

catering to the palate. I ate a tremendous apricot from Australia and walked out of the Bloomingdale's Delicacy Shop, emerging on the street within sight of a corner juice-and-hot-dog stand where Americans were lined two deep indulging their own special tastes.

A story in *Panorama*, that interesting weekly supplement of the *Chicago Daily News*, tells about the international racket in stamp collecting. What's happened is that a lot of countries are printing new and fancy stamps just for the income they produce when collectors all over the world buy them. One new African nation, for example, prints 1,000-franc airmail stamps, whereas you can send a letter by air for 85 francs. Many places issue lots of new stamps all the time, tiny countries such as Sharjah, Bhutan, Fujeira, Ajman, and Al Qiwain. The catch is that hardly anyone there ever mails a letter. The last word in crooked business is the printing of stamps by Sarofu, Oudeypoor, Palumpoor, Moresnet, and the Kingdom of Bulgaria in exile. Lovely issues, they were advertised in international stamp collectors' magazines and grabbed up. The only trouble was that there are no such countries.

Sharps and Flats: David Cornwell (John Le Carré) had an interesting experience two weeks ago. At home in England his wife bought a pony that needed breaking in. An instruction book said that to cure the creature of kicking, you back it against a stone wall and let it kick the wall. That would discourage it from ever kicking again. Mrs. Cornwell backed the horse against the wall and said, "Now, David, run your hand down its hind leg and make it kick the wall." Sadly enough, the horse kicked forward, breaking the author's left arm and leaving the wall unscathed. The horse has not been cured of kicking but Mr. Cornwell is cured of that particular experiment, which could probably be called "The Try That Came in from the Fold."

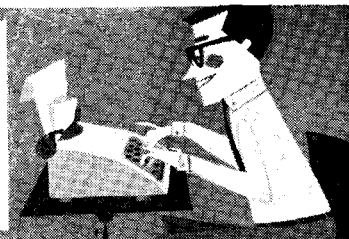
►From SR's Nancy Gruber: One tiger meeting another on Madison Avenue: "Where you been? You smell like gasoline."
—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1641)

BILL ADLER:
THE CHURCHILL WIT

At Yalta, F.D.R. suggested to Winston Churchill that the conference last five or six days at most. To which Churchill replied: "I do not see any way of realizing our hopes about a world organization in five or six days. Even the Almighty took seven."

Top of My Head



Inventory

TO DEMONSTRATE that they really know how to hurt a guy in my group, this is the year they pass Medicare, and all of a sudden and out of the blue I feel great.

Of course this euphoria will be short-lived because the new television season has opened and my TV writing chores are about to begin. I had a feeling it wouldn't last when NBC suddenly declared a national "eight-day week" to accommodate all their new programs. It took Him only six days to create the earth. But of course He didn't have that spate of Westerns to contend with and an automobile that was somebody's mother.

When the eight-day week was first announced I began to feel the first tremors of the season's hypertension, which manifested itself in a crawling sensation at the hairlines of both temples. This can be alleviated only by a brisk scratching with the finger tips that can, and has, become habit-forming. I add the little-known scientific note that Sir Alexander Fleming grew and cultivated his first batch of penicillin in this section of my scalp.

So I knew this was the season for inventory of my pillbox. Each year, before entering the fray, I go through the array of its medications, substituting new miracle pills for old miracle pills that have lost some of their miracle, and blowing out the dust of old capsules that have lost some of their dust.

It's amazing the number of pills that can be crowded into a watch-pocket-size pillbox, along with helpful first-aid memoranda. These latter include the phone numbers, private and office, of doctors scattered around Manhattan who are familiar with my television syndromes. Their accessibility is of crucial import to the TV writer who may suddenly get it up to here at any conference, rehearsal, taping date, or just on a casual meeting with an actor.

These phone numbers are necessary because there is nothing that will further a writer's anxiety more than phoning his doctor and being told by some dispassionate service-girl that she may be hearing from the doctor any day. In one such crisis I once whispered hoarsely to the girl: "OK, if he calls tell him services are Monday. No flowers."

So the pillbox contains a neatly typed

list of the doctors' schedules, their office hours, hospital visits, bridge nights, nights at the theater and, in one case, the name of a young doctor who has contracted to call me every hour, since he refuses to give me a number where he can be reached nights.

This schedule is the floor of my pillbox. Over it is spread a magnificent display of pills of breathtaking brilliance and in living color. I hope. I know them each, not by their clinical names, but by their color, their potency and their side reactions.

Their prescription names have long been forgotten. There is, for instance, the small cab pill, which I take when riding in a small taxi. There is the overcrowded nightclub pill that relieves tension in a crowded nightclub, the RIP pill that is taken when a funeral passes me on the street, the Shindig pill, which I gulp when watching a television program.

And many others, each of which is guaranteed by many prominent physicians to work like a charm. And a few of them work like medicine. In addition to the pills are a neatly folded tongue depressor, a miniature thermometer, which registers up to 68.2 Fahrenheit, and finally, woven of finely spun Japanese silk, is a tiny butterfly net. Over all this medical mishmash, in case of a collapse on the street, is a little card, typed in capital letters and in red, which reads: DONT CROWD. GIVE ME ROOM.

This is standard writers' equipment for television shows produced in New York City. As for the pillbox, when the show travels to smaller towns that are not *au courant* with the latest miracle drugs—forget it.

In preparing for the road I detach the medicine cabinet from the bathroom wall, pack it in a suitcase along with a heating pad, an ice pack, a can of ouchless Band-Aids, a tonsillectomy bag, rubbing alcohol, a collapsible bedboard, a stethoscope, a non-allergic pillow, a bottle of suntan oil, a raincoat, a pair of rubbers, eyeglass tissues, a set of pink hair curlers (I don't remember—they've been in there for some years—I hesitate to throw them out), and a witty suicide note.
—GOODMAN ACE.



Ridiculous!

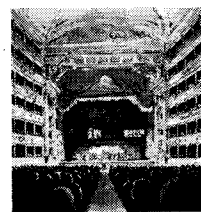
The La Scala Opera Company can't perform Puccini's "La Boheme" in 350 cities in two days.

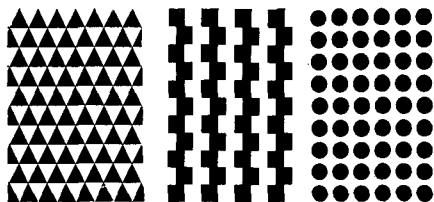
OH YES IT CAN! (Thanks to the magic of Herbert Von Karajan and Franco Zeffirelli.)

Together, they've put an actual performance of the opera on film. Mr. Von Karajan was the artistic director and conductor; Mr. Zeffirelli designed and directed the production. The results are extraordinary—sounds and sights unlike anything ever heard or seen before in a motion picture theatre. A fantastic sense of immediacy and "being there." Five

minutes into the show, man, and you're in Milan at Teatro alla Scala!

Wherever you live check your newspaper for a theatre near you. The dates: October 20 and 21. Tickets will be sold in advance as there will be only four performances (two matinees and two in the evenings). And they're all in Technicolor® from Warner Bros.





Christmas cards for today from The Museum of Modern Art

These cards celebrate the holiday season through the art of our own time. This year, some new cards reproduce favorite works in the Museum Collection, while others have been specially commissioned from contemporary artists including Anuszkiewicz, Goodyear, Indiana, Neal, Warhol, Wells, Wen-Ying, and Youngerman. They range from a whimsical Calder drawing of *Skating Animals* (10¢) to a cardboard construction by Mon Levinson (issued in a limited edition at \$1.00, and actually as much a Christmas gift as a Christmas card). The Museum's Christmas brochure describes and illustrates the cards; also includes information on other Museum publications and a special Christmas gift membership form. The 25¢ price can be deducted from any order amounting to over \$5.00.

The Museum of Modern Art 65-2
5300 Grand Central Station, New York 10017
I enclose 25¢ for the 1965 Christmas brochure.

Name _____

Address _____

AEGINRST

Can you make 40 different 8-letter words and names out of these letters?


Or one word out of half the letters in the alphabet? Or a word with four consecutive pairs of double letters?

Dmitri A. Borgmann's *LANGUAGE ON VACATION* is filled with word and language diversions and oddities that offer hours of bafflement and entertainment. There are Palindromes, Transpositions, Anagrams, Antigrams, Codes and Ciphers, Word Squares and wonderful oddities, like Lake Chargoggagoggmanchauggagoggchaubunagungamaugg — which means "You fish on your side, I fish on my side; nobody fish in the middle." Solutions and answers to puzzles and quizzes are included.

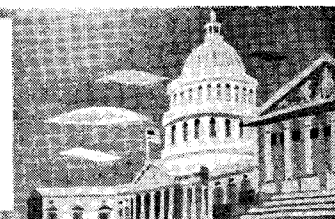
LANGUAGE ON VACATION

An Olio of Orthographical Oddities

by Dmitri A. Borgmann

\$6.95 at all bookstores  **SCRIBNERS**

State of Affairs



Europe's Schizophrenia

LONDON.

ADMITTEDLY the holiday season, a time when Europeans shut their minds to any thoughts of politics and business, is only just over. I am nevertheless surprised how little talk there is about the war in Vietnam. It is a subject that comes up rarely in conversation and, if it is raised, is discussed with great detachment. Things are a little different in London because the British have their own interests in South-east Asia, but in the Continental capitals Vietnam is seen exclusively as an American war. Most people would like to see it brought to the conference table, but not, they make clear, under conditions that would make the United States appear as having given in to the North Vietnamese.

What really worries the Europeans is General de Gaulle. He is the talk of Europe; its most profound and puzzling problem.

They are fairly certain that his emphasis on nationalism is wrong and retrogressive, yet they seem powerless to impose their own will. They are profoundly concerned about the future of NATO without France, but they don't know what to do about it. Only his notion that Europe should be more independent of the United States makes sense to a few; yet again they don't feel that de Gaulle is going about it the right way. Of their own ideas there are none.

The most confused are the Germans. They had desired, from feelings of guilt, a reconciliation with the French but they now find that such a gap has developed between their own and General de Gaulle's outlook that there is little left of the new Franco-German alliance. Yet they would much prefer not to have to antagonize the French. In their own minds they are quite clear that France cannot offer them security, that it continues to depend on the United States, but they are reluctant to take steps that would aggravate their problems with Paris.

The Germans are also of two minds about what used to be referred to as the *détente* between Washington and Moscow. It still holds, for some, the only hope for eventual reunification of the two Germanys and they would therefore like to see the Vietnamese war brought to an end; yet at the same time they fear — and this is frequently expressed by the

very same people — that such a rapprochement between the United States and the Soviet Union would in the end lead the two powers to decide the ultimate fate of Europe over the heads of Europeans. And it is these misgivings which then lead them to wonder whether General de Gaulle is not right after all in insisting on his own independent nuclear force, and whether perhaps Western Europe should have its own sovereign nuclear deterrent.

The American proposal for a treaty to prevent the further spread of nuclear weapons for this reason aroused some, including Dr. Adenauer, because they saw in it an attempt to deprive everybody except the United States, the Soviet Union, China, and France of nuclear weapons. Equally, there are many Germans who feel that it would be wrong for them to take any initiative in the regions of nuclear rearmament or to oppose nonproliferation, and they were critical of Foreign Minister Schroeder when he demanded an equal voice for Germany in nuclear decisions.

Not much is expected from Britain's Labor Government in the way of a clear and new direction in Europe. The assumption is that any new course will depend on the outcome of the contest between General de Gaulle and President Johnson and on whether a compromise between the views and aims of the two is possible. If such a compromise is not within reach the future will depend on the extent to which Washington will want to take the initiative in Europe and to what extent NATO will have to be revamped. Privately there are a good many policy makers in London, and even in Washington, who agree that NATO could do with fewer troops on German soil, but neither capital wants to upset the Germans by reducing its forces and thereby playing into General de Gaulle's hands.

What divides the Europeans is that they don't know where they are going — or what their role should be. They are torn between wanting to be more independent of the United States and making certain that the U.S. remains deeply committed in Europe.

Europe is in a schizophrenic mood: the Continent simply does not know where it is going or, for that matter, where it should go.

—HENRY BRANDON.