

Richard 6.1.93.

Anxiety

I don't know who's going to come thru' door. Holding onto myself. Can't move + don't want to be moved. Stuck here. Can't get up. Stuck in me. Can't move without being told to. V. frightened. Dissolve, disappear, not be here. I am lots of ages, — 8 + younger + in womb.

← Womb. Sticky penis. Invaded. Totally cut off from what I am feeling. I feel not real, unimportant. V. fragile. Not been here long. V. small, not formed. I'm stuck in top half of me + don't know what's going on below. Familiar feeling for me.

I'm intruding, not feeling.

Terror. I don't know. Can't handle this. Oh God. I feel a phony. Going to fail this exercise, etc. Can't feel anything. An energised blank. Nothing, empty, but energised. It doesn't know what to do. Makes me nervous. It's got me, not me it. The energy is the problem. It's not directed, doing but not focussed. It's not my energy.

M's Record. What am I going to do. Too much to do. H, A, F, need me. Can't cope. So dissatisfied. Not doing what I want, but it's not what I'm doing. Tied down by another baby. So tired. No one here. So incapable. No energy. I need energy for myself. I wish I were not pregnant. I'm immobile. Imposed upon, used. Wish it would go away, this baby. Then I could get on, not be stuck, waiting. Really tired, resentful. Resent being tied d. with a baby.

R. I feel not wanted. Depending myself. It hits me below diaphragm in belly. Contracting. Shrinking. Destroying me, that feeling. I defend myself by contracting + becoming thicker, more difficult to penetrate. Like a shell. Inside it feels full of pain + sadness. Whatever I do I'm not wanted by person closest to me. I'm not wanted. Something wrong w. me. (Weeps). Don't want to feel anything ever. Don't want to feel. Don't trust anyone.

Awful hopelessness. Never any peace. Never going to feel good about myself. I am not wanted. Whatever I do is not enough. Can't —

(Let not wanted feeling show) Sobbing. Can't let it out. I'm split in 2. A pinhole lets out a drop only. The bowl is full. I have forgotten how to get inside myself, I'm simulating it.

Why am I not accepted. Why doesn't she touch me. What have I done wrong. V. insecure, drifting, abandoned. No wonder I find it hard to connect with others. Nobody knew me better than my M. She doesn't accept me so there must be something wrong with me.

I do + don't feel something is wrong with me. I don't feel this energy is mine, but I feel v. hurt. Absd. terrible. The worst that could happen is to be non-acceptable. I feel terrible, wounded. I close off, shrink, build an eggshell round me so complete I block out all life. Suspended animation.

Within the shell is still as raw. Spunk in the time it was made. Closer to home than F's not wanting me.

Frightened for my life. This energy is anti me. So frightened. I'm deeply weak. Can't feel it. Women can, I can't. I feel really weak. I am not important. I protect the fact that I feel weak. When I am pushed I feel weak. I am ashamed of that. I am supposed to be strong and I am not.

'I don't know what I want'. Not me, but my M. I thought it was me. It's her. I don't want to know what I want. It's who I am which is important, what stands in the way is the feeling I can't get to the centre. Contaminated by untruth that I have to please others because they are more powerful. So frightened in womb that I stay still, try to be invisible so as not to be knocked out.

Total failure. Pointless. Not worth anything. Not worth loving. I am a nothing. I trust nobody. Something wrong in me, + no trust outside. Double suspicion.

There is a solution, but the problem is real. Hers. Not knowing, Anxiety, resentment. Mine. Reaction. But I have all her problems too. Resentment, anxiety, worthless. Reaction in me mirrors her. But I have no cathartic release yet. Deep defence against emotion. I resist it.

I feel terrible; poisoned, struck off, hurt.

Hexon. I feel there will be a time this year to experience this energy. Not yet. It's growing, + it will come. We have stated the problem.

Consciousness is not the content of consciousness. Anxiety is not consc. - its a content. I am the consciousness, consciously be aware of the anxiety, but do nothing about it. It places it in my body. Low down, as a grip. Accept it for the time being as it is. Its part of a larger process which is now to be gone thro'. Its to be done. Like an egg bump being push out of a smooth surface.