

Hannah Weiner

# THE FAST



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# THE FAST

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THE FAST

THE FAST

UNITED ARTISTS BOOKS

1992



Other Books by Hannah Weiner

*Magical Forms*

*San Juan 9*

*Clairvoyant Journal*

*Little Book of Lullabies*

*Alma's House*

*Cold Places*

*Spells*

*Sketches*

*Prayers for the Zoo One*

*Works*

*Remembered Songs*

*San Juan With It*

*Videotape*

*Clairvoyant Journal*

*Contents*

*Clairvoyant Journal*

*Works*

*Public Language*

## THE FAST

Hannah Weiner

UNITED ARTISTS BOOKS

1992

Parts of this book have appeared in *United Artists, Acts* and *Blue Smoke*.

Cover by Anne Tardos

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This is the first of four early journals, written in 1970 (*The Fast*); in 1971, (*Country Girl*); in 1972, (*Pictures and Early Words*); in 1973, (*Big Words*). These journals depict the development of the clairvoyance from feeling and seeing auras, to seeing pictures, and finally the slow development of seeing words which first appeared singly, then later in short phrases. The culmination of this seeing of words resulted in the *Clairvoyant Journal*, written in 1974, and published by Angel Hair Books, now known as United Artists Books, in 1978, and in many books that followed. *Simple Teacher*.

I want to write but I am lazy. I would like to put my thoughts about the fast directly on tape without the medium of speech. California does psychic. It is unnecessary for us both to speak. Does she send her thoughts to me or I send my thoughts to her? When we both think it is 10 o'clock and it is 11:30 we are both not perceiving reality.

My thoughts right now are about my great sink experience. A book called *Kundalini: The Evolutionary Energy in Man* by Gopi Krishna describes the experience of a man when the energy hit him.

I had an "at home" experience and spent 3 weeks in the kitchen sink. Partly I spent 3 weeks in the kitchen sink because I had no bathtub and partly because I became sensitive, magnetic to metal, and couldn't take a shower in my metal enclosed shower. A lot of water relieved the pain that I experienced. I lived in a loft, about 1000 sq. feet, trickle shower, gas heater, etc. The north end faced the trafficked street and the south end the dark backs of factories. At the south end, with the shower and double sink, was a blue nylon rug on top of brown jute mat wall to wall. I am electrically antithetical to nylon carpeting--it pains my bad right knee and my bad right groin and hip. So on

Monday FAST DAY 1, Oct. 26, 1970, Kevin came to take up and take home the blue nylon carpet. We sat having tea at the narrow counter that extends out from the double sink. "What is that terrible smell" said Kevin. "That is from the exterminator" said I "who came early



this morning and exterminated for roaches and rats. Last week a rat ran over my hand in my very own bed." So we sat drinking tea. It was then I noticed a bright green triangular feather shape coming out of his right eye, a bright green feather shape with red and yellow streaks. It is remarkable to me now that I did not question the bright green feather shape. I simply got up and went shopping at the health food store. I bought Tiger's Milk, eyebright, fennel, fenugreek, rose hip teas, cashew nut butter, blueberry syrup and a little plastic bear full of honey. I had a large shopping bag full. What I didn't buy was a large bottle of thick pink liquid shampoo, which I could have used later to help the pain. I had in my refrigerator four gallons of spring water and goats milk. I had two vivid dreams about pollution that night.

Tuesday FAST DAY 2. I went out shopping for wooden spoons, forks, knives. I also bought 2 wooden bowls, 2 tea cups and pitchers, a wine glass and a covered earthenware pot. The wooden utensils my mind had been after me for some time to buy. I also know that the body absorbs the metal from cooking pots and had given up my old stainless and started using enamel some weeks previously. I have become increasingly sensitive to taste and to stir a delicate hot tea with a metal spoon spoilt some of the flavor. I also thought it would be nice to spread butter, nut butters with wooden knives especially since I lick the knife. I want to distinguish here my knowledge of wanting the spoons and knives and the strong intuition that expressed urgent need. The shopkeeper had a medium clear blue outlining his right side. Then I went to a men's cut-rate store where my

mind and I had a few shopping differences. My mind wanted me to buy (I didn't and needed them later) 2 pair of flannel pajamas, small size, white socks, a pair of pants, ivory soap, kleenex. It also wanted me to buy (I didn't and didn't need it) a man's Russian type hat with multi-colored embroidery on top and a black furry rim. The mind loves a joke. I chose a cheap blanket. Then I went to the Indian and Pakistan stores and dressed a private fantasy. I bought a long sheer pale green gown of cotton, like the Indian shirts everyone wore a few years ago, a Mexican white cotton shirt with black embroidery. I had some spine and shoulder pain. I had some inkling that I was laying in supplies for a siege, but I didn't know what kind. I just felt I would not shop again for ages. I think I also wanted to stay out of that awful smelling loft as long as possible. I didn't know it then but I was turning green. The green pained me on my bad right side. Let me explain about my bad right side. I had a sciatica condition and therefore less circulation than the left side. My chiropractor thought it came from falling off a horse and breaking a rib when I was in high school. The chiropractors also told me my neck was out of whack--inevitable because of the bent spine. I took many treatments and always came out high. It is necessary to understand this because I think what happened is this: the back finally got straight enough to allow a new surge of energy to flow through my bad right side. I therefore experienced a sort of purification of this right side. In addition there was the poisoning by exterminator substances and probably a rehash of the two acid trips I had taken early that same month. Monday and Tuesday



I ate very lightly. I didn't know at the time that I was going into a long fast.

After I turned green Tuesday afternoon I turned a clear pale blue. I washed my eyes with Eyebright tea and saw the same clear blue water and the same clear blue sky and many sailed schooner that I had seen in a dream the night before. Then I began to turn the minty milk color I very much wanted to be, a color that I thought preceded the pink that I hoped I would end up. (I thought that one could become a pale translucent pink tinged with gold the color of cut glassware my grandmother had. Years later I saw a pink aura tinged with gold on a famous healer.) I saw flashing by the bright red and green and yellow that I had seen in Kevin's eye only now it was rainbow-shaped. Then I fell asleep and dreamed another vivid dream. I have a friend who, when she reads a book and should take notice of something, this appears in raised 3D many colored letters. So our higher selves do try to teach us how to reach our other selves others.

Wednesday FAST DAY 3. Wednesday morning the second big mistake occurred. The steam heat came on. The furnace must have been on a huge blink because great clouds of steam floated out of the radiators and throughout the loft, vaporizing the rat poison and roach spray smell and suffocating me in addition. I ran down and begged them to turn the furnace off immediately and not to turn it on again until the repair man had been to fix it. As I had no intention of calling the landlady about fixing it, I was sure no one else in the building would and I was pretty certain the steam would stay off, I hoped, for

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



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

Thursday FAST DAY 4. I couldn't wear any of the clothes I had, as soon as I put them on they hurt, I needed natural fibers. So I went out shopping to a corner men's store and bought undershirts and socks enough and rubber boots and a coverall to wear home to protect me from the street. I felt sick and in pain, the vibes from the clothes were hitting me, I gave the man money but wouldn't take any coin change, the metal hurt worse than anything else. I walked down the street. The mind wanted me to go into the plant store but I didn't, because of the pain. On one side of the street was a Con Edison building and on the other a wire fence. I tried to walk by the fence but I felt electrical energy go through me in the pattern of the fence so I crossed the street and walked by Con Edison. I could have cooled off in the plant store and avoided meeting the man upstairs. I could have used some NATURAL earth.

I come up the stairs concentrating on keeping myself together and just at my door the man upstairs stops me. I'm not feeling well at all and wanted in my door, but he stands in front of it and great lines of thick yellow, ultra violet and black outline his entire body. These colors hit me like a wall and push me back. It hurts. He asks to

borrow my movie projector. "Let me in," I exclaim, he is still standing in front of my door and great waves are pushing me back. "I loaned it, I think," I say knowing it is there but wanting to go in. "Look," he says, "can't you look?" "It's broken," I say, "maybe I can fix it," he says. "If I have it," I say. I want to get in to get away from the colors. "You always want me to do favors for you, why can't you do one for me?" he says. I'm being knocked out by streaks of that yellow and black and purple. It's like being hit in the face and pushed back in the body. I try to get in my loft door but he's in front of it, I ask him to let me by and he says he wants the projector and finally I say let me in I'll see if it's there. I get past him I'm almost knocked out. I cry thinking about it because I haven't been able to write about DAY 4 that awful encounter with thick purple, yellow and black. I still feel the bad pain when I read about it. I get in my door and think, is it a mistake perhaps I should let him take the projector which I realize is a large metal object on the shelf and I should get rid of all metal. Is it a mistake I ask myself and the light bulb dims quickly. Oh I think, let him in and take it out. So I say, "OK come in and get it." He does and then the pain really begins. I mean the mean green that hurts only my bad side and the purple which hurts both sides. And then I deal with the horror. The worse horror of day 4 and day 5 was because the pain which dried out my back and pulled my muscles back and left me dry and burning was still new to me and I didn't know yet that sitting in water would ease the pain and relax the muscles. I'm drinking water and changing my clothes and trying to lie down and not cry out loud, for



the pain is terrible and I am alone and know with absolute certainty that I cannot go out and no one can come in because the outside is purple or at least green and I realize all the clothes I bought are bright green and I will not be able to wear them when the green goes away.

I had closed and taped the windows and covered the cracks with fabric to keep out the black that came in from the street. I forget what happened Thursday night but I know I slept because at least I had a whole mattress to lie on. I cursed myself because I now knew that the man upstairs was purple and I had let him in twice. (Once was to turn the mattress for me, the favor he mentioned, because I couldn't sleep on the same side anymore.) I didn't know I was going to cherish every square inch of floor space, never mind bed, that wasn't purple or green.

So after the man upstairs left I think I took a shower. If I did it was my last one. The shower is metal enclosed and as I explained, I was sensitive and magnetic to metal.

Friday FAST DAY 5 is the day I have to write about now. The day I had to fight off so much purple. It was a very painful day, enough to make me cry out loud. I stood in the middle of the studio (at opposite ends from the sink) with my white flannel nightgown with deep bright blue and green flowers, my face a deep green, as I imagined it, matching the flowers on the nightgown. Calling out to the souls for mercy, I stood with my hands wrung together and my face lifted to the ceiling. As soon as I tried this dramatic pose I had the weird feeling my picture had been taken for some spirit-life snapshot album and when I was dead the friendly forces that were keeping me going were going to open the album and show me this

funny snapshot of me with bright green face standing in my flowered nightgown clenching my hands and crying out. Then I began to laugh to myself at my melodrama and at the embarrassing spectacle I was making of myself. (I never for one moment thought I was alone--so real did the energy of the mind present itself.) As the day wore on things became even worse and the bright green morning was a lark. At one point the man across the street wanted to come in. I told him no but could he get me some plastic bags. I had to open the door to give him money. And could he come back later that night to take down the garbage. I guess I gave him bills. I would not handle change. But as Friday wore on I realized I had to get rid of the pile of purple clothes, blankets that had accumulated from Thursday and Thursday night. As I changed sheets or blankets or clothes I wore to sleep like the undershirts I had bought, I threw the purple ones in a pile in one corner. Here was this gleaming purple pile I couldn't go near. In that pile were all the clothes I had worn Monday through Friday. My new coat, plastic, glowed purple on the right side. The coveralls, the pink sweater (a gift that was hard to throw away but I had worn it on the street and it was purple, and heavily so, because the mohair attracted a lot of electricity) a brown skirt I had slipped on in an attempt to pull something heavy around me when I opened the door to give money to the man across the street. I couldn't have a metal zipper near me and I couldn't use scissors either. The dark green blanket I'd bought had vibes that were much too heavy. Even a quilt with a big H on it that I was very fond of went into the purple pile. I felt I had to get rid



of them all or I would re-absorb the purple vibes which were the heaviest. It was a day of horror because I knew there was something worse than the bright green pain --it was the purple pain and I had let it into my house. I hadn't a way for dealing with anything yet, either. Tuesday when I had bought all the things I got some bottled water and a cup and a new pitcher and a new earthenware pot which I filled with anise flavored rusks to eat and all of this turned purple and out went the jug and the new earthenware dish. At some point I had to approach the pile of all this stuff and put it into the yellow plastic bags. The plastic was hard to handle because it held a lot of electricity and was painful to hold. But I stuffed in my new coat and the quilt and most of the clothes I'd bought the day before and the sweater and pants and sheets and a blanket and anything that glowed and I put the bags outside the door and during the night the man across the street came and got rid of them somewhere down the street. I asked him please not to leave them downstairs by the door because I couldn't bear the idea that the little hall would turn purple and if anyone wanted to come and see me they would have to pass through this purple and would become purple themselves by so doing. I still don't know if one changes aura by contact but it seemed so then. Of course. As I write these last few pages the sickly thick yellow of the purple person keeps showing across the pages. For ten years I felt the pain on the page.

But now something else was happening. I had been so long in the front part of the loft, the studio, and I had left so many purple vibes there that I couldn't stay there anymore so I had to sleep that night on the very edge of

the bed, crosswise, at the head.

Saturday FAST DAY 6 Halloween--6 planets in Scorpio. I discovered the sink, the nice double sink. Water all over me relieved the pain. Water washed away the pain. One side of the sink, the left, was deeper than the other side. I would usually get in the right side and put my legs in the left, pouring water over my knee. Then I would let all of me in the deep left hand sink, knees to chest and pour water over my right elbow. On Halloween all the little witches came out. They were 1/4 or 1/8 inches high and had pointed black hats. I saw only the top part, like a cameo. On Halloween I heard my cat meow ten times and then more. I saw an image of her, too. I saw the black cat with green eyes. I said "black cats are not bad luck, go away." This intelligent cat image went away. So did the little witches when I said go away. I saw a dog, a blue and tan pottery puppy dog, Mexican style like the vase from San Miguel. He sat on the first shelf over the sink looking at me. I said "King size belongs on the top shelf." He moved to the top shelf. The images were there as long as I wanted to see them. They were comic. The black was different. The purple was pain all over. The green was pain on my weak side, but less than the purple. The black and the red were worse than the purple. I didn't know how I knew this but I did. The black was a cold cloud that rolled in. The black had to be fought persistently with the mind. It did not help to think of white. The black had to be rolled back from the vision by thoughts of flowers, yellow flowers and white daisies with yellow centers. It also helped to roll on the bed from side to side. It helped to push the



black from one side of the vision to the other, to get it together in one place, replacing it with flowers, and then to get rid of the small spot of black. The black was there with my eyes open. It came in from around the windows that were not sealed, from under the door when the purple and yellow and black man went by, and from under the sink where I could smell a dead rat. I thought I was learning how to defeat the black. It was frightening and I hoped I would not have to deal with the red. The red was anger stupid and you apologize. They must understand that kindness doesn't hurt themselves.

The colors were bright Halloween. Thick enough to look like cutouts. I was lying on the bed nearest the sink, when the black came in. It helped to have a sheet. I think I still had a sheet. On Halloween I also discovered that black entered in one's weakest places, so when I heard footsteps coming up the stairs I sank as much as possible into the water, threw my plaid blanket over my shoulders and dipped my right elbow into the water. I could distinguish between the green and red person and the purple black and yellow person because when I heard footsteps I would concentrate for a minute. The former brought a shot of pain, and the latter, cold. As the days went on my sensitivity decreased. Friday night I realized I had little left to wear and I would worry about being cold without any clothes on. The green was also cold and I always needed to put something on when a wave of green hit me. Don't hurt anybody's feelings.

The phone rang Saturday and I answered it. It occurred to me that answering the phone brought in black lines--that each ring brought some black in. I turned the

phone off so it wouldn't ring again. Then there was red. I didn't want any red and I understood it would be bad for my weak eye. I don't remember if I slept Saturday night or not.

Sunday FAST DAY 7 was the last day I ate. I turned bright green again and green was fought with warmth and a little food. I ate some nut butter and drank some milk. I couldn't go to the bathroom to pee because of the metal--it was a tiny room and the vibes were metallic and heavy. So I brought several earthenware bowls to the studio and peed in those, once a day. The pee from the first three days, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, had mold on it, but the pots after that were clear. I lined the pots up by the wall. I used rags lying around to wipe myself, the toilet paper was in the bathroom and purple. The paper towels I was saving for my feet. I felt the pain in every vertebrae of my spine as well as in the muscles. The pain would contract my arms backwards. Eventually I could touch my elbows together behind my back. I think it was around the first Sunday that the feelings of bewilderment and constant pain subsided. What was happening had been happening for a few days although I didn't understand it then. The fun of Halloween restored my faith. So I kept cheerfully on, trying my best to do what seemed the right thing as indicated. I took the wooden forks and spoons that I had bought and rubbed them on my leg and back wherever I felt tension and pain. The wood took it away. I couldn't keep using the same ones. They collected bad vibrations, which I saw as little black dots. So the spoons and forks had to be cleaned up. This could be done mentally by concentrating and by



rubbing the wood on other wood. Eventually, however, they became heavy. I could feel the pain if a fork or spoon was used up when I handled it. I spent a lot of time those first days in the studio, a high pleasant room, using the wooden forks and spoons, rubbing my back on the table top, peeing in pots, sleeping on one edge of the mattress or another with something like a sheet or undershirt on. I let the other end of the place alone, it was too heavy with purple, except when I was immersed in water. I worried about running out of wood and paper which I used on my feet tied with pink velvet ribbon or masking tape. Walking across the floor I picked up bright green and that was more pain, so I tried to stay at one end when I was at one end. The studio was at opposite ends from the sink, maybe fifty feet.

As I was trying to rid myself of the purple Sunday night I lay on the very edge of the bed near the kitchen -- it was the only place left to lie down, across the width, and I held up one wooden fork and one sock in my right hand all night. I don't know why--I wanted to see if I could do it--I wanted them to cool out so I could wear and use them again. I needed at least one sock for my right foot when traveling (it was so much easier than binding my feet) and clean wood for my eye. Wood took out and absorbed the bad vibrations. Metal reflected them back. All I knew was a terror of metal, because it was purple, and purple was pain.

Monday FAST DAY 8. By this time the place looked a mess. The studio. It had three pots of pee, a pitcher of eyebright tea gone scummy, scraps of paper used to wipe the pee, and to wrap around my feet when I walked. I

had a whole ream of yellow paper. Some of it I would use--and some not. Some hurt too much, too much green, and I had to throw it unused on the used pile. I also had used up the wooden forks and spoons. I had been holding them against my right eye to take out the dark colors. My weak eye was dark green with black spots--it was always behind the rest of me in colors, that is; as I got rid of tension pockets I got rid of purple and green but the eye retained those colors longer. I would hold the wooden fork by the tines and press the handle to my eye until the wood had absorbed all it could. Anyway, Monday I didn't want to walk across the studio floor again because of picking up the green pain so I peed on the floor by the ping-pong table and used a large piece of white cloth to wipe myself. Then I lay down again on the edge of the bed and the thought occurred to me that I had used a piece of cloth about 10 x 15 inches in such a way that I couldn't reuse it and that I had used much too much and would run out of cloth later and be sorry. That night as I went to sleep in the middle of this awful mess I called upon the forces of the universe to clean the place up. The next morning when I awoke the pee was gone from the floor, and instead of the large rag, which was 3 or 4 feet to the left behind a screen, a neat 3 x 5 inch piece of cloth was in its place on the floor. The small cloth had threads pulled in it to get a neat square. I learned to do that designing lingerie. All I knew is that when I awoke there was a change.

Walking to the sink from the studio was a long journey, past the place where all the purple had been dumped, past the TV and phonograph and the records



(very purple) over the large rug, the deep color border was painful but that was the part I had to walk on, past the metal and through the place between the dresser and the counter to the sink. I decided to put the metal stepladder next to the metal door. I tried picking it up with a wooden hanger--holding the wooden part and lifting with the hook, but this didn't work. After the cloth-pee event I wanted to continue this magic existence, so I called the hanger to come to me out of the sink. Concentrate and demand as I could the hanger remained in the sink. I consoled myself because of my powers were failing by deciding this would be black magic anyway, using powers for my own personal convenience. You're stupid it isn't black magic its speaking history persuasion. I don't remember how I got the ladder to the door. Maybe I just picked it up and put it there, though anything so direct as that seemed unthinkable. I still had to navigate the sink area though that's the wrong word--find a way to pass by the enameled metal refrigerator, stove, and metal-enclosed sink. Why didn't I use the shower purple. I found an old seersucker spread, a faded white blanket, and hung them over the refrigerator and in front of the stove and over the golden metal rod that was above an empty place with shelves where a box of rat poison was giving off fumes. The seersucker was good protection--better than a plain sheet, heavier, and the bumps helped a lot. I hung a towel over each of the metal doors and closed them as best I could. There was another box of rat poison under the sink. I was getting the sink area pretty well organized so I could be in some comfort when I got there.

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 it in paper which I had to keep changing and sometimes a pair of cotton pants to cover the metal as the paint wore off so I wouldn't have to handle the faucet without something between. A jab of energy would point out which of the socks, pants, and shirts strewn around the place were still usable pure cotton. The year before on an acid trip I stood by the wall where all the electric wiring was and could not only see it in the walls but could feel it. And it felt like the bright green pain on the bad side. I couldn't always see these colors and I didn't know they were the colors of energy. I thought the purple was transferable. All the colors were. I was so frustrated and wanted so much to see all the time, I thought it would be simpler to see and to know rather than ask questions and try 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 high energy. When the purple and red and green were gone the blue was the purified energy. I thought white was the highest manifestation and yellow or gold the physical manifestation of the clear light; and the pale pastels came next; the pink and green and the pale clear blue. 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 and was answered. It was now the 9th day since I had seen the winged green light from Kevin's eye and the 5th day I had spent alone and seen no one and the 4th day I had spoken to no one.

Tuesday FAST DAY 9 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 began to see little green 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 fire alarm. It was round and had wavy ridges. I was getting the bad energy out of my arms and hands and when I got enough together, I could think it out the ends of my fingers, and a little candle would appear. I got the bad energy out by massage and water as well as by concentrating on it. I had to keep changing the water in the sink because exercise I had to get rid of the purple which was fading now to lilac. I had to keep throwing water on the bedspread that covered the stove, fridge, and the shelf 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 bright green and I could feel the pain--and then wash out the sink and 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 and then swinging myself up to sit on the edge of the counter, not putting in my left foot.

Wednesday FAST DAY 10 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. Every time 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 rubbed myself on the boards that had supported the ping-pong table--I had moved the table top off the legs and skinned my knee. The place was a mess. Records that had been pushed off the table were all over the floor. Paper that I had wiped myself with was in a bunch by the mattress. I had gone through almost a whole ream of yellow second sheets. However, on my birthday, I decided to dress carefully for my walk back to the sink. I got wads of paper towels 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 I had to pick up scissors to cut them--metal. I covered the scissors with cloth. I was afraid of the tiny staples on the ribbon box and tried not to touch them. My mind was now 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 in paper and pink ribbon, picked up some cups to wash at the sink and some paper and some ribbon for the next journey, and took the trip to the sink past the pile of purple records, the bright metal TV, past the electric wires and over the border of the rug, deep red and full of pain, past the metal ladder and the metal door, 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, run to the bathroom for more



soap, or look in the cabinet under the counter 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 dishwashing liquid (fortunately I had a whole bottle). It seemed to keep the energy in, and quiet the transitions. I would put a band of it around my upper arm. The soap kept the bad energy from traveling up the arm. This was also true of my leg. The right knee used most of the soap. Arthritis poor. I was just getting 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 wishing for a visit from a boyfriend 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. There was nothing I could do, except keep washing. Towards evening I was to have a birthday party. I was feeling sorry for myself and demanded a present from the mind. Indications were to get my favorite painting and hang it over the sink. I put on some paper towel shoes. Wrapped them in ribbon and went off to get the painting which I carried in and attached to the lowest kitchen shelf. Then I got the miserable block of candle I had burned in the studio. It had several colors in it but the mess on the floor indicated all these colors had melted together. 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 put it on the chest of drawers and lit it. It had a beautiful odor. Then I splashed the painting with water--once--and to my surprise the water formed a rose on a long stem on the painting not unlike the long stem rose that appeared on my leg when I scraped it moving the ping-pong table. The water dried very fast--the heat in the place was uncomfortable. Later I looked to the candle. It had burnt down to a beautiful leaf shaped object. The greens and yellows and blues that had made such an ugly mess in the studio had fanned out into overlapping layers and separate colored leaves. There was still a little left so I carried it to the front window. Five leaves broke off when I carried it so I took these back with me to the sink to smell. That was my birthday present and I couldn't have been happier.

Thursday FAST DAY 11 I had eaten absolutely nothing in 3 days and very little in 10. Now I decided to go without water for 3 days brave. The bottled spring water was purple--at least that was the color flash I got--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 at 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 till the end, when very little bad energy was left. I took the butterflies rather lightly--I never wanted to make too much of my illusions to give them an importance of their own. Simply, the energy that left the tense muscle 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 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 these colors I would never tire and have unlimited energy. When I got rid of purple, green would come, and then to my surprise, blue. I couldn't remember I had been/seen blue on that first Tuesday, and wasn't sure where it hit in the color scheme. Later I realized it was better than purple or green for it had no pain. It was the first color without pain. Power

color. There were two blues; the deep bright blue--as deep and as bright as the green, a color of heat and no pain, but somewhat frightening in its intensity; and there was the pale blue, a cold calm that it always made me shiver and move fast for something to put over me. I finally realized 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 immediately on leaving the sink and the part of me not submerged in water was more parched than not. So I just worried about what to do when the pale blue came and I solved that by using tablecloths I had in a drawer. Only towards the end did I use and reuse the blanket; a plaid mohair blanket which I was saving for when I finally turned pink and green. 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 piece 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 stung. After I had wiped the sink with flames, the flame would not burn me and the fire cleaned away the purple and green, I rubbed the really lilac spots with ashes. These were a very effective cleaning agent. I liked the sink to be a beautiful sooty color. Once I took the ashes and painted my left and right wrist and a band around the upper right arm. Some on the right breast. I put the ashes in places to absorb the purple vibes, and



to prevent them traveling up my arm. Once I decorated myself with fennel tea--the seeds forming a tattoo design. 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 the ashes, seeds and liquid absorbed some of the purple pain and the muscle tension. I forgot to mention something important; the orange color came with the blue. The colors of the auras I saw--purple and yellow--green and red--blue and orange--these are opposites on the color wheel.

Thursday FAST DAY 11, the day after my birthday, was the day I decided to go without water for 3 days. I sat in the sink and poured water over the parts that were not submerged with the little round glasses. When the little glasses turned colors I couldn't use them anymore. I threw them in a pile on the floor. I was turning colors in sequence and I could save the glasses and re-use them. The purple was fading to lilac. There were also green and blue and clear glasses. When the glasses turned to lilac I had to throw them away. The energy would come off them in a zingy fashion like a shock that doesn't shock. I was careful about my eye. I always used a clean glass and I cleaned my hands very thoroughly first--not of dirt--there was none--but from the worn out energy that I was getting rid of. As I massaged my legs, some of the tension 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. Contraction, I sometimes feel cold. Poor. I did this with my mind, concentrating on the base of the fingers and working

along them till the energy would leave by the fingertips, sometimes forming little blue and yellow candles, and sometimes dotted black lines indicated the presence of bad energy. When I had cleaned my hands in this way my fingers always felt marvelously relaxed, translucent in feeling, and my left hand and arm in particular, 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 my right I would pour water into the eye. I often heated the water I used and I always cleaned that too. The excess energy would gather at the top of the glasses and pop off, sometimes in a little yellow dandelion fluff. I could think it off by concentrating. When I saw a picture of water lilies and pink flowers I knew the water was clear. The yellow fluff seemed more real, composed of energy I put together with my mind, which is why I called the water lilies and pink flowers mental pictures. They were often weak, but as signals it was the information that counted.

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, red borders hurt. I would lift myself out of the sink landing on my left foot. I gave up paper slippers when the paper ran out. I would walk the two 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 onto the wood partition which wobbled a little, then onto 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 wood floor beyond. 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 the left hand ledge I had no support for my back. After almost two weeks of sitting without back support 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 Catalogue. There was also a cup hook that I had to cover with paper too. The most uncomfortable thing about sitting on the ledge was the wrinkle in the contac paper. The wrinkle caused a sore on my ass. I tired 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 paper and I carefully lifted myself off so my ass wouldn't stick to the wrinkles. Poor sore ass.

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

My birthday was during the second week and I was disturbed because I could not call my mother, nor could she reach me. I had turned the phone bell off. I would not have answered it if it rang--it caused little black dashes. I didn't want any black dashes on me. I already had some from, I thought, answering the phone when it rang once the first week. The electricity in the phone makes the muscle spasm worse. It also sends bad vibes across the wires, also good. The concern of the energy

directing me was to keep any additional electricity or power at a minimum. The radio, TV, and phone were off and only one light bulb was on, another one in the bathroom and no candles burned, except the one on my birthday. I was sensitive to people living in the building. When the person with thick bands of black, purple and yellow went by the door, a wave of cold came into the room. I submerged in water and covered my exposed parts with a blanket. 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 the green and red person. 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 thought was near a pale blue color. This was the scale I had at that time. Red, black, purple, green, bright dark blue, blue, yellow, gold. These colors advanced to the white light of sunshine purity. I didn't know any golden light people, but I knew a couple of blues. 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 loved my father, but he was not 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 vibes around me. I suppose the highest vibes are the gentlest, which is why it gets so peaceful when you golden get high. 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. In terms of sheer practicality, considering my sensitivity, how was I going to make the long drive to my parents' home, even though tubs and showers aplenty were there? (I didn't think of those till later, when I wondered if I'd made the right decision.) I also knew that any food I might eat from the health food store would have to be brought in by my father, 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. 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. Every time 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 tea leaves and rags and ashes, broken plates and broken glasses and broken cups. I didn't think about where I would go, only about 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 soothing water. But the one person whom I thought could deal with the purple, who might know how to handle it, never came, and didn't come for my birthday, so I began to believe that 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 hard especially in the city with people involved in their own crises of living. Ten persons came. 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 friends to come. I had to get out then. And then, of course is when I did get out.

Sunday after 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 butterfly plates with the gold rims I had stolen from a department store because the gold turned purple real fast. These were crashed on the pile unused. I drank some water for a few days and then went some three or four more without drinking again. I didn't want to put anything purple in, and the water came out of the faucet which was purple. I used the glasses and cups and plates to put water in and pour over my back, and I purified them by my mind until all the frizzies or purple were gone and I knew it was clear. After a while no matter how I concentrated on the glass, too much purple remained and I had to throw it away. 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 was trying to purify myself to pink. I tried heating some of the plates and cups on



the flame of the stove to purify them that way. I had some beautiful little white cups and saucers, demitasse, Swedish china, and they purified to pink in a very gratifying manner. 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, use 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. 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. 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 like this --- collected in the crevices, 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 did this mind only. Pitchers allowed me to pour the water over myself in 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, feel the tension leave and see a butterfly. 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 relaxation and translucent lighter than air feeling.

The most useful thing I had, aside from the reusable tiny white Swedish cups, was the Whole Earth original Catalogue. I had all the Whole Earth Catalogues and the Difficult But Possible supplements. The paper from

them, and the paper from the mucousless diet book, and from my Herb Tea book (which I kept by me for reference as to which tea to drink) contained the purest untreated paper.

As I was sitting, the 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. The energy ricocheted out of those little holes and hit me like BB shots so I had to cover the holes 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. The best thing was to use sheets of the Whole Earth Catalogue and keep them up on the wall by wetting them down. The wetness cooled out the purple, too, for they would turn. When they got too bad I threw them away and changed the paper. I also used some sticky stuff. I had a whole wonderful roll 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 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 bodies. I wondered if you always (unless you lived in a cave or on a mountain Mt. Everest 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. I also wondered if other people saw things this way, or if it was my imagination making forms out of the energy? I knew



the butterflies were forms my imagination made, and 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. I discovered, after I had gotten all the butterflies out of my calf, that a lot of the tension was collected in my feet. Sciatica. 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, orange, black and brown. I knew I had to clean these out or the bad vibes 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 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. I would 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 used water from the pitcher rather than the faucet. The relaxation 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 no matter how

pure a being you are the feet are going to pick up some pain. 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 band across my back growing hotter and tighter.

I forgot peeing. The mind really flubbed when it didn't suggest I buy a hose to attach to the sink faucet, and I really told it a thing or two about the human female anatomy. I finally cooled out one color 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 pain all over again from the pee and it was hard to wash myself off with a cup. So I needed a hose. A few Freudian moments of penis envy. Imagine the luxury of peeing right down the drain. Whether or not I drank I peed once every day and at the end little grainy green fine sand came out and I don't know what that was. Anyway it was through the pee I realized it wasn't only purple and lilac, but metallic blue and 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. 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 purple. I should have bought stock in it, instead of drinking it after the sink because it went up high. Later I learned 7-Up alkalizes the body, like fruit.

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. I didn't want to pick it up myself because every housekeeping chore put some pain back in my body, but I gathered myself together. I had all those yellow plastic bags so I took two from behind the metal cupboard where a rat died in the drain leaving a horrible smell. I had a sheet around me to lessen the pain and I stuffed all the garbage in those 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 I also had to wash off the counter when I sat on it. I figured out if I splashed the water out on the brown floor matting it would not only soak up the water, but take away some of the green. It did. I didn't want to waterlog the ceiling of the floor below me. 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.

It seemed I had a never ending supply of dishes and cups and little round glasses and paper and soap. Well I ran out of soap. I used it to cover my knee to prevent the energy from leaking out, but I couldn't use the soap that had been in the metal bathroom, it was too purple and besides it had come 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. I tried some ordinary face cleanser but the chemicals in it stung. 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 on the pegboard and smell it. I craved smell more than I craved food. I took two leaves from the scented candle and smelled and smelled them till the energy made me throw them away (deep purple overuse) and they also went down the drain. But then I began to remember the smell of the candle when I needed a lift. It still comes back to me. I was never hungry. I did get thirsty. I don't know why I didn't drink more. Because of the lilac toned water? Because I kept saying suppose you were in the desert? Because I was stupid, stubborn or 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. Sometimes I would take a little sip and it tasted, three sips, like a full meal. I had all these teas, fennel, and fenugreek and rose hip and eyebright. I used the teas to wash with, to wash my self or the shelf to get rid of the lilac, they were very good for absorbing the colors and to clean sting out of 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 cleansing 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 put 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, sleep, and I thought how can I ever if all I'm doing are household chores. How can I get purified so the energy electric can flow through me clearly without coils and then I can jump up full of energy and wide awake. Because always I thought that was possible. I didn't realize the extent of the house cleaning job my body needed. Maybe it would have been possible if I hadn't done things like talk to purple people, put in rat poison or other things. I don't know. Too much acid.

I secured a detail watch over my body and then continued. In the groin area I saw a whole picture superimposed on my body. Red and green and black lines and dots going from one side down the urinary tract and the ovaries. It was a cartoon superimposition in the same place I months later saw the clock image which I interpreted as meaning this will take time. I was pretty impressed with that little diagram and kept asking the so-called I myself spirit, 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 images of on me were the instruments of my lingerie trade, a plastic ruler, a stapler, staples (in the knotted muscle areas of my hands), scissors and pins. This amused me and I made them go away with my mind or with the little words my mind taught me. 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 napping, and an electric current went through my left side like a bolt, leaving three or four little bumps on my left foot below the ankle. That jolt threw me out of the sink and I landed with a loud sound on my good foot. I thought these were shock techniques to get the blue to move from the left side of my body to the right weaker side. The little bumps were sore. But the flying leap out of the sink into the little space onto my 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 on my left side, perfectly curled into the tiny space between sink, counter and dresser. I guess my mind wanted me out of the sink.

As the third week progressed I found clothes in the closet--I knew I'd never be able to wear any of them again, except maybe some things stuffed in a plastic bag and pushed way back, like my winter fur coat and two pants. Someone else took them, anyway I couldn't clean them up. The pain stung me. I was afraid of the purple and green pain for over two years maybe, and couldn't wear clothes that had been through the fast with me. I was better off with new or hand me down clothes, especially those worn by a kind friend.

The tigers and leopards kept me happy for a long while but eventually I got my feet clean. There were I think indications to eat, but I wasn't (the food wasn't clean) sure because everything I had around was at least lilac and I wanted blue. So I used a package of Tiger's



Milk to rub my body with and clean it, to absorb pink from 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 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 saw a luminous salmon color at my heel or wrist or ankle. Then I saw for a day or two luminous round shapes of beautiful colors, salmon, deep dark red, some green, and 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 but as usual I used it to put on my arm. My arm was the most sensitive part, and I fought this by putting stuff on it to absorb the purple.

I was still in the sink, pouring water over me to relieve the pain. 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 them, and some were too purple to even handle. 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.

At one point I got really upset because my right breast was purple, deep and bright, and I was afraid the other would become purple too. So I was, I thought, instructed to burn little half moons around the left 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 again, not liking to disfigure my body. Splashing water between the

breasts also helped prevent the transference of the color, or the transference of the electrical energy. Why so purple.

I still went through hours of purple green and blue, but the 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 body warmth. I assume it's the color of open energy--strong--not killing people with it and. I used to ask my mind or the energy what color people were, my friends, or Krishnamurti. I came out with a turquoise blue for Krishnamurti but that wasn't good enough for me. I wanted to be pink. I thought it next to the yellow color 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 plaid blanket which were pale orange, pink, pale turquoise, and a soft green. All pale colors are good colors. I had also read the year before, and thought about often, of fear, clarity, power and old age from *A Yaqui Way of Knowledge, the Teachings of Don Juan* and I had my own ideas about what I was going through. I 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 power to rid myself of old age--all the accumulated diseases of my 42 years of living plus breast cancer (?) plus the back problem. The back problem is still there while I am writing this, I can feel it open up and release, and feel the pain there or in the ovaries, or in the urinary tract. I can feel the tension in my back, and the heat when I do Yoga, but I'm careful and I try to raise only as much energy as I can handle. Perhaps it's lucky that I



have a bum knee, if the knee chakra regulates the amount of energy coming in, that side can only take so much. 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 earlier on the long smooth counter with contac paper patterned with little green and camel and yellow flowers on a white ground--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-patterned 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 out 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, I told her I was playing a tape.

I was pretty mad at myself during the final week for not listening to my mind and not heeding the warnings.

During the previous summer I had been taking too much acid. One trip had given me convulsions--I saw a lot of beautiful flowers and recited a flower poem which a friend wanted to record and I wouldn't let her and she

asked what are you doing on the floor and I said exercises but that should have been the end of my acid trips. I didn't know then what was happening to me, all I knew was there was a *lot* of energy, sheets of it, a lot of bright blue. I amused myself by reflecting on the double sink which I was coming to regard with affection. It was perhaps the most practical thing after all but I was getting tired sitting up and I wanted a bathtub. I had lost quite a bit of weight by now, my breasts were down to a size even I liked, my skin was a silky brown color, and my hair, which hadn't been washed this whole time, was curly and shiny. My eyes were sticking out a little. Standing by the sink 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. Then I heard a knock on the door open up police. I was near the stove boiling some tea. Police? I said OK just a minute quickly downed the tea and wrapped a yellow sheet around me and went to the door which 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 stick pushed in so I grabbed that instead, it was wood. Someone was there saying we were worried about you so G and I came to see what was wrong and she said what's the matter you look awful and all I could think of was the



bitch why did she bring the buttons. I mean 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 said why did he come and he said this friend of mine asked him to. Well when they left they asked did I want anything and I said yes would they please leave a quart of milk, some strawberry yogurt, and a plunger for the drain, at the door. Back came the strawberry yogurt. I was mad they didn't help a little more.

Who came to the door that day, in addition to the aforementioned police, tens of people it seemed, that was the day. A stranger came, a friend of a friend who wanted to see me, and L and his pal came and I don't know if I said anything to them, maybe that I was OK, and C came and one of the blues was with him but I didn't hear her voice, so I didn't answer. I was watching for a blue to come and get me out. So the day went by and I kept sending people away.'

I brought in the strawberry yogurt but didn't eat, because it was too heavy to break the fast with. I needed a nourishing liquid like milk, and then late at night P came--he lived across the street. He said I have some chicken soup for you. Chicken soup exclaim! 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. Everybody must have agreed that it was time for me to come out and then the mind must've got around to doing it. So he said OK he'd go look and sometime later he came back and said he couldn't find a plunger, but 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 the tiger's cage 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 so the fast ended last page.







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This is the first of four early journals, written in 1970 (*The Fast*); in 1971, (*Country Girl*); in 1972, (*Pictures and Early Words*); in 1973, (*Big Words*). These journals depict the development of the clairvoyance from feeling and seeing auras, to seeing pictures, and finally the slow development of seeing words which first appeared singly, then later in short phrases. The culmination of this seeing of words resulted in the *Clairvoyant Journal*, written in 1974, and published by Angel Hair Books, now known as United Artists Books, in 1978, and in many books that followed. *Simple Teacher*.