

Richard.
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'Mother' feeling for women.

I feel formless, nothing to rely on, vulnerable. Without defence. Frightened I'll be disturbed. I feel so plastic anything affects me. I'm the woman + I'm looking for a man in the woman to make me feel better. I'm looking for right motivation so that I can contribute. Reverse polarity. I'm often aware of extended unease, anxiety. Something I should be doing that I am not doing. Its like a muscle that changes shape in use + becomes firmer. A step towards action. That is better than tremulousness, on the other hand you lose wholeness.

Something lacking in me. Am I looking to woman to tell me what to do? (I resist that suggestion). I feel it must be true - but I can't see it objectively.

Acceptability. Not complete unless I am in service. I've always looked at women. I want them to say 'Yes, you are acceptable.' I feel unacceptable + expect them to heal, to accept me. Goes back to my mother.

← She knows she is pregnant. I feel numb. I've smelled on anaesthetic. I'm feeling like I'm jelly, yet calcified. Depending self against my environment. Frightened of being ripped out. Hostile country. Panic. A self-encapsulated ball. I don't want to know.

My attitude is set. But hope grows. But this attitude aches. I'm frightened of getting destroyed. Its being infused into me. I defend by balling up. Can't feel what's outside me. I'm passive to this fear. I'm afraid of this fear coming into me.

Ms record.

Don't want to be tied down. Can't face it all again. I can't manage the upheaval. Its all F's fault. Can't manage - too much of a burden. Don't want to know. Its a blasted nuisance. My hands are full as it is. It is too bad. Its v. inconvenient. I've 2 as it is. Can't manage another. Yet I feel guilty. I have to bottle it up.

I really don't want to be tied down. I really resent it.

Child.

Feel awful about it. Don't want to admit it, but it hurts. It feels like the worst thing whatsoever. A sort of death. I'm frightened she may try to get rid of me. My survival depends on her.

→ Sug. My survival depends on her. That's why I am looking. What have I done wrong? I must have done something wrong. It shouldn't be like this.

I cannot accept myself until I am accepted. As no one does I must have done something wrong. I am bad.

I look for acceptance in woman. It comes at price of silly slavery.

Terrible weakness. The ground I stand on could turn to water. Insecure, I am so used to this inner terror as I approach woman. I feel so shaky inside. Desperate to be loved, and they can deny that. I depend on their image of me for my stability. Hence I am so vulnerable. Its the story of my life.

Own record.

Tremendous interest. Being pushed around by eng. outside me. I adore this. I am being adored, penetrated. I'm allowing penetration of most acceptable energy. A song is being sung to the knockings. A signature tune. I feel fulfilled. Destiny fulfilled. He is my beloved.

Sperm record.

I feel I've won an Olympic Gold Medal. I feel raised to a higher energy form. (Praise and raise link.) The two together. When I entered the egg it altered me into we, an enlarged 'I'. I feel full of love to fulfil its development, the development. Something larger is going on.

Joint record.

Already there. Not created, only confirmation of what is already. Perfect. Feeling is vital, light, a kind of self-shining golden light.

→ to M's awareness of pregnancy, I stay with the golden light and feel the disturbance as external. It cannot affect or damage me. I am wholly who I am, unalterable from outside.

Look at Sus in the golden light: Fulfilled. I have found who I am, a self-recognised awareness. It makes me serve, not her needs, but the needs of the whole situation.

Look at all women. I see their unspoken pain suffering, & why they cling to men, look for men to stimulate, their dissatisfaction. I cling to who I am in me. It is an error to suppose I am bad because unaccepted.

Internal woman says, Accept me & you accept yourself. Accept yourself & you accept me.

Eating & mother's attitude.

To do w. sexual energy. Rel. between eating & accepting my own sexual energy. The eating habit came from a feeling that I'm not capable emotionally. Desire energy in me can go into sexual activity or eating. I avoid sex sit. because I feel threatened, uneasy about them. Eating is more acceptable, easier, as an expression.

Female half on eating. Its over eating is the problem. Excess pleasure thro' repetition only makes you full and is depressing. Its not efficient " ~~de~~ de-energising."

Eating must not be seen in isolation. Another factor is stress, too many things calling. We must manage differently & so change the eating. Constant renewal of remembering, re-living, being in the field of awareness even in routine tasks. A qualitative change.

(Absolutely right. I would like to be like that).

Then let your receiving substance be penetrated by your intelligent initiative & so become whole.