

Country Girl

1971

Hannah Weiner

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Country Girl—1971

by

Hannah Weiner

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“Editor’s Note”

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silent teachers remembered sequel. New York: Tender Buttons, 1994.

Spoke. Washington: Sun & Moon, 1984.

We Speak Silent. New York: Roof Books, 1996.

Editor's Note

“Country Girl—1971” is the second of four journals poet and performer Hannah Weiner composed in the early 1970s, beginning with *The Fast*, continuing with “Pictures and Early Words,” and culminating in the now out-of-print *Clairvoyant Journal*, only a small portion of which was ever readily available to a general audience. (Weiner refers to the fourth journal as “Big Words,” but this appears to have been fully integrated into the larger “Clairvoyant Journal” project and was never, as were the others, prepared in typescript for separate publication.) Together they constitute an object-lesson in a peculiarly influential form of avant-garde journalism. This edition of “Country Girl” is made in the hopes Weiner’s great skill and inventive formal mastery will grow as a pleasure to read and to study. Weiner’s journals are crucial to the wider appreciation of her later works, but in themselves are historical exemplars of that exciting moment when the New York School of poetry and the nascent L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E writing school (“school” in a very loose sense) opened so many avenues for contemporary poetics.

In preparing this edition, I have altered only the most obvious typos from the original typescript which now resides in the Hannah Weiner archives, MSS 504, Box 11, Folder 6, Mandeville Special Collections—UCSD Libraries, San Diego. For more information on Weiner and a bibliography, visit her homepage at <http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/weiner>

—Patrick F. Durgin

Country Girl—1971

I am in the country. Whether or not the spirit, which is what I called my mind at that time, approves. I cried a little when I put the deposit in the mail. Please I want to be well. So many negative visual signs on the above paragraph. I am now trying to be guided by my experience in what I've learned from the spirit, instead of just following advice. It is now I who make the decisions and the spirit gives a yes or no on all things. He, she, it, is so active. I do not always listen.

At least there is a bed in this house I can sleep in, the little front room is fine. Perhaps when I remove the rug from the larger room that will be OK. I had a red warning on the rug—the color is sharp and last fall I went through a whole thing of being sensitive to certain colors and fabrics.

Sometimes when the spirit is really serious a shot of pain goes to my knee. That is a definite no.

The constant search for the correct diet that will give me sustenance and energy and not hurt the knee. There are definite no's on rice and watermelon. I had both one night and bad knee the next day.

There is peace in the country house and I am incredibly grateful for the good vibes, after such disappointment in hunting for a place to live in the city. This is only for a short period, and we begin again but perhaps these 5 weeks will make me stronger.

I have been told, by a flash of color on certain words in a book I was reading, to take the back slowly. And I have been informed by the picture of a clock face on my ovary area that it will take time to heal those pains.

A blue cloud off the good side, a purple haze off the bad. When V got high the other night I saw purple leave his head and then he said, aha I'm high. Some of it is muscle tension.

I saw a pink cloud over the house when I left. This is the house in which I saw the clear egg and the clear blue blob hanging in the air. I saw a black line leave the room I had napped in. I saw the lighted windows and got a sign to cancel them out. I didn't. Then I saw the same image, light and all, on a rock, only smaller of course. I know that some of the images I see are not meaningful signs, just the memory repeating itself in visual images.

I have need of some opaque loose dress to wear here. The light in the house would make me visible through the sheer white cotton Indian shirt, bought against the spirit advice because of the little holes in the embroidery. These holes collect the black and red energy. I saw little black and red dotted lines around the neck. I decided to buy it anyway and use my mind to clear it up. I bought, however, the one with the smallest holes. I wore it without washing it or doing a good cleaning job and I felt prickle all over my weak place so I took off the shirt to work on, air out and wear the next day. Shopping is not easy. I couldn't buy one with colored embroidery, for example, the colors pick up and hold the purple vibes faster than does white. I can wear my white pants often. I cannot wear the stripe anymore. It

is as if the very stripe twisted the vibrations around my knee.

Tonight I could lie on the floor and touch my feet over my head without pain in the ulcer region. Perhaps the country is relaxing me. Will it improve my handwriting? As I write that sentence, it improves, just as it got smaller when I said I am writing smaller.

A book on healing with colors, auras. I open this to discover Buddha had a perfect spine. I begin to look through this book. Various colors set up vibrations, some heal one thing, some another. I must incorporate this into my diet.

It seems, from the directions given by my spirit (my higher self, my own mind, the signal sender) that I am tending to a very yin diet, perhaps to counteract the muscle tension and spasm produced by the sciatica. Knowing my nature running to extremes, I shall doubtless experience a heavy yin period before adding back some yang. My tastes, except for the desire for meat which I still sometimes have, is for yin food, yogurt, fruit, cornmeal.

Straining my right eye makes it purple. I can get rid of it by exercise. It turns magenta then. I concentrate on the healing power of the life energy.

I no longer complain about my taking too much cream. I have made so many errors that unless I forgive myself and forget I will be in a helpless purple situation of self recrimination. The scorpio tail comes round to sting.

The struggle goes on to learn the care and feeding of arthritis, sciatica, muscle tension, poor circulation, ulcer, plus getting over 40 years of the American way of life. The

yoga and yogurt really work. During yoga I can see the deeper colors leave the areas of tension and disease. The last 2 days I have spent 2 hours an evening on yoga and meditation. The meditation consisting partly of concentrating on positive healing and peaceful thought.

The truth shall set you free. The truth will be a relaxation, a clarity, a certainty that I will experience through the mind. So it is this I must aim for. To try to always experience what is true. And to try to know what that is for myself. On these thoughts I experienced (saw) a light flash. So I know that is in the right direction. This is the end of 8 days in the country.

I would like to think that the signals come to me from my higher self. That self, which, when I ask myself will V be home for dinner always answers correctly. If I go to phone someone and it says no, that person is not home, or the phone is busy, or I haven't thought out what I have to say, or they're tied up. You must know people who call at the right, or the wrong time.

For a long time I thought I was being guided by teachers from the mental plane. I didn't know if these teachers were alive and astral projecting to me, or whether they had reached a level of existence where they were without bodies. I also thought I might be hooked up to the one mind, where true intelligence lay, and that the responses were automatic, like hitting the jackpot if you get to the truth or did the right thing because part of the information comes in a manner to stimulate the diseased part of my body that needs a little help. I also thought I might be linked up to my higher self—that external soul of mind guiding the body through this existence

and that in asking questions I was literally talking to myself.

This is the 2nd day of the 3rd week. There is considerably less tension. The city problems I brought with me, memories and fears, anger, anxiety, have just fallen away. The one friend here I feared might not want to renew our friendship has shown that fear invalid. I am never lonely. Someone always appears at the right time.

I have need for yellowish orange foods. Yin Yang is beginning to seem too simple. Potassium vs. sodium. This book on color healing included the elements. I find earth, air, water in food, the color it vibrates, as well as Yin Yang and acid and alkaline.

Book on healing says last illness first to go. I'm getting back into the ulcer now—tight bands across chest and back. Think I need a chiropractor for my spine.

Doing yoga at night sun shadow on wall. Blue light in chest, red at throat, green on face. Also saw black outline of part of one side of head and bad eye on pillow where I had been lying.

Flash of magenta light, on Jung's *Psyche and Symbol*. I open book at random to page dealing with synchronicity. That's synchronicity.

Cooking pancakes for V. Turn on electric stove too high and see a burnt pancake on the dial. Turn heat down. First lesson from spirit was year and a half ago on making pancakes on a gas stove. I mean I turned around and the gas was turned down and the extra oil was gone from the pan and the pancakes were cooking nicely without burning or sopping up oil.

Need is of the self. Want is of the ego. OK to

desire need, in accordance with universal principle. Ego trip to desire wants. Food problem for me, separating wants out of the needs.

The more I understand auras the less I need the signals. I don't need a spirit to say "no" to a pair of sneakers when I can see the aura of the sneakers is purple and I am a nice balanced magenta.

I am interested to find the chakra system has to do with endocrine glands.

Heard mother's voice say eat that apple in a heartless DON'T eat that apple voice. I was confused. The confusion on overeating I attribute to my mother. Conflicting command. Eat Eat. But in hostile tones. Do you listen to the words or the tone of voice. How do you eat with bad vibes going down?

Anyway now I am very confused about what food is good for me to eat—what will give me nourishment and yet not hurt muscle contractions, ulcer, arthritic knee. Too much fresh fruit is very bad for ulcer. Yang food bad for muscle spasm (wheat) cheese bad for outside of one side where the black lines are heaviest (energy can't flow). So I eat yogurt every morning and a little here and there of the rest.

I heard a voice say oh boy in a sort of chiding slightly nasty tone. So I said to the voice fuck off. You could speak in a nice tone or don't talk to me. Then I realized it was my father's voice that had spoken. A voice you can't tell whether it is chiding or sympathetic. More confusion. More guilt.

To eat or not eat pancakes. Came downstairs—chair by window glowed purple. Saw image of plate of

pancakes in front of it on table.

Hear lots of voices in morning after yoga. Must give up signals (hear bells). Must unlock process of guilt. Bells. Bells on phono joined by hello. Phono-bells flute and drums. (Bells) Then voice. Sweet smell and bells. Also sweet taste before.

About two weeks before the pain day I saw a flash on the calendar for that day.

I see energy in white color. I've seen more. Like sheets of rain. Happened twice when I was on phone.

I feel a distinct sense of failure in dealing with my spirit. I still ask questions; the right fabric for pants? I bought some rose paisley and I saw a carrot sign on it at the knee. So I returned it and got a yellow print and that set up a lot of pain over the sciatica. Maybe it's the largeness of the print.

Now the refrigerator seems to come on in relation to certain thoughts, just as it did in the beginning. I'd think a thought, the refrigerator would go on, as if in confirmation. Didn't tell M about a poem we wrote. Signals said no—oh fuck signals (refrigerator goes on).

Had ginseng tea the other day and I got, after 1/4 cup or less, such a rush of heat that I had to take off not only the sweater I had put on a few minutes before because I was cold, but the sweater under that, and ran out onto the porch to cool off. Better not to get heat rushes. Later I was exhausted. The next night I slept under a purple aured blanket and got the heat again—woke up with electricity in little pieces around me—the knee is pictured like that. Electricity and yogurt all mixed up together, like straw going every which way. So I had

to do yoga for quite a while to cool that out. It's better for the blue fire to come slowly. I was warned about the gray blanket too, but it also seemed to say I could handle it, whereas the rush from the ginseng was just too sudden and too much.

I have rented another house up the road so I can stay in the country until Thanksgiving.

Last night the spirit said it was OK to eat scrambled eggs, and I didn't feel like it, but I'm tired of corn pancakes, so I did, and got indigestion.

Last night I heard a voice that was neither my father's nor mother's nor me. It was a woman's voice that said, pleasantly, "relax." It's the only voice that ever said that to me that I could listen to and do it. But the protein must have given me a rush because I got up around 6 to eat and the kitchen gleamed as bright as if I were on mescaline or acid.

I am eating corn meal pancakes, the whole corn meal plus soy flour in it, mix with egg and oil and milk and sometimes protein powder. Fruit, cheese, oat cereal, and no vegetables because it hurts my ulcer and they're too much heat.

The magenta color is a mixture of yin and yang, red and purple, and can soften to a nice easy glow. This is a healthy aura, according to Ledbetter, and the one I feel best in. It allows the turquoise blue flame to appear. This calls for electric energy. Yogurt, for its use in cooling out the purple, is mucus-forming, and I do not eat it now. I saw a five pointed star in my forehead, and when I hit upon a truth I see a bell if my eyes are closed.

Had one corn pancake made out of water and corn mix and a little oil, and the heat begins to rise again. Corn is the most yin of grains. I'm flushing. I get stoned on that

pancake.

I'm beginning to feel loose and limp, like I did when I was in the sink and got all the tension out of part of me. The other day I scratched a tension spot on the ball of my foot and the heat rose. Today I got a blue flash off of a yellow leaf and a yellow fruit. I get red off the green leaves and sometimes blue energy. But the blue off the yellow is deeper and not so greenish.

I just said to myself "I'm a philosopher" and heard a voice say "genius." It was the faint voice, however, that's been saying lots of things. But I haven't listened to this one. I can't hear it very well. It's easier to ignore than all those visual signals.

Two days ago I saw an entire black outline of my profile by the phone. I should stand up straighter and get thinner under the chin.

Slept under the gray blanket again, but switched a cotton quilt for the orange basketweave wool. The latter was very red in aura and I experienced a headache upon going to bed. After I switched, the headache went away, but I had some trouble with the knee and pelvic area under the blanket. I concentrated on this for a while and the pain went away and I fell asleep. When I awoke I did not have the burst of electricity. My mind, however, never shut up talking to me, and as I would think of something it would add a useless phrase, such as "for the time being" or "now." It was difficult to quiet my mind and I made no attempt at yoga other than to work out the neck muscles a little (I hear some of this as I write it). I decided to wash my hair as V is coming up and I haven't washed it in two weeks. All the spirit indications were against it. This has

happened before. Evidently the magenta and blue turn purple and green—which is a lower energy level.

The magenta is gone. My cold returned. I feel sick inside. I ate a Tiger's Milk candy bar because I was so washed out, and all the sweet hurt my knee.

I should have consolidated my gains and not washed my hair. If only I didn't rebel at the wrong time to the spirit instead of trying to figure out what it is telling me.

Yesterday when I woke up the red leaves were brown and the tree turned blue. That only lasted a bit. Today I slept in the water bed with the electric heating unit on. I woke up in the night with little bits of electricity-like-straw and a red warning light on the wall, so I went upstairs to cool out.

Doing yoga today, all kinds of flashes. I ate part of a Tiger's Milk bar again, and the sugar does bad things for my knee. I keep seeing it on my knee, so I have to recite my mantra to make it go away. Whenever I see something like that or a circle of blue and orange and cream, or deep blue and white, or dark red and blue, I concentrate on the area till it goes away. These signs, I have to assume, appear on places where negative energy is stored. By reciting the mantra or concentrating I send good energy to it to drive out the bad.

I wish I could understand the signals. Perhaps the book would be clearer too. My life would be. The knee fucks up everything. But I can take more of the purple vibes than I used to. No it says. Not so much pain as there used to be. Still, some signals seem to mean OK, some no, some clear up the bad energy. And they keep switching. Perhaps it's all a low vibration trip.

Wanted to eat chicken. Saw thumb with all

wrinkled chicken skin and yellow fat along fingers. Didn't eat chicken.

Today wore avocado green sweater of acrylic with purple aura. Felt OK on back, although I could feel slight muscle contraction in shoulder, but knee really hurt. Had gotten my "carrot" signal on it—means too constricting. Knee felt better when I took it off and put on an all wool rust sweater with a red aura.

Sleep on green sheet with purple aura, gray blanket with purple aura, orange blanket with red aura, yellow blanket with purple aura. What I see in the morning is red and purple auras on shoulder. As far as I can tell, if the aura is strong it is more important than the actual color. The gray blanket, which is fuzzy, Peruvian and book print design, has a very energetic purple aura. I intend to blend all this to a nice rosy pink. Ho hum. Blue on hum. Pink on hum.

Can now put legs over head and touch toes to ground without pain in the ulcer region. Begin to feel a great armor plate over chest, neck and chin. It is gray—I feel I could remove it all at once like a plaster cast.

Yesterday lay on water bed for 1/2 hour. Felt chair rock under me another hour.

I can now wear some sweaters with a purple aura. A sweater made of acrylic with purple aura is now OK to wear except it gives me a little trouble on the right shoulder. The shoulder is clearing up now, and the muscle tension in my neck and head area is easing. I'm 1/3 of the way into throat chakra according to how I see the chakras on the chart light up when I look at it.

During nap had gray blanket with purple aura

over left side and woke up speeding—perhaps that had something to do with speed. Ate pancakes and went for a walk. Swept floor and did dishes, ate some cheese to cool out. Good grief. Every time I write “speeding” I speed.

I turned bright red after eating fish for 3 or 4 days and eggs and fruit. I stopped most grains for that period. Today Pluto moved into Libra. For two weeks I have discontinued this boring account of food and colors. I stopped eating pancakes to eat fish and eggs and cheese for energy. Fish has a blue aura, eggs red, cheese blue, wheat germ purple, with milk blue, avocado purple, dried peaches, acid green glowing red, dried apricots, red.

The result of this is to bring a balance I'm sure since when everything washes right and I am pink or blue and red equally the blue merges into lilac and I feel good. The leg is better since I concentrate on it. The head is clearing up and the muscle spasm in arm and in the shoulder and face are slowly going away. The energy is moving from the throat chakra to the brow center or 3rd eye and I have to keep my food and colors balanced. It would probably be easier if I ate brown rice and vegetables—brown rice supposed to have the perfect Yin Yang potassium balance of 5 to 1. Vegetables are bad for the ulcer and I don't know why I haven't been eating rice. Bad for leg—constricting—mucous forming? With all the astral beyond help I get I still feel totally unintelligent about what I do. More clarity please.

Sometimes I am lilac. I haven't yet explained or explored its full meaning but I think it would be red of Yang and blue of Yin put together and softened. It is interesting that sodium and potassium balance influences the pineal gland as

well as the synapses of the nerve endings where, some think, the permanent memory is stored.

It is now approaching a year since the whole fast thing began, which being the last Monday of October, the sun had already moved into Scorpio. In addition the moon, Venus, Mercury, Mars and Neptune were in Scorpio somewhere in this period. This year only Venus and Mercury join the sun in Scorpio plus the moon in Scorpio on the 19th, but before the sun moves into Scorpio, Pluto will be in Libra instead of Virgo, and Neptune in Sagittarius and Mars in Acquarius. I'm not sure what all of this means. I intend to eat, not fast, and if the astrals get too heavy, to go to the city and do some busy work like fixing up an apartment instead of sitting alone in the country. Today was a struggle to eat, everything was a "no" but regardless of leg or muscle spasm I must eat. I can see how a fast seems the only thing to do but I'm not repeating last year's trip. I'm still recovering from it.

While looking at an illustration of the lilac 7th chakra I saw a yellow sunflower in the golden center and then a yellow sunflower in the center of my chest.

I plucked my eyebrows—see energy leave the little holes where the hair was plucked.

In yard, saw clouds of different colors leave different rooms of the house. Wake up and see huge bright red and green flashing from my body. Said mantra. It went away. These things do not disturb me. Neither did hearing footsteps the other night when no one was there.

See lilac a lot around, a flat color, like lilac ice cream.

Ice cream keeps the energy down, like cream. The

other day I walked to the door to pull in a rug, there was a big pink light with electric flashes in front of me. When I woke today there was blue-violet on the sheets.

Yesterday put on this Jupiter blue quilt robe with a Neptune red-violet lining and hot high. The energy rose up to my neck where it cleared out a gland and sore throat but gave me a stuffed head.

I spend a lot of time cleaning out my toes, just like last year. Now I just concentrate and see plain particles of negative energy leave. Sometimes a color. No animals. I can feel the energy tickle my toe when I do it. I consider energy negative when it is colorless, a clear, rather than golden color. It's the kind that comes from a dead caterpillar on the road.

Surprising what energy I get from hot pink. Got a pale blue shirt, too, for when I want to relax my energies.

V can take much stronger red Yang than I can. The brown blanket that drove me crazy creating all kinds of tensions he likes to do yoga on and sleep under. I have a sweater of a similar color which is now all red with gold flecks and I must try to clear it out before I wear it again. Last year I had all that purple trouble. And this year it's red.

Opened *Eat and Grow Younger* to some recipe for cottage cheese, a passage about those over 40 needing extra protein for the endocrine glands (saw a fish).

I feel this uncomfortable heat when the energy rises, as if I want to breathe more and open all the windows.

Needed food. Thought of calling J. Heard voice say "right now." Didn't like tone of voice so didn't call. Called one hour later. J had left one hour before. Should separate information from tone of voice (personality, ego, etc.).

Question: is it better to call and ask someone to do you a favor and give them the chance of saying yes or no, or to concentrate on having them think of it and call you. Answer: yes to first. If you concentrate on them they might not know if it's your thought or theirs, and if they get your thought and think it is their own, confusion—or you are trying to control them. Or they don't get it at all. If they get it and think it might be your thought they still have free will about what to do and you're not controlling them but in this case they have to be pretty conscious to know their own minds. Example. I was thinking I wish I could buy cookies to get some ready-made wheat; but couldn't because they're made with sugar. V goes shopping for me and says I walked to the cookie counter and almost bought cookies and then I said what am I doing here I don't eat that shit. So he said, "Please tell me all your thoughts about food because I don't know you or me." I said "Were you thinking about dungarees because I got this thought I needed some, and I don't wear them." And he said "Yes."

Finally get J after calling often. She's not feeling well, hoping I call her. See little white light in center of forehead tonight.

A year ago today it all began and today I am on a physical kick, not a psychic one. Yoga feels great and I know I can get my body in shape (hear) now. V leaves and I determine not to listen to spirits anymore.

Does everyone who develops clairvoyance go through this? Is that dish of rice I see before me a suggestion to eat it, or stay away. Or, is it just a sign to get rid of the mental image or the desire for it, or its action on my body, if I've already eaten it? I ask all the time. *Hannah I was hungry all the*

time stupid.

My father, who is here for a few days, and I both were trying hard to show our love for each other and he even said that we did love each other and defended my side of a discussion with V who arrived the next night. V and I solved some of our communication problems too. My father went home and V stayed, showing me how to do my yoga and to breathe properly.

I'm not listening to my warning signs anymore. They said don't answer the phone and when I did it was V saying he'd passed his high school equivalency the first time round. Numerology helped him with the math and the geometry, he said, he just figured out.

I saw half of my image walking ahead of me on the road today.

Dungarees make me feel slightly sick to stomach.

Shoulder cleared up when father here. Stomach worse when he left. From food or abandonment?

The colors I see on me are red violet with more pink in it and a dark purple blue.

The electric lights are responding to my thoughts, just like the bells 2 months ago tinkled in synchronization to certain thoughts. The lights get brighter (or, possible, my eyes open and see more light) in response to certain thoughts. This has been going on for almost 2 years now. I asked myself if all I had to do was ask to see things and I would see and the lights flashed brighter.

I was feeling down and wanted to open one of my birthday presents which are sitting out in their ribbons and decided upon one that jingled, and sounded like a toy. I saw a

picture of the wrapping on my left arm. I felt I should open that one, and then asked myself (or the spirits) if I should and get a negative and confused answer. I opened it anyway and was glad I did for it was a little pumpkin with which I can celebrate Halloween. I thought “The squash is done. Take it out.” I asked myself if it were and I got a negative answer. Later I went to the squash and it was almost ruined. The first time was right.

I keep meaning to write more about my struggle with the spirits, how I first met them, after a mescaline trip and the lights started responding to my thoughts. I then perceived definite feelings of yes and no in response to these lights. The lights behaved differently and some seemed positive, and some negative. I also heard a friend’s voice in my chest at that time singing one of the popular songs then “You were a princess in 2000 BC.” I went to a book store and got a flash on a book and opened it to the story of a Tibetan princess who was born half in the sun and half in the shade and who had a teacher of Yoga stay with her, and the friend, whose voice I heard, had also taught me some yoga then, and it was very freaky. Many songs on the radio seemed pertinent to me then and the lights flashed on some of them and once or twice it seemed the songs were not commercial but ones made up directly for me, because they referred to things I did or clothes I wore or how I felt. I didn’t know the lights meant I had some degree of clairvoyance. I knew I was in communication with something, assumed they were good spirits and were there to help me with my development. One day, I was making pancakes and turned back to the stove to find the fire down, the extra oil gone from the pan and the light pancakes cooking—quite different from my usual overdone, heavy, oily ones. I was quite astounded, but

amused to realize I had a feminine spirit in the kitchen. The spirit began to indicate what clothes and colors I should wear. Later, I asked my friend if there were good or bad spirits and he said good ones, don't blow it, but lately, and this is almost 2 years later, I wonder. Later, he said bad spirits, and then don't be a puppet and do what you want. All of which is good advice at the appropriate time and that's what I've been trying to figure out, ever since. Deep intuition and cravings seem OK. And I understand the philosophy of denial. For only when you are stripped bare of all your habits and ego clothes, can the craving or real need be apparent and be clearly recognized apart from an old habit or indulgence. At that time, the spirits also taught me how to change the vibrations in the house by moving things around and using different colored throws, that is, I was instructed to do these things and did, and only now realize it was vibrations I was changing. I could see lights of different colors when my eyes were closed and these also had a Yes or No significance. I also could feel energy hit my body in various places in response, zap on groin, and since the places it hit were places that needed mending, like my ovaries, I assumed the spirits meant to aid me, or that, when I hit upon a true statement, I drew a response from the energy in a kind of "the truth shall heal" philosophy. Only now, I get zaps from the energy in my body, regardless of the yes or no quality of my thought. The struggle now I do believe, is to that intuitional truth beyond duality.

When I met these spirits, guides, friends, devils or what, funny things began to happen to me. Like I was doing a show and this friend hadn't called to wish me good luck, and I was pissed thinking about it and I had this signal to go down

and get the mail and as I did, a truck went by that had a sign “Good Luck” on it. So that blew my mind, like coming in from shopping with these new blue clothes and a voice singing on the radio, my baby is blue today.

Or this friend says always carry a transistor radio, and I’ll contact you over it, and all I knew was that I had heard his voice on the phonograph when we were both high on mescaline, so I knew it could be done. I went by a radio store and I was literally stopped in my tracks. I mean pulled from behind, so I went in and they showed me this transistor with a name so appropriate I bought it, but I didn’t hear my friend’s voice again.

A few months after that, I was concentrating on a blank black and white TV screen, with the set on, and the words “poet to the world” appeared in color.

Once I woke to find drawn in dust on the white dresser the picture of a polka-dotted dinosaur. Later that day I went shopping in Gimbel’s for a present for my nephew and saw a pink and green polka-dotted dinosaur. So I bought it.

I did eight days of silence once, and a limited diet, and tried to reach one friend mentally and concentrated all day, but saw the image of another friend instead.

V says the opalescent color is from protein. I’ve only seen it on fish.

Thinking of a dream I had a year and a half ago. Mother’s feet very cold. I wake up terrified, feet cold. A few days later, she comes to New York from warmer climate. Feet get very cold. Later, she gets pneumonia. If I had only understood the dream as a warning, I would have gone to meet her with an extra pair of warm boots. Really feel if I had

thought about dream I would have gone to meet her and possibly prevented the pneumonia. The thing is now I don't remember whether I thought of taking the boots down or not. Think I did, but just didn't do it on the day she came in because it seemed too far fetched or I was too frightened by the energy level I was on when I dreamed it or I was just too selfish to bother. An increase in energy or consciousness in those days seemed to bring about an increase in fear and paranoia. The synchronization of things freaked me and even a suggestion to get a record and go somewhere, left me feeling scared, unable to really do it. I'd just sit home and be all uptight.

I only have sneakers now, pants and T-shirts, sweaters. The life I lead you can go anywhere in these. I'm going to get an old velvet dress and cut it off to wear with pants. That way, I can stick with one pair of boots and not worry.

V appeared with a friend as my birthday was coming to an end. We went out to eat vegetables and bread and butter. The next day, I had terrible stomach cramps.

I wonder if I'm ever going to make it clear about how I fight the spirits. They didn't want me to have carrot juice for the ulcer but I had some fresh today and it tasted and felt so good I could cry. No they say. It is purple.

Too much information is confusion.

I got the NO sign on cutting my hair with the long scissors. So, I cut it with the small. I got the NO sign on cutting my hair in the back so I cut it on the top only.

I don't see flashing colors so much. Just a little to show me what color aura something is, sometimes. I'm not frightened, either. Blue is alkaline, I think. The red is not always a warning—it's the color of the thing. But a mixture of

the two is needed to get Yin Yang balance. A lot of the colors in clothes I can get rid of by concentrating—a mental airing out.

Well a year ago I had to leave the loft because the sink stopped up and today I thought I'd have to leave here. At four this morning, it was pretty chilly and I noticed the heat was off. The oil co. had a night weekend no. so they said they'd be here this morning and it's OK, they just have to switch from one tank to another, but I had fancies.

Last night, angry, I went to the bathroom mirror. I saw bright red colors shooting out of the right side of my head and a reddish brown murk coming out of the top. Anger is ugly. Funny, I can't wear this red and brown T-shirt striped, it looks like anger.

Two days ago I was so exhausted from my period I ate bacon. I felt a lot better that night.

I am back in the city. This is incredible. People still smoke cigarettes. Haven't been to town in 4 months. Going to the city like going to a foreign country. People still drink coffee and eat jam.

Chocolate color on walk. Red on chocolate. Don't walk? Taxi. Here we come. Magenta on taxi, purple black on walk. City silly felt high.

I don't like it anymore. I went to look at my apartment and my knee started to cave in and I got very depressed.

Saw red flash off entire one side talking to V when I got angry at him on the phone.

Wake up from nap. See turkey on light bulb. Want to eat turkey. G invites me for Thanksgiving turkey. No signs all the time on the turkey. Bad for leg-muscles? I suppose

the pies have sugar in them. Been wanting to try turkey for 2 1/2 months just to see what it does. I may check out turkey vibes when I see it. Ate turkey—delicious. Kitty fasted.

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