

SR's Check List of The Week's Books

Anthropology, Archeology

THE WORLD OF ANCIENT MAN. By I. W. Cornwall. John Day. \$5.50.

Art, Architecture

FRANCIS BACON. By John Rothenstein and Ronald Alley. Viking. \$25.

GRAPHIC ART OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By Jean Adhemar. McGraw-Hill. \$6.95.

A HISTORY OF FAR EASTERN ART. By Sherman E. Lee. Abrams. \$25.

RECORD HOUSES OF 1964. By the editors of *Architectural Record*. McGraw-Hill. \$2.95.

REMBRANDT AND HIS WORLD. By Christopher White. Viking. \$6.50.

Crime, Suspense

THE STRANGE BLUE YAWL. By Lucille Fletcher. Random House. \$3.95.

Current Affairs

BLACK RELIGION. By Joseph R. Washington. Beacon. \$5.

FISCAL SURVEY OF PANAMA: Problems and Proposals for Reform. By the Organization of American States. Johns Hopkins. \$7.50.

SCIENCE AND POLITICS. By Quintin McGarel Hogg. Encyclopedia Britannica Press-Atheneum. \$2.95.

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE. By John T. Roche. Macmillan. \$6.95.

VERDICT ON SCHWEITZER. By Gerald McKnight. John Day. \$4.95.

Drama

GREAT SANSKRIT PLAYS IN MODERN TRANSLATION. Translated and edited by P. Lal. New Directions. Hardbound, \$7.25. Paperback, \$2.75.

Fiction

BIFFEN'S MILLIONS. By P. G. Wodehouse. Simon & Schuster. \$4.50.

NECESSARY DOUBT. By Colin Wilson. Trident. \$4.95.

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN. By James Joyce. The definitive text, corrected from the Dublin holograph by Chester G. Anderson and edited by Richard Ellman. Viking. \$3.95.

THE THIRTY-SECOND DAY. By Victor Trivas and Charles O'Neal. Doubleday. \$4.50.

WITHDRAW THY FOOT. By Cid Ricketts Summer. Coward-McCann. \$3.95.

History

ESSAYS IN THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO. By Herbert Aptheker. International. Hardbound, \$3.50. Paperback, \$1.65.

VOICES ON THE RIVER: The Story of the Mississippi Waterways. By Walter Havighurst. Macmillan. \$6.95.

Miscellany

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS OF INDIA AND CEYLON. By Ananda K. Coomaraswamy. Farrar, Straus. \$6.

DYING TO SMOKE. By Robert Osborn and Fred W. Benton, M.D. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.50.

EVERY DIAMOND DOESN'T SPARKLE. By Fresco Thompson with Cy Rice. McKay. \$4.50.

GARDENING AND COOKING ON TERRACE AND PATIO. By Dorothy Child Hogner. Doubleday. \$3.95.

AN INTRODUCTION TO HAWAII. By Ansel Adams and Edward Joesting. Five Associates-Sierra Club. Hardbound, \$9.50. Paperback, \$5.75.

LIKE A HOMESICK ANGEL. By John Bainbridge. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.95.

Personal History

THE DUCHESS OF JERMYN STREET. By Daphne Fielding. Little, Brown. \$4.95.

ONE WHALING FAMILY. Edited by Harold Williams. Houghton Mifflin. \$6.95.

Poetry

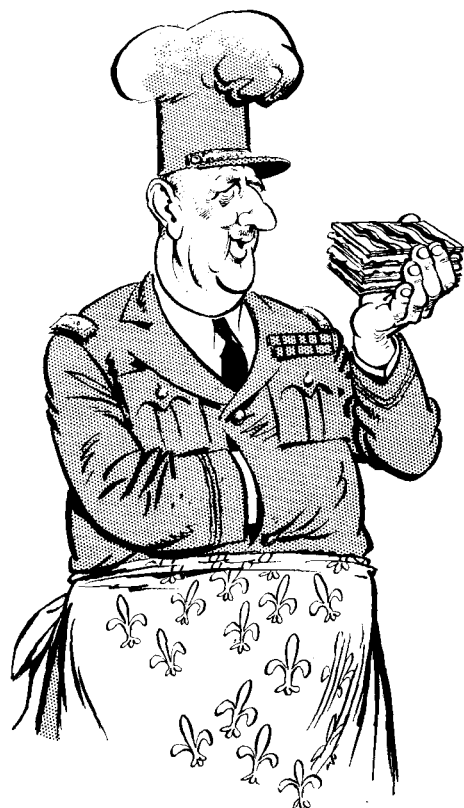
THE CONTEMPORARY POET AS ARTIST. By Anthony Ostroff. Little, Brown. \$5.

SELECTED POEMS. By Leopold Sedar Senghor. Translated from the French by John Reed and Clive Wake. Atheneum. \$3.95.

Religion

THE SILENT PULPIT. By Edward Greif. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$4.95.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.



Now Pass the Bat's Blood: Frank Jacobs fortunately points out that his *The Highly Unlikely Celebrity Cookbook* (New American Library, paperback, \$1.25) is "something less than a reference work for the kitchen." The cook who essays "Roast Pheasant with Wild-Rice Stuffing Jack Benny" will somehow wind up with boiled frankfurters, while "Angel Food Cake Casey Stengel" is guaranteed to produce total confusion. Other noncontributing notables, portrayed in action by artist Mort Drucker, include Barry Goldwater, Ian Fleming, Henry Luce, Leonard Bernstein, and Princess Grace, whose muligan stew is the perfect answer for that leftover venison, shallots, and truffles that have been cluttering up the kitchen. Another entry, spuriously ascribed to Charles de Gaulle (left):

NAPOLEONS CHARLES DE GAULLE

*Puff pastry Cream filling
Confectioners' sugar*

Mes enfants. Today as never before, the chefs of the world look to France for leadership. They have grown weary of the hot dog. They are suspicious of borscht. They cry

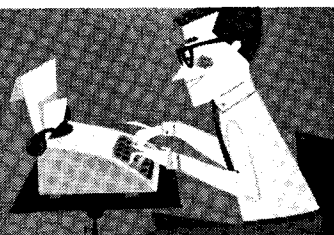
out for one to guide them, and only France can answer them in their hour of need, because only France has the Napoleon.

France is the Napoleon, and the Napoleon is France!

I ask you, as loyal Frenchmen, to go to your kitchens and prepare the pastry and cream filling that are our destiny. Then take out your French rolling pins and form the pastry into a large French rectangle, cutting it into pieces measuring 2 x 4 French inches. As you hum the *Marseillaise* bake the pastry for 25 minutes at 350 French degrees until it is gloriously puffed and brown. Then cool and put the pastry together in three layers with our treasured cream filling between. And as you sprinkle on the sugar think of the past glories of France —of brioche, of crêpes suzette, of vichyssoise.

Fellow Frenchmen, the day is not far off when the world will follow the Napoleon into the gastronomic splendors of the future. Therefore, let us take up its banners and lead the way into this glorious, new, mouth-watering era, never resting, never faltering until the world has had its fill.

Top of My Head



The Art of Hypochondria—Part 2

I CONTINUE with the proposition that I can cure your hypochondria or at least demonstrate a dignified way of living with it. And I will brook no criticism—clinical or lay, AMA or Walgreen's—in my prescription for a short cut to getting rid of it simply by pointing up a kinship of identical symptoms and discomfitures and treating each with reverence and disdain. This is no more disquieting than your doctor's telling you, as my doctor did, that you are sound as a dollar, when in your mind you know how sound the dollar really is.

One would think that after I had come safely through ten years of physical and mental wear and tear of hypochondria I would now, twelve years later, be in gruesome disrepair. *Au contraire!* Physically I may be slightly impaired—those constant treks to doctors' offices can take their toll. But I'm all there mentally, having even developed at this late stage a remarkable total recall.

How about that for a new way of life—a *modus vivendi*—or, I should say, a *modus vivendi passato*. I can recall on a large screen and in color the slightest incident of the past, going as far back as those wonderful childhood days of yesteryear. It's the yesterdays I have trouble with.

First you must understand that in treating hypochondria a physician is really helpless. There is nothing on which he can put his finger—like a pulse, or a doorbell. We have miracle drugs but we don't have miracle doctors. If you wander into a doctor's office with a series of intangible symptoms, he secretly wishes you had come in with a bad cough, which, as everyone knows, can be cured by a doctor in two weeks or without a doctor by lying abed fourteen days. A rule of thumb in the matter of medical advice is to take everything any doctor says with a grain of aspirin.

I cite case histories—mine. One doctor prescribed walking. "Walk to work every morning," he said. I did. My symptoms continued. My office is across the street from where I live. I hope he never finds out. I hope he doesn't subscribe to *SR*.

Another doctor once fluoroscoped my heart and described it as "long and narrow." (That was the style they were

wearing those days. Today I understand it's more heart-shaped.) In an attempt to mollify my fears he said: "If all the ailments in the world were hung out on a line to dry, you would choose your own." That miserable metaphoric prescription was no help. Actually he was wrong. I would have chosen lobar pneumonia compounded with a touch of pleurisy. That he could have handled.

One midnight when I realized I had cancer of the throat, a doctor came in answer to my emergency call and wiped it away with a piece of cotton on the end of a swab stick. Then he said "Fill your tonsillectomy bag with ice and put it around your throat."

"Tonsillectomy bag?" I asked.

"You mean you don't have one?" he demanded.

I explained I didn't have room in my medicine cabinet for one, and he sug-



gested warm drinks—some hot water with raspberry jam to make it palatable.

"Raspberry jam?" I asked.

Impatiently he went to the refrigerator and vainly searched for raspberry jam. If there was anyone not remotely prepared for this emergency it was I. He finally settled for grape jelly and had some on a slice of white bread.

Another one of my many doctors hit upon a plan. He said it was probably my teeth. I had been so busy being sick I hadn't been to a dentist in some time. I found a good one. He offered to rehabilitate my bite and promised a lifetime job; cost, \$3,500. It was worth it. I didn't feel much better, but I bit a lot better.

Two years later the rehabilitation started to fall apart. Back to the dentist.

"What happened to this lifetime job?" I sarcastically asked.

"Who knew you were going to live this long?" he replied petulantly.

These are actually case histories. I have more by the dozen. Remind me to tell you about them sometime.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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