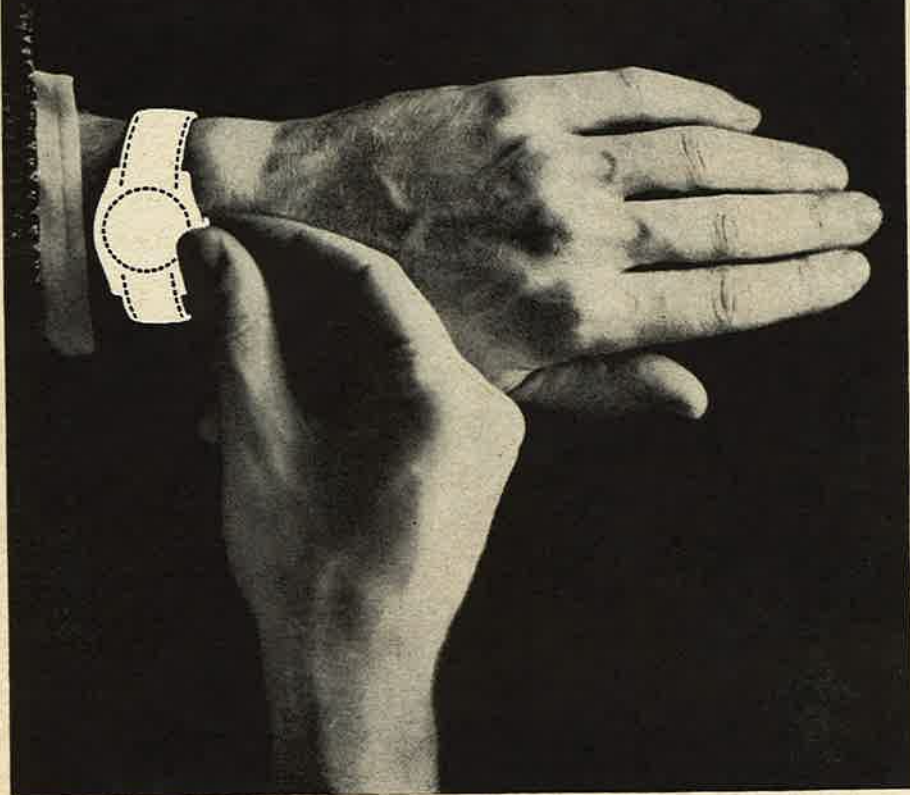


# Do you still wind your watch?



## you never have to wind a Mido!

Winding a watch is a nuisance. Outmoded. Unnecessary!

But, you *never* have to wind a Mido. It starts winding itself the instant you put it on, keeps winding as you wear it. Yet for all its slim elegance, a Mido wants no pampering. Swim with your Mido. Shower with it. Play tennis or golf with it. Waterproof\*. Shock-protected. Anti-magnetic. Unbreakable mainspring. The worry-free watch!

A Mido can't *help* but be accurate. Its mainspring stays wound at precisely the right tension for perfect timekeeping. Never *overwound*... never *underwound*... automatically!

Mido (pronounced *Meedo*) makes *only* self-winding watches—the world's largest gift selection. And, isn't it time you replaced your own watch with a modern, self-winding timepiece?

Ask to see Mido watches at better jewelers. For the one nearest you and our new catalog, write Mido, Dept. L-13, 580 Fifth Ave., New York 36. In Canada: 410 St. Peter St., Montreal 1.

Sold and serviced in 65 countries.

\*As long as case, crystal and crown remain intact.

**Mido**  
with **Powerwind**

THE WATCH YOU NEVER HAVE TO WIND



WALDORF  
Stainless steel case;  
18K gold markers;  
also black dial;  
17 jewels; waterproof \$97.50.  
In 14K gold (Warwick) \$275.  
Other models from \$59.75  
to \$500 (Fed. Tax Incl.).

## MUSHROOMS CONTINUED

in their mountains remote from highways, locked also behind the barrier of their languages. One must win their confidence and overcome their suspicion of white men. One must face the physical discomforts of life and dangers of disease in the Indian villages in the rainy season, when the mushrooms grow. Occasionally a white face is seen in those parts in the dry season, but when the rains come, those rare beings—missionaries, archaeologists, anthropologists, botanists, geologists—vanish. There are other difficulties. Of the seven *curanderos* that by now I have seen take the mushrooms, only two, Eva Mendez and her daughter, were dedicated votaries. Some of the others were equivocal characters. Once we saw a *curandero* take only a token dose of mushrooms, and there was another who ate and served to us a kind of mushroom that had no hallucinogenic properties at all. Had we seen only him, we should have come away thinking that the famed properties of the mushrooms were a delusion, a striking instance of autosuggestion. Do we discover here an effort at deception, or had the dried mushrooms through age lost their peculiar property? Or, much more interesting anthropologically, do some shamans deliberately substitute innocent species for the authentic kinds in a retreat from what is too sacred to be borne? Even when we have won the confidence of a skilled practitioner like Eva, the atmosphere must be right for a perfect performance and there must be an abundance of mushrooms. Sometimes even in the rainy season the mushrooms are scarce, as we have learned from costly experience.

**W**E now know that there are seven kinds of hallucinogenic mushrooms in use in Mexico. But not all the Indians know them even in the villages where they are worshiped, and either in good faith or to make the visitor happy, the *curanderos* sometimes deliver the wrong mushrooms. The only certain test is to eat the mushrooms. Professor Heim and we have thus established beyond challenge the claims of four species. The next best thing is to obtain multiple confirmation from informants unknown to each other, if possible from various cultural areas. This we have done with several additional kinds. We are now certain as to four species, reasonably sure about two other kinds, and inclined to accept the claims of a seventh, these seven belonging to three genera. Of these seven, at least six appear to be new to science. Perhaps in the end we shall discover more than seven kinds.

The mushrooms are not used as therapeutic agents: they themselves do not effect cures. The Indians "consult" the mushrooms when distraught with grave problems. If someone is ill, the mushroom will say what led to the illness and whether the patient will live or die, and what should be done to hasten recovery. If the verdict of the mushroom is for death, the believing patient and his family resign themselves: he loses appetite and soon expires and even before his death they begin preparations for the wake. Or one may consult the mushroom about the stolen donkey and learn where it will be found and who took it. Or if a beloved son has gone out into the world—perhaps as a wetback to the states—the mushroom is a kind of postal service: it will report whether he still lives or is dead, whether he is in jail, married, in trouble or prosperous. The Indians believe that the mushrooms hold the key to what we call extrasensory perception.

Little by little the properties of the mushrooms are beginning to emerge. The Indians who eat them do not become addicts: when the rainy season is over and the mushrooms disappear, there seems to be no physiological craving for them. Each kind has its own hallucinogenic strength, and if enough of one species be not available, the Indians will mix the species, making a quick calculation of the right dosage. The *curandero* usually takes a large dose and everyone else learns to know what his own dose should be. It seems that the dose does not increase with use. Some persons require more than others. An increase in the dose intensifies the experience but does not greatly prolong the effect. The mushrooms sharpen, if anything, the memory, while they utterly

CONTINUED