6/10/77.

My sleep is disturbed by the flashing purple as if a sun is fighting to climb over the horizon. I approach a grey white castle but cannot see detail but I cannot enter.

At the Bell Hotel a person we love given the name of Jean Paul came and sat near us and appeared to want to speak but he could not seem to break a barrier.

I had spent the day reading the entire collected of Al Gareth notes which add a bit to the story of John Savage and God.

6/10/77

11.10 PM

When looking for the records. Cabaret for Allen I touched Two faces of Love by Vangelis McKenna and felt a sharp jabbing ~~pain~~ pain in the left side of my head and placed it on instead.

7/10/77.

A quick comment refering to the life of Bugle Boy Johnson.

Then Allen began to give description of the type of life which I placed a different area of notes to keep them clear.