

OFF THE BEAT

Kitt Peak: "The ground whereon thou standest . . ."

The Spaniards called them Papago, a name applied to them by their neighbors to the south in what is now the Mexican state of Sonora. They call themselves Tohono O-Otam, and they inhabit much of what is now southern Arizona. Their reservation ("larger than the state of Connecticut" you will be told) is second in size only to that of the Navajo among reservations in the United States.

Within an easy drive of the modern plastic-American, Anglo-Hispano city of Tucson are two quite different holy places of the Papago. One of them, San Xavier del Bac, is on the itinerary of Gray Line's city tour. It can be seen from a long way off, a striking white building in the dun-colored Sonoran desert ("the white dove of the desert" the guide will tell you it is called). Begun in 1697, it is the northernmost of the missions founded by the apostle of the region, the Jesuit Eusebio Kino. The present buildings date from the 1790s and are a striking example of what one would expect, the Spanish-Indian baroque-rococo of the period. The visitor is likely to find people at their prayers or saying a last goodbye to a departed friend.

Like every place on the tourist itinerary, San Xavier del Bac has a souvenir shop. The offerings are traditional religious momentos, some of them exquisite, others calculated to middle-American taste (jagged edged boards with "Bless this house . . .").

But the Papago taste is superior to that in some tourist shrines, which sell Virgin-Marys-in-a-snowstorm, and crucifixes guaranteed to glow in the dark.

In the records, the Papago are noted for their friendliness to the whites who came among them (they fought beside both Spaniards and Anglos against the Apache, who are regarded by everybody as the archetypical bad guys of the region) and their eagerness for the Gospel. Kino was continually pestering his superiors to send more missionaries.

Eagerness for the Gospel notwithstanding, there remains about 50 miles from Tucson another Papago shrine, home of an even older holiness, the two mountains, Kitt Peak and Boboquiviri. A Sonoran Indian, arguing with a Spanish missionary, is supposed to have told him that he was wasting his time because an entirely different god had made the Sonoran desert. After a couple of days, one begins to think he was right.

The two mountains are the home of the god I-I-toy, and that fact proved a serious complication when American astronomers decided that Kitt Peak was the ideal site

for a National Observatory. The Papago were highly reluctant to lease the mountain to infidels for any purpose whatever, and convincing them was a long and delicate process. Part of the process was inviting tribal officials to the University of Arizona to take some looks at celestial objects through the telescope that the university then had. Viewing the moon, one old man remarked that its surface looked like parts of his reservation.

In the end, the Indians decided to lease the mountain to the people "with the long eyes." (It sounds like something out of Tonto, but it's their phrase.) That was 20 years ago. Today 21 telescopes inhabit the top of the mountain under the brooding guardianship of I-I-toy. One of the clauses in the agreement, as Kitt Peak's guide Joe Underwood, a retired Marine colonel, will tell you, is that all caves on Kitt Peak are held inviolate. I-I-toy can change himself into anything he likes, and when he takes up these manifestations, he likes to sleep in caves, so all the caves are sacrosanct to him.

The astronomers' part of the mountain is free for the public to visit during daylight hours. The access road is not particularly difficult, and the views from the top are superb. On a clear day Underwood will point out Ajo Peak, 100 miles to the west.

There is a visitor's center with an exhibit of astronomical photographs and a model of Kitt Peak's sister institution, Cerro Tololo in Chile. Here are sold another example of Papago taste, the baskets that are their most traditional craft work. Also, in quite a different vein, one can buy one's Kitt Peak National Observatory T-shirt.

Guided tours are given Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays at 10:30 a.m. and 1:30 p.m. and can be laid on for groups by request. Otherwise, casual visitors can view the two major pieces of equipment, the four-meter Mayall telescope and the McMath solar telescope. The four-meter's dome rises the equivalent of a 20-story building above one of the highest points of the mountain. Visitors can take the elevator to a glassed-in observation gallery for views of the countryside. A little higher they can enter the dome itself and see the telescope. Since the four-meter is now used in the daytime for infrared observations, the visitor may happen to come at a time when the dome is being rotated or the telescope pointed, both of which are thrills for many. A small gallery permits the visitor a look up and down the inside of the 500-foot shaft of the McMath telescope.

The visitor is also free to wander and imbibe the holiness of the place. People tend to react solemnly. There are places where sanctity is palpable in the air and the ground. Kitt Peak is one, San Xavier del Bac is another. Many pretentious ecclesiastical erections are not.

—Dietrick E. Thomsen

. . . Hypnosis

control as being viewed with considerable ambivalence by the medical profession. "Overcoming institutional resistances," she explains, "implies that resistances are inevitably encountered, lines drawn, battles joined and victory snatched from hostile adversaries. Not precisely," she says. "We are compelled to interpret a variety of behaviors as resistance . . . even though we have not encountered any prohibitions against employing it [hypnotherapy] . . . no outright skepticism about its effectiveness, no lines drawn, no battles joined . . . there is resistance."

Nonetheless, she does see a slow, grudging acceptance of hypnotic pain control by the mere fact that qualified psychologists are using it as an effective tool in private practices and institutions and because ". . . psychology itself may have achieved respectability with the medical profession."

Hypnosis in pain therapy offers the patient more responsibility for his own fate, according to Wain. More so than with treatments that he knows little about and that happen outside of his range of control, such as drugs and surgery. "I explain to the patient that hypnosis is a capacity he has—a gift," he says. "The key is to develop an alliance with the patient." He also extends a caveat to professionals and patients alike that hypnosis is a "double-edged sword" and when administered by the untrained can present a reaction perhaps as dangerous as many drugs. It is the kind of process that quacks could and do thrive on.

Altered state of consciousness? "Yes," says Wain, in that "we all slip into altered states during the day—in daydreaming, say." He sees that elusive and intriguing phrase as having a wholly pragmatic and nonmystical meaning. "It's the ability to cut down on peripheral awareness and concentrate on a focal perspective," to be unaware of any outside activity besides the interaction between hypnotherapist and patient. "But," he adds, "there needn't be a formal trance state for a person to experience hypnosis. Sometimes psychotherapy is hypnotherapy but without the formal induction."

Despite the fact that hypnosis has shown a high rate of effectiveness in pain control and physicians are finding it harder to ignore, the mechanics of the process are less than exacting. Each administering hypnotherapist seems to have his own personal brand of prehypnotic preparation, induction and posthypnotic procedures. "It's pretty eclectic," says one staff psychologist at the VA hospital in Brooklyn, when asked to describe a typical session. "I use a little bit of everything."

All the patients referred to the Walter Reed clinic—most are referred by private psychiatrists and physicians, others come off the wards—are administered Spiegel's Hypnotic Induction Profile (HIP). Wain