

At B Blue's

7

TONOCO

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Writing Tablet

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1
Day 6 Saturday Halloween.

6 planet in Scorpio. So

long ago. Can I remember.

Sleep no write. 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,

the left is deeper than the other

side. I would usually sit

on the right side & put my

legs on the left, pouring

water over my knee.

Then I would get all

of me in the deep left hand
 sink knee to chest & pour
 water over my right elbow.
 on Halloween all the little
 witches came out. They were
 4 to 8 inch high & had pointed
 black hats. I saw one the
 top part, like a cameo. On
 Halloween I heard Kifel
 men 10 + then more times.
 I saw her, too, an image of
 Cairns. I saw the black
 cat with green eyes I ~~met~~
 had seen at Ayer

I said bloods are not for
 bed, go away. This

intelligent cat image went

away. So did the little

witches when I said go away.

I saw a dog, a blue & tan

puppy pottery dog, Mexican

style like the vase from

~~Guatemala~~ San Miguel

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

They say belong on the top
shelf. It moved to the top
shelf. The movement of images
is like the slaps cut of an
~~to~~ animated cartoon. The
image were there as long
as I wanted to see them. They
were comic. The blood was
different. The purple was fair.
The queen was fair. Not than
the purple. The blood & the
red were both worse than
the purple. I dont know
how I knew the best

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Idiot. The blood was a cold
~~black~~ cloud that rolled in.
The blood had to be fought
persistently with the mind.
It did not help to think of
white. The blood had to be
rolled back from the vision
by thoughts of flowers,
yellow flowers, I white
daisies with yellow centers.
It also helped to roll on the
bed from side to side,
& it helped to push the blood
from one side of the

vision to the other, to get
it together in one place,
replacing it with plaques,
& then get rid of the small
spot of blood. The blood was
there with my eye open.

It rolled in from the cracks
around the window that
was not sealed, from under
the door when the purple &
yellow & blood fell on who
lived upstairs went by,
& from under the floor
when you came

smell a dead rat although
 that was later. The black
 was cold & evil. Unlike the
 other colors which were fond
 of men, the black aimed for
 the mind. I could make
 it go away, become weak
 & gray with folds of
 skin. I thought I was
 my Halloween trick. I never
~~laughed that I would~~
~~repeat it, or that I thought~~
 I had, learning how to
 defeat the black.

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It was a frightening
struggle & I only hoped
I would not have to deal
with the red.

Today, i.e. Ideology March 4
I made a date with the ~~black~~
~~Red~~ ~~Black~~ ~~White~~ ~~Reserve?~~
~~Black~~ & yellow. I'm reconciled
to moving permanently from
the left, even though
I as yet have no new place
to move into. Sometimes
I think it's so difficult to
deal with the ~~Left~~

that come to me.. On the
 night of the full moon 8
 days ago it seemed important
 to save the ~~letter~~ place for
 to use unknown to me
 like letting other people
 rent it, making a profit
 on the way, something Lynd
 Leek said that should me-
 in regards to spirit, it best to
 go by the memorial, don't
 call them. They'd call you.
 And who is to know where
 one's heart come from?

To live an honest life &
 try to protect yourself while
 equally protecting others
 I mean to think of others
 as oneself & oneself as others
 is not easy in a society
 based on money survival.
 especially when I always
 seem to have at least
 "100 more than the next
 friend in need. B said this
 was ^{based} ~~run~~ on love. Here we
 add some common sense
 based on the necessity for

surrounded in this corner
 of the time. Living is being
 in time. I want to write
 this book. Do business
 an electric heater. Hair
 writes feelings. Pink flower.
 Today's challenge is keeping
 your color bright. That's
 good communication. He could
 have faded here. Must be right
 at last. I say well they ought
 Halloween. They're enough
 to look like cutouts. I was
 lying on the bed the one

nearest the seat, when the
blow rumbled in I saw it
with my eyes open. The blow
was cold. It helped to know a
sheet, I think I still had a sheet.
Friday, day 5, I had gotten
rid of all the purple things.
Almost everything I had
brought on Thursday, day 4.
The purple coat, the black
rubber rain boots, the
apparel with the yellow fur of
my grandmother. Her Aunt
for me & whom it had

since college. I made a big
pile half way down the left,
beyond the second partition, &
before the second bed. Peter
came Friday man for a
couple of dollars so I asked
him to buy some plastic
garbage top & leave them
outside the door off hanging
4 packs of 10 each. I tried to
pick up the purple stuff - I
didn't want to find any
of it - I feel it would rot.
I was never clear about it

how the people used - so
I knew as time went on I
got better, & the red stuff had
to go. So all the people
all the night open went out
in yellow plastic bays on
Friday night. I was frightened
of pecking up any more deep
calves from the outside (Peter
was red & green). ~~Defended~~ but
I hadn't get experienced the
black from outside so I didn't
think of that wasn't there.
I threw out my hair

brown long dress was the
orange shorts & that color had
bathed me when I bought
it but you can find the perfect
thing often) the belt with it, the
long curly colored wool shirt
(light green.) I used to put ~~around~~
in front of my body when I
opened the door - first I had
to cut off the part with the
zipper & in order to use a
metal scissors had to
wrap that in cloth. I
also threw out the

Cheap blanket I had bought
at Hudsons, until they great
regret the pink Mohair
cardigan B had gotten me
the previous summer - the
I had worn it then when I
went outside & it was terrible.
Also the fogginess of mohair
~~embroideries~~ intensified the
purple. I saved however the
dungarees with the green
velvet patch & later traded
those with B for a pair of
white canvas pants.

I also saved the blue cashmere sweater & the fuzzy beige sweater pants I had stolen for B & even managed to wash those a few days later & hang them in the bathroom to dry. That cost me a great effort. But I was ~~lucky~~ so I washed the sheet around me but it hurt too much so I found that in a yellow bag too & used a ^{sheet of} plastic I had bought, with leaped spots on it, to wrap around me. I left

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the yellow paper the bell outside
the door. Peter was speaking in a
group I saw that night & said
let's come by later. I never
heard him, but assumed
the garbage was gone & the purple
man upstairs would soon
complain. ~~Plus~~ On Halloween
I also discovered that the ~~door~~
~~holes~~, ~~to~~ had entered in one's
weakest ^{places} ~~spots~~, so when I heard
footsteps coming up the stairs
I sank completely as much
as possible into the water,

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threw my ^{plaid} blanket over my
shoulders & dipped my right
elbow in the water, & thoughts
of flames. I could distinguish
between the green & red
person who lived downstairs
& the purple black & yellow
person who lived upstairs because
the former when I heard footsteps
I would ~~not~~ concentrate for a
minute, the former brought
a shot of pain, & the latter
cold. As the days went on & my
sensitivity decreased, the

the ladies, as in a TV commercial
 "Ladies, when you go through
 your purification, do not
 forget to take your iron!"

My anemia began the week
 after the long fast - of months
 of weakness, one of the
 causes. After a nat dentis,
 med, I subsided. ~~More about~~
 that about the dentistry. I
 had four gallons of spring
 water I drank from that. I made
 a lot of eye-bright tea in the early
 days. When I threw out

those 8 days on Friday night I
realized I had little left to
worry I worried about being cold.
The ~~people~~ ~~under~~ green was
cold, & I always needed to
put on something when a wave
of the green hit me. Friday
I had my one foot with the
phone, it had been turned
off (I can turn the bell off, a
great mind-saving saver!)
Although I found last Sunday
that no one ever called me when
I was meditating, a thinking

green & red stamped: bringing
me pain, but the people,
black & pro yellow continued
to bring me cold.

Today Ibs of Mad & '5,
Lenny & Kathy are coming to visit
with eggs, the fruit (ls appts.)
orange juice (Laron, acid & sugar)
& if they have a health food store,
rose hip tea. Also Chinese
dinner - yum. A bit of Yuba
milk tea with blackstrap
molasses in it (iron). Not bad
as B says, I should know

or getting left or ~~that~~ ~~leaving~~
~~on the radio~~ ~~but~~ a listening
 to the news, but when I was
 free it varied very. I was
 watching a movie of Chopin
 & Liszt, if Phil Glass isn't
 as good in ~~the~~ ^{my} time - a I think
 of the composer, the need, & what
 I learned about phrasing out of
 memory from his music.

Sometimes when the same thing
 goes round & round the
 same old memory grooves in my
 mind, I try to find a corner

of it & change the whole
by regarding with a piece.

the phone - I had turned it back
on I was right. Today

morning it rary. ~~Signal~~

~~but no~~ 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 signal -

being in a kind of rigid cloak

of my mind. I answered the

phone. It was for the other

H. I ~~was~~ I said she lives in -

I hung up. Then I turned the
phone off. It had to explain
how I received these things. I
didn't understand - & that made
me fearful. Like the phone - to
answer it, it seemed to me on Sat.
that answered the phone
brought in black lines - - -
that each ring brought some
black in, but by answering
I had picked up much more
black than necessary. As I
had picked up much &
open so much that

it brought me down. I have
since experienced 2 undisturbed
the phone. On the first 2nd night
at the ~~Hotel~~ Hotel I saw ~~ON~~ &
got very high - all the pain
disappeared, from my heart
(I was in the hospital) from
my knee. I went to my room
& it no longer was a black of
pain, it rose to me, rather
than bringing me down to it.
I feel strong enough to call
physic, is no matter. Talked
to her on the phone brought

bubble hearts, a vesicle
 turned into a carriage for an
 old lady with bent over
 hair, horse & dog wagging

the tail - it quante to 2

As I shut my eye I saw a
 golden wreath that went
 there around the neck of the
 gladiators

Sometimes it seems the only
 way to live here is to be rich -
 not mean 39400 a week I
 guess. Something to spend I am
 on a garden apt - some

pain immediately to my
bad knee. Scherzade - I would
if anyone done a summit called
homosexuality in the bars.

the newspaper of the
to TV. I have a little I take
contact an exema. I feel like
The blue light is pale. I have
my eye. My hat merge -
all outlines - what I have
I've been on TV - double
images like the scene,
Moby-Dick that part,
Moby-Dick blaming

to go away for the summer. Get
 out of the city. The left side is
 a bluish gray, pale. What day.
 absence & all law - fun movie -
~~As I understood the phone~~

So the phone was supposed only
 to ring - to ring in a little black,
 for the experience. But absence,
 it brought in too much black.
 Well, I guess ignored. But I turned
 the phone off so it wouldn't ring
 again. Then there was red - red
 I did not have to experience, it was
 for a day - I didn't want any

red - red I understood wanted
he had for my right eye. I don't
remember if I slept but might
or not. Sunday, 29th, was the
last day I ate. I turned
bright green again, & green
was fought with warmth &
food. I ate some nut butter &
drank some milk. I ate more
nut butter than my intuition
told me to. I brought the
milk glass into the studio. I
had brought a large bottle
of eyeheight tea into the

studied a some weeks what I
 put in the ^{new} bracon ~~found~~
 earthenware ~~for~~ jar. I threw
 the out with the purple dust.
 I couldn't go to the bathroom
 to pee because of the metal -
 it was a tiny room & the walls
 were heavy. So I brought several
 earthenware bowls to the
 studio & peed in those - once a
 day. The pee runs the first
 3 days but runs on it - that
 is, Fri day, Sat, & Sun.
 I lined the pots up by the



well, near the bed in the studio
I used soap lying around
with soap. The toilet paper
was in the bathroom? purple.
~~Let~~ The paper towel I was
saved for my feet. I couldn't

"Doesn't plastic heart have love?"
Ha. Haug. The heart is an
organ. Love comes from the
mind. The mind that knows
we are we, we in our regard
state are one. The self is one we
are little ^{self} parts, & it is love

our mind, not just the
 physical parts of blood, that we
 know we are one, & with the
 knowledge we love. I remember
 the love that helped us from
 after I was born. It was
 just thinking, angry thought -
 thought of death in a perverse
 way, & the smell from under
 the seat came bad to me -
 the smell of a dead rat cavity.
 In the hope or beneath the
 floor - the damp smell of ^{dead} flesh -
 the smell of the black

In a very today - the last
 yards & I'm afraid to let it go -
 perhaps my movements for the
 bed was too. But I can't
 wait then - I spent 2 hours
 then last week, wearing dark
 glasses & 2 socks over my knee
 & I had to shower & dry
 all my clack on wood & 5
 had to be wet so before my
 eye & knee & spine were better.
 Is it was in my vertical
 of my ^{skin} foot that I felt the
 pain - as well as in the

muscles. The pain waves
 control my arm backwards.
 Eventually I raise lower my
 elbows together behind my
 back. A muscle twitches
 when it is relaxed. Good
 intention always prevail -
 (last night movie) if the result
 of the good intention is bad,
 you're at least got the good
 thought in already. Good intention
 indeed wise intention, a
 safe word, ignorance is no
 excuse. Wisdom brings to

closer to the truth, the center
 of knowledge when the best of
 all possible worlds die, i.e. ~~the~~
~~best of all possible worlds~~, the ~~truth~~ true
~~reality~~ ^{wisdom} when love ~~is~~
 knowledge create reality.

This wisdom comes from our
 own striving for knowledge of
 ourselves, from good intentions
 for without love we cannot
 perceive correctly, & without
 accurate perception ^{helps us to} ~~we cannot~~
 act in accordance with love.

This was run on love alone,

says B. and ever then,
the last lesson, summarize.

at once again, turn the reason
to the cause, give ^{us} ~~the~~ ~~last~~

once more chance to know

that truth is love & love is

wisdom & the whole is ~~readable~~

~~being~~ self. Man is an

extension of godliness as

Uetology is ^{an} extension of man.

We have reached out in only

one direction, to the help of

the realization in mechanical

forms of our true state, & so

few read inward to experience
 in themselves their free
 potential as goodly men of
 love, wisdom & ability. Morning

Sermon to over. The News.

~~that~~ We need peace. We need

houses. We need free medical
 care for everyone. We need

store in which we can exchange

clothes & goods, recycling

~~that~~ exchanges where usable

waste can be left & picked up

by the proper. to I used)

could have stayed with

The ~~best~~^{apt.} thing enough to trade
 everything in it for other stuff
 I need: But I can't stay there.
 I want giving away things &
 not getting anything back.
 I can't sell it as yet, I still
 want it.

Just saw a red apparition.
 Big gray one right in the middle
 of the red one. I guess I don't
 have to stay in the odd place to
 recall. I wonder if the cat
 will mean when I go there
 today.

Once I read that adept beam
 there bode on the 14 days
 Spring + meet somewhere in
 Astral bodies. I wonder
 if it true. No. 25 mat.
 they have parts in their
 physical body instead.

Perhaps it more fun. Is it?
 I don't know. I've left my
 feet on my own to my hands,
 that is my a few feet - to
 look down on my own
 tiny body by the one and
 by streams in wood too.

Not to exhalt himself above
humanity - the to

The apt to you - B has it - it has
keys, locks + colors. I come out
right turquoise on the left - I
mean a really luminous color,
+ blue green + yellow steps on the
right - well, more purple. If it
werent for the right eye I could
stay there. But still it so goes
to know the place well to all
used + ~~used~~ ^{also} ~~used~~ I feel ~~perfect~~
look up a new place man
to right, well necessary.

I'm sorry everyone, but I couldn't
 stay there anymore. I knew
 every corner stinks, every peel
 of paint, every dent in the wall,
 every hole in the metal ceiling,
 every, every, thing. I'd rather be
 surprised. A lot of energy there,
 though, wow, you can really
 feel it when you walk in. It
 is mud ^{marcooled out} ~~with~~ man that
 these ~~for~~ people who submit it
 are you. The man was a real
 heavy set ~~with~~ ~~head~~ - an
 angry, anal person

I shall miss the studio -
 that nice almost square ~~place~~ ^{room}
 It suited me & it was my home
 & perhaps I made a ~~little~~
 mistake but I don't think so -
 at any rate I won't use it only
 for himself, ~~but for others too~~
~~and~~ I want something sunny.
 So busy to go back there - I
 lived a whole life there & did
 a lot of work - I want a new
 place, a new outlook - ~~then~~
 I looked to write.

But not as well & young to
be interesting to hear about
that. I was thinking of inter-
ducing them but someone
got there first.

he ^{who} that loves

feels the soft sweettude of skin

& flesh

the living softness, sweetness

the warmth & comfort of a body

o human body

~~the human body~~

I think I was around Sunday that
 the feelings of bewilderment & pain
 went subsided. I ~~realized~~ realized what
 was happening, had been happening
 for a few days & although I
 didn't understand it then, the
 loving fun of Halloween restored
 my faith in the universe.
 So I kept cheerfully on, trying
 my best to do what seemed the
 right thing, as indicated. I
 took the wooden forks & spoons
 that I had bought & used them
 on my ~~right~~ leg & my back.



Whenever I felt thorns from the
wood took it away. Of course I
couldn't keep using the same
ones - they collected bad
vibration, which I saw as little
black dots. So the sponges
just had to be cleaned up then,
this causes problems mentally,
& by leaning the wood on other
wood. Eventually, however,
they became heavy - I could
feel the pain of a foot a sponge
was "used up" when I handled
it. I spent a lot of time

those first days in the studio,
 it a height pleasant room, usually
 the wooden floors & stairs, jellay in
 parts, sleepers on the edges
 another of the mattresses, ~~with~~
~~something~~ like a sheet or under
 sheet on. I let the other end of
 the place alone — it was too
 heavy with people, except when
 I was employed in water. I ^{worried} ~~planned~~
 about running out of wood,
 I prefer what I used on my feet
 feet with ~~with~~ ~~with~~ ~~with~~ ~~with~~
 ribbon or mashing tape.

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walking across the floor I peered
up bright green [that was more]
pain. It tried to stay at one
end when I was at the end.
The studio was at opposite ends
from the seat - maybe 50
feet from studio led to sink.
I think it was Sunday ~~Monday~~.
I had used all the peep hats. I had
even held in a barrel of eye drops
tea that wasn't fresh anymore
(I was drinking it, & used to be an
eye wash & the tea came on
my right eye too) ~~so~~ I decided

want to walk across the floor
 again because of pictures up the
 green paper. So I held on the
 floor by the ~~long~~ ^{green} ~~table~~ table
 I used a large piece of white
 cloth I found to make myself
 with. At well, I thought, there
 nothing like distracting one
 feelings of pressure about
 a home - it's just a possession -
 the feeling from everything
 having to be ~~just so~~, etc well
 not just so, it never was that
 for me, ~~you can't~~ but

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