

Richard 16.6.89.

Conception.

5m. Being pushed down, interfered with, great heat, uncomfortable.
Don't want to be here. Want to go back to sleep.

→ 1m. v. negative. I'll never get anywhere. Pointless. Forget it.
Frozen. It's only in my head. Rigidly not moving.

→ 1m. Can't move. Weight on back pushing me into floor. I'm
glued. Isn't something more supposed to be happening?

→ 1m. Bloody useless. Stuck at a time like this. Get a move on!

→ 1m. Do something. Move, you pathetic lump! I'm stuck. I should
be moving forward + getting ready. Negative. Is it worth it?

→ 1/2m. Don't want to make the effort. Don't want to be pushed around.
Want to sleep. I don't want anything to do with it.

→ Swimming out. I am moving out. I am free. I can taste
the way to go. Right. Following the way. Getting nearer. Swimming
thru' this dreadful tacky glue. Goes on forever.

Where do I go now? Don't want to drop into a pit of uselessness.

Not sure where to go. I'm giving up. MOVE. Keep moving.

on right track. Forward, forward. Tight, tight. Get to keep going!
Battle for control. One pt. goes forward. Six pt. doesn't want to
move.

Trying to squeeze thru' this dreadful feeling. Crawling like a lizard
out of an egg. Emerging from this shell. Trying to crawl out but it
follows me. Dead weight, impedance, sticky, revolting. I am
trying to get out of it + I can't. Filthy slime. I feel dirty.

Vile, defiled, impure. How horrible I am. Contemptuous,
rejected, spat out. Not good enough.

Fed up with wallowing. I am here because I want to be here.
Right? Let's get on.

It's gone quiet. As soon as I stop pushing I go quiet. Come on,
move. I'm nervous, don't know what's happening. I'm not
making good job. I'm a failure. Good idea, then you can sit
back. I'll study failure, become an artist at failure. I'll
quash every impulse to be good + laze around.

Where the hell am I? Lost in outer space. Where am I supposed to
be. Who am I? Utterly lost. Don't know where I am or what
I'm doing. Horrible bitter feeling, this.

All together now, off. This way. Breathe my way in. Something
big in my way. Big. Moving. It's the moon and I'm a bit of
a sun. I move with it, round. Burrowing, knocking. I'm feeling
flat, not positive. I'll never get in — of course I bloody will.

I'm frightened. What's going to happen. It's alright for the show-
along. I'm frightened, out of balance.

I'm accepted, I'm pushing + being squeezed in as well. Taking
fear in with me.

I'm in. Watery. I've brought insecurity with me. I don't know
what I'm doing. Surprised I got here. I was dragged here.

Worse part is inertia, neg. going to sleep, I'm a failure + want to give up. Dissatisfied, something is wrong. I'm not good enough. I'm lazy. Not cut out for this. I prefer not to get on + do. Let's sit + discuss. I don't want to leave. Let's crawl back in.

← 5m. before release. Right, ready to go. Tension, moving forward. Really excited to be going.

→ 1m. Continuing to move forward. Being gripped hard.

→ 1m. Waiting, waiting.

→ 1m. Fear around me. I wait for it to pass. Can't move. Can only wait.

→ 1m. Being squash but not damaged. Its the right thing.

→ 1/2 m. Feeling fine. Squashed but not so much.

→ Can feel chemical change coming to it, of no reason. Right. Coming forward. I've moved out. Different here. Forward. Know where I am going. Swimming.

Smaller area now than before, and warmer.

I can see - or feel - a huge object. I attach to it. Spongy at first, then hard + you can't move further. Trying to burrow in. Can't find a way in. Worried I won't make it. I continue to push. A change. I'm getting in. Not as hard. I can push thro' it. 3/4 in. Separated. Leave part of me behind + sink in. Like getting boiled egg out of a shell.

Trepidation. Its the start. Never been in such close contact before. A totally different feeling. I feel a part of something else. Concern. Not worry. Its root is in fear.

→ 24 hrs. Not so much separativity because of intermingled cells. Still concerned about the exact structure. Great vulnerability. We are not attached. Our position is fragile.

→ Attachment. Good. We've stopped moving. Being digested, swallowed up. A takeover. I'm losing control to this. Dissolving into ocean. Being diluted. I am food.

→ 1 day. Insiveness permeates the experience. I shouldn't be here. I am not wanted. Non vertebrate. Disturbing me.

→ As I go forward I feel the thrust of it. I reach a pt. of 'getting on with it'. As I do that I feel fear in diaphragm. Whenever I do something, I get this feeling. It comes. A real force.

Hexon. I am giving birth to myself + watching. I am complete. There's nothing I would like or need.

What you perceive as fear, you can transform into love. Its planted into centre of every blood cell + everything is vibrating. R. is feeling in a cross-sit, where inertias go on, but an input of pos. loving interest.