

the whose area under view would come together into a whole, as a complete head made up of many segments and pieces, or something of this kind. Mostly, though, I kept seeing scenes many up of many varied and irregular fragments, instead of a single close-up object or thing. I remember it entered my head that it was possible I was seeing things this way because of the difficulty I have, sometimes, in ordering bits and pieces of flotsom and jetsom into an orderly structured whole. As if I have a tendency to see the trees in their myriad of detail but have a harder time seeing the forest. I was imagining abstract designs and shapes, as well as figures and statues of a monumental sorts--columns and walls and fallen sculptures of ruined temples and buildings, hordes of people crowding up and down a mountainside, rows of ruined monolithic statues, something like the knight in chess, and things of this sort. Somehow I didn't want to turn my mind to the analysis of the functions of the Native American Church, and avoided this kind of thought. My only concern was to keep myself entertained in some way so that the evening would somehow pass and I would be through. I kept telling myself I would never go through the experience again. I kept saying to myself it was the fourth meeting I had ever been to, and a good place to stop. At the time I was so physically and mentally uncomfortable, I realized I would probably feel different after the ordeal was over, as indeed I do.

The man who was singing would usually be sitting with his legs bent under him, perhaps with his left knee bent up in front of his chest. He held the gourd with his right hand, and with his left he held the staff in vertical position, one end resting on the ground in front of him, and a wand of sage and at least one feather fan. The sage wand and the fan were held somewhat crossways of the staff. Some persons held the fan fairly far up along the base of the feathers, so that all the feathers were aligned in about the same direction, and others tends to hold the fan lower down on the handle, allowing the feathers to fall loose and radiate out from where they were secured. I remember Clarence Chalepah held the fan this way, and he seemed to shake the feathers out, so that they radiated freely and symmetrically outwards. This was a scissortail fan, very full. Most of the men used at least one scissortail fan in this fashion while they sang. I think all of the scissortail fans belonged to James. They were passed around and different men held them for a while and then passed them on to someone else. One time Alfred held a scissortail fan and his own fan of some kind of hawk feathers. Another time he held only the scissortail fan with the staff and his wife, Evelyn, held the hawk feather fan while he sang. Winston Cat had a blue fan which I think was probably macaw feathers, and Robert Kaulity had a yellow-hammer fan and also, I think, an eagle feather fan. The fans are brought out after the midnight ceremony, and put up when the drum is dismantled in the morning, maybe a little before that. I believe the fans are put up after the morning water is brought in. I was the only woman present with a fan and in order not to look too conspicuous I shared it with John Mead. Many persons with fans hold them between their eyes and the fire during the period when fans are in use. I can see two advantages of this. One is that the brightness of the fire, accentuated by the effects of the peyote, is hard to take, and the other is that the effect of looking at the bright and changing fire through a feather fan is esthetically very pleasing and may contribute to the sum total of the experience. Some people holding fans moved them up and down in time to the drum beat.

People are free to pray and speak out during this part of the meeting. Apparently the memories associated with some songs stimulate strong feelings or emotions for some people. Once when Horace Guetone had finished his fourth song, Sarah Longhorn spoke out saying, "That was beautiful, Horace!" Then she launched forth into a long and emotional talk or prayer in Kiowa, breaking into tears occasionally. Everyone was quiet and listened to her. Sometimes people would make sounds of agreement at what she said. I don't know if it was at this point or later, but she also said she missed the people that used to participate, that many of the old people were gone and that there were just a few of them left, and some of them were here that night. She said she had