

THE PEYOTE STORY

THE INDIAN MIND DRUG

by

BERNARD ROSEMAN



Books by Bernard Roseman

The Peyote Story

LSD: The Age of Mind

THE PEYOTE STORY

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*To Frank Takes Gun,
President of the Native American Church*

TRANSCENDENTAL EXPERIENCE VIA PEYOTE

I could not quite believe that the time had come. I had been looking forward to this experience for such a long time that I was afraid that my preconceived ideas had gotten out of proportion, and that I would be in for my usual disappointment.

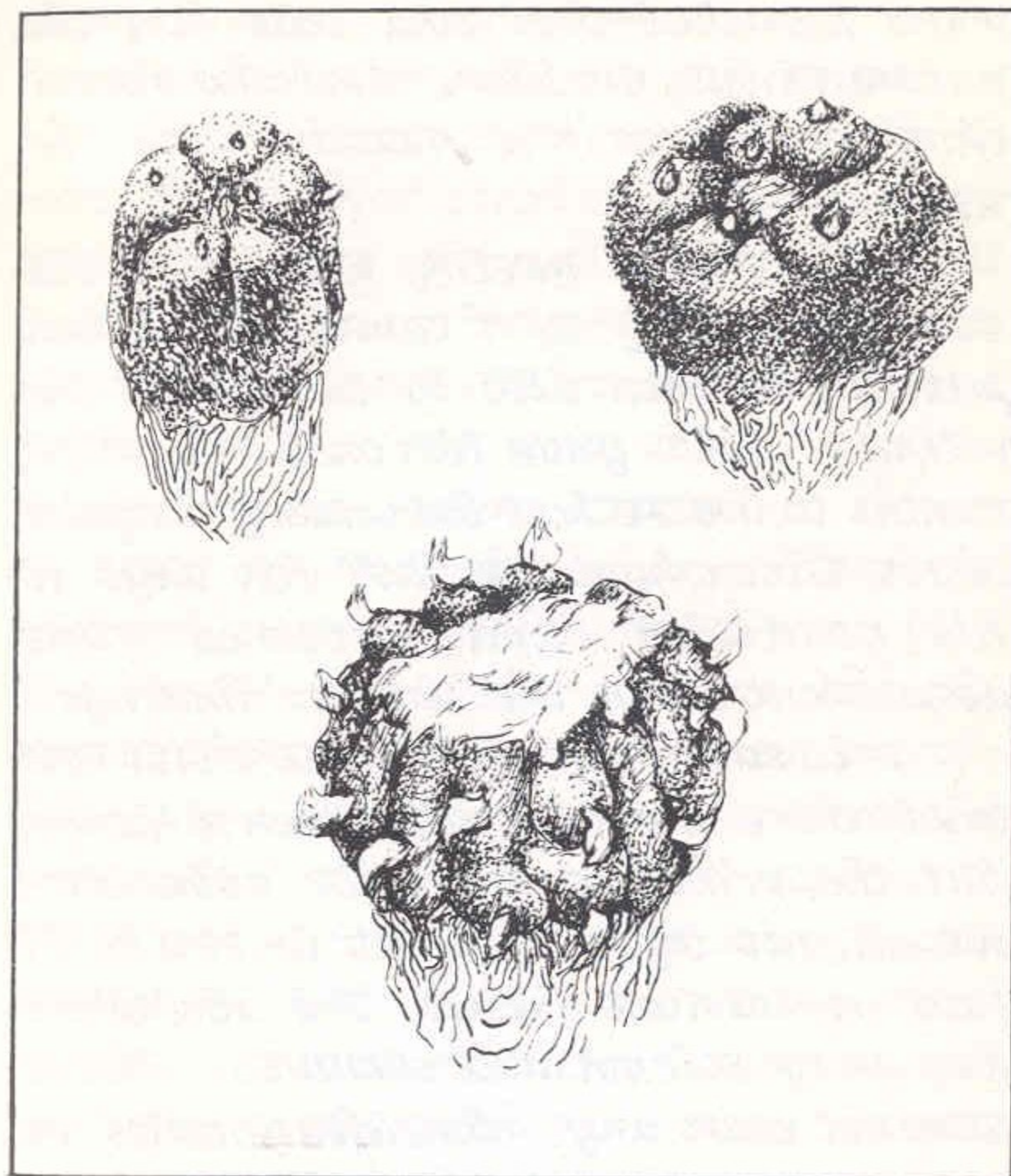
My friend had written me months before, telling me of his good fortune in being one of the few white men who have been allowed to partake in a Navajo Indian Peyote ceremony. He had put his position in jeopardy by requesting if he could bring me along. This request was hashed about by various road-chiefs until an agreement to permit me to attend this closed ceremony was granted. I did not know exactly what to expect, but I was determined to throw myself completely into the necessary gear in order to achieve the most benefit from the experience.

We arrived in Gallup, New Mexico, a couple of days too early. Most Peyote

meetings are held either Friday or Saturday. Unlike our religions, these days have no particular significance, but are chosen because nobody has to work the following days.

Peyote is a spineless cactus that grows along the Rio Grande. The Indians of Mexico and our plains have been taking it in conjunction with their religious ceremonies since before white man set foot on the Americas. There are a number of alkaloids present in Peyote, some of which are slightly toxic. The one responsible for the desired states of mind is called mescaline.

Peyote is never taken by an Indian unless there is a valid reason to do so. They abhor the slightest suggestion that any of this is done for "kicks". Peyote in their case is used as a sacrament in their religion. They are all members of the Native American Church of North America, which is composed of some 225,000 Indians from various tribes throughout the United States and Canada. An Indian



PEYOTE
Lophophora williamsii

who feels he has a need for a meeting visits his road-chief and tells him the nature of his problem, and the road-chief evaluates if a meeting can be useful.

My special meeting was for an old man who was dying of cancer. He had been pronounced incurable by doctors of the vicinity, who gave him only a few more months to live. He had been making frequent visits throughout the last few days to his road-chief, and appeared quite despondent over the doctors' findings.

I sat in on one of these visits, and what there was of it was spoken in Navajo, but the principle was quite apparent. We all sat together for at least a half-hour in absolute silence. The atmosphere was very solemn and serious. There were not even any acknowledgements or gestures performed. Everything seemed to be done on an introspective level, as if they were looking for some sign, or mode of procedure. They ate a little peyote in order to help their thoughts along.

Both the road-chief and the old man silently prayed to *pioniyó* (Navajo name for the God of Peyote) for guidance.

The silence then ceased as the old man broke into such a quiet way of speaking, that although I knew he was talking, the silent atmosphere seemed to remain the same. The road-chief answered in the same silent, even tones. After a while, the old Indian started to silently weep as he spoke. A great burden of sadness settled inside the hogan; then the road-chief wept also as the old man's emotions mounted. An uncontrollable urge seemed to grab me to do the same. At first I fought it, as most white men do, as crying was always presented to me as being an unmanly thing to do. In spite of this I found myself weeping along with my Indian friends, and as we wept the heavy burden seemed to lift and was supplanted by a feeling of hope and relief. By the nature of the old man's sickness and his having lived with its frightening realization,

he entered into the peyote meeting in a most susceptible frame of mind.

The night of the meeting had arrived; and as the sun sank behind the mountains I inwardly knew that this night would become one of the most significant in my life. I was hoping to resolve many thoughts, as this was an accumulation of years of probing into the experience known as "transcendental"—the ultimate goal of all religions, the goal realized by so few, and sought after by so many. I felt that I would become one of the chosen few that has had a glimpse behind the guarded doors. I had built up to this moment for so long that my state of expectancy must have exceeded even our dying Indian's suffering. I thoroughly sympathized with him and yet was somewhat dismayed to find an Indian approaching eighty with such fear and concern over something as understood as death.

The meeting was about ready to begin. A line was formed at the hogan's

entrance. More Indians in pick-up trucks were constantly arriving. In the dark of the night I could make out their indistinct forms. Soft conversations in Navajo were heard everywhere. There were over forty Indians that piled into the hemisphere-shaped house known as a hogan (pronounced HOE-GONE). The road-chief sat directly across from the entrance; on his right sat the cedar-chief; and on his left, the drummer-chief. I sat next to the cedar-chief.

In the center of the floor a little altar of earth had been fashioned in the shape of a long crescent. Upon this altar was a little bed of sage, on which a "chief peyote" lay.

Another official, who works the hardest throughout the night, is the fire-chief. It is his job to care for the fire, which is made near the altar. One of the main implements used is a water-drum; this is a metal drum filled with water, with a wet deer-skin tightly stretched over it. This drum is beaten

with a stick at a continuous pace, while the free hand is moved over the skin to vary the tone.

A slight ceremony was made putting the drum together, and it was quite an art getting it tight enough so the desired quality of sound could be obtained. The fire-chief then handed everyone a piece of cigarette paper and some "Bull Durham" tobacco was passed around. The cigarettes were rolled and everybody had a smoke. The remaining butts were then collected by the fire-chief and burnt later on in the night with an accompanying prayer.

After this a large bucket of raw Peyote was passed around. I, not knowing how bitter they were, took four. It looked quite appetizing, but my first bite told me differently. It was extremely bitter, and if it had not been for all the eyes in the hogan staring at the white intruder, at this point I doubt if I would have eaten any at all. Weeks later it was all I could

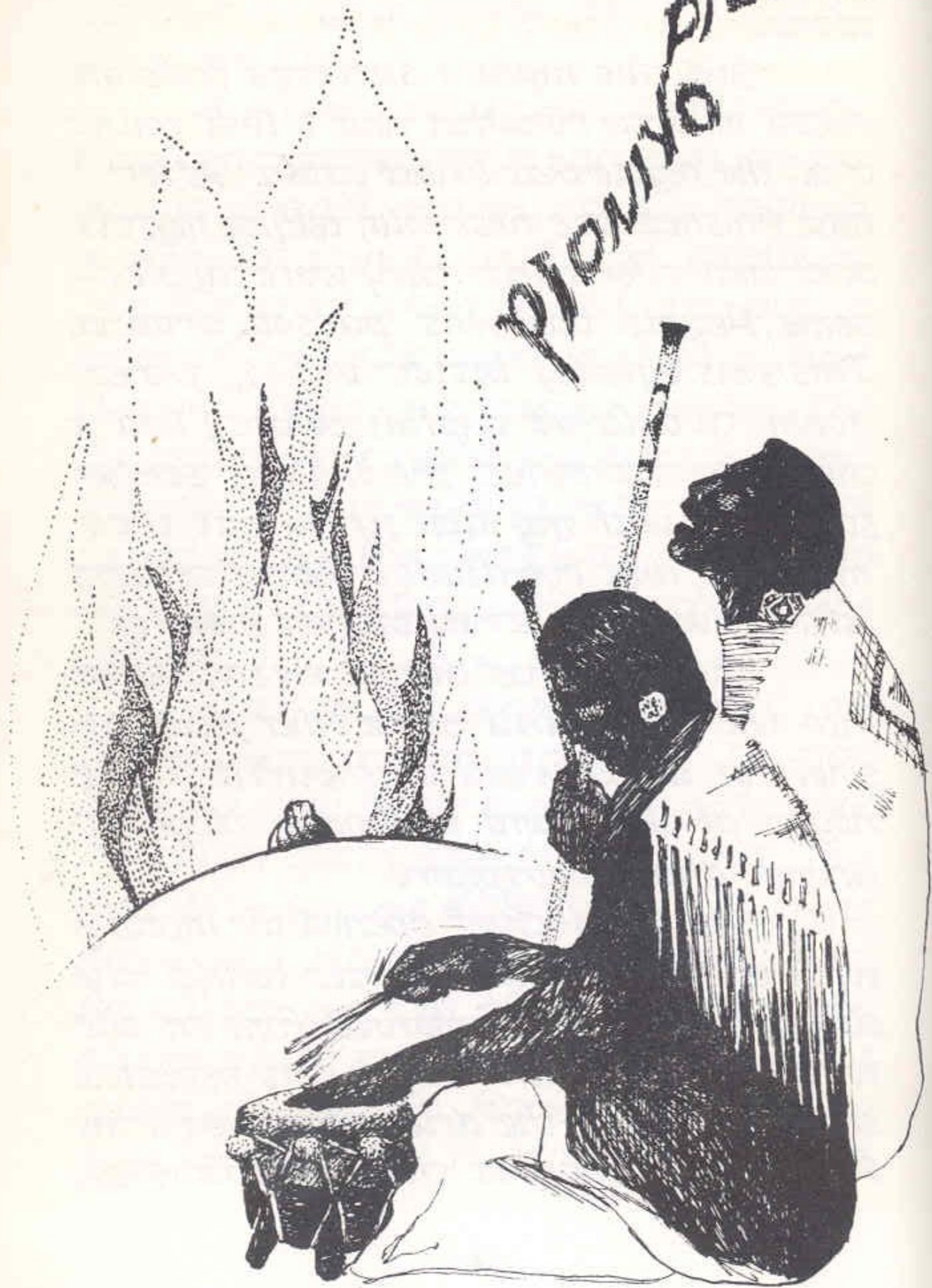
accomplish to consume one little Peyote alone.

But this night I suffered from an excess of determination and I lost count of all the peyote that I had eaten. After I had finished the first four, telling myself over and over that they were "apples"—some Peyote tea was passed around. This was equally bitter, but I threw down two large cupfuls before I had a chance to reconsider. The Indians seemed satisfied with my ability to eat their "medicine", and eventually their attention left me and returned to their meeting.

The road-chief then threw some cedar into the fire, and some other pleasant-smelling, dried weed was burnt. The hogan at this point took on a delightful aroma and atmosphere.

The road-chief opened the meeting with a traditional chant, while the drummer-chief accompanied him on the water-drum. Each chant was repeated six times; while the drum continued a few seconds after the last chant was finished,

pioniyó
pioniyó



and seemed to fade off into space. The meeting was now well in progress. The old Indian whom the meeting was for was instructed by the road-chief to tell his story. After an awesome silence that seemed to last much longer than it actually did, the old Indian started telling the group his problem. This of course was done in Navajo, spoken slowly, the pitch seldom if ever changed. It was spoken in the most simple baby-talk imaginable. I was told if an Indian from another tribe should request a meeting with the Navajos, where nobody present understood his language, that nothing was compromised, even in this case; the language of his birth was the language he prayed in.

This was in essence a prayer, asking pioniyó to help resolve all his problems. This prayer was accompanied by tears, and many of the Indians present cried along as the story touched their own emotions. After this was over the old Indian chose a drummer to assist him

as he chanted a prayer and shook a rattle. More Peyote was passed around in various forms—raw, dried, powdered and tea. It was consumed by all and everyone was encouraged to eat as much as they possibly could. The chants seemed to continue forever, and the drum kept all minds from wandering, and directed on the one object in question.

The only mind that strayed from the meeting was my own. The resounding drum thundered throughout my being: I could not distinguish the hogan from the interior of my own skull. I drifted further away from the meeting until I was completely unaware of sounds or the presence of others. I walked over to a huge velvet curtain and as I touched it, it slowly parted...

On the other side a magnificent world sprang up. This world was sprinkled with little shining crystals, and the absolute silence lent itself to a silent song that continued without an apparent end. Little droplets

of pure molten silver were falling from the heavens, and each blending of non-existent sound had blended to become the purest light. Each sight in this most magnificent of worlds represented infinite perfection. A sharp knife-like distinction separated each spectacle from all others.

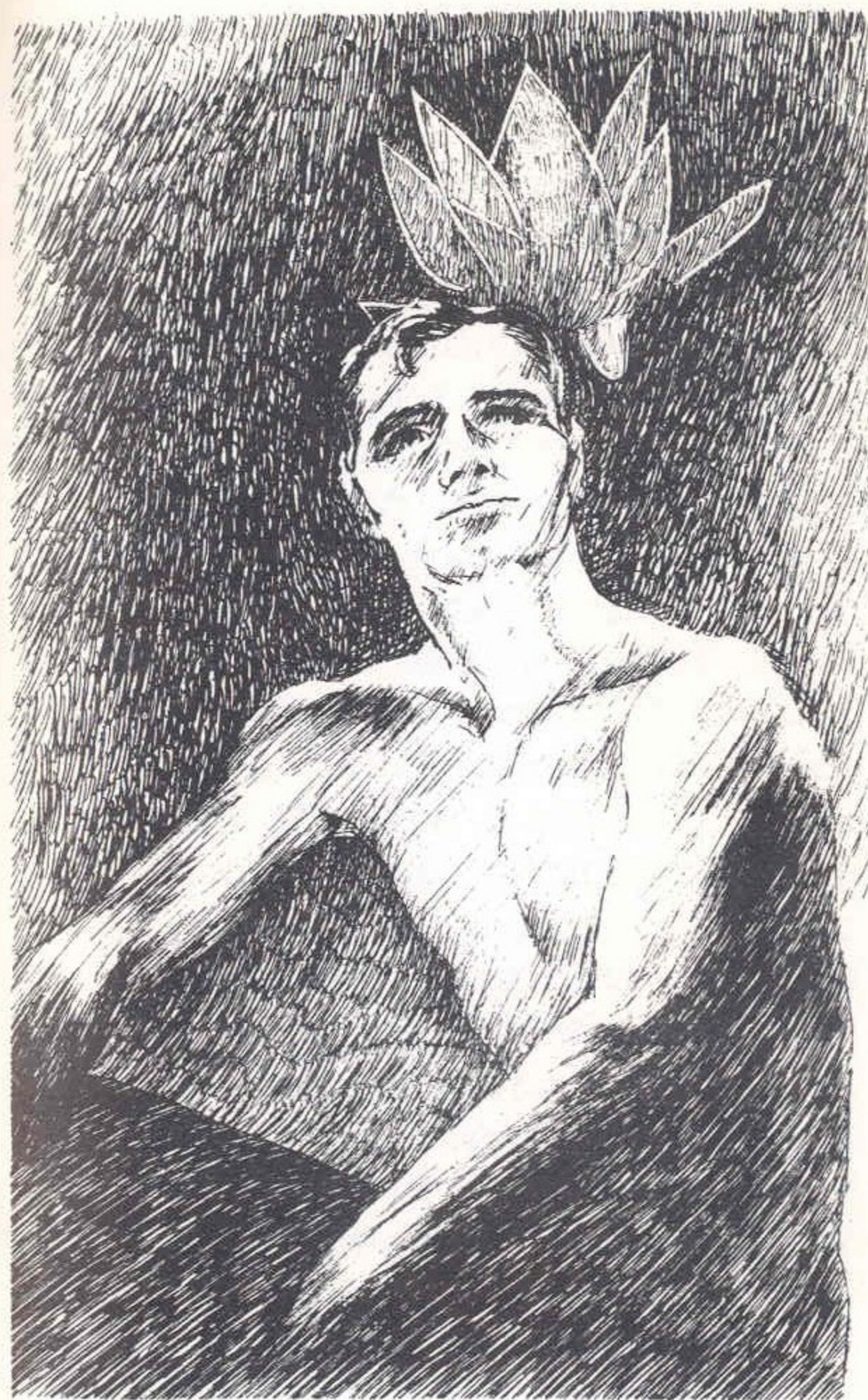
All about were the most perfect cogs, too perfect to be known in my everyday world. These cogs were spinning in opposing directions to one another, with no other purpose than BEING. The universe was enclosed in a huge round dome and contained millions of replicas of the same world, each representing a different plane of consciousness. These worlds were forever missing each other by inches; and as I mentally moved them up a degree where they met and formed the one complete world, the state of PERFECT ORDER BECAME. I laughed at my former prejudices and what I had considered sin in myself and others. I saw all this as being my own manifestations,

and only because I considered it sin had made it so.

I was living in a timeless pulsation that bridged the gap between all barriers. I reached many eternities, and felt akin with infinity. At long last I knew the relation all things had for one another!

All objects seemed to be complete in themselves; as I searched the depth of an object I would see many worlds buried in it. And as I examined each world, I saw that each had objects of its own which were seen as worlds and objects endlessly. Everything had a new interest for me, for everything was continuously in flux, and each new thing became newer than it was an instant before.

All my senses merged and acted as one as they caressed and encompassed everything they perceived. A thousand sense feelings closed in upon me, stirring up within waves of climaxes that kept sending my mind to even greater;



undreamed-of heights. The beginning was forgotten and no end was in sight. I had arrived back to the place of my origin. As each mystery exposed its true nature to me, each revelation was accompanied by vast explosions of vibratory color, flowing liquid blending perfectly together to form a sea of radiant beauty.

A consummation of me, my purpose and creator unfolded and seethed to further heights undreamed of; a tremendous upsurge of blissful emotion poured its intention into a tiny shell that expanded larger and larger. It reached its unbearable breaking point, and then release as the shell burst and a huge burning white flower grew bigger and bigger at a slow unceasing rate; the petals reached out to their fullest extreme, and then closed at the same unceasing rate, to rest. . .

I continued to float in this heaven of satisfaction and contentment for an immeasurable time. Then far off in the distance I heard a thunderous sound

which vibrated my world of infinite color; the sound became louder, and I was whisked backwards through the velvet curtain of confusion once again.

As I returned to the hogan I saw myself as a huge magnet and all my worldly emotions and attachments as being small iron shavings; and at the instant of returning these shavings sprang up, charging in on me, until I was once again a victim of sense objects and emotions. I reluctantly opened my eyes and saw the Indians across from me still singing and chanting. Tears formed in my eyes and I realized the world that someday awaits my return. A peace descended over me that I was heretofore not familiar with, and I recognized it as being the peace that descends when life transcends to death.

I looked about me and felt more Indian than white as I was carried along in the rhythm of the chants as we gave our combined thanks to Pioniyó.



THE ROAD-MAN

THE BATTLE FOR RELIGIOUS FREEDOM
as waged by the
Native American Church of North America

Peyote had been used by the Aztecs years before the Spanish conquest of Mexico. As far back as the Spanish Inquisition there are recorded writings in documents of Peyote being used by pueblo Indians near Santa Fe, New Mexico.

In more recent times peyotism has moved rapidly from one tribe to another. Many tribes in Oklahoma had incorporated Peyote into their religion by the late 1800's. In the early twentieth century an association known as the "Mescal-Bean Eaters" was formed. This formidable name was changed to the "Union Church", for obvious reasons.

In 1918 the Bureau of Indian Affairs attempted to have Congress pass an "anti-peyote" law. This led to a proposal for an intertribal Peyotist association that could combat any such action, if need be. James Mooney, famed ethnologist of the Smithsonian

Institute, advised the Indians to change the name of their Church to the "Native American Church." This was accomplished on October 10, 1918. By 1944 it had spread throughout the nation and became known as the "Native American Church of the United States." When it spread to Canada in 1955 it was given its present name, "Native American Church of North America."

There were many Indians opposed to the spread of Peyote. Primarily its spread threatened the existing religious groups, of which those in control foresaw the possibility of losing their stronghold. This problem was settled when an agreement was reached by both factions; the agreement proposed the following:

1. Affirmation by the Pueblo of the principle of complete religious liberty.

2. Affirmation by the Peyote group of its determination to maintain the old religion, be faithful to the kiva life,



FRANK TAKES GUN
president of the Native American
Church of North America

participate in the ceremonies and do community work.

3. Recognition by the Peyote Church of the authority of the Governor and Council to set up conditions governed by public welfare and convenience, which would be limiting upon the activities of the Peyote Church.

4. These conditions to include the following:

A. The Peyote Church ceremonies to be conducted within the Pueblo grant, but at a spot, to be agreed upon, remote from the village. This means a winter Church and a summer tipi.

B. Peyote, as a drug, not to be administered to sick Indians.

C. The Peyote Church to eschew proselyting activity.

D. The right of the Peyotes to quiet worship in their own homes to be fully recognized.

E. Sick members of the Peyote Church to be hospitalized at the Indian Hospitals or other hospitals.

F. Within the above limitations, complete freedom to be accorded to the Native American or Peyote Church.

This agreement was written up in New Mexico. It was never formally signed. But it alleviated the persecution of Peyotism to a large degree. The peyote groups eventually won out, and the majority of the Pueblos (tribe in question) are now following Peyotism.

Navajo Peyotism spread by way of the Indians of Colorado in the late 1930's. It ran into expected religious and political opposition. This has been fought tooth-and-nail up to the present time.

Ironically enough, Congress decided a mere forty years ago that Indians may be citizens of the United States! and passed a law to that effect.

The American Civil Liberties Union made an appeal to the Supreme Court in the fall of 1960. In the following year members of the Native American Church were granted national religious acceptance.

The state of Arizona still had a law against the use and possession of peyote. With the help of the A.C.L.U., Mary Attokai, a Navajo woman, was to intentionally break the law. She was arrested and convicted. She appealed to the Coconino Superior Court. Judge Vale McKate dismissed the case against Mary Attokai because he saw it as being unconstitutional. He gave a brilliant oral decision to that effect:

"The evidence in this case establishes that peyote is a small cactus which grows along the banks of the Rio Grande. When taken internally it produces—especially when the eyes are closed—extraordinary physiological and psychological effects, such as bright colors and so-called visions, as though one were witnessing an actual scene; yet, while these effects are being produced, the subject is completely aware of his actual environment and in possession of all his mental faculties. And there are

no harmful after-effects from the use of peyote.

"Peyote is not a narcotic. It is not habit-forming. It is actually unpleasant to take, having a very bitter taste.

"There is no significant use of Peyote by persons other than Indians who practice Peyotism in connection with their religion. There are about 225,000 members of the organized Church, known as the Native American Church, which adheres to this practice. The Peyote rite is one of prayer and quiet contemplation. The doctrine consists of belief in God, brotherly love, care of family and other worthy beliefs. The use and significance of Peyote within the religious framework is complex. It is conceived of as a sacrament, a means of communion with the Spirit of the Almighty—and as an object of worship, itself as having been provided for the Indian by the Almighty.

"The Indians use Peyote primarily

in connection with their religious ritual. When thus consumed, it causes the worshipper to experience a vivid revelation in which he sees or hears the spirit of a departed loved one, or experiences other religious phenomenon; or he may be shown the way to solve some daily problem, or reprove for some evil thought or deed. Through the use of Peyote, the Indian acquires increased powers of concentration and introspection, and experiences deep religious emotion. There is nothing debasing or morally reprehensible about the Peyote ritual.

"The use of Peyote is essential to the existence of the Peyote religion. Without it, the practice of the religion would be effectively prevented. The manner in which Peyote is used by the Indian worshipper is not inconsistent with the public health, morals or welfare. Its use, in the manner disclosed by the evidence in this case, is in fact entirely consistent with the good morals, health and spiritual elevation of some

225,000 Indians.

"It is significant that many States which formerly outlawed the use of Peyote have abolished or amended their laws to permit its use for religious purposes. It is also significant that the Federal Government has in nowise prevented the use of Peyote by Indians or others.

"Under these circumstances, the court finds that the statute is unconstitutional as applied to the acts of this defendant in the conduct and practice of her religious beliefs."

Recently even the stubborn state of California repealed its laws against Peyote and has permitted the members of the Native American Church to continue their practices.

This is to Certify that

Nº

Navajo Tribe



Is a Member in good standing of
The Native American
Church of North America



Fighting for Freedom of Religion
and is entitled to all the rights, privileges, services, etc.

Frank Takes Gun
President



One of the most significant things the outsider notices about the Indians of the Native American Church is their rejection of power. A humility with which the western man is quite unfamiliar prevails. This humility does not take the form of cringing submission to authority, but a respect for those in their tribe who have achieved a wisdom born out of tolerance. This tolerance or understanding of why man behaves as he does is firmly established in a resignation to unalterable forces. Throughout each meeting one can hear testimonial after testimonial about how little each Indian truly believes he knows. Those in the tribe who could if they wished

flaunt their superior positions over the others are the first to admit the Socratic proposition that they only know how little they really know.

The principle that the Indians have devised through years of trial and error with Peyote is the most effective way one can utilize it. They create an image of what they wish to accomplish weeks beforehand. They think about this accomplishment to the exclusion of all other thoughts. They aspire to a way of action, or to the development of behavior patterns that they wish to instill in their organism as a permanent part of them. They are untroubled by the shortcomings of their neighbors or by the way the white man destroys his chaotic world. Their interest is solely in the betterment of their own individual entities. This is the lesson of PIONIYO.

Like the Broadway actor who has played the same role for so many years that he has developed the same personality traits he has acted out, the same principle stands for the Indian. He assumes that which he aspires to has already taken place. He accepts the change and welcomes it. He acts the part out until it takes its highest form. But unlike the Broadway actor the Indian has the magic herb, Peyote, and at the height of his emotional involvement he speaks with PIONIYO. His mind is now like sculptor's clay, all ready to be kneaded. A susceptibility is reached which extends beyond all previously known bounds. He accepts his new accomplishment - not as one who is acting something through - but as one who IS what he aspires TO.

Depending on the complexity of the new behavior pattern and its previously conditioned opposite patterns,

an undetermined yet exact ratio of time and effort will be required to produce an absolute alteration. In more simple primary reflexes and in the case of young children — where bad habits have not become fully reinforced — the time and effort ratio is cut down considerably.

Unlike the white man the Indian is quite willing to die on the spot for his beliefs. Though the cruel thirst for worship is evident in the framework of Indian and white man alike, it is more than a social gathering for the Indian. The Peyote religion is a religion of hard work: there is prayer and chanting, the beating of drums and the shaking of rattles; the emotions are on a high ebb and tears are followed by laughter and happiness by despair; throughout the whole night and many times into the next day; at the end of the meetings everyone has reached total exhaustion; the physical and mental involvement

has taken its toll.

Success is as accumulative as failure. Mark Twain once remarked, "The easiest thing to give up is smoking. . . . I've done it hundreds of times." For all the humor in that quote, there is a pathetic ring that accompanies it. The possibility of one's giving up a habit that he has failed in doing a hundred times previously is unlikely; because with each failure a lasting deep impression is made and furthers the conviction of the unconscious mind that it can literally 'walk over' the conscious weakling who has invented jokes to compensate for his shortcomings.

By the same reasoning and through unbending determination the conscious mind can gain the respect of the unconscious, and they will eventually work together for the common good of the entity. Each time one issues a demand of himself, he should never go against that demand, or he will risk

nurturing the mechanism of defeat. Only when the organism recognizes that the slightest demand required of it must be obeyed without reservation—only then will the individual experience freedom. This also is the credo of Peyote, and this is the reason why the Indian will fall dead on the spot where he stands for his beliefs and the white man will falter—only because one has nurtured defeat and the other has nurtured success.

My own insights through eight years of experimenting with Peyote and similar psychedelic materials have developed certain conclusions. First of all, the previous descriptions of the alteration of personality and habits seem so elementary to me now that I can not possibly imagine an intelligent rebuttal to something so self-evident, though the area I will proceed in will possibly meet with some individual subjective opposition.

Our concepts of good and evil

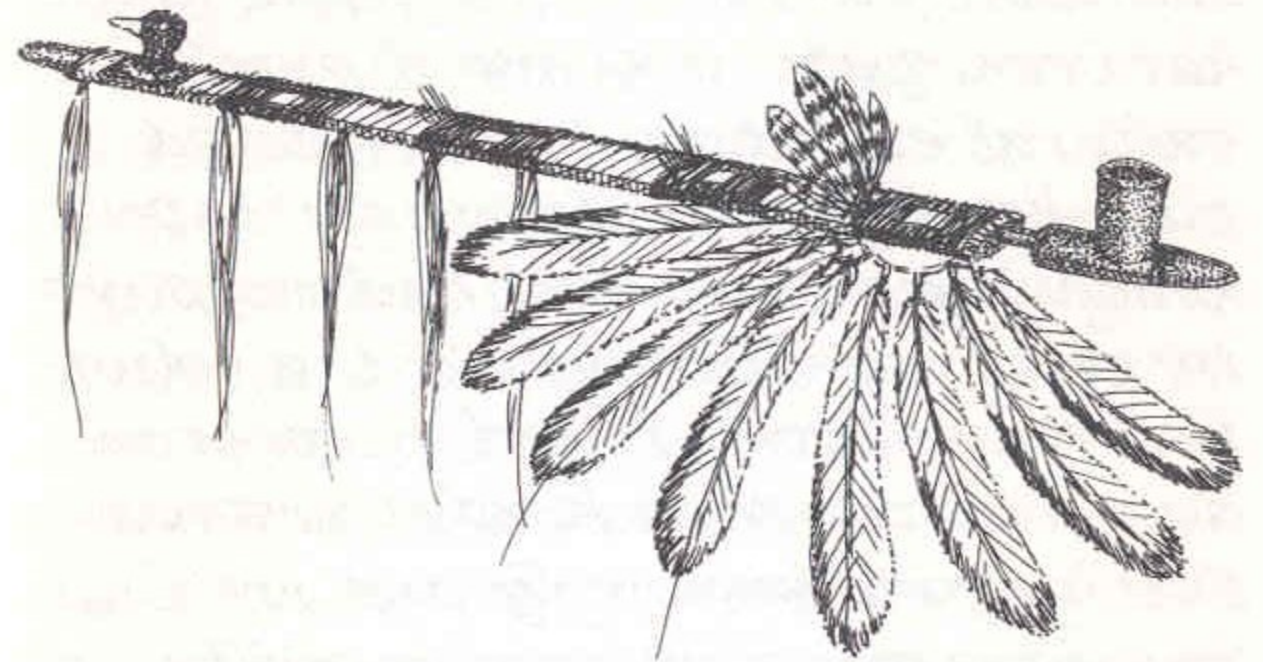
are totally unknown by the unthinking universe. Our reality has been formed for us by a system of analogues, many of which are undoubtedly wrong. We who are living now are the product of the changing thoughts of past realities. Reality has changed each generation to suit those who have been and who are presently in power. The only poetic justice achieved here is that each generation has borrowed from the lies and misconceptions of the previous generation, including the present power structure.

Therefore I am maintaining that power is bad and should be renounced. The human mind, contrary to popular belief, is not limitless; but there are things that man can comprehend about his environment. He should be allowed to view that which is within his power to comprehend, without the distortion of self-styled "authorities" who are more involved in impressing than teaching. Let us

examine only the truths that are within our power to examine. Let us perform an action through examination and endeavor, rather than sit and wait for some metaphysical miracle to take place. Let us examine the religion within our own minds instead of following the legal confidence racket of organized religion. Let us see good and evil as being outlined, not by a God, but by our own conscience. Without fear of retribution or the wrath of the Lord, could we but embrace the good for its own sake and commit an action without demanding fruits to come of it; strive for love and cooperation with one's fellow man; work collectively to advance the race and speed the development of the race's collective consciousness.

Man's wars must be made to look terrible to the new generation, instead of noble and patriotic. Nationalism, with the willingness to kill for a false cause or a piece of

land, must not be exalted. In its place man's creative processes must be worshipped. The magnificent spark within each man must shine more brightly, and an emphasis on his achievements in the arts and sciences must supplant his war-like urges.



The scientist and the artist must be glorified, not the military man and power. A history of superstitions and religions has plagued this little planet from its conception. In the wake of this religious trend and in the name of a war-like God, millions of men have been horribly destroyed.

Religion does not suppress man's war-like behavior, but offers him the justification to slaughter the unbelievers or heathen who believe somewhat differently than they do.

The Indian has been the victim in this drama. It is virtually impossible and unfair to subject one group, which has been quite unaware of another's cultural evolution, to be expected to pay homage to unfamiliar taboos which they themselves had no part in creating. Throughout the voluminous law books found in present-day civilization each indictment reads that "anyone knowingly and willfully breaking one of its laws" is guilty of a crime. This consideration was never given the Indian. What he did and how he acted seemed correct and morally right to him. Almost invariably when he did break the law he had no idea that he had done so. Nevertheless, he was made to pay for his "heinous deeds" to the same extent

and more often to a greater extent than the whites who had knowingly and willfully committed the identical crime.

One of the biggest businesses in this country is crime; not only the crimes committed by the thief the murderer or the tax-evader; I mean crime collectively—from the revered judges and the eminent prison psychiatrists, down to the fast-talking bondsmen and the indispensable, clever criminal lawyers. Unfortunately, only the real criminal can afford one of these clever criminal lawyers; hence the name—"criminal" lawyer. But the poor and the indigent are at the mercy of the unclever lawyer and the even more unclever court-appointed lawyer.

The Indians that were "fortunate" enough to even have a trial were naturally given the court-appointed variety; and after the mockery of justice was carried down to its ultimate conclusion to appease the

consciencences of the persecutors, our poor Indian was punished more drastically for the law he had unknowingly broken than his white counterparts were. Instead of wallowing in his rightful privilege of hate and vengeance, the Indian has borne the deluge of injustices with a resignation that eludes western minds. Though the Greeks invented the philosophy of Stoicism, it is only the Indian who practices it. When we reflect on an example of Stoic resignation on a sculptured image of expressionless emotion and taut features and determination, we see the bronze-skinned Red Man.

A little less than a hundred years ago—other than in a few sporadic locations—the Peyote religion was not being practiced by any tribes in the United States, though in northern Mexico various rituals which included Peyote were well established. Many of the tribes in the Southwest were aware

of this and they acknowledged that Peyote was being used "The Right Way" by the Mexican Indians. The major concern relating to Peyote by the white authorities has been the unhealthy aspects of a "dangerous drug". Ironically, the society that has bred diseases by overcrowding, standardizing alcohol as a daily indulgence, puffing smoke until it becomes an addiction, removing the vitamins from most foods and spraying poison on the remaining—is all of a sudden so concerned over the health of the Indian whose scalp was a bounty item but a few score years before. Most of the legal drugs on the whiteman's shelves have not received the years of clinical testing that has been given Peyote. The Navajos I have known who have taken Peyote for over fifty years are in every way superior to their non-indulgent brethren.

As an even greater criterion, I wish to bring the reader's attention to

a group of Peyote Indians, which will once and for all dispel any apprehension one may have as to the long-range effects of Peyote on the organism. Some of the hardiest specimens of man on this planet live in northern Mexico, in the state of Chihuahua. These people are the Tarahumara Indians, who live in canyons deeper than the Grand Canyon, in the Barranca del Cobre. In the wintertime you will find snow on top, while deep down in the canyon banana trees are producing fruit. These Indians are noted to be the best runners in the world. Many of them are reputed to have broken the four-minute mile years before white man thought it possible. These are the famous Indians who literally run an antelope down; they run for days until the animal drops from exhaustion.

While all of the other Indians of the region—the Apache, Yaqui, etc.—have succumbed to the white man's ways,

and are laboring for their conquerors, the Tarahumaras, although they are known as the friendliest Indians in the world, refuse to be a slave to any man. Their needs are unbelievably little, but if for some reason they wish to obtain something, they just disappear into the hills and shortly return with the exact amount of gold needed to purchase what they wish. Many men have tried to find out the source of this treasure, but to no avail.

The only time they put on any clothes is to enter a white man's town. If one of them should be accused of something, he will stoically stare straight ahead, saying nothing. If the accusation should continue, he will straighten up that much more and look over the accuser—never directly at him. When a Tarahumara says something, though, one can be sure it is the utter truth, as these Indians do not know what it is to lie.

As soon as they leave the town

and are far enough away not to be observed, they slip behind a rock and strip off their clothing and run down the path toward their home—stark naked but for the red band around their heads and the little leather pouch dangling at their sides. This little pouch contains Peyote. A Tarahumara would feel "naked" without it.

Running is in the form of a religious ritual, and it is his way of praying. As he runs he occasionally reaches into his pouch and consumes another Peyote as he prays to his God, unaware of the physical activity he is engaged in. He runs as if in a dream, entranced; the hard, stony road feels like a soft carpet on his bare feet; he floats along effortlessly, at one with his Creator.

As history tells us, not all Indians turned the other cheek; and some that did quickly ran out of cheeks and they struck back. One of the more famous of these retaliators



was Quanah Parker, the great Comanche chief. Quanah Parker was dedicated to destroying every white man he came in contact with. He had more scalps in his teepee than all the other chiefs combined.

Quanah Parker saw that the white man was coming out to the West in staggering numbers. He wished to be shown a sign, a solution to this situation that was threatening to engulf the Red Man and all his land. He had to be alone where he could think and pray to the Great Spirit Within to counsel him. He knew what it required to awaken the Godhead Within — silence, solitude, fasting and a disassociation of the mind from the body. He left his wives and tribe and underwent the draining ritual that he had oftentimes done before when he wished counsel from the Spirit Within.

After many moons, and at the exact moment where lesser men give up — at the moment where success is

at hand—Quanaah Parker sank into the abysses of his own mind and tapped the wealth of reason located there that makes one's waking consciousness seem totally insignificant. Whirling through the infinite, he was completely content where others panic. When he no longer identified himself with the man Quanaah Parker, he saw the few components which comprised the totality of him. The simplicity of life was once again apparent to him, and to ask a question was to know the answer. A thunderous voice broke the death-like stillness, a voice that spoke with such finality that the thought of doubting its least utterance was impossible. Even the brave Quanaah Parker was forced to cower beneath the immensity of the Spirit Within. He drank of its essence and fought with savage intensity to heed all that the voice revealed.

"The path is narrow: and even those who walk the path are often lured away. I have produced pain



Quanaah Parker

to contrast pleasure; I have produced cowardice to contrast bravery. All that you see about you that you comprehend is only understood by the nature of its opposites. You must swing from one end to the other continuously and walk the gamut of each until you see that which SEEMS to be, AND its opposite, as one and the same. Wars are the result of these opposites in mortal conflict with each other. Neither side is wrong: and by the same token, neither side is right.

"Lay down your arms, Quanaah Parker. Your solution, as is the solution of all creatures, is personal. Turn your energies toward conquering the self and make that formidable adversary—once conquered—your most cherished companion. Hold the self in harness. Never let it run astray and become your enemy once again. Only through this will you and your people have a freedom that exceeds the white man's.

"I have planted my flesh in the cactus PIONIVO. Partake of it, as it is the food of your soul. Through it will you continue to communicate with Me. When all of those with the skin of earth-red clay are united by PIONIVO—then and only then will they once again reign supreme. The white civilizations will destroy themselves and the Indian will return to nature, master over himself and at peace with all."

When Quanah Parker returned to his tribe he called together his councils and they brought back the Peyote ritual, which still prevails, to this day. They broke the bow and arrow, signifying the ending of killings and wars. Quanah Parker was never to kill another man after that day.



Conclusion

The proud Indian of the plains exists no more — the Indian that followed the huge herds of bison and roamed as free as any man ever has on this planet. He, like the bison, is on the verge of extinction. We realize in the course of a few more years that the remaining few will become assimilated completely into our culture.

The Romantic, with his face to the distant past, recalls the age of the red man: the painted faces and eagle feather head-dresses, all galloping bare back free as the wind across the great plains.

The white intruder came. There was plenty of room for all in this great country, it seemed. The white men came by the thousands, bringing with them their unhealthy civilization and warped sense of values. The Indian was slowly getting pushed farther and farther into the wilderness. The white man had already slaughtered off their source of

food, the bison, and now they were threatening to steal the most desirable regions of this country for their own. The Indians tried on some occasions to defend themselves, though even they knew it was a losing battle.

Eventually "law and order" was restored, where all learned to live with one another in peace. The Indians never had an alternative; if they had the means of changing those one-sided agreements, which they were forced into agreeing upon, they most definitely would have.

They were thrown on reservations, which were in many instances unfit to live on. They were given an inadequate diet to exist upon. When some of the reservations spouted oil we managed to give them other, "better" reservations in trade.

The Indian still, as a rule, does not wish to associate too freely with his "white brothers". He has retreated still further from the white man's ways. After all this, we sent missionaries out

to the Indian, to convert him to a civilized religion. At first he rejected these attempts, but their perseverance, and especially their little religious trinkets, seemed to win him over. Some of the easy-to-conquer succumbed to the religions offered them, while others rebelled, and held on to the only remaining thing they had, their religion.

Modern day missionaries do not give up quite that easily, though, and they were determined to rid the primitive mind of superstition, and make him accept a "proven" religion. We were not satisfied to take away his land, or his source of existence. Now we added insult to injury; we were denying him his God.

O white man! Why, why do you imagine only your customs as being the correct ones? Are you so confident of your ethnic supremacy?

Before, when the Indian lived by the laws of nature, he was careful not to disobey any of those laws. Now the

customs he had for centuries lived by were being branded as being illegal and wrong. The Indian that took the little cactus, peyote, which his fore-fathers took before him, was to awaken one day to be branded "dope addict". In a land of semi-drunks and false moralists, there are those who are helping where no help is needed. Instead of giving the Indians something, for a change, the old habit of removing was still prevailing. After making something illegal and causing thousands to be law-breakers, we assume the pose of benevolent fathers in restoring to the Indian his age-old religious practices.

Nothing is more distasteful than a drunk walking down the street slobbering all over everyone he sees, acting more obnoxious by the minute. An officer of the law is quite bored as he witnesses this scene. On many street corners our great institution, the corner tavern, lies. And in these dens of "fun" reside reeling drunks, laughing, pushing,

screaming, fighting—each eventually staggering out to his car, to endanger our very existence; cocktail-hour, when each must anaesthetize his brain in order to continue in the confusion no human can get completely adjusted to...

A distant night so far away in the hills: the resounding water-drum pouring from the hogan, an Indian is chanting, praying to God, asking God to explain the mysteries of the universe: "God, I am just a little boy. I know so little; there are many of my people with many gray hairs and far more wisdom than I have. Show me Your essence, tell me what I must do to become united with You, my Creator."

This is the story of the Peyote Indian. He must be allowed to continue as he wishes, for we are surely in no position to judge him.

— LSD — The Age of Mind

Peyote, for all its attributes, has the drawback of containing some definitely undesirable, toxic alkaloids besides mescaline, which is the one responsible for the desired states of consciousness. Science today has isolated mescaline, and synthesized it in the laboratory; sickness is no longer a necessary part of the experience.

The Indians of southern Mexico have for centuries utilized the Sacred Mushroom to induce similar effects for similar reasons as the American Indian. The active ingredient, psilocybin, has also been duplicated in the laboratory.

A more recent innovation has been the notorious new compound, LSD-25, which in the smallest imaginable amounts has proven to be thousands of times more powerful than the other two substances, with no side effects at all.

My new book, LSD: THE AGE OF MIND, deals with all the psychedelic drugs, explaining in detail how and why they should be employed, and how to eventually achieve the same states of mind by volitionally ordering up the same mechanism.

THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BUREAU OF AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY TO THE SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION



NARCOTICS AND STIMULANTS

Tobacco: Preparation (282); smoking (283) & chewing (284); licking (285). Yupo, niopo, or parica (*Piptadenia*) (286); Ypadu (*Erythroxylon*) (287); Caapl (*Banisteria*) (288); Capsicums (289).

282. *Tobacco* (*Nicotiana tabacum*).—The term tobacco does not appear to have been a commonly used original name for the plant. It has come to us from a peculiar instrument used for inhaling its smoke by the inhabitants of Hispaniola (Santo Domingo). The instrument described by Oviedo in his *Historia de las Indias Occidentales*, Salamanca, 1535, consisted of a small hollow wooden tube shaped like a Y, the two points of which, being inserted into the nose of the smoker, the other end was held into the smoke of burning tobacco, and thus the fumes were inhaled. This apparatus the natives called "tabaco," but it must be said that the smoking pipe of the continental tribes was entirely different from the imperfect "tabaco"

of the Caribees. Benzoni, on the other hand, whose travels in America in 1542–1556 were published in 1565, says that the Mexican name of the herb was "tabacco" (Encycl. Brit., 9th edit., xxiii, 423).

At every Indian settlement some tobacco plants will be found cultivated in the provision

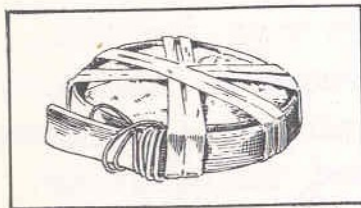


Fig. 65.—Tobacco being pressed. Aiary River.

fields. According to the statement of the Wapishana, wild tobacco grows at Mount Urawai, on the upper Takutu (SR, II, 77). When once planted, no further attention is paid to it, and the leaf is cured in the most simple manner, by being hung up in the Indian's hut (ScD, 109). The leaves are plucked when the blossom "bursts." They are sometimes, though not always, dipped in honey; under any circumstances they are hung up until they commence to get yellow. After that the leaves are evenly arranged, side by side, and are lightly tied in bundles the size of one's fist. As the leaves dry the strings round the bundles are drawn tighter and tighter, until it is evident that no further diminution will take place in the bulk (IT, 317). On the Rio Aiary the leaves are slowly dried on a sifter in the neighborhood of the fireplace, dampened again, and pounded in a mortar. By means of a bark band and smaller strips the leaves are now made up into a flat circular cake (fig. 65)

and dried in the sun in this elastic press, which is tightened up from time to time (KG, I, 140). All over the Amazon Valley tobacco is grown and manufactured, the leaves being bound round together with the split stem of a climbing palm into long rods of about 2 inches in diameter and 4 or 5 feet in length, tapering off to a point at both ends (BL, 102). In this form it may be met in Surinam among the Oyana and Trio (GOE, pl. viii, fig. 11), and in our own colony.

283. If tobacco is to be smoked it is smoked only in the form of cigarettes, the paper-like substance obtained from the bark of certain trees, sometimes leaves, being employed as wrappers. In the case of the kakaralli or sapucaya nut (*Lecythis* spp.) a long strip of bark of exactly the width required is cut from the tree with straight sides and ends. From this the outer rough bark is removed. With a thick short stick the Indian then repeatedly strikes the cut edge of one end of the inner bark with a peculiar but indescribable knack so as to separate it into a great many even-surfaced sheets (IT, 317). With the *Courataria guianensis* Aubl. of the lower Amazons (S-M, 918) it would seem that the bark is cut in long strips, of a breadth suitable for folding the tobacco. The

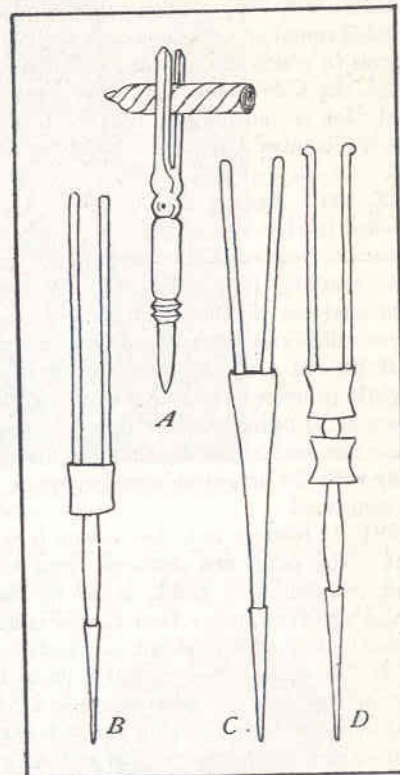


Fig. 66.—Cigar holders of the Unupes Indians. (A, after ARW; B, C, D, after KG, I.)

inner portion is then separated, boiled, hammered with a wooden mallet, and exposed to the air for a few hours (HWB, 164). Other materials that may be used for cigarette wrappers are leaves of Indian corn, as practiced by the Maionkong (ScF, 237), and the inner lining of the spathe of the manicol. After the cigarette is made the wrapper is prevented from opening by being tied either at the center or at the ends with a very thin strip of corresponding material, not into a knot, but into a twist. On the upper Rio Negro is to be met what is practically a

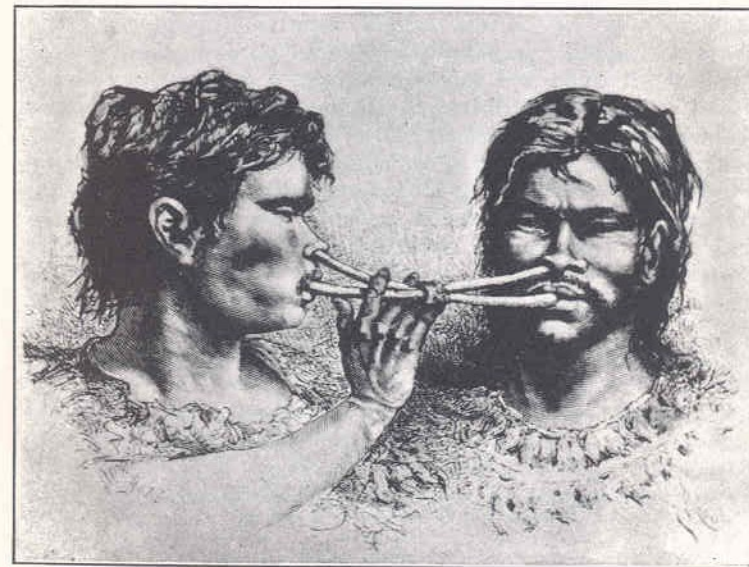
ARTS AND CRAFTS OF GUIANA INDIANS

cigar from 8 to 10 inches long and an inch in diameter, made of tobacco, pounded and dried, and inclosed in a cylinder made of a large leaf spirally twisted. It is placed in a cigar holder about 2 feet long, like a great two-pronged fork (pl. 52, A; fig. 66). The bottom of the holder is pointed, so that when not in use it can be stuck in the ground (ARW, 206, 352). Such cigar holders with contained cigars are handed round on occasions of festivity (ARW, 195; KG, I, 282). The degree to which the smoking habit prevails varies in different tribes. With the Carib both sexes are great smokers, even children at an early age commencing to indulge in the custom (ScB, 192). Among the Gualaquiza Jiráros. . . great festivities are held when a child is, at 3 or 4 years of age, initiated into the art and mysteries of smoking (AS, 92). Among the Arekuna, Appun speaks of tobacco being smoked in clay-headed pipes with a bamboo stem. The women were debarred from smoking (App, II, 309). The Trio women were never seen smoking (GO, 26). Akawai, male and female, make almost continual use of tobacco (BR, 276). Among the Ouitoto each takes three whiffs and passes the cigar to his neighbor (Cr, 371). Certainly with the old Arawak on the Pomeroon it appears to have been their nightly practice to make one or two cigarettes ready for the following morning, slipping them, within easy reach, between the scale lines of their hammocks. While smoking the spent ashes are licked up (sec. 285) with the tongue as occasion arises. They may almost be said to be consumed.

284. If tobacco is to be chewed it is mixed with certain ashes or salt. The ashes are obtained from a species of fresh-water alga, *Mourera fluviatilis* Aubl., called by the Indians oulin, huya, weya, etc., which they gather from the rocks in the falls and rapids of many rivers. It is of a pleasant salt taste, and is mixed with fine strips of Indian-cured tobacco, and kept in little goobies or gourds with a small opening. A stick to use as a fork is placed in the gourd, its upper extremity projecting through the stopper, so that the stopper acts as cork to the gourd, and as both guard and handle to the fork. The mixture of oulin and tobacco, which is moist and agreeable to the taste of a user of tobacco, is called kawai. It is kept in the mouth, in a very small quantity at a time, and answers the purpose of plugs of chewing tobacco. Two falls in the Ireng River, and one in the Cotinga River, at about 50 miles distance from Roraima, are called Orin-doui or Olin-toueuk, the falls of the ourin or oulin (Da, 197). It is to these Orindoui Falls on the Ireng that the Patamona Indians come for the purpose of collecting this plant (BB, 281). In the Patamona houses it was very common to see bags of leaf, tied round with a string and hung a few feet over the fire.



A, Tukano smoking cigar in special holder. (After Koch-Grünberg.)



B, Method of snuffing piptadenia among the Ouitoto. (After Crévaux.)

NARCOTICS: TOBACCO AND PARICA

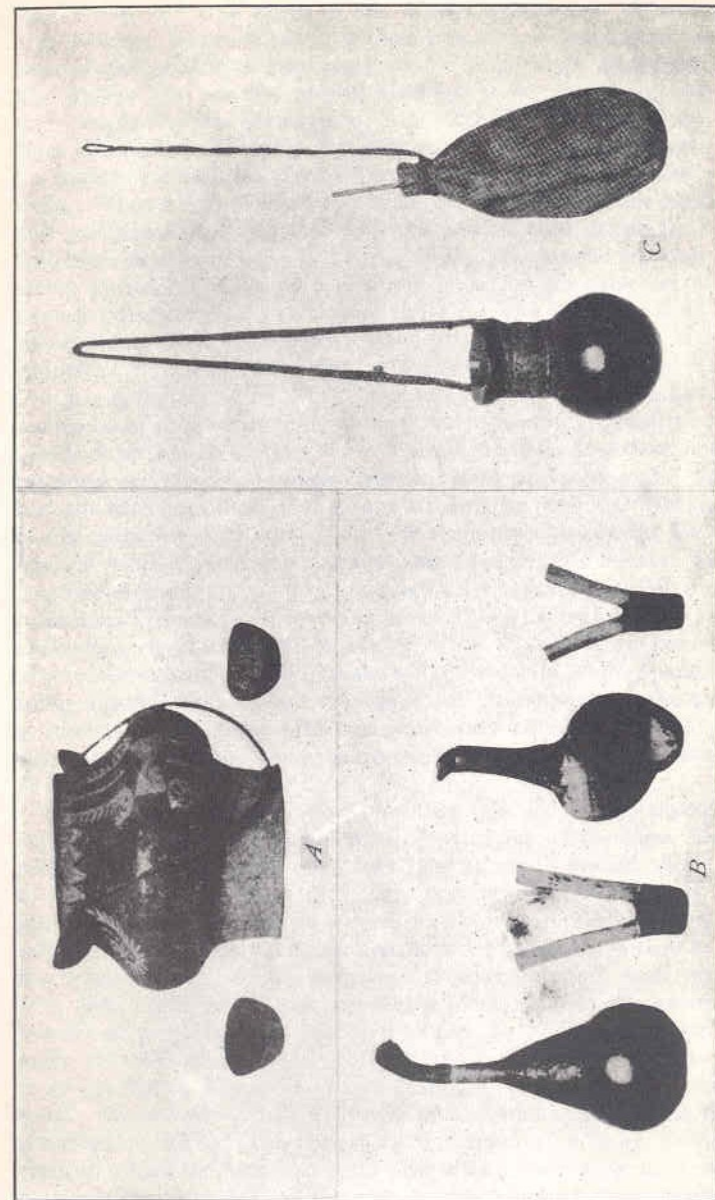
These bags contained the oulin which, if not continually kept dry by this means, would melt. The following procedure given by Brett (Br, 276), as quoted from McClintock, was adopted by the Akawai for preparing the chewing mixture: "They take from the stalk as many green leaves as will cover the pan on which their cassava is baked. Over this layer of tobacco leaves they sprinkle the salt (oulin), then another layer of green leaves, and salt as before. This must be repeated until the whole becomes 1 inch or more in thickness. A slow fire is then applied to the pan, and after the cake, if such it may be called, is partially heated, it is removed and distributed among a number of small calabashes, where it remains until 'quids' be in demand; not, however, to be chewed, but to be kept simply between the lips. By this method the teeth are preserved, hunger appeased (Indians always assure me of this), and thirst is quenched."

B. Brown gives a none too pleasant description of Indians indulging in the habit: "Every man and nearly every youth [Akawai] had a dirty greenish pellet . . . held between his lips, which he rolled about every now and then. A dark greenish juice oozed from it, staining the lips, and sometimes trickling down from the corners of the mouth, the presence of the ball causing their lips to separate and protrude (BB, 64). Among the Arekuna the tobacco leaves are not dried, but finely chopped up while still fresh, and with a black niter-containing earth (which they collect in the savanna), kneaded to a dough, out of which the small balls are made" (SR., II, 239). Schomburgk had not observed tobacco chewing in any other tribe.

285. Ouitoto of the upper Yapura have a peculiar practice of tobacco licking, a sort of ceremonial oath taking. Tobacco leaves are cooked with water to a sirupy consistency into which the fore and middle fingers are dipped and then licked off (KG, II, 302).

286. *Piptadenia peregrina* Benth. (= *Mimosa acacioides* Benth.) yupa, niopo, parica, etc.—Gumilla has furnished us with the following particulars from the Orinoco: "The Otomac intoxicate themselves with certain evil powders, which they call yupa, inhaled through the nostrils. Their judgment entirely leaves them, and, maddened, they take up arms. Were it not for the women being so smart in intercepting and preventing them they would be committing cruel outrages daily. They make the said powders of certain plants, from yupa, which gives them their name. These simply have the smell of strong tobacco. It is what is added through the ingenuity of the devil that causes the intoxication and madness. After having eaten certain large snails, met with on lands subject to inundation, the shells are placed on the fire and reduced to lime. This lime is mixed with the yupa in equal quantities. So strong is the mixture

that even if the finger which has only touched it is placed near the nose a fit of sneezing results. The Otomac use it before going into battle with the Carib. The Saliva as well as other Indians employ yupa, but as they are meek, good-tempered, and faint-hearted nations they do not become so infuriated as our Otomac" (G, I, 181). About a century later Humboldt, traveling among the Otomac, speaks of the preparation of the drug as follows: "They gather the long pods . . . cut them into pieces, moisten them, and cause them to ferment. When the softened seeds begin to grow black they are kneaded like a paste, mixed with some cassava flour and lime procured from the shell of a helix, and the whole mass is exposed to a very brisk fire, on a gridiron made of hardwood. The hardened paste takes the form of small cakes. When it is to be used it is reduced to a fine powder and placed on a dish 5 or 6 inches wide. The Otomac holds this dish, which has a handle, in his right hand, while he inhales the niopo by the nose, through the forked bone of a bird, the two extremities of which are applied to the nostrils. This bone, without which the Otomac believes that he could not take this kind of snuff, is 7 inches long. It appeared to me to be the leg bone of a large sort of plover. The niopo is so stimulating that the smallest portions of it produce violent sneezing in those who are not accustomed to its use" (AVH, II, 505). Along the main shore of the Parima River, below Fort San Joachim, Schomburgk found numerous trees of this mimosa, the seeds of which are used by several tribes of Indians along the Rios Amazon and Negro, as the Uaupes, Puros, etc. They are pounded to powder and the smoke inhaled, or the powder is put into the eyes, nose, and ears, which produces a state of intoxication or madness which lasts for hours, and during which time the Indians have no command of themselves or their passions. A general stupor succeeds, which sometimes lasts for days (ScE, 182; SR, II, 103). Bates gives the following description of the manufacture and use of the drug among the Mura of the lower Amazon: "The seeds are dried in the sun, pounded in wooden mortars, and kept in bamboo tubes. When they are ripe, and the snuff-making season sets in, they have a fuddling bout lasting many days, which the Brazilians call a *quarentena*, and which forms a kind of festival of a semireligious character. They begin by drinking large quantities of caysúma and cashiri, fermented drinks made of various fruits and mandioca, but they prefer cashaça or rum when they can get it. In a short time they drink themselves into a soddened, semi-intoxicated state, and then commence taking the paricá. For this purpose they pair off, and each of the partners taking a reed containing a quantity of the snuff, after going through a deal of unintelligible mummary, blows the contents with all his force into the nostrils of his companion. The effect . . . is wonderful. They become exceedingly talkative,



APPARATUS USED IN CONNECTION WITH NARCOTICS

A, Special clay vessel in which *Banisteria cori* is invariably kept. (After Koch-Grünberg.) B, Apparatus for inhaling niopo on the Rio Tiqué. (After Koch-Grünberg.) C, Basket and calabash for collecting and preserving *Erythroxylon coca*. Uaupes River district. (After Koch-Grünberg.)

sing, shout, and leap about in the wildest excitement. A reaction soon follows. More drinking is then necessary to rouse them from their stupor, and thus they carry on for many days in succession. The Mauhé also use the paricá, although it is not known among their neighbors, the Mundurucu. . . . The Mauhé keep it in the form of a paste and employ it chiefly as a preventive against ague in the months between the dry and wet seasons, when the disease prevails. When a dose is required a small quantity of the paste is dried and pulverized on a flat shell and the powder then drawn up into both nostrils at once through two vulture quills, secured together by cotton thread. The use of paricá was found by the early travelers amongst the Omagua, a section of the Tupi who formerly lived on the upper Amazon, 1,000 miles distant from the homes of the Mauhé and Múra" (HWB, 169). De la Condamine thus relates how the Omagua make use of two sorts of plants, one of which is called by the Spaniards "floripondio," whose flower, resembling a bell turned upside down, has been described by Father Feuillée; the other, in the language of Omagua, is named curupa, some seeds whereof I have brought with me. Both of these are cathartic or purging. But these people make use of them to intoxicate themselves therewith, for the space of 24 hours, during which time they have strange visions. They take also the curupa reduced to powder as we do snuff, but with somewhat more formality. They make use of a pipe formed out of a reed and ending in a fork; in short, shaped like a Y; each of the branches of this instrument they put into one of their nostrils, which operation, being followed by a violent drawing in of their breath, causes them to screw up their faces, after a manner very ridiculous to a European, who would have everything conformable to his own customs (LCo, 36).

Within still more recent years, Crévaux (Cr, 550), when traveling through the country of the Guahibo (=Guájiva of the Meta River referred to by Gumilla), mentions how at every instant they put to their nostrils a blackish brown powder resembling snuff tobacco, both in color and odor, very finely ground, and which they call yopo. He further tells us that in order to obtain it they roast the green seeds . . . and pulverize it with calcined snail shells (Cr, 550). This snuff was apparently identical with the aromatic powder of a composition unknown to him, to which he had previously referred as taken by the Ouitoto (of the Yapura River) in so peculiar a manner, and now identified as the yupa or paricá snuff. Its manner of use, by means of a special apparatus, is thus described by him: "Their snuffbox is formed of a large *Bulimus* shell, of which the base is covered over with a bat's wing fixed with balata. The extremity of the cone carries a hollow bone, through which one pours an aromatic powder (pl. 53 B). To bring the dust

to the nostrils they employ a blower composed of two hollow bird bones fixed with balata. One branch being introduced into the mouth and the other into the nostril, a puff of breath is sufficient to send the powder into the more remote portions of the mucous membrane. This is the method employed by the egoist. Sociable people have another device—two bones arranged like an X. Friends draw near (pl. 52 B), blow together, and mutually give one another a pinch of snuff" (Cr, 371). And, subsequently to Crévaux, E. A. Wallace obtained from the Guahibo a curious powder, which is taken like snuff and has the effect of making them drunk. . . . They were evidently in a happy state while under its influence. He says: "This yopa (in Spanish spelled llopa) is probably known in other parts, as I have heard the word enlopado used by the New Grenadians as signifying drunk" (Ti, Dec. 87, p. 317). In the present century mention has been made of the preparation and use of the drug on the Tiquié, a branch of the Rio Negro (KG, I, 323), where it is kept either in a snail shell or in a small spherical calabash. Its use is also recorded on the Apaporis (KG, II, 290).

287. *Erythroxylon coca* Lam., ypadú, ipadu.—"On the upper Amazon the half-caste and Indian women, after middle age, are nearly all addicted to the use of ypadu, the powdered leaves of erythroxylon coca. . . . Persons who indulge in ypadu at Ega are held in such abhorrence that they keep the matter as secret as possible. . . . They plant their little plots of the tree in retired nooks in the forest and keep their stores of the powder in hiding places. . . . I once [says Bates] had an opportunity of seeing it made at the house of a Marauá Indian on the banks of the Jutahi. The leaves were dried on a mandioca oven and afterward pounded in a very long and narrow wooden mortar. When about half pulverized a number of the large leaves of the *Cecropia palmata* (candelabrum tree) were burned on the floor and the ashes dirtily gathered up and mixed with the powder" (HWB, 283). The drug is also referred to on the Tiquié (KG, I, 266-267) and on the Apaporis (KG, II, 290). (See pl. 53 C.)

288. *Banisteria caapi* Griseb., caapi.—Among the Guahibo (Orinoco River) the piai warms over the fire a little yellow root known by this name and chews it when he has to make a cure. It has intoxicating properties (Cr, 536). Compare this with what is said by E. A. Wallace of the same tribe: "They chew the wood of a curious liana, which has the same effect as the leaves of the erythroxylon coca. They can travel great distances existing only on the wood of this plant and do not feel the want of any other sustenance" (Ti, Dec., 1887, p. 317). The first mention of this drug, however, on the Rio Negro among the Uaupes River Indians, who drink the infusion, appears to have been made by A. R. Wallace: "Presently (after the caxiri) the

caapi was introduced. An old man comes forward with a large, newly painted earthen pot, which he sets down in the middle of the house. He then squats behind it, stirs it about, and takes out two small calabashfuls, which he holds up in each hand. After a moment's pause two Indians advance with bows and arrows or lances in their hands. Each takes the proffered cup and drinks, makes a wry face, for it is intensely bitter, and stands motionless perhaps half a minute. They then with a start twang their bows, shake their lances, stamp their feet, and return to their seats. The little bowls are again filled and two others succeed them with a similar result. Some, however, become more excited, etc." (ARW, 205). Spruce says that the cupbearer must be a man, because no woman can touch or taste caapi (RS, II, 419). Half a century later Koch-Grünberg reported the drug from the same area, described its preparation, the special type of colored earthen jar (pl. 53 A) in which it is invariably kept (KG, I, 298), and mentions the fact of certain rattle spears and shields only being employed on occasions of caapi drinking" (KG, I, 345).

289. *Capsicum*.—The use of peppers as a stimulant and excitant by the Makusi of the Rupununi might be included here. A small gourd (fig. 67) with an elongate neck, known as kassakra, is filled with crushed peppers and water. It is inserted into the nostril of the patient suffering with headache and the contents poured in (V. Roth). In the Pomeroon district it is a very common practice for the Indian women to give capsicum enemata to themselves and children by means of an apparatus made from the bladder of any of the larger-sized animals (sec. 921).

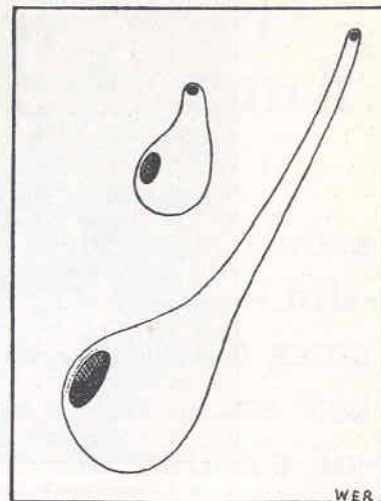
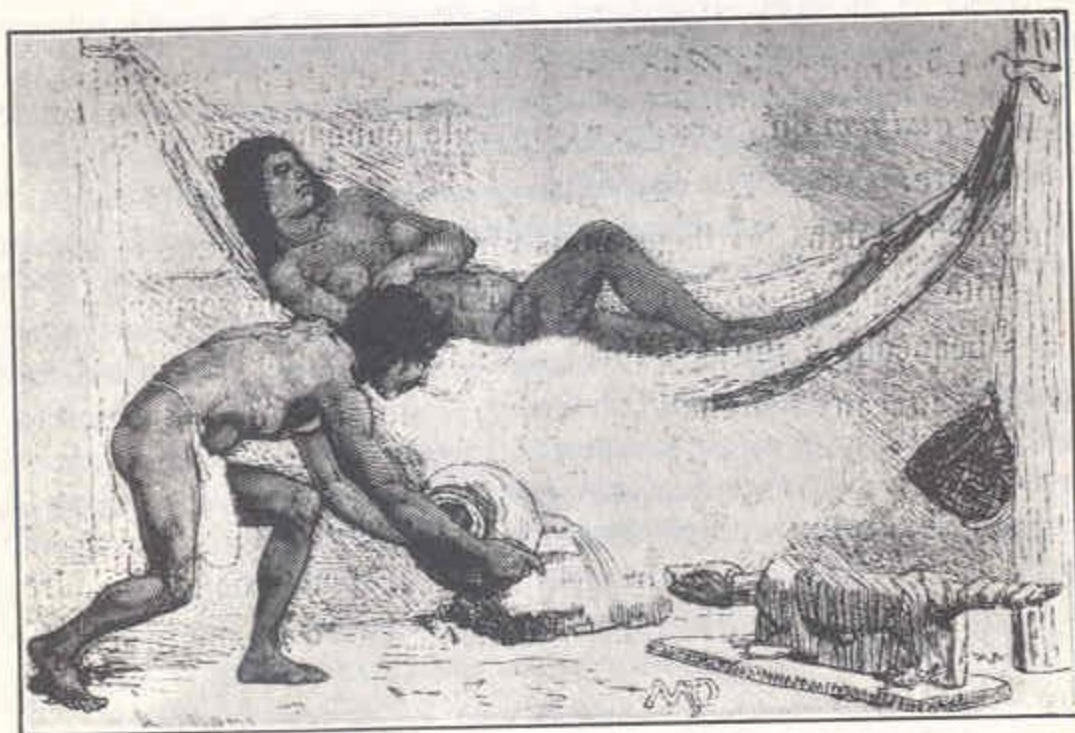


FIG. 67.—Gourds for pouring pepper juice into the nostrils. Makusi.



A, A French Guiana medicine man. (After Crévaux.)



B, Steam bath for Roucouyenne woman after confinement. (After Crévaux.)
A FRENCH GUIANA MEDICINE MAN: VAPOR BATH

Los Angeles Times

THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 17, 1967

45% of Navajos Accept Peyote-Oriented Church

BY DAN L. THRAPP
Times Religion Editor

The peyote-oriented Native American Church is beating Christian missionaries at their own game and seems likely to become the Red Man's religion on the nation's Indian reservations.

So believes a white-haired social anthropologist from Australia, Dr. Alan R. Tippet, professor of anthropology at Fuller Theological Seminary of Pasadena.

Dr. Tippet, reared an Australian Methodist, is a committed Christian, but is a scientist before he is a churchman.

He spent a score of years on the

Fiji Islands, learning the language and native customs so well that he is an editorial consultant for a new revision of a Fiji Bible. He has written several books on the Fiji language.

Recently he completed a brief but in-depth survey of mission stations on the Navajo Reservation for a foremost American denomination, and was aghast at some of the things he saw.

They Don't Speak Navajo

"I was appalled at the lack of communications between missionaries and Indians," he said. Very few missionaries speak Navajo.

"Despite 25 years of work, and considerable expenditure, mission work for the church I was studying had made an unsatisfactory impact."

While no accurate estimate of the number of Christians among the Navajos is available, educated guesses run around 10% of the 100,000 Indians. The Native American

Church, on the other hand, states that it has won 45% of the Navajo.

"This is despite the fact that it is not a Navajo religion, although it is an Indian faith," noted Dr. Tippet. It is very active."

Central to worship in the Native American Church is the imbibing of peyote, a product of a cactus plant which produces hallucinations, often accompanied by a sense of well-being.

Legal Barriers Dropped

"One of the interesting things about this religion is the taking of peyote as a sacrament," said the scientist. In many places legal barriers against its use in religion have been dropped.

Dr. Tippet believes the Native American Church, which claims nearly 250,000 members, is a rival of Christianity, although he is not sure "rival" is the correct word.

"I think that ultimately it will be classed as a denomination," he said, "like the Mormon Church, or Je-

hovah's Witnesses.

"Quite often in the emergence of these movements, their first appearance is quite radical, but as it settles down it becomes a recognizable religion."

He added that "The Native American Church is not hostile to Christianity, but is trying to establish itself. It believes in co-existence. It is one of the evidences of pan-Indianism on the reservation.

"And it is the most aggressive religion there."

The Native American Church, he said, has positive things in its favor. He listed, for example, its emphasis on family life and stress on fellowship.

"It is interesting because it draws on many lacks or needs that the Christian religions have overlooked," he said.

"A good deal of Christian mission work completely missed the idea that religion is involved in the whole of life for any people who

have come out of animism.

"Here is the kind of problem that illustrates this: If a missionary goes into a hogan, and finds a sickness, he tends either to administer medicine or take the patient to the hospital.

"The Navajo accepts this gift, in either case.

"If the missionary would say, 'Well, let's first have some prayers in the hogan for the health of the family, and bring God into this situation, to help with the healing,' the Navajo people would understand this perfectly.

"Why don't they, then?

"Because, in the first place, the missionary doesn't understand the language. The Navajo takes the medicine, but still feels he needs something religious, so what does he do? He goes to the medicine man, or curer, who still is one of the most important men in the Navajo's life.

Communication Is Problem

"Communication is one of the major problems facing American missionaries to the Indian."

What this really means, said Dr. Tippet, is that the evangelical church that uses lay, or native, leaders, is more likely to grow, among the Indians, than the church that does everything through the white man.

"One of the most important things is to find native leaders and send them out," he said.

He stressed the fact that many nominal Christians, members of Christian churches on the reservation or in Indian areas, also are members of the Native American Church.

But, he added, "I don't think you could be a peyote worshipper and also be a Christian."

He recognized the power of the peyote-centered faith.

"Even if it brings one under an hallucination," he said, "it brings

one to feel a unity with creation and the Creator."

There's That Other 55%

He noted that while many Navajo belong to the Native American Church, 55% have either rejected the possibility, or for some other reason have not joined.

"For one thing, it is not a Navajo movement," he said. "Like Christianity, it is spread by 'missionaries.'"

"Then there are the small number who are Christian, and hence reject it. Many others are believers in the 'old way,' and resist all change. Then there is a percentage in nearby industrial areas, or who for other reasons are on and off the reservation, and have not accepted peyote.

"But the thing that hits me is that 45% feel a crying need to try something new for their spirit, and have not chosen Christianity. Christianity, in the form given, has not been meeting their needs."

Yet he believed Christianity could meet the problem.

"It must, however, apply to all of life and it needs some sort of healing ministry. I don't think anything will ever displace the curer until there is some kind of Christian substitute."



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