

Conception

Moving forward. Borrowing in process, then energy loss, impasse. Not going forward, stuck. I'm going to break into bits. Then I thump my way thro'.

Got v. dark at one point. Eng. went + I got stuck. Couldn't move. Ready to explode. I was ready to die. An interference - a passivity.

← Pushing forward. (Switch to cause) Shouting - I don't want to go. I don't want to move + I don't want to move. (switch to the overcoming energy which succeeds in moving.) I press in on myself harder than anything else that presses on me. Then I survive.

The 'I don't want to go out' pressed in on me. I pressed myself harder even than that. A battle for life. I experience the pressure at solar plexus level to stop me. It feels, this stopping, like something that has to be moved through.

Source of not wanting to move. Balled up. Repeated shouts of No. I will not answer. I will not do anything for anyone. I do not know what I want. I'm stuck.

Dying in childbirth. Fear of death and pain. Immobilising me. I'm stuck.

Switch to life energy of R. Gathering together. Look at the stuck feeling. Immobile, chosen cut-offness. Not willing to move, but willing to be attended to. They like the contact-energy. Fear of woman dying in childbirth. F's side. Father's mother.

Go into Y's state. Tears. Can't have any more. I'm not good enough. I don't want to be rejected though. He might find someone else. I'm not good enough. I don't feel strong, (unverbalised feeling of imposition of another child, + not having strength. Having to go along w. it, thus anger and the shouting of NO. Dependence on the relation as well.

← Stuck state through to conception. I get out + followed the movement. Didn't feel cum. Long journey, being resisted by environment - sticky, claggy, gooey stuff. Where are we going? Smelling, sensing the way by swinging the head. We know through the swing. Get the track now. I feel the link + follow it. Magnetic link.

Conception

Moving forward. Bumping in process, then energy loss, impasse. Not going forward, stuck. I'm going to break into bits. Then I thump my way thro'.

Got v. dark at one point. Eng. went + I got stuck. Couldn't move. Ready to explode. I was ready to die. An interference - a passivity.

← Pushing forward. (Switch to cause) Shouting - I don't want to go. I don't want to move + I don't want to move. (switch to the overcoming energy which succeeds in moving.) I press in on myself harder than anything else that presses on me. Then I survive.

The 'I don't want to go out' pressed in on me. I pressed myself harder even than that. A battle for life. I experience the pressure at solar plexus level to stop me. It feels, this stopping, like something that has to be moved through.

Source of not wanting to move. Balled up. Repeated shouts of No. I will not answer. I will not do anything for anyone. I do not know what I want. I'm stuck.

Dying in childbirth. Fear of death and pain. Immobilising me. I'm stuck.

Switch to life energy of R. Gathering together. Look at the stuck feeling. Immobile, chosen cut-offness. Not willing to move, but willing to be attended to. They like the contact-energy. Fear of woman dying in childbirth. F's side. Father's mother.

Go into Y.'s state. Tears. Can't have any more. I'm not good enough. I don't want to be rejected though. He might find someone else. I'm not good enough. I don't feel strong, (unverbalised feeling of imposition of another child, + not having strength. Having to go along w. it, thus anger and the shouting of NO. Dependence on the relation as well.

← Stuck state through to conception. I get out + followed the movement. Didn't feel cum. Long journey, being resisted by environment - sticky, claggy, gooey stuff. Where are we going? Smelling, sensing the way by swinging the head. We know through the swing. Get the track now. I feel the link + follow it. Magnetic link.

Moving around to keep on course.

Got to beat everyone else there.

Knock a way in. I'm in. A different world. A wonderful playground. Blue, watery world. I am the solid in it. It is incredibly sensitive + responsive to my slightest touch. It is mine. I hit my head rhythmically until the right sound dissolved the skin + I pushed in. A very long journey.

Death and re-birth.

Feeling level is different. Whatever I put out is responded to by fluids + rids in here. I feel for right forms to create. Utter stillness while I intend these. Vibratory harmony. All oneness. I feel the waters dividing. 1st Genesis. Sound-thought creating form through sympathetic response of sentience.

Origin record.

To verbalise is to break call of field. I am being - itself a call. Feeling and choosing the approaching vehicles. Which is most suitable to me? I send signal to all, so I have most choice.

Those who hear not the call are not the best. Those who find me must know how to knock. I will choose one.

I am spinning. Free-floating. My choice is - I'm letting all of them try - and awaiting the most insistent. A joint decision, a bond established, to let this energy invade me.

Being moved by the knocks. They send waves thro' me. Invasion. No, that implies gatheredness, + I am not. A happening. Slow penetration. Pleasure and pain at same time. Ambivalent about it. To do anything about it I would have to gather + that's not my function. The gathered one penetrates me as receptacle, receptor. My sphere responds to the sound-feeling-motions.

→ Happy point. Back against tree. Eyes closed. V. comfortable. V. warm.

→ Bring into present.