

NIXON'S VISIT PG. 15.



...AND DON'T COME BACK!

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CO-EDITORS:

Michael Schmuecker
Robert Denniston

ASSOCIATE EDITOR:

Kevin Wheeler

COPY EDITOR:

Steven Krichels

ARTS EDITOR:

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GRAPHICS:

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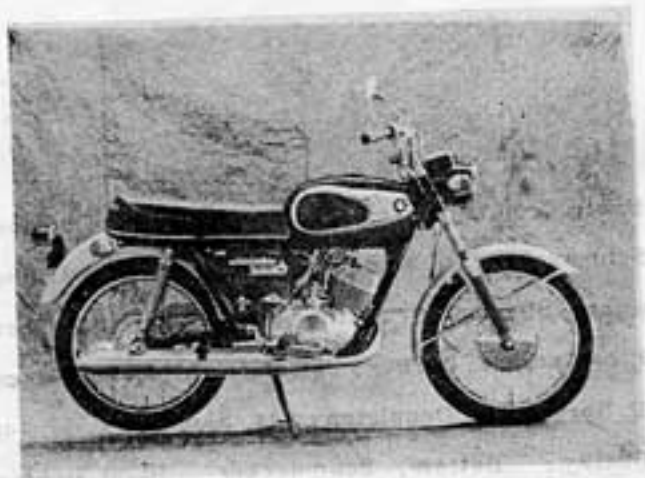
MOTORCYCLES! Wheels for Volunteers

"Alle, alle, in free!" --- Volunteers with motorcycles can come out of hiding now. No more worries about running into Director Delaney on your Honda 90. But in case you haven't bought one yet, take a look at these. However, volunteers with cars should still stick to the back seats.

HONDA "CL" 90 SCRAMBLER



SUZUKI T-200



FOOTE SPECIAL



HONDA

Honda 90: 4 forward gears, top speed-59 m.p.h. 175 m.p.g. "CL" 90: (scrambler) raised muffler, knobby tires, for off-the-road work. "S" 90: regular street bike, standard tires, muffler system. Both bikes come with dual mirrors, turn signals, tool kit, and repair and maintenance manual. "CL" 90: 6,900 B. "S" 90: 6,300 B. price tag. Good performers on a low budget.

Honda 125: New for 1969: "CB" 125. 5 forward gears, top speed-81 m.p.h.; 150 m.p.g. A new street bike that is fast enough for any road in Thailand (Asia?) with beautiful styling and a strong heavy frame (262 lb.) for safe road stability: great gears for hill climbing around Chiangmai: dual exhaust system, wider tires than on Honda 90. Price tag (standard): 10,500 B. N.B.: Best Bangkok prices to date on new, used bikes: Yong Seng Hong Ltd., 475 Prapplachai Rd, Tel. 27539

SUZUKI

Suzuki A 100-2: 4 forward gears, top speed-69 m.p.h. 175 m.p.g. wt.-180 lb. Price: 7,000 B. A very fast small c.c. performer in competition with the Honda 90. The price is about the same, but the top speed is 10 m.p.h. faster. Excellent styling, with same standard features (mirrors, turn indicators, etc.) as Honda line. Great acceleration.

Suzuki T-200: 5 forward gears, top speed-87 m.p.h. wt.-269 lb.; Does the quarter mile in 16 seconds from standing start. A big, high performance road bike to drive back to Paris when you terminate. Price is competitive too: 11,000 B. All Suzuki bikes are 2-stroke (Honda: 4-stroke) which means faster acceleration but more engine wear over longer trips. Service and repairs not as easy as Honda, which has a bigger service network around the world.

FOOTE

"Foote Special": 1 forward gear, top speed-10 m.p.p. (miles per Pepsi) Price tag: 400 B.



THE PERFECT BIKE FOR NICE HELL'S ANGELS

....AND FOR THE PUYING....

Bob Ford, leader of the Bangkok Angels recently traded his Harley "74" for this spiffy Honda 50. "It really hauls," he said, stating the obvious. Then he peeled out of the PCHQ on a beer run and a wild weekend at Pattaya beach.

As we stood there watching him disappear down the road, one secretary turned to the other and pointed at the disappearing figure of Bob Ford.

"Heavy," she said, "Really hea-vy!"

Honda 50: 3 forward gears (automatic clutch means no shifting problems). 215 m.p.g. Top speed-75 km/h (47 m.p.h) Standard 50 price tag is 4,000 K. but for 500 B. extra, you can buy the Honda C50M which has push button starting. Eliminates unfeminine kick starting and dirty leers from passing taxi drivers. It is light, easy to handle, and can carry two people, down hill, with a strong tail wind, if both persons are under 100 lbs., combined weight. A product of Japanese mental incest, the **Suzuki U 50** (U 50 D-electric starter) is the exact same bike with the same price tag as Honda. No real difference. If these are too big for you, buy a Honda P 50: top speed-16 m.p.h. 225 m.p.g. and the cost: 1,700 B. Better yet, gstick to walkin!

MOTORCYCLES!



THE RESPECTABLE OCCULT

by
Michael Schmuecker



A week before Apollo 11 blasted off for the moon, the "Bangkok Post", a major English language daily, ran a front page article featuring a prediction of success for the mission by one of Thailand's leading astrologers.

Uranus, representing secrets of the universe, declared the astrologer, would appear in Virgo at landing time, indicating that the secrets of the moon would be opened.

To western tourists in Thailand, it is all part of an exotic, mysterious East, peopled with inscrutable Orientals, possessing occult and ancient knowledge, long since vanished in the West.

For the Thai people, however, fortune tellers and palmists are part of the fabric of their everyday life.

The Kingdom of Siam, officially called Thailand since 1949, has many types of fortune tellers.

Every weekend, in front of the Ministry of Justice building in downtown Bangkok, you can see 10-15 respectably odd people sitting on their small blankets and awaiting business.

Surrounded by symbols of the zodiac and hand charts, they read palms, chart lucky stars, cast horoscopes, and reveal love-lives with a shuffle of the cards.

There are palmists, astrologers, card readers, face readers, and crystal-ball gazers within



the realm. There are even fortune tellers that predict the future from a meditative trance like Edgar Cayce, America's "sleeping prophet".

Thai palmists, or "maw duu", charge anything from 20-150 baht (\$1.00-\$7.50 U.S.) for a reading of your lines. Prices soar in the big cities like Bangkok and Chiangmai, drop down in small villages outside these metropolitan centers.

The price largely depends on the palmist's reputation and the thoroughness of the reading. There are Chinese, Thai and Indian palmists with a sprinkling of Burmese.

By delicate, faint lines, inked in with a ball-point pen the palmist can assure you that you will never die in a plane, car or train accident; a triangle near your thumb is a sure sign of clairvoyant powers; another line spins out a tale of great wealth in the next month. It's tempting to believe!

To most Westerners, card readers conjure up visions of gypsies and crystal balls, but Thai card readers are disappointing and rather plain in comparison with Western stereotypes.

Cards are only used to predict the immediate future, your fate during the next week or two. Before shuffling the deck, you make a wish and concentrate on the cards. This mental effort affects the cards through the hand that shuffles them.

The face cards are laid out in a "mystical cross" representing various people in your life. Numbers represent major and minor influences, wealth mistresses, ambition, hate, travels etc.

You become the Jack of Diamonds, the Queen of Hearts, the knave of spades. There's nothing occult about the plain 52 card poker deck used by Thai astrologers and card readers---most of them have "Made in America" on the ace.

Prices vary widely. You can shuffle cards for fifteen minutes in a small changwad and still pay only two baht (10¢), but 20 baht is about average.

Besides palmists and card readers, Bangkok has a few crystal ball readers in its sister city of Thonburi; they're hard to find and hard on the wallet too.

The Chinese community in Thailand specializes in facial analysis and character reading, through the scrutiny of a person's forehead, jaws, nose, eyes and walk. From this, they tell you what kind of a character you are and predict your future.



Called "ngou heng" in Chinese, these two Fukiensese words give a clue to the origin of this type of fortune telling.

But it's the astrologer who is the most popular fortune teller in the kingdom, especially among the educated elite. Many persons in Thailand equate astrology with the science of astronomy and the discipline of statistics.

In days gone by, the Royal Court has astrologers who served the kingdom in an official capacity. Today they have temporarily lost their official position within the State, and are gone from the limelight.

Kings themselves have been famous astrologers. King Rama I, the first king of the Chakkri dynasty, which still rules today, predicted, with the aid of astrology, the change in government which occurred in 1932 making Thailand a constitutional monarchy---and he did it 150 years before the event!

The Father of Astrology in Thailand is King Mongkut, Rama IV (1851-1868), popularly known in the West through the motion picture "The King and I". He was an extremely educated man, having studied Western sciences, history and languages, but he was also an excellent astrologist.

During World War II, astrology reputedly played a role behind the scenes, to help pick the right moment for a military move, the timing of a public pronouncement, and the best officer for this or that position.

Many Thais carry a small wallet chart of the zodiac with the major planets and stars in their lives indicated on it. Below this is listed the hour, day, date and year of their birth---important factors in casting a horoscope.

This horoscope shows the relative positions of the sun, moon, and stars from each other, from the earth, and from that specific part of the earth they were born in.



Since the earliest Thais came from southern China down into the peninsula, most Thai astrologers use the lunar, not solar, calendar like their Chinese neighbors to the north.

Most Thais are Buddhists, so a person's year of birth is expressed in Buddhists Era (B.E.). Foreigners must add 543 to their year of birth A.D. to catch up with the Thai system. In Thailand, 1969 is 2512 (B.E.)

This makes the calculation of a "farang" (non-Thai) horoscope extremely complicated and few astrologers speak English. A typical horoscope costs 30 bath (\$1.50) and is good for several months or a year. Life horoscopes are difficult to cast and considered untrustworthy by good astrologers.

Often astrologers will use cards to confirm opinions gained by astrological calculations, sort of a double-check on the reading. But card reading in itself is snubbed by astrologers as less scientific and valuable in predicting the future.

Astrologers are forbidden by the government to make predictions about the fate of the King, the State, or the government itself—at least publicly. Predictions of disaster, earthquakes, plagues, etc. are also forbidden because panic would spread among the many believers in astrology in the kingdom. Occasionally however, politicians of rival parties will use a reading of the stars and the "divine science", to predict disaster for their opponents.

Although belief in fortune telling waxes and wanes like the moon, believers abound and make it a lucrative business, even for the uneducated.

Dubious seers are multiplying overnight and many fakers, amateurs, and quick-baht artists with a winning smile are getting on the bandwagon.

Recently, the "Bangkok World" called on the police to stop roving Indian fortune tellers from following diners into hotel restaurants to read their fortune while they ate. The paper blasted them as



"fakers" and "pests". But not all of them are like that.

On the other end of the spectrum, a group

of Bangkok fortune tellers are determined to raise their craft to the respectability of a science.

They are the members of the quarter-century old Astrologer's Association of Thailand, whose headquarters are in a rambling rented yellow building in the Lumpoo section of the city.

Members of the Association scorn the roving Indian fakers because their astrological calculations are rarely based on a scientific formula or statistics.

The assistant editor of the Association's monthly magazine, who writes under the pen name of "P. Akarat", explained recently, "They work on a system of psychology—what does this person want to hear? Then they tell you what you want to hear."

The Association for its part issues little white and orange I.D. cards to its 500-600 member astrologists, palmists and numerologists. Few of the roving fortune tellers bother to pay the 48 baht yearly membership fee of the Association.

This fee entitles members to take beginning and advanced courses in astrology, palmistry and numerology. These classes are taught by the members of the governing committee of 15. Members elect a new president each year.

There is also a correspondence course in astrology and palmistry for members who can't attend the regular 44 hours course at the headquarters.

Members tend to set up shop at home, in their own neighborhood, and serve a regular clientele. They don't display flashy signs and occult comeons and many even work "doctor's hours" and hand out name cards like typical Thai businessmen.

One spokesman for the Association said a good astrologist or palmist in Bangkok with a good percentage of successful predictions can earn 2500 baht or more (\$125) per month.

One fairly reputable astrologist in Thonburi, an old betel-nut chewing lady whose father was a



royal court astrologer when she was a little girl, has a constant stream of visitors seeking her advice.

Men dressed in white shirt and tie and women wearing chic suits and Max Factor makeup show up regularly at her small house on the klong.

She receives them bare-breasted, with a gracious warm smile, sitting in a corner on her bedroom floor and works her stiff fingers across a green chalk slate scribbling figures till it all becomes clear.

Then she looks up, chuckles, spits out the betel juice and tells you your fate. At 30 baht a person, she could make several hundred baht a day, and even more if she were greedy or unscrupulous. But she isn't, and you go away feeling you've met some sort of a quaint, astrological saint.

Astrologists and palmists like her command respect in Thai society and high ranking persons in government, military and business circles seek their advice.

Their salaries compare quite favorably with pay scales for other professions of a more "scientific" nature. A teacher in the Thai educational system, with an M.A. in his field, earns less than the fortune teller. For charisma counts as much as education in the field of the occult.

The Association has standing committees researching areas of astrology, palmistry, numerology, and even clairvoyance. But ESP, psychokinesis, ghosts, telepathy, communication with the dead, and other subjects are not part of their concern and they are unaware of research done by such psychic research centers as Duke University.

Many Thais speak skeptically of fortune tellers but there is a measure of hedging in their attitude. Astrology for them is an "insurance policy". Perhaps the seer is right. Fear of the unknown, and daily worries force them to seek advice and comfort in horoscopes. Right or wrong, it's nice to speak to someone who is sure he has the answers. Still, most predictions of the future are pretty vague and ambiguous, casting doubt on their value and their validity.



For Akara and other members of the Association, there's a reason for this. A horoscope is not

a rigid prediction of an inescapable fate but simply a "life map" which sketches in broad strokes the direction the person is going and the opportunities and dangers he will meet along that road.

You can alter your horoscope and your fate by the foreknowledge of these dangers and opportunities. But you have to act in a way that will neutralize these risks by preventative action.

If you ask what sort of accuracy an astrologer should have, Akara answers with a disarming example: "Astrology is like medicine. A percentage of patients die, a percentage lives; even your best doctor can't cure all his patients, nor diagnose infallibly every time. The science of medicine is not yet perfected. Neither is the science of astrology. I think 80% success is very good and acceptable."

Akara places the percentage of those who believe in astrology in Thailand at about 90%.

"They say they don't believe in it", he declares with a grin, "but when the paper comes the first thing they do is sneak a peek at the daily horoscope. Even if they don't come to us, they cast their own horoscopes. Believe me, when they are worried, or in trouble, they look to astrology for help."

How often Thais visit fortune tellers depends on things like age, education status, etc.

Akara says: "It's like seeing a doctor. You go to the doctor when you're sick, when you need help. If you're not sick you don't have to visit a hospital. It is the same with an astrologer---you should go as often as the need arises, as often as you need help."

All types of people do go regularly: school teachers, army generals, politicians, businessmen, rice farmers, star-crossed lovers, and housewives.

Interestingly enough, Thai women visit fortune tellers for the same reason that American women write Anne Landers. The problems of love, marriage and family concern them most. Unlike the men, women in Thailand can't drink or go out on the town when troubles bother them. It is socially unacceptable. But

they can visit a sympathetic fortune teller, often a woman, and pour out their troubles to her.



Thai men want advice about their jobs, chances of advancement, relations with their the boss,

the possibilities of success or failure in a new business venture, or just a good lottery number.

Young kids come looking for advice on love affairs, possible marriage spouses, and the results of their entrance examination to Chulalongkorn University.

From October 1967 to October 1968 Akara wrote a column for the "Bangkok Post" in English. People flooded him with problems about nagging wives, debts, bad luck, delinquent kids and upcoming trips; they included their hour, day, date, month and year of birth and Akara cast their horoscope and let them know if their luck was about to change. The column was a great success but the volume of mail and the work of casting a horoscope coupled with the necessity to write in a language not native to him, caused him to discontinue it.

(Continued Pg. 38)



In 1968, Donald Campbell, British speed ace, turned up an ace of spades the night before his attempt on a land speed record on the Bonneville salt flats in Utah. He felt it was an omen of disaster. He was right. The next day he died in a crash when his car "Bluebird" went out of control and flipped over.

"PURE SUPERSTITION!"

Do lines on your palm really mean anything? Scientists recently discovered that a certain rare palm line, the "simian line", is a tip-off to possible heart trouble.





On the morning of July 28, we met a meditator-seer in a small village outside of Nakorn Pathom. According to our Thai friends, he had the ability to close his eyes and send his spirit to distant places in the "twinkling of an eye". Once there, he could observe the person and report on the state of his health, safety or mental well-being.

He accepted no payment from seekers except for flowers and incense for the altar honoring his teacher—a monk—and a few cigarettes for himself.

I asked him to describe for me a certain girl in Yala. He closed his eyes and began to scan his head from left to right in a slow "no" like gesture for about 30-40 seconds. Then he opened his eyes and gave me a remarkably accurate description of the girl—her age, build, psychological temperament and other features.

While he meditated, friends, relatives and disciples passed in and out or stared at him but it did not break his concentration. In the background, "Harper Valley P.T.A." blared from a radio on the shelf.

Forty-five minutes and a notebook full of predictions later, we drank a final glass of red tea with him and left for Bangkok. The next few months will be interesting to watch!

**"... a system of psychology -
what does this person want
to hear?..."**





The payoff—when the client tells the seer her fortune.

... a system of psychology
what does this person want
to hear?



THE THAI POPULATION PROBLEM

by Vance Hyndman

There is currently a controversy, however muted its presentation in the English-language press, concerning the problems of and prospects for a population policy in Thailand. Discussion has in fact proceeded so far that there may no longer be any need to write polemically of the imperatives for altering the present birth rates. Most economic and social planners in Thailand sense that a certain common ground has been established and that the only real ingredient now missing is a positive proposal for solution.

Much of the recent sense of urgency certainly derives itself from the emerging unity of opinion elsewhere in the world. Perhaps nowhere is this sense

more refined than in Gunnar Myrdal's bleak forecasts and his characterization of the Asian population phenomenon as the "demographic revolution." Many Thai leaders see this revolution in terms of the current 3.4% annual growth in the birth rate which is pushing population figures relentlessly forward and maintains a uniqueness even in the underdeveloped world which has never been experienced before in human history.

In light of growing worldwide awareness of the problem and the recent Thai search for practical solutions, it might be pertinent to consider what attitudes still remain to block a full-scale policy in Thailand, what are some of the proper concerns of the planner and the populace, and in what direction a national family planning policy might head.

Unlike in the West where population thinking was traditionally clouded by definite religious opposition and a Mercantilist penchant for equating the economic welfare of the nation with massive growth in the labor force and hence in the population, Thailand has had no real ethical or ideological hurdles. At best what has been promoted as arguments against population policy were mild fears of loosening morality, ethnic imbalance, and reduced military capability. It is interesting that Thai opposition has pushed to the forefront the recent-day attributes of the Catholic and Mercantilist arguments without necessarily sharing their basic premises. As a consequence, their commitment may in reality be quite shallow and their view shortsighted. Opposition of this nature may pass away easily particularly as the Western attributes lose their coercive power.

The reaction to the Pope's encyclical of last summer, for example, may in a sense signify the final breaking down of the power of the ecclesiastic restraints in halting family planning. Still, even without the deeply rooted attack on population planning offered by organized religion, Thailand faces considerable obstacles. While not religious, moral or ideological opposition, a certain historical inertia tied to the complacency of modern affluence does indeed constrain public action toward family planning.

HISTORICAL INERTIA

When we speak of historical inertia we mean a long-standing public attitude built on the recognition that Thailand was indeed neither too densely populated nor were her rice stores ever seriously threatened. When the Department of Public Health was first established under the Ministry of Interior at the beginning of the twentieth century, its apparent aim was to control disease and promote health in order to increase population numbers. Certainly that ambition supported the Bangkok interest in securing border territories by providing much needed manpower for colonization.

This movement to encourage population growth gained momentum easily and culminated in activities during the years of World War II. In 1942 Prime Minister Phibul inaugurated the foundation of the Ministry of Public Health by pointing out that in order "to achieve national greatness" Thailand needed to expand its numbers rapidly. A Wedding Promotion Committee was set up and slogans emerged such as "Get married young and make the nation prosper."

CHANGE

Public policy began to reverse itself after a series of international appeals and domestic recognition of the problems created by unhampered population growth. In 1959 the World Bank issued a report which suggested that Thailand's growth rate was far too high and recommended a massive program to disseminate material on birth control.

Far more influential was the 1960 census which showed a fantastic growth rate (over 3%) and led to the fear that rice stores might suffer if population growth were not checked. The first outcome of this sudden realization was a National Population Seminar held in Bangkok in March, 1963. The seminar concluded with the decision to carry out a pilot project in one amphur to be jointly sponsored by the National Research Council and the Ministry of Public Health. Since 1963 there have been three such seminars, the most recent occurring in June of this year (1969) in Chiangmai.

In spite of a widening public consensus on the issue, all initial practical efforts were placed in a legal limbo. The Cabinet did not formally approve activities of the Ministry of Public Health which had already led to the proposal of a national plan and the establishment of a Family Health Advisory Committee. The Cabinet only went so far as to allow voluntary birth control, stating that "advice on birth control may be given, but not overtly."

The Cabinet position became less adamant in the fall of 1967 when it placed responsibility for developing a national population policy in the hand of the National Economic Development Board (NEDB). Even then the aim centered upon providing assistance to poor families in rural areas. However, late in 1968 H.M. the King publicly expressed his concern about the high rate of population growth, leaving overt political opposition to a few politicians and a decreasing number of Cabinet members. The Cabinet members are purportedly receiving considerable pressure to modify their stance.

STRENGTH IN NUMBERS

It is easy to appreciate, in light of strong historical conditioning, why recurring argument should be built upon the perceived need to increase absolute population size. Clearly the dominant opinion of those today who oppose nationwide programs for family planning relies

on the legacy which equated national strength with population numbers. Prior to World War II their concern may have been quite valid. However, in the years since the war, opinion has shifted in many spheres. High military leaders realized at least by 1959 the importance of improving quality and containing rapid expansion in quantity of military personnel employed. Currently much mention has also been made of Israel's military success, and it is doubtful whether the argument of increasing absolute size can long be maintained.

The second greatest argument, that of the ethnic imbalances which would likely occur if family planning were encouraged or enforced, also has a certain amount of historical legitimacy. It has been suggested that many of the leaders today recall vividly the great Chinese political influence which after the 1932 coup came to be often wantonly associated with Communists elsewhere. Bangkok in its era of violent reaction saw situations similar to the recent crisis in Malaysia.

To counter the fears of ethnic imbalances proponents of family planning have pointed out evidence from other parts of Asia and the results of small projects started in Bangkok. Noted was the fact that both Singapore and Taiwan have fairly active public policies to limit their population growth and that the Chinese birth rate in Malaysia has even fallen below that of the Malays. It is also significant that the Chinese were the first group outside of Japan in Asia to successfully lower their fertility rate. Domestically in Thailand itself, 19% of those sterilized among a sample in the urban community in 1962 were Chinese. This figure is higher than the Chinese proportion in the population.

STRATEGY FOR CHANGE

The strategy among the advocates of family planning has been twofold. Besides pointing out the inappropriateness of the myths of enhanced national power through growth in absolute population size and of ethnic imbalance which would occur if population planning were pushed, the economic and social planners have seized upon certain undesirable consequences of unchecked population growth. The arguments of greatest political impact have been that accelerated population growth in Thailand would cause export stores of rice to diminish and cut into valuable timberland.

The combination of these two fears may well be enough to push a national policy through. However, two other points are beginning to be made by economists at NEDB. One relates to what is called the waste of demographic investment, the other involves problems surrounding the maintenance of a high national dependency ratio.

Demographic investment is the term used to signify that investment made merely to duplicate existing facilities. A new school building may be constructed to absorb increasing numbers of students with money which should be directed toward improving curriculum. In Thailand some analysts have calculated that 47% of total investment is devoted each year to such duplication. This figure has shaken those economic planners who looked forward to a more efficient allocation of resources promoting economic growth.

A second feature of Thailand's demographic scheme is the great proportion of children in the total population. Since most children under the age of fifteen are unable to contribute to production while they still drain economic power through their high demands on consumption, a high dependency ratio further curtails growth-oriented policies. Thailand shares a high dependency ratio with the Philippines and Taiwan but is widely diverging from the case elsewhere in Asia. The ratio in Thailand is even twice as high as in such economically developed nations as Sweden and the United Kingdom.

Dependency ratios are not necessarily always valid indicators of population problems, and a word of caution is in order. Usually the existence of high ratios means that more of personal income is devoted to caring for young non-producers. In the long run such strains may negate other plans for educational improvement and income equalization. In certain regions in Thailand, however, the problems of dependents are less critical owing to the fact that even young children can enter the planting and harvesting operations at a very early age. They prove less detrimental to increasing a family's productivity than is often assumed. This fact will have to be taken into account as family planning is extended into the rural areas particularly in north Thailand.

CONSENSUS

Regardless of motives there is a rapidly converging consensus that family planning will indeed occur on a national scale. The Cabinet has assigned NEDB the task of examining available studies and pilot projects and NEDB has concluded that support should be given to the activities of the Ministry of Public Health. All that remains on the policy level is for the Cabinet to approve a budget for a family planning program. This too seems forthcoming.

Once the political commitment has been achieved, the operations of the Ministry of Public Health can become more universalized. However, while encouraging the prospect, one can still not easily expect widespread results. There are real popular concerns, most of them rational, which would seem to limit success to the most urbanized or the most densely populated rural areas, principally around Roi-et in the Northeast. Elsewhere around the country, it will be difficult to prove to the farmer that containing his family to three will benefit his own ambitions to develop new lands and support him in later life. His bias is all the more enlightened as one considers recent facts which indicate that even as agriculture becomes more capital-intensive, the usefulness of added hands does not diminish.

Similarly rural areas will remain isolated from an active national policy unless the present quantity of physicians can be more effectively distributed. Thailand has a respectable ratio of doctors to population in the aggregate but Bangkok maintains a disproportionate share.

We can assume then that a wide scale campaign will originate in the urban centers and in selected rural congregations. The above statements indicate universalization beyond these areas may be impossible. Nevertheless while not universal, planning will need to become comprehensive. In order to control implementation along these lines, population planning will very likely be included within the scope of the Third Five Year Plan. With a coordinated economic and social planning approach of this type long term procedures can be started that concentrate on at least three aims: 1) to increase public motivation for birth control through educational campaigns, 2) to insure some degree of social security for the older members of each community in order to

destroy the contention that many children are needed to support one in later life, and finally 3) to increase the personalized nature of the doctor's contact with local groups. How far the Third Plan will work to achieve these important concomitants to strict emphasis on lowering the fertility rate remain to be seen. In comprehensive planning of this sort, Thai economists have no precedents to refer to in the West. As a consequence, only technology can be imported and the administrative organization will need to emerge from within. This reality makes Thailand much the pioneer and supports the notion that family planning will go through several stages of demographic transition before the birth rate will finally be lowered from 3.4% to the 2.2% so desired by many planners.



These things and birth control-it doesn't fit.

NIXON IN THAILAND

by Geefay

Text By Michael Schmuæcker



On July 28, 1969, President Richard Milhous Nixon flew into Thailand with the First Lady on his swing through Asia.

During his three day State visit in Bangkok newsmen and photographers from "Time", "Newsweek", "Le Monde" and newspapers from all over the world were invited to State banquets and glittering receptions to cover the speeches of the leader of the Free World.

They ate pressed duck at Nick's No. 1 Restaurant, popped champagne corks at the Ministry and drove through traffic tangles under police escort.

However, Ernie Geefay, either through some Embassy oversight—or through deliberate slight—was not invited to the ceremonies.

Consequently, he had to buy the July issue of "Esquire" to remember what Nixon looked like.

This accounts for a few things—like the drawing of Nixon on this page, and the following pages for instance.

It doesn't pay to cross pens with the likes of Herblock, Oliphant or Geefay.

Meanwhile, a stiff note of protest has been sent to Ambassador Unger in relation to the "Geefay Incident".

Geefay says that he holds no bitter feelings against President Nixon personally because of the slight.

"I don't want to indulge in personal vindictive. Its the readers of "Lotus" I'm worried about. I feel an obligation to the volunteer stuck out in the distant changwad. Nixon's the only President they've got and they want see something about him in the magazine since they couldn't get into Bangkok for the weekend. Just because he's President doesn't mean he's immune from criticism"

Despite the handicaps involved in working from second sources, Geefay managed to put together on the next few pages the highlights of Nixon's visit to Thailand, before his house arrest on August 1st.

(For a message to all Peace Corps Volunteers from the President, see front cover.)





"FOR MY NEXT TRICK, I WILL RAISE SEATO FROM THE DEAD."

THE COMING OF THE SAVIOR

Whoosh! The jet swished down and settled on the tar of the Don Muang airport. U-N-I-T-E-D S-T-A-T-E-S O-F A-M-E-R-I-C-A said the letters on the side of the fuselage. A little guy with a saber ran out and opened the door. Out stepped President Nixon. The drums rolled, the thunder crashed—And Nixon's first words were drowned out by a fierce cloudburst. Omens, anyone?

Nixon. Who could forget this man who had spent his life fighting Communism? Who could forget the time Nixon debated Khrushchev over a kitchen sink in Moscow? The time Nixon got stoned in Venezuela? Who could forget? Despite the fact that the voters forgot in 1960, and again in 1962, Nixon didn't give up. Finally, in 1968, America recognized that "Nixon's the One." Amazing what cosmetics can do.

Nixon stood squarely in the middle, a little right of whoopee. Even a little right of that old swinger Strom Thurmond who came back from the farm with a nice spring chicken.



Nixon was the closest thing America had to God. He could create something out of nothing. Look at Spiro T. Agnew.

But could he raise SEATO from the dead?

SOME OF THE PEOPLE REJECT HIS MESSAGE

Not everyone turned out to greet Nixon, however. To be blunt, there weren't very many PCV's out there. The official count was listed as 7, but one of those was just passing through to pick up a stewardess at Lufthansa.

Kevin Delany, P. C. Director, was there however, contrary to USOM rumors. In an oblique reference to this poor showing by Peace Corps, Nixon was reported to have said to an aide near him, "O.K. Keep Delany, but draft all the volunteers here."

WOULD YOU BUY A USED SAMLOR FROM THIS MAN?

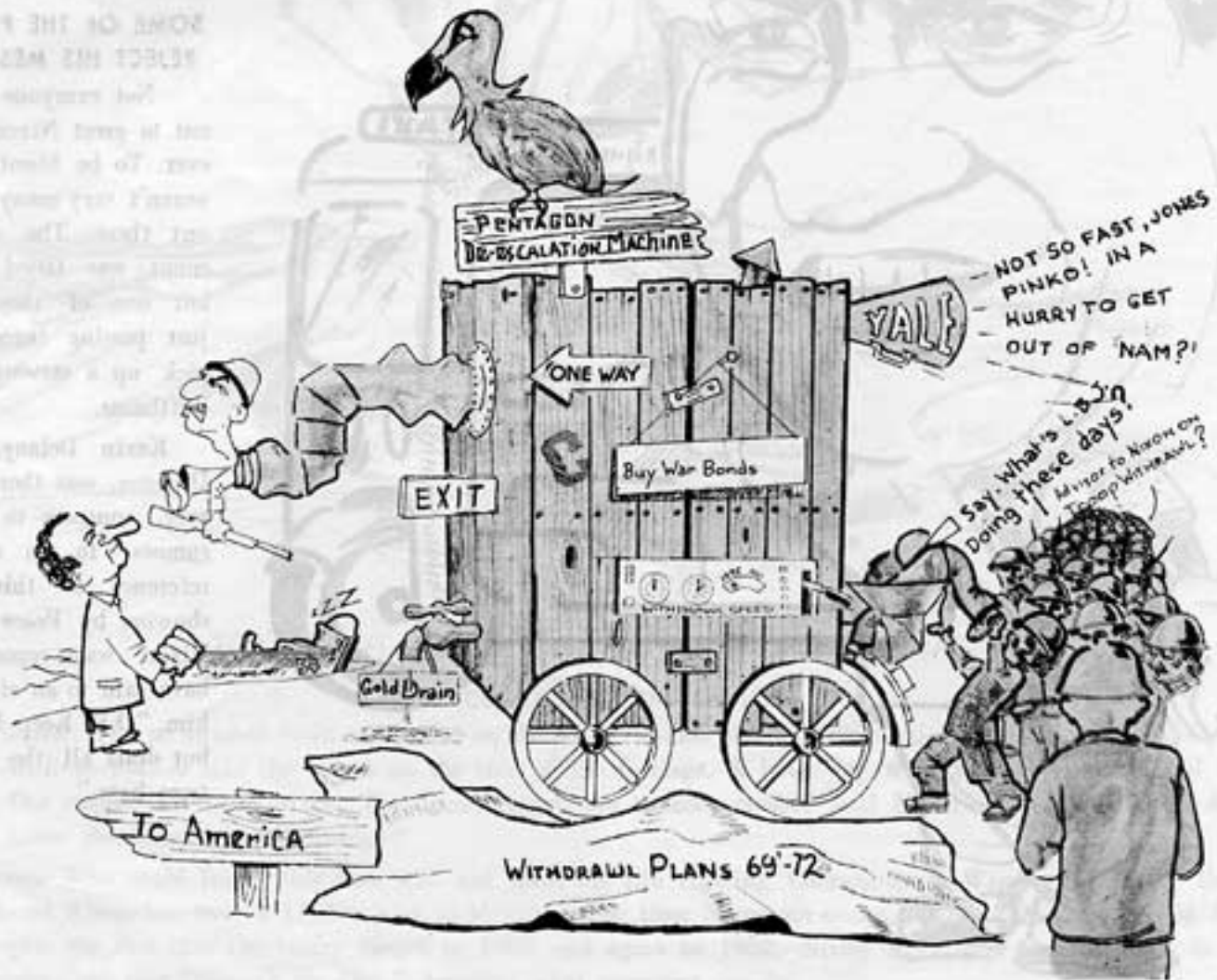
The Bangkok Post found one smiling volunteer waving at Nixon's car as it passed by him. "Are you happy to see your President?" the reporter asked. "President?!", he cried. "I thought it was the King!"

THE DIVINE PLAN OF SALVATION REVEALED

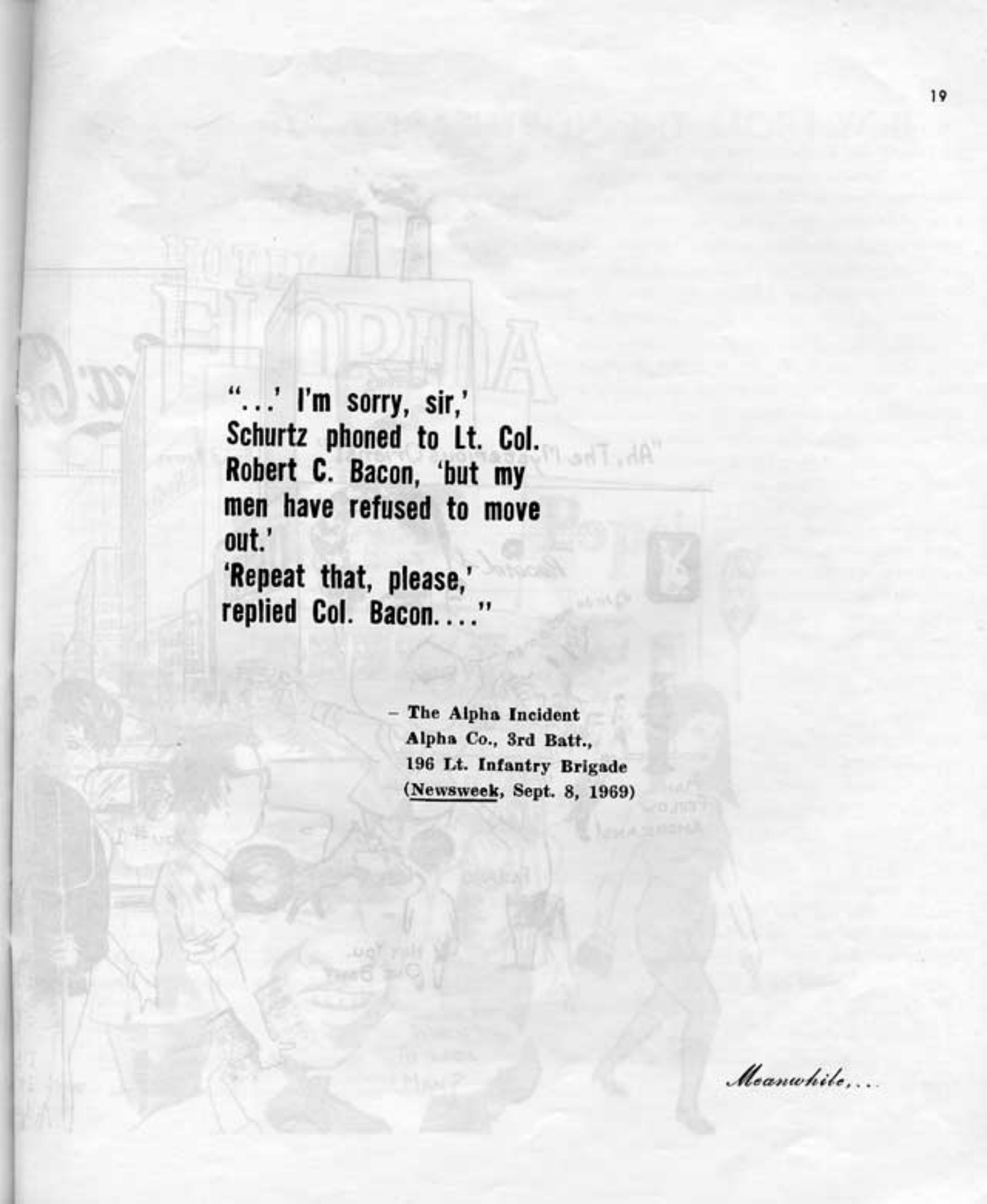
During his visit, the President hopped over to Vietnam to shake hands with the troops outside Saigon. "I realize a lot of you aren't too sure why you're here," he sympathized. "Why are we fighting and dying in the jungles of Vietnam? What is our purpose here? What is our objective?"

He looked at a thin soldier in front of him and said, "Sometimes you probably wonder, as you lay in your bunker at night and listen to the whistling shells exploding all around you, just what this fight is all about. Right, soldier?"

"That's right, sir," said the soldier. "Why are we here?" The President pointed to the soldier. "Sargeant, arrest this traitor!"



"LET ME MAKE MYSELF PERFECTLY CLEAR...."



**“...’ I’m sorry, sir,’
Schurtz phoned to Lt. Col.
Robert C. Bacon, ‘but my
men have refused to move
out.’**

**‘Repeat that, please,’
replied Col. Bacon....’**

**- The Alpha Incident
Alpha Co., 3rd Batt.,
196 Lt. Infantry Brigade
(Newsweek, Sept. 8, 1969)**

Meanwhile,...

BOY FROM THE NORTHEAST

day of Kamban Retkan

HOTEL FLORIDA

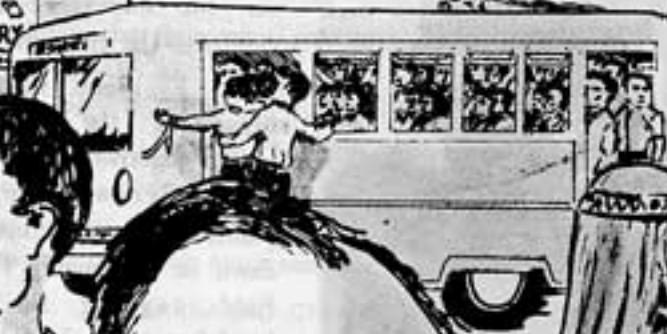
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TILL SAY
LOOKS LIKE
S ANGELES.



WHICH WAY
TO LAOS,
MAN?



BOY FROM THE NORTHEAST diary of Kampan Rerkai

My belief dropped me right in the center of knowledges, then, had me experience all kinds of them. I know how to struggle, how to think, think of the way to get what my desire demanded. When I knew I was blind to the situation, it was too late, too late to continue something great I had begun. Passing life was ignorance's favorite reason if it was compared to the confusing present one.

It is hard to give up or return to the point where I started. I am different than those people back there. Well, I had gone far too big, unless they accepted me as their lord.

Thinking of the past, my memory is limited to begin my childhood when it was four.

The second day: absorbing the soul of great green fields, the day that I was taking care of a small herd the family owned, and which was left to be my job by elder brother, as he was qualified for something else according to his age and ability.

THE ACCIDENT

The accident made it unforgettable. I fell from an ox driven at full mounting. Good neighbors took me back home. I learnt later that mother was so upset, she sent for the village doctor immediately. All I

could feel after that was the sharp unpleasant taste of the ground herb juice and mother's rough hand gently rubbing my chest.

BIRTH OF A BROTHER

From that moment it was a blur till mother's hour of expecting. I remembered her expression, her softly mourning, but behind that, panic and agony ruled every space of her life.

Neighbors tried to do everything they could, some preparing fuel without being asked; meanwhile, the midwife's commanding could be heard at a distance. It was so late that I couldn't remain to see the baby. "Isn't he ugly, he's like a monkey," I broke out loudly, seeing his hair-less tail stuck out from his belly and the way his mouth looked when crying.

"He'll be handsome like you, he'll love you and help you drive the cows when he grows up," said mother, smiling and stroking my hair fondly.

PLANTING

"Son, I packed your lunch already. Better free the animals now, your friends will not have to wait for you."

"Alright, father. Did you put the bells on the twisted-leg one yet?"

"Yes, I did. Oh, don't forget to find some greens on your way back, and be careful—the rain, the sky."

Everyone was busy organizing the tasks we shared together. Big sisters and brothers would be found planting rice before the dawn in the muddy flooded fields, waiting for their breakfast taken by father in the rubbish ox cart every day be loaded the fertilizer. I led the herd up to the high land woods north of the

village, as then the grass fields were rippling with the water from the sky. Hearing the coolness of windy rains on the damp dark earth covered by rotten leaves, and the songs of lonely shepherds and the bells around the pets' shoulders were sweet background melody. We enjoyed playing games remembered from the performance in a fair, and decorated the animals with different colored wild flowers.



The cloudy days ended easily without any weariness. The calling birds flying homewards, the sleepy leaves of vines, the touch of unfamiliar air on the no-sun days told us it was about time to head the cattle back. I myself felt the bulge of greens wrapped in a pakama about my waist, and a dry log on my shoulder for use in the fireplace.

HARVEST

During harvesting time, I could play kites, or make pipes from rice straws to play for my baby brother. He was with me all the time, as I then acted as baby sitter. I loved him more every day. When mother was away I carried him to beg some milk from kind neighbors. We tied up those cows by ropes and placed them in the ready-to-cut rice paddies. It was so cold and windy, I missed the monks in yellow robes, but gained good visions from golden rice fields. I stayed up at the field all winter with father. When he left me alone at night for a talk with his friends, the fox's howling would make me die with chill.

FESTIVAL

In some of the following years, after finishing the planting, the rains give way to rest and fun from fairs and festivals. Songran and Bonfai were my favorite ones. But the sad time it could be if that year it happened not to have rains. All kinds of entertainments were given up. Those who mentioned the ones in the villages nearby could have fun, but it was fun before facing emptiness back home.

TEARS AND CHILDREN

Many went hunting fortune in town, anywhere that there were at least better things waiting around. Many would come back home again to labor on their only lands, but some came back with success. And some came back as failures, mostly girls, yet they also had some things as presents for their parents, such as tears.

Indeed, I could tell from my own sister. We all thought that to us she was dead. If anything affected her here, she could leave for Bangkok at any moment, and other's daughters always gave their parents the same gifts. One girl brought around a very strange looking child. His skin was of the moon at full, his hair was red and fine like fire, but we all were afraid of his

eyes in spite of everything, afraid for we were told by somebody that the people who owned this kind of eyes would be in every place in Thailand to have us serve them and to oppress us. But that was too long ago, and I did not understand why we would have to let them.

LEAN TIMES AND EMPTY BOWLS

One year during the meantime our home was out of many things, but luck was still our keeper, to let us at least have enough rice to eat through the year. I went to school to finish my last year. Without friends to play with I could not see any fun or use in going to school, as we all knew how much our families needed us. Mother joined the others going in other villages to sell wild products and change for what we were lacking. It took sometimes a few days to see her back again with lighter smaller things in the basket. But I liked the new clothes she brought me to don on Bonfai day which would take place in a few days. Sisters asked if they could go with her next time; they always did, and another always scared them with exciting experiences. She told them it was not fun at all at night, when one was far from home in the strangers' places begging food, fighting crooks, and running for one's own survival when they felt dangers from men on the trip. And she said sisters were so dear that she could not bear seeing them become like Miss Karn, a dunce from being so shocked by a crazy man's coercion in the trip the other year.

BAD HOROSCOPE WARNINGS

"Son, you take this curry to aunt Dee. She gave us frogs yesterday. Bring some vegetables back with you if she has any."

"Be a good boy, son. Go to get tobacco from Baan Nadee. Uncle Myd wants to try some."

She always had me do this kind of thing, and when she mentioned that lucky uncle I felt sorry for father, who rarely smoked best tobacco.

"Waes't he the one who nearly drowned in the flood last year?" said mother's uncle Myd about me.

"Yes we have to take more care for him. His horoscope shows that within these few years he'll have terrible accidents again."

Mother liked to tell this to anybody who came around, which upset me a great deal.

"He looks active, his appearance is a master's. You'll go far, boy." Uncle Myd knew what to say and that stopped my feeling cross.

"His teachers also say he's the best in class. He'll finish soon. People like him, they turn to smile. They often come to ask him to read the dose of medicines for them." I hated myself for not observing what the others did when someone said such words right before their eyes.

NEW CLOTHES FOR A FESTIVAL

Finally I got a chance to try on my new clothing. It was a bright day made oddly brighter by my new wear and others. I joined one group of dancers, we danced from house to house collecting merit contributions. Every house looked the same, filled with cousins and friends from other villages. But some houses were such that they would not be able to stand the colossal laughter of drunken men.

No one showed any surprise to see the aggressive coy people gone wild and making queer manners. But, with me, I could not dispel what my horoscope assigned.

I fell to the bottom of a rocky well, from sunning around its mouth too carelessly. My left arm broken, my front teeth were all gone, and my forehead was gashed and drawn. The heat from the fire beneath my bed warmed me to look up at the floating faces of well-wishers. Sobbing mothers looked ever poorer than before, those elder ones saddened by awful disappointments of joy.

TO THE BIG CITY

Grandfather was writing something upon my slate and showing it to father. And I was thinking whether beautiful clothing meant anything to an ugly scarred face or a cripple who was somebody like me.

"This boy will probably die soon, if imprisoned," the monk said. "His great morale is in the fields with the buffaloes. I see his strong will. But we can help him if you will free him for what he was born to be." My tears were going to run if he didn't let me hear this.

"Sir, I do not quite understand," said father.

"He's not going to be like any of you here, grandpa," the monk continued, "his ambitious spirit, a spirit of a man's master, is always away from his body. That's why he can die at any time. Send him away to the place where he can make progress. He needs school to prepare for this."

"But sir, I think you know our conditions. It means money and uselessness," said mother desperately.



"If his life isn't useless to you, I can make an arrangement. My friend was quite big in his wat, which owns a school in Bangkok. I don't think there's any problem."

In my whole life, being apart from the family took very little time. But the fear of my death forced them without hesitation to the final decision that I would have to leave. I did not become crippled as I had worried, but it was months before I had my teeth back and my head healed. The dream of life in the city became true. I took it with firm courage, headed for adventures.

TO BANGKOK

"Come back to receive a wai from your father," were his last words.

"My prides are all upon you son. Be careful of roads and people there," were mother's.

(Continued Pg. 40)

BOOK REVIEW: New titles for Fall, 1969.

Holiday in Latin America: by Nelson Rockefeller. A warm account of the enthusiastic reception recently given to Mr. Rockefeller in his last run through Latin America.

Joe Blatchford—The Man and the Myth: by the author of "Six Crises". A heartwarming, true story of a young man who turned his back on the green tennis lawns of California for the parched clay courts of the military attaches of Latin America. A backhand look at one of the most significant and important volunteer ventures in Latin America since the Alliance for Progress. "Read it!"—President Richard Nixon. "All-American adventure!"—Chicago Today.

The Rainy Season of Our Discontent: by Group 27. A dramatic, heart-rending account of the tragic decimation of 40 escapees from Nakorn Pathom on the "Long March" to Hua Hin. "A must—for staff members!"—Delaney and Morgan.

Theory of the Leisure Class: by Senator Otto Passman. A heartwarming story of Peace Corps Volunteers around the world. "An eye opener!"—Sen. Strom Thurmond.

Volley of the Dills: Bob Blau tells us how he learned to play tennis with pickles. Required reading for all P.E. volunteers in Thailand.

Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here! Julia Childs. 200 ways to prepare Thai curry.

The Rich and the Super Rich: U.S. Government pamphlet on volunteer allowances in a small Southeast Asian kingdom somewhere between Cambodia, Burma, Laos, and Malaysia.

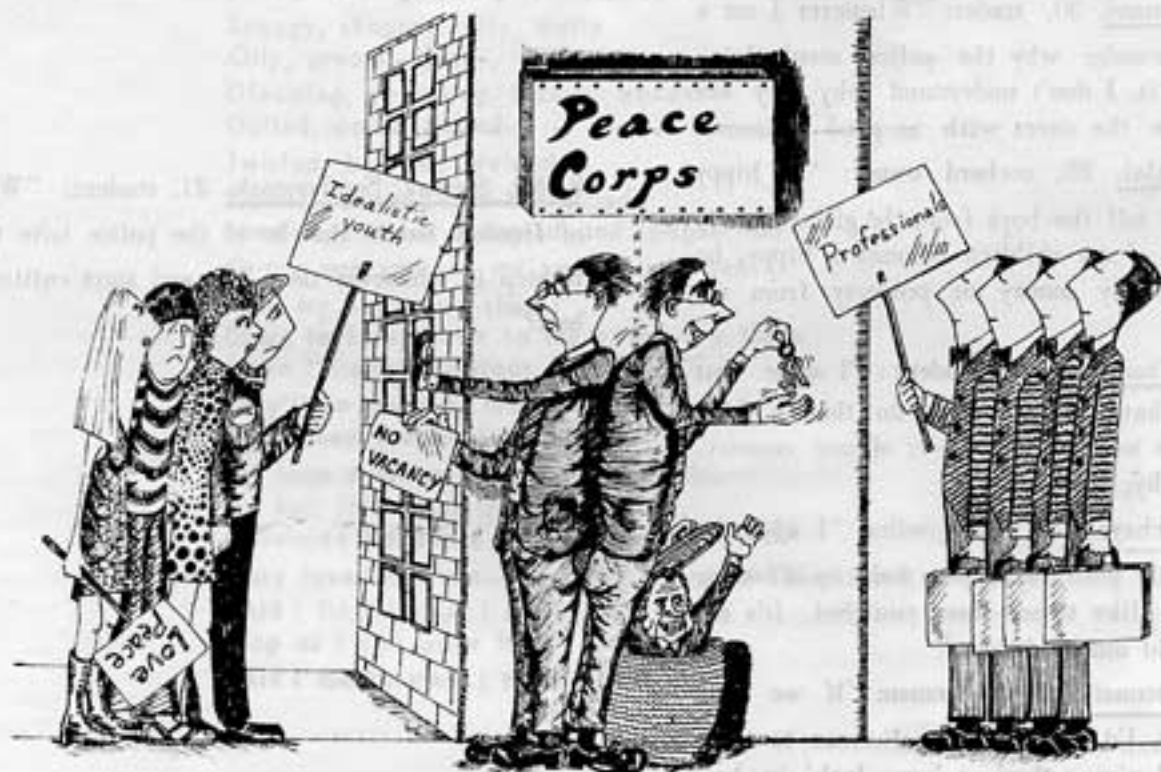
Ho Chi Minh: by ex-President Lyndon B. Johnson. A completely objective, unbiased account of one of the sneakiest, low-down skunks in the world." Compelling and totally believable!"—Robert MacNamara.

Understanding Your Draft System: (Abridged) by Lewis Hershey. 12, 875 pages.

Splendor in the Grass: Diary of a young hippy. "A delightful trip!"—Berkeley Barb.

Arrowsmith: by Sinclair Lewis

Sinklar Luis: by Arrowsmith.



“GRAB THE KIDS AND CLIP’EM, SAY PEOPLE”

A member of the staff recently met a boy who claimed a policeman had grabbed him and clipped off his long hippy-like hair.

Bangkok World chief crime reporter Aroon Larnlue found upon inquiry that the story probably wasn't true, since the police are not empowered to use such tactics.

However, he got to wondering how the average person in Bangkok felt about it, and went out this morning to ask them.

The result was a surprisingly strong vote in favor of firmer law and order. Only one out of eight persons interviewed suggested it might be an infringement on the liberty of the clipped youths.

1. Mr. Narong Lekprayoon, 18, bar waiter: "I'd like to see the police do that. It would help maintain our traditional Thai customs."

2. Mrs. Sichand Siphitak, 66, housewife: "I don't like those hippies at all, the way they dress and look like uncivilized people. Sure, I'd approve of the police grabbing every one and shearing them."

3. Mrs. Ratre Nimnoi, 30, trader: "Whenever I see a hippy, I always wonder why the police aren't doing something to stop it. I don't understand why they are allowed to walk in the street with us good citizens."

4. Mr. Lim Limkhilai, 85, orchard owner: "A hippy is ugly. You can't tell the boys from the girls. I really hate them. If any of my children becomes a hippy, he better not expect any money or property from me when I die."

5. Miss Navarat Thaninvat, 20, student: "I agree that the police should have the power to do that. I don't like to see hippies walking the streets of our country. I can't tell you why; I just don't."

6. Mrs. Sala Noichaya, 57, fruit seller: "I wish the police wouldn't only grab the hippies and clip off their hair, but I'd also like to see them punished. It's the only way to uphold our traditions."

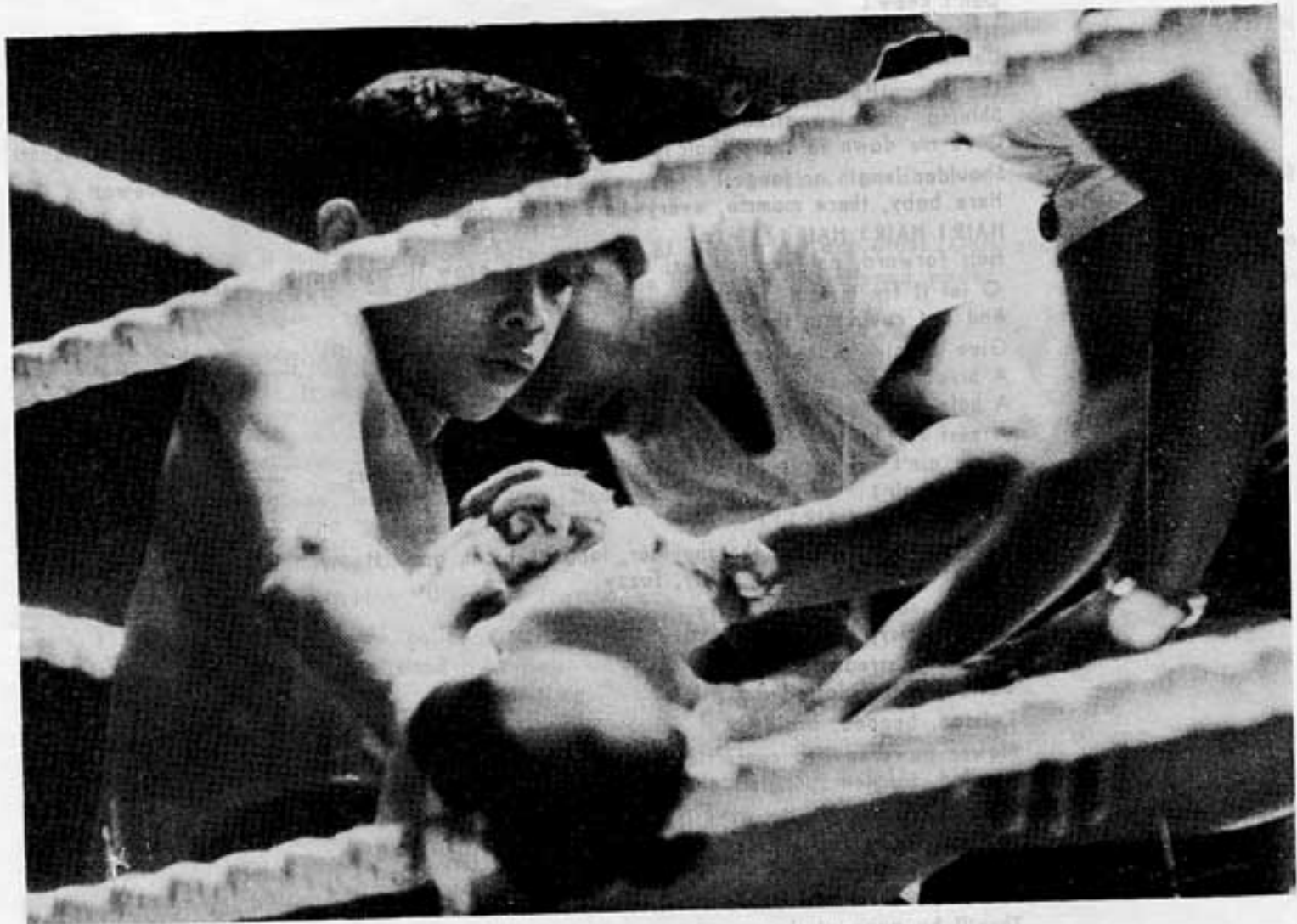
7. Pvt. Vidhya Kaennai, 26, policeman: "If we were allowed to do that, I'd be the first policeman to start grabbing them and giving them a 'new look' in hair cuts. It hurts my eyes every time I see a hippy."

8. Mr. Somsak Somboonsak, 21, student: "What kind of freedom would that be if the police have the power to step in whenever they like and start cutting at your hair?"

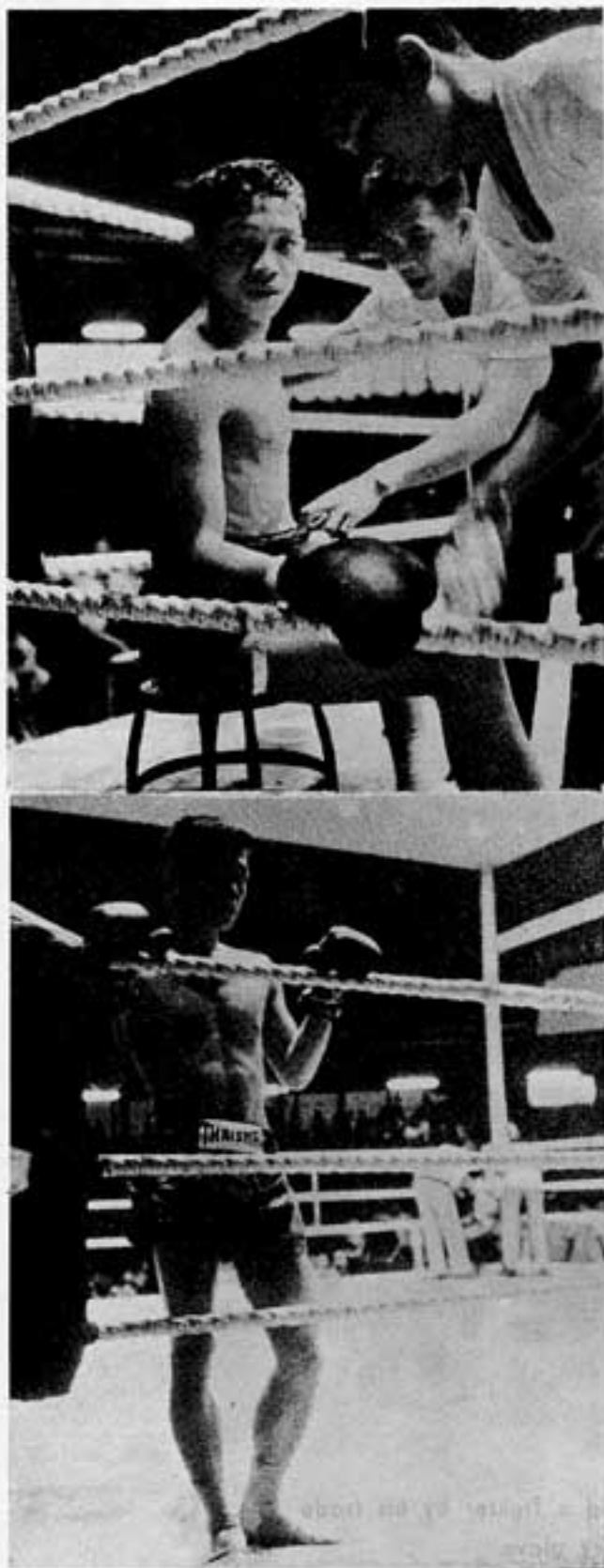
"HAIR"

" I'm just a hairy guy, I'm hairy noon and night
 Hair that's a fright.
 I'm hairy high and low—don't ask me why....
 Don't know!
 It's not for lack of bread, like the Grateful Dead.
 Darlin'—give me a head with hair!
 Long beautiful hair!
 Shining, gleaming, streaming, flaxen, waxen
 Give me down to there, hair!
 Shoulder length or longer
 Here baby, there mamma, everywhere daddy daddy
 HAIR! HAIR! HAIR!!!
 Hair forward, on the shoulder, long as I can grow it—my hair!
 O let it fly in the breeze
 And get caught in the trees
 Give a hole to the fleas in my hair!
 A hive for bees
 A hole for the breeze
 A nest for birds
 There ain't no words for the beauty that are the wonders
 Of my hair!
 HAIR! HAIR! HAIR!!!
 Hair forward, hair on the shoulder, long as I can grow it—My hair!
 I want it long, straight, curly, fuzzy
 Snaggy, shaggy, ratty, matty
 Oily, greasy, fleecy, shiny
 Gleaming, streaming, flaxen, waxen
 Dotted, polka-dotted
 Twisted, beaded, braided
 Flower powered and confettied
 Bangled, tangled spangled and spaghettied!
 O say can you see my eyes if you can
 Then my hair's too short!
 Down to here, down to there, down a there
 Down to where it stops by itself!
 They'll be gaga at the go-go
 When they see me in my toga
 My toga made of long brilliantine beautiful hair
 My hair like Jesus wore it
 Hallelujah! I'd adore it! Hallelujah!
 Mary loved her son—why don't my mother love me?
 HAIR! HAIR! HAIR! HAIR!
 Long as I can grow it, my hair!
 HAIR! HAIR! HAIR! HAIR! HAIR!!!

SIMON AND GARFUNKLE: **THE BOXER**



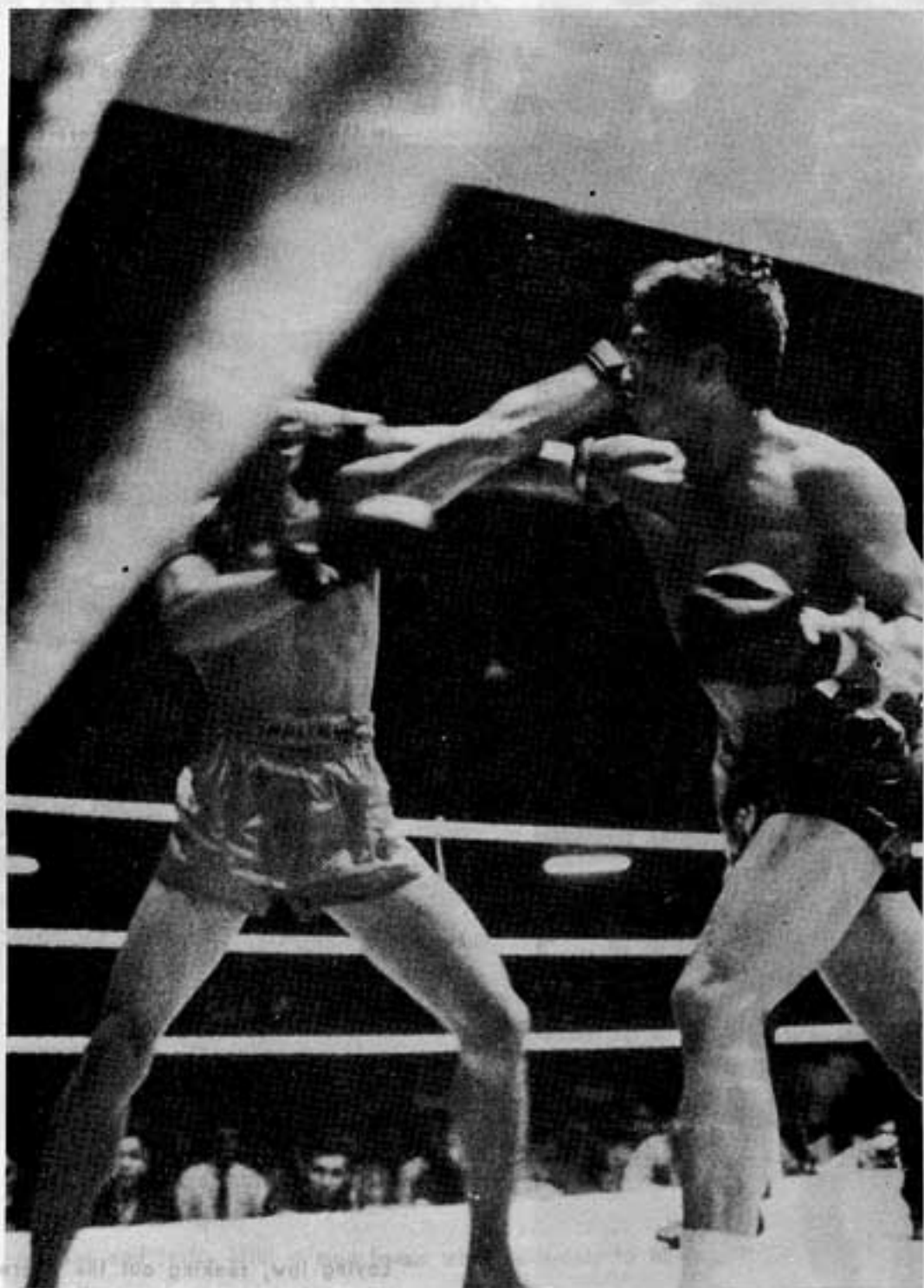
" I am just a poor boy, though my story's seldom told
 I have squandered my resistance for a pocketfull of mumbles
 Such are promises —
 All lies and jests. Still, a man hears what he wants to hear
 And disregards the rest. "



" Well, I left my home and family
I was no more than a boy
In the company of strangers
In the quiet of a railway station
Running scared....



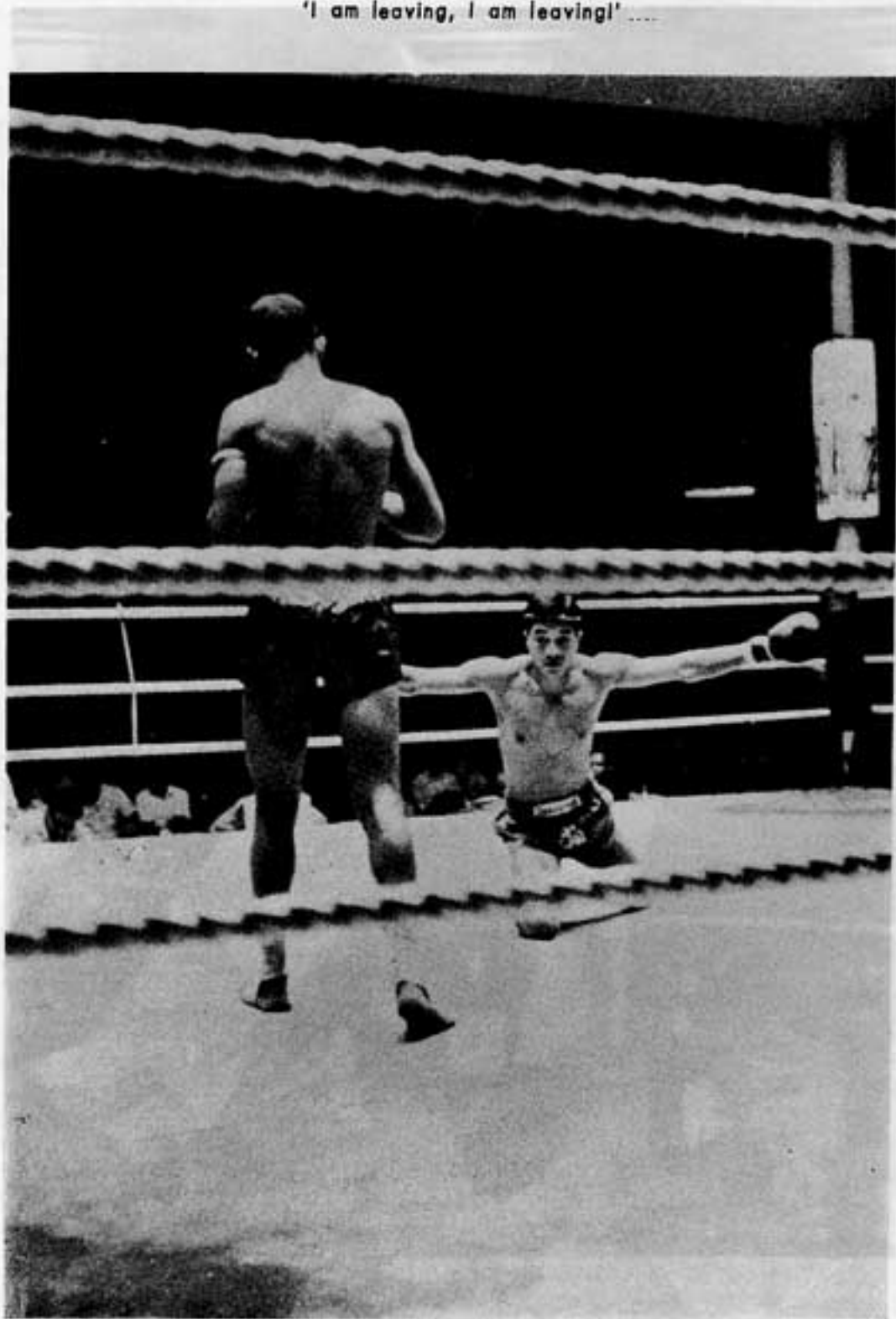
" Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters
Where the ragged people go
Looking for the places only they would know."



...the boxer, and a fighter by his trade
And he carries a reminder of every glove
That laid him down....

"In the clearing stands a boxer, and a fighter by his trade
And he carries a reminder of every glove
That laid him down...."

" Or cut him till he cried out,
In his anger and his shame,
'I am leaving, I am leaving!'



"Or cut the bill he tried out,"
"to the right out the window."



THEY ARE THE ONLY
ONE LEFT IN THE HOUSE

NEWSFRONT ** NEWSFRONT ** NEWSFRONT **

PEACE CORPS BARES ITS BREAST

Yap, U.S. Trust Territories—On the islands comprising Yap, a district of Micronesia in the Western Pacific, it is common for Micronesian women to go around bare-breasted. When American Peace Corps girls arrived in the area, they were urged by the natives to adopt the same costume.

The Yapese women were surprised to learn that for Americans, bare breasts are taboo. Determined to educate their backward visitors, they hid the girls upper garments and bras. For a few days the Peace Corps representatives walked around draped with towels, or with their arms folded, but this proved tiresome and they finally let down the last barriers. Angry gods did not rain down fire and brimstone, and the American girls soon went native altogether and put on grass skirts. Now they cover up their breasts only when Peace Corps males, still in the grip of American mores, visit the islands. Lest it be thought that Americans are the only people addicted to irrational customs, however, it should be noted that mini-skirts are offensive to the Yapese, who consider it sinful to uncover the thighs.

—Playboy magazine

THAI TELECASTERS GO SQUARE ON HAIR

Bangkok, Thailand (AP)—Embarrassed by complaints about its long-haired, hippie spokesmen on television, the Thai Foreign Ministry announced a short back and sides rule Friday and promised, 'more handsome and Thai-oriented' newscasters.

Angry editorials and telephone calls increased recently after a particularly hairy Foreign Ministry officer appeared on television to read the government announcement that Thailand was seeking talks on a withdrawal of U.S. troops.

The Foreign Ministry apologized for his appearance, explaining: "The gentleman is in fact the graduate of a British university. He is all right, except that he wears his hair long."

—Associated Press

LONG HAIR FURORE

The Foreign Minister caused another furore among members of the public when it sent a longhaired official to read its announcement over television Channel 4 late last month.

High-ranking officials of the ministry have admitted that it was wrong in sending a longhaired person to read the announcement. It also promised not to do it again in the future.

The government should keep an eye on all officials and make sure that they behave in line with Thai customs.

That the government has long-haired officials is far from being beneficial to the reputation of the country.

—Editorial in Pim Thai (Bangkok)

ROVING REPORTER

Question: Hanoi recently released 3 U.S. airmen and they will fly into Bangkok today (Aug. 6). Why did Hanoi release the three airmen?

Answer: Miss J.N., 26, bank employee: "The reason Hanoi has just released three prisoners is that it hasn't caught very many and therefore can only release three at a time."

—Bangkok World, Aug. 6, 1969

Question: A 57 year old monk from mainland China sat down inside a glass chamber in Wat Don and announced he would remain there for three years and three months, till he approached Nirvana. Do you think it is good to store up virtue in this way?

Answer: Mr. T.S.H., 46, meat-ball maker, "I, myself, could sit like that for three years eating good things like milk, apples and pears. If he does it for 1,200 days like he plans, he'll be so fat he won't be able to get out."

—Bangkok World

Question: American astronauts have just come back from the moon. Perhaps they have brought back some rare, fatal moon germs to earth. If they did, would you blame the astronauts?

Answer: Miss V.K., 18, student: "There is a chance that something like that might happen, but I'm sure the U.S. scientists will protect us. Besides, if some germs did come back, the Americans would all get sick, too."

Answer: Mrs. T.K., 66, trader: "I think it would be a good thing if they did bring back something and we got sick. It would give us a chance to study more moon diseases and prevent it from happening the next time somebody goes up there."

—Bangkok World, Friday, July 25.

CAMERAS: some thoughts while shaving

by Kevin Wheeler.

Lathering up: Photography Thailand a la '69.

Rainy season blues can leave a lot of pictures in the drawer. For that there's no need. There are plenty of good high speed color and black/white films available for grey days. By high speed film I mean one that will be sensitive enough to take pictures under any variety of light conditions. High speed Extachrome is Kodak's standard high speed color film with an ASA of 160. This is a beautiful film producing consistent results. Fuji and Agfa have high speed color films but they aren't as good as Kodak Extachrome. This isn't true with all films, however. In the black and white field the best bet is either Kodak Tri-X or Ilford HP3 or HP4. Both have ASA's of 400 and have minimal grain. They are the best all around films available.

The First Stroke: Lots of people are afraid of local color processing or aren't aware that it exists. In most of the larger towns and all the cities the local photo shops offer color processing. Normally, processing is reliable and service is good. They are certainly worth using if cost and time are factors in your photography. Kodak has just set up a color processing laboratory in Bangkok however which promises to bring Stateside results to Thailand. Look into it.

Rinsing Off: Care of your camera in Thailand's heat and dust can be a problem. Here are a few tips that should be helpful.

One, never let your camera get wet. But if it does, wipe it off immediately with a soft cloth and take it into a repair shop for a check. It's worth the few baht, believe me. Also, get some photo tissue and lens cleaner and once a week wipe off the camera body and lens surface. This will remove any grime or grease that may have accumulated and will kill any

fungus that might be growing on it. Purchase some "silica gel" at a camera store and put it in the drawer with your equipment. This is an absorbent powder that will collect moisture and retard fungus growth. It's very cheap and can be used for about ten years before exhaustion. If it looks as if it might rain put your camera in a plastic bag (case and all) with the lens sticking out. This will be good insurance against a sudden shower. Shooting through plastic is also fun and offers lots of chances of some different and creative work with color film.

The Second Stroke: Film choice is always a problem and in Thailand there are all kinds and brands readily available. Fuji, Kodak, Ilford, Ansco, Agfa, and Dynachrome are all reliable and standard film brands. There are just a couple of color films that I'd like to mention. One is Anscochrome D/64 which is a medium contrast slide film. I think it's one of the best on the market right now. Shadow detail and natural color are all strong points in its favor. Another good film other than Kodak brands is Dynachrome 25. This is a slow speed, fine grain slide film. Very excellent sharpness and detail along with natural skin tones and sky colors.

The Final Stroke: the final stroke is usually reserved for neglected areas and in the choice and purchase of a small inexpensive camera the buyer is really neglected. There are a number of good cameras that fit in the back pocket, weigh less than a pound and serve either as second cameras or as candid cameras for street scenes, etc. Because they are fitted with fixed focus lenses in most cases and with wide angle lenses focusing and framing become secondary to taking the picture. They leave you free to point and shoot, getting some good shots that would be impossible with a four

pound Nikon. I've listed about a half a dozen cameras below that are worth looking into. They'll outdo your Instamatic anyday.

1. Olympus Trip 35— This is a new camera equipped with a $f/1.7$ lens for shooting in low light levels and with a wide angle lens. This camera uses full sized 35 mm film and produces regular slides or prints. There is a full line of accessories behind it all backed by Olympus quality. A very good buy at less than \$ 60.

2. Olympus Pen FT The older and more advanced model of the above. This camera has all the same features, including a built-in meter and, as a bonus, a full line of lenses and finders. A little more expensive at \$ 125.

3. Rollei 35 — An old favorite of many pro's, this little camera weighs less than 14 ounces and fits into your shirt pocket. It has a telescoping lens, exposure meter, and other accessories. It also uses 35 mm. film. Priced at under \$ 200.

4. Konica C 35—A newcomer to the miniature film field. This looks like a good camera with an excellent $f/2.8$ lens and automatic exposure meter with manual override. Priced at a little under \$ 70. Of course, there are many more. If you have any questions concerning a particular camera send us the details and we'll try and answer your questions. Obviously it will only be our opinion. A note as to the prices above: they are all U.S. prices and should be lower by about one-half in Tokyo, Penang, or Hong Kong.

The Final Rinse: If you have any questions concerning photography, equipment, or processing send us a letter. We'll try and answer as well as we can. As a final comment: make your pictures count, be creative, and work toward improving what you take. If you'd like critical comment or suggestions on your photo's send them to the LOTUS and we'll print them with suggestions (or praise). Send in your ideas for a better column, too.



*"Let's see—four years prep school... Princeton, Magna Cum Laude
... three years Harvard Law School... one year Peace Corps..."*

ETCETERA...

We want to thank Aacharn Peerachat Nilawanit of Wat Bowon Niwet School in Bangkok for his help on the "Respectable Occult" article. He accompanied the author as he drifted around Bangkok, Thonburi and other places searching for seers and astrologers to talk to and served as translator in difficult situations. He is also a relative of the meditator seer in Nakorn Pathom and set up the interview. Aacharn has a M.A. in Linguistics from New York University.



Aacharn Denjit, a physical education instructor also at Wat Bowon Niwet School, set up the shooting situation for the photos taken at Lumpini Stadium of Thai boxing. He is a referee at the stadium and arranged for ringside seats and a chance to meet the fighters after the bout. He is an expert on Thai boxing and an outstanding referee.



The Peace Corps travel guide to Thailand is in the process of being edited. If anyone has additional,

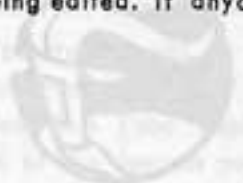
new, or late information about their town or changwad, send it in right away. We'd appreciate it!



Anne Morgan informs us that the article on bare-breasted PCV females in Yap (NEWSFRONT) is pure fiction—or at least wishful thinking. The girls denied all in an article after learning of the report. We don't know who to believe now but we'd like to try and uncover the truth.



"Back in my country, it's shut out of cannons and served with milk and sugar for breakfast."



"...And they call us undeveloped!"

(Continued from Pg. 7)

He received letters from places as far away as the United States, Canada, England and Austria, as well as closer places like Japan.

But answering enquiries from other countries creates unexpected difficulties.

Despite these problems, Akara tells that even though no detailed horoscope can be given without knowledge of the local customs, the principal outlines will be valid for anyone anywhere born under a given set of stars at a given moment.

The old astrologers in Thailand are not happy with the "new breed" astrologers. Akara seeks scientific verification for his predictions. He also combines old symbols to make modern predictions.

For example, he combines the symbol of Saturn (wood) with the symbol of Mars (power) and when both symbols occur under the sign of water, he comes up with "motorboat".

In striving for an astrology based on reason and statistics, Akara is trying to make astrology more precise and accurate. Older astrologers are content to say, for example, that a new job is in the future for the client. But Akara wants to be more specific; the new job will be in private business, not in the government, will be with an import-export company, and will never move ahead, we will stay where we are for years, for eternity. That is not good".



the client will be dealing in silks.

"If we're lazy," he says, leaning back in his chair, "we

will never move ahead, we will stay where we are for years, for eternity. That is not good".

The relationship between the occult science and the State religion of Buddhism professed by 93% of the people, is ill-defined on the popular level.

Buddhism officially frowns on spirit worship, ghosts, witchcraft and other extreme manifestations of the occult.

Astrology is also suspect by strict monks. Buddhist scriptures record the Lord Buddah's advice to his disciples, "Let him abstain from sloth deceit, frivolity, sport, lechery, adornment. Let him not work the spells of the Atharva Veda, nor interpret dreams and omens, nor practice astrology. Let not my disciples make predictions from the cries of birds."

While Buddah acknowledged the existence of paranormal phenomena, he did not regard them as having positive value and discouraged their use.

The **Brahmajala Sutta** gives an even more detailed list of the numerous arts of magic, fortune telling and palmistry which should be shunned by a Buddhist monk.

But despite these words of warning, interpretations differ. Consequently hundreds of monks do study, practice and believe in the arts of astrology, palmistry and spirit-healing, and make predictions about the future for the laity.

Many high-ranking monks in the Buddhist hierarchy are famous astrologers and palmists.

Traditional Thai beliefs about the cosmos are derived from ancient Indian sources and taken primarily from the Cambodians. Among them is the important belief that mankind is constantly influenced by forces which emanate from the stars and planets and which can produce either prosperity or havoc.

It is necessary, therefore, that individuals and especially the State act in harmony with these astral forces. Individuals should follow the signs offered by astrology, keep an eye on lucky and unlucky days, and observe many other rules. In modern Thai society this harmony between the individual and the cosmos is still sought through the use of astrology.



In Thailand, the timing for many important occasions - housewarmings, marriages and cremations - is rarely set without consulting an astrologer or a monk who will make lunar calculations to ensure an auspicious date.

Calendars are full of lucky and unlucky dates. Tuesdays in November, March and July are unlucky for starting an important undertaking. But the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth of every lunar month are lucky or auspicious. Most religious ceremonies are held on the eighth and fifteenth days of the waxing moon, the day of the full moon, or the eighth and fifteenth days of the waning moon.

Lucky and unlucky days are not actually part of Buddhist teachings but the monks in small villages are often asked to predict good days for marriages, etc., by their people who retain many animistic beliefs. The monks turn to astrology to supply the demand.

Street vendors sell lucky medals to hang around their neck. Inside a little case on a chain is an image of Buddha or a famous holy man.

The medals protect the wearer from all sorts of misfortune, from bullets to poverty. For 5,000 Baht you can get a medal that will protect you from going broke—if you can afford it.

Everyone wants a genuine "Luang Poh Tuod" medal. It reputedly stops bullets and knives with its power. It's the best insurance money can buy, and the price—a mere 50,000 Baht. One man offered the owner of a "Luang Poh Tuod" medal a new Mercedes sedan for it but was refused.

A student at Chulalongkorn U. told me the story of a young man who owned a "Luang Poh Tuod" medal and was attacked in a restaurant by his enemy. The man pulled a gun and emptied the barrel on the youth from a distance of three meters. The boy came out unscratched. The student said he was an eye witness to the incident. From that day on he has been looking for a "Luang Poh Tuod" medal too.

Take a look at the door to your room next time you sign into the Opera Hotel in Bangkok. The six white dots painted in a pyramid protect the room from evil spirits of the nights. Mothers put gold and silver rings around the ankles of their babies to protect them from spirits

In small rural villages an atmosphere and feeling for the occult is still possible, undisturbed by modern skepticism. Animistic beliefs are overlaid with a thin patina of Buddhism and hexes, witches, incantations, and ghouls abound.

Many people still practice spirit worship in Thailand and Laos. Ghosts and guardian spirits are a real part of the psychological landscape. Spirits watch over gardens, ricefields and wats. The Rice goddess

receives offering when the seedbed is prepared and when the harvest is due.

In the central region of Thailand a small spirit dwelling is fixed on a pole in the compound of most houses. The villagers offer food, incense, and candles to the "pra pum" or "spirits" of the place on New Year's and on other special days. Most small villages have a sacred grove with a village shrine where the ancestral spirits live. These good spirits protect the villagers from illness, ghosts, and other evil spirits who want to harm the villagers.

Very large trees harbor powerful spirits like J.R.R. Tolkein's enchanted forest in "The Hobbit", familiar to many of us.

The jungles of southern Thailand are said to be filled with vampires, weretigers, and will-o'-the-wisps.

Although the government actively seeks to discredit belief spirits and refuses to hear witchcraft cases in the law courts, most farmers apparently still partially believe in them. Judging from the popularity of astrology in the United States today, the box office success of such flicks as "Rosemary's Baby", perhaps Americans still partially believe in them too.

Rather than seeing themselves as a threatened profession of a pre-scientific age, the Thai astrologers and palmists look upon the West as an ignorant child, just discovering the world of wisdom that lies one step beyond empirical science.

They make no apologies for their beliefs and are confident in their pursuit of the "occult".

As science retreats from the ultimate questions of human concern to tinker with technology, the astrologers, palmists and wizards of the respectable occult are moving in.

For here we are, modern men, surrounded by the knowledge of everything from the moon to can openers, yet puzzled, perplexed and unhappy because can openers, or the moon isn't really where it's at.

It's to be found in the sense of the mythological, the spiritual and the extra-sensory world beyond, a sense that has never disappeared—in the East.



Boy from the Northeast (Continued from Pg. 24)

My brother said only: "Collect some rubber bands you find on the roadside for me. I lost them all in a game with Si Mia yesterday."

So I left without a word to promise them. Something instinct-like told me to remain silent. I would not be a liar, and the lump in my throat kept every word inside.



"Parents are bows from which their children, living arrows, are sent forth. You're an arrow that will reach the target," grandfather said before he left me. Nothing of my typical place left with me. Pramaha Sumran was kind to me, but what could help me from all the difficulties of being homesick, and having had ideas about the people who lived closer to the religion. The best things, everybody had for their own, but they pushed themselves away from them, as if they were sure they could touch them whenever they wanted. I thought it might be the words repeating their spell to stir my courage to fight against them. Life in Bangkok taught me man's plain truth. Nature, the rich greenness of the hills and plains was somewhat beautiful, but so was the new charm that I discovered in the city. The days became shorter in the places where entertain-

ment went on and on around all sides. The world here had no scattering dust. I was excited by the colors painted on the earth which contained so many selfish living things that one symbol was not enough to use. Smelling the fragrance mixed with perspiration of the flesh was fascinating. It was great to me that my smell would not easily be found in these husky crowds.

EPILOGUE

Grandpa died when I was enjoying these things. I did not go back for his funeral. In the same year but later it came to be my father. I was about to set out on a school trip when the words came. And I decided not to go back. I wished mother could have understood why I could not miss all these fascinating things to have had the last minutes with me back in the village before she followed father. What else is left for me in this confusing world? Brothers and sisters? I hated to see them showing their fangs pulling that piece of old land like dogs. But for the youngest one, when the elder ones were married, would have to live on his own. Some rubber bands. What did he want those for? He was too old. "Oh, let's wait till I find out what you may want besides that, brother," I told him.



JAMES BARBER : Jim, who did the photography for the "Boxer" and "The Respectable Occult", was a group 27 volunteer (TEFL) at the National Institute of Development Administration (NIDA) in Bangkok. He was editor of the John Hopkins U. yearbook in 1968 and worked as a professional photographer before coming to Thailand. The boxing shots were taken at Lumpini Stadium in Bangkok in July.

ROBERT DENNISTON : A group 25 veteran and co-editor of LOTUS, Bob is familiar to many volunteers in the Northeast. He divides his time equally between field trips to the Northeast and work at the Health Education and Training Center in Bangkok on the National Malaria Eradication Project. When Kampan's article was handed in by Arts Editor Dave Johnson at Silapakorn U., Bob had plenty of photos to illustrate it accurately. He was editor of the OREGANA magazine, student newspaper at the University of Oregon at Eugene before coming to Thailand.

ERNEST GEEFAY : Ernie, who drew the sparkling satire on Nixon this issue, is a self-taught artist. He didn't even get to vote in the last elections. Shortly before voting day he moved one block down the street--and out of the precinct he was registered in. As a result, Ft. Wayne, Indiana went for Nixon. How would he have voted ? "Write in vote," he replies. For whom ? "myself." Beneath that hard cold exterior, beats a heart of stone. Ernie is a TEFL 27 English teacher in Bangkok.

PAUL HYNDMAN : Vance is a graduate of Harvard (B.A. in Southeast Asian Studies) and a member of group 27 working at the National Economic Development Board in Bangkok. He rides herd on verbs and nouns tossed around in speeches by various officials who use English in their work. He travels a lot within Thailand and wrote the article on birth control after helping with a speech on the topic delivered this summer in Chiangmai by an NEDB official.

KAMPAN RERKAI : Besides being a writer, Kampan is also an artist. He illustrated his own story with line drawings done on short notice on Sunday afternoon. Editing his diary was a bit tricky even the mistakes in English lend it a personal charm. In the end we left the whole thing as he wrote it. Only the subtitles were added by the editors. Kampan is a student at Silapakorn U. in Bangkok and a friend of David Johnson (TEFL 27) who teaches in the Faculty of Archeology there.

DIANE SHERMAN : Diane did the astrological illustrations for the "Respectable Occult" story and drew the cartoons on birth control and the Peace Corps. She is stationed at the Teacher Training College in Ayutthaya and received a B.S. in Fine Arts from Wisconsin State before joining the Peace Corps and group 27.

MICHAEL SCHMUECKER : Michael is a group 27 TEFL volunteer teaching in Bangkok and co-editor of LOTUS. Before joining Peace Corps, he was a newspaper reporter-photographer and free lance writer. He studied at the British Film Institute in Scotland and taught experimental film-making at ITESO U. in Guadalajara, Mexico. He is presently Thailand correspondent to the Peace Corps Volunteer magazine.

KEVIN WHEELER : Kevin is Mr. Camera to the members of group 27 who now share his technical advice and talents in the photography field with all the PCV's in Thailand. Kevin went from Woodstock, Vermont to Korat, Thailand and if the trade hasn't been all that fair, he at least ended up in a girl's school, which makes photography imperative. He's in group 27, TEFL.



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