I was your mother and 3-39 got to know  
yourself and he said you were right and I said he was too loveable  
brilliant, intelligent etc. etc. to ruin 3-39 3-39 3-39  
out and he said someone else said today I was loveable. So 3-39  
what he doesn't yet believe I guess, how loveable he is, 3-39 .

Sunday Feb 26,

I am at 3-40 I haven't been here since I stayed here 2 nights after  
I stayed with 3-40 and 5 days after we came back from the country.  
I brought some (then) scented candles (vitamin C and B and shoe polish)  
3-40 from the left. We lit the candle. Took the pills and used the  
water repellent. Then we both got very red and hot in the face: No  
red and very hot. 3-41 I tried 3-41 today for 3-41 my 3-41 to  
court outfit-grey wool jumper with silver button, each one with a  
painted star on it. 3-41 white nylon shirt buttoned up! A small square  
white scarf with pale green 3-42 dots (the name for large polka dots).  
I didn't write anything when I lived here before because: colon a story;  
3-42 another 3-42 is on the way. Midnight West 4th. The girl with  
the beautiful afro 3-42 a red streak in her hair. I'd better get a  
black blouse and dark stockings for the knee and for me. Protect your  
3-43 shopping problems.

- 1. look straight
- 2. protect knee
- 3. 3-43 3-43

*May Charles  
help*



40

3-13

o/c

4. 3-43 jewelry

5. what ones must go.

6. Remember her feelings towards whoever is green, pink, white

\$360571 is real

glasses, a lot of hate just walked out of this subway car.

N  
 O  
 +  
 W  
 R  
 O  
 N  
 G

What I mean about it working is that it just happened-every-  
 thing I did was correct to produce some positive happy result-to  
 move things on further. There was no outside ~~information~~ Charlie-I  
 just did the right ~~thing~~ the ~~flaw~~  
~~Hell Day 12-3-2 102.~~

A lot of ~~fuss~~, a purple & black and red ~~color~~ but one thing agrees  
 with me ~~on 3-2~~ should I say, I agree with ~~him?~~ There are intelli-  
 gent beings to guide and inform you (?ha!?). And it is the aim of  
 part of man's search for knowledge to reach this help. So I'm confirmed  
 and feel stronger in writing about my adventures over the past year ~~including~~  
 the ~~firmly~~ <sup>LADY</sup> lady forces that ~~who~~ taught me how to make pancakes  
 and the ~~3-3~~ <sup>amens</sup> of love. So ~~eventually~~ you may yet get the whole story  
 or as much as I remember. ~~For I wrote not one note on this, damn it!~~  
~~I was too freaked out and 3-4 would have thrown it away considering~~  
~~what I threw away~~  
 It's- I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you,  
 I love you, I love you just misused by humans who cover their dependence  
 their dominance ~~and their needs~~ and passiveness under the phrase that  
 should mean I am thee and thee me.

Today 103. Hell day 13. I have succumbed to an "unyielding desire to  
 rest" as the teachings of Don Juan put it, I feel like a 15 wall ~~3-6~~ <sup>pull</sup>  
 and I'd like to be a searchlight or ~~perhaps~~ a floodlight or a star.  
 Had a purple flash last night. The new class is terrific-we are agreed  
 that the purple which is ~~3-6~~ <sup>exactly</sup> the "color" that black light <sup>is</sup> a color  
 no one liked. At this point I think of it as undirected power; not

D told me today he was <sup>down</sup> physically ~~a 3-16~~ <sup>extra magnet</sup> to certain people  
 (~~192 a day~~) he sees on the street who have very high 3-16 <sup>levels</sup> of en-  
 ergy.

*Bany's poem*

If in one passing have you by some chance seen me rushing through  
 an imaginary storm.

Stop me by taking my arm and, so gently, lead me out so that my eyes  
 will once again see the light.

If I refuse your help:

grab me in some vigilant clutch

and swing me over to the easy side of life

Then I shall wipe the sweat

off my brow

And humbly take my steps

towards a new day.

Long roads we follow my friend

Some say a road of peace

Others a road of violence

What road my brother

is a road of truth

Is the winding path of infinite truth

~~3-18~~ <sup>n</sup> is it the path of free

Ah if only a path was found

To be an ever lasting path eternally true

not for me

but for you

compassion is a road

love is another

Shall I pick my road for you

Or shall I pick the road for me

Some say the road is gone

Never to be found by the ~~eternal~~ <sup>mental</sup> being

I say ~~3-19~~ <sup>my</sup> friend and the road is yours to keep

*stet* *any*  
B said only after you go through the pain of knowing and feeling  
everything can innocence (ignorance?) be bliss

*LOVE*

*stet* Monday Hell Day 16 Day 106

Dear B, Today I went to see your grandmother and grandfather red hearts  
everywhere. I gave them a book on <sup>astoria</sup> ~~3-20~~ A blue book on American  
Indians <sup>3-20</sup> ~~3-20~~, yellow and white ashtray and two packs of matches  
1 yellow that said YIELD why not ( a message!) ~~3-20~~ that said soft  
shoulders(for crying only) blue and red.

I hope everything is ~~ok~~ when your father comes up but what can  
that mean I <sup>will</sup> ~~must~~ the ~~3-21~~ <sup>feel</sup> I'd stayed yesterday from 4-7 and talked  
to your, ~~3-21~~ <sup>love</sup>. I apologize. I know you said "never" say you're  
sorry." ~~3-21~~ <sup>later</sup> ~~3-21~~ <sup>flatter</sup> off the plum dress (the hem) and sea blue off  
the <sup>#2</sup> ~~left~~ sleeve. Used a piece of ~~3-21~~ <sup>wood</sup> to take the electricity out  
of my lamb's wool lining. ~~3-21~~ <sup>o</sup> said lamb's wool had to be worn next

Plot

3-7

<sup>is it true?</sup>  
 to your skin and I know ~~3-21~~ <sup>3-21</sup> is-came to me sometime this autumn,  
 but what could I do, -damn it- a good winter coat, fur lined and  
 warm. ~~3-22~~ next year a new one. Something smooth. I was asleep  
 not to realize that you wanted me to stay because your mother was going  
 to keep me out-ok, let's hope it's just because she's so uptight  
 about your father coming in. Love, they'll have you by the short hairs.  
 I was so upset the morning when the ~~3-22~~ realization ~~3-22~~ <sup>but</sup> ~~3-22~~ <sup>me</sup>  
~~one of not seeing you next Sun.~~ and then when? That cried on the phone  
~~3-22~~ <sup>for</sup> your grandmother and ~~3-22~~ for having to go back to town and  
 myself for not staying anyway. I cried and slammed things around and then  
 I went to the Chiropractor who saw I was real sad and made me relax  
 and breathe deeply and worked on my neck till it floated between my  
 head and shoulders, then ~~3-23~~ I could stop ~~3-23~~ <sup>crying</sup> and say what was  
 wrong and go to your grandmothers with some control and have a pleasant  
 evening and eat some delicious food. The ~~3-24~~ <sup>2+</sup> made me so hungry I  
 went in the kitchen and ate the noodle pudding made with goat yogurt  
 and apple ~~3-24~~ <sup>fruit</sup> and the baked sweet potatoes with goat yogurt. Now  
 I shall ~~3-24~~ <sup>into</sup> into sleep ~~3-24~~ ↑. ♡

Hell Day 17 Day 107

From the "Planetary ~~3-24~~ <sup>Hour</sup> Book" Today is a ~~3-24~~ <sup>Mar</sup> day. Nothing im-  
 portant should be undertaken. Tomorrow Wed. Mercury: the first ~~3-24~~ <sup>hour</sup>  
 of the day; beginning at sunrise. No medicine should be taken during  
 the hours of Mercury, ~~(3-24~~ <sup>1st hr</sup> 7-8), 2-3, 9-10.

Thursday Jupiter

Sun

Venus

Mercury- Communication

Moon

Saturn

Jupiter

Mars

Sun

Every ~~3-25~~<sup>hour</sup> ruled by a different planet and every day ruled by a planet.

Hours: Mercury, a good day to write, send letters (communication)

On Venus you may court the female, take journey and medicine, undertake business, Diseases occurred during this hour are usually of a self-indulgent nature. Venus is a good ~~3-26~~<sup>hour</sup> to pay a visit.

#### Mars

Mars 21-April 19

Venus Apr. 20-May 20

Mercury May 21- June 20

Moon June 21-July 22

Sun. July-23-Aug. 22

Mercury Aug. 23-Sept. 22

Venus Sept. 23-Oct. 22

Pluto Oct. 23-Nov. 21.

Jupiter Nov. 22-Dec. 21

Saturn Dec 22-Jan 19

Uranus Jan 20-Feb 18

Neptune Feb 19-Mar 20

The lights are at it again. <sup>Thicker fliter</sup> 3-27 3-27 . A shot of energy to the right arm and a <sup>spot</sup> 3-27 on the bed. Hello Charlie. Will you help me decide ~~whether to ask~~ about Jade? But I get lots of red flashes on the Jade (purple then) ~~so I think I'll have to leave~~. Something is wrong or I wouldn't hesitate so much.

Day 108 Hell Day 18

Titanium-no electrical attraction-an inert metal/ <sup>was</sup> 3-28 an electric blanket like eels? ~~3-28~~ its smooth out the ~~3-28~~. Got ~~3-28~~ and high last night just being at the party, no smoke no more. Charlie was here when I got home. ~~About the Valentine Card to B- Mailed it this morning- I'll send the others to him after his father leaves- Valentine "2, a 3-29 . Must ask about Jade.~~

Saw a ~~3-29~~ on <sup>on</sup> 3-29 <sup>o's</sup> hand this afternoon-He said he'd been reading a book about them this morning, ~~there's something about red again-can you imagine what this will be like when I type it? I couldn't figure out what to do. And I had cramps and I wanted to take a nap. I saw OK OK in my head. And whenever you see things with your eyes closed.~~

~~3-31 3-31 3-31 often drinking chocolate and 3-31 3-31 and 3-31 . 3-31 chocolate 3-31 . We are the 3-31 <sup>buy</sup> insane. We all~~

play the same. Light on left 3-31 <sup>1</sup> That's the end of it. This song  
 3-31 up. I'm high blue on my ~~left~~ <sup>right</sup> side tonight and magenta on ~~the~~ /  
~~the right~~. Great-3-32 hand and now they're 3-32 <sup>fat</sup> bright blue.

Now I just have to plug in the middle. Heard 3-32 at St. Mark's  
 Church. S's 3-32 3-32 3-32 3-32. Signed to who has been  
 tops in her field and tops in my heart and with 3-32 be 3-32  
 in the 3-32 with everything. She needs when she wants it on 3-32  
 25 or March 25 3-32 3-32 refers to my saying I wanted to see  
 R's new play and there on the 3-32 at Howard Johnsons where we did  
 not eat- We couldn't find anything we wanted on the menu and we drank  
 the water and left-I feel sorry for the waiters. The 3-33 customer  
 had left her 3-33 and she 3-33 it wasn't her night- I wasn't. We  
 had beer and I also had soup. 3-33 3-33 said.

3-33 3-33 21 I said I liked them both-the only 2 3-33 anything  
 interesting. Then I thought of going. 3-33 3-33 by Gerald 3-33  
 at Max's but we could was 3-34 and the projector 3-34 3-34 so  
 I came home called Ed and 3-34 3-34 on my bed. No 3-34 today  
 3-34 3-34 in the hall going upstairs good-3-34 to Dennis and  
 I 3-34 out. I can't take that woman one more time on the phone. I  
 haven't heard from B today. 3-34 3-34 electricity? Is my left  
 breast too fat? Are the rosebuds on my panties too small? 3-34 3-34 .  
 is tall and Diane who is tall have made up and are lover's again. I  
 guess 3-34 anyway it's ok. They'll be here at 2 after the movie El  
 Topo? Haven't seen it.



Dear ~~3-35~~, should I stay in this apt. green. I should go to another? Yellow purple. Should I put in a new phone. Magenta. Black. What kind of answers are those. Today I put some things away. I feel alive again. I need new pants, and new ~~3-35~~ <sup>TIT.</sup> the old ones, the old colors. I have black dots around my ~~3-35~~ <sup>D.S.</sup> Says there's still some gray shadow on ~~one~~ the ~~right~~ side. It is Purgatory Day 2 I'm ~~3-35~~ <sup>revised.</sup> I never ~~3-35~~ good is it when I can't even tell which ~~3-35~~ <sup>sock has been on #1 foot</sup> has I mean I only have to ~~wash~~ ~~3-36~~ that one- I can wear the ~~3-36~~ <sup>other again</sup> -the ecstasy of cleaning out your ~~3-36~~ <sup>ear</sup> or ~~3-36~~. How can the mind alone know this? Today-went with ~~3-36~~.

Purgatory Day 3- Day 116

The last day of Hell was the anniversary ~~3-36~~ <sup>B Army 3</sup> wearing a print and head ~~3-36~~ shirt that matched the pink ~~3-36~~. Dungarees-we talked about anger. After setting in a ~~3-37~~ and holding hands, he suggests. Talked about my father and everyone talked about father. ~~3-37~~ and bought him new half ~~3-37~~ in polished ~~3-37~~ and corduroy pants with pockets and a brown shirt and I had a steak dinner and the new John Lennon record and ~~3-37~~ in love with a beautiful blonde named Annie who looks like Jean Harlow and I went to hear Steve ~~3-37~~ ~~3-37~~ ~~3-37~~ good but and said do you need a job? I'm looking for someone to walk the dog and take the laundry down and shop and maybe mind the beds and She said have ~~3-38~~ ~~3-38~~ and he said ~~3-38~~ and she said too ~~3-38~~ and he said ~~3-38~~ and she said not enough so they settled on \$1.50 and he has a new ~~3-38~~ and I said I'd pay for him and he said today was the first day he could laugh at himself and then we went

to M's to listen to her sing songs and then I walked home and he walked home. At M's we smoked a joint and got confused and I said 3-39 again he shouldn't and he said why didn't you stop me and I said then 3-39 just think I was your mother and 3-39 got to know yourself and he said you were right and I said he was too loveable brilliant, intelligent etc. etc. to ruin 3-39 3-39 3-39 out and he said someone else said today I was loveable. So 3-39 what he doesn't yet believe I guess, how loveable he is, 3-39 .

Sunday Feb 26,

I am at ~~3-40~~ <sup>8:12</sup> I haven't been here since I ~~stayed here 2 nights after~~ I stayed with 3-40 and 5 days after we came back from the country.

I brought some (then) scented candles (vitamin C and B and shoe polish)

~~3-40~~ from the left. We lit the candle. Took the pills and used the water repellent. Then we both got very red and hot in the face: No

red and very hot. 3-41 I tried 3-41 today for 3-41 my 3-41 to court outfit-grey wool jumper with silver button, each one with a

painted star on it. 3-41 white nylon shirt buttoned up! A small square white scarf with pale green 3-42 dots (the name for large polka dots).

I didn't write anything when I lived here before because: colon a story;

~~3-42~~ another ~~3-42~~ is on the way. Midnight West 4th. The girl with the beautiful afro <sup>had</sup> ~~3-42~~ a red streak in her hair. I'd better get a

black blouse and dark stockings for the knee and for me. Protect your

<sup>feet.</sup> ~~3-43~~ shopping problems.

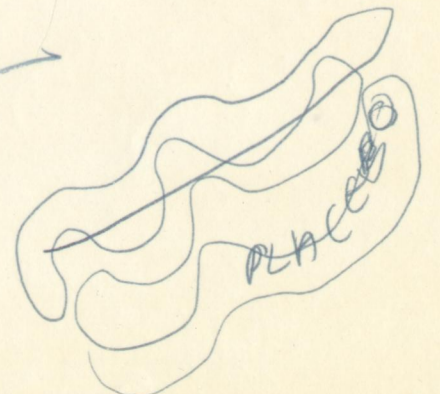
1. look straight

2. protect knee

3. ~~3-43~~ ~~3-43~~

protective color

write about  
Barney



*repeated*  
4. ~~3-43~~ jewelry

5. what ones must go.

6. Remember her feelings towards whoever is green, pink, white

~~\$360571 is real~~

~~glasses, a lot of hate just walked out of this subway car.~~

5 thrown out script  
No good

DAY 111 HELL DAY 21

When did I last write -- my notebook is in the office -- Thursday, perhaps. Before we went to this museum opening and I finally and again decided S is a great artist - his wall drawings, especially the one dedicated to E that he drew himself, is beautiful, a floating cloud of yellow to pass through. S wasn't there. I like S, green. P was there and R, who has a big piece in the store and who told me blood once rolled in on him and the walls leaned in. R was there, drunk and full of energy - there's an early piece of S's, ~~three white cubes.~~ This was after I had taught class, and a new student spoke about becoming transparent ~~in relating to someone,~~ that if you were a color you would see him through your color, or see his color through your color and see a ~~thick~~ color, and all this would alter your really being with him and knowing him, ~~and the desire for gratification (purple) would prevent you from being with someone or the gratification itself.~~

Then I asked if we could send love to each other while ~~discussing something~~ ~~and~~ ~~even~~ disagreeing. After class I went to the

Whatever you're going to make out of it, make out of it - by 1975 (~~we're~~) got a chance just going to keep rocking the boat.

*a*  
*9 overheard conversation* ~~if a~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~  
(Zaph + light drumming all <sup>4-2</sup>  
search front meansy 'no')

Always arguing fast people are realizing it's just not the way anymore. It's a cop-out and people are leaving the country ~~and going to Arizona~~. I know I'm going to be living in ~~Persia~~ for a long time. The whole relationship thing is for being possessive and dominating. Let's get out and make it with whom we want. The ego must be conscious of the self itself.

(Study left) the new book by Ouspensky. Anyone who's been reading Krishnamurti and is still into a heavy black-white scene is just no good. If you want to blow up a building, go ahead, but you won't have the universe behind you - it just won't work. They're going to think it's just a game. The women obviously have to be liberated, but in a very conscious manner.

[ So Thursday I went into the health food store and grape juice was indicated to me, ] but ~~an~~ analysis is really for the birds. They're doing a lot of numbers outside that window, still following the image I projected two years ago, worrying about how much dope they have in their back pocket. This place has us enslaved. We've got a country here that needs saving - I was born in NY, I know all the States, insults upon injury, we've got them really scared, it's people, baby, until you go see ~~JOE~~ and be with

*Someone's telephone conversation (18's)*

*th*

someone who'll take you in their arms, and I was scared. It's really happening. The middle class are up against a wall, and let's get to them before black power does. They've got all the information, all this experience, ~~our parents~~ -- we've got to figure out where they fucked up or we'll fuck up too.

~~It~~ is no easy trip, but I made it. It's scary. Everybody's worried about who's going to jump in on who next -- the Black Panthers, like if you can't beat them, join them, let's get out of here fast. I've hit the karma <sup>level</sup> ~~limit~~ of completing my ~~(karma)~~. I've hit ~~the~~ 12th house -- I've really met the person . . . you haven't met people you felt were so definitely in your karma? That's a shame. You've got to make it now.

Have you read the ~~"Tibetan Book of the Dead"~~ yet? What do you think? ~~It's like Atlantis and Lemna.~~ I'm like an advanced agent of another culture ( ~~zap on~~ <sup>zap on</sup> ~~the~~ arm) from the future. We're battling for this world back. I've got the forces behind me ~~--~~ <sup>lights down</sup> the triad -- a nice mental thing. Between the three of us there's always something new. ~~Atlantis is directly under America.~~ <sup>zap</sup>

A man from the 35th century taught me how to time-travel with some exercise of the feet. Ah, baby, they're so good. I've looked into the (~~stay~~ <sup>stay</sup>) and said,

big yellow  
light  
get bright.

"Jupiter, save a son of yours," and he did. He didn't want to make love to me, just lie next to me, and time-travelers are in the ~~2~~ *gout. 2.*

There are space ships. Jupiter and Mars are landing places. Our souls are infinite. We've been here before, we're time-travelers; that's what the soul is. (Zap ~~1~~ <sup>on</sup> ear.) We've written the book of our lives . . . I never hallucinated on acid (three years ago). You know the answer is mind just floating around. We're immortal. I went through a heavy torture trip, analyzed my thoughts and words ~~the subject with my sister~~ *the subject with my sister* all the childish games we put ourselves through. Bones found in Arizona, the oldest bones on earth. I'm beginning to think we populated through beings from another planet, not through self evolution. Look where the Egyptians were at (light gets brighter). They developed geometry, embalming.

Unless we replenish the earth we're not going to have anything but chemicals left. Do you know what brought everybody down? The atomic bomb explosion in 1945. <sup>(whistle)</sup> The age of Aquarius came in on 1953. ~~The 4 spaceship's,~~ *The 4 spaceship's,* I can always rely on them and their lazer beams taking away someone's mind (Zap ~~my~~ <sup>m</sup> groin) and giving it to me. I realize I need people, and that's very important. When

I first saw them I just grabbed them and held them --  
 a human being -- learn everything humans are ~~blaming~~ <sup>examining</sup> --  
 more likely her Uranian body just left her human body  
 and went back to where it came from -- ~~in bandages of~~  
~~preserving ourself (body-blue).~~ The moon is our  
 playground, and when you go up and find these space ships  
 that are 10,000 years behind ~~your lead of existence~~ --  
 if we find we can't save the world, we'll ~~destroy it.~~ <sup>STET</sup>.

For a while I got into helplessness and despair.  
~~There are~~ <sup>There are</sup> ~~space ships~~ beaming elements from other  
 planets -- they needed an earthling to tell them what was  
 wrong. "Martians (light gets brighter) are very small  
 and travel in twos (~~that~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> side). Jupiters look like  
 Greek gods. Venians (light gets dim and bright) are  
 beautiful women with blue eyes -- close to Venus --  
 the whole point is working on some kind of our form  
 for them to figure out -- that's essential -- like  
 photography." <sup>STET</sup>

~~Zap + Lu~~  
 PURGATORY DAY 114

I am rocking in the kitchen. I am rocking. I am in  
 a chair, in a rocking chair, by a square oak, a square  
 table made of oak, the yellow chair, blue chair, the  
 wooden, rocking chair.

The story of today: I'm ~~coming~~ <sup>coming</sup> home radio no

NOT THE REST  
 OF THIS  
 CHAPT.



home except for the gentlemen in blue -- you know who -- of the 9th Precinct. P came with the police, or the police came with P. 3. The same blond fellow as yesterday, with a soft fuzzy mustache, disturbing my peace. Well, she came yesterday too, with two, and J came yesterday too, with two. P is B's mother, and J is B's sister, and just as <sup>plans to</sup> the doorbell rang tonight the phone rang. It was J on the phone at the instant, so who's with whose head here?

So I said a friend had seen B ~~on Macdougall Street~~ in the West Village, ~~only~~, stupid, I should have said nothing about where. "Down by the river where the river don't flow, ~~We~~ can't go there any more; radio.

Yesterday J came knocking on the door -- the other B was here ~~and dressed in camel pants, green sweater, brown vest~~. I didn't want to answer the door because I was just pissed off they had found me. The phone calls were enough -- beginning at 9:30 in the morning -- so I didn't answer the door, against B's advice, and J went downstairs. I saw her through the window talking to a fellow, and had a moment of compassion and almost called down to her to come back up, but I didn't, so she got the fuzz, the ones cruising this street -- so I wouldn't let them in, but let her in, so she said she'd called her

out

mother, and soon came P with two more fuzz, and was she furious to find the only B there was a perfect stranger to him. I mean her. She comes on like a him -- a ten-ton him. She freaked and threatened me with arrest on all counts relating to a minor -- but the police looked, found no minor, no major -- *(the phone -*  
*)* for D, who came today. D was to meet her at 7:30 and didn't, so she's worried.


Me and God are watching baby grow. Primal Therapy, Rolling Stones, John Lennon.

*I* says great therapy. She's looking for D, calling the husband of the girl D is with. D got drunk and passed out. I has such a different mien than B. Reds are downs. What are ups?


There was a definite love like so strong -- a passionate love that in me has been dead for a long while. It started like I don't know.

So ~~Dione~~ is here and ~~Devin~~ is screwing ~~Jane~~ and ~~Dean~~ is talking to ~~Jane's~~ husband, ~~Charlie~~, and I am *wondering of* Primal Therapy. Maybe it's the red or maybe it's (*shock*), but I don't feel anything-- turned off -- that's what () me. I don't really care. Before I used to care passionately, and that turned me on, and I thought (*evan*) I really do care -- is the right thing for B. I really do care.

*STG out*

1. Eye 
2. Breathing (eyes closed):  
Exhale first.
3. Abdominal exercises:  
Leg raising:  

|    |   |
|----|---|
| r. | 2 |
| l. | 2 |
| b. | 3 |

Inhale 8 up. 4 hold. exhale 8 or 16 down.
4. Plan                      legs over head  
     inhale                    legs   
     exhale                    pelvis up and legs back  
    toward hands  

Keep head, neck and shoulders on floor  
DOWN SLOW
5. Forward Bend:  
Lie back, hands over head, inhale and sit up  
Exhale forward. Grab outside of ankles,  
elbows beside legs. Legs STRAIGHT.  
Relax back and head to knee
6. Pelvic raise:  
Sit - feet together, hands in back. Raise  
and arch back on inhale.
7. Leg stretch:  
Knees and hands on floor - 1 leg back.  
Stretch on toe - raise leg.