

Conception.

5m. before release

5. Pent up, ready to go. It's my life. Among millions. I have to win. I'm all pent up and ready to spring, or nearly.
4. Full of anxiety. Anxiety. No formally ^{situation} - I am anxiety. It's my eng. source. Will I make it, or expire + return formless.
3. Just more work. Waiting.
2. More intense movement. It is its own form in movement.
1. Get to front! Elbow the buggers out of way. Be first. Pulling, calling. Somewhere out there something is calling us.

1/2m Rhythmic pulsing. It has a cycle up and down.

→ I'm coming. (I'm ^{coming} ~~just~~ Forward! forward! forward!
 Coming out! coming out! (intense struggle). Great intensity
 bursts its way thro. It ignores any other feelings about.
 A lot else going on which I ignore at moment.

imm. after release. Going round. Feeling to go this way. I feel it right. Burrowing, squishing thro' the resistance. Getting lighter. V. different feeling tone. Released, on my own. Hatter surrounding. V. different. I'm up against my elf. I am alone. Up to me to make it or not. Nobody holding me, I am on my own resources. V. hard. Energy consuming. Sticky resistance slows me down. Intense pos. movement. Creative, moving up - when I'm in the experience I'm absol. sure I'll get there. No doubt. Ah! Ah! Ah!

Near to goal. Still going. Ultimate test. If I surpass this I live. It draws me on. It's what I'm structured for - the end of a long battle. Towards life.

→ Tremendous eng. ^{needed} to get into the eng. experience I had. I burrow in head first. I eat my way in to ovum. (Head is blocking me - I resist myself all the time. I have real experience, shadow experience, and sitting on the wall.)

← Ahh! Ahh! Ahh! etc. etc. (I went further into it, but not quite).

← 30s. before ovum contact. Incredible intensity of going towards. Approaching the goal like a steam train.

image of tunnel w. something big at end - grey, white.

→ Again, tremendous energy output. But my head was trying to control it.

→ to contact with ovum. Ahh!, Ahh! Calling to get in. Shouting to get in. Ahh! Ahhhhh! Pulsating my way in with sound. Screaming my way in. The structure before me gets less dense as I pulse. Opening appears. I squiggle my way in. Its throating me. I'm squashed like a mouse ~~head~~ birth. Gripped by this object. Big vagina gripping my head. Like a mouth. I am its food. Ahh! Ahh! Ahh! I'm in. Only my head.

Like being inside a balloon. Something about the pressure. My eng. has gone. I'm a ball of blackness, full of orders. I am an organiser & I will order this place. A bag of angles, a Super Mexicans set to structure this floating moon, this sentient sea.

Shouting has turned to singing. Vibratory, shaping song. I am singing it into being. (Sings vowels, continuous sound.) Image is of creating order. Everything responds to it. Its a universe.

Most vivid part is degree of eng in sperm. I only glimpsed it momentarily. Incredibly vital. So fast a vibration it appears solid. Other thing is my oppos. to doing this. Eng. keeps blocking it because head wants to stay in control. I cannot control that eng. so it blocks it. Outer and inner. The real, the shadow + the observer.

energy intellect consciousness.

The habit of the mind is constantly re-posed.

F's record.

Whether to hold back. I don't need more children - I've an enormous project in. Enough eng. involved. What is ~~effect~~ effect going to be on Yvonne. No. V. anxious, nervous about future. Lot of problems at home and work. Weight of world on shoulders. Don't know what to do. I'll please Yvonne by giving her a child.

Worries about Yvonne. She says things I don't understand. Dreams, upset. Fraid. Not so bright. Worried. Not happy. Don't understand why. Frightened. For me and for her. Something not right. David Evans says not much to be done. I don't know.

Ahh! Ahh! Ahh! Its done now. For good or ill. (Great deal of inhibition in spine).

M's record. Enjoying the warmth + closeness. I want to create more. I feel empty. But I'm being filled. Nervous w. Fred. He's worried that I am ill. I can feel how he feels. He has problems at work, doesn't want children, empty, hollow. Nothing in me. I want to give love to a baby - let growth come into me. But maybe I am not well. I wish there was more light in this house. Its empty.

I'm one. I've been fed. Release of eng. in me; feeding me. A warmth creeping up. It feels good. Life, like liquid fire in me. I'm letting it happen.

Great compassion for F. but he doesn't understand me. He's my life. I understand him but he doesn't reach deeply into me. His objectivity angers me. Yet he's sentimental too. His worry feeds back into me.

→ Realisation of conception. Ah! it's happened. What am I going to do? Change in me. Its changing me. Nervous. Will I be good enough? I feel so weak. Not sure I can handle it. Unstable. What will F. say? He's so busy. I hold myself tightly. What's going to happen? Tremendous responsibility. Worried - will F. leave me? I'm going to be large + pregnant again.

Richard's state in ovum as result of this knowledge.

Not wanted. Nervousness greets me. I have to defend myself by insulating against it. Its not in accord w. my purpose. Moans me shake. I'm held in on myself. Pulling in, self-contained.

Ovum record before conception.

Waiting, calling. I feel it to be answered. I feel on outside of skin eng. packets. I am entire, and wait for the most energetic attack. I want only that. I feel struggle to get in. I feel how strong it is. It creates in me a will to open to him + close elsewhere. But I feel it as sexual experience, an invasion. I feel his head coming into me. Can't ~~do~~ do anything about it because I'm not gathered together. He's one pointed. I am all points. Don't like the invasion. V, with his movement and sound.

I can feel he is denser + blacker than me. He moves differently. He alters me w. his darkness. I resent him altering my colour scheme. This vibration darkens me. Don't like it. Blood roots are forming.

Sperm in ovum.

My function is to harmonise. With sounds I make my universe. Working in living eng/matter. But I am more compact, so I rule it. I form it w. sounds.

Happy point.

Grass on feet. Walking on grass, enjoying sensation on soles of feet. I feel good. Only aware of myself.