

Richard
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Confusion.

God, what am I to do. Don't know what to do. I'm supposed to do, don't do, so I've failed. Everybody gets on w. their lives. I'm stuck. Nobody tells me what to do.

Source

← No energy. Sat waiting. Listening all over myself. Speaking disturbs that - waiting for X to happen. No mobility. Nothing I can do. I'm ~~not~~ a door. Waiting for completion from somewhere outside me. It's a woman / ovum or equivalent. Passive, not active. It finds fulfilment only in relationship. I'd know it if I saw it. A stimulus, committed,

→ to stimulus. Terr. darkness. It gets more intense, w. sinking emotions. At worst pt. it turns to hope. Hope is a stimulus in me. It feeds me. I'm delighted to change to accommodate it. I expected something from outside. I am surprised that it came from my despair within.

I'm re-forming, becoming fluid, mobile. I flow d. lines of interest, discovering that the lines are already there. This is how babies are formed. I ~~get~~ flow down to form, flesh. It's done by high level thought, it's not gross. The thought is the act, pure, un-interfered with.

This body is a body of pure thought, & this thought encompasses - it's not stuck in the brain. I'm aware that I'm thicker, more solid, & I get confused at this point. It's not like it was before. I feel resisted, limited, held in, frightened. Never felt this before. A big squirt of something horrible, indescribable. Erhh! a poison to kill me off. If I push this I will be sick. Spinning, disorientated, confused. Unnatural, painful. It's introduced from outside & it's making me ill. A real pain. V. upset. Don't know who I am. Ga ga. Erhh! Blind drunk to not knowing. Tell me anything & I might believe it. I've forgotten what was. I'm totally confused, anxious, fearful. Horrible. Dependent, can't exist except in this condition. Passive. Can't move. I'm just hanging on, weak, pathetic. (Yawning)

It's not right, not me. It's not who I am. Imposition. (Yawning). Impulse to sleep. I'm on a drip feed, sensor-out snaps. Just about hanging in, just alive. Cold. Lonely. Tired, wired up, nervous. Wanting to sleep yet plugged into the electricity.

Absol. Squashed from outside. V. cold. What the hell's going on? V. confused. Wired up, tired. Head ringing.

So confused I'm stopping everything. I am listening w/ all of me. I'm all ears. I am hearing a v. vibrant electricity - no, finer. Everything makes a sound. Freezing cold (Shivering). Sound is movement - in my case of fear. I am fear. I hear only the energy of fear. Totally out of my control. I'm on my own. No one else is here. I am supposed to do something, but what? And I'm wrong. I'm waiting for something to happen & it hasn't. I get angry. A spine ~~part~~ nobody wants. I am absof. Used to be. I'm not wanted. I have not been claimed. Nobody wants me & there should be someone. (Shouting).

Confusion. Not wanted & I want to do something for myself. Stick around v. get on myself. I'm stuck. No movement. FRUSTRATED. Waiting for somebody to tell me what to do. Totally disconnected. I'm in the last patch of office on a side line. Shunted off to some backwater. A reject. I'm pissed off. Fucking furious.

I'm getting this wrong. I don't know where I am. & vacuum.

I feel I'm dead. Nothing here. I can't speak to you. Aware of only a shadow life pulse in me. Fear is not left.

Become gradually more solid again as after a faint you come to. Slow emerging. I feel heavily charged w. what makes me go flappy. Someth. in my blood which makes me awake/asleep. No physical expression. Aware of sound again - that sound. I'm drugged, confused.

(In labour waiting room. Anxiety, fear of pain of birth, isolation, all going in to Richard.)

→ Birth. Feel something's happening. Tense. Waves of squashing me intensely, then relaxing again. Frightened about not getting born. Don't mind the squashing. But between contractions, fear of hurt, & not being able to make it. I might not live. v. fed up with feeling imposed upon like this. Absolutely sick. If I don't do something it could go on forever. I'm split in two. Part is feeling incoming fear. Part fed up. Mother or me? Who is speaking?

M. I want this out. Frightened, tired, painful. Left alone a lot. Don't know what to do. Anxious. Numb down there. Not in contact. It's somebody else's body, not mine.