

out

Fast day a  
Sept 11 10 11  
eliminate election  
Sec 15 mission  
OK no good

70  
myal  
lest

11-1

B + C return to B + C. B + E + T = G. E + A = G. B + C = 3.  
 3G = me. No. 1G = me. 4 + 2 = 6. 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 +  
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4/1/11

I am writing this in another place--I now share half of a single  
 bed in a built up loft bed in the back room of a 3 room (kitchen with  
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11:23, 10:11

4

11-2

feel a new life can begin--I see possibilities all around me in the young poets I meet. The diary and another beside the mattress on the board wooden floor and C.'s beautiful shoes brown blue with green and red alligator are here beside me. The cozy comfort of a slum still it's great to take a tub bath. I haven't lived with a tub, except for two weeks at the Hotel, four weeks at Al's and 10 days at L.& R.'s. S. & B. had showers and I showered this morning before I left and took a tub here when I arrived. [The sink was a double sink and sometimes I sat in the right hand shallow part with the metal garbage catch all painted yellow enamel and put my feet in the deep side with a rubber plug with a non-painted little metal ring which I couldn't touch. The faucet had been painted yellow earlier but I still wrapped them in paper which I had to keep changing and sometimes a pair of cotton bikini pants to cover the metal as the paint was off so I wouldn't have to handle the faucet without something in between. A of energy would point out which of the socks pants undershirts strewn around the place were still usable. I knew the purple was worst--I couldn't see it but I could feel it--as I said such harsh energy that it hurt both the good and bad sides. For example last year before on an acid trip I stood by the wall where all the electricity is and could not only see it in the walls but could feel it. And it felt like pain on the bad side) and I knew the green was pain on the bad side but I couldn't see these colors and I didn't know they were the colors of energy, of aura, and I didn't know that what I was seeing. I was so frustrated and wanted so much to see, I thought it would be

Fast

so much simpler to see and to know rather than asking questions and trying to figure out the answer. Sometimes I questioned the energy and I would pick up something it gave a negative on and would get a shock of energy. The clear ones, I discovered, were blue. I didn't know that blue, which was the equivalent of the green in intensity but was the flame that did not burn was the color of electricity when the low energy purple and red and green and <sup>15</sup> yellow were gone--it was the purified energy between. It seems the lower energies and the refined colors leading to the white light. For I knew white was the highest manifestation and yellow the physical manifestation of the clear light and the pale pastel came next, the pink and green and the pale clear blue. Some of this I'm still figuring out--today I saw many pink and green thought forms in a group of people all fond of each other and some <sup>17</sup>, blue which is a <sup>17</sup> color I guess but cold, i.e. it is not mixed with affection (well, not all thoughts are). So the energy would point out what I could use and I would use it. Through this method I asked questions of my higher self, or Charlie, and was answered. It was now the 9th day since I had seen the winged green lye of K.K. and the 5th day I had spent alone and seen no one and the 4th day I had spoken to no one,   except Charlie, myself, and the assembled multitude. I was never alone. Never. Not for one second. Not all ~~is~~ love and intelligence and humor is embodied. In fact I often wonder what greater percent perhaps is unembodied--if whether "life" in that form is not perhaps of greater use to mankind than as in our bodies. I mean you have to house and feed and clothe a body and society doesn't make it pleasant

not to mention easy I mean it demands you give up your spirit to care for your body--well, have you tried the 9-5 5-day mind killer in a competitive power-mad world? Well what I thought about on election day and tried to erase these thoughts from my mind for thought creates. It carries and influences the minds of others and I didn't want to add any more thoughts to the election so I thought of other things to keep that consciousness out of my mind.

The cheap socks in the Friday's supermarket are stripped of anything called beauty. Stripes are for tigers! On, tiger socks!

I just saw a blue thought on the edge of my head shadow on the pink wall. It was actually a sort of purply blue but since you know my horror of purple I gave myself the benefit of the pink wall and figured the pink turned the blue a little purply. And why did I see it in color and not in shadow? Perhaps it projected itself in front of me. I'm happy but scared--I think I have an apartment but we have to clear it with the landlady.

Top and bottom

This is the

She her in the

See you this

your yet undressed

your

Do you have a TV

Not that there's already

Are you already

whoever you are  
the living dead  
do you feel

I  
the  
Dickie Wickie  
goodie  
I'll be a half an hour  
before I'll be there  
It's noon--11

We already had breakfast but we didn't have any lunch. We always  
have lunch in the morning and breakfast in the afternoon. I don't think  
I can make this.

How can you jump off the highest building without killing yourself.  
Headline: Man with 2 hearts donates one to the universe.

Can we watch TV. Sure you can watch TV or cry or laugh or repent.  
Is it plugged in or is it connected to wires. What time did you go to  
sleep. Have you been up to 2 before.

It's the Grump.

He carries with him the wisdom of his many lives and sometimes  
the manner of an old man creeps in. I wonder when he remembers from.

How does the young sun look?  
How does the neon sign work?

Neon is a colored tube and has the green pen. C said this is an  
awful color green. I said C. best green. C. has the green pen. I

C.'s the of Ana's . Think lazy I am. I should

B went to a party. Wanted to wear my velvet cape with the at neck and hem!) Said he looked like the bearded lady. I cried a lot yesterday. Coming down with cold? Took a lot of C (3000 mg. then two as often as I woke up), feel better this morning. I'm afraid my mother's ill. Still. She was confused on the phone Thursday. Very unlike her. I've been concerned for a year. Have fears about this year. Can I wish her well? If I could I would. There are few people I really love. Who really love me. She is one. Her death would mean the absence on earth of the only person who truly loves me. And yet. Think of the selfishness I saw in her. The self interest above all else and how I hated her for her unconcern at certain points in my life. I suppose it is wrong to think of love as a steady feeling of warmth and <sup>32</sup> without negatives. Perhaps love is an attachment that survives even the hating part, the anger, disappointment, etc.

Poem for M:

Is the river boat  
moving up  
the river?

It's wonderful to buy skinny notebook and write big on every other line of one side of the page and go through them fast. 'The Inca by the dock.' Seven barrels of on what I threw away plus one ream of tears.

B. says            must avoid self recrimination--the tail that turns around and bites oneself. Well, heap big plenty remorse me. Threw out all old poems, stories, films, tapes--everything except one group of poems and visuals. Oh so sad about little 1 1/2 minute movie. C. has hard fingernails and soft teeth. It's difficult for her to chew one with the other. However, she can skin an orange. This is a brown pen. It is a pental pen. It writes better than flair. This is a flair pen it squeaks, ever so softly. This pental pen has a            sound but doesn't squeak. Both make my handwriting totally illegible. Will I ever be able to read my notes. Think of the job of typing all this up. If only I were a dedicated writer like Ana Nin or Henry Miller. B. thinks I was Emily Dickinson in my last life but I don't think so. It's a nice compliment though. A cockroach just crawled up the window wall. A cockroach climbed over me the other night. It's like this. You're in bed, and if you tickle, it's a cockroach. This building is bought by the city. Four officials came today: two from the relocation office and two from where you send the rent office. Anai Nin is more interesting than            . Still you have to keep up with the times. So the men asked if the place needed any repairs and C. said yes, there's this terrible sewer odor like an outhouse that comes up from the holes in the floor-wall-wallboard in the bathroom. I mean SMELL. But the toilet flushes, the hot water works. There's no heat

of course but I'm used to that. We use the oven or a burner on top of the stove. I suppose it burns up the oxygen. Pale blue clouds off my left side. Some lavender. I can see the electricity on my left side at night but not the right. I had a banana and orange for breakfast plus parseley, tea and honey. The banana keeps the orange from hurting my knee. It is also gold like toast or a cookie. I feel better since I'm eating fruit. Thanks to C. the first Aries I ever really liked. L. has a place for me in New Jersey. Near the palisades. What would it be like to live in New Jersey. Yes. No. There's a hideous whiff of ~~sm~~ sewer asshole outhouse gas ugh blue bay water ugh! toilet bowl hygienically clean.

C. went to do the laundry. Buy fruit veg brown rice fish vitamins. (How can she carry all this?) Four arm Buddha seeks same. Here she is. C. amuses me. I can laugh with her, joke and tease over the little nothings of life like clothes. When I am alone here I struggle with my anger against B.--I think back to the summer and the events that took place. How much was due to my own intensity moving in a direction I could or would not stop and how much of this was based on B.'s actions. I want to confront B. with this but when he comes in a great peace comes over me and I am concerned for his health and humor. Except yesterday I had to say I had to retract my offer of



money. I have a virus flu etc. and said maybe I'd feel different when I felt better. Saw Claudette Colbert in a raft prick movie "she married her Boss"--they wore such confronting bibs in the 30's. Is this writing any different (from B + E returns to B + C). I've struggled so much in this book against a lack of energy. I have colds every month and one traumatic experience after another. Though now that I think I have a place to live (not New Jersey) I can relax a little--of course it's not perfect--no heat--no tub--on another noisy street but its sunny and has a fireplace at one end. The rest is just space. But plenty enough for me. I can afford the rent and the key money. My father offered to help on key money and my mother on rent but it feels better doing it ~~myself~~ myself. They are kind enough to offer so often I take them up on a few goodies of life like clothes vitamins dinners out. A lifesaver when I'm fighting fatigue. Besides I'm the world's laziest cook. Unassuming kitchen however where I can cook and write who knows? I might learn to cook brown rice, steam vegetables and cut up fruit for a mixed bowl. See. I am lazy. But since I came out of the sink, weak and anemic and with a kidney infection I've been struggling to as stronger than horse. Well, at least as. B. says I'm supposed to write about him but it's the one thing I instantly get negative signals on. B. would phrase it just that way. And he does and did. Good old A. Nin has

got me thinking more about character while I want to get back to the sink. The sink. On election day I sat in the sink all day thinking in some symbolic way the water would help wash away my thought and the very existence in my mind of the election. I believe I shouldn't think about things I don't want to exist, and to think creatively toward things I would like to exist, like a pleasant society with houses food clothing medical care clean air for all and a chance to do whatever you wanted without death dealing competition rearing its black magic head. Well it's a power trip, isn't it? And a power trip on the mental level is black magic. I've found ugly competition in business, the poetry and art worlds. Now I have a job that isn't that way at all. Just a nice firm manufacturing goods. Well they feel they have their markets and others have theirs and if they make a cheap enough product enough business will come their way to keep the whole thing going. And it does: [the sink. I stayed up all that night, perhaps dozing in the sink. I don't remember thinking of election returns coming in all over the country. I began to see little grey and blue and yellow candles come out of my fingertips. This was actually a candle I had in the house, it was in a drawer, I wasn't supposed to light candles. It was round and had

. I was getting the bad energy out of my arms and hands and when I got enough together, so to speak, I

*Fast*

11-11

80  
cut it  
in half

could think it out the ends of my fingers a little candle would appear. Got the bad energy out by massage and water as well as concentrating on it. There's a Marilyn Monroe documentary on tonight, should watch it. I had to keep changing the water in the sink because I had to get rid of the purple which was now to a lilac. I had to keep throwing water on the bedspread that covered the stove, the shelf part where the rat poison was. Getting into the sink was a trick--I had to remember to step into one sink only, then raise my feet and wash them under the faucet--the floor was and I could feel the pain and then wash out the sink and then fill it with water and put my feet in. I could get in the sink by standing in front of it and putting the right foot in the right sink (the bottom was higher) and then swinging myself up to sit on the edge of the counter, not putting my left foot.

B. gets up lights a cigarette, wipe off the tub cover. Removes tub cover. Take bath. Banana peels by the another roach crawling on my hand. No roaches in the cup though, just fuzz. I'm so ~~xxxx~~ sick of roaches.

CUNT ROACH!

80  
cut to  
W.M.

11-11

# 11 I Should Cheat

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*Handwritten notes:*  
 mechanical  
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 now to a failed I had to  
 what was  
 Keep this  
 Get rid of  
 only for a year  
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B + C return to B + C. ~~B + E + T = G. E + A = G. B + C = 3.~~

3G = me. No. 1G = me. ~~4 + 2 = 6. 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 +~~

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Top and bottom

This is the *bathtub*  
 She *takes* her *bathtub* in the *kitchen*

See you *late* this *aft 6*

you get undressed

you *take a bath*

Do you have a TV

*you mean some other people are here*

Not that there's *not* already

Are you already *26*

26 whoever you are

the living dead

26 do you feel

I

the

Dickie Wickie

goodie

I'll be a half an hour

before I'll be there

~~It's noon--11~~

We already had breakfast but we didn't have any lunch. We always have lunch in the morning and breakfast in the afternoon. I don't think I can make this.

How can you jump off the highest building without killing yourself.

Headline: Man with 2 hearts donates one to the universe.

Can we watch TV. Sure you can watch TV or cry or laugh or repent.

Is it plugged in or is it connected to wires. ~~What time did you go to sleep. Have you been up to 2 before.~~

It's the Grump.

He carries with him the wisdom of his many lives and sometimes the manner of an old man creeps in. I wonder when he remembers ~~28~~ from.

How does the young sun look?

How does the neon sign work?

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*think more into this book.*

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~~Poem for M:~~ *Palma person*

Is the river boat  
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It's wonderful to buy skinny notebook and write big on every other line of one side of the page and go through them fast. 'The Inca *w/2* by the dock.' Seven barrels of *remorse* on what I threw away plus one ream of tears.



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 It's like this. You're in bed, and if you tickle, it's a  
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Yes.

No.

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my  
 parent  
 are

Fast do 10  
Dec 12 p 2,3,4,5 95

12-1

4 pages

The Loft

Last night I heard this voice. I was asking myself who it was that answered me? My 12-1 self? And I heard a voice say FRIEND. It's different then when I hear my own voice talking to me. That's clear-that's like all the thought I think coming back to me in my own voice, 12-1 12-1 12-1 . They are thought. I hear answers sometimes. Come to a pre-thought. Thought. 12-2 is we noticed the thought occurs in a verbal form before I actually say it myself. It's like reading without mouthing the words. In the last ten minutes of my life C walked in 12-3 , She started an affair with her girlfreind. I asked her how she felt and said good. I said 12-3 it was with a friend. Yesterday I said her father was her first lover. She didn't really meet him until she was 16- so it's not quite the same emotional feelings, I guess. I said at last that she was lucky enough to have a father you would want to go to bed with-in reality and not just in a childish fantasy. If we could all sleep with our mothers and fathers and sisters and brothers we could get through a lot of hang ups.

Channel 4 has quadruple images. Today the fever is gone and I begin to see colors again. On me, pale. Today I have eaten 1 apple 1 banana 2 oranges  $\frac{1}{4}$  melon 1 12-5 honey 2 pieces 12-5 12-5 cheese some as 12-5 in butter and 12-5 apple juice-all this in 4 hours. Fatty. But at least I'm getting into alkaline foods. I think coffee and 12-5 are additive. I think all acid foods use additives. The 12-5 on the fruits the 12-5 on the asparagus about double the satisfaction

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12: 2-5 4 hrs.

12-2

~~in eating. I'm convinced, Fruit~~ <sup>is</sup> alkaline, cleans systems, gives energy. M says the body turns most food into glucose and <sup>manufacture</sup> ~~12-7~~ everything from that except some protein. So I ate some salami. (The red dye leapt off it-ugh!) I've had <sup>had</sup> dreams ever since. But they seem to be working out my ~~12-7~~ <sup>anger</sup> and fears and settling them with solutions <sup>mentally</sup> ~~about to take place.~~ One of the reasons I'm still angry with F is that, for other reasons of my own, I cannot face him with what he's done. So I'm frustrated and it builds up. So I felt helpless.

Early in the morning I went to the studio to see if the bed had cooled off enough for me to lie down on the edge for awhile. Everytime I fell asleep on the bed I woke up feeling my back was glued to the mattress. A terrible heaviness was in my spine, and the colors always regressed: I <sup>scratched</sup> ~~12-10~~ myself on the boards that had supported the ping pong table-I had moved the ping pong table top off the <sup>back</sup> ~~12-10~~. The place was a mess. Records that had been pushed off the table were all over the floor. Paper <sup>scrapped</sup> ~~that~~ I had <sup>wiped</sup> ~~wiped~~ myself with <sup>was</sup> ~~were~~ in a bunch by the mattress. I had gone through almost a whole ~~12-11~~ <sup>roll</sup> of yellow <sup>paper</sup> ~~second 12-11~~ <sup>sheets</sup> for the typewriter. However, <sup>on</sup> my birthday. I decided to dress carefully for my walk back to the sink. I put <sup>wads</sup> of paper towels. <sup>Maistered</sup> ~~12-12~~ they <sup>covered</sup> ~~12-12~~ be ripped off in pieces to fit the soles of my feet and tied them on with velvet ribbon. I had run out of masking tape but discovered a box of velvet ribbons I could use. Only ~~12-12~~ had to pick up a scissors to cut them-metal-! I was ~~12-13~~ ~~12-13~~ of <sup>even afraid</sup>

the tiny staples on the ribbon box and tried not to touch them.

My mind was ~~12-13~~ <sup>ruling</sup> me now and insisting I keep to the rules of the game, ~~no~~ metal. To touch it was to bring back the purple and I wanted no more pain. ~~So~~ I wrapped my feet ~~12-13~~ <sup>happily</sup> and ~~12-13~~ in pink ribbon; ~~12-13~~ <sup>picked</sup> up some cups to wash at the sink and some paper and some ribbon for the next journey and ~~12-14~~ <sup>braved</sup> the ~~journey~~ <sup>way</sup> to the sink ~~12-14~~ <sup>past</sup>

the pile of purple records, the bright metal TV, over the electric wires and over the ~~12-14~~ <sup>body</sup> of the rug ~~(12-14)~~ <sup>dark red</sup> and full of pain ~~12-14~~ <sup>past</sup> the metal ladder and the metal ~~12-14~~ <sup>down</sup> past the stove and refrigerator to the safety of the sink. I now saw it as a great blessing. If my shoes hadn't worn out ~~yet~~ I might do one more errand-like run to the bathroom for more soap, or look in the cabinet ~~12-15~~ <sup>under</sup> the counter. ~~I had to go on the rug today.~~ for soap. In the early days soap helped wash off the purple. I can't explain that at all. When my arm would accumulate a lot of pain soap would soothe it and particularly the ~~pink~~ <sup>new mixed</sup> dishwashing liquid (fortunately ~~12-16~~ <sup>very mixed</sup> ~~12-16~~) that I had. It seemed to keep the energy in, and quiet the transitions. I would put a ~~band~~ <sup>B</sup> of it around my upper arm. And wash on the lava. and the soap ~~helped~~ <sup>kept</sup> the bad energy from traveling up the arm. This was also true of my leg. The right knee used most of the soap. I was ~~just getting~~ <sup>ing</sup> into the realization that in the water I could wash off a great many more pockets of tension than with wood. If I washed too long on my calf muscle however the pain would shoot to the knee and if I washed

too long on the thigh the pain would shoot to the groin. So it all  
 had to be balanced carefully and never over done. I was ~~12-19~~ <sup>hoping</sup>  
 for a visit from the man I loved on my ~~12-19~~ ~~12-19~~ but I also  
 feared if he came he would get that luminous purple all over him. I  
 also realized he would know how to deal with it. I was feeling badly  
 that my mother would not be able to reach me on the phone and that I  
 could not call out (far too much electricity!) She worries a lot and I  
 didn't want her to worry. I knew the rest of my family would rationalize  
 it in some way but not her. But there was nothing I could do, except  
 keep washing. Towards evening I was to have a party! I was feeling  
 sorry for myself and demanded a present from the universe! Indications  
 were to get my favorite <sup>drawing</sup> ~~painting~~ <sup>at of 12's</sup> and hang it over the sink. I put on  
 some paper towel shoes, wrapped them in ribbon and went off to get ~~it~~ <sup>also</sup>  
~~the painting which I carried in and attached to the lowest kitchen~~  
~~shelf. Then I got the miserable black of candle I had burned in the~~  
<sup>also brought</sup> <sup>(smell it)</sup> studio. It had several colors in it but the mess on the floor indicated  
 all these colors had melted together in one greyish <sup>blob.</sup> ~~black mess~~. I  
 wasn't supposed to light candles so this was a treat. ~~I took the candle~~  
~~to the kitchen. (Same trip as the painting-) I never made more~~  
~~trips than were necessary-and~~ <sup>put</sup> it on the chest of drawers and  
~~12-23~~ <sup>let</sup> it. It had a beautiful odor. Then I splashed the painting with  
 water-once- (it was my work, then somehow, as well) and to my <sup>surprise</sup> ~~12-23~~  
 the water formed a <sup>rose</sup> ~~12-23~~ on a long long <sup>stem</sup> ~~12-23~~ on the painting



exactly like the long stem <sup>rod</sup> 12-24 that appeared on my leg when  
 I scraped it moving the ping pong table! I splashed it once more but  
 no more <sup>rose appeared</sup> ~~12-24~~ ~~12-24~~ ~~12-24~~. The water dried very fast—the heat  
 in the place was very uncomfortable. Later I looked to the candle. It  
 had burnt down into this beautiful leaf shaped object, <sup>and later saw color</sup> 12-25 separating,  
 into another overlapping petal. The greens and <sup>bronzes</sup> 12-25 and blues that  
 had made such an ugly mess in the living room had fanned out into  
 overlapping layers and separated colored leaves. There was still a  
 little <sup>wick</sup> 12-25 left so I carried it to the front window and put it  
 on the edge of the table brace to let it <sup>burn</sup> 12-25 out. It was supposed  
 to be a signal to my lover that I needed him. Five leaves broke off  
 when I carried it so I took these 2 back with me to the sink to smell  
 and love. The beautiful <sup>candle</sup> 12-26 was my birthday present and I couldn't  
 have been happier. It is the <sup>smell</sup> 12-27 of these 2 leaves that ~~12-27~~ <sup>comes</sup>  
 back to me often now, and the shape and green and bronze colors of  
 the leaves. They come back, I think, as promises and hope. ~~12-27~~ <sup>Twice</sup>  
 I have seen and smelt the leaves as they appeared at my typewriter.  
 Once when I was writing letters for an extra job, once here, for no  
 reason that I could figure out, except that perhaps it was a promise  
 that I could live here for awhile.

\* there was no actual heat <sup>in</sup> the place, only my energy

Fast days  
10

Sec 13

p 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 14

( I had eaten absolutely nothing for 3 days and vary little in 10. Now I decided to go without water for 3 days. The bottled spring water was purple - at least that was the color flash I got off the bottle - and I couldn't get myself to drink happily of the faucet water even though I made tea of it. Part of going without water was a test to see if I could do it. I certainly absorbed enough sitting in it. As I sat in it I also poured water on myself with little glasses. The best kind to use were the little round ones I had so many of from the 5 and 10. I used fairly hot water for this and poured it on the spots that were indicated to me, spots where tension collected. Sometimes I would pour the whole glass once, and sometimes slowly. Later I used pitchers and learned to direct the drops of water so that one or two drops would hit a muscle and release a great deal of tension. This was a fascinating procedure, as I could feel the relaxation grow stronger, and then the butterflies appeared. The butterflies first flew out of my calf muscle as I poured water on it - and a great feeling of relaxation took place every time a butterfly left. They were beautiful, blue, navy, yellow, sooty black and white. The white ones were ghost butterflies, i.e. they didn't come til the end, when very little bad energy was left. I took the butterflies rather

lightly - I never wanted to make too much of my hallucinations, to give them an importance of their own. Simply, the energy that left the tense muscles was transformed by my mind into something pretty to look at. It also helped greatly to pass the time, and to keep me intent on relaxing all the muscles of my body - for butterflies only appeared when I really had hit a tension spot! They flew off my ~~right~~ arm, too, and from my ~~right~~ underarm - but not I think from the inside of my ~~right~~ breast, although a lot of purple had collected there. I kept splashing the space between my breasts with water, as some of the bad electrical energy would jump from one breast to the other - or from one knee to the other and this electrical current (which I could see) could be broken with water. The fear was always that the purple would return, and it did periodically. My aim was to become a pastel pink or green, at which colors I would never (8) <sup>thought?</sup> ~~feel pain~~ and have unlimited energy. When I got rid of purple, green would come, and then to my surprise, blue. I hadn't reckoned on blue, couldn't remember I had been blue on that first Tuesday, and wasn't sure where it hit in the color scheme. But I finally realised it was better than purple or green for it had no pain. It was the first color without pain. There were two blues, the deep bright blue, as deep and as bright

HAWAII THATS THE

KNOW BEST  
PRINCIPLE

as the green, a color of heat and no pain, but some-  
 what frightening in its intensity ( I didn't know it  
 was the color of electricity - ~~the color blue I so long~~  
~~to be now~~) and there was the pale blue, a cold calm  
 - it always made me shiver and move fast for something  
 to put over me. I finally realised that the colors  
 returned in sequence and that a blanket thrown around  
 me when I was blue could be used later when I was blue,  
 as long as I didn't use it when I was purple or green  
 - those colors had to be handled with water alone. My  
 fear of cold went away - I had nothing to dry myself  
 with but soon found I didn't need it - I dried immedi-  
 atly on leaving the ~~sink~~<sup>water</sup> and the part of me not sub-  
 merged in water was more parched than not. So I just  
 worried about what to do when the cold pale blue came  
 and that I solved by using the infinite number of  
 tablecloths I had in my linen drawer. Only towards the  
~~end~~<sup>FROM AIR</sup> did I use and reuse the blanket, which I was  
 saving for when I finally turned pink and green, ~~a~~<sup>Mohair</sup>  
~~head like the plaid mohair blanket~~. The way to fight  
 the pale blue color was with the deep blue color. The  
 gas flame was light blue - I lit it and burned some  
 pieces of paper and then everything would be bright  
 blue. When the pale blue came I had to wipe the sink  
 with burning paper, to rid it of the previous colors  
 particularly the lilac which clung and clung. After

I had wiped the sink with flame, I rubbed the really lilac spots with ashes. These were a very effective cleaning agent. I like the sink a beautiful sooty color. Once I took the ashes and painted myself, the ~~left~~ and ~~right~~ wrist, a band around the upper right arm. Some on the right breast. It was for fun but it was useful too - I put the ashes in places to absorb the purple vibes - and to prevent them travelling up my arm. For travel they did. Well I had to amuse myself and decorating myself with ashes was one of the prettiest jokes I did. Besides I was learning. My higher self showed me where to put the ashes - but don't ask me where old H.S. learned - perhaps in my last life.

*I WAS LONELY*  
*NO ASHRAH STUPID*  
 Had lunch with R - we were talking about how the girls in the collegiate restaurant were more uptight than the boys. ~~Even still the womens liberation movement has far to go.~~ Girls are still under more restrictive thinking, ~~no mind~~ says R. and both sexes hung up in the cunt-prick syndrome. Changes take place so slowly in life, I said. And artists - are they showing the new directions - or are they just the first to perceive the thoughts already around, thought by the new thinkers of advanced thought - or do they intuitively leap through the undiscovered (18)

I guess it depends which kind have good a mind. (18)

do so many carry their egos around like large

realise I had to get to stay bright blue - that bright  
 blue sort of deeper than this same tone the color of  
 electric energy often pass through - it seemed to me  
 - on the way to refinement - no yes? No the U says  
 no. well who did you think was writing this book anyway?  
 I can't let anyone type it - do you know what happens  
 at the typewriter of man Charlie hello! why don't  
 you manifest yourself as this great writer (me) (you?)  
 (us) (we!!!) Wheeeeeeeeeee thats where it got to be  
 too much wine - is 3 - well I didn't know (29)  
 (29) auras (different color scheme than  
 thought forms) have (29) water -  
 thats ok. So thats ok. Yes

No.

Y says home. No senses- inspiration from within -  
 from poetry to reality- not will (20)

This is the beginning but I'm too drunk - the U  
 says so - fuck you U. B says I'm to write this story  
 - and move around this bar - not a word of all the  
 exciting adventures that have befallen (on whom anyway)  
 me since I met B. He was 16½ and said he did the  
 (31) and we represented true love and I looked  
 with his big brown eyes and  $\updownarrow$  I mean fell up in love  
 and I thought now will I ever leave these eyes nor shall  
 they ever leave me for nothing but the great white  
 light shall ever replace those eyes. So he says.

Tonight B says lets find the fault in 14th Street and blow it up and what about all the souls I say and he says Oh they can all go to heaven. We'll hire people to Wall Street with signs - send I mean - follow the white light - suppose you don't see it says I Hal-lucinate says he. Says B.

I'm sorry B didn't go to the ~~park~~<sup>party</sup> with me I got a lot of energy from being with all those writers - I've been home 1 hour - Gone 2½ - Can't sleep lousy movies TV -

At laundermat waiting for "wash" to light up so I can put in soap and split.

I got really upset yesterday country and all - I got the flash that it wasn't my mother that would die in the year but my aunt. Then I can't separate my fear of this from perhaps pre-cognition - or is it my mothers intense desire to want me near her? Also mine to be with her if this is a last year - but I can't go on driving myself crazy or giving up another summer. I need the clarity that comes from the country - I have my own head to think about too - this machine is spinning and hasn't yet lit up on wash! Put soap in anyway. Guess I'll wait til wash is done and put things in dryer then split.- wash just went on in no. and plenty of soap. Anyway I'm really

flipped out - called my old analyst and made an appt. to see him then L keeps wanting to hold my hand and hug me and I just can't get into it - I'd rather she didn't - I feel pushed and pulled and possessed -like I feel about my mother. Always wanting something from me - me from me. I finally got L to say she'd been beaten up 1½ years ago by 3 guys who wanted some bread she had on her - beaten with a gun and tied and beaten again and she almost died <sup>11</sup> ~~not~~ never said wash is steaming. She was afraid to die she wants to be held now all the time. No 11 said wash I didn't trust em - too much soap! - so she wants physical contact all the time. I got very upset and told her about my fears - the soap is running out of 11 - about my mother and I just sat in the car and cried because it might be my aunt and I hadn't thought of that and the reason I thought that was because I was thinking of my mother and that (39)

when the blue-green

butterfly I gave my aunt appeared in front of my eyes and I asked myself does that mean my aunt and the blue butterfly appeared. But I hope its all a fantasy of my own fear. Nevertheless I have twice experienced this intense anxiety concerning once my aunt and once my mother and the one time my aunt was very ill and the other I experienced great cold in a dream and waking thought to bring warm foot rubbers to my mother



at the dock when her ship landed and I didn't and she got very very cold feet and later got pneumonia. So I could have prevented the pneumonia? I don't know. If I hadn't been so terrified of that dream and fear I could have acted upon my intuition and brought my mother the warm boots to the dock. Now I feared the door of no.11 would open and a little girl went by and almost touched it and I said no! and just now it did open and a chap in the (what kind of a word is chap?) fellow, man, blue-shirted, green-jacketed, good looking black) rushed up and shut the door for me. 9 is rinsing there's still soap - too much - so sometimes the fear is not a fear but a precognition and sometimes the feeling with the precognition is the one I'll have when it happens so all I can do is live with it and tell you in a year if my aunt and mother are both alive and well, well, alive, and I'll ~~xxx~~ go home this mothers day which will satisfy me and her and perhaps shut off the valve the channel that's opened between us. This attachment I haven't figured out. I want to be free to love my mother but I don't want this awful feeling she lives on and off me - of course saw I never sorry for my father. with B could be my own story and the feeling was - if she does die he won't be here to help me with that burdon but of course its a year since the memories and memories have a way and the anxieties that go with some of recurring at the same

season. I've noticed that no.9 is done. No.11 is done  
 both in dryer thank chap for saving no.11 for me. He  
 says just goes to prove I'm clairvoyant well (45)  
 thats all I need to hear and he says you get around  
 and think a lot and I say yes! thats what I do and  
 I try to figure out the rest - you certainly can't  
 check out anything when a laundremat door when even  
 I didn't think think it about no. 9 and wonder if my  
 fear was based on some reality like part of me  
knowing I didn't shut the door properly but part of  
 me not paying attention to the part that knows -  
 because partly of that freezing up that comes when  
 an idea like this comes near me - I don't act - so  
 it is fear it immobilizes. B did not get the Frank  
 O'Hara prize K did B could sure use the money K  
 doesn't need it oh well thats not why you get prize  
 but neither are lot of other reasons but shall I go  
 into the politics of the N.Y. School of poetry? No.  
 A will write a book about them all I know she's al-  
 ready on a diary but 2 years ago this was in the m  
 making. She had birth dates of all the people in the  
 group. That was the (48) of birthday parties  
 for all of them - I only went to a few not being part  
 of that party - (49) to more like it but I  
 like A a lot. Too few other but not all - so I know  
 the reasons bring back the feelings of previous  
 seasons - I attach certain Sept. depression I used to

have to the time my brother was born and I lived with my father at my aunt's for 1 month -so it could be the fear of last may in myself and the season brings it back and my fear of her dying and sadness at the loss and fear for my own life - support of - they help me with money and what would I do, would I have more or less - the U is here - don't know - part of the business but still the "presents" of clothes and Dr. both help out line and I want my mother around because I do love her but I want my freedom too. Off to shop food.

Got hungry on way - stop in (51) for  
veg and salad bowl (51)

- the green pen - I picked up 2 in the dock I saw one to point home <sup>↑</sup> green and ~~the~~ I want the green one this is it and it was, BUT - ah why oh why is there always the other (52) - - the other pen was blue - because the first pen was in the (52) not the purse. So I was right about the one I picked but not about the one I didn't. Very strange evening. P's concert - didn't like 2nd piece - concert didn't leave me as light as usual - didn't know what to say to P - he avoided me all evening - didn't invite me to party - turned away when I wanted to talk to him - ~~x~~ pissed off finally I left party shortly after they (P and J) did - they in car - want a lift - I live  $\frac{1}{2}$  block away, I get in! - what do you think of concert

- 2nd piece not so hot (piece in 12 parts) too confused  
 - yes it is confused - it is different - doesn't burst  
 - part of longer piece? - yes - I think so - not exact  
 words - excerpt from party conversation - I expect  
 rocket from P - I (54) music don't  
 be (54) - he's the greatest - I want  
 peaks all the time - you won't find them here - nothing  
 afterwards the great party where every line is a moun-  
 tain top to realisation in beauty ah but I mean reality  
 - I'm too mauve its black against white - its beyond  
 (55) down to quite some friends, AS, HO and  
 LG - good ol LG. I feel LG. I am drunk. Are you stoned  
 hash haunted one. L.G. Y says I've heard you've been  
 through some bad times no~~x~~ not bad I said interesting  
 - different - I heard you were sick - (I had a fever)  
 I am fine - they mean you were in the nut house fuck  
 - why that burdon - have to explain I wasn't crazy I  
 just tapped a different reality - came close to a lot  
 of knowledge - wore out my body in the process - so  
 I pushed myself far - you've only got me half way -  
 I'm drunk I like to write drunk I'm going to publish  
 this under a name not my own - my initial in the book  
 will be as is a has been (TIME!?) a formal name so you  
 figure it out - want a (58) - to everyone but  
 me? - told someone (S?) going to publish book under  
 another name.

The place baught by (59)

- drunk - big

bags of groceries bulging out front so you can't miss it. I saw one girl on a bicycle. She could be brilliant but I've never seen that look of aggressive arrogance on any real person. And a look few would have noticed too. So then I go to Weises and buy "Psychic Discoveries behind the Iron Curtain" and read time is a form of energy - "Time is thin around the around the cause and dense around the effect" and I immediatly think, yes, "real"life changes so much slower than the thoughts that propel it. The actual circumstances of living are far behind the ideal, and even far behind the compromise solution! "Asymetry is a basic property of life" - "a turn to the left adds time energy. Turpentine turns to the left. Sugar turns to the right and diminishes time energy. So I have to eat things that turn to the left! Weight lost as time flow changes = levitation.

The more I read about ESP the more I came to the simple conclusion thatat a certain energy and brain wave level we can measure that we are all one - we are all one at any level - we just don't know it - but I suppose in 10 or 20 years it will be braught home to us by " scientific experiment" i.e. the info. will be made available in our culturally acceptable manner, through scæence. Meanwhile, breathe, smile, for the rest of mankind - be one to transmit happiness - so few are doing it. maybe it will catch on. Form a smile of the smile brigade. It is in our separate identities

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 and think a lot and I say yes! thats what I do and  
 I try to figure out the rest - you certainly can't  
~~check out anything when a laundromat door when even~~  
 I didn't think ~~think~~ it about no. 9, and wonder if my  
 fear was based on some reality like part of me  
knowing I didn't shut the door properly but part of  
 me not paying attention to the part that knows -  
 because ~~partly~~ of that freezing up that comes when  
 an idea like this comes near me - I don't act - so  
 it is fear it immobilizes. ~~B did not get the Frank~~  
~~O'Hara prize K did B could sure use the money K~~  
 doesn't need it oh well thats not why you get prize  
~~but neither are lot of other reasons but shall I go~~  
~~into the politics of the N.Y. School of poetry? No.~~  
~~will write a book about them all I know she's al-~~  
~~ready on a diary but 2 years ago this was in the m~~  
~~making. She had birth dates of all the people in the~~  
~~group. That was the (48) of birthday parties~~  
~~for all of them - I only went to a few not being part~~  
~~of that party - (49) to more like it but I~~  
~~like A a lot. Too few other but not all - so I know~~  
 the reasons bring back the feelings of previous  
 seasons - I attach certain Sept. depression I used to

have to the time my brother was born and I lived with my father at my aunt's for 1 month -so it could be the fear of last may in myself and the season brings it back and my fear of her dying and sadness at the loss and fear for my own life - support of - they help me with money and what would I do, would I have more or less - the U id hvre - don't know - part of the business but still the "presents" of clothes and Dr. both help out line and I want my mother around because I do love her but I want my freedom too. Off to shop food.

Got hungry on way - stop in (51) for veg and salad bowl (51)

- the green pen - I picked up 2 in the dock I saw one to point home ↑ green and ~~the~~ I want the green one this is it and it was, BUT - ah why oh why is there always the other (52) - - the other pen was blue - because the first pen was in the (52) not the purse. So I was right about the one I picked but not about the one I didn't. very strange evening. P's concert - didn't like 2nd piece - concert didn't leave me as light as usual - didn't know what to say to P - he avoided me all eveing - didn't invite me to party - turned away when I wanted to talk to him - P pissed off finally I left party shortly after they (P and J) did - they in car - want a lift - I live ½ block away, I get in! - what do you think of concert

~~2nd piece not so hot (piece in 12 parts) too confused~~  
~~- yes it is confused - it is different - doesn't burst~~  
~~- part of longer piece? - yes - I think so - not exact~~  
~~words - except from party conversation - I expect~~  
~~rocket, from P - I (54) music don't~~  
~~be (54) - he's the greatest - I want~~  
~~peaks all the time - you won't find them here - nothing~~  
~~afterwards the great party where every line is a moun-~~  
~~tain top to realisation in beauty ah but I mean reality~~  
~~- I'm too mauve its black against white - its beyond~~  
~~(55) down to quite some friends, AS, HQ and~~  
~~LG - good ol LG. I feel LG. I am drunk. Are you stoned~~  
~~hash haunted one. L.G. Y says I've heard you've been~~  
~~through some bad times not not bad I said interesting~~  
~~- different - I heard you were sick - (I had a fever)~~  
~~I am fine - they mean you were in the ~~but~~ house fuck~~  
~~- why that burdon - have to explain I wasn't crazy I~~  
~~just tapped a different reality - came close to a lot~~  
~~of knowledge - wore out my body in the process - so~~  
~~I pushed myself far - you've only got me half way -~~  
~~I'm drunk I like to write drunk I'm going to publish~~  
~~this under a name not my own - my initial in the book~~  
~~will be as is a has been (TIME!?) a formal name so you~~  
~~figure it out - want a (58) - to everyone but~~  
~~me? - told someone (S?) going to publish book under~~  
~~another name.~~

~~The place bought by (59) - drunk - big~~

damp  
~~hole~~ hole in the ceiling dripping big plumbing drops  
 on blue outside door. Last night. Today big hole in  
 ceiling - getting ready to fix plumbing? Guy upstairs  
 getting new bridge and stone from city. Is this a  
 eulogy - is it working? In some small way the way it  
 should - got a bun for super - thats good news. Its  
 possible. Is it? B says if he were the pied piper he  
 wouldn't leave the lame boy behind. So should I talk  
 to M? I said hi and she turned away ok. But why did  
 # pick me up in car (60) after avoiding me  
 all evening. No I am not crazy. Am I? Is there some  
 evil turn to it all. Does (61) really count-  
 is Beethoven more important than Buddha? Spoke to S  
 about (61) old age - he wouldn't  
 talk says Castaneda has a new book "The Other Reality"  
 must get right away. S says at present a horse of  
 knowledge like Mahayana Buddhism - structure - I have  
 no structure.

But the coral blue on the tip of the butterfly's  
 wing reminded me - clear country thinking - that of  
 the auras I saw -

purple and yellow

green and red

blue and orange

these are opposites on the color wheel-

RED

ORANGE

YELLOW

GREEN

BLUE

VIOLET

Ca va!

Dream - someone attacks me - 2 small dogs helped. I had to kill the dogs. I sat their crying watching columns of thin white leave the dogs head and spurt into the air. The next night or two my mother and father were moving to a small house and I wanted and I got the fancy tea cups but ~~M~~ got the velvet (1) ~~silver bowl~~ with salt spoon I said ok we didn't use salt but could we have the extra silver salt spoon for pepper and she said no and I cried out you bitch and woke up sorry I had ~~xxxxxxx~~ given all my silver bowls <sup>avg.</sup> to my cleaning lady to pawn when she needed money. Saw ~~↓ yesterday,~~ my old psychiatrist - he said I had been feeling very vulnerable because of my physical weakness and dependence and therefore became very upset at the idea of my mother's death. ~~he hit a point.~~ I felt much less vulnerable afterwards and more able to think about setting up my own life again. for the first time since I havn't told you that story yet.

Home with parents and aunt - a peculiar lethargy - don't want to write - sleep all time - eat - boredom prevalent - mother and aunt fine now - mother best in a year since pneumonia. (4) Sadistic sex dreams <sup>quite</sup> pleasure. Don't communicate with anyone really. Watched tv tonight & read "A separate reality" - Carlos Castaneda very good - ~~book~~ <sup>back</sup> to psychic (5) ~~research~~ behind the iron curtain a lot of fantasies at home (I call it that - not mine but I still call it that)

NY - slept on train, have headache, ~~miss dream of a~~ <sup>day A min</sup>  
~~min.~~ Bought Psychic, a magazine to read on the train.  
 Lease for apt. not ready yet. Still looking for summer  
 place. B ~~(A) wrote~~ <sup>wrote</sup> go swimming <sup>at the</sup> there. Went swimming  
 Fri. She says she's more psychic in (6) <sup>spring</sup>  
 Thoughts: love mother, father, aunt, very boring to  
 do nothing, say nothing, see comfortable middle class  
 life - oh such nice shower ~~and tubs!~~ Ah well how long  
~~does la vie boheme go on~~ - Coming out of train. See  
 sign taxis - 7th Avenue. See my negative sign. Go to  
 8th Avenue - taxi right there.

Last night things began to turn blue again. A  
 good sign. My energy is returning. Its almost 6 mths  
 since I left the sink. I tried to get rid of the purple  
 by covering myself with blueberry syrup - a joke ~~of~~  
~~the U.~~ But I had to do something amusing! ~~So~~ I covered  
 myself with (9) blueberry syrup, with the idea  
 that <sup>if</sup> I couldn't get rid of the purple by turning green  
 perhaps I could bypass it by turning pink right away  
 - and the faded syrup would leave a pinkish-purplish  
 tinge on the skin when washed off. I felt pretty silly  
 I did not lick myself. The day after my birthday I  
 decided to go without water for 3 days and test my  
 stamina. I pretended I was in a desert and the camels  
 were late. would sit in the sink and pour water over

the parts that were not submerged with a glass. I had  
 a lot of ~~little round 25c glasses from the 5 and 10~~  
 and went through all of them. After a while they  
 turned purple and I couldn't use them anymore. I ~~con-~~  
 stantly washed my ~~right~~ eye, also - it was always the  
 most backward part of my color scheme. ~~(11)~~ *Urinating*  
 was a trip - the <sup>in</sup>wine was always the day before's color  
 - I went in cycles - from purple to green and blue to  
 copper and orange to mettalic ( they were ~~navy~~ <sup>heavy</sup> ~~they~~ <sup>they</sup>  
 hurt too - a coppery and silvery color) ~~all trying to~~  
~~get to be pink or (11) <sup>head</sup> pale green or plaid like~~  
~~my pale orange pink and c blue and green blanket.~~ So  
 I had to pee in one sink, be careful it didn't get on  
 my leg, wash myself by throwing water up into the crotch  
 from a glass, being careful not to <sup>touch</sup> ~~turn~~ myself with  
 the glass - wipe myself - clean the sink and get back  
 in. What a day. I cried for a hose! To wash my crotch  
 and my ass and my back. ~~The little glasses turned colors~~  
 and I couldn't use them anymore. I threw <sup>the glasses</sup> ~~them~~ in a pile  
 on the floor. Later I realised I was turning ~~and re~~ <sup>the same</sup>  
~~turning~~ colors and I could save the glasses and rinse  
 them, the purple was fading, green and blue and clear  
 glasses. When they got to lilac I had to throw them  
 away. The energy would come off them ~~in~~ a zingy fasion  
 like shock ~~that~~ don't shock. I was very careful about  
 my eye ? I not only always used a clean glass but I



cleaned my hands very thoroughly first - not from dirt - there was none - but from the red worn out energy that I was getting rid of. As I massaged my legs and arms some of the ~~energy~~<sup>tension</sup> would go into my hands and fingers and I had to get rid of it so as not to put it back in my eye. I did this with my mind, concentrating on the base of the finger and working along them til the energy would leave<sup>by</sup> the fingertips, sometimes forming little blue and yellow canals, ~~and~~ sometimes dotted black line<sup>s</sup> indicated the presence of bad energy, when I had cleaned my hands in this way my fingers always felt marvellously relaxed, translucent in feeling - and my left hand and arm particularly achieved a limpidness that was beautiful and graceful without any tension at all. With my left hand I would hold open my eyelid and with the right ~~pour~~<sup>pour</sup> water into the eye. I often heated the water I used and cleaned that too, always. The excess energy would gather at the top and pop off, sometimes in a little yellow dandelion fluff. I could think it off by concentrating. When I saw a mental picture of water lilyd and pink flowers I knew the water was clean. ~~The~~<sup>It</sup> I call a "mental picture" because the yellow fluff seemed more usually real, composed of the energy I put together with my mind ~~f~~ from the water. The lilies were "signal" like now the vision of the 2 candle wax leaves. These mental pictures or signals can be very weak - it is the information

that counts. At least that's how I feel, not to indulge in other worldly glories, ~~as I give up~~ <sup>gave</sup> so freely the comfort and furnishings of my home and my whole attitude towards a nice clean beautiful home with ~~with~~ good vibes and all. Indulgence <sup>in</sup> ~~as~~ any form seems wrong to me, a desire of the ego self. I'm conscious of my failures from perfection. ~~And~~ <sup>T</sup> too conscious of that, in itself an indulgence, for I recriminate myself - a useless task relating to the past, which ~~is what~~ I strive to leave where it belongs, behind. Lately I have asked about the book - whether it will be published, have success, or not - and get no answers. So I continue to believe in it, as I must, and write, although writing is no real pleasure for me, no contact with the universe in itself - I feel obliged to ~~repeat~~ <sup>report</sup> my contacts.

A second letter refusing me a teaching job. I wonder if the two leaves of candle wax meant a promise after all. B brings M here - she embraces me. B says she went not till he (22)

living here. Went to a Bakti Yoga (enlightenment through love and joy) meditation center, ~~with S and H.~~ It's nice to be with a group of people on the path of love. It's reassuring. I know it's happening but I spend so much time struggling in the world, ~~me and B. so~~ I forget there are whole movements towards enlightenment. We ~~don't~~ <sup>chant</sup> sing. Some dance. The woman leader to form an ~~class~~

light gets bright  
see blue  
look on published  
see black  
notebook  
or published  
old book on light  
the light on light

ashram in Va. We meditate after (23) OHM . The  
air gets very soft. Place is soft. The air is so soft  
it is easy to get light and meditate. I see a cup of  
coffee (?) in a fancy china cup - the tea cups of my  
mother - and the coffee pot (24) <sup>with</sup> the tree of  
life design on it. - must I give up the desire for  
these - ok, I give it up, so what - I gave up so many  
material possessions why replace them with more? With  
more from mother? Then the electric coffee pot <sup>9</sup> loaned  
to ~~the~~ last summer and which he still has. I had thought  
of asking for it back and rejected it. I reject it  
again. Feeling sorry and angry for myself and want all  
my little things back. I sulk when I feel lonely. Then  
I saw a box of pencils - they became purple and yellow.  
Then a flower pot with a tall single stemmed plant in  
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to me with black bushy long hair and big brown eyes.  
I had seen him come in and looked at him during the  
chanting and meditation. We <sup>looked</sup> stared into each others  
eyes until light dissolved his image and radiated from  
his head and relaxation just dropped around <sup>my</sup> the mesh. <sup>mesh</sup>.  
I ~~only~~ objected to the group chanting the names of gurus.  
I don't like adoration. Its a personality cult. It  
bothers me. Perhaps I want it for myself. Thats a test  
thought. Yes or no. I'll think of it later. I want love.  
~~Thats true. we come home. I came with us in the car.~~  
Came in for tea. He is 17 and a Leo. That blew my mind.

I said the person I was living with was the same. We touched each other ~~after~~ 7 made love in the morning, ~~after H, who had come to see B and B left.~~ He could see my aura a little - he told me he had astral projected to his room during the meditation. I said I had seen pansies. He said he had them in his room but they were not in bloom. Had I tuned in on his mind or had he taken me with him? I asked B about that last year, could 2 astral project together. He thought not. I think yes but have no <sup>light dim on no -</sup> experience. J says ohm fights the ghostly white. I said I had never been in it, only seen it. ~~Tonight a party for E. Last night H's group doing Becket's A Play. M wants to start a theatre. I said childrens plays - I'd thought of that last year and the year B said write childrens books. Comment~~ T is sure the golden age is coming. He wants to live to be 300. I had that fantasy once, that longevity was possible ~~for the enlightened.~~ Do we have room for all those people? ~~And if they're all truly enlightened what bliss to live with so many.~~ Well, you figure it out. I still havn't <sup>found an</sup> heard about the apt. Faith and patience are operating like mad. I am happiest living with B. We lead our own lives, are close in our souls. But I long for the skin touch of a <sup>lovever</sup> ~~lover~~. T does not suffer. I am beginning to write weird words like ~~must~~ <sup>niso</sup> for never and lovever for lover. Thought this only

see typewriter in air  
see good in air  
14 (8)

happened on the typewriter. Good. It makes writing more fun. Wondered if I should try to see ~~the~~ <sup>that's</sup> a lady yoga master. ~~Round~~ <sup>during</sup> the meditation I began to shake on the ~~right~~ <sup>#1</sup> side - ~~as~~ I heard on the radio last year, "a spastic god" - that blew my mind. You don't have to be ~~(33)~~ <sup>clair audient</sup>. Turn on the radio, tv, a phone <sup>graph</sup> and the masters will talk to you. If you are in a position to listen, <sup>[</sup> i.e. hear. B ~~stop~~ <sup>say</sup> if you want me, call me through the radio. I want a new stereo, or perhaps quadreo. Fuck on the old one being stolen from A's place. R came over last night - she had a love affair this week and I wonders if <sup>this</sup> ~~she~~ means she should give up art. We pose ~~(34)~~ <sup>and arbitrary</sup> decision on ourselves. I said maybe it meant she should give up her monomania about living alone. Think loosely. Saw B in street. Max's in bad shape. Glad I payed my bill. I wonder about a yoga teacher. Should I go to one. Yes. No.

Perhaps I just want some energy zap to clear up my body. ~~Some energy.~~ My mother called while I was fucking.

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*- a high task.*

Fast dog

See 14 p 213, 4

14 (1)

100

3/11/10

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*not fast**no carbon**re*

Black image. White light reflection jump around clairvoyant.  
 Lady says did she give me spirit guide - I say no, I have one=  
 She says yes I see him His name is . Do lyou want to rename?  
 Well, can't call him Charlie any more. Can't decide about apt.  
 Taking all my energy. B is wearing a hair vest, made of hair. It  
 comes to her waist - Waist not want not. Waist matters hair. Waist  
 hair. Speed is passed in the shape of chocolate candy bars and  
 wrestles with Ed on bed. Long hair long vest long pants. (changed ink)  
 The man with the pipe looks like a bracket. He is outlined in  
 light or sometimes black. He has a pipe. He appears near my  
 right knee. A wreath of wax leaves from my birthday candles appeared  
 on my right knee. It is a promise. I bought a hat. Straw with  
 red white and blue ribbons. America, she needs all the help she  
 can get. Saw a shirt in store where bought hat - label The Peace  
 Dept. sign on anti VC panties. Use this in good health. Fucked  
 knee by eating chocolate and red wine in one evening. Chocolate -  
 bad for knee. The grayish black coated candy kiss shape has been  
 haunting me - i.e. it is with me all the time and I don't know  
 what it means. No

The apartment is out - bed wall fireplace and south windows -  
 too much key money. Santa Claus - the children Buddha. Why didn't  
 Christ laugh on the cross? Since he didn't feel anything being  
 nailed - to remove consciousness from his hands and feet or to  
 levitate or leave one body entirely or simply to be beyond the  
 pain point must have been easy for a being of his advanced spiritual  
 knowledge. So why the suffering? Man initiates his deeds and we

share years of masochism. The heroes - men of action, limited by their psychology. I must get sneakers or think sole shoes for walking on pavement. Knee hurt. Must be blanket. Won't move into place until knee better. (New ink)

I've begun to hear my voice. I think and hear the voice finish the thought in my head. Today it was another voice. S's, a psychiatrist - I was near her office - the voice said "Sure" to a question I asked it. Came home tonight from G/s Voice going like crazy - I said to myself. I don't want to hear you and it stopped. it's like a multitrack tape out of sync. The thought in words that I think - and the voice saying the thing I think before I can say - think it is my head - and the voice also saying the prethought thought. All word answers. Questions reflections sometimes a rehash of earlier thought - like a playback of the memory tape.

I haven't written white - spent organizing week talking to old oversoul about taking apt. with bed, wall, fireplace, south windows. No heat, no loft style living. One bedroom - leave a sublet clause didn't like it - too many restrictions - lilac carol kiss sign a negative - I know now - I was miserable - didn't take place. Went out yesterday. Voice - found two bedrooms apt. Good street - low key money - rent high

how often place by 25 but I can still manage I - heated little,  
 south window, no fireplace. Well I had seen a negative sign on  
 fireplace before, so I now assume I mean I would get no fireplace.  
 Sob. Oh well. Good neighborhood. Good food shopping, near health  
 food store, vegetable I fruit store. I can be healthy. Same day.  
 Got job. Good day. \_\_\_\_\_ Felt very bad about telling first  
 fellow I couldn't take his place. He was planning to leave country  
 soon may have to stay extra - month in ~~what~~ which case I suppose I lose  
 months deposit. Masturbated. Purple aura on pussy. As soon as  
 I definitely look for the right kind of apartment - one with  
 bedroom with doors so I could share with B. I found it right away.  
 Before I had no luck. Had I followed old \_\_\_\_\_ painting out  
 4 rooms before - might have found one cheaper earlier with fireplace  
 too maybe. I think I lost the fireplace for not understanding earlier  
 that I was to share. Maybe not. Wood has chemicals in it. Bad air  
 pollutant. Anyway, Got this apartment day before rent control went  
 off, and it is rent controlled! Hallalua! Would like to paint the  
 walls. Incredible pale pastels. Cards. B finds are ~~spades~~  
 4 hearts  
 4 diamonds

I find 15 don't put it up, 3 hearts, 6 hearts.

I find apartment

I find three desks.

Three B finds King clubs 6 7 diamonds 9 hearts.

Written on paper at B & J's. Visitng B and J's - art deco all  
 over - very Puerto Rican colorng - history of culture - 30 - 40- 50's Ray  
 put words rent control - 4 rooms apartment was it 3 1/2 before 3  
 Make 1 person application. Plum enamel dish. Orange plastic radio 1  
 green office ashtry wooden stand with 2 nails



Florida orange juice cans, etc. Funny place. I leave. Want  
to write - collectors, collection. I gave or threw almost  
everything away - to get rid of possessions and their hold -  
I want the spirit to be free - will this new apartment do it Aful rooms three  
B & J's - 12 foot ceiling 14 foot square room -  
The circle of Andly's people, Gerard, Ultra Violet, Viva, Joe  
Dellasantro, Jackie Crutin - he's in the center. A beginning would  
I kill in self defense? Yes Saw M and B tonivht on street. Met HK  
I've forgotten style and the history of man through style as part  
of my life. I felt there was a reaction to leave early tonight -  
to write - more out of direction from \_\_\_\_ than from need or desire. Channel 2  
is dying out is ok now a lot of tension in calf - nails s \_\_\_\_ it ease  
it I belch - tension right should hair in \_\_\_\_ and  
in bottom right foot when right I am a \_\_\_\_\_. Well, not exactly but  
have to get rid of some muscle tension - first time I've gotten  
high on grass in a long time ood but the body needs some yoga.  
exercise and the mind less tension. I get paranoid rent control off -  
getting ap. day before but leave same the day it must. Does it?  
Or is to \_\_\_\_\_ gone? Look around. Hair. Root alkaline and acid ratio  
Pt. 2.6 (hair acid) root, Pt 4.6 (scalp) Pt. 5.6 (hair). Helene Curtis:  
W \_\_\_\_ 1.66 plnt concentrate = gallong  
1 suds - don't lather - getjout surface dirt 2 suds - massage well  
Spheres #13 \_\_\_\_\_ come natural fibre on hair Flex before salt water  
Winter hair shrunken state use hair conditioner w/small molecules:  
Balsam by William 60 sec.  
Summer hair expanded sat=- state Use conditioner larger molecules Flex - Revlon  
12 minutes chlorinated - use indullated cream rinse first (Breck Pink)  
Longer the hair less shedding  
Brush natural bristle w/rounded paints

I have been dividing myself crazy left finger over the preparation of the room at the new apartment - oak parquet floors. 80 late 40's postwar - pre bab wood floors delivered in blocks using scraps. Instead of the new long wooden stock of the old floors (the \_\_\_\_\_)

The ceiling are 9 feet high - that was K in the loft . Was long but too low here for any feeling of freedom in the space. No place to look up. no place for the spirit to soar. Ceiling recede.

I don;t want to use \_\_\_\_\_ decorations but something is ~~going~~ going to be needed to deal with the presence of preparations that someone with no sense of self designed. Each room should have it's own view. I don't mean out the window I mean suiting in one corner you should have a place (that space andplace) in which to look from to. something that doesn't \_\_\_\_\_ back before you be ready. Maybe ventilating need certain \_\_\_\_\_? and mouldings? the moundings are gone Plain wall.

Post war \_\_\_\_\_ The curse of the W's. I said I \_\_\_\_\_ talked Rooms designed by no one. B praise me off which fucking selfish kid What did the cake do? At bar - people searching for identity.

This apt. is a black with white dot in the center what's that? Variations on s chk scheme for obsessive compulsive?

Yesterday I was in real pain the knee bad and \_\_\_\_\_ of foot and shoulder from coffee and grass. What makes me really feel. Asked B to massage me \_\_\_\_\_ I myself didn't relieve the tension. He really got pissed off - made me furious - said didn't want to get off his bed I said I'd come down to the bed. Got \_\_\_\_\_ be reading comic books doesn't look up. Starts kneading without looking - have to move his hand myself - but he didn't wear out the \_\_\_\_\_ but it - his energy is so great - he just has to get into the muscle and feel it.

New Ink- green-

Performance by stimulus to have via card to lights and more sounds -  
brain as it responds to stimulus - not as it originates create stimuli  
meditates -- alpha waves. \_\_\_\_\_ myself for being fat and eat cheesecake!  
Well. Where is my mind? Vibrations in fat country. No more auras.  
Am I too fat? I am too fat to see. Had it out with B. I feel better  
He seemed more cheerful. In wonder if all that purple energy in the  
cake set him off the other night. He says I must be patient. (??)  
I must learn not to take his rudeness personally. We talk - Zen an  
awareness trip. Other eastern philosophies not as much as it should  
I could  
it could be. The people I want/need to take to where are they.  
Will they bring them out - and if so this means I must sign my name  
or else pretend I've read it and ask others what they want ?  
It won't work - will it? Maybe I really want to be \_\_\_\_\_.  
Maybe not may well not this anyway - no I want to communicate. I'll

ORPHEUM OPENS

Fast  
day 12  
see 1/6  
p. 13  
21 31  
51 61 78  
8  
M

Fast  
day 12

When I was in the sink I thought I was supposed to have a clear new plastic umbrella so that all the color changes I went through would make rings on it and I could show it to B and he could see by the umbrella what I had been through. I am green and purple and blue and coral and I wish I had a nice place to live so I could be happy and sit and relax and think-meditate entertain -- BE.

When I was in the sink I knocked down the wooden partition between the kitchen dresser and the bed. That was so I could walk on wood between the bed and the dresser and not walk on the red border of the rug. I would lift myself out of the sink landing on my left foot - I gave up paper slippers when the paper ran out, also I grew a little less sensitive to the deep purple and green pain after my birthday or a day or 2 later. I would walk the 2 steps to the white dresser - put my back to it, put my hands on the dresser and lift myself up. Swing around on the dresser, step into the wood partition which wobbled a little, then into the bed which was springy and then one step on the rug (not on the border) with the left foot and the right more sensitive foot to the floor beyond. And then I'd walk to the studio and maybe try sitting on the edge of the mattress or lying on the desk. I longed to lie down for just a minute - a few minutes. I got very tired of sitting in the sink. I got tired of sitting on the ledge beside the sink. If I got on

day 12

the left hand ledge I had no support for my back. After almost 2 weeks of sitting without back support I got tired. So I shifted to sitting on the right hand ledge. This was not so easy. My head was underneath the wooden shelves that were held up by metal brackets. The metal brackets were covered with pages of the Whole Earth Catalog. There was also a cup hook that I had to cover with paper too. Otherwise the metal collected the purple energy and bounced it back at me. Another discomfort was the wiring in the wall in back of me -- to the right -- on my bad side. Also the wall behind the sink was pegboard painted white -- full of holes. There was so much energy flying around that place that it would zing into the holes and ricochet out again zapping me all over like BB shots. I plastered pages of the Whole Earth Catalog upon the wall -- the heat kept drying them out and I kept wetting them with water. With my right side to the wall it was just bearable but with my right side to the wall it was uncomfortable but the most uncomfortable thing about that seat was the wrinkle in the contac paper on the shelf. The paper was coral and green and white and yellow in a flower pattern with a white star shape and the wrinkle caused a sore on my ass. I tried to sit on various things because it was wonderful to be able to lean against a wall for a change but all the things I sat on got purple too soon and I got tired of changing them. So I sat on the wrinkled contac

and I so carefully lifted myself up so my ass wouldn't stick to the wrinkles. Poor sore ass.

This morning was up and feeling good. Chiroprachter is away, zapping me some energy from vacation spot of quiet. Back feels better. Maybe bout of purple pain last week a release of tension in more spots -- i.e. we're getting deeper into the muscle tension and getting it out so it's a progression.

I never drew flowers around my nipple.

Sometime, when I talk to the U I think life was meant to be a comedy -- a true state of love where we could live and learn and enjoy ourselves -- that's what B once said and it seems so true. Whenever I am in contact with something <sup>16-4</sup>, it is always loving and funny, although not the easy kind of love you might expect - some teasing and a little sharpness - a directness - perhaps to test out my masochism and self respect. Anyways it's almost always funny to me. And surprising. Spirit playing with and teaching people. If only one could play back! I have well not lists but it seems so of funny experiences. All that sharp feeling of extra awareness. Did a spirit ever teach you to make pancakes? So often during the sink period I was guided to use or not use this glass or cup or sock or cloth or paper. I assumed I had to change them because the colors changed and I begged to see so I could know for

*Handled the  
clerk*

myself without having to be directed - so now I often can see.] When my sneakers turn color I get a purple or lilac or whatever it is glow off them. Plus signs from the U to seek me out too. The other day I switched my pants around. The purple from the right side took on some light from the left and I saw a tiny lit lilac ball of color. The right side is dull in color, but the left is lit, as if it were a colored light just a swab of color. I see colors come from other people too. Mostly purple today, from B's armpit-- and from (other) B's mouth. Then he went to sleep. Perhaps he'll wake up blue. He was blue and happy last weeks put on a sweater almost the color of the energy.

What does *6-20* look like? A tie, a snowflake, a lifesaver.

Those are the best 3

And next, a fleur de lis,

A halo and a wand

and a stalk of celery!

A sunflower a prism

A glass of burgundy

A camel colored rainbow printed on my ass.

Farts are shatted.

Fruit Salad Soup

Avocado

$\frac{1}{2}$  mango

orange

grapefruit

parsly

lettuce

yogurt

blend

can add ail and juice or milk

Shred lettuce

Soup on tap

Orange, grapefruit and mango slice

I'm just getting my energy back. Yesterday saw in green and gold letters "you owe the lion some of your grass" as the lion walked in.

24 Kurndalini. The evolution Energy in Man - his energy went up a wrong channel, 24 as mine did, - to eat only 3 hours. He existed on oranges and milk. At the end of my fast in the sink I had some Tiger's milk and there was an orange next to it - on the 24 - indicates where I should break my fast with oranges and tiger's milk. He wants to have water over his body. I can't because his wife and daughter are there. At least I could soak all the heat and rain with water. ] And now I walk with that rain. Sometimes a surge of energy will really get me and some weakened area and the rain will increase. I kept thinking suppose I were a housewife with husband and children in some suburban home. Would they leave me alone in the kitchen to wash away my brain? If they understood the process perhaps



they would, hanging sheets over the doors and taking their meals out. Gapi-Rushina reports a neat onslaught of energy when he ate a solid meal so perhaps I was very wise in not eating, though it has left me weak still. Only sometimes now I wonder how long I must endure sneakers, pants changing, sheet changing - 48 out the colors of everything I had on to make sure they're not too full of purple energy and can't bring me pain, bring me down. My sensitivity is still great - walking through the summer sheet without protective clothing is like swimming under water or against pressure. The psychologist who comments on the book compares the Kundalini to the fire of hell and I thought that too - you can believe -- the purification by fire - you know God gave Noah the rainbow sign no more water the fire next time and I thought each person the own karma his own hell and mine was the misused with years of accumulated living to my sins in the live were a bad back from falling off a house and a bad knee from a skiing fall and accumulated liver and kidney and adrenal slows from a life of white bread and white sugar (and farming, mishaps never ending) and canned food and bad air and only moderate cigarette smoking and drinking. With vacation twice a year and plenty of good upper middle class living. Steaks. So the power had to clean me out and it still is the Saturday

Let me go

Something new has begun. Last night I saw clearly (eyes closed) the American flag, with fewer stars on it - perhaps the <sup>23</sup> of the original 13 states. It was luminous. Just before waking this morning what seemed to be a tic tax toe chart with a mushroom in one box.

Good bye

Murder

I saw in my left hand some of the transparency I noticed in the sink. Perhaps it's the blue flame. Before the blue flame - oh I know now it's the blue aura, the color of the

This is my affair

electrical (?) current and the

after the purple was green and after that a palerblue <sup>25</sup> brought me cold. After the intense heat, cold the way to Light the light blue was with the deep blue which brought comfortable warmth but not heat. I couldn't wear

everybody has money

You're the only honest thing around here any <sup>36</sup> but I understood it better to be cold for a little and let the body <sup>36</sup> itself to be warm. I burned <sup>36</sup> on the stove and wiped out the sink at this point - the flame would not burn me - and the fire cleaned away the purple and green, <sup>36</sup> the last lilac bubble so I could start fresh with the blue. Once I

M

took the ashes and decorated myself with ashes. Once I decorated myself with fennel tea - the seeds forming a tattoo design. It was pretty and reminded me of African body decorations. Once, in trying to change the purple I thought to fade it to pink, and covered myself with blueberry syrup. That was sort of fun too - I was never totally serious about doing these things - they seemed amusing ways to entertain myself and also the ashes, seeds and liquid absorbed some of the purple <sup>38</sup> . The muscle tensions, I washed them away. ]

2

I dream of R after an evening with R. She provoked me to anger <sup>when</sup>  
~~When~~ I felt none, I asked B this true? ~~She~~ B say this true.  
Eat Pizza with B. See old grey car in pizza. Sell <sup>gone</sup> Gene away get  
red off.

3

God bless the child that's got his own. I'd like  
to get a long skirt and some shorts. Old dungarees.  
Second hand\* Cut off\*\*

4

\*pants \*\*legs. *this is long halm*  
This is a poem oh so long  
about down to here  
about around again  
and then some more

*Section 17*

this poem oh so long  
about dawn to here  
about around again  
and then some more

also

This long story  
the poem oh so long  
about dawn to here  
about around again  
+ then some more.  
Enough not yet said  
So here stay  
to say more  
then we around again  
We dawn, stay again  
We oh so long poem.  
We oh so long life  
We many a so long life  
we be a new  
each time  
each time  
new stay  
new  
for many a  
life time.

17-2

4

Enough not yet said

So here stay

we say some more

then we around again.

5

We down, <sup>or</sup> stay again

We oh so long poem.

6

We oh so long life

we many a so long life

we be a new

each time

each time

new stay

new

for many a

life time.

7

Where I come from

we say hello

hello many no

hello sailors

I saw you in sea

lighthouse

Say hello

light

say hello

house.

Rang Po

8

Say hello to  
 Sailors in sea  
 Say hello to  
 Nang Po  
 Go see  
 Say hello.

---

9

He watches me  
 And I kid him  
 about it.  
 Hey you  
 You see me?  
 I feel you  
 but no see.  
 You have beard?

10

What style clothes you wear  
 pretty sharp

XXV

good head  
 you have / maybe.

11

Only once in the three weeks did I break down and cry. I'm  
 not talking about the rage against the <sup>pain</sup> poem. I'm talking about  
 despair of head in hands cry out and I cried because I wanted  
 to write again. I really really wanted to <sup>keep on</sup> put in writing I had  
 thrown away old poems in green notebook, which I had been warned  
 not to throw away. But I had and I had stopped writing. So I

12

17-4

12 sat ~~down~~ and found a roll of sheet <sup>VF</sup> paper and remembered a poem  
and wrote it in pencil and rolled it  
13 up tied it with a velvet ribbon and put it in the <sup>vase</sup> ~~box~~ from  
Toledo with the little flowers in it.

14 He kid  
He wear  
red  
hot pants  
he see  
society  
no buy  
except maybe  
~~bike~~

15 he like  
FM  
stereo  
he find  
clothes on <sup>—R</sup> sheet  
he wear  
sun hat  
with winter coat  
he <sup>have</sup> ~~xxxx~~ hope.

17-5

16

he long hair

he pink cheek

he yoga on floor

he music all night

he w~~ork~~ a some day

for  
he bread

he light

17

We sing song

we song

WORDS WE

never wrong

choose carefully

speak proper words

we yes song

to be

18

He now

have no beard

he face hang here

near my foot

Hey you

foot no boot

You see toe?

You know

You no beard?



19

Me dream  
 May <sup>stand</sup> me see  
 Some me  
 some eternity  
 me see  
 colored lights  
 in sky  
 why,  
 I  
 sky!

20

I host  
 to the  
 ghost  
 he enter on my left  
 .scoot down  
 go right out

21

Yesterday to the country to look for a house. On bus thinking--water  
 take away the purple vibe. Wood (it earth?) take away the green  
 vibe. Fire changes to the bright blue vibe and air? Does air take  
 over from blue to white. Yes yes says Charlie ????

22

Got to see house. Vibe so bad couldn't sit in  
 furniture. Felt like I was disappearing backwards. One <sup>by</sup> ~~hassle~~ <sup>hassible</sup>  
~~hassle~~ were the wooden rocking chairs (I could sit in those)  
 and the <sup>boys</sup> boys room that was cooled out. Outside  
 nice <sup>haven</sup> ~~haven~~ and haven't been to the country since I

23 started to see. By stream a red Irish Setter ~~was~~ <sup>was -ta</sup> a cheese ~~lover~~ <sup>lover?</sup>  
 did it have legs? ~~It~~ <sup>appeared</sup> (Okay Charlie says it was a dog) ~~appeared~~ <sup>appeared</sup>  
 for a brief second--then <sup>in</sup> by the flowers ~~it~~ ~~the~~ read a  
 turquoise and black butterfly and, <sup>as</sup> then as a nondescript  
 24 (live) beige bug buzzed around a green stem, I saw a black  
 and yellow bee. I don't know if ~~this~~ <sup>these</sup> apparitions were  
 spirit creatures there at that time or images of creatures  
 that ~~had~~ had been there at another time and had left their  
 25 impression there. Its quite nice you know and you're in a  
 very relaxed state when you can see that much and it just  
 adds another <sup>plot</sup> (and more beauty) to life. It's fun.  
 then I <sup>stuck</sup> ~~took~~ my silver pin with the turquoise center into the  
 26 earth ~~and~~ to take out the purple vibe. I don't think that  
 works (water for purple). But what did work was sticking  
 it into a plant of buttercups and watching the plant change  
 27 energy colors--~~like~~ <sup>like</sup> a dark purple black appears <sup>at</sup> at various  
 parts of the stems and stayed pretty much in the bed of  
 stems that led to the earth. It didn't wilt the plant but  
 I saw a little shock go through to the yellow buttercups.  
 28 Then I took it out and put it in a milkweed  
 plant which changed a little too til the silver pin became  
 clear. The stone became clear first, then the silver.  
 I saw bright blue clouds hanging around and one in the  
 bus ~~on~~ on the way back. I saw a tree as a deep bright blue

29 with some dusky red around it and it was so beautiful. It reminded  
me of a story I wrote in 1967 about the man who went on a journey  
and sat under a tree that had yellow and blue leaves and a  
30 red trunk. It was sitting under this tree that this man  
thought of thought flowers. So I must have known before I  
really knew. ~~From another life perhaps?~~ <sup>sat</sup> That one can create  
thought flowers and one can see the energy colors of leaves and  
trees and they are all these colors. Its a quality of  
31 marvelous beauty and it's like being very high which is like being  
very calm and happy and that when I see things and write poems  
or find the proper solution to everyday problems, <sup>or</sup> I really feel  
32 expresses my love for others. Cried bitterly on <sup>v</sup>bees coming  
back because Charlie tole me to look at some lake houses  
and I didn't. Perversion not to follow that advice.  
My father's heritage to me. I must solve that. Got  
home and called the lake house. They are all carpeted with  
33 synthetic carpeting. I can't walk on! Of course the lady said they'd take it  
up if I paid for it but <sup>only</sup> my house that was not attached to  
another was \$1,000--it had new furniture in it so maybe the vibes  
34 weren't soo bad but I cried some more. I was so exhausted

34 *By one day* travel and how can I find a house to live  
in when I'm so sensitive to bad vibes. It's got to be  
a cooled out place. I'm not strong enough to change anything.

35 I'm caught between two planes and I'm miserable.

I don't want to go on living sometimes--the burden of the  
purple pain is too much. I need to be in the country and  
get ~~so~~ *high* but I need a roof too. ~~We~~ *Jul* thought

36 of camping but I don't know how I could stay in a sleeping  
bag with the same old *bad* vibes feeding back to the ~~right~~  
leg. I guess I have to.

37 I guess the worst part of all of this is being  
alone, not having anyone to talk to, anyone "real" that is--  
just instruction from Charlie--Yes? Should do this, No?  
Shouldn't--all aimed at helping me get through, get rid of  
the purple (and brown now too).

38 There was a bright blue flash from where I was sitting  
on the grass. Maybe it's the becoming blue that hurts--the *zap # 2 arm*  
energy going through ~~a~~ *blocked* by the *hurt* ~~path.~~ *parts.*  
The other night in the dark I could see my hands. I could  
39 see the golden light in my hands with my eyes closed and I  
saw a bunch of ~~this~~ golden light in the area between thumb  
and forefinger when *at* I have a tense muscle. (from using heavy scissors  
yesterday--a knotted muscle). So my whole side, well part of it  
40 must be like that, blocked energy.

40 After the ~~xxxx~~ chiropractor Monday I feel great, very  
 high the ~~right~~ <sup>to had</sup> hand and arm could really feel the energy and I was  
 so happy. In the country I got really high could feel the right  
 side less sated than the left, feel the energy just run out  
 41 of it instead of being there. I'm in Central Park again  
 because I want the country. I hate the city and yet I'd be bored  
 to death. I think if I stayed out in the country all the time--  
 so some sort of a way is needed.

42 But summer in the country please. Today however  
 I walked out in white shirt and pants with the rose at my chest  
 and didn't feel the city's heaviness. So maybe I am a little  
 stronger. If (I think for whatever that's worth) my energy  
 didn't leak out ~~of my system~~ or get caught in lumps ~~on the bad~~  
 43 ~~side~~ (i.e. if it could flow properly and stay in the body) I  
 could stay high enough to keep an aura around me to protect me  
 from the lower colors, the blacks, reds and purples. Not  
 to say a few other dusty dirty spotted greys, browns and greens.

44 In other words ~~wherever I was~~ wherever I was it would  
 be me. With no outside leaking in. Today also I began to see  
 auras on city people in the street. Purple was all I saw and  
 a magenta tree in the park. Magenta is a sort of paled

17-11

44 out red purple that the purple fades to. The <sup>Window</sup> of the  
45 apartment <sup>the street</sup> ~~face~~ St. Marks was magenta. The outside cooled  
a little but not much. (Now I think the colors I see on others ~~are~~  
on myself are my own

46 The laundry had to sort out the colors--deep red and  
lilac in one machine (from a day at a very <sup>heavy</sup> apartment).  
Purple pants alone and the rest sort of lilac on to blue.  
in one machine. I just stand there <sup>wondering</sup> what color is this?  
And I get a flash off it and see the color.

47 Washed my hair first time two weeks. At certain  
period of ~~long~~ <sup>(pinkly or blue)</sup> changing to blue, I can't wash my hair. <sup>feels dim</sup> The three weeks  
in the sink I never <sup>could</sup> wash it but it never needed it. It came  
out silky, curly and clean. Mistake yesterday in washing bin. Got  
in tub, ~~and~~ just legs, made me very weak. Took all my strength.  
48 So no <sup>Swimming</sup> this summer. I guess. Had a bottle of ~~Italian~~  
lemonade yesterday <sup>but</sup> leg, saw bottle image today on leg.

49 Dream <sup>is</sup> pleasant but evil men were taking me away  
somewhere from a hotel, ~~xxx~~ wouldn't let me contact or leave  
letter for B. I thought they were after him but took me instead.  
I outwitted them for a while but was taking towel, etc. from  
50 laundry to take along with <sup>clothes</sup> letter and they found me in the  
room I had hidden in.

out 1-42  
6-7

18-1

This long story  
This poem oh so long  
about down to here  
about around again  
And then some more.  
Enought not yet said  
so here I stay  
We say some more  
Then we around again  
We dawn, story again,  
we oh so long poem

I

He watches me  
and I kid him about it.  
Hey you  
you see me?  
I feel you  
but no see.  
You have heard?  
What style clothes  
you wear?  
Pretty sharp good head  
you have maybe.

We sing song

We song

Words we

Never wrong

Choose carefully

Speak proper words

We yes song

to be

II

He now

have no beard

his face hang here

near my foot

Hey you

foot no boat

You see toe?

You know

You ~~have~~ no beard?

He kid

he wear

red

hot pant

he see

society

no buy

except apt maybe



he like

FM

Stereo

He find

clothes in <sup>TR</sup>sheet

he wear

sun hat

with winter coat

he hope

We so long life

We many a so long life

We different be

many a new

each time

each time be

new life

new rhyme

for many a

life time

Many a life time

Many a so long poem

this poem speak

words

*zap # 1 finger, light dim  
blue ink on the ~~of the same life~~*

words a new each time

new life

About ~~ix~~ a life some more

more we say

we here

we speak

---

Food\_macrobiatic restaurants.

Veg in

after restaurant, no sugar, no white flour, H.S. food  
knowledge keep high.

---

~~XX.~~

I bought two new pairs of sneakers. Three  
pair ~~xxxx~~<sup>1</sup> can't be used. ~~Two people (?)~~ *Two people*  
I can't wear one pair pants and one *T shirt* -- too  
heavy with from the apartment I visited one day.

\* That is really not as difficult as reading my old prose

<sup>perused</sup>  
Peter Rabbit dreamed

his mother rabbit in his mother

rabbit's nose. <sup>his</sup> Now Peter Rabbit <sup>know</sup> <sup>be</sup>

<sup>mother</sup> another rabbit's rabbit <sup>nose</sup> More was up his

father's ass? Peter Rabbit pondering <sup>ed</sup> the <sup>is</sup>

white <sup>sitting on the grass</sup> as the <sup>is</sup> sitting on

his mother rabbit <sup>bad</sup> rabbit's ass. Father rabbit <sup>comes along</sup> corner alas

<sup>has smoking grass</sup> be sneaking up some year.

Get your ass up off the grass says Pete Rabbit's father

being rabbit huffing on some grass

Peter Rabbit <sup>punched his father</sup> hundred be <sup>in his father's rabbit nose</sup> rabbit case

then he grabbed and puffed the <sup>of</sup> grass.

<sup>th</sup> After Peter Rabbit goes!

~~Bus-W to NY 1971~~

~~Children's book~~

The sunny son was witting there as happy as could be

was sitting there as many were, as one, or maybe we

The sunny son wasn't many

the sunny won was one

the sunny won was we

no wonder that the sunny sun was happy as could be

18-7

SloppyMuffet

broke her tuffet

in a great big *milk*

*Mother* Muffet

*could*  
used to ~~sloppy~~ sloppy  
*floppy*, what if *thiff?*

I mean what is this

you broke your milk *ff*

ah dear Miss *ff* Muffet

you broket your tuffet

*F*loppy, whose real name

was sloppy

had broken her tuffet

white is *A* the milk *milk*

*all over* her ~~milk~~ *milk*

and that is the real

*story of little milk*  
~~sloppy and real miss~~

Muffet

<sup>a</sup>  
Dawn and Sunset

When its dawn the sun rises

Or when the sun rises it<sup>r</sup> is dawn

The sky is *very pink* at the <sup>i</sup> time

and the *windows* of *buildings*

~~Facing~~ Facing east

It is quiet

There are ~~few~~ cars

and *very* many birds

The tides come in and out in

~~arm-slighten~~ *its own rhythm*

when the sun sets it is sunset

or when it is sunset the sun sets.

The sky? Very high at this time

<sup>the</sup> and windows of building facing west

*the sky is very pink*

It is noisy

there are many cars

and ~~very~~ few birds.



Okay then Monday I worked all day at the office with tremendous energy and went to dinner at a chinese restaurant picking out the lobster *Chedon* and vegetables and leaving the pork *Chedon* liver and fried wantons and went to see the movie "Klute". Tuesday I went to the ~~chiropractor~~ <sup>chiropractor</sup> again (I had gone Friday before also) and he reached a lesion at the base of my brain in the ~~skull~~ spinal column and I could feel my ear clear up and then I went to a job interview and dinner some quarter chicken with mushrooms in *maisola* and half a piece of cheesecake.

Went to visit B for a while and went home. Wed, Thursday Friday I stayed in all three days at the instruction of old light self not exactly sure why but gradually reafirm I was getting thinner and other cooling out process. The ~~chiropractor~~ chiropractor had gotten to me and released some more energy to cleanse me out. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

Now I was hoping for the red. I hid it up at the apartment. I had two beds here in my loft and under loft I had been sleeping on the upper loft but had changed around when I did the laundry. Now I could sleep on the lower loft mattress. It was directly on the floor ~~I~~ took too much out of the knee getting up. I had three pillows and had to keep changing them and I had to go back to the upper loft. I got a luminous flash off the sheet, one lilac, one turquoise and one red. Part of me was going turquoise a good strong clean energy. Color free from the purple tainted blue but the ~~right~~ <sup>#1</sup> side was still pale purple, purple blue and red. Once I stepped on a nail

on the loft floor and got the same hint of zippy shock I  
 got last November at the loft--the nail was purple. The nails  
 are all over the loft floor here (which is a whole raised  
 platform to make a room over the lower half of the room. Last  
 fall it would have been absolute misery and hanging to the  
 light here and a velvet ribbon I had in the loft last fall  
 its purple too. I wan't use the quilt anymore and the  
 blanket is only half clear although I *try* with my mind  
 to clean the bad energy off of th *ings*. I wash but *it works out*  
 I can't always do a big thing like a blanket. All I could eat *these*  
*days* was cottage cheese, and one egg, date nut bread

And *I preach* what was a mistake for the knee. I  
 didn't eat much of the health food date nut bread either and maybe  
 one half small container cottage cheese. I lost some  
 weight and looked young in the face again like I did last ~~November~~  
 But *the time I fasted,*  
 and even so. ~~But~~ I did watch TV and slept late waiting for my

~~first I had to put an ~~xxxx~~ ad in the Voice that finding  
 apartment again and feet really weak I was beset by the confusion  
 of mind making out ads and ~~xxx~~ it took me an hour to get my own  
 together. I had to figure out with *Charles* when to rent it to  
 for how much and although I had it figured out it still took an  
 hour. I bought some Hunts Palmer short bread *cookies* to get me  
 to the nearest luncheonette where I ordered chicken salad and  
 couldn't eat it or the potato salad because of the vinegar but  
 ate two pieces raw carrowts and one slice of cucumber and  
~~changed ~~xxx~~ for ~~xxx~~ cheese one ~~let~~ and ~~washed~~ potato ~~of~~ which I  
 ate ~~xxx~~ and went to buy a new pair of pants. I was ~~arrived~~~~~~



XX

18-11

and changed it for a cheese omelet and mashed potato of  
which I ate half ~~and~~ went to buy a new pair of pants. I was  
afraid my period would soil my only good white ones and  
the ones I wanted I need cotton weren't there so I went to the  
health food store bought some yogurt. I can't eat ~~its?~~ purple  
and knocks me ~~out~~ <sup>over</sup> like a feather. I mean I feel the <sup>sensation</sup>  
~~rem~~ <sup>as if</sup> of my back is pulling me backward and its like I'm  
sinking backward in something awful and some paradox fruit cake what <sup>is</sup>  
<sup>great</sup> of course its packaged in an aluminum foil container  
with plastic too so the <sup>fruit</sup> <sup>is</sup> purple and I have to clean  
it up with my mind before I eat it. I had little <sup>head</sup> and  
saw white <sup>lemonade</sup> <sup>circle</sup> <sup>surrounded</sup> <sup>already</sup> <sup>1/4</sup> " <sup>clean water</sup>  
omelets) <sup>cleaning</sup> my <sup>own</sup> <sup>hand</sup> <sup>eyes</sup> and realize this was <sup>7 up</sup> fruit  
cake. <sup>shouldn't</sup> <sup>god</sup> you about the 7 up yet. My <sup>behind</sup>  
schedule it was <sup>lost</sup> <sup>me</sup> and it <sup>is</sup> still in me. But <sup>the</sup> <sup>thought</sup>  
(<sup>too</sup> <sup>full</sup> from the <sup>slice</sup> in me. Then I went home  
and pondered ~~when~~ which bed to get into it and got into the upper  
loft <sup>as</sup> <sup>usual</sup> <sup>would</sup> when I'd get my period and I'm more  
sensitive in that region when I do. I can take in bad <sup>until</sup> <sup>whits</sup> <sup>easier</sup>  
Last night <sup>shook</sup> <sup>me</sup> I was <sup>weak</sup> + vulnerable and knew I had to  
take a long trip to the country next day to look at a house because <sup>it's</sup>  
been <sup>hitting</sup> me for a month. <sup>I</sup> have to get out and I have no



cream and fruitcake, went to sleep at midnight and woke at 6. Tonight Sunday had some cream and figs and fruitcake and a little yogurt

found plain or fruit it made me over and called the house to see if I could stay a week in a wret to finish this book and sleep outside will sleep inside but spend all my time outside and maybe lucky sleep in tent. I didn't sleep out this blanket but I'm sure I can't use them. I wouldn't sit in any chair and only the unused bedroom okay so there is a possibility no walking but I don't need to) HOPT then I wake all the

I'd write it during the week but it is difficult under everything I do but sought them has to be checked for color or I have to ask a interview, <sup>chance</sup> Chapters about what ~~right~~ <sup>aware</sup> cause I'm never sure what's happening and I'm miserable ~~xxxx~~ here most of the time although TV helps me to concentrate on something else. The <sup>notebook</sup> material itself is a bright <sup>purple</sup> deeply blue and I have

bought a <sup>note</sup> ~~note~~. I'm <sup>turning purple</sup> from writing my little <sup>finger</sup> ~~finger~~ and next <sup>H!</sup> on ~~right~~ hand plus edge of <sup>H!</sup> ~~right~~ arm

<sup>same</sup> Same for two toes and <sup>leg</sup> by one limb the blanket doesn't help but I write them quiet and I'm not like grass in

the desk purple last fall so I need a blanket. Now I know what happened in November. Because of the lesion a short

circuit at the base of my brain ~~is~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~pun~~ <sup>dulcine</sup> ~~carved~~ <sup>carved</sup> ~~only~~ <sup>got</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> Car ed out yet ~~for~~ as my back and part of the brain although I'm

not sure which. ~~legs~~ <sup>Sight</sup> but not ~~heavily~~ <sup>heavily</sup> and I couldn't read <sup>ch</sup>  
 beyond <sup>to</sup> a true state of enlightenment. I can't <sup>look now a dream</sup> a much  
 it weakens me. So I guess I spent all that time in water last  
 year to get ~~rid of the excess energy~~ rid of the excess energy and boy was  
 there plenty!

Saturday after <sup>mail</sup> bought some meat ~~at~~ I should've  
 got more cream <sup>is</sup> blue and some date nut bread semi con <sup>meat</sup>  
 I can't eat it too purple <sup>deep</sup> (dates) the frozen food counter sent  
 me reeling backward <sup>Wow</sup> <sup>what a</sup> and heavy vibe came from it don't  
 know whether it was oh lad me <sup>as</sup> <sup>go</sup> get to find a place to live please  
 help me B doesn't understand. I can't tell him I'm a year too late <sup>ch</sup> reading  
 this stage I can't handle the energy. I don't know what to do.  
 I don't know if <sup>the</sup> <sup>heavy</sup> <sup>vibes</sup> came from the <sup>metal</sup> <sup>Wed</sup> <sup>or</sup> <sup>packaged</sup>  
 wonderful food but I do under <sup>food</sup> <sup>packaged</sup> all goods are purple do  
 you realize B and we are <sup>going</sup> <sup>again</sup> and I can't stay <sup>at</sup> <sup>here</sup>  
 place deep purple <sup>I</sup> <sup>hear</sup> and I have nowhere to go and B is going  
 to turn me out ah please god help me find a place <sup>where</sup>  
 the <sup>vibes</sup> <sup>aren't</sup> so heavy I <sup>want</sup> <sup>my</sup> <sup>stay</sup> <sup>here</sup> please.

at 23  
at the loft

19-1

Goodbye Charlie. Hello Egg. Egg on goodbye.  
Sunday it began again. I had gone through the guilt -  
the vibes were too harsh for me to use it. Then the  
blanket became impossible, too. <sup>It</sup> They gave me pain, I  
was getting my period. I think that's why I was sensitive  
to the blue blanket. I have little "~~chocolate~~ cists" on  
my ovary. Plus, it made me feel funny. I couldn't use  
the pillow anymore. It gave me a pain in my neck. All  
I had was the sheet and it got chilly toward morning. ~~or~~  
I got chilly - anyway, I got up to get a shirt and Charlie  
told me to try a Mexican shirt I had at the loft during my  
long fast. Well, Charlie is usually right about clothes.  
I hadn't worn it ever and I thought okay it would ~~out~~ <sup>be ok</sup>. So  
I picked it up with both hands and zap! A shot of purple into both  
hands - a kind of irridescent deep purplement, a red tinged ?  
edged in black. It made my finger tips zingy! My feet  
Tingly and soft at the same time as if they were meeting.  
The feeling went like a shock up my right arm and ~~some~~ up  
the left. I dropped the shirt and cursed Charlie for  
suggesting the shirt and myself for being gullible enough

to listen to this spirit. Later I asked Charlie if he had done that to give me a jolt of energy and he answered yes. So I went back to the mattress, the one on the floor and lay down with one sheet around me and concentrated on my arms and hands trying to chase the purple out of my body before it reached the shoulders and the rest of me. I recited a mantra I was taught by the spirit a year ago, one that seems to generate mental energy so I can clear out bad energy from my body. So I held my right hand in the air and tried to get rid of the purple. But the forearm became very tense and painful, and I had to run it under water. There was red in it too. My hands were dry and tense and putting them in water relaxed the muscles. Well, it seemed to. Anyway, they became more flexible and the pain was less when I had my arms under the faucet. Meanwhile, I moved around on the small wooden (~~thank god~~) kitchen floor, because <sup>it</sup> I stood in one place too long the floor came up through the feet. That is my feet were shedding the red and purple energy and the wood floor picked it up and if I stood there too long I got it back, i.e. I became sensitive to the floor, just like in the good old days with the green ~~p-8~~ in the ~~mat~~. I stood for maybe three

hours moving from place to place holding my arms in front of me and concentrating on them. Where the pain was especially severe I would see an illusion - the picture being the pattern of embroidery on the shirt cuff and collar. This indicated to me that I should concentrate more on those areas. The heat came over me again, mostly in the left arm and there was some ~~p. 10~~ pain in the hand that made me double over - part in pain and part I think in order to stretch the muscles so the heat and pain would not contract them. I cried a lot. Sometimes I think ~~that~~ to get water out of the body ~~was~~ well as just a purge of emotions, making me feel better because I could vent my anger and disappointment and pain. I did eat that day. I had two figs and some cream and very little water and also some paradox fruit cake. (~~it was peanut butter I had eaten the previous week on health bread~~). I was backing away from the kitchen toward my little room, standing by the john. I was hoping enough of the purple would leave me so I could go lie down, but I didn't want to take too much purple with me because I knew I had nowhere else to go. I wouldn't go into B's room and leave that purple there - bad enough it was in the kitchen. Finally,

and a great feeling of truth came over me and a  
 I asked Charlie if I could lie down and he said okay  
 large soft black butterfly left my leg and I felt more  
 and I also felt enough had gone so I went and lay down  
 relaxed and thought, etc. the wish shall set you free  
 and concentrated this time on my right foot for there  
 was a band of ~~p-11~~ *shit print* around the ankle and the  
 foot was tense and painful. I remember ~~x~~ I had to  
 concentrate on my feet to get rid of the bad vibes from  
 the floor before I put them on the bed. So I crossed  
 my legs in the air, one resting on the other knee and  
 concentrated til I saw a luminate salmon color appear  
 at the place of the band around my ankle. It wasn't  
 that the ankle turned salmon color, it was that color *was*  
 there instead of part of my leg. I could see the edges of the  
 leg look like they were melting down. That is they became  
 soft and the energy left it and the edges weren't hard  
 and firm. Around then, I saw black bands circle the toe  
 and jump off as I concentrated and a wonderful cool feeling  
 came over the bottom of my foot as I worked on it. I  
 longed to be in the country so I could shed this glowing  
 red purple and black and let the earth absorb it as I  
 walked around and I thought, oh it would be awful for  
 the grass and flowers to lay the *shit* on them and then I  
 thought that what they're for is for , ~~p-18~~ wouldn't



mind and a great feeling of truth came over me and a  
 large soft black butterfly left my leg and I felt more  
 relaxed and thought ~~so~~, the truth shall set you free  
 could apply here too. But I wasn't in the country, I  
 was in the big city in a slum building in a tiny platform  
 built in a back room with a twin size mattress on the  
 floor, a narrow space alongside and a t.v. and phonograph.=  
 And I had to lie on that mattress with no pillow, no  
 blanket, no <sup>gown</sup> ~~p.~~ 20, only a sheet and sometimes I was  
 chilly, when I was pale blue I guess. I spent the next  
 day in bed and think I watched some t.v. and maybe that  
 was fun, but I couldn't watch too much. The set was red  
 and purple and black and orange and anyway, the energy  
 from it seemed to increase the bad vibes. So, finally  
 Charlie wouldn't let me turn it on. Tuesday I wake and had  
 a long ~~EEEEEE~~ conversation with Charlie before I was fully  
 awake. It goes like this. Thoughts come to my mind and  
 I ask Charlie if they're true or false and I get a signal.  
 Anyway, that day I got the information I was going to die  
 in a certain number of years not too far away because of

*thorazine*

~~the thorazine I had had in the p. 23~~ and ~~the~~ too much

cream I had had the day before (~~maybe/spoons instead of 2~~)

and the thorazine had cut off a little of the electricity

on the weak side of my body so it could not clean out

certain parts that needed it - ~~x~~ and that the cream had

too - shut off the electrical current somewhat so that

my communication with Chatlie would be not clear and I

would make mistakes (as I had done the last few months

by not following his advice) and the lack of circulation

to hand or foot or head would make me slow in one area or

another and ~~not~~ ~~p. 25~~ my complete enlightenment but *(not?)*

my physical life was in danger. Because of two pills and

some cream. Well, that sounds silly, but shutting off

the cleansing energy *of one's impaired body* is not

funny ~~p. 26~~ ~~42~~ and had a bad back and

~~needed all the help I could get.~~ Besides for want of a

nail. ~~You~~ know. Then it occurred to me that perhaps

my death in x number of years was not a physical one

but a spiritual one - ~~(not an ego death - a second~~

~~rebirth - I had gone through that)~~ but that the lack of

~~Charlie was telling me the truth. Also was I asking the~~

current (circulation, kundalini, ~~energy~~) would die down  
 because it could not cure all the ~~parts~~ <sup>of</sup> my body and  
 therefore could not operate at full strength and I  
 would be as ~~human~~ <sup>Endora saw ~~revelated~~</sup> ~~p. 28 on p. 28~~ days merely human. But  
 the worst fear was that through the inability of the  
 kundalini to operate fully I would never attain true  
 enlightenment, and as much as I went over the thought of  
 a short life, the reality got me. I wanted that complete  
 state more than anything, more than extra number of  
 years on this hoary place. I asked Charlie ~~when~~  
 thinking of my physical death, whether it would be slow  
 or sudden ~~from the~~ <sup>saw word ~~scattered~~</sup> ~~p. 29 & 30~~ sudden. I saw a  
 flash of yellow light, but only on one side. Then we  
 talked about (there seemed to be real conversation) where  
 I should live, country or city or what compromise and  
 buy a house or rent. Charlie said I would be poor, will  
 not have less money than I have now which is low income  
 housing level in New York City which is pretty little.  
~~I just can't figure out how everyone I know has less.~~  
 I also wasn't sure whether I was getting the truth from  
 Charlie <sup>he</sup> was telling me the truth. Also was I asking the

wrong questions. I still get a yes on an early death but mostly I've decided to try to make every day as pleasant and useful as possible and to do whatever it is I am here to do, besides enjoying my life and continuing on my search for full enlightenment and as healthy and perfect a body as possible, which will be ~~p. 33~~ to the kundalini and how efficiently I've ~~she~~ <sup>works</sup> ~~p. 33~~ in my body and ~~how~~ how much it will be hampered by that ~~short~~ circuit and weak spots in the body as I ~~unite~~ <sup>write this</sup> them. I get an indication that full enlightenment will be slightly dimmed, like an ~~p. 34~~ <sup>overcooked</sup> egg. We'll see. Charlie is still here, though I have dismissed him (about  $\frac{1}{4}$  here). Anyway, I got up miserable, especially thinking of my friend and family who had convinced me I should go to a ~~hospital~~, and never gave me a chance to even think about an alternative. Which there was one and I only thought of it too late. So, I can never really forgive them for not asking me what I thought would be a solution - it makes me too sad. I can hardly write - I mean fuck after the fast I was weak here ~~p. 36~~ <sup>but I could</sup> ~~Chick~~ ~~hospital~~ and so I ended up ~~p. 36~~ <sup>two</sup> ~~thorazine~~ in me

and it may not seem much to you, but it sure turned me on  
a down trip, shut off some energy on the weak side.

Maybe it isn't true. Maybe it's Charlie <sup>is</sup> that ~~p. 37~~ <sup>trip on</sup>  
my head, ~~as~~ the purple to see how ~~crazy~~ <sup>depressed</sup> I'll get and if  
I'll take it out on anyone which I only do in the  
privacy of my mattress and a little ~~p. 37.~~ <sup>here.</sup> Anyway,

I ~~do~~ know that thorazine is no damn good. Two didn't ~~hurt~~  
~~hurt more would have,~~ <sup>hurt more would have,</sup> ~~Anyway there I was upset and that~~ <sup>Flud. # 1 am</sup>  
brings me down a lot - took a nap and woke up with one  
arm sort of numb and in pain to the elbow and the right  
hand too. I got up and went to the sink and washed ~~me~~  
off some more standing there naked. And in the middle of this  
B comes in ~~p. 39~~ <sup>fuckin</sup> at me and I had to engage myself to  
take on a verbal and physical onslaught. It's very  
frightening when you ~~go~~ <sup>1050 open</sup> after and have just ~~gathered up~~ <sup>gotten set of</sup> a  
~~brush~~ <sup>hand</sup> of pain and are wondering if the news you got that  
day is true ~~and~~ to have someone come in and really push  
and shove you around and yell at you and tell you to  
get the hell out of the ~~head~~ <sup>pal</sup> you're living in, ~~what is this.~~ <sup>what is this.</sup>

Went to look at another apartment dark green with navy between A & B heavy. ~~Not high up.~~ (stairs I mean). ~~See~~. Picked up some red, ~~to~~ change, the coral spots to a deeper coral red. I feel like a magnet to everyone else's vibes. My own are heavy enough, ~~but man!~~ Am began to feel funny on way home ~~to~~ stopped in Caldron for a corn muffin to bolster the next few blocks. Anyway, when I ~~was~~ cooled off he said I shouldn't listen to Charlie. I would go ~~p. 42~~ *schiz* if I went on that way. I should overcome the pain - stand up and say no more pain - and go out for a walk. I didn't stand up or go out for a walk, but I said no more pain and it helped. If only the knee would listen.

Knee

listen

to me

no more

~~p. 43~~ *pain lame*

no more

pain *am*

~~no p. 43!~~

*arm*

*no*

*alarm!*

<sup>Cherry's</sup>  
 the ~~p. 44~~ and Charlie said <sup>that abt</sup> the place would be green  
 and red - it flashed me those colors when he ~~p. 44~~  
~~it in black~~ I thought about the apartment. So anyway,  
 I stayed, sleeping and feeling weak and getting all sorts  
 of confused signals on cherry yogurt, small container  
 plain yogurt and large container plain yogurt ( that  
 supposed to be the best). But I couldn't figure it all out  
 and I thought Charlie was <sup>perverse</sup> ~~p. 46~~ when his face appeared  
 on the cherry part of the cherry yogurt and I ate it.  
~~p. 46~~ ~~Charlie~~ But I thought there  
 must be sugar on the cherry preserves and that's no  
 good for me, so I checked Charlie out and lo! his face is  
 a no no sign so I said fuck you Charlie if you can't be  
 clear and if you don't like your own face - ~~a p. 47.~~  
 anyway - So I anyway asked Charlie to go away and asked  
 for a better spirit to guide me, one not so perverse.  
~~So~~ later I went to <sup>a</sup> the Kundalini Yoga master and he said  
 the spirit must be bad if I was so think in heart and  
 spirit and not eating enough and look how I looked. I  
 should go out and eat and eat (he's fat) if I want to live

in the city and got out and fight. the bad <sup>night</sup> ~~night~~ and I'd  
 go schizy if I kept this up and just go outside, breathe  
 deep and say negative <sup>psychic</sup> ~~p. 49~~ forces go away. He said  
 be sure to say negative because you don't want them all  
 to go away. So I walked out, said it for several blocks  
 and felt better and had a good lunch at the paradox, rice,  
<sup>veg</sup> ~~p. 49~~ salad and <sup>paradise home</sup> ~~p. 49~~ honey yogurt, watermelon, ~~paradox~~  
 apple crunch. Yogurt is a zingy food like the fruit cake,  
 it makes <sup>bubbles</sup> ~~p. 50~~ in your system and <sup>it was a hell</sup> ~~I had p. 50~~ because  
 it hastens the energy loss - at least I can see it come  
 out faster or maybe I can just see it come out.

heaven	lilac
cat	egg
sense	
energy	thorazine cream
present	blue dot
million	
occasion	
use reflected - green boy	
<del>p. 51</del> <sup>unmistakable</sup>	
religious - pink white plaid	
regard - blue and red	



feelings  
 red and blue - material  
 reflected )  
 )  
 react ) body  
 )  
 consciousness )  
 remodelling - daisy  
 focus egg  
 totality blue flash

I heard a buzzing in my ear the other day. I saw  
 black and white bubbles leave my head like a dart when  
 I lit upon the truth. Two purple eyes in the poster  
 and the picture of the quilt on one side of my body as I  
 got up to make a wrong (?) phone call. Or had I broken  
 Charlie bonds? The signal keeps coming, unasked for.,  
 also asked for. I am doing yoga/yogurt.

~~wear a pat yellow~~  
~~in p. 53 on and of screams~~ *A soap on Acid; someone* thinks of a number, *and she*  
 sees ~~it on~~ his face. ~~The face~~ lights up in that number.

professional

yogurt  
watermelon

impression

magenta

people

deep blue/black

feet

clear egg

clay

black dot

biographie

yellow egg  
1/2 coral sweater  
1/2 gree and orange p. 1 leaves

biceps

leaves

rewarded

long beige dress

accident

black ~~dot~~ with  
p. 1 out

person/?p. 2 *ality*

comfrey tea cover  
*print of the quiet*

I ask for an equivalent to the lions skin attaching  
itself to my ~~left~~ side and the two purple eyes in the  
poster as I determinedly got up to make a call about a  
country house, ~~in W.~~ No answer. I have defied the spirit  
and taken a house for August. The spirit does not ~~exist~~  
me to write and hold back my hand so that I do this  
with great effort. Nevertheless, I am attached to *writing*.  
~~literature.~~ It seems to be the only valid connection I

have between the spiritual and spirit happening of my life and the ordinary reality of life, work, friends, etc. Literature has a context in life as I have known it and although in many ways I could succumb to a state of dreaming, non action, non communication, I fight it, as much as I fought my over commitment to the world of ego and activity. To consider what is going on in my mind and around me, directed by whom? Is the prime object of my life at this moment. To sort out the signals that come to me. To make intelligent use of them - is that possible - my intelligence is rational and the rational intelligence cannot cope with the foreknowledge and energy (vibration) knowledge of the spirit. Still, in order not to be a puppet or to give myself up completely to forces I cannot understand, I am taking a part of consideration. What in some cases means obedience and in some cases rebellion. W. <sup>the country</sup> is rebellion. Or perhaps the first step in a year and a half to exal<sup>er</sup>ting my own will in a direction that has proven to be good for me in the past. Some country living has always been a happy

necessity for me and it is the other thing (writing was the first) that I have ~~p. 7~~ *Sobbed* for ~~x~~ in supplicaton to divine forces. Please letme go to the country. I want to get well. According to the spirit the two are not synonymous. I could get better in the city with the exception of fresh air in my lungs. I am overriding the spirit however, and we shall see what the month brings.

I went to a lecture on Kundalini Yoga and asked the Yogi what to do about the heat and the pain and he told me to chant Satnam in the Mahamudra posture every day. I can barely get in it and I can't chant, but I breathe out and concentrate on my little mantra and even a bit seems to break the line of ? in my leg. The first time I did it I saw a thick black line about  $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick appear down my entire leg. Then I went to see the Yogi. I had seen the previous week and said the spirit still around and he said you're not getting rid of him ~~seriously~~ seriously enough and why don't you ask the spirit to make you well. Look what he's done to you - if he's even wrong two%of the time how can you follow his advice. Get rid of him and a better spirit will come in. Then I said I couldn't

use any of the same clothes, and sleep in the same places I had when I got over the bout in November and he said go to Canada. So I look upon his advice with doubt. I do not wish to flee but to conquer my realities here - to get strong enough so that, for example, ~~when I am at B's, where I am now,~~ I am able to use a blanket I used in March! In March I could use the spread but not now! A bore and a drag. SO I went ~~to W~~ to look for a house and nothing but heavy vibes for the knee and back (which is where I am sensitive, plus eye) <sup>to</sup> ~~lit~~ over the phone info about another house and I saw a clear blue. <sup>sp</sup> spot in the air and a broken black line ~~(better none at all of color)~~ <sup>course</sup> so we went and the house was clear - a clear blue and a <sup>luminous</sup> ~~lemonade~~ clear egg in the middle of the air so I thought it over for an evening and decided to do it, even though no car for shopping and movies a problem (driving is definitely no good this year, bad vibes for the knee and <sup>pain</sup> ~~pain~~ and I'm too inattentive still to drive safely). So I'm doing the house and we'll see what luck I have on hitching to town and back. Perhaps this book may be construed as blackmailing the spirit - ok. I challenge

the spirit to send me only the best knowledge, the truest -  
 or to go away entirely. Last night against advice, I ate  
 too many sesame cookies and experienced pain in the knee  
 muscle. p. 16 I saw a sesame cookie on the spot. I  
 makes these images go away where they appear by concentrating  
 on the spot. Every time I pick up another book, Jung,  
 Borges ~~for two days~~ I am convinced of the appropriateness  
 of the book. Whether as a description of my physical  
 problems with the energy, or as a description of my dealings  
 with the spirit and how to understand <sup>incorporate</sup> p. 17 and use this  
 knowledge, I don't know. But no one person's experiences  
 are never that unique so it seems to me that if anyone  
 person gets any one piece of information from here that  
 encourages him or elucidates for him some experience <sup>unknown</sup> p. 18  
 then the book is worth the effort ~~on my part for I earnestly~~  
~~believe in communication.~~ Someone said it is through  
 us God speaks to himself. We are all <sup>carriers</sup> p. 19 of information.  
 All I ask is that Charlie go away and a truer more

intelligent face closer to the divine will, and the center of intelligence and knowledge, speak to me if a spirit speaks to me at all. Some of the errors are on my part. I must cleanse mentally everything I eat - clear off the purple vibe - it only takes a second or two and I sometimes mistake this signal as one not to eat. Then I sometimes think the cleansing is obsessive - but when I don't do it, more purple and black gets in to the weak side.

It is good to read in Jung some corroboration and explication of spirit influence, for example, in "The Phenomenology of the Spirit in Fairy Tales": "the archetype of spirit in the state of a man, hobgoblin or animal always appears in a situation where insight, understanding, good advice, determination, planning, etc. are needed but cannot be mustered on one's own resources. The archetype compensates the state of spiritual deficiency by contents designed to fill the gap." In trying to come to an ~~evaluation~~ evaluation of Charlie and the information

he offered certain things are evident. The knowledge  
 I needed and that was and is supplied to me <sup>is</sup> primarily  
 that which will cure my body, the direction on food for  
 example, once the cleansing operation is over can be  
 clear. Certainly negatives that I consciously ~~p. 23~~ <sup>disobey</sup>  
 end up in pain in some area, the sesame cookie on the  
 knee muscle. ~~The other information, I am supplied with.~~  
 Since I am sensitive to, but cannot always see, the  
 vibrational ~~p. 24,~~ <sup>level there is info on</sup> is what to avoid or to accept, in  
 food, soaps, clothes, furniture, friends, houses, streets,  
 etc. An obedience to these directions lead<sup>s</sup> me safely  
 through things I can handle, and not receive pain or  
 purple black vibrations. So many times I have disobeyed  
 and found pain. Sometimes ~~at the~~ <sup>rather</sup> considerations seem more  
 important to me, or myself disciplin<sup>e</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>to</sup> weak, but having  
 a tendency to isolation and the spirit forcing me to more  
 of it. I must fight that often. The spirit also has in the  
 past pushed me very far in the direction of my weaknesses,



by excess indulgences and experiences and I am free of

them finally, ~~the one~~ <sup>the Isolation</sup> isolation. I have dreamed many <sup>social</sup> ~~serial~~

~~serial~~ dreams lately, a party, reviewing someone's

book, friends <sup>to with</sup> who I haven't seen in a long while ~~talking~~ <sup>happy</sup>

to me again, lovers and companiable men. I haven't moved

in any of these directions yet. I do not find them

temptations from any spiritual path as I don't believe

in isolation or any old fashioned eastern tradition of

hermetic existence. Nevertheless, times of retreat are

necessary for me, to get myself physically well, to

reach deeper into myself, <sup>or perhaps</sup> ~~and p. 28~~ it is sloth and

my ~~old~~ old childhood problem of isolation. I have to

be careful of one while experiencing the other. Living

with B for 3 months I did little, I lived somewhat

vicariously. The minute I got here I started to read a

Zen macrobiotic book, deciding to incorporate some of

that knowledge into my dietary considerations and also

to have more knowledge with which to fight off the

maliciousness of my spirit. I had brown rice and onions

with B last night and though I was hungry later on, it was delicious. The yogurt is working well and some blackstrap molasses? (indication no.) Better stay with the iron pills. I really don't know any more about the advice I get. Perhaps going to the country will clear my mind enough so that I can experience what I eat and will not have to rely on an intermediary intelligence - which so often seems to be a messenger between one part of me and another - between the awakened and unawakened parts. So, it seems clear to me, though I may be wrong, that the third eye is only partially open and that to open it further requires physical health so the energy will neither be caught in certain areas nor need to stay there to repair them.

I have for some days now been seeing ~~px~~ <sup>cookies</sup> ~~p. 32~~ on my body. They first appeared in a ~~sense~~ <sup>slow</sup>, i.e. several at once, on ~~p. 32~~ <sup>various</sup> places on one side of my torso - I thought they were like the designs for chakras in the book I'd been reading, but they were in the opposite side and in the wrong places. I also thought they looked like ~~p. 33~~ <sup>cookies</sup> so that's what I call them. I think they were placed over the various organs in my body that need tuning up -

several! I'm not supposed to eat cookies,  
 even health food ones, or even paradox applie crunch or  
 sweet breads ~~health food~~ <sup>again</sup> - but I do because of the  
 sugar and because they're packaged, purple and yin. But  
 I do and feel like I'm sinning something awful. I'm  
 destroying myself by doing it (action on: it tqkes such  
 a small thing, well we went into that) but I can't eat  
 very much. Of today however to celebrate B's first  
 reading ate Chinese - had  $\frac{1}{2}$  dubonnet on rocks (Shouldn't  
 at ~~all~~ <sup>at all</sup> ~~forget~~ about kidney-bladder infection) - chicken,  
 1 pc. duck and ~~oh~~ oh to some pork egg foo ~~yung~~ yung - oh  
 3 tablespoons and and no much ~~prok~~ <sup>prok</sup> - firstanimal product  
 aside from yogurt - and cheese ~~p. 36~~ <sup>since</sup> "4 days". I wanted  
 to ~~see if~~ <sup>see if</sup> ~~p. 36~~ the protein would cheer me up but it seems to  
 be people that do that. It did take away the hash depression  
 of the morning. ~~After concert and lunch with friend went~~  
~~alone to Roaring 20's and hated it,~~ <sup>Wanted</sup> ~~p. 37~~ and being alone.  
 Saw L and M in restaurant. M. ~~evokes~~ <sup>looks</sup> wonderful a clear  
 yellow egg over her head. She said the sun in India was  
 marvelous and another clear yellow egg appeared. What I'm  
 getting off M <sup>is</sup> pale blue circle ~~p. 38~~ <sup>surrounded</sup> by red purple

of making a man it's said. Yeah. ~~Yellow egg on~~ ~~малtese~~  
~~maltese falcon off to read.~~

Appointment with new astrologer from M. Also *palmists*

p. 43 name but later or no for that. Fortune cookie  
 did say work to be accomplished today. I constantly chide  
 myself for selfishness. Spirit doesn't want me to have  
 guest in country but how can I have house and not share  
 city city uptight friends? Well asked the weekend  
 several times, oh spirit! (He p. 44 - knows)  
 They'll have to do their own food cooking, of course. So  
 what. Rice and vegetables and peanut butter. My father  
p. 45 page for the house - he offered last winter - it  
 allows me not to p. 45 which supposed  
 to be for a place to live.

23-1  
~~23-1~~

Fast Day 14 on

whole  
Section 23 fast  
p1-28

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28 kgo

It is now time to remember the last week I spent in the sink.

My birthday was during the period of the second week and I was disturbed 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, Fl it caused little black Fl . I didn't want any black

~~Fl~~ . I already had some from I thought answering the phone once when it rang the first week there was truth in my fear when the electricity in the phone makes the muscle spasm worse. I'm very sensitive and it transmits the bad vibrations of someone speaking on the other end, if these are bad. It transmits the good too. But what was the concern of the energy directing me, was to keep any additional electricity ~~am~~ or power at a minimum. The radio, TV, phone were off, and only one light bulb was on, and one in the bathroom and no candles burned, except the one on my birthday, which turned into such beautiful leaf shapes and had such a lovely smell. The black, as I see it now, is a constricting band around the vast areas of muscle tension. Some black left the calves of my leg yesterday. Some people have it all around them in a big thick line, my friend at the door. Remember? I was also sensitive to the vibration of people living in the building. When the person with thick bands of black purple and yellow went by the door, a

23-  
#2

wave of cold came into the room. I submerged in water and covered my exposed parts with a blanket. I had a blanket and one or two sheets I could use intermittently in emergencies and let "cool out" the rest of the time. When 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 this must be green and red and the red, probably, sending intense heavy vibes up to me. Once in a while someone would go by and there would be no bad reactions. I assumed these people were cooled out to what I assumed was near a pale blue color. This was the scale I had at that time. Red, black, purple, green, bright dark blue, blue, yellow. These colors advanced to the white light of purity. I didn't know any golden light people, but I knew a couple of blues. 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 knocked on the door the second Sunday, the 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, and even if I didn't judge him to be purple, which I did, I remembered his vibrations had caused pain to my knee the previous summer, before I even realized my knee was going to be a barometer to the gentleness around me. I suppose the highest ~~vibes~~ are the gentlest, which is why it gets so peaceful when you get high. Those

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f3

vibes just seep in all the little corners and you let go. Or vice versa. Anyway, I also thought, having some dim awareness of the Tibetan Book of the Dead, that I couldn't be reborn this time to my family parent-child situation. I should have to find another solution. Also in terms of sheer practicality considering my state and my sensitivity to metal and vibrations, how was I going to make the long drive to my parents' home, even though tubs and showers aplenty awaited me. (I didn't think of those til 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, and, purple again! So I assumed a different voice and told him I was a friend of mine staying there and that I had gone to the country for a couple of weeks and had no phone. So he went away. And I contemplated, not at all happily, how I was going to get out, and who would come and take me away, how would I clean up the awful mess (everytime I used a paper or glass or utensil long enough it got purple, and I couldn't use it anymore, so I threw it in a pile on the floor, along with the leaves and rags and ashes, broken plates broken glasses broken cups) and where I would go I didn't think about, only how nice it would be to have a bath tub, so I could wash all of me at once, and relax in a comfortable position covered by the soothing water. But the one person

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F4

whom I thought could deal with the purple, who might know how to handle it, a person I loved and 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 hearing 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 sneeze, the thought, and I repeated the name twice, automatically, my body bending, almost convulsing to it. I was pretty sure this person would come, if they got the message, for telepathy is still pretty shaky, especially in the city with so much interference, and people so inactive in their own thoughts and the crises of living. I also knew in my heart that I had set one week from that day, the 21st day of the event, to be 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 could expect my friend to come. I had to get out then.\* And then, of course, is when I did get out, but more later of that.

\*Indication here to throw the I Ching, while ~~F10~~ *writing* this. #9 Revolution to 55 Abundance. Revolution. The Judgment. On your own day you are believed. Supreme success, furthering through perseverance. Remorse disap-

*check original*



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f5

pears. The Image. Fire in the lake, the image of Revolution. Thus the Superior Man sets the calendar in order and makes the seasons clear. Nine in the Fifth Place: The great man changes like a tiger. Even before he questions the oracle he is believed. His marking is distrust. (Lady Tiger) Now the spirits are having fun with me again. Go to it, booby, they say. 55. Abundance. The Judgment: Abundance has success. The king attains abundance - Be not sad. Be like the sun at midday. The Image: Both thunder and lightning come: the image of abundance. Thus the superior man decides lawsuits and carries out punishments. The spirits want me to be happy, and write a funny book. Funny purple. I just discovered, I think, that the magenta is a balance between purple and red, yin and yang, alkaline and acid. At least you are centered in your potassium-sodium balance. Laugh. Diversion. I think that day, when my father left, was my low point. The night before, had been pretty funny. I had a fear of red, which as I understood it in my color oriented hell, was the worst, worse than black. Maybe cold, so cold it felt hot. I didn't know. I didn't want to know! But the energy said I had to have some red, enough to make one red rose on a black stem. Just that much red and black. I said why can't I have a pink rose! No. One red rose. So I began to fear that if the blue I wanted to see came he would have a red ego, and if he looked me in the eye, I

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F6

would get a red eye in my weak eye. So I kept a pair of sunglasses beside me. I had <sup>some</sup> a few in the <sup>loft</sup> house and I'd wrap my feet in paper, tie them in ribbon, or some wonderful sticky paper tape I discovered I could use right on the bottom of my feet, F13 <sup>climb</sup> down out of the sink. Go quickly over to the sunglasses. Maybe <sup>pick</sup> put up some soap in the bathroom, hop back up. Wash one foot, put in sink, throw paper on floor, wash other foot, throw paper on floor, try out soap, nope, too purple. Zingy (that's what it felt like, a mild charge), throw soap on pile on floor and aha, try sunglasses. Great. For two minutes, then they got purple and caused a pain on my head when I put them on alone where the plastic side piece touched my head. So throw on floor and repeat process. Go find other sunglasses. Finally found one pair I kept beside me for a few days but eventually it too, landed on floor. The floor was getting pretty tricky 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! Anyway about the red eye of love - I remember hearing a ~~xxx~~ song about that - I knew eventually I'd look him in the eye and get a red eye and I was both angry and afraid and the night before my father came which was a Saturday night I looked up at the animals on the sheet I'd hung up to keep the purple of

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/F7

the stove and fridge away and one had a red eye. I just looked and he looked at me with his red eye and I laughed and I said so that's my red eye and it wasn't so bad after all. And weeks later when I was with D. and my eye hurt he looked and said you have a red spot in it and I'll take it out and he looked in my eye and took away the red. So after my Saturday night date with the red eye of love and my Sunday sending my father away I decided at some point I was going to have to let someone in and what a mess the place was. I kept using little glasses. I had at least two dozen round ones from the five and ten plus some tumblers, cups, pitchers, saucers and plates. I couldn't use the beautiful butterfly plates with the gold rims I had stolen from a dept. store because the gold turned purple real fast! So these were thrown on the pile unused. What did I use all these glasses cups and plates for, since I wasn't eating, and had already gone three days without drinking. I drank some for a few days and then went some three or four more without drinking again. A mistake, but I didn't want to put anything purple in. And the water came out of the faucet which was metal, and purple. Well I still should have been drinking. Damn double stubborn Scorpio. I used the glasses and cups and plates to put water in and pour over my back, and to purify by my mind until all the frizzies or purple was gone and a

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F8

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water lily or a pink flower appeared in the water and I knew it was clear. Then I'd pour it in my bad eye to wash away the purple. The eye was several shades in 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 and fingers. First the little black line would go, and the one or two red dots. Then I'd begin to feel my hands and fingers relax. I'd concentrate some more on the muscles and at the base of the fingers and in between, all the way up to the nail, until a little brightly colored candle would leave my finger tips. Then I'd feel even more relaxation, and the skin would become translucent and my good hand especially would feel lighter than air and then I knew my hands were clean enough to handle my eye (it had troubles enough without adding bad vibes) so then I'd clean the glass and the water in it in the same way and 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 too much purple remained and 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 and a blue glass and use them over again until the colors got too intense. The purple had to be thrown away first. I tried heating some of the plates and cups on the flame on the stove to purify them that way. I had some beautiful little white

23-  
F9

cups and saucers, demi tasse, Swedish china, and they purified to pink in a very gratifying manner. These lasted longer than anything else. In the end I had one cup left and some enamel cooking dishes too heavy for me to lift with one hand. I put these cups and saucers on the flame and when they were hot and pink I'd touch my fingers under the water, used my mind, concentrate and lift them off. They were hot but never burned my hand. I can't handle that heat now, I tell you. But I could then. The way I could handle fire. It never burned me if I didn't (and 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 powers? I cleaned china. I had to be particularly careful of the handles of cups and the lips of pitchers. A lot of bad black vibes, as seen by dotted black lines, collected in the handles and at the joints where the handles joined the cups and 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 in little controlled drips. I could therefore use hotter water and aim carefully at one specific point on my arm or hand and really hit a tension point and feel the tension leave me and see a butterfly leave me. It was the use of the pitcher with its careful tiny drops, rather than the sloshes (bigger bowls of water) that got my left arm into a state of

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F10

relaxation and translucent lighter than air feeling.

Later I saw a picture of Krishnamurti and I could tell that his face and neck muscles were all translucent and relaxed like my left arm. Butterflies only left the places of greatest tension, the right arm, or the right calf. It was great to see one fly off. Then I felt like I'd had a massage. I thought a lot about those Greek baths and Greek water boys pouring water from high above (you can regulate the pressure of the stream depending on the height) and I thought oh you Greeks had it made you did you really knew what you were doing. And the long handles on the pitcher, so clever, so much easier to clear out the bad vibes. How I wanted a Greek water boy to pour water over my back. Or a shower, or a tub! How I cursed my fate at having to sit in a double sink, and how I thanked my lucky stars for having a double sink! And two ledges to sit on, so one could cool out while I used the other. The most useful thing I had, aside from the beautiful reusable tiny white Swedish cups, was the Whole Earth Catalogue. I had all the Whole Earth Catalogues and the difficult but possible supplements. The paper from these, and the paper from the macousless diet book, and from my Herb Tea book (which I kept by me for reference as to which tea to sip) contained the purest untreated paper. I could sit on this and relieve my ass from the tortures of the wrinkles on the F25 paper on one side

(eventually caused an open sore, poor ass) to the place along the sink on the other side where the lilac collected and I couldn't get it out and it stung like hell to sit on it. Also the whole wall behind the sink which would be either on my right or left was covered with holes. It was a peg board painted white to hang pots on and it was absolutely bare (a chipmunk just came to my door) and the energy ricocheted out of those little holes and hit me like bullets so I had to cover them up with paper and I couldn't use anything to glue the paper down with because the energy would dry out the corners too fast those little crinkles and corners would reflect the energy back in a far worse way than the holes, and to touch the wrinkled paper would be like touching a knife. So the best thing was to use sheets of the whole earth catalogue and keep them up on the wall by keeping them damp. The wetness cooled out the purple, too, for they would turn. When they got too bad I had to throw them away and change the paper. I also used some sticky stuff. (I had a whole wonderful role of glued paper that worked well as slippers or on the wall but I liked to keep it for my feet and to cover the two electric sockets. Once I had a picture of Dylan up and a story of the ant farm. I wondered if they called it the ant farm because they could see the little black lines of bad energy moving through their body. I wondered if you always (unless you lived in a cave or on a

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mountain in India) had little black lines to deal with and I wondered if the little black lines were manageable as long as they didn't solidify into big 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 and tigers that left my toes. Now the real reason I couldn't go home with my father was that tigers and leopards were still leaving my toes. Aha! I haven't told you of my greatest pleasure of all. The occupation of my entire third week, cleaning out the leopards and tigers from my toes! I discovered, after I had gotten all the butterflies out of my calf, that a lot of the tension was collected in my feet. Especially as I went walking on the carpet or floor at least once a day. The little fat pads around and under and between the toes contained a lot of, I guess not so much purple as dirty yellow and orange and black and brown. I knew I had to clean these out or the bad vibes (read muscle tension or just shit stored in the fat of the body) would go back up to the calf. So I kept only a tiny bit of water in the sink and started dripping very hot water on the fat little pads. I would also flick them with my

*Wendy*



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F13

fingers wishing my nails were longer. When I got a whole bunch of energy out a tiny tiger or leopard would leap out of my toe, leaving the skin soft and relaxed instead of firm and painful. So that was the other thing I did with my mental powers, I cleaned my toes and created little tigers and leopards and big butterflies and many sized flowers. And I purified and purified and purified. I used to put the side of my foot by the little toe where there is a fat pad, or the side of the big toe where there is a lot of fat under the steaming hot water and yell ouch but the heat would release a tiger and that was my only form of self torture - water just too hot to be comfortable. After a lot of tigers escaped I stopped doing that and <sup>poured</sup> water from the pitcher rather than the faucet. The inside spot on the toe next to the big one, and the pads underneath were particularly zingy and those who enjoy squeezing pimples will I guess know the exact state of my pleasure. Maybe not - I hate aqueezing pimples 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 became wonderfully soft and smooth under this process, truly beautiful and not too soft to use or anything like that and I thought aha 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 witness Paul to J's Christ. He had it made. People washing

23-  
14

his feet, using the water and their hands and their minds to get out all the little tigers from the toes. I was very happy doing this idiot work because I saw I was accomplishing something and also because the great pain had left me and I no longer doubled over in agony with that great band across my back going hotter and tighter. What did piss me off was pissing. The universe really flubbed when it didn't suggest I buy a hose to attach to the sink faucet and I really told the One Mind a thing or two about the human female anatomy. I mean like I finally cooled out one color, right, and got to one less intense, when I'd have to pee. Now the pee was always the color of the day before, and I'd get this pee on me, or on my foot, and I'd get zingy all over again from the pee and it was hard to wash off myself 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 in here, you can believe! Imagine the luxury of peeing right down the drain with only a drop or two to lob off at the end.) I mean I was in this sink! Whether or not I drank I peed once every day and at the end little grainy green fine sand came out and God knows what that was but I ended up with a urinary tract (kidney?) infection that the hospital never discovered bless their stupid hearts. They thought all that pus in the urine was from a vaginal disease when it was F35

keep clean  
E. M. ...

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#15

from a carpet

from the 7 Up. More later. Anyway it was through the pee I realized it wasn't only purple and lilac - the purple was painful and the lilac less so, but very zingy (read small electric shocklike feeling) - but blue and orange and a metallic blue and a metallic orange (metallic colors very painful) and a silver and a metallic rose I had to deal with. These all had to be wiped off trying not to spread yesterday's colors around and so setting me back a day in my color cooling out process. It was somewhere along here that I saw two orange pills and didn't know this was a warning on the ~~xxx~~ thorazine. That it would set me back. And God knows I was going through enough pain to get rid of all this shit. Think of all the aluminum in me from pots, and the chemicals from food, and from drugs and from medicines - and alcohol I used to drink and teas with dye in them And And God Bless America she needs it especially the Fair Foods Act or is it the laugh Pure Foods Act. More more, don't they realize your body has to purify itself of all this shit? Of course no obligation to take the three week crash course. But. I was too bemused by my animal kingdom to wonder about the two round orange pills but they sure set me back some. They shut off the electricity in some delicate areas and fuck them all for not knowing what they do. And how can you explain to an unenlightened person that thorazine shuts off

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/16

your electricity when you don't even know that for sure all you know is it shuts off your mind. That's all I knew then anyway, from the experience of friends and you can drink coffee to give you the speed back. I did, and lots of water to wash it out, I did. But still it's there and you gotta gettrid of it. The cure is worse than the disease. If it's your body you're back where you started, and if it's your mind and you're a little psycho on the astral plane it just brings you down instead of up and it shuts off that which can rearrange everything in the proper manner. Your prana, energy, electricity, life force, mind. So beware everyone of the little round orange pill. The other weird idea I had and this thought I dwelt on considerably was that 7 Up would turn you green when you came in from the outside and were purple. There's a little red dot on the 7 Up bottle and this was a warning I knew but what I should have done when I got out of the sink instead of drinking bottles and cans of it on an empty kidney was to buy stock in it, cause it sure want up around then. All bottled drinks are bad, they have chemicals and sugar and they're worse if they come in cans. Any head knows this. *body please*

*Hannah it alkalizes dumb girl*

I became very concerned with how in real life you could cool yourself out when you came in from the purple outside, and invented an elaborate bath system ~~ah~~ the lucky Greeks whereby when you came in you left all your outdoor

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F17

clothes in one place, and your indoor clothes in another where they were washed and you stepped into a nice shower with and or without a friend to pour water on you or wash your feet and after the shower and or tub or pitchers or what you put on a nice clean smooth white robe, no designs or colors or holes to catch the energy and send it zinging back or collect purple, and there you joined your other clean white clad friend with maybe straw slippers for your feet or maybe not - bare and a lot of minds cleaning up the floor. I mean I hoped I wouldn't have to do all the housework in this dream apartment cum baths arrangement. This dream palace would be all of wood, no metals, no holes, no places for the energy to congregate or zing back at you and get you from behind or something.

At this point I pause in my ~~xxxx~~ bread and honey and water diet for some scrambled eggs toast and corn oil marg (instead of butter because of the arthritis, which the honey is bad for too). This bread is homemade and delicious and not made by me! I look with longing at the honey pot. The honey pot. That reminds me. With me during this period, on the kitchen shelf was one of those little plastic animals filled with honey. The plastic cap had a little spout. Now aside from my purely feminine problem of how to pee neatly and I even a couple times sat over the edge of the sink and peed into the

use a broom

garbage on the floor: I had another problem. I wasn't shitting. Of course I hadn't eaten anything except the first week but I could smell the nut butter in me. I even farted spotted pale brown farts, but mostly I could just smell that nut butter and I knew that in any Purification routine a cleansing of the intestines that was important. So I should take an enema. But how. I hadn't bought the two fleet enemas suggested by the energy on my shopping sprees at the beginning of the adventure and the two douche bags, one used for douching and one for enemas (I'd lost the little nozzle and had to buy a second) were, one in the bathroom and purple and two in the bottom drawer of the dresser and bright green. And if you thought I was going to put that up my ass! No more stingy zingy's please. So I looked around for something to use because I knew I had to do something and my eye lit on the honey bottle. Dear plastic honey animal bottle with spout. (I had thrown away a shampoo bottle with a center spout days ago and it was buried deep in rubble.) So I emptied the honey from the honey bottle and bit off the end of the plastic to make the hole larger and also rough and scratchy! and filled the honey bottle with water and then I tried to figure out how to do all this in the sink. The logistics were tricky. I couldn't lie on the long counter, too zingy, and I couldn't kneel on it I might fall off it was slippery and the other side had a shelf too low with a hook

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anyway and the sink was too small to kneel in so I finally just tried to stand, and lean over and stick the nozzle of the bottle in my ass but the nozzle was awfully tiny and the opening very small and it was hard to squeeze any water out of the bottle. But I finally succeeded in getting most of the bottle empty but then nothing came out. Later (or then?) I did another bottle but still nothing came out so I guess my intestines were thirsty and absorbed the water like a sponge. Once I started to eat after the fast I never did have any trouble shitting so I guess I didn't do any harm but it would have helped a lot to have shit because if the pee was a day behind in color, think of the feces. They're still purple when the rest of me is slowly going magenta. ~~Failures on the path.~~ I used to take a lot of enemas when I started shifting the balance of my system from acid to alkaline and I know it helped a lot; besides getting me high. Now I just eat fruit, or vegetables. As a matter of fact, when I first realized I was on a mental plane and in contact with them's above all I could think of was the douche bag and the enema bag and being embarrassed and laughing at myself because I had two and was a double Scorpio. Sometime I'll tell <sup>write</sup> 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 spout wasn't large enough to make washing it worthwhile and I couldn't bit it off

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#20

anymore cause it had been up my ass and I wouldn't touch scissors cause they were metal and the first things to go really purple. In case of emergency I had tried a piece of cloth to the handle of one pair, wrapped them in paper and put them in a jar of water on the top shelf! All the metal in the house, brackets for bookshelves, faucets, door handles I had been instructed to paint over. I didn't know why. But I did. It was because in the intense energy scene I was in this metal not only collected the heaviest vibes - the first to be thrown off - but reflected them back like a mirror and this was bad for my weak eye, which collected shit wherever it lit. I think the only thing unpainted was the faucet in the sink - not that must have been painted but maybe the paint wore off - I had to keep the faucets and handles covered with the Whole Earth Catalogue or some cotton pants the whole time.

They really thought I was nuts in the hospital because of this aversion to metal which shone so brightly my eyes were so open and I didn't understand its mirror effect with the energy then. I thought I was allergic to it or something. Anyway that's why I had a big sheet draped over the stove and refrigerator and the best was one of those old fashioned seersucker spreads because it was heavy enough to protect me and the little bumps weren't big enough to ricochet the energy back.



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I had a garbage problem. Soon after my father left I realized someday someone was going to come in and I couldn't leave that mess for someone else to pick up. I didn't want to do it either because every housekeeping chore put some old shit back in my body but I gathered myself together. I had all those yellow plastic bags so I took out two from behind the metal cupboard where a rat died in the drain leaving a horrible smell and a lot of black that rushed out but I had a sheet around me and I stuffed all the garbage in those two or four sacks and left them on the floor so I could throw more garbage on top without it soaking to the floor below, then I spread some towels around and wiped up the wooden floor it was getting soaked because I kept pouring water over my arms and back and some of it went outside the sink and then I had to wash off the counter when I sat on it but this I figured out if I splashed the water out on the brown matting it would not only ~~absorb~~ *absorb* the water but take away some of the green. It did. By the end of the third week when I knew I had to clean up and get out there were thirty yellow plastic bags of garbage which I had hauled over to the dining table and chairs and covered with a sheet. The far end was still filled with decaying pots of <sup>pee</sup> rice and clothes were strewn all over the place on the floor so they could cool out but at least the mess around

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F22

the sink was in order and I began to throw the stuff away into the plastic bags and not on them. I had it seemed a never ending supply of dishes or cups or glasses or paper or soap. Well I ran out of soap. I used it to cover my knee to prevent the energy from leaking out so fast but I couldn't use the soap that had been in the bathroom and besides it came in a gold wrapper and had scent in it. I should have bought the six bars of Ivory indicated by the energy, or the large bottle of shampoo which was pure. I tried some face cleanser but the chemicals in it stung. I was so sensitive I couldn't use anything with chemicals in it. The only time I broke that rule was to spray some lemon and lime shaving cream (from a metal container yet) on the pegboard and smell it. I ~~smell~~ <sup>craved</sup> smell more than I craved food. I took two leaves from the scented candle and smelled and smelled them til the energy had a fit and made me throw them away (deep purple) and they went down the drain. But I then began to remember the smell of the candle when I needed a lift. It still comes back to me. I wasn't hungry at all. I did get thirsty. I don't know why I didn't drink more. Because of the lilac 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 would tell me to make some tea and I would make the tea and pour a little

in a tiny white cup and then it would make me, I thought, throw it away, or 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 and it tasted - like three sips - like a full meal I had all these teas, fennel, and fenugreek and rose hip and eyebright wheat, latter I lived on the first week and washed my eye with it too. I used the teas to wash with. Wash myself or the shelf to get rid of the lilac, they were very good for absorbing the colors and to clean out the sink. I was constantly busy cleaning one place or another or getting out some tigers or leopards or butterflies or heating water or purifying dishes on the fire and I never you won't believe it had any time to rest and if I got too relaxed the energy would make me get up and go into the studio for something and the whole cleaning process would start all over again. Once or twice or three times I got very drowsy and then my whole body seemed to be made of little green coils, like the springs of a mattress and I would want to sleep but the energy made me get up and do something. Sleeping puts me back a color. Sometimes I did doze in the sink, but never when I had been seeing the green coils. I really wanted to lose my consciousness and I thought how can I ever if all I'm doing is household chores. How can I get purified so the energy can flow through me clearly

23-  
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and I can jump up full of energy and wide awake. Because I thought that was possible. I didn't realize the extent of the house cleaning job my body needed and still needs. Maybe it would have been possible if I hadn't done a lot of negative things like talk to purple people, or put in rat poison etc. I don't know.

In the groin area I saw a whole picture superimposed on my body. Red and green and black lines and dots going from the one side down the urinary tract and the ovaries. It was a cartoon superimposition in the same place I months later saw the clock which meant this will take time. I was pretty impressed with that little diagram and kept asking the spirit who was guiding me - a light outline of a face smoking a pipe what to do. I had previously seen a picture of my spine superimposed on a drawing on the wall. The other things I saw on me were the instruments of my trade, a plastic ruler, a stapler, staples (in the knotted muscle areas of my hands and feet) scissors and pins. This amused me and I made them go away with my mind - my little mantra. I use the words energy and spirit as one or the other the same.

~~Two~~ remarkable things happened during the third week, which indicated my stay in the sink might be coming to a close. The first one: I was sitting in the sink, sort of half

23  
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cheek  
bumps

napping, and an electrical current went through my left side like a bolt, leaving three or four little bumps, on the left foot below the ankle. The jolt of that threw me out of the sink and I landed with a thud on my good foot. I thought they were trying shock techniques to get the blue to move from left to right. The little bumps were sore. But the flying leap out of the sink unto the left foot was perfect. A few days later, the last day or so, it happened again. Only this time I was really napping and the next thing I knew I was lying on the floor where I had landed on my left side, perfectly curled to into the tiny space between sink, counter, stove, refrigerator and dresser. Another perfect flying leap. I guess they wanted me out of the sink. Whether another bolt had gone through me I don't know. D once said bolts went through him like that.

Nap - did yoga - three outside toes on bad leg still deep purple! The thing is when I was a child I used to recite that poem over and over. I never saw a purple cow I never hope to see one but I can tell you this I'd rather see than be one!

Don't quote

As the third week progressed I made more and more sorties 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 two coats stuffed in a plastic bag and some things pushed way back in the closet, like my winter coat and pants, I hoped.

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F26

I used some of these clothes to cover the brown matting with - for a while it made walking easier because the brown mat despite its constant sloshings as I cleaned off the shelf was pretty heavy. I'd move from island to island. I couldn't use anything that wasn't cotton or wool. Synthetic fibre retained too much static electricity and deep colors were no good either. So I walked from yellow toilet seat cover over pink shirt to ? I was searching out more pants to put over the faucet, more things to sit on. I didn't cover my feet any more, I had no more stuff and now that most of the pain was gone I could move faster I never felt I was getting weaker. Only running out of stuff. I had fantasies, or fantasies had me. I sat on a bag with Greek markings, and then on a picture page from the tea book, and I fantasized that F64 who could see the vibrational level, these patterns would be imprinted across my ass, because the vibes would come through the dark areas different than through the light areas. All the black across my back would form into these patterns and someone of mental ability could just do away with them with his eye. Like shooting in a shooting gallery. Popping off the bad vibes as I walked around. Well. Is that close to reality if you can find the right people? I can do some myself, why not others . . . ? Of course the decorations are out. That was a fantasy, and ascending to the fantastic of the trip I'd be covered with

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~~27~~

black dashes, red dots, flowers, herbs, with butterflies taking off and leopards leaping. I wanted to be pure white, no shit, and didn't want to reconcile myself to the fact there was still ~~at~~ a lot left. The tigers and leopards kept me happy for a long while but eventually I got my feet clean. Then there were, I think indications to eat, but I wasn't sure because everything I'd had around was at least lilac and I wanted blue. So I used the tiger's milk to rub my body with, and clean the sink. A little bit absorbed a lot of purple and 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 and white stripes leave me, and colors, when I exercise, but they don't form into patterns of butterflies or tigers. They just leave. Sometimes I see a luminous salmon color at my heel or wrist or ankle. Then I saw for a day or two luminous beads of beautiful colors, one salmon, one deep dark red, and I don't remember the others but I thought what a pretty necklace they would make if they were real. I got some goat's milk I had frozen in the fridge. I could open the door now without pain and I should have drunk some I suppose but I used it to put on my arm. My arm was the most sensitive part, witness second time round, and I fought this by putting stuff on it to absorb the purple.

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M5

Now I eat yogurt. And drink a lot of water, for the urinary tract/kidneys, 7 Up. I knew I'd have to pay for that. I still drink it when a soda is the only alternative, I just don't suggest you break a fast with it when you haven't even been drinking! I was using up the teas at a fast rate too. I was using them to clean the sink, some were too purple to drink but I could clean the sink with and some were too purple to even touch. Rose hip tea was a pretty color to wash the counter with, pale pink, and I remember the time I got my period, I bled just a little bit, clear red, and it blended with the tea. I was, by this time, far



Whole  
Section 24

Fast  
lost with  
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21  
get hospital  
records  
Fast

24 - 1

146  
13 pages

beyond any attempt to save my home or my possessions or to retain any sense of what you might call dignity. At first it was difficult to see that I was destroying my home and all the beautiful clothes and furnishings I had so lovingly gathered together but when, after tears and angry curses at the Universe, I came to accept the fact that all this stuff was too purple for me ever to use again. And that what did possessions matter anyway, they were matter, right, I just blithely went on using what I had to for what I had to and with some relief there off years and years of accumulated possessions. If there is anything I wish I'd kept out of all that it would be a few souvenirs, the piece of cloth especially that so miraculously appeared on the floor after the pee was wiped up and the big cloth removed, one that I really wish I had, to see how the edges were torn - (damn my non-attachment to miracles!) - I wish I had the dried sunflowers that had bloomed on the cut stalk, and the candle wax leaves and one white cup. I also wish I had the whole Whole Earth Catalogue but I can always get a copy from Random House, maybe they'll bind 'em and put it out on treated paper! Of all this I wish I had the cloth and the candle, and of these two the cloth. Such a tiny souvenir I could carry in my wallet, 24-3 , to remind myself of the house-keeping forces of the universe. I was, am, a woman, and insisted upon that somehow thru it all. At one point I got

really upset because my one breast was purple and I was afraid the other would be too, so I was, I thought, instructed to burn little half moons around the other breast with the hot edge of a plate and I did, it didn't hurt but it raised dark little blisters and I got angry at the universe again, not liking to disfigure my body, and demanding that they go away. They did, a couple of weeks later. *Dis dont tell its truth*

I still went through hours of purple green and blue but its emphasis seemed to be now on going from the pale blue which was cold to the deep blue which was heat, not painful heat, just heat. I didn't know what the blue was. I assume now it's the color of electric energy - pure energy, strong and vibrant. I used to ask the energy what color people were, my friends, or the Maharishi, or Krishnamurti. I came out with a turquoise blue for Krishnamurti but that wasn't good enough for me. I wanted to be pink! God knows what that is, but I thought it next to yellow which was next to the white light. Then some peach crept in there somewhere, I guess as a mixture of pink and yellow, but I think I agreed to settle for the colors of my blanket, which were pale orange, pink, pale turquoise and a soft green. All pale colors are good colors. Read Chapter One. I should have written this whole damn thing in the hospital. I liked that style. I had also read the year before, and thought about often, a Yaqui Way of Knowledge the Teachings of Don Juan and I had my own ideas about what I was going through. I had decided that what you did with

your power was to cure your old age, and that's what I was doing in the sink, using my mental powers to rid myself of old age - all the accumulated dis-eases of my ancient 42 years of living plus the sciatica problem. It is still there, I can feel it open up and release, and feel the pain there or in the ovaries, or the urinary tract. I can feel the tension in my back, and the dent when I do Yoga, but I'm careful and I try to 24-6 only that much that I can handle, or that my body can absorb. Perhaps it's lucky I have a bum knee, I then know, if the knee/ chakra regulates the amount of energy coming in, that side can only take so much. It's a long trip and I have some patience now, but then I wanted to be rid of it all immediately. Well, after so much pain, and a wreck of a home around you, wouldn't you? But I learned a lot and it serves me well now. Besides, in a way this was a very dramatic episode in my life, not to say a literary one, and I don't feel the least bit regretful about the experience. I only wish it could have been a wee bit milder, and not landed me in the hospital with those two thorazines which I thought were oranges. So this was the third week. I was running out of supplies, I was beginning to wonder how I was going to get out and what I should eat and worse luck of all, all those tea leaves were stopping up the drain of one sink, and that was backing up into the other.

I couldn't sit, or lie as I had an evening or two on the long smooth counter covered with ~~little green and camel and yellow flowers on a white ground contac paper shelf~~ - too many lilac zingy's - and no amount of tea leaves or sloshings could get it out, so I had to sit on the ~~orange and green and white star contac paper~~ with the wrinkle that hurt my ass. In other words, I was nearing the end of my resources. This was the Sunday, the 21st day I had set as my last day to stay there and what was I going to do. All this time the door was unbolted. It had been that way for two weeks. Someone had inadvertently opened it a bit during the second week and saw me bathing in the sink but that's all. The girl friend of the guy upstairs had come down a couple of times, she wasn't a bad color, but I couldn't ask her for any help on account of him, I guess I yelled pretty loud a couple of times when it got painful it seemed too silly to keep quiet too, so I told her I was playing a tape and she said a tape? So I kept my screams down to a muffled roar and tried not to yell at the Universe in too loud a voice. I was pretty mad at them for letting me get into such a state and even aggrier at myself for not heeding their warnings about

1. not taking the mescaline
2. not taking the acid and
3. not taking the acid and
4. not getting the exterminator
4. not getting a plant and aviary

green black purple and yellow

6. not getting the right 24-10 in so I had plenty to wail about and since it was obvious to me I wasn't alone why shouldn't I converse with the spirits. I was angry indeed. Blue light on angrier above. The last trip before 1 2 & 3 above had given me convulsions - it was mescaline and I saw a lot of beautiful flowers and recited the exquisite flower poem which a friend wanted to record and I wouldn't let her I was paranoid and she said what are you doing on the floor and I said what else can you say exercises but I shouldn't have taken any more I pushed the Kundalini too far. Yes. Too far and it pushed me right back. I didn't know then what was really happening to me, all I knew was there was a lot of energy, sheets of it; a lot of bright blue, and I was going through a body purification and I wasn't reaching that beyond the beyond stage where the energy would heal me and I would shine like Venus new born and pink out of the sink. I amused myself by reflecting on the double Scorpio bit, the double sink which I was coming to regard with affection. Perhaps it was the most practical thing after all but I was getting tired sitting up I wanted a bath tub. I had lost quite a bit of weight by now, my breasts were finally down to a size even I liked, my skin was a nice silky brown color and my hair, which hadn't been washed this whole time was curly and shiny but not smelly. My eyes were sticking out a little because my cheeks

had receded a bit. Well there was less flesh: standing by the sink and I could feel the energy moving up my head, up the blocked channel by the ear and I thought, oh great, I'm finally going to get that blood vessel or nerve or whatever opened up and I'm going to be able to hear, for as much as I could see, I could never hear, and I was just beginning to hear a voice and I thought, great, communication will be so much easier. I won't have to guess what all the signs mean, and I'll clear up my ordinary hearing too (the short circuit the chiropractor told me about) when I heard a knock on the door open up police! I was near the stove some tea was boiling. Police! Police! I said OK just a minute quickly downed the tea and wrapped a yellow sheet around me and went to the door what was being pushed open by an officer in a dark blue uniform with metal buttons! That's the first thing I thought of and I grabbed the metal knob on the fox lock to keep the door closed but he had his night stick pushed in so I grabbed that instead, it was wood; I heard M's voice say we were warned about you so S and I came to see what was wrong and I said what the matter and you look awful and all I could think of the bitch why did she bring the police. So the officer said are you OK and I said yes I was fasting I was OK it was an experiment and I was going to write about it. And he said why did he come and he said this friend of mine asked him to and I said she wasn't a friend, we hadn't seen or spoken to each other in 5 months which

was true and I was furious at M - what right had she to appear after all that time and if she were concerned, why bring police. Well I never thought she was very bright, anyway and as for D well when they left he asked did I want anything and I said yes would he please leave a quart of milk some strawberry yogurt and a plunger for the drain at the door. He came back with the strawberry yogurt and nothing else so I wondered how much he really wanted to help. A quart of milk was not an impossible task, neither was a plunger, if someone really wanted to help.

Who came to the door that day, in addition to the above: tens of people it seemed, that was the day. A stranger came, a friend of a friend who wanted to see me, but I couldn't I said I was sorry, and J and I came and I don't know if I said anything to them, maybe that I was OK and E came and one of the blues was with him but I didn't hear herevoice so I didn't answer. I was watching for a clue to come and get me out. So the day went by and I kept sending people away. I left the strawberry yogurt and I brought it in but didn't eat it because it was too heavy to break the faat with I needed a nourishing liquid like milk and then late at night P came. He lived across the street and she said, I have some chicken soup for you. Chicken soup! I'm Jewish and I thought ah ha, chicken soup. So I said I didn't know if I wanted chicken soup but could he please find me a plunger for the sink drain, both sinks were stopped by this time. So he said OK he'd go look

and sometime later he came back and he said he couldn't find a plunger he had a snake - And chicken soup. So I said I'd think about it. Now the snake was metal, and the plunger wasn't and I could use the plunger myself but not the snake. And it amused me to be rescued from my garden of Eden by a man with a snake and anyway there he was sitting on the top step outside saying I'm gonna sit here until you let me come in and make some soup. Don't you want some nice chicken soup. And I looked at the frozen goat's milk that was still frozen and the strawberry yogurt that was too heavy and yes I did want some chicken soup! Besides I remembered that P had this great big enormous tub in his place across the street. So I said OK P and I let him in. He tried the drain and couldn't get it loose and said why don't you come to my place and I said I haven't any clothes to wear and he said let me get K I'll be right back will you let me in and I said yes. It was late Sun nite or early Mon morning and I thought I'd better move out now before the day time traffic starts I'll never be able to make those vibes. So he came back with K and she wrapped me in a sheet and blanket and K's coat I think and I had no shoes and said I couldn't walk down the stairs (because they had metal treads on them and he thought because I was too weak) so he carried me down the stairs I didn't weigh much. Maybe 90 plus and across the street and then I got on my feet and went up in the elevator to his place and I'm not sure if



I lay right down on the sofa - I went to sleep or went into that great big beautiful tub. And I had delicious chicken soup and they said did I want anything else and I said 7 Up and some yogurt but I didn't eat the yogurt for a day or so so that's how I broke the fast. I suppose the little red dot on the 7 UP bottle was the apple in the garden but that soup sure was good and all the bubbles from the 7 Up helped me I thought to digest the fat in the chicken soup but anyway they kept me floating. I was on the sofa, loving my soup and 7 Up and so happy to be out of that sink and not thinking about what to do next when P started freaking. You've got to see a Dr.! No! I said thinking of all those metal instruments and what could I say to a medical Dr.? I wasn't even going to them, only chiropractors and homeopaths. Anyway P picked up this weird MDo off the street, a sorry case if I ever saw one and I thought horrors and he sticks a thermometer in my mouth and I'm normal and he says I'm OK do I want to go to a hospital and I said no and he says I don't need one anyway. So then he leaves and 6 policemen walk in, all wearing metal buttons (P really freaked) and they ask me my name and where I live and I tell them because of course I was totally lucid, I was there, just a little floaty, so happy to be lying down and wrapped up and warm. And P says she needs the hospital and they say can't make her go if she doesn't want. So I sleep and I go

into the tub next day, with a sheet over me to keep out the draught, and P and K are wonderful except the tub room isn't heated. But I float around in all that warm water however ~~am~~ driving off the lilac and yellow bubbles that floated out drinking 7 Up and chicken soup.

~~M~~ appears but I send her away, anyone dumb enough to bring cops when they think someone is in trouble (without even checking it out first, if you want something on that side) is too far gone for me to bother with. Anyway I got real sick of her ego trip the year before and really don't see why I should renew the acquaintance now.

I asked K to burn the fringe off my ~~mask~~ plaid blanket and that must have blown her mind. The fringe collected a lot of energy and zinged it back at you and cutting the fringe just left a sharp edge, but burning it off melted the edges.

However it made an awful smell I hadn't counted on and I bet it flipped her. Meanwhile I'm cozy in the tub and suddenly B blue appears. P didn't even want to let her in, was she a friend, etc.? She's still furious at him, he was trying to get me into ~~XXXXXX~~ Bellevue . Awk. Well they were trying St. Vincent's! So there is B blue and she says she'd come to the door on Sun. but guess I didn't hear her and she goes off to talk to P and K. Their phone wasn't ringing in (no, out?) and all kinds of confusion. And I'm wondering (see previous chapter) why she isn't talking to me and she's out

there dealing with P and K she still won't talk to them. So finally E comes in and he says hello we love you we want to help. (Halp. St. Vincent's?!?) And I can't stay at P's he says. So shy don't I go to their place. Well the tub is pretty cold - I've spent two days there and the sofa has a very lumpy mattress and I can't stay in one place very long anyway and it is night. So I think of their nice tile shower but their loft isn't heated but E says we have lots of blankets we'll light the stove so I put on K's long camel coat and clogs over her night gown two sweaters and wrapped in a quilt off I go and do the majestic act of climbing three huge flights of stairs with a too long heavy coat too big clogs and two blankets around me all of which weighed more than me. And I go to sleep on their mattress on the floor which is really bumpy it felt like I was sleeping in the double sink and I w~~pk~~ and have Free Grains and milk and my brother appears and B says we called your brother here he is and he comes in with my cousin the rabbi who is all dressed in peacock blue, that blue! and I cry a little I'm glad to see my brother and they say we've come to take you to the hospital. ~~So that's why I'm angry at~~ ~~B~~ I never had a chance to 24-29 *check it out* up and they were all determined I should go to the hospital. I wanted to say to my cousin the rabbi what does the blue mean but I ~~met~~ he didn't know so I didn't ask. So I think well at least the hospital is heated and has lots of pajamas for me to keep

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changing clothes and lots of blankets to keep changing so I say OK let's check it out meanwhile I can't think of anyone I know who doesn't live in a loft or who has a spare room. So we go to the hospital. B and my brother and my cousin and I know my cousin is sunglasses, I keep them in his car and we get there we get this huge walk-around. I mean no, go here, go there, and man I haven't slept that much, nor eaten that much either and institutions are so freaky anyway. So my cousin the rabbi is calling the doctor and being important (oh, to be Jewish) I mean he lives in the same place maybe he is a member of the temple and meanwhile contacting who he knows at this place, through some movie actress he knows and I'm hungry so we send my cousin the rabbi off to fetch me a chopped egg on white bread sandwich with lettuce and mayo and fruit (canned) salad and we go to emergency which is like going through the 24-31 cause there's a lot of heavy vibes there's 24-31 and a lot of metal and B says oh shit I didn't think it would be like this. Neither did I. I'm particularly resentful of my cousin the rabbi. He's standing there saying to my brother why don't you come out to dinner with us tonight and I'm thinking why don't you think of a place for me to go instead of this hospital? If you've got so many connections find me a house where I can recuperate. I start thinking of hotels but somehow that doesn't seem the answer. I wish I knew some Yogis. I need advice and an Ashram, that's what I need. Also my cousin never once called to ask how I was. I didn't expect him to either.

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So much for religion. But I'm trying to look on the bright side and thinking of all those pajamas and besides I'm so tired all I want is a bed. Also I think well they can do some tests and find out if I have lead or cyanide

*poisoning*