

Lee's 20 Tough-Tailored Extras include...

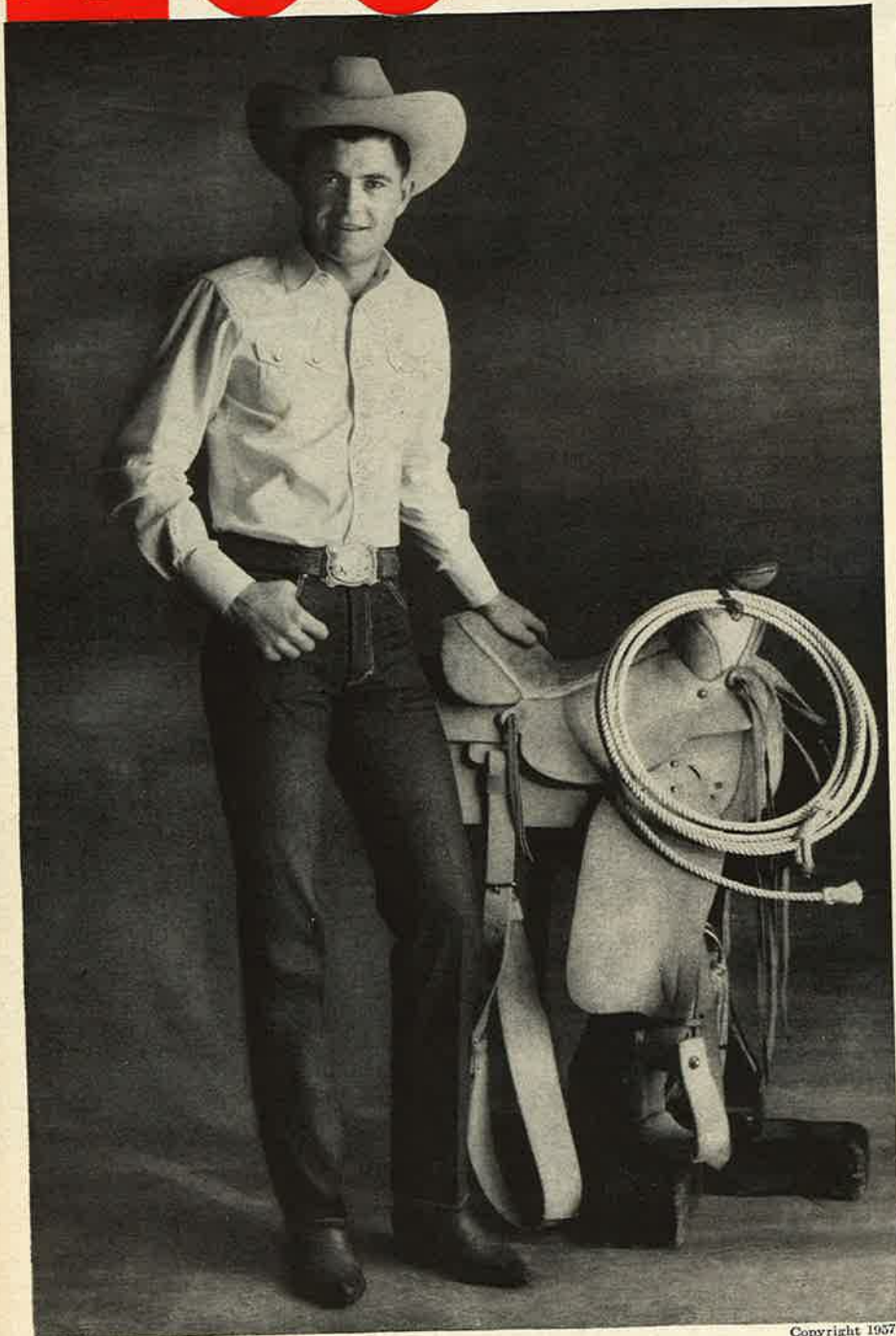


Strong thread rivets...

Rugged cowboy denim...

U-Shape comfort crotch

Lee RIDERS



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Ranch-born... Rodeo-bred...

Lee—the action-jeans of champion cowboys!

You're looking at a top rodeo star, brone-bustin' Guy Weeks. When Guy buys cowboy-jeans, Lee Riders are the only brand he'll wear. Lee's 20 Tough-Tailored Extras stand the rough abuse his job gives 'em.

Guy likes the way Lee Riders hug his legs and hips, yet keep 'em free for action! He knows Lee Tailored Sizes always fit perfectly; Sanforizing keeps 'em that way. All sizes—men's and boys' (with doubled knees in sizes 4-12)—and women's and girls', too. Lee must fit better, look better, wear longer or your money back or A NEW GARMENT FREE!

GO TO THE RODEO FOR THRILLS OF THE WEST REBORN!

LEESURES, LEE COMFORT CLOTHES FOR WORK AND PLAY. THE H. D. LEE CO., INC., KANSAS CITY, MO.



ON MORNING after eating mushrooms, Wasson and his wife review his notes, taken in the dark. Jars contain mushrooms later sent to Heim.

MUSHROOMS CONTINUED

device, only her hands against each other or possibly against different parts of her body. The claps and slaps had pitch, the rhythm at times was complex, and the speed and volume varied subtly. We think the Señora faced successively the four points of the compass, rotating clockwise, but are not sure. One thing is certain: this mysterious percussive utterance was ventriloquistic, each slap coming from an unpredictable direction and distance, now close to our ears, now distant, above, below, here and yonder, like Hamlet's ghost *hic et ubique*. We were amazed and spellbound, Allan and I.

There we lay on our mat, scribbling notes in the dark and exchanging whispered comments, our bodies inert and heavy as lead, while our senses were floating free in space, feeling the breezes of the outdoors, surveying vast landscapes or exploring the recesses of gardens of ineffable beauty. And all the while we were listening to the daughter's chanting and to the unearthly claps and whacks, delicately controlled, of the invisible creatures darting around us.

The Indians who had taken the mushrooms were playing a part in the vocal activity. In the moments of tension they would utter exclamations of wonder and adoration, not loud, responsive to the singers and harmonizing with them, spontaneously yet with art.

On that initial occasion we all fell asleep around 4 o'clock in the morning. Allan and I awoke at 6, rested and heads clear, but deeply shaken by the experience we had gone through. Our friendly hosts served us coffee and bread. We then took our leave and walked back to the Indian house where we were staying, a mile or so away.

FROM the many mushroom celebrations that I have now witnessed, nine in all, it is clear to me that at least in the Mixteco country the congregation is indispensable to the rite. Since the congregation, in order to participate, must be brought up in the tradition, any white persons should be greatly outnumbered by the Indians. But this does not mean that the mushrooms lose their potency if not eaten communally. My wife and our daughter Masha, 18, joined us a day after the ceremony that I have described, and on July 5, in their sleeping bags, they ate the mushrooms while alone with us. They experienced the visions too. They saw the same brilliant colors; my wife saw a ball in the Palace of Versailles with figures in period costumes dancing to a Mozart minuet. Again, on Aug. 12, 1955, six weeks after I had gathered the mushrooms in Mexico, I ate them in a dried state in my bedroom in New York, and found that if anything they had gained in their hallucinogenic potency.

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