

grayish-clear affective pictures of the chakra nerve centers.

It was a good feeling.

The crystal clear air gave bright green sharpness to the evergreens. Looking at trees of leaves or plants was like a mild mescaline high. Fir trees became living, green, modern sculptures of strange Indian rococo beasts -- as if the sculptor Lipschitz worked at their trimming.

The malais-like feeling began to end and the dozeul feeling left with it.

I walked to a redwood copse where other members of the party were sitting. I was struck by the absolute and superb beauty and clarity of the people and the trees and air and the music that played over the portable radio. I felt close to the children and admired their beauty. At this point I realized that I was simply sitting and enjoying a Sunday noon in its full pleasantness. Ordinarily I would have been bored with out more to do. The next couple of hours became a pleasant and beautiful picnic. The come-down was abrupt but not unpleasant. I was ready. Time passed with swift rapidity for the rest of the day. Two hour periods would flash by. Late that night I was kept from sleep for half an hour by brain movies -- little crocodiles running across dusty roads through spotlights in the darkness, magic evergreen trees fading into and out of reality, and anecdotal sequences of brain visions.