

looked about - all the ground around me was this same huge creature and we were all standing on the back of this gigantic + beautiful reptile. The experience was very pleasing and I felt no revulsion. At this stop another automobile stopped to look at the view and I experienced my first real feeling of persecution and wanted very much to leave.

We were then taken to the child's train in Tilden Park. The train, the engineer and the children all about seemed deliciously funny, and I found this a delightful spot except that I felt trivially conspicuous. It was here that I noticed more dramatically that my spatial concepts were involved + completely changed. I remembered that Sasha had mentioned earlier that sometimes you have interesting reactions to thoughts of specific people. I had already thought of Brad in some connection earlier and when I thought of him again, I felt a deep sense of pity for him accompanied by a desire to communicate something to him which seemed important but which I could simply not bring into my conscious mind. The tree which I looked at as I thought of Brad seemed to be swaying in a great wind and the scene gave me a sense of turmoil. Thoughts of Brad led me to think of Kaitlin Foley, Benny Harkins, Neal + Clare, but these people conjured up only vague feelings of well-being and friendliness. Then I thought of Sasha and experienced a sense of such peace and happiness and calm + security that it was almost unbearably poignant. The landscape seemed inexorably beautiful - a warm, gentle breeze surrounded me and the tree under which I sat was a willow with insects buzzing about and contemplating it and its gently undulating response to the breeze was most satisfyingly pleasurable.