



JEFF COBB

By PETE HOFFMAN



# Out Where Love Was Invented

By *Count Marco*

Love in Tahiti is different from love here in the United States. There, the women like to love and be loved in return whenever the mood strikes and with whomever they feel like striking.

They like men and make no nonsense about it. Unlike you American women, the "vahines," as island women are called, are not sentimental about romance. Neither are they pruders or hypocrites.

Consequently, you will not find a single psychiatrist in that lush tropic paradise.

Until recently love posed no problems for the native men and/or the visitors. Usually, after about two weeks, give or take a day or so, with her man of

the moment the vahine packed her extra sarong, shell comb, picked a fresh hibiscus for her hair and moved down the block.

Everyone was happy.

Or as happy as anyone can be under these circumstances. After all, love there is not an industry as it is in the United States.

A serpent entered this garden of Eden, however, carrying a motion picture camera. The love tunes have turned to sad songs. Some of the island girls were

sent back to the United States for certain picture sequences in connection with the major film they shot there recently.

Once in Hollywood, the girls were exposed to the American woman's tactics, suspicions and jealousies.

When they returned, all hell broke loose around Tahiti. Instead of being satisfied with the old style romancing, they started getting possessive like American mistresses.

And voila! The first moment they catch a current throbbing the whites of her eyes in a roving expedition over a passing vahine, out comes the knife, gun, or machete. From what the men tell me, this rather puts a damper on loving.

RED RYDER

By Fred Harman

