

I have just returned from a one-man mission to Miscow. My expedition was a complete success. It was revealing. It was astonishing. And the confidential information I bring back may even be frightening.

Now, with all my private data safely returned to those borders, it is time to make my intimate report.

I propose to recount my adventures and record my findings faithfully, without any of the embroidery of fiction so often resorted to by less sophisticated travelers.

I shall use none of the exaggerations or Herodotus, nor the inventions of Sir John Mandeville. Nor shall I take refuse in the effortless, moronic cliches that are the trademarke of certain of my contemporary journalists who describe their very trip across the East River as a "task force."

No! I, Count Marco, need none of these centuries-old inventions in order to trap you into my

## **Count Reports On His** 'Mission to Moscow'



simple tale. For my story is bait enough.

It is both alarming and fascinating. It is the story of the Ugly Duckling translated into Russian. It is the thrilling and frightening story of a whole nation of women in revolt—fighting for their right to be beautiful—and winning.

First, I carry back with me from Moscow a warning to the women of America. Be on your guard, my fair ladies.

Russia's women are turning into beauties!

To be sure, not every Soviet girl is a modern Helen of Troy. Some of them are still a little rough around the edges.

But, on the whole, Russian girls are now being judged by their style and allure, and not their ability to meet the week's quota of goat-milk cheese. The Red they are most interested in comes in little metal tubes and is called lipstick-or, to be more precise, gubnaya pomada.

Up to now, I have insisted that Oriental and European ladies are the great examples of what it means to be truly alluring.

Now, after my mission to Moscow, I must include Russian ladies in the world of beauty explosion. They are oh, so willing and oh, so ready to welcome to their newly contoured bosoms the harassed, unhappy American male.

Because of the simple fact that I bring home with me this faithful unvarnished report on the astonishing attractiveness of Russian women, I may even be maligned as a person who is soft on communism. This, of course, is preposterous, and I sneer in advance at such uncouth manifestations of insecurity. I am not a creature of the world of politics. I am a creature of the world of beauty.

Therefore, my dear American ladies, I repeat: Beware of your Soviet sisters. They are on the march and they are beautiful. Consider, please, what a waitress in Moscow's faintly elegant National Hotel told me one grey Griffith Observatory Showing

In a low voice she said: "First

She patted her attractively bleached hair. "Who wants to look like a man?" This question I consider to be of a rhetorical nature.

A lovely street sweeper near the unprepossessing front of my hotel, the Ukranian, described

the unprepossessing it of a coroning to the definition of the beauty rebellion another way. "We have gone too long with-"We will no longer allow our-selves to be treated merely as fe-males to be bred like farm ani-mals. "NO! We are women. Oh, how exhilarating it is to discover for ourselves the capitalistic thrill of being in love. the beauty rebellion another way. On saturday, July 20, 1963, a total eclipse of the sun will be visible along a narrow path trunning through Alaska, Can-ada and Maine. A reproduction on the planetarian theater's 75-foot domed ceiling. In Los Angeles a partial eclipse will be visible from about 1 to 3 p.m. on July 20.

"I have a man now who loves me just because I'm soft and feminine and because I'm me.

"My last man said he loved me because I could repair more trac- Library Gets tors in a day than any other fe-

male on our community farm." Summer Hours male on our community farm." So, in this quiet, precise report of my trip to Moscow-in June, 1963—I bring word first-hand that the Beauty Revolution is underway in the Soviet Union and it is gathering momentum every day. After two generations of mud and boots and muslin-bound bos-rebellion against sexlessness. (Distributed by Chronicle Features.)

1 am a woman, second a Soviet Timely Views of Solar Eclipse

audiences a timely view of

total and partial solar eclipses, according to the Los Angeles

DURING the planetarian the-ater's simulated journey to the North, spectators see a display

"Eclipses and Northern | of the Northern Lights, which Lights," the current show at Griffith Park Observatory's planetairum theater, offers

Moving on to the end of the year, the show spotlights a total lunar eclipse, which will be visible here during the early "Felimes and the shows."

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morning of Dec. 30. 'Eclipses and Northern Lights'' is offered daily at 3, 8 and 9:15 p.m., with extra mat-inees at 1:30 and 4:30 p.m. on Saturdays, Sundays and Labor Day.





