

Overweight.

Relatively static. A ring of fat, spare tyre. Trying to get something, not getting, but I get fat. I want to get power, but I merely get fat. Its the power of being me. If I'm not me I am aching, empty, stark. Wanting to be filled, terrible desire for recognition.

Trying to be here, but I'm a faker. I can't be that good. I can't. I'm not perfect, I have bumps. I'm being measured against a unit, rule & I don't fit. Its my ~~mother~~ mother, and everybody - all are on it, expecting me to be something. Something they want me to be. I'm not it, so I scream. How dare they interfere with me. Get away from me. Leave me alone. Get yr. sticky hands off me. I feel ashamed, expected to do things I can't. Sticky fingers invading me.

← Horribly uncomfortable. Sticky penis. It deposits horrible things on me. Disgusting. Auh! Invaded by disgusting sticky gassy sticky invasion. Disgusting penis. What's it going to do to me. I'm frightened. What will it do to me. Can't see anything. Alone. Dank. Pain. I feel where its been in me. Violated, ruined. Punctured. Despise, hate, fear of this invasion.

← I'm before. Tensing up. Hot. Don't really know where I am. Was enjoying, now I'm being taken too quickly. I have no centre in me. I am being done to. Out of control, horrible. Pushed around, taken over. Faced by him. Don't want him - too crude. Dumping himself in me. I hate him, resist him. A wall, no one there. Horrible. I'm alone here. Abandoned. Not completed. I want to feel relaxed, but I am invaded. Disgusted about my own body. Down there. Horrible. I'm a heart person. I've a cut across the middle, & slid over a social surface, nothing below waist. Wanted something different. I'm a half person, with a half life.

Richard. Grrh! Grrh! etc. I feel a cripple. Lost the use of lower half. Trying to get back into myself, push myself thru. a hook inside me which plugs off what's going on below. Exit! I don't know what to do. But its wrong. Wrong. Wrong. What will he do to me, I've done something bad. Parents look. Its not happened.

I've had sex. Shouldn't have, Its a sin. I wanted it. Confusedly guilty, ashamed.

← record of invasion, men are disgusting, insensitive, no skating, lemmies. Horrible. The feeling is being screamed into me. I'm frightened at this disgusting thing outside. I'm feeling this is dangerous. I feel this big squashing weight, massive, a giant, immense size. The press of it. I distrust it. Its bad. I hate it. Its dangerous - squash me as it squashes her.

I'm in her. 6 weeks. The image is of a house squashing me. I see the damn house, big, with gables, - a threat. What's this penis sending up. Disgusted. It interferes w. me. I'm being pressured by the disgust reared me.

I'm hanging on, trying to make a home for myself. This house is not my image. I'm in front seat at theatre.

I don't like the invasion. I'm here now. Its not my feeling but its here present. My feeling is different. I'm frightened. This is dangerous. Fear is being induced in me. I partly believe it, partly not. A bloody doing.

Connection pt. is the fear, insecurity + <sup>lack of</sup> inner centrality + strength. I want to feed a hero, but its not at bottom of food tube. But I need to control the hero. False coinage. Delusion. M's feeling knocks me into no-man's land. Confuses me, makes me unsure. I reject masculinity at that point. No man's land. I need to reclaim myself.

(Press into yourself in the midst of the pressure). Pressing into me harder than they can press on ~~to~~ me. I feel who I am — like a nut. Either I be who I am or talk about it, not both. This is wholehearted, this.

(Let the being-essence speak) Weight problem viewed from outside of me being acceptable. I look for acceptability. Only I can accept myself. Only I am myself.

To invasive penis I say I have one of my own. I can press harder onto me than anyone outside can press. So I am im-penetrable. Its a joke, really.

To M. I listen, but I am central to me. Interested, and feeling for it, but it does not control me.

My weight, & weight misused. I put fat there to comfort myself. I've incorporated the fears into me & made them visible.

Weight is passive. Below is active. When I activate below waist, its nothing to do with the hanging fat. Its energetic.

I eat to be bigger so if a house falls on me I can withstand it.

(Course of action). A well-placed nut of energy behind navel. ~~I~~ I have to become that nut. Pure power. Like I've been plugged into national grid,