

Malesness.

I don't stand right, not correctly aligned or united. Separate, imbalanced. Upright, nervous, insecure. Have to show I am a man. Don't know what that implies.

← Discussing school for F. Too big for your boots. I make the decisions for you. I feel it is my life, to be consulted. I don't want to be squashed. I can't get my own way.

← I can't move. Something holds me back. Tied in by reins to a feeding chain. Anxious, fighting to get out.

← Movement in top half, immobile below. Trying to wriggle — a squashed sperm, not allowed to move. Terribly anxious, I'm going to die. Don't know what to do. Not being allowed to move. What do I do? Christ! what a family. Ohhh! Ohhh! (Tension, vibration). Tension is terrible. I'm being pushed around. He's too strong for me. Nowhere to go. His primary energy is terrible. I don't know what's going to happen next.

Flat out. No energy. Death. I'm a rocket with no fuel. Under lock & key. A trained monkey, led out to dance. A big flat steam-rollered feeling. Z). I'll be punished for not doing it right. I'm so confused. You have no rules, why do you expect me to have. Fuck yourself, I'll live my own life. You are not worth copying. I'll do opposite as much as I dare, tho' I'm terrified of you. I won't talk to you, then you can't control my thoughts. I've got no-one now. (Weeps).

← sperm state. Great tension. Struggle. You can't hold me back. I can fight thru you. I can get thru when I want to. I'm waiting till I'm ready, till the time is ready. Conserving. Then nothing can hold me back!

Ahhh! Intense activity. I've moved through. Irresistible. Splitness here. Not q. complete. What happened in that other panicky state is bonded with this state. A mirror.

← about to go. Feel fine. Prepared. Great activity. Coughing fit. Ahh! Ahh! Ahh! etc. Shaking, panic. Pounding. Rage. Quietens. ~~Then~~ Recovering, re-energising myself in my own time. Joyfully feeling my energy. A celebration of breathing, I want to know everything is functioning right in this big machine. Tension in R. hand and wrist. Discovering uses. Comparing one side with another. How does it work? Tension in neck & shoulders. Discovering where the tensions are.

Next phase. Movement increases. Coughing. Moaning again. Passive feeling. Out of control. Got to move. Come on, get to go. Yes, yes. It's gone down.

Come on! Coughing fit. Its resistance makes me cough & feel sick. Oh no! Don't go. I'm fed with fear & I'm vomiting it out. I don't want to get involved in this. Let's go to sleep & forget it. Come on, I've got the strength. I've got to get out. Not that hard. It's OK. I can do it.

I'm in a wide clear open passage. No urgency here. Where am I?

Can't see anybody else. Where am I? All a bit unreal to me.
Come on. Come on, Come on. Don't care if I die, I'm coming on.
Come on, move. Increased movement.

Stuck. Somebody tied my genitals to a post. I have to pull them away to get free. Afraid I will die here, tied to this energy. Is this it? Stuck. Can't move. NO! I must go forward. God help me. Help me. I must get forward. Must, must, must.

On, on, all on an —————>. Violent activity. I've moved on a bit.

I've moved. Feel better, less restrained. I need to hang on longer to that energy & I'll get out. I should have hung on longer. No good, I'll never make it. I'll give up, have a rest.
Come on, come on.

You'll never make it, never get away from me. You'll never ever get away from me. Can't be complete without me - the inner substance.

Willful self-pusher and what calls itself MF. Split between them. F. + M. Pushy one is F.

Let's get on with it. I'm bored with this. Oh! Come on!
For god's sake come on! Hurry up! Hurry up! Move!

Who am I in all this mess? So confused. Sorry I'm here. What's going on? Who am I? Oh, shit! Let it happen! Let go!

Out, move out. I'll not get out. Get on with it, stop being sorry for yourself. I am so confused, No orientation. Who the hell am I? For God's sake move it! I want to go through.

What on earth was all that messing around? It was so simple. Everybody was shouting instructions, getting in on act. But nobody doing anything. It was the anger that did it.

It was finally my decision that got me out. I got through it without help from the situation.

M hangs on w/ anger & fear in belly. F. in shoulders. I am in genital drive. Everybody says so it this way! Dreadful confusion.