MIDNight to Morning

After the water was carried out, the singing and drumming began again, beginning with James (I thinkQOor the Comanches next to him). The drum went around either three or four more complete times before the morning water. I think probably four times. By the time it started again, after midnight, it was about one o'clock. Each man sings four songs. Most of the men drummed for someone else. Most of them were seated in singing-and-drumming pairs. James and Roger drummed for each other, and Tom Bitseedy and Charlie High, and Harold Achilta and Jewell Cisco, and Alfred and Clarence. On the north side it was a little mixed up. One of the Comanches drummed for both of the other two--the middle one, who was blind, didn't drum at all. Winston Cat never drummed for Robert Kaulity and vice verse. But Scobie Noconie drummed for Quarter Bill, Horace Quoetone and George Silverhorn, and Quarter Billy drummed for him. Horace Quoetone never drummed for anyone, and if George Silverhorn drummed, I don't remember who it was for. I do remember Scobie getting up and changing position to come over and drum for Horace, and, I think, George.

By this time the peyote had really taken effect on me. Sounds were distorted and visual perception was somewhat different. The fire seemed very bright, and the blue outlines of some of the flames seemed very bright. Outlines were sharp and clear. The reds and oranges were brilliant and beautiful. Most of the people during most of this time seemed to be withdrawn into themselves, meditating, or dozing, or thinking, or else looking at the ground or into the fire. Most of them were keeping time to the drum some way--moving a foot or toe, or shaking a hand as if they were drumming, or moving a fan in rapid time, or something of this kind. Given the effect of the peyote on you, it seems to be difficult to restrain yourself from activity of this kind, and to me it seem better to engage in this kind of movement rather than try to stay still and just twitch anyway.

During this time people ate as much peyote as they wanted. They had brought their own, in paper sacks, plastic "baggies", etc. Some had peyote tea in glass jars and the Comanches had tea in a big quart thermos bottle. Tom Bitside had ground up dried peyote in a glass jar, and I think several other had ground peyote which they ate by pouring it out in their hands and then licking it off. I finally ate the two green peyotes I had taken early in the meeting. I had brought a sack of my own but was trying to conserve it, and wasn't too anxious to take a whole lot. Those two green ones were terrible to get down. I thought I would vomit and had a hard time controlling my stomach every time I swallowed a portion. Finally I got them down, and got most of the remnants out of my mouth and from between my teeth and swallowed. But I belched peyote all night, and kept tasting those green ones all night long. I never did get over feeling queasy, though I was pretty sure I wasn't going to vomit--if I didn't eat more. Those four gave me all the effect I wanted. Seems like about 30 or 40 minutes after you eat it, you get the effects of feeling nauseated, then relaxed, and then "edgy" or quivery. Somewhat stimulated. At least you stop feeling tired and sleepy and pay attention to whatever you want to. I kept looking into the fire between my fingers and through my fan, which I shared with John. This way I broke up the field of vision into segments, and found myself looking only at one segment, and then only at a portion of the segment, and then only a very tiny area in the portion. I could imagine all kinds of scenes, vistas, personages, designs, mosaics, etc. Since I was looking into the glowing coals portion of the fire, these were mostly in reds, oranges, yellows, etc., broken up with black lines and areas, and tinged with gray and white (from ashes which might be in the field). Sometimes I would see a whole large number of small things, or multitudes of things, as you might see thousands of actors in a panoramic view of a movie spectacular. Othertimes the many bits and pieces of