

When, two weeks ago, I returned from a brief trip to California, which included a weekend in the Bohemian Club's famous redwood grove 50 miles north of San Francisco, good neighbors genially accused me of having consorted with "fat cats" in a "playground of the powerful." As I am probably the thinnest and least influential cat in Washington, I purred at their implied flattery. It seems that they had just read an article in *Psychology Today* by one G. Williams Domhoff.

But when *The Post* on Aug. 17 (*Outlook*), reprinted the article without reprinting *Psychology Today's* revealing profile of Mr. Domhoff, I feel I must protest. The magazine stated:

"For the past decade G. William Domhoff has been studying rich and powerful Americans. His research has led to four books, "Who Runs America," "The Higher Circles," "Fat Cats and Democrats," and "The Bohemian Grove and Other Retreats," upon which this article is based. Before his interest in power and wealth, psychologist Domhoff stuck to more usual topics such as psychoanalysis and dream research. Whether he is studying dreams or the ruling class, Domhoff tries to find support for the neglected hypotheses of his two mentors, Marx and Freud. Domhoff took his Ph.D. in psychology from the University of Miami in 1962. He is now professor of psychology and sociology at the University of California, Santa Cruz."

What, of course, Mr. Domhoff is engaging in in his warmed-over, rehash of his book is what in the McCarthy era *The Post* used to condemn virtuously as "guilt by association." Of the 2000 or so men who were enjoying themselves in the grove when I was there, I recognized only one professional politician, George Murphy, the former U.S. senator from California. His only sin, if it was one, was to give a ribald and highly entertaining account of his life as a song-and-dance man on Broadway and in Hollywood. I should also probably admit that I breakfasted one morning with a most genial old guy who was later identified to me as a top official in the Northrop Corporation.

And I must confess that I had a firsthand account of "Cave Man Camp's" visit to San Clemente a week or more before the press reported it. A stalwart Republican friend was a guest at that camp—one of the 129 enclaves in the grove—just as I was at "Tarry Town," a much less prestigious camp. He told me how his group of 15 or more had chartered a plane to fly them, a prepared luncheon, drinks, glassware and china, waiters and all down to the ex-President's home in distant, southern California. As it had been agreed, he said, that there should be no discussion of their disgraced campmate's past or speculation as to his future, conversation was apparently on the dull side.

It all seemed to me, a wayward Re-

publican, an extravagant and rather pathetic exercise in sentimentality. Surely not even the most rabid Nixon-hater would be likely to label it as a plot of "the power elite." Especially, as your picture of Nixon and Lowell Thomas indicates, somebody was careful to take a photographer along.

Like any man-made enterprise, Bohemian Grove is vulnerable to kidding. The sweet scent of gin, for example, is far more pervasive than any fragrance the giant redwoods may have. Roughing it in a tent, it seemed paradoxical to realize on your first night that probably 2,000 men, like you, were sleeping under electric blankets. And the huge, banquet-like breakfasts and dinners served under sun or stars seemed alien from the professed worship of nature. As one Californian observed, "Rarely in human history have so many labored to make easy the lives of so few."

But for every fat cat, there were a hundred tabbies like me. If Mr. Domhoff were ever lucky enough to attend the Gridiron Club's annual dinner here in Washington, he would doubtless be moved to condemn it as another place "where the ruling class of America reaches consensus and maintains its cohesiveness." As a psychologist he should recognize that frequent fear of conspiracy as an early symptom of paranoia.

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Washington.