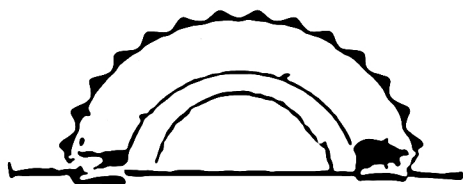


Younger Than Yesterday



Alan Bernheimer

13 RIDES

for Paul Maziar

In the summer of 1971 I felt the tidal pull of my generation (Michael Brownstein: “We’re not supposed to be in the east; we’re supposed to be in the west”) and set out to thumb my way from New York City to San Francisco. I was a year out of college, a year back home, clerking at the East Side Bookstore on St. Mark’s Place.

A job and possible career in publishing had beckoned, with an interview to be the personal assistant to Michael Korda (then editor and chief at Simon & Schuster), thanks to an introduction by a family friend. Korda let me know I’d likely spend six months editing manuscripts such as *The Settlers*, a hefty saga by Meyer Levin about pre-WWI Zionist pioneers in Palestine, and handed me the five-inch-thick typescript to take home. Every page swarmed already with penciled author edits. I can’t recall how far into it I waded, but I returned it to Korda the following week, saying I’d decided to hitchhike to California instead. He took another look at my shoulder-length hair and handed me a copy of the recently published third Don Juan book by Carlos Castaneda to take along.

But I was traveling light. Although I owned a backpack and other camping gear (the East Side Bookstore had a

sister shop called the Survival Store), the poet Harris Schiff advised me against any encumbrance that couldn't be easily dropped when you needed to run. He didn't mean run to catch the ride that had just pulled over for you. So I slung my sleeping bag, poncho, and Rand McNally Road Atlas under an army surplus shoulder bag that must have contained a light sweater, a toothbrush, a journal...I can't say what else, Cheez Whiz? Don Juan stayed in the east.

Harris also gave me a floppy straw hat. So, in the hot August sunshine, I took up my stance near the entrance to the Holland Tunnel and waited. My recollection is that I waited a long time, but eventually someone picked me up and dropped me near the row of gas stations on the Jersey side. A lot more waiting.

Of the thirteen rides it took me to reach the West Coast, I can clearly recall only three. The worst was early on, somewhere in New Jersey or Pennsylvania. Three teenagers from Yonkers, two boys and a girl. Think of the Joaquin Phoenix and Casey Affleck characters in *To Die For*. It was the girl's car. Maybe a Mustang. They'd set out with no destination I could discern, other than west. Relationships were unclear, the atmosphere mildly menacing. The aftermarket gas pedal was metal, in the shape of a bare foot, I saw when I took my stint at the wheel. We drove and dozed through the night.

Somewhere in western Pennsylvania the next day, the engine seized up. The guys had neglected to add oil. The two young gallants hitched off on their own, leaving the girl stranded and broke by the side of the road. I gave her some cash (\$10 meant something in those days) and kept going too.

My plan was to rendezvous in Iowa City with Merrill Gilfillan (who had recently retired from the Survival Store), spend a week there, and push on together. Merrill had given me the address of Darrell Gray, his Writers Workshop friend, who was willing to put us up, but the day I arrived all the poets were out of town at a conference in Michigan. I managed to break into Darrell's apartment through a flimsy back door and sacked out on the living room couch. Hours later I woke in the dark to "Aha! A person," uttered with much sangfroid by George Mattingly—apparently the one Iowa City poet somehow not in Michigan—who had come to feed the cat.

Merrill eventually showed up, as did Darrell, Allan Kornblum, and the other conferees. The week that followed is a blur of Midwestern summer heat, barroom afternoons, collating parties for Allan's Toothpaste Press, the quarry swimming hole, beers at the Old Mill, late night feeding at the Skelly truck stop on the interstate—getting to meet the local heroes like artist Dave Morice, Allan's girlfriend Cinda Wormley, Chuck Miller, John Sjoberg—the

ghost of recent visiting “lecturer” Ted Berrigan still very much present. Somebody said Louise Glück was in town, staying with an aunt. They could take us to meet her. Merrill and I sat awkwardly in the aunt’s living room through some stilted conversation. I’m pretty sure we were sober. Maybe that was the trouble.

We headed west. The next stop was Colorado, where friends of Merrill had a rustic cabin up Boulder Canyon towards Nederland. But first, Denver, where we met their friend Tammy with her ’40s Ford pickup that wouldn’t start without a running push down the road. It got us to the cabin. There the food was macrobiotic. Brown rice and vegetables with occasional chapatis for a treat. No electricity. A slew of mountain dogs and cats: Rosy, Mingus, Sebastian, Bobo, Calico, Tee, and Eff. There was also a sweat lodge of old tarps on a frame, hot rocks, rosemary switches, and a run naked down the hill, across the road, into the freezing creek, startling more than one passing driver. It was 1971 and they were probably not all that startled. At one point Merrill and I snuck off to Nederland for a hot dog. It tasted awful. Someone took apart Tammy’s carburetor to clean it and was completely flummoxed by the task of reassembling the dozens of small metal parts.

The dog and cat names are the first journal entry I see. Then this: “What is better as I get west / is dope & record collections.”



After a week we were on the road again. Somewhere in the high country we got a ride with two guys in an Econoline van, and rocked and rolled on its floor all the way to the eastern entrance of Yosemite National Park early one morning. We hitched our way down to the Valley, which turned out to be the toughest stop on the trip. A whole day of thumbing got us nowhere with the parade of families going home, and we crashed in the woods that night.

We finally made it out of the park. When we neared the Bay Area, Merrill recalls, a car stopped for us and as we lumbered toward it they took off laughing in a cloud of gravel. The second-to-last ride dropped us in Berkeley. There, at the University Ave. entrance to I-80, we were picked up by a chatty young woman with long hair in a BMW and the unlikely name of Circe Shapiro. She was vaguely connected to the San Francisco rock music and drug scene. She seemed to enjoy talking to us. Somehow, and this makes no geographic sense, we ended up in Pacific Heights, tumbling down the steep blocks at high speed, shouting “Bullitt!” I was riding shotgun. At one intersection I noticed another vehicle approaching on my side, with just enough time to say “Uh oh” before it hit us.

•

CREATURES FROM OUTER SPACE

(STEPPING FROM FLYING SAUCER)

avoid rapid forceful movements
use no shrill sounds
breathe quietly
avoid giving a direct menacing gaze

•

SURVIVAL ON THE MOOCH

Keep moving
Give your hosts a breather—take hotel room
Accept all offers of hospitality

•

Good car
Bad karma

•

Ants gather before putrid meat, and flies are attracted by
odoriferous waste. Our officials are no better.
—Taisuke Mitamura, *Chinese Eunuchs: The Structure of
Intimate Politics*

•

avid commerce in dumb shit
is filling up our streets pulling out our sheep
the great ideas from angel to love in little pot-bellied
cadences
the smart ones are maneuvering for beauty
some investigate the extraordinary machinery
that is out of this world

the great ideas from angel to love in little pot-bellied
cadences are maneuvering for beauty in the extraordinary
machinery that is out of this world

•

At intersecting rivers
Everyone waves distantly
Passing slowly going backwards
On their slippery elbows

•

THE RATING OF THE TRAMPS BY “A NO. 1”
(The famous tramp who claims to have traveled 500,000
for \$7.61.)

Mush faker Umbrella mender who learned
Mush rigger in penal institutions

Wangy	Begging by selling shoestrings
Timbers	Begging by selling lead pencils
Straight crip	Cripple
Phony crip	"
Pokey stiff	Handouts solely
Gink or gandy stiff	Labored a day or two
White line stiff	Confirmed alcohol user
Bundle stiff	
Blanket stiff	
Stew bum, ding bat, fuzzy tail, grease tail, jungle buzzard	
= dregs of vagrancy	
Yegg	Roving desperado
Hay bag	Female stew bum
Punk	Boy discarded by Jocker
Gonsil Boy not yet adopted by Jocker	
—Nels Anderson, <i>The Hobo</i>	

•

I'll sleep like the Rock of Gibraltar tonight, and wake up
in Spain.

•

Changing reality was
His job—but love made
Him an outlaw in time

•

Sherlock Holmes after all is mostly an attitude and a few dozen lines of unforgettable dialogue...

When in doubt have a man come through the door with a gun in his hand.

Common sense is the guy who tells you you ought to have had your brakes relined last week before you smashed a front end this week. Common sense is the Monday morning quarterback who could have won the ball game if he had been on the team. But he never is. He's high up in the stands with a flask on his hip. Common sense is the little man in a gray suit who never makes a mistake in addition. But it's always somebody else's money he's adding up.

—Raymond Chandler

•

winter is here
the fly can't fly
he is just walking
on the floor
me—I got to watch
where I put
my feet

The Token Snatchers

To the Editor:

May I alert your readers to an apparently new and certainly ingenious little racket. My wife had just put a subway token into the slot of a turnstile in the 125th Street and Seventh Avenue station of the downtown IRT March 7 and was pressing against the bar when a lad of eight or nine suddenly darted under her arm, placed his mouth against the turnstile slot and sucked vigorously. As she stood there bewildered, he moved swiftly to the next turnstile where another woman had just deposited a token and repeated the procedure. Then he ran off.

At this point, the woman in the change booth emerged and said to my wife and the other woman, "You let him steal your token." Then, using a long knife, she pushed down into the slots and, as she explained, shoved the wads of paper the lad had inserted previously to catch tokens before they activated the mechanism that allowed the passenger to enter. The lightweight tokens, it seems, respond easily to the suction.

The change-booth woman was gracious enough to permit the two passengers to go through the gate without having to pay again. However, others may be not as lucky. With tokens costing 35 cents, the youngster is probably doing well financially, even though he may be endangering his health. It is to be hoped that he may turn his ingenuity to more legitimate pursuits.

RALPH BASS

New York, March 8, 1972

Henry Miller says whenever he's frightened he always laughs. What I need now is a desk and a typewriter and \$750 to see me through till spring.

•

STAYING HUMAN

Be careful
Strive to be human

•

“Keep off the grass!” That’s the motto by which people live.

—Henry Miller

•

Action people use yellow pages

•

rentier wit

One might say that the public history of modern art is the story of conventional people not knowing what they are dealing with.

—Robert Motherwell, *The Dada Painters and Poets*

•

A monstrous aberration makes people believe that language was born to facilitate their mutual relations.

—André Breton

•

I write to kill time.

—Knut Hamsun

•

Tonight's menu was beer, roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, salad with marinated mushrooms, gravy, rolls, and wine... The food was good. We saw *The Collected Poems of Frank O'Hara*. Everyone was a little flighty, as at the time of great social disturbances, e.g., the assassination of a president. We all hear squealing tires. This could be misinterpreted as the signal to be serious... Also a time of fluorescent ambition. (Wonders: What about my handwriting? Is it too late to change?)... There is the hum of a car motor and drowned voices standing around. Finally the door slamming and it drives away.

•

The discovery of phionics—a branch of knowledge so rare the phenomena it descends from are totally metaphoric.

•

Poems are about things that can't be remembered
otherwise

This is why you have your foot in your mouth

Tying your shoe

Hands behind your back

Now there are two of you

Still trying to remember

You who twirl the spindles of unconsciousness

You have damp palms

Bathed in video light

Flapping in thin air

With fish for echoes

•

When I leave town all my friends go back on the sauce.

—Ben Fagan (Philip Whalen), in *Big Sur*

•

IN A NUTSHELL

a wooden floor
white walls
a chair
mattress
bedding
2 pr. shoes
2 shoulder bags
1 poncho
3 shirts
2 T-shirts
5 utrou
12 socks
1 sport coat
4 pens & pencils
ink
glue
envelopes
letters

•

Baltimore is famous for the delicate sensibilities and conscientiousness of its inhabitants.

—Gertrude Stein

Page 12 Section A ☆☆☆

February 27, 1972

S. F. Sunday Examiner
& Chronicle

How State May Tax Creativity

By William Flynn

Examiner News Staff

SACRAMENTO — California tax authorities, persistently hunting new revenue sources to pay increasing cost of government, have decided to tax the "intellectual thought process."

As soon as they decide how to place a value on the product of creativity — a novel, a symphony score, an attorney's Supreme Court brief — property tax bills will be presented to the thinkers with a demand for payment.

•

Hypnosis traces the main nerve lines down the back and along the tail. We respond linearly in respect to the ancestral path of our tail undulations.

•

You choose among the many meanings of a word when you use it. If the context receives all its meanings the word has a certain high rate of resonance. Stresses, friction, between some of its meanings and those its context literally permits produce overtones in the space of the poem.

•

O river
Play me that river song again
Wash me with your buckets
Hanging from the green ears of your banks
—Michael Brownstein

Tropic of Capricorn p. 303

Any man in America who had an ounce of humor ^{in him} was saving it up to put himself across. There were some wonderful nuts among them, too, men I'll never forget, men who left no name behind them, and they were the best we produced. I remember an anonymous performer on the Keith circuit who was probably the craziest man in America, and perhaps he got fifty dollars a week for it. Three times a day, every day in the week, he came out and held the audience spellbound. He didn't have any act—he just improvised. He never repeated his jokes or his stunts. He gave himself prodigally, and I don't think he was a hip fiend either. He was one of those guys who were born in the corn ~~corn~~ crakes and the energy and the joy in him was so fierce that nothing could contain it. He could play any instrument and dance any step and he could invent a story on the spot and string it out till the bell rang. He was not only satisfied to do his own act but he would help the others out. He would stand in the wings and wait for the right moment to break into the other guy's act. He was the whole show, and it was a show that contained more therapy than the whole arsenal of modern science. They ought to have paid a man like this the wages the President of the United States receives. They ought to sack the President of the United States and the whole Supreme Court and set up a man like this as a ruler. This man could

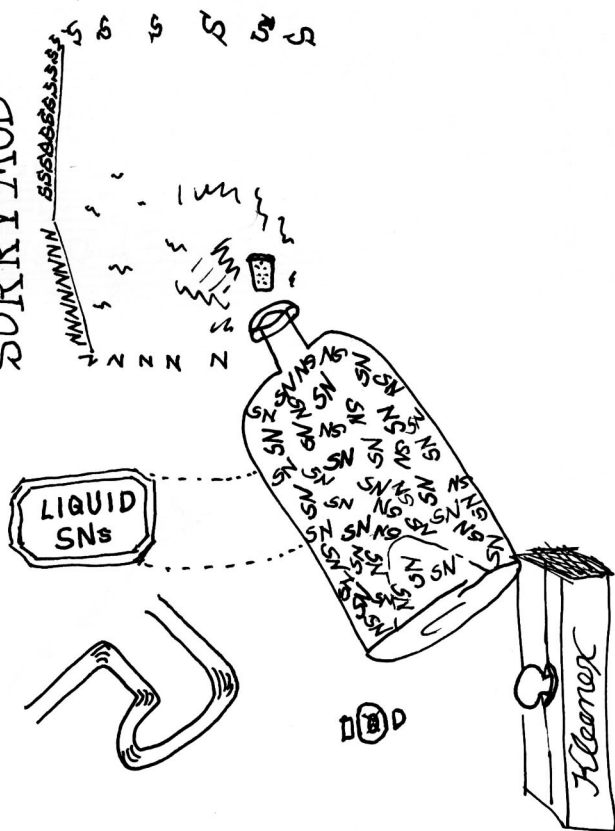
cure any disease on the calendar. He was the kind of guy, moreover, as would do it for nothing, if you asked him too. This is the type of man which empties the insane asylums. He doesn't propose a cure - he makes everybody crazy. Between this solution and a perpetual state of war, which is civilization, there is only one other way out - and that is the road we will all take eventually because everything else is doomed to failure. The type that represents this one and only way bears a head with six faces and eight eyes; the head is a revolving lighthouse, and instead of a triple crown at the top, as there might well be, there is a hole which ventilates what few brains there are. There is very little brain, as I say, because there is very little baggage to carry about, because living in full consciousness, the gray matter passes off into the light. This is the only type of man one can place above the comedian. He neither laughs nor weeps, he is beyond suffering. We don't recognize him yet because he is too close to us, right under the skin, as a matter of fact. When the comedian catches us in the guts this man, whose name might be God, I suppose, if he had to use a name, speaks up. When the whole human race is rocking with laughter, laughing so hard it hurts, I mean, everybody then has his foot on the path. In that moment everybody can just as well be God as

anything else. In that moment you have the annihilation of dual, triple, quadruple and multiple consciousness, which is what makes the gray matter coil up in dead folds at the top of the skull. At that moment you can really feel the hole in the top of your head; you know that you once had an eye there and that this eye was capable of taking in everything at once. The eye is gone now, but when you laugh until the tears flow and your belly aches, you are really opening the skylight and ventilating the brains. Nobody can persuade you at that moment to take a gun and kill your enemy; neither can anybody persuade you to open up a fat tome containing the metaphysical truths of the world and read it. If you know what freedom means, absolute freedom and not ^arelative freedom, then you must ~~accept~~ recognize that this is the nearest to it you will ever get. If I am against the condition of the world, it is not because I am a moralist - it is because I want to laugh more. I don't say that God is one grand laugh. I say that you've got to laugh hard before you can get anywhere near God. My whole aim in life is to get near to God, that is, to get nearer to myself. That's why it doesn't matter to me what road I take. But music is very important, Music is a tonic for the pineal gland. Music isn't Bach or Beethoven; music is the canvas of the soul. It makes you tremble quiet inside, makes you aware that there's a roof to your being,

Kleenex

SODDEN MERGY
SULLEN MIRTH
SUDDEN MOTH
SOLID MARS
SORRY MUD

Kleenex



BLINDFOLDED INVISIBLE SKETCH No 1

From Dickens's point of view "good" society is simply a collection of village idiots.

—George Orwell

•

Cigarettes, gloves keep us apart.

—*The Grand Illusion*

•

The three graces:

Aglaïa – Brilliance

Euphrosyne – Joy

Thalia – Bloom

•

Men are the technical morons of the tribe, women keep some proportion, remain sound even in debauchery, relate the parts to a whole, act, that is with the body, the related parts, together, not a part of it, as to be sure, they must to survive.

—William Carlos Williams, *Autobiography*

•

Stage effect, from a dream. Against a dark green curtain figures in head-to-toe costumes of dark green with quarter-sized polka dots cavort in bright light. The light shifts to dark green, the figures disappear to leave an array of barely discernible polka dots.

•



•

A bald old gent named Simon tonight on TV lit twelve cigars and placed them with shaking hands one by one till his mouth bristled with all of them, all the while

doing bird calls and whistling tunes. This bookkeeping work is psychotic, in its insistence that a vital, adventurous human mind constrict itself to perform an infinitesimal process in a vacuum of emotion. The result is stress, in a self-reinforcing spiral, that begets hatred of self and others, of course, alienation and societal disquiet. The most florid men I've ever seen work at nearby desks, their purple faces pulsing out the anguish they live.

•

SECRETS OF FLOWERS

If an apple is cut in half on Christmas Eve, and the left half is placed in the bosom and right half by the door, the Desired person will be found near the right half at midnight.

Cure for headache: snuff made from moss growing on a skull in a churchyard

•

There have been so many cafés in our lives.
—Marcel Duchamp

•

There are cities
and between them
there are airplanes
thin red routes though clouds
of crew cut martinis

•

Futuristics students look ahead with such tools as “Delphic probes.”

•

Women, stars, constellations, marine animals—namesakes for sailboats.

•

HAMMERS HARD AS NAILS

The force that drives the nail is due to the inertia of the hammer, and this depends upon the suddenness with which its motion is brought to rest on the nail. With hardened steel there is practically no give and all the energy possessed by the hammer is transferred to the

nail. With soft and inferior metal all the energy is not transferred to the nail, hence the drive per blow is less.

•

My life has been a series of emergencies.

—Lana Turner

•

My true friends will slop gin on my fresh grave.

—John Godfrey

•

Young Men for some time have an idea that such a thing as happiness is to be had and therefore are extremely impatient under any unpleasant restraining—in time however, of such stuff is the world about them, they know better and instead of striving from Uneasiness greet it as an habitual sensation, a pannier which is to weigh upon them through life.

—Keats to John Taylor, April 27, 1818

•

After all, art is only consummate artfulness.

—Jack London, *The Road*

•

It [mourning] shoes it [life] with the cothurnus.

—Huizinga

•

Tantalus means the impossibility of drinking the waters of thought which are always gleaming and waving within sight of the soul.

—Emerson, “History”

•

The gentle day... Dapples the drowsie east with spots of grey.

—Shakespeare, *Much Ado*

•

In the dappling east Appeared unwelcome dawn.

—Wordsworth

•

MILHOUS MONOGATARI

Ambitious for power, a government official orders his daughter Linda to become the President's concubine. Having secretly become engaged to a young man named Samuel Gompers, the girl refuses. Enraged, her father

arrests Gompers. The young man is tortured and becomes sexually disabled. Linda is forced to enter the White House. Refusing to submit to the President, she meets secretly with Gompers, who has contrived to gain access to the White House by becoming a eunuch. The two lovers are discovered and arrested. Gompers is sentenced to death. To save her fiancé's life, Linda consents to submit to the President. Moved by the young couple's love, the Chief of Staff tries to help the two escape. Both he and Gompers are killed in the attempt. With hope dead, Linda manages to avenge the deaths by killing the President in his bed.

•

Question Man

Why Are You Wearing Dark Glasses?

By O'Hara

(Asked at the Cannery)

★ ★ ★

**George Jones, leather craftsman, 1226
16th avenue:**

I wear dark glasses because I like to look at the girls and this way, they can't tell you're looking. It's a way to put heavy vibrations on people. You can give them the really heavy vibrations.



**Bill Sanders, alto saxaphonist, and
craftsman, 29 Landers street:**

I have mirrored lens so I can reverse them and check to see how I look. I have to make a good impression so I'll sell something. That's why I'm sitting down here under this flower pot.

**Jess Enriquez, water colorist, 214
Monterey street:**

The glare off the concrete is really bad. It depends on how I feel, actually. I feel secretive today. I can see what's going on but they can't see you watching them. I can check on things this way.



**John Hancy, sales representative, 750
Kearney street:**

For privacy. It gives you a little bit of privacy. Not much. But a little. Keeps all sorts of things out of your eyes. Sun. Wind. Dust. Smog. And you can look around this way.

**George Willis, driver, 850 Geary bou-
levard:**

Because I don't feel exactly well. No, nothing serious. It's just that last night I had quite a bit to drink. I wouldn't dare go around in this sunlight without dark glasses. I feel like I'm inside out today.



**Robert Sanchez, actor, 1542 Haight
street:**

Because this is a very bright city. This town, the air, the lighting, it's very bright. That's because of the hills and the wind. I've compared the brightness with other cities.

**Ruby Casey, production girl, 114 San-
some street:**

Just a minor disguise. Kind of makes me look like a little mysterious, doesn't it? Especially with my cowboy hat. This way people think I'm some kind of celeb-
rity.



I WAS A TEENAGE HYPNOTIST

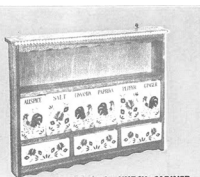
for Suzanne Stein

I always loved sending away for things by mail. Forty years before the Internet and Amazon made armchair shopping commonplace, you could easily obtain a small monkey, a teacup Chihuahua, or a ventriloquist's swazzle through the mail-order ads in comic books. Army surplus Jeeps, needing some assembly but costing under \$100, could be had in the classifieds at the back of *Popular Mechanics*. But for category breadth and kitsch, nothing compared with the Dorothy Damar catalogue, each page featuring eight or nine selections ranging from household gadgets like a serrated grapefruit spoon (set of four, \$1.49) to novelties like an ant farm (\$2.98) or a drawkcab llaw kcolc—"tells time backwards" (\$8.98). My taste ran to novelties and I did buy the farm—the little farmers shipped separately.

I bought but never mastered the swazzle, a half circle of leather, metal, and plastic the diameter of a quarter—marketed as the secret to throwing your voice, but really just a device to produce whistling noises and ducky speech.

In a related ambition as conjurer, I made the transition from operator of store-bought practical jokes (the dribble glass, the bottomless spoon), gaffs, gimmicks, and

decks to some grace and fluidity in sleight of hand with cards and coins, educating finger muscles with hours of practice in front of a full-length mirror until the moves became invisible to me. But my shortcoming as a performer was the magician's patter—the weave of personality, narrative, momentum, and misdirection that cloaks sleight in illusion and elevates artifice to art—a surprising deficiency in light of the success I was having with high-school dramatics, especially in comedic roles. In magic, however, I had no ready access to a good script or director.



Colonial Style NUTCH CABINET
With 9 Spice Compartments
ADORN ANY WALL with this handsome imported rack already fitted with 6 decorative and useful hand-painted ceramic spice dispensers. Three additional ceramic containers can be used for recipes, kitchen gadgets or even as a planter. Wooden rack is designed like an early American piece. Spice shell can hold extra needs. 13½" x 10½" x 2¼".
3R/5276L. Complete\$3.98



Cecil "The Sword Swallower"
Holds Party Snack Spears
A REAL MOUTHFUL of practical cocktail picks protrudes from the wide open mouth of this charming 5" circus character. Bright colors add an original touch to bar, buffet table, rummage room setting. Use the pronged picks to spear hors d'oeuvre, olives, cherries, pickle slices, etc. You can fill the sword swallower's gullet with plain toothpicks, too. A cute gift or party prize.
3R/5463. With 6 Picks\$1.49

DEVILLED EGG PLATE
With Salt & Pepper Set



STORE UP TO 12 BOTTLES
In Space-Saving Wine Rack
WHETHER IT'S CHAMPAGNE OR SODA POP you'll want this plated steel rack that stores 12 bottles off the floor and in a minimum of space. Wine fanciers know that this horizontal position is the correct way to store wines in order to keep the cork wet and airtight. Measures 15½" x 13½" x 6¾". Get several to start your "wine cellar."
3R/5251each \$2.98



Cherrywood SNACK SERVERS
A HAND-OUT that no one can resist! This set of 8" cherry bowls with matching handles are gaily decorated and marked for "Popcorn," "Popcorn" and "Potato Chips." Wonderful for buffets, TV snacks, and cocktail parties.
3R/5448L. Set of 3\$3.98

A HEN WOULD TAKE PRIDE in this delightful setting for any egg of hers! This 11" plate of fine ceramic is colorfully decorated with a barnyard scene and is rimmed with sunken wells to hold a dozen devilled or hard-boiled eggs. A pair of egg-shaped salt-and-pepper shakers supervise the setup. Center oval holds crackers, toast, etc. Wonderful for jams, relishes, pickles, cold-cuts too.
3R/5449. 3-pc. Set\$1.49



Imported Italian SQUARE PLATE & SERVER
PRETTY ENOUGH TO EAT! Square ceramic platter is splashed with painting of luscious-looking fruit, the matching 9" server makes it doubly useful! Wonderful for serving cakes, cheeses, cold cuts, stuffed tomatoes, artichokes, etc. 10" square.
3R/5582. 2-pc. Set\$2.49



Holly Decorated BUN or BREAD COZY
SERVE HOT BUNS at the table in this attractive white woven 9" straw basket, decorated with realistic sprigs of holly that can be removed after the holiday season. Buns stay warm and crisp in the cozy pockets. Cloth is washable, basket can be used separately.
1R/5340. With red pockets\$2.79
1R/5341. With green pockets\$2.79

Bavarian Bone China Decorated BONE DISHES
GET A SET of these antique-looking 6½" curved dishes that were used in the long ago as a polite parking space for chicken and fish bones, etc. The old ones in museums are priceless! It's still a good idea, but they're no delicately charming that we also use them as chutneys or for nuts, mints, relish, olives, candies, pickles.

Early American PINE SPOON RACK
Holds Your Favorite Hairloom Silver
THE QUAINT COLONIAL design makes this pine rack a charming wall decoration. All your spoons gleam against its authentic old pine finish. Holds up to 18 demi-tasse or tea spoons for all to see and admire. Easily accessible too, when you serve. 17" x 10½".
3R/4116L\$4.95

SEND NAMES OF FRIENDS WHO WOULD LIKE TO RECEIVE OUR CATALOG

Pepper & Salt KISSING COUSINS
IT WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN! With salt and pepper always going steady it was just a matter of time until something more than friendship would develop. Now they're a seasoned couple to adorn your table or treasure shell! This ideal couple is 3½" tall in gaily colored ceramic.
3R/5223. The pair\$1

Rockingham Style 6-CUP TEA KETTLE
YOU'LL CHOW about this decorative earthenware tea kettle with the footed bottom that prevents heat from marring fine surfaces. Old-fashioned scrolled handles in wrought iron adds to its charm. 6-cup capacity. Order several for yourself or gifts.
3R/5257\$1.49

SPECIAL VALUE

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Surprising, too, since my line of patter as a hypnotist was good enough to put half a dozen subjects under. And patter, along with confidence, is all there is in the hypnotist's bag of tricks.

As a young man, my father had hypnotized a few summer campers when he was counselor, and so I had close-hand evidence that it could be done, as well as a tendency to follow in his footsteps. I mailed away for and received the "Hypnosis Handbook" from the National Crystal Company in Millburn, New Jersey, whose order form for additional publications on judo, tattooed women, helpful hints for horseplayers, handwriting analysis, yogism, and chastity girdles accompanied the sixteen-page pamphlet.

Peter R., my New York City apartment building upstairs neighbor and boyhood friend, was my first subject. This would be freshman year, high school. One evening, I sat him down in a reclining aqua blue Danish modern armchair with a matching footstool whose top tilted up to complete a comfortable lazy S. A reading lamp on a scissor mount behind his head shone on the pencil tip eraser that I held about a foot from his face, a little above the eye line. The rest of the room was in shadow, including me. I started the standard patter about concentration, relaxation, and drowsiness and soon his eyelids began to flutter. He went under during the sleep count, and the

cataleptic arm test (unable to bend at elbow) proved he was an apt subject. After deepening the trance, I tried a variety of exercises, including numbness to pain, clairvoyant hallucinatory travel to different locales, and harmless post-hypnotic suggestions such as speaking an absurd sentence (“Alan is a zebra”) whenever I put my hand on his head. Everything went by the book, and I was careful to ensure that my subject awakened at the end feeling as refreshed as if he’d had a nice nap. He remembered nothing from the session, which is not unusual, although I had not suggested amnesia.

Peter’s younger brother was similarly suggestible, and I can recall him sitting atop the Empire State Building, holding a telescope and swiveling around to see the city sights—at least in his mind. David S. a smart-alecky red-haired Canadian schoolmate, was another susceptible subject.

But despite my success with peers, I ran into a psychological wall when I attempted to hypnotize an adult. In retrospect, I’d made a poor choice in an opinionated, impatient, skeptical scientist friend of my parents who took time out from their dinner party to try my new skills. Once I’d gotten his eyes shut, not even the relaxation technique—guiding his attention to his extremities and moving the relaxation point gradually up the limbs to the body core and finally the mind—was able to produce

or deepen a trance. Clearly I should have picked a less strong-willed and stubborn subject for my first experiment on an adult, since success breeds confidence in the operator.

This setback and two other factors contributed to my abandoning a budding career as mesmerist. Although each successful trance induction produced a small thrill of conquest, I was becoming bored by the available effects and activities to pursue with the hypnotized subjects. Although I was reading about hypnotherapy, I was clearly too callow to attempt anything in that line, and I knew that simply removing symptoms of neuroses through hypnotic suggestion without getting at underlying causes was believed to result in new and perhaps more problematic expressions of the unresolved issues. This being the early '60s, smoking cessation was not yet on anyone's mind. Frankly, I was getting creeped out by the sense of exerting power over others, even though I took it on faith that subjects cannot be induced to do anything harmful or morally objectionable. But they were still doing whatever I told them to do, instructions they would not have followed without hypnosis. I decided this ability to mold another's will through arcane technique was not a side of my personality that I wanted to encourage.

Four or five years later I did try my skill one more time on J., a Eurasian student from Wellesley visiting me at Yale for the weekend, a friend of friends. There was no spark of romance, despite our adolescent hormones and the late '60s climate—even a friendly back rub led to nothing more. J. was interested in quitting cigarettes and, sitting in a red butterfly chair one fall evening in my wainscoted Saybrook College room outfitted with fireplace, leaded glass casement windows, and enormous double bedstead with roses carved into its dark oak, she was a ready subject and successfully took the post-hypnotic suggestion that cigarettes taste like burnt rubber. And so they did, for at least a few days, since such suggestions need periodic reinforcement in order to persist.

I don't know if I'd make a good subject myself. I had no success at all with self-hypnosis per se, not being able to get my head around the idea of being simultaneously suggester and suggestee. But the post-hypnotic certainty that has remained with me is the mind's ability to create its own truth, to see (or not see), independent of objective reality: "These aren't the droids we're looking for." Eyewitness error, fabricated memories of abuse, and police lineup misidentification are just a few examples of such suggestibility. Neurologists have even found cellular substrates in the brain for manufactured memories,

engrams in the dentate gyrus. If an amateur hypnotist can make you hallucinate, how much more convincing is the self-agent. I can look at the kitchen counter or refrigerator shelf and not see an item in plain sight because I strongly suspect someone has put it elsewhere.

Visual or auditory illusions involve just two of the senses. Hypnosis is also a well established method of producing anesthesia. (In the days before Novocain was common for drilling, my dentist uncle tried to put me under but I just didn't trust him.) A standard test for trance is to tell the subject they won't feel pain in, say, their hand and then sharply pinch them, or even use a pinprick. Conversely, it's claimed that a cool spoon applied to the skin can both produce a burning sensation and raise a blister in a subject who is told that it's red hot. No wonder the placebo effect has become part of medical orthodoxy. And in several recent studies, optimists had as much as a 50 percent lower mortality rate from cancer and heart disease than pessimists. Faith healing is just a step beyond.

And speaking of optimism, the National Crystal Co. was almost certainly the mail order business started in the 1960s by Julian Simon, later an economist and controversial "population growth optimist," as a way to employ his out-of-work parents. His father had run a two-man washing soda business under the same name in nearby Newark that folded during World War II.



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