

10.10.90.
Richard.

Eating,

Defensive position - don't like inadequacies discussed. Dangerous close the manhole, verboten stuff down there. Don't disturb the status quo. The manhole is at diaphragm level. Below is unknown. Above it, I speak. Yet below the manhole is powerful. (Ident. with below the manhole) If he ignores me it is to his purpose. I know myself.

(Ident. w. tension) At home. If I want something like drop handlebars I have to persuade F. Fear, anxiety. I want to be in w. my friends. I may not be able to persuade him. Fear. Upright - a feeling I carry around. Its to do w. relying on other people. I feel cut off from everyone. A familiar feeling. Isolated. Not included - v. resentful and miserable + wanting my own way. I want every one to do what I tell them. That makes me feel v. lonely. I have no true base. Very insecure. If they did as I say, I'd fall down! To do w. not being loved. Its from my family, a feeling of no warmth or affection. No time for each other, no inter-relationship.

→ Windermere - new house. Eating black beans, bananas etc. I feel totally full. Nothing to do so she cooks, and I eat. I've taken huge risk. Committed to this house + I've only known S for 3 weeks. Desperate to hold on to Suz. Don't know what to do, though, how to go on. I don't understand her at all. Her English not good. I feel I don't know what I'm doing + I'm terribly insecure.

No direction. I am pleasing S. by eating. I enjoy it + there is nothing else to do. What am I supposed to be doing. (Noises) Ahhh, earth, etc. Shaking w. fear. Unacknowledgment. I just don't know anything. I've been told who I'm supposed to be, + test against it, but I don't know who I am. I am centreless. Eating passes the time. (I prefer to sleep than talk about this).

Its the emotional strength of S. I don't have any feelings. She gets angry + frightens me. She's so pushing - incredibly pushing. I secretly admire it but I don't want to be pushed around. I've had enough of it.

But I feel so formless I have no right to push back.

I have no right to speak w. F. He makes the decisions.

If S. leaves I will have failed. I kowtow to her, keep her happy, do what she wants. I eat.

Really, I now eat for pleasure. And feel lousy as a result.

Feeling makes me feel incredibly happy + contented. At least feeding. Its all I want. Utter contentment. I lack nothing. Totally contented w. Mother. Nothing wrong. This is how things should be always.

← pre content. Pain. Aaahh! Burning. (Crying). Crying to be picked up + fed. Screaming to be picked up.

Get as near to source of vitality as poss.
Enjoy what you eat.
Stop when you still have room for more.
Being a searching for love. It is found at
the source of his own being. From that point he can shine love to others.

Homocopying.

I demand attention. Anxious. She may not be there. I need her, why isn't she here? Where is she?

← Atmosphere v. thick, Feeling cocooned in thick feeling, Unhappy feeling. Like dying, a euphoric awareness, very contented. Accepting what is. I don't care. I am abandoned but I don't care. My mother has abandoned me. She's sending me back where I come from because she doesn't want me. Like a letter being posted back.

Starting to be anxious. Don't want to be posted back. Fear grows. Feel sick in stomach. Fear for my life. Images of being held up + shaken. Head going back + forth without control. (Build up of shaking, crying violently)

I am left alone after that shaking. Hungry in stomach + angry in stomach. Shaken because I was crying by my mother. I hated it. She could have killed me. She hated me. She doesn't want me. Raw, acid hurting in stomach. It hurts. I've been separated. It hurts. She doesn't love me. She hurts me. I am hungry to be picked up.

I fall asleep. Then I wake up. Still remember what happened, but not so sharply. When I am picked up I feel a resistance in case it happens again.

← I've got to fight for my life. It's not right. She's not my true mother. Trying to get back where I came from but can't. Contentment is there. But this horrible bondage! I hate being bound! I have a memory of being not bound.

Shaking. Crying. I hate you! Stop it! It's the separation that's hurting. The rejection. I feel torn. I am torn like un-reloading. All the bits I enjoyed are pulled off. It's a familiar feeling of dependence + what do I do now. It gives me a lying passive feeling, restraining myself - legs tightly together, frightened to kick out. I repress that urge. I want to hurt it as much as it hurts me. Confusion. I also want it to accept me. A stew. Combination of anger, + abandonment, + wanting to be picked up.

→ Windermere. I want to placate. Don't know what to do. I thought this was it. What now? I don't want to be dependent. But I want to keep S.

Link up. Anxiety, desire to be loved, fear of being abandoned.

Hexonic Level.

The placing of the being in the living life force continuum as his true home. He tends to look outside to fulfill the voids he fills. He has to complete himself by uniting with all. He fears abandonment. Gating is a symbol of where you derive eng. from. Internal or external. True source of energy is found in abundance when one's heart emerges. You don't need to look outside. You are fed by the continuum. (My fear is of doing that). Accept the fear, it's part of the situation, accept it.

(Leave it till later. Have a nice time now) That is linked inextricably with painful deprivation. Gentle is the best course. Be gentle in all things. Not to force. Gently + genitally. Because its power. No fear of failure.

Hexonic Directive