

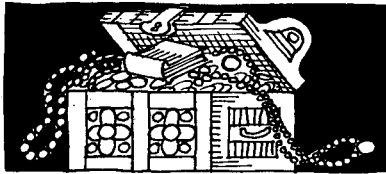
Trade Winds

James F. Fixx

The decline and fall of spelling: L. C. Johnson of the history department at Eastern Oregon College has just sent me a fascinating document—an application he received for a job as instructor of history. The applicant (who, to protect the guilty, shall be nameless) refers to something called his “thesis” and adds, under the heading TEACHING EXPERIENCE, that he has served as a “private tutor.” He then goes on to say: “I am presently tudoring [sic] two high school students in all of their subjects.”

Including, presumably, English.

Also on the academic front, the Indiana University Press is doing a bit of discreet crowing these days about an



odd distinction: One of the books it published has been pirated by the busy bootleggers of Formosa.

Susan W. Howard reports from the Indiana campus that the book in question is *Philosophy and the Modern World* by Albert William Levi. Published in 1959, it was a selection of the Book Find Club and has sold some 10,000 copies. Nobody dreamed, though, that it was likely to be popular enough to make pirating it profitable. (Pirating means simply that the book is reproduced by some kind of process and that no royalties are paid to the copyright holder.) The fact that it was pirated, therefore, is—in an odd way—a feather in Indiana’s cap.

“In the past,” writes Mrs. Howard, “almost all such pirating has been for textbooks and popular books. It is almost unheard of for a scholarly work in the humanities to be considered important enough to steal.” She calls the theft “the climax and proof of Professor Levi’s distinction.”

When the busy people at Bernard Geis publish a book, they really go all out. Their latest is *The Voyeur*, which I have not read, my attention thus far having been riveted by the attendant publicity efforts. First, there arrived in the mail a packet containing, among other things, a decal of a single staring eye. (I am still wondering where to paste it.) Next, my attention was called to a billboard in Times Square, on which in early Febru-

ary one Sarah Smithers, a twenty-three-year-old actress and model, climbed aloft dressed only in a bikini. According to one account:

A large crowd gathered...and it became even larger when, apparently intoxicated by the cold air and the height, she took off the top of her bikini. Two policemen ordered her down and were about to serve her with a summons for indecent behavior but relented because they decided, her behavior was not nearly so bad as what is permitted to go on in the Times Square area regularly. Instead, they served Bernard Geis with a summons for conducting a street fair.

A lot of people are going around saying they haven’t read the book but they’ve seen the billboard.

A few weeks ago in this space, I wondered out loud what had happened to Mensa, the organization whose members must all be intelligent enough to score in the top 2 per cent of the population on IQ tests. I said that I hadn’t heard anything about it in some time and speculated that perhaps it had gone underground.

Well, I was wrong. Mensa members—or Ms, as they like to call themselves—have come out of hiding in droves, and they are at this moment storming the TRADE WINDS department with outraged denunciations. (A typical outraged denunciation came from Henry Miller, a Hollywood M: “A poxx on you, Mr. Fixx.”)

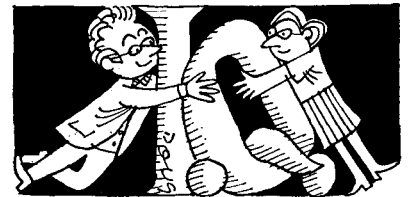
Vicki L. Paulson, an M from Kettering, Ohio, writes: “I thought you’d be interested in knowing that Mensa is alive in almost every corner of the world. The Ms are constantly amazed and delighted at the growth of our group. Would you care to try to join us?”

Virginia Apperson of San Francisco informs me that Mensa International is going to hold a five-day annual meeting in San Francisco this June. And Wolfgang C. Wenten of Bridgeport, Connecticut, writes: “We have special interest groups and just social gatherings. We even have a very successful investment club. The more people we can attract, the more we can offer.”

The only dissenting vote came from Ruth Alcalá of Lemon Grove, California, who says, “I expected to find these intelligent people interesting and reasonably compatible. They were, to a large extent, neither. Many were rather weird,

out of touch with reality, on their own trip. . . . I found that perhaps they had joined because they had never ‘made it’ in the world—not professionally or financially or as real social beings, and they clung to their high IQs for the status and sense of self-worth. Meetings were often spent in interminable nit-picking over minutiae. It seemed as if everyone wanted to show how clever he was. . . .”

If you’d like to look into it yourself—and perhaps inquire about taking the entrance examinations—you can write to Mensa, Box A, 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.



Report from Santa Barbara: One of the toughest jobs in the world these days must be working for an oil company in Santa Barbara, where for the past few weeks oil has been pouring from the site of an offshore drilling operation. There is an unbelievable feeling of animosity toward virtually all the oil workers, I learned on a visit there, and there is scarcely a soul in lovely Santa Barbara who doesn’t want the drilling stopped and the oil workers sent somewhere else—preferably somewhere far, far away.

The feeling is so strong that even the laborers can sense it as they go about their work on the waterfront, preparing the chemicals that will, they hope, break up the vast oil slick, or loading bales of hay to be thrown overboard to soak up the oil. People come by and, seeing the ugly sludge over everything, make hostile comments.

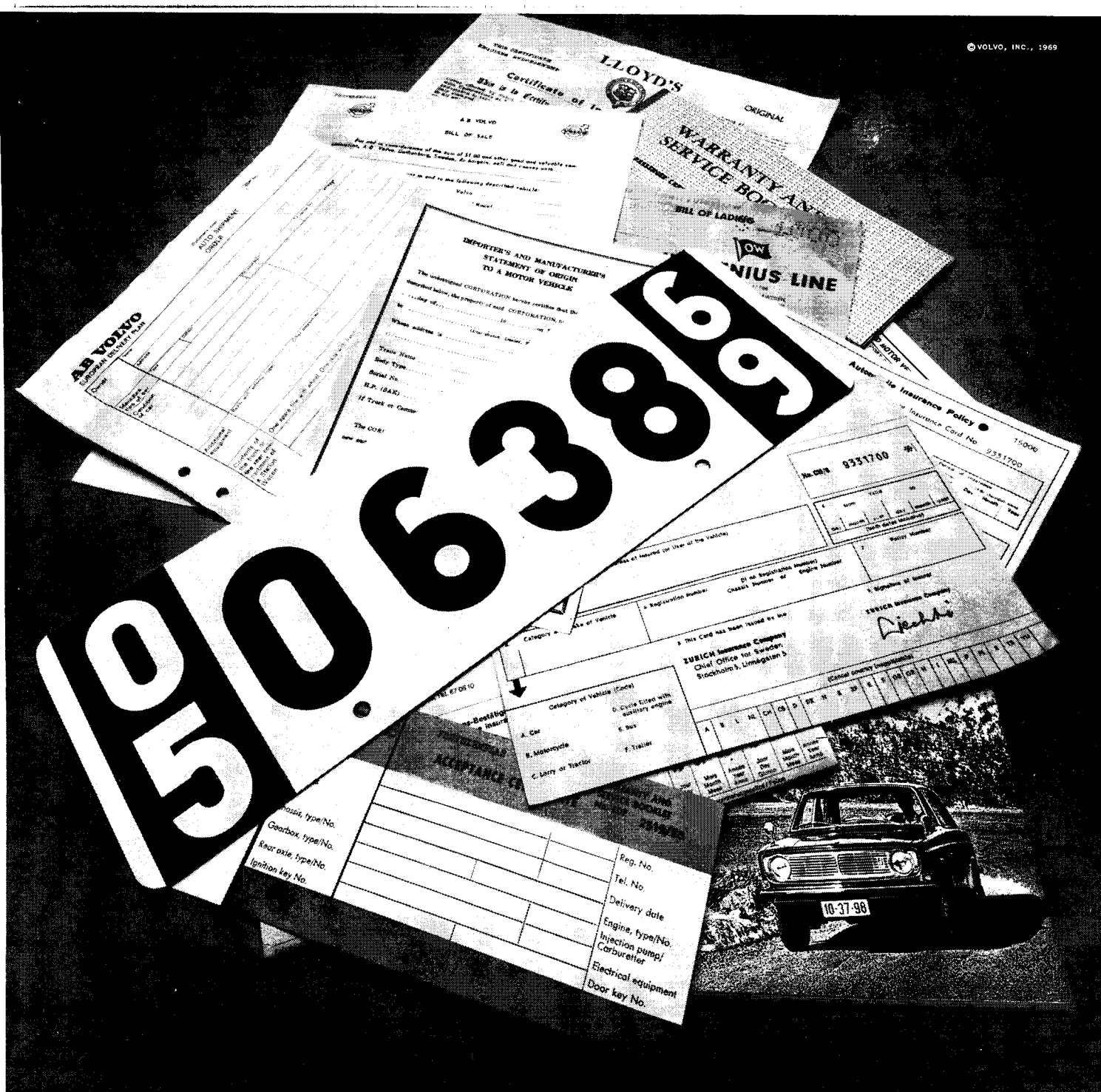
At least one worker, however, has solved the problem. I heard him speaking with a colleague, and when he had finished I asked him a question about the oil problem. He had been talking perfectly good English, with what may have been a Texas or Oklahoma accent, but when he spoke to me all he would say was, “Yo no hablo inglés.”

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK’S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1823)

JOHN FAULKNER:
MY BROTHER BILL

Judge Hemingway was an outstanding faculty supporter of Ole Miss athletics. He wasn’t too tough on any of his students but if you were an athlete, all you had to do was be in* class and keep awake and you had it made. All the athletes took law.

“Be in” changed from “get to” to get the “b”



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Heidi wouldn't lie.

TAXES

The Collection and Distribution of Your Money

IN 1969, employed Americans will work two-and-a-half hours every eight-hour working day to pay their tax bills—federal, state, and local—a sufficiently imposing fact to make the subject of tax reform a matter of urgent concern to every taxpayer. Are we paying more than we should? Is the tax load being equitably shared? Are our tax dollars going to the right places? This week's special issue, prepared in cooperation with The Research Institute of America, addresses itself to these questions.

Former Secretary of the Treasury Joseph W. Barr, who more than anyone else has aroused the current public interest in tax reform, focuses on the loopholes that favor one class of taxpayer over another in "Tax Reform: The Time Is Now" (page 22). Walter W. Heller, distinguished economist from the University of Minnesota and chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, grapples with a fundamental problem in our federal fiscal system: "Should the Government Share Its Tax Take?" (page 26). The remaining articles in this special issue come from members of the Research Institute staff. Haig Babian, former director of New York University's Institute of Economic Affairs, discusses how taxes are used as a tool for implementing economic and social policy, "Can Taxes Do More Than Raise Revenue?" (page 30), while RIA's chief economist, Bert Gottfried, examines "The Prospects for Lower Taxes" (page 33).

The central question of tax reform impinges on almost every aspect of life in the United States today. These days, as April 15 draws apace, it is a question that deserves a high priority of attention.

THE EDITORS.