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# Marble Composition Book

23

F

Name The last week - F

Subject .....

No. 4906

66 SHEETS SIZE 9<sup>5</sup>/<sub>8</sub> IN. x 7<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> IN.

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It's naive time to remember the  
last week I spent in the sink.  
My birth day was during the period  
of the second week & I was distressed  
because I could not call my  
mother, nor could she reach me  
I had turned the bell off on the  
phone, nor would I have  
answered it if it rang.             
it caused little             
I didn't want any             
I already had some fun I thought  
answering the phone once when  
it rang the first week. There was  
a terrible truth in my fear  
the electricity in the phone  
amplifies            muscle  
spasm was of             
& it            <sup>transmits</sup> the             
of someone speaking on the  
end, if there are           . It



the good too. but what was the concern  
 of the energy directing me, the gods  
 was to keep any additional electricity  
 & power at a minimum. The radio,  
 TV, phones were off, & only 1 light  
 bulb was on, as and 1 in the  
 bathroom & no candles burned,  
 except the one on my birthday,  
 which turned into such beautiful  
 leaf shapes & had such lovely smell.  
 The black, as I see it now, is a  
 constructing band around the waist  
 areas of muscle tension. Some  
 black left the calf calves of  
 my leg yesterday. Some people  
 haven't all around them in a  
 big thick line, my friend at  
 the don. permanently? I was also  
 sensitive to the vibrations of  
 people living in the building.  
 When the person used their hands



of black purple & yellow went  
 by the door, a wave of cold  
 came into the room. I submerged  
 in water & covered my exposed  
 part with a blanket. I had a  
 blanket + 1 or 2 sheets & covered one  
 intermittently in emergencies  
 & let myself "cool out" the  
 rest of the time. When ~~the~~  
 another person came in who  
 did not pass my door, but  
 went to the floor below, I could  
 feel a stab of pain hit me,  
 not too severe, but enough  
 to know there must be  
 green + red & the red, probably,  
 sending intense heat  
 up to me. Once in a while  
 someone would go by & there  
 would be no bad reaction.  
 I assumed the people were



cooled out to what I assumed  
 was near a <sup>very</sup> blue color. This  
 was the scale I had at that  
 time. Red, black, ~~or black~~, red,  
 purple, green, <sup>bright blue</sup> blue, yellow.  
 I didn't know any other colors  
 advanced to the white light of  
 purity. I didn't know any  
 golden light people, but I  
 knew a couple of ~~dark~~ blues.  
 One of the ~~dark~~ blues seemed to  
 blues did not cause me pain.  
 So I knew I had to be  
 rescued (I thought of it that  
 way) by a blue, or someone near  
 it. So when my father knelt  
 on the door the second Sunday,  
 the ~~entire~~ 14th day after it all  
 began, I was pretty sure  
 what I had to do. I love my  
 father, but he is by no



means a cooled out person, & even if I didn't judge him to be purple, when I did, I remembered his intention had caused pain to my knee the previous summer, before I <sup>even</sup> realized my knee was going to be a barometer to the gentleness around me. I later suppose the lightest winds are the gentlest, which is why it gets so peaceful when you get high. Those will just seep in all the little corners & you let go. Or vice versa. Anyway, I also thought, having some down awareness of the Tibetan Book of the Dead, that I couldn't be alone this time to my family parent-child situation. I should have to find another solution. As in



terms of sheer practicality  
 considering my state & my  
 sensitivity to metals & vibrations,  
 how was I going to make the  
 long drive to my parent  
 home, even though buses &  
 shavers & plenty awaited me.  
 (I didn't think of those till later,  
 when I wondered if I'd made  
 the right decision) I also knew  
 that any food I might eat  
 from the health food store,  
 would have to be brought in  
 by my father, & people papers!  
 So I assumed a different voice  
 & told him I was ~~saying~~ <sup>of more staying there</sup> friends,  
 & that I had gone to the country  
 for a couple of weeks & had  
 no phone. So he went along.  
 and I contemplated, not at  
 all happily, how I was



going to get out, & who would  
 come & take me away, have to  
 (wanted) clean up the awful  
 mess (everytime I used a paper  
 or glass or utensil long enough  
 to get purple, & I couldn't use  
 it any more, so I then I use a  
 pile on the floor, along with  
 tea leaves & rags & ash,  
 broken plate broken glasses  
 broken cups) and where I  
 wanted go I didn't think  
 about, only have me I  
 wanted to have a bath tub,  
 so I could wash all of me at  
 once, & relax in a comfortable  
 position covered by the  
 soothing water. But the one  
 person whom I thought  
 could deal with the mess,  
 who might know how



to handle it, the person I loved &  
 wanted to be loved by, one of the  
 blues, never came, didn't come  
 for my birthday so I began to  
 believe any hope of leaving  
 from that blue was hopeless.  
 And in my real misery, for I  
 was unhappy that day,  
 wondering how I would  
 ever get out of the endless  
 cycle I was in, I put in a  
 mental call for the other  
 blue. It came out of me  
 like a surge, the thought,  
 & I repeated the name  
 twice, automatically, my  
 body bending, almost  
 convulsing to it. ~~But~~ then  
 I was <sup>not</sup> sure the person I  
 loved, ~~the one~~ if they got  
 the message, what to do



so much interference in the city. no.  
 I was pretty sure this person  
 would come, if they got the  
 message, for telegraph is still  
 pretty strong especially in the  
 city with so much interference, &  
 people so involved in their  
 own thoughts & the cause of  
 living. I also knew in my  
 heart that I had set the one  
 week from that day, the 21<sup>st</sup>  
 day of the event, for to the  
 very last day I should  
 remain in my situation.  
 One week from the day my  
 father came was to be the  
 last day that I would expect  
 my friend to come. I had to  
 get out then.\* and then, of  
 course, when I did get  
 out, but more later of that.



\* Indication <sup>to</sup> throw the I Ching, while entering the 49 Revaluation to 55 Abundance. Revaluation, the Judgement. On your own day you are believed. Supreme success, furthering through perseverance. Renown disappears. The Image. Fire in the lake, the Image of Revaluation. Thus the Superior man set the calendar in order and made the seasons clear. None in the Fifth place: the great man changes like a tiger. Even before he questions the Oracle, he is believed <sup>the meaning is distinct.</sup> (Lady Tiger.) Now the sheets are having fun with me again. Go to it, booby, they say. 55. Abundance. The Judgement. Abundance has success. The King attains abundance - be



that sad. Be like the sun at  
 midday, the image. Both thunder  
 & lightning come: the image of  
 abundance. Then the sudden  
 mon deude lawsuits & carries  
 out punishments. The spirit wants  
 me to be happy, & write a funny  
 book. Funny people. I just  
 discovered, I think. that the  
 magenta is a balance between  
 purple & red, green & yellow,  
~~acidic~~ alkaline & <sup>acid</sup> at least  
 you are centered in your  
 potassium - sodium balance.  
 Laugh. Diversion. I think  
 that day, when my father  
 left, was my last paint.  
 He must have, has been  
 pretty funny. I had a  
 fear of red, which as I  
 understood it is my color



oriented bell, was the worst,  
 worse than black, the color  
 I think maybe could so red it  
 felt hot. I didn't know. I  
 didn't want to know! But  
 the energy was I had to have  
 some red, enough to make one  
 appear red rose on a black  
 stem. Just that much red  
 + black. I said why can't I  
 have a pink rose! No, one  
 red rose. So I began to see  
 that if the blue I wanted  
 to see came to want to have a  
 red eye, + if he looked me  
 in the eye, I would get a red  
 eye in my weak eye, but  
 I knew I was not so I kept  
 a pair of sunglasses  
 beside me, I had a bee  
 in the house + I'd wear my



feet in paper, tie them in  
 ribbon, a some wonderful  
 sticky paper tape I discovered  
 traced use right on the bottom  
 of my feet, has drawn out  
 of the creek. go quickly over to  
 the sunglasses. maybe  
 heat up some soap in the  
 bathroom, has took up.  
 wash one foot, put in sink,  
 throw water on floor, wash  
 other foot, throw water on  
 floor, try out soap, none,  
 too purple, zingy (that  
 what it felt like, a nice  
 change,) throw soap on pile  
 on floor & aha, try sunglasses.  
 Great. For 2 minutes then  
 they got purple & covered  
 a pain on my head  
 when I put them on



alone when the plastic side  
 piece jammed my head. So  
 I'd put down a stack of them  
 on floor. I slept hours. The  
 bus after sunrise. Finally  
 found one pair I left with  
 me for a few days, but  
 eventually it too, landed  
 on floor. The floor was getting  
 pretty tacky now. Full of  
 broken china. I was  
 having a pretty good time  
 listening to the crack of  
 broken glass. If you're  
 going to throw something  
 away, enjoy! Any way  
 about the red eye of love -  
 I remember having a sorry  
 about that - I knew eventually  
 I'd look down in the eye & get a  
 red eye & I was sad & angry



+ affair + the night before my  
 father came what was a Saturday  
 night I looked up at the  
 animal on the sheet I'd hung  
 up to keep the bundle of the stone  
 + hedge away + we had a  
 red eye. I just looked + he  
 looked at me with the red eye +  
 I laughed + I said so that my  
 red eye + it wasn't so bad  
 After all. And week later  
 when I was with D + my  
 eye hurt he looked + said  
 You saw a red spot on it +  
 I'll take it out + he looked  
 in my eye + took away the  
 red. So after my Saturday  
 night date with the red eye  
 of love + my Sunday  
 sending my father away  
 I decided at some point I



was going to have to let  
 someone in & what a mess  
 the place was. I kept using  
 little glasses. (2) but at least  
 2 dozen round ones from the  
 5 & 10 plus some tumblers,  
 cups, pitchers, saucers & plates.  
 Besides I couldn't use the  
 beautiful butterfly plates  
 with the gold rim. I had  
 stolen from ~~the~~ a  
 dept store because the gold  
 turned purple real fast!  
 So there was trouble on the  
 table covered. What did  
 I use all these glasses, cups &  
 plates for, since I wasn't  
 eating, & had already gone  
 3 stops with out drinking.  
 I drank some for a few days  
 then used ~~that~~ some



3:4 now without drinking  
 again. A mistake but I  
 didn't want to put anything  
 purple in. And the color came  
 out of the faucet. What was  
 metal, & purple. Well I still  
 should have been drinking.  
 Darn, double stubborn  
 Scorpio. I used the glasses  
 cups & plate to put water in &  
 pour over my back; &  
 to pump by hand until  
 all the fogginess or purple was  
 gone & a water lily or a pink  
 flower appears in the water  
 & I knew it was clear. Then  
 I'd pour it in my bad  
 eye to wash away the  
 purple. The eye was  
 several shades or colors  
 behind the rest of me.



I had to keep washing it out.  
Before I handled the (cup or  
glass) I'd wash my eye with  
I'd use my mind to cleanse  
the bad vibrations from my  
hands & fingers. Just the  
little blood line waves go,  
& the rest one or 2 red dots. Then  
I'd begin to feel my hands &  
fingers relax. I'd concentrate  
some more, on the muscles, &  
at the base of the fingers &  
vibrations, all the way up to  
the nail, until a little  
brightly colored cord, or  
~~something~~ would leave  
my finger tips. Then I'd  
feel even more relaxation, &  
the skin waves become  
translucent & my good  
hand especially warmed



feel lighter than air & then  
I knew my hands were clean  
enough to handle my eye  
(it had trouble enough  
with out adding that water) so  
then I'd clean the glass &  
the water in it in the same  
way & when the pale white or  
yellow or pink flowers  
appeared I'd wash my eye  
with it. after a while no  
matter how I concentrated  
on the glass the too much  
purple remained & I had  
to throw it away. It  
wasn't til the end of the  
last week that I realized  
I was going in cycles. I  
could save a purple glass,  
a lilac glass & a blue glass  
& use them over again



Until the calms got too intense.  
 The people had to be thrown  
 away first. I tried heating  
 some of the plates & cups on  
 the flame on the stove to  
 preheat them that way. I had  
 some beautiful little cut  
 white cups & saucers, demi  
 tasse, Swedish china, & they  
 preheated to heat in a very  
 gratifying manner. They  
 lasted longer than anything  
 else. In the end I had one  
 cup left & some enamel dishes  
 - everything else to be left to me  
 to ~~use~~ left with me here.  
 I put these cups & saucers on  
 the flame & when they were  
 hot & preheated I'd tanned my  
 fingers under the water.  
 Use my common sense.



left them off. He, were  
 hot but never burned my  
 hand. I can't handle that  
 heat now. I tell you. But  
 I carried them. The way I could  
 handle fire. It never burned  
 me if I didn't (I didn't) put  
 my hand in the very center of  
 the flame. Oh well, the mental  
 plane! And what did I do  
 with my pannes? I cleaned  
 them. I had to be particularly  
 careful of the handles of cups  
 & the lips of pitchers. A lot of  
 bad blood was, as seen by dotted  
 blood lines, collected in the  
 handles, & at the joints where the  
 handles joined the cups &  
 very particularly in the lips of  
 pitchers. They required the  
 most concentration. I had



one little glass pitcher I loved,  
 because it allowed me to  
 pour the water over myself on  
 little controlled drizzles. I could  
 therefore use hotter water &  
 pour carefully at one specific  
 point on my arm or hand &  
 really hit a ~~new~~ tension point  
 & feel the tension leave me  
 & see a butterfly leave me.  
 It was the use of the pitcher  
 which made it easier than  
 draps, rather than the  
 slashes (biggy bowl of  
 water) that got my left  
 arm into a state of relaxation  
 & translucent light, than  
 air feeling. Later I saw a  
 picture of Kishanramurti &  
 I could tell that his  
 face & neck muscles were



all translucent & relaxed.  
 like my left arm.  
 Butterfly only left the place  
 of greatest tension, the right  
 arm, on the right calf. It was  
 great to see me fly off.  
 Then I felt like I'd had a  
 massage. I thought about  
 a lot about those Greek  
 baths & Greek water boys  
 pouring water from  
 height about (you can  
 regulate the pressure of the  
 stream depending on the  
 height) & I thought oh  
 you Greeks but it made  
 you feel you really knew  
 what you were doing.  
 And the long handles on  
 the pitcher, so clever, so  
 much easier to clean out



He had water. How I  
 wanted a Greek water boy  
 to pour water over my  
 back, or a shower, or a tub!  
 How I missed my fate at  
 having to sit in a double  
 seat, & how I thanked my  
 lucky stars for having a  
 double seat! And 2 ledges  
 to sit on, so one could cool  
 one while I used the other.  
 The most useful thing I had,  
 aside from the beautiful  
 reusable <sup>tiny</sup> white Swedish cups,  
 was the whole earth  
 catalogue. I had all the  
 whole earth catalogues & the  
 difficult but possible  
 supplements. The paper from  
 these, & the paper from the  
 Munsell's diet book, & from



my Westra tool (which I kept  
 by me for reference as to when  
 led to rip) never contained the  
 poorest untreated paper. I  
 could sit on this & relieve my  
 ass from the contours of the  
 wrinkle in the canvas paper  
 on one side (eventually caused  
 an open sore, how ass) & the  
 place along the seat on the  
 other side where the blades  
 collected & I couldn't get it  
 out & it stung like hell to  
 sit on it. Also the whole  
 wall beside behind the seat  
 which waves to either on my  
 right & left was covered with  
 holes. It was a peg board  
 painted white to hang  
 put on ~~the way~~ it was  
 absolutely bare (a chipmunk



just came to my door) & the enemy  
recoiled out of those little  
holes & hit me like bullets  
so I had to cover them up  
with paper & I ~~had~~ couldn't  
use anything to glue the  
paper down with because  
the enemy waves dry out  
the canvas so fast those  
little cracks & corners  
waves reflect the enemy  
back in a far worse way than  
the holes, & to touch the  
wounded paper would be  
like touching a knife.  
So the best thing was to use  
sheets of the whale lard  
catalogue & keep them up on  
the wall by keeping them  
damp. The wetness cooled  
and the people too. For they



wanted turn. When they got too  
bad I had to throw them away  
& change the paper. I also used  
some sticky stuff. I had a  
whole wonderful roll of  
glued paper that worked well  
as slippers on the wall but  
I liked to mess it for my  
feet & for to cover the electric  
socket. I see I had a picture  
of Dylan up & a story of the  
art farm. I wondered if  
they called it the art farm  
because they could see the  
little black lines of bad  
energy moving through  
their body. I wonder if you  
always (unless you lived in  
a cave or on a mountain in  
India) has little black  
lines to deal with & I wonder



If the little black lines were  
 manageable as long as they  
 didn't suddenly cut the black  
 lines. The little black lines  
 were the size of a hyphen on the  
 typewriter. I also wondered if  
 other people saw things this  
 way, or was it my imagination  
 making forms out of the  
 energy? I knew the  
 butterflies were forms my  
 imagination made, at least  
 I thought so; but I wasn't  
 sure. I wasn't sure either  
 about the tiny leopards &  
 tigers that lift my toes.  
 Now the real reason I  
 couldn't go home with my  
 father was that tigers &  
 leopards were still leaving  
 my toes. Aha! I haven't



told you of my greatest  
 pleasure of all. the occupation  
 of my entire 2nd week,  
 cleaning and the leopards  
 & tigers from my toes! I  
 discovered, after I had gotten  
 all the butterflies and of  
 my cats, that a lot of the  
 tension was collected in  
 my feet. Especially as I went  
 walking on the carpet or floor  
 least once a day. The little  
 fat pads around & under &  
 between the toes contained  
 a lot of, I guess not so much  
 purple as ~~yellow~~ but yellow  
 & orange & black & brown.  
 I know I had to clean these  
 out & the bad odor (read  
 muscle tension or just shit  
 stored in the fat on the body)



wanted to go back up to the calf.  
So I kept my a tiny bit of water  
in the sink + started dripping  
very hot water on the fat little  
pads. I wanted also just those  
resting fingers + held them  
until my fingers, including my  
nails were longer. When I got  
a whole bunch of energy out, a  
tiny tiger a leap and wanted  
leap out of my toe, leaving  
the skin soft + relaxed instead  
of firm + painful. So that  
was the other thing I did  
with my mental power,  
I cleaned my toes + created  
little tiger + leopard + big  
butterfly + many tiger  
flowers. And I jumped +  
jumped + jumped. I used  
to put the side of my foot



by the little toe when there is a  
 fat pad, on the side of ~~the~~  
 the big toe when there is a lot  
 of fat under of the streamer,  
 hot water & yell and but  
 the heat would release a tiger  
 & that was my only form of self  
 torture - water just too hot to  
 be comfortable. After a lot of  
 tigers escaped I stopped down  
 that & worked from the  
 pitcher water than the faucet.  
 The inside spat on the toe next  
 to the big one, & the pads  
 underneath were particularly  
 zingy & those who enjoy  
 squeezing bumps well I  
 guess know the exact  
 state of my pleasure.  
 Maybe not - I like squeezing  
 bumps so I don't know the



exact state of that pleasure -  
but it was a relaxation  
that went through the whole  
body, like light coming  
in at the head. My feet  
seemed wonderfully soft  
& smooth under the  
process, truly beautiful &  
not too soft to use on  
anything else that I  
thought of no matter  
how pure a being you  
are the feet are going to  
pick up some zingy's so  
it takes a pretty pure person  
to wash one's feet with  
Paul to Christ. It had  
it made. Please washing  
his feet, wash the water  
& their hands & their mind  
to get out all the little things



from the toes. I was very  
 happy during the edit work  
 because I saw I was  
 accomplishing something &  
 also because the great pain  
 had left me & I no longer  
 clutched me in agony with  
 that great band across my  
 back quivering hot & tight.  
 What did piss me off was  
 missing. The universe really  
 flubbed when it didn't suggest  
 I buy a band to attach to the  
 sink faucet & I really told  
 the one that a thing or 2  
 about the human female  
 anatomy. I swear like I  
 finally came out one  
 color, right, & got to me  
 desistense, when I'd  
 have to pee. Now the



pee was always the cause  
 of the day before, & I'd  
 get the pee on me, or on my  
 foot, & I'd get gungy all  
 over again from the pee &  
 it was hard to wash off my  
 feet with a cup without  
 spreading the pee around  
 so I'd get some on me. So  
 I needed a hose. (A few  
 moments of penis envy  
 came on here, you can  
 believe! Imagine the luxury  
 of peeing right down the  
 drain with only a drop or 2  
 to let off at the end.)  
 I mean I was in the  
 sink! Whether or not I  
 drank I need one every  
 day & at the end little  
 grains of green <sup>peas</sup> from camp are



+ God knows what that was  
 but I ended up with a  
 urinary tract (kidney?)  
 infection, but the hospital  
 never discovered this. Their  
 stupid tests. My thoughts  
 all that was in the urine  
 was from a vaginal disease  
 when I was urinated from the  
 top. Now late. Anyway  
 I was through the pee  
 realized I wasn't my usual  
 & later I got - the pee was  
 painful & the later the  
 so, but ~~still~~ very zingy (was  
 small electric shock like  
 feeling) - but blue &  
 orange & a metallic blue  
 & a metallic orange (metallic  
 color very painful) & a silver  
 & a metallic rose I had



to deal with. Older I was  
 then all had to be wiped  
 off and trying not to spread  
 yesterday's color around &  
 so getting me back a day  
 in my color coating out  
 process. It was somewhere  
 along here that I saw 2  
 orange pills & didn't know  
 if this was a warning on the  
 thiazine. That I would get  
 me back? And you know  
 I was going through enough  
 pain to get me of all this  
 shit. Most of all the  
 aluminum in me from  
 pots, & the chemicals from  
 food, & ~~the~~ <sup>from</sup> drugs & from  
 medicine - & alcohol I  
 used to drink & eat & drink  
 and teas with dye in them



and and yes plus America  
she needs it so much the  
Fair Foods act and the  
laugh Pure Foods act. More  
now, don't they realize you're  
body has to jump out of  
all this shit? of course  
no obligation to take the  
3 week work leave. But.  
I was too nervous by my  
annual thing don't wonder  
about the 2 round orange  
peels but they sure let me  
back some, they shut off the  
electricity in some delicate  
areas & fuck them all for  
not knowing what they  
do. And how can you  
explain to an unenlightened  
person that they've shut  
off your electricity when



You don't even know that  
 for sure all you know is it  
 starts off your mind. That  
 all I knew then any way,  
 from the experience of  
 friend and you can drink  
 coffee to give you the speed  
 back, I did, I had a lot of water &  
 wash it out, I did, but still  
 it there & you gotta get out  
 of it. The cure is worse than  
 the disease. If it you had  
 you're back when you started,  
 & if it you're mind & you're  
 a little psychos on the actual  
 plane it just bring you  
 down instead of up & it  
 out of that wild can  
 manage everything in the  
 proper manner. You  
 power, energy, electricity, life



force, mind. So I saw  
 everyone of the little round  
 orange pill. The other were  
 clear. I had ~~not~~ the thought  
 I dwell on considerably was  
 that 7 up would turn you  
 green when you come in from  
 the outside & were purple.  
 There's a little red dot on the  
 7 up bottle & this was a  
 warning I knew but what  
 I should have done when I  
 got out of the seat instead of  
 drinking bottles & can. It  
 on an empty stomach was to  
 buy food in it, cause it  
 sure went up & around  
 then. All bottled drinks are  
 bad. They have chemicals  
 & sugar & they're worse if  
 they come in cans. Any



head knows this:

I became very concerned  
what I had in real life  
you came cool yourself  
and when you came in  
from the mud outside,  
& invented an elaborate  
bath system that the big  
Greeks intended when you  
came in you left all your  
outdoor clothes in one  
place, & your indoor clothes  
in another where they were  
washed & you stepped into  
a nice shower with and a  
mistral a friend to have  
water on you or wash your  
feet & after the shower  
and a tub or patches & what  
you put on a nice clean  
simpler white robe



no design or colors or holes  
 to catch the energy & send it  
 zingers back or collect  
 purple then you jance  
 your other clean white  
 clad friend with maybe  
 straw slipper for your  
 feet or maybe just ~~some~~  
 maybe bar + a lot of mind  
 cleaning up the floor. I  
 mean I hoped I wouldn't  
 have to do all the housework  
 in this dream apartment even  
 bath arrangement. This  
 dream palace is made of all  
 of wood, no metal, no holes,  
 no place for the energy  
 to coalesce or jing back  
 at you & get you from  
 behind or something.



At this point I poured in my  
 bread & honey & water diet for  
 some scrambled eggs (that I  
 can eat many (instead of  
 butter because of the asthma,  
 which I have, & has to go)  
 This was a delicious  
 homemade & delicious & not  
 made by me! I look with  
 longing at the honey part.  
 The honey part, that reminds  
 me. Well, no during this  
 period, on the kitchen shelf  
 was one of those little plastic  
<sup>apartment</sup>  
~~boxes~~ filled with honey.  
 The plastic cap had a  
 little spout, ~~on the center~~  
 for the honey to come out  
 at the center. Now aside  
 from my pure feminine  
 problem of how to see



neatly + I even a couple  
 times. So on the edge of the  
 seat I fell into the garbage  
 on the floor, I had another  
 awful bad pull. I wasn't  
 shouting. Of course I hadn't  
 eaten anything except the  
 first week but I could  
 smell the nut butter on me.  
 I even started chattered pale  
 brain facts, but mostly  
 I could just smell that  
 nut butter + I knew it  
 on any purification routine  
 + cleaning of the intestines  
 that was important. So I  
 should take an enema.  
 But how. I hadn't bought  
 the 2 Fleet enemas suggested  
 by the energy on my  
 shopping list at the Texaco.



of this adventure, the 2 clauze  
 bag, one used for dessert +  
 one for enemies. (I'd had a  
 little nozzle + had to buy  
 a nut) were, ~~both~~ <sup>one</sup> in the  
 bathroom + 2 in the  
 bottom drawer of the dresser  
 bought green. and a year  
 thought I was going to put that  
 up my ass! No <sup>more</sup> stingy  
 Zengy's there please! ~~leaf~~  
~~down~~ ~~to~~ ~~new~~ ~~place~~.  
 So I looked around for  
 something to use because  
 I knew I had to do  
 something + my eye hit on  
 the honey ~~beer~~ <sup>bottle</sup>. Clear plastic  
 honey ~~bottle~~ <sup>apartment</sup> bottle w/ a stop.  
 (I had thrown away a  
 shampoo bottle w/ a  
 cap + had to get it



was buried deep in rubble.  
 So I emptied the honey from  
 the honey ~~mass~~<sup>jar</sup> & bit off the  
 end of the plastic to make  
 the hole larger and also round  
 & smooth! and pulled the  
 honey ~~mass~~ bottle with  
 water & then I tried to figure  
 out how to do all this in the  
 sink. The logsters were bad.  
 I couldn't lie on the long canals,  
 too zippy, & I couldn't kneel  
 and I might all off it was  
 slippery & the other side had  
 a shelf too low and a hook  
 any way so I ~~tried~~ finally just  
 & the sink was too small to kneel  
 in so I finally just tried to  
 stand, lean on it & stick the  
 nozzle of the bottle in my  
 ass but the nozzle was



amples try & the fact  
after my very small & it was hard  
to squeeze any water out of  
the bottle. But I finally  
succeeded in doing so  
getting most of the bottle  
empty but then nothing  
came out. Later (after?) I  
did another bottle but  
still nothing came out so  
I guess my intestine were  
hungry thirsty & absorbed  
the water like a sponge.  
Now I started a cat after  
the first I never did have  
any trouble sitting so I  
guess I didn't do any harm  
but it would have  
helped a lot to have  
shot because if the pee  
was a day behind in color,



think of the face. They're still  
 purple when the rest of ~~me~~ is  
 slanting green magenta.  
 Failure on the path. I used to  
 take a lot of enemas when  
 I started shifting the balance  
 of my system from acid to  
 alkaline & I know it helped  
 a lot; besides getting ~~you~~<sup>me</sup>  
 high. Now I just eat fruit,  
 or vegetables. As a matter of  
 fact, when I first realized I was  
 on a mental plane & in contact  
 with them - at one time I  
 loved him of us the dance  
 boy & the enema boy & then  
 embarrassed & laughing at  
 my own behavior, but 2 +  
 was a double D which  
 Sometime I'll tell you about  
 all the things that happened



before the fast. Maybe.  
 Anyway, I put the honey  
 bottle back on the shelf in  
 case I needed it. The hole  
 in the stain was large  
 enough to make water  
 it went white & I couldn't  
 bite it off anyway cause it  
 had been up my ass & I  
 wouldn't touch ~~me~~  
 success cause they were  
 metal & the first thing to  
 go really purple. In case  
 of emergency I had tied a  
 piece of cloth to the handle  
 of one pan, wrapped ~~them~~<sup>in</sup>  
 paper & put them in a  
 jar of water on the top  
 shelf. All the metal in  
 the house, brackets for  
 boat stiles, faucets,



dog handle, I had been  
 instructed to faint over.  
 I didn't know why. But I  
 did. It was because the  
 (the intense energy scene)  
 was in the metal not  
 only collected the heaviest but  
 the first to be thrown off-  
 but reflected them back like  
 a mirror & this was bad for  
 my weak eye, which collected  
 what where it lit. I think  
 the only thing unpainted was  
 the faucet in the sink -  
 no star must have been  
 painted but maybe the  
 faint line off - I had a hell  
 the faucet & handle  
 covered with the whole  
 catch catalog & some other  
 hunts the whole time.



They really thought I was  
 sent in the hospital because  
 of the aversion to metal which  
 I have so highly my eyes  
 were so open & I didn't  
 understand ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~men~~ <sup>men</sup> affect  
 with the electricity. I thought  
 I was allergic to it or  
 something. ~~The psychiatric~~  
~~at the hospital~~ Anyway that  
 why I had a big sheet draped over  
 the stove & refrigerator & the  
 best was one of those old  
 fashioned seersucker spreads  
 because it was heavy enough  
 to protect me & the little  
 bumps weren't big enough  
 to ~~send~~ ~~the~~ ~~energy~~ ~~back~~ the  
 energy back.

I had a fall eye problem.  
 Soon after my father's



I realized someday someone  
was going to come in & I  
couldn't leave that mess  
for someone else to pick up.

I didn't want to do it either  
because every time they  
threw out some old shit back  
in my box but I gathered  
myself together. I had all  
those yellow plastic bags so  
I took out 2 from behind  
the metal cupboards where a  
rat died <sup>in my dream</sup> leaving a trail  
small & a lot of black  
that rushed out but I  
had a sheet around me  
& I stuffed all the  
garbage in those 2 or 4 sacks  
I left them on the floor  
so I knew there were  
garbage on top without



A soaking title floor  
 below, then I spread some  
 towels around & raised up the  
 wooden floor it was getting  
 soaked because I kept  
 spraying water on the wall  
 from my water over my arm  
 & back & some of it got wet  
 outside the suit & then I  
 had to wash off the caulk  
 when I sat on it but then  
 I figured out if I splashed  
 the water out on the green  
 brown matting I would  
 not get about the water  
 but take away some of the  
 green. It did. By the end  
 of the 3rd week when I knew  
 I had to clean up & get out  
 there were 30 bags of  
 yellow plaster bags of



garbage which I had  
hauled over to the dining  
table & chairs & covered with  
a sheet. The far end was  
still filled with decaying  
part of rice & clatter were  
strewn all over the place  
on the floor so they could  
cool out but at least the  
mess around the sink was  
in order & I began to throw  
the stuff away into the  
plastic bags & put on them.  
I had & seemed a new supply  
supply of dishes, cups, &  
glasses or paper or soap. Well  
I ran out of soap. I used it  
to cover my nose & prevent  
the energy from leaving  
out so fast but I couldn't  
use the soap that had



been in the bathroom & heard  
 it came in a great whiff  
 & had observed in it. I  
 should have bought the  
 6 bars of Ivory indicated  
 by the energy, or the large  
 bottle of ~~some~~ shampoo  
 which was pure. I tried  
 some face cream but the  
 chemicals in it & strong  
 was so sensitive I couldn't  
 use anything with chemicals  
 in it. The only thing I like  
 that rule was to spray some  
 lemon & lime spray (from  
 a metal container yet)  
 on the bedspread & smell it.  
 I loved smell more than  
 I loved food. I took 2 lemons  
 from the scented candle  
 & smelled & smelled them



til the energy had a bit +  
made me shan then  
away (deep purple) + the  
went down the drain. So  
~~got~~ on that lesson?  
then began to remember the  
smell of the candle when  
I needed a lift. It still  
comes bad to me. I wasn't  
hungry at all. I did get  
thirsty. I don't know why?  
didn't drink now. Because  
of the blue water? Because  
I kept saying suppose you  
were in the desert? Because  
I was stupid, stubborn?  
Because the energy told me  
not to? Sometimes it  
wanted to tell me to make  
some tea + I would make  
the tea + pour a little in a



ting while cups & then it would  
 make me, I thought, then I  
 away, I wash my eye with it,  
 or perhaps it just wanted me to  
 clean it up, or it was testing  
 my will power, or I was  
 testing my will power, or and  
 sometimes I would take a little  
 sip & it tasted - like 3 seeds -  
 like a full meal. I had  
 all these teas, fennel, &  
 Aniseed & rose hips &  
 eyebright what I <sup>later</sup> used on the  
 first week & washed my eye  
 with it too. I used the tea  
 to wash with. Wash my eye  
 on the shelf to get rid of the  
 glare, they were very good for  
 absorbing the glare, & to  
 clean out the sink. I  
 was constantly bringing



cleaning one place or another  
getting out some tiger or  
leopard or butterfly or  
heating water or purifying  
dust on the fire & I never  
you want believe I had any  
time to rest & I got too  
relaxed the energy waves  
make me get up & go into the  
studio for something & the  
whole cleaning process waves  
start all over again. One or two  
or 3 times I got very drowsy &  
then my whole body seemed to  
be made of little green  
coils, like the springs of a  
mattress & I wanted want to  
sleep but the energy made  
me get up & do something & sleep  
put ~~you~~ me back a color.  
Sometimes I did lose in the



sent, but never when I had  
been seeing the green coils. I  
really wanted to lose my  
Consciousness & I thought how  
can I ever wear ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~  
of all my drag & household  
chores. How can I get purified  
so the energy can flow  
through me clearly & I can  
jump up full of energy  
& work awake ~~in the~~  
Because I thought that was  
possible. I didn't make the  
extent of the house cleaning  
for my body needs & still  
needs. ~~The~~ ~~gains~~ Maybe I  
would have been possible  
if I hadn't done a lot of  
negative things like talk to  
purple people, a put in rat  
house etc. I don't know.



In the grain area I saw a  
whole picture superimposed on  
my foot. Red & green & blue  
line & dot going from the  
~~right~~ one side down the  
curvature & the oval.

It was a cartoon superimposition  
in the same place I would  
later see the clock which  
meant this will take time.  
I was pretty impressed with  
that little diagram and  
kept asking the priest who  
was judging me - a light  
outline <sup>of a face</sup> & smoking a pipe  
what to do. I had previously  
seen a picture of my spine  
superimposed on a  
drawing on the wall. The  
other thing I saw on me  
was the instrument of my



~~60A~~

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Two remarkable things happened during the third week, which indicated my stay in the seat might be coming to a close. The first one: I was sitting in the seat, <sup>half napping</sup> ~~sat~~ of ~~day~~, and an electrical current went through my <sup>left</sup> ~~right~~ side like a bolt, leaving several marks, 354 little bumps, on the left foot below the ankle. The fact of that threw me out of the seat & I landed with a thud on my ~~right~~ <sup>good</sup> ~~left~~ foot. It happened they were trying shock techniques to get the blue ~~bars~~ to move from left to right. The little bumps were sore. But the flying lead out of the seat onto the left foot was perfect. A few days later, ~~on~~ the last day or so, it happened again. Only this time I was really napping & the next thing

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trude, a plastic ruler, a stapler, staples (in the knotted <sup>spindle</sup> area of my hand & feet) scissors & pins. He assured me & I made them go away with my mind - my brain started. I use the word energy & spirit as one & the other the same. <sup>\*</sup> ~~Left~~ <sup>right</sup> - did you - 3 toes on <sup>actual</sup> ~~leg~~ leg still deep numb! He thinks is when I was a child I used to recite that poem over & over. I never saw a purple can I never have to see one but I can tell you this I'd rather see than be one! And later, a. I gave a ~~letter~~ ~~to~~ the deep numb ~~ball~~ ~~was~~ ~~slaps~~ ~~garden~~ ~~walls~~. That was a favorite. I ~~was~~ ~~get~~ ~~in~~ ~~your~~ ~~eye~~ ~~was~~. As the ~~the~~ ~~the~~



I knew I was lying on the floor where I had landed on my ~~left~~ <sup>right</sup> side, perfectly curled to fit into the tiny space between sink, counter, stove, refrigerator & dresser.

I guess they wanted me out of the sink. Whether another ball had gone through me I don't know. I was laid flat what through him like that.

another perfect flying leap

progressed I made more & more sense out to the environment. I found clothes in the closet - I knew I'd never be able to wear any of them again, except maybe 2 coats stuffed in a plastic bag some thing hidden way back in the closet, like my winter coat & hat, I hoped. I used some of the clothes to cover the brown madding with - for a while it made walking easier. Because the brown mat despite its constant sloshing as I cleaned off the shelf was pretty heavy. I'd never been used to it slow. I couldn't use anything that wasn't cotton or wool. Synthetic fibers retained too much static electricity & sleep when



no good either, gave back  
 heavy rain. So I walked from  
 yellow tailed seat car over pink  
 shirt to? I was searching out  
 more pants to put on the  
 farwell, more things to sit on.  
 I didn't cover my feet any more,  
 I had no more stuff + now the  
 most of the pain was gone I could  
 move faster. I never felt I  
 was getting weaker. I was running  
 out of stuff. I had fantasies, a  
 fantasy had me. I sat on a  
 bag with Greek sandals, + then  
 on a bag hutch bag, from the  
 tea box, + I fantasized, that  
some who could see the  
 vibrational level, these  
 patterns waves to imprinted  
 across my ass. Means the  
 water waves come through



The dark area deficient than  
 through the light areas. All the  
 blood across my back waves  
 from into these patterns, &  
 someone of mental ability  
 came just to away with them  
 with his eye. Like shooting  
 prisoners in a shooting gallery.  
 Popping off the last one or 2  
 crawled around. Well, I know  
 that close to reality of you can  
 find the right handle? I can do  
 some mystery, why not others?  
 of course the decoration around.  
 That was a fantasy, & according  
 to the fantasy of the top I'd  
 be covered with black ~~lotus~~  
 dashes, red dots, flowers,  
 herbs, with butterflies  
 taking off & leopards  
 leaping. I wanted to be



pure white, no shot, & didn't  
 want to reconcile myself to the  
 fact there was still a lot left.  
 The tiger & leopards kept me  
 happy for a long while but  
 eventually I got my feet clean.  
 When there were, I think indications  
 to eat, but I wasn't sure  
 because everything I'd had  
 around was at least blue &  
 I wanted blue. So I used the  
 tigers milk to rub my  
 body with, & clean the skin.  
 A little bit absorbed a lot  
 of purple & a little milk on  
 the knee cap prevented the  
 energy from pouring out - I  
 could see it. I still can. I  
 still can see black & white  
 stripes leaves me, & colors, when  
 I exercise, but they don't form



with pattern of butterflies or tiger.  
 They just leave. Sometime I see  
 a <sup>luminous</sup> salmon color at my heel or  
 wrist, addresses or ankle. Then  
 I saw for a day or 2, luminous  
 heads of beautiful colors, 1  
 salmon, 1 deep red, + I  
 don't remember the others but  
 I thought what a pretty necklace  
 they would make if they were  
 real. I got some goat milk I  
 had frozen in the fridge. I came  
 when the door was without  
 pain + I should have done soon  
 I suppose but I used it to put  
 on my arm. My arm was  
 the most sensitive part,  
 not my wrist time round, +  
 I fought this by putting  
 stuff on it to absorb the  
 push. Now I eat yogurt.



and drank a lot of water, for the  
 urinary tract / kidneys, 7 UP.  
 I knew I'd have to pay for that  
 I still don't know when I bought a  
 soda is the only alternative, I just  
 don't suggest you treat a foot  
 with it when you haven't even  
 been drinking! I was using the  
 tea at a fast rate too. I  
 was ~~obsessed~~ using them to  
 clean the sink, some were too  
 purple to drink but I used  
 clean the sink with + some were  
 too purple to even taste. Rose  
 that tea was a pretty color to  
 wash the counter with, pale  
 pink, + I remember the time I  
 got my period, I bled just  
 a little bit, clear red, +  
 it blended with the tea.  
 I was, for this time for