

# Princess Grace's Monaco . . .

Where everyone is either a croupier or  
a company president and  
the sea is never out of sight

by Joyce Winslow

"I have a wonderful life. I'm constantly in contact with many different kinds of people," says Monaco's Princess of 20 years, Her Serene Highness Grace Kelly Grimaldi. She bestows the dazzling smile that once disturbed the dreams of millions and crosses a suede-booted leg. At 47 she has a full, mature beauty. "The best thing that could happen here is for all our citizens to realize just how fortunate they are," she says.

Fortunate indeed. The seas and skies are eternally blue. There is no income tax, no property or inheritance tax, no military service or unemployment, a living standard twice as high as Big Neighbor France's and free music school for anyone who cares to play or sing. Who wouldn't want to be a Monégasque, a citizen of Monaco?

The 4,300 Monégasques who live on these cliffs that horseshoe around the Mediterranean lead a blessed existence. It is the casinos and tourism that make their state of suspended taxation possible. If the 26,000 other residents—wealthy Italians, English, and Swiss—don't seem to crowd the tiny one-mile-by-two-mile principality, it's because most of them live here only "in season."

Yet it's Monaco's size, or lack of it, that lets a ruler and his consort wield great influence over the land. During its 20 years of Grace, Monaco has changed from a sleepy Mediterranean village into a profitable mini-Manhattan.

A delightful, Champagned flight aboard Air France transports me from a New York winter to a Riviera spring. After protocol lessons in Monaco ("You must curtsy. You ought to wear a hat. You call her 'Your Highness.'") I am driven to the Palace. Here, the Princess receives me in a lime-green room. She is seated in a way that allows her face to fit perfectly into the space left among the family portraits on the wall behind her. Such attention to detail, plus her grace and dignity, characterizes her reign.

"The most satisfying thing about my job," she begins, "is to initiate an idea,

develop it, and see the results." To this end, she has founded a garden club and an annual flower show, built a new hospital that bears her name, mobilized a group of volunteers to visit the elderly, and established a day-care center.

With her showbiz connections, she produces an annual summer arts festival which stars such pals as David Niven and Frank Sinatra.

Princess Grace is adored by her subjects and would have become a local heroine even had she not produced an heir, thus avoiding the terms of a 1918 treaty with France providing that Mo-

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naco would become French territory, and subject to French taxation, if the throne were to become vacant.

But Princess Grace has done much more. For the first time in the Grimaldi's decidedly deciduous family tree (the Prince's lineage is fraught with divorce), she's established a model for marriage and motherhood. And she's extended her conservative, high-principled standards to the State. Pornography, hippies, and X-rated films are not tolerated in Monaco. And the Princess declares: "Female suffrage since 1962 is not due to my influence. Some women may be able to cope with politics but most cannot. In the Mediterranean lifestyle, men are the heads of families—and that is not questioned."

"The Mediterranean temperament gave me a different concept about life,"

the Princess continues. "In New York you do someone a favor if you save him time. You say hello quickly on the street and keep walking. You make phone conversations brief. But here, it's insulting to hurry things. You must not only stop when you see someone you know, you must *listen*." Perhaps, it is her fascination with such European tradition that accounts for her favorite Monégasque neighborhood.

"There are really three parts to Monaco," she explains. "Monte Carlo, the capital, has the casinos, hotels, and shops. La Condamine is the business district. Here my husband allows only clean, nonpolluting industries. But my favorite part of Monaco is the oldest: Le Rochet. This neighborhood is medievally dark and twisty with curved streets interrupted by archways. Now they are festooned with our red and white flag to celebrate next week's Fête National, the official birthday of the Prince. This marks the end of the Monégasque year, and it's equal in patriotic feeling to the Fourth of July."

At the Princess' suggestion, I wind around the narrow alleyways of Le Rochet, a charming Old World remnant just one block from the gaudy souvenir stands that front the Palace. Here, the streets are cobbled with ancient sea stones. I can stretch out my arms and touch the pink and yellow houses on both sides.

I poke my head into a fragrant doorway and discover hanging rows of sausages, rounds of pizza-like *pissaladière*, bowls of beets creamed with apples. In a patisserie I find custard-filled tarts topped with peaches.

A noise, an everpresent hum, reverberates off the buildings. An elderly pedestrian warns me this signals the approach of Monégasques' main mode of transportation: motorbikes. The sound increases, like the drone of bees, then it is upon us.

"Vite! Quick!" says the woman and pushes me flush against a building as beret-topped figures on orange bikes



zoom past. Long French breads are silhouetted against their backs, laundry and flags flap against shutters in their wake. My companion mumbles her disapproval and ambles off toward her bench seat along *la rue* where old-timers gossip in the nearly extinct Monégasque patois.

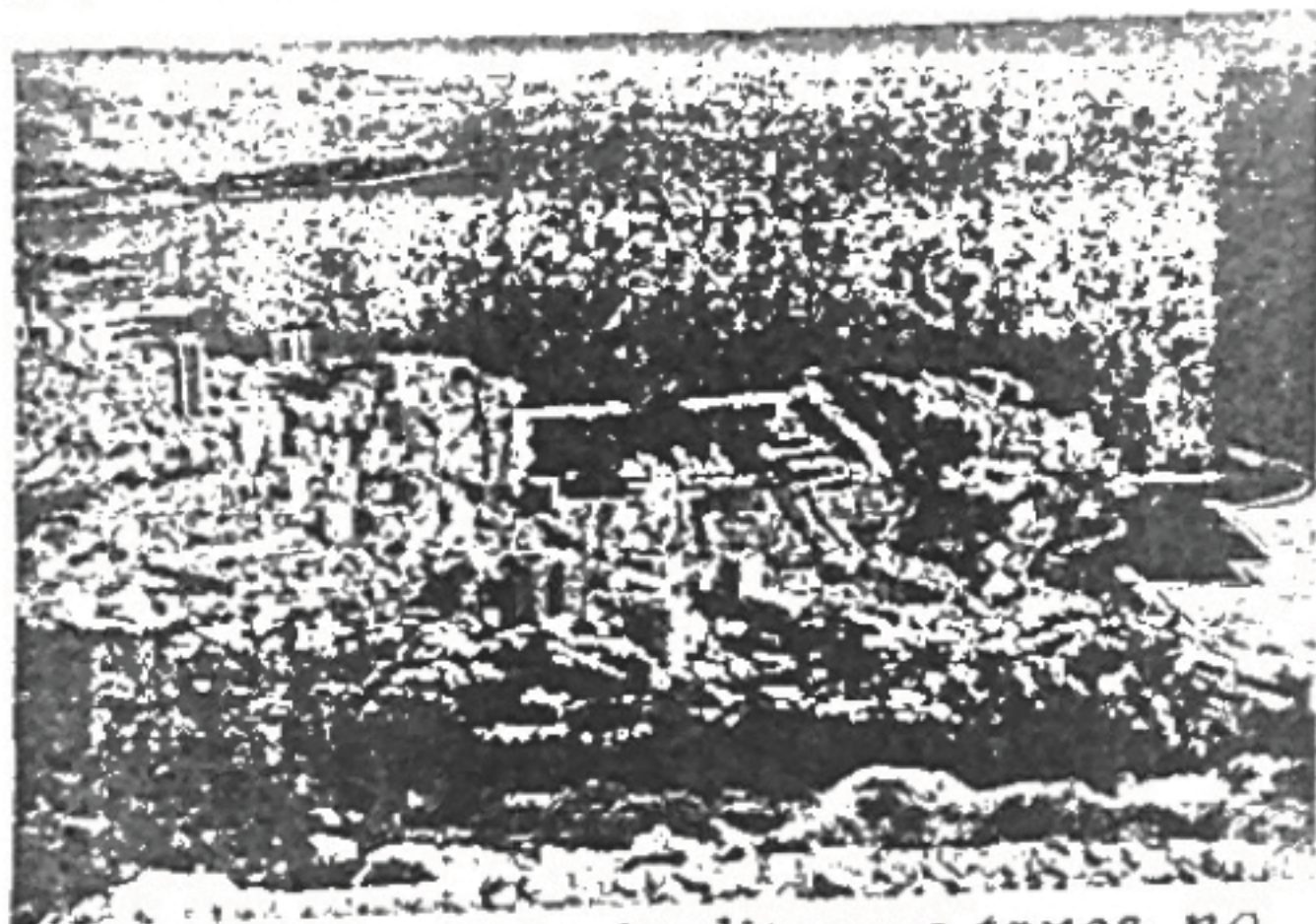
To preserve this side of Monaco, Princess Grace has established boutiques in Le Rochet that sell the handicrafts of 200 native artisans.

"Mostly leatherwork and crochet," she says. "Of course, when a crocheted dress appears in the shop it's gone—but," she winks, "those who know about them can place orders."

There's not much of old Monaco left outside Le Rochet. Princess Grace saved an architectural landmark, the grand old Hermitage Hotel ("I threatened to nail myself to its door if they tried to raze it," she says sweetly), but elsewhere high-rise slabs elbow one another for views of the sea.

To appreciate what a unique departure this new Monaco is from its past, it's worthwhile to review a bit of history.

Monaco dates back to 600 B.C. when the Phocaeans dedicated the "little mountain," to Hercules, the god of strength. "Monaco" is a shortened version of "Monoecus," another form of the god's name.



*The Paradise Principality: no taxes, no military service, no unemployment, and free music school for all.*

Over the next few centuries, various peoples used the home of Hercules as a military stronghold from which to drop boulders onto enemy fleets below. Romans pelted Saracens who pelted Barbarians until 1297, when a military wizard sneaked into town disguised as a monk. He was François Grimaldi, a Genoese nobleman from whose family Princess Grace's husband, Prince Rainier III (Louis Henri Maxence Bertrand) Grimaldi directly descends. The Grimaldis are Europe's oldest reigning dynasty.

"You can see the family crest—two monks brandishing a sword," Princess Grace points out, "etched above the gates to the Palace." For centuries the prime sources of income for Monégasques were piracy and fishing, but these died out. When Prince Honoré V

decreed that his citizens must go to work, he was nearly overthrown. Perhaps, desperation forced him to gamble: in 1863 roulette came to the rock.

Monaco's first casino converted the entire population from fish to chips as it yielded a bonanza of 25 million gold francs. Those were the gilt-edged days that defined "De Luxe." Lured by the wheel, the world's richest people came to Monaco. And Monte Carlo, her capital city, pampered their lavishly decadent desires.

Because the Grand Duke of Russia was addicted to the fragrance of strawberries, six baskets were delivered to his hotel suite daily. He'd mash the berries to a pulp, inhale, and send the mess away. Grand Duchess Anastasia sailed into Monaco's harbor convinced she could hypnotize croupiers into spinning the wheel in her favor. Though many men succumbed to her charm, her luck at the gaming tables remained bad.

Still the sun shone, the wheel spun, and as it spun it sparked brilliant artistic accomplishments. French composers Massenet and Saint-Saëns wrote for Monte Carlo's opera. Russian choreographer Sergei Diaghilev founded a resident corps de ballet. "Monte Carlo has always been a mecca for dance," says the Princess. "My pet project now is to revive the Ballet Russe, and to build a pavilion by the sea that will house foreign students who come to study ballet."

In the art world, Claude Monet, Henri Matisse, and Raoul Dufy set up easels along the beachfront. Enchanted by sea-saturated light filtering through balconies and semi-shuttered windows, they portrayed Monte Carlo as a woman who exudes primordial sensuality. These cultural giants gave the city a luminescence that even flamboyant suicides could not dim.

Ruined gamblers blew their brains out in hotel rooms, plunged from cliffs, or sipped poison-laced Champagne. Monte Carlo, gold-drenched city of dreams, was touched by the macabre.

Then, her luck changed. Before World War II, proceeds from the gaming tables constituted 95 percent of Monaco's budget. By 1954, rival casinos that had sprung up along the coast helped reduce that number to 4 percent. Business declined, hotel rooms closed, and Monaco sank into elegant disrepair.

Aristotle Onassis stood in the way of restoration. The late Greek shipping magnate controlled most of the shares of SBM, *Société des Bains des Mer*, the corporation that owns the Casino, most of the hotels, and choice real estate in Monaco.

While society tittered about a feud between Princess Grace and Jackie Onassis, Prince Rainier went on radio to blast Onassis' "economic shortsightedness." Upon hearing the broadcast,

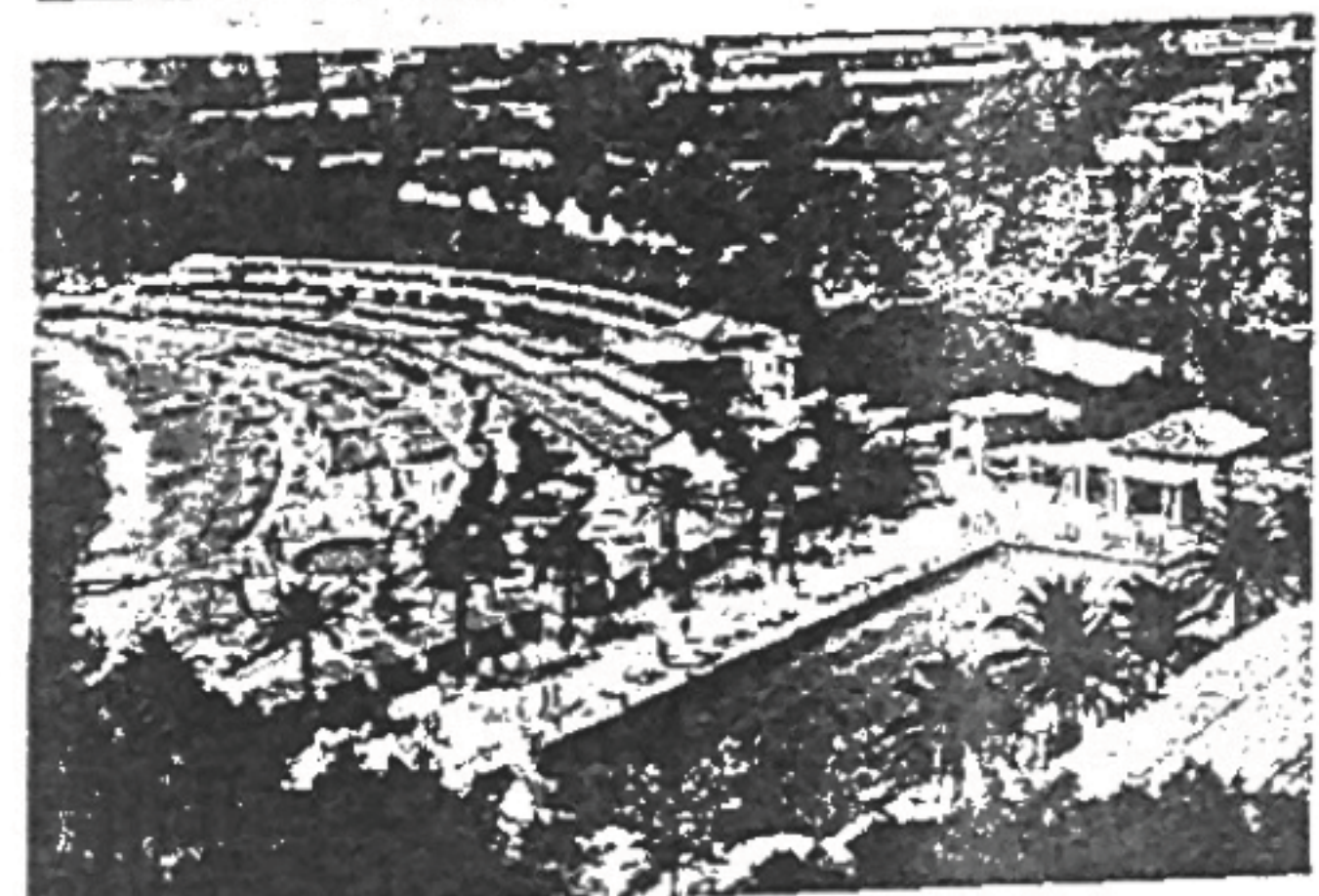
Onassis stormed into Monaco incognito, that is to say, without his yacht, placed a gambling chip on his shoulder and bellowed: "Let the Prince knock this off!"

Indeed, he did—for in 1966 Prince Rainier passed a law creating new SBM shares that enabled the government to outvote the Greek 6,000 to 200. The face-lift began.

But there were other problems. DeGaulle demanded that Monaco match French levels of taxation or face reprisals from its powerful neighbor. At the time, Monaco depended upon France for military protection, currency, and electricity. If DeGaulle wished to get tough with *la petite barnache*, he had only to flick off the current and inconvenience the principality to death.

It's said that Princess Grace played an important part in the reconciliation between the two countries, for while DeGaulle snubbed Prince Rainier, he melted when he spoke to *L'Aphrodite Americaine*, as he called the Princess. Prince Rainier began plans for an independent light and power company. What's more, he announced, he would be the first ruler in the history of the world to enlarge his country without moving its borders.

In this, he proved to be a Solomon of Landfill. Like taking a rib from Adam to fashion Eve, Prince Rainier hollowed



*At the Monte Carlo Beach Club everyone knows everyone, and your waiter may be a company president.*

some of his mountains to create others. When he drilled a railroad tunnel through the peaks on his northern border (not far from his southern one), he dumped the displaced rock into the sea, building not just more land but a mountainous beachfront. Here, several hotels perch, each with an unobstructed view of the Mediterranean.

This is the site of Monaco's new convention center and magnificent 650-room Loews Hotel. With the first crap tables on the Côte D'Azur and package tours to 'Paradise, Loew's has helped Monaco shed its image as an exclusive playground for the rich. For the first time in history, Monte Carlo is accessible to the middle class.

"Loew's has tripled the number of Americans coming to Monaco in just this past year," says the Princess. "And



it's had quite an effect on Monégasques. "Now they don't think Americans are all Wild West Indians or Chicago gangsters. And they've begun to learn English." For her own part, the Princess has instituted Thanksgiving dinners at the hotels, treated the entire nation of Monégasques to a Texas-style barbecue in the soccer field to celebrate her husband's 25th year of reign, and she chairs the Monaco-U.S.A. Foundation which promotes goodwill between the two countries. "But this is my home now," she says of Monaco. "I've had my children here, and I love my life here. I need nothing except for the sun to keep shining."

Despite the building boom, Monte Carlo remains a lady: polite, tidy, and perfectly arranged. Pastel "gingerbread" houses are as evenly spaced as candy in a box. Curved balconies on condominiums, painted blue, look like waves in the sea. Manicured olive trees border perpetually washed streets, and miniature parks boast warblers who trill day and night.

There's not so much as a spit olive pit let alone graffiti, litter, or crime. Monaco hasn't had a major theft for two years, nor a murder for five. And petty offenders serve their terms on weekends so as not to miss the good influence of society and the sun.

Behind the demure look of the bon-



*Changing of the Palace Guard—daily at noon. Medals worn are commemorative, bestowed by Prince Ranier.*

bon-sized principality, however, lies a cultural crossroads of an amazing diversity of people. In a single week, I met Moroccan gamblers, soccer teams from all over the world who came to compete for the Prince Albert cup, a Japanese prima ballerina, a slew of South Carolinian conventioners, as well as *Les Chromes* and *Les Crumblings*.

*Les Chromes* as the Monégasques call them, are the exorbitantly wealthy French, Italians, and Germans who own pieces of this high-priced Eden. (Apartments sell for about \$2,200 per square yard.) *Les Crumblings* are the retired, beribboned English colonels who hang onto society, if only by their upper crust. For all these people, the social goal is the same: to be invited to the Palace for dinner. If necessary, some are willing to wait for years.

These days dinner invitations come only on weekends. During the week Princess Grace lives on Paris' chic Avenue Foch where she chaperones daughters Caroline, 19; Stéphanie, 12; and a niece, all who attend schools there. Come Saturday, the Princess flies home to be with Prince Rainier and her look-alike son, Albert, 18, who will begin studies at an American university this fall.

"Because I'm always shuttling back and forth, no two days are alike," the Princess says. "One day I'll do my correspondence and plan entertainments. Another day I'll attend meetings." She's on the board of innumerable charities, among them The Board of Twentieth Century-Fox, The Salk Institute, The Irish-American Cultural Foundation, and La Leche League (for nursing mothers).

When she has time the Princess likes to do flower collage—the art of applying dried, pressed flowers to paper to form designs. "I walk behind my gardeners and pick up petals, take them home, and press them in tissue between pages of books," she explains. "My family complains that they can't read a book in the house without flowers falling out."

She works with mimosa, her favorite; roses, maple leaves ("Scarce in Monaco. I have them sent from Philadelphia"), ginkgo leaves, and butterflies. She signs her lovely collages, done mostly in yellows and purples, with her maiden initials.

One of her favorite places in Monaco is the *Jardin Exotique* (Exotic Garden), where 7,000 species of enormous flowering cactus plants spiral from the top of the highest cliff down to caves under the sea.

"The director of the *Jardin* is brilliant," beams the Princess. "He has fun figuring out what flowers I use in my collages. When I can, I visit his cactus nursery. He has plants an inch high. When he goes on trips he brings me back rare orchids."

I visit Marcel Kroenlein, the ebullient director of the Garden. "When the Princess visits she has such big eyes," he says. "She looks at everything in the Garden and asks many questions."

I ask him what birds fly over Monaco, for I have seen many jewel-like warblers. He tells me the names in French, but as I have no way of translating them into English I ask if he'll describe their colors and wings. Then I will be able to look up their English names.

He does better than that. In a jubilant burst of energy, this elegantly dressed, handsome man flaps around the room, alternately cawing, cooing, and chirping as I collapse in laughter. "For me you become a bird," I thank him in French. Later, as I describe a friend who rescued wild animals from a flooded jungle in Panama, I cannot

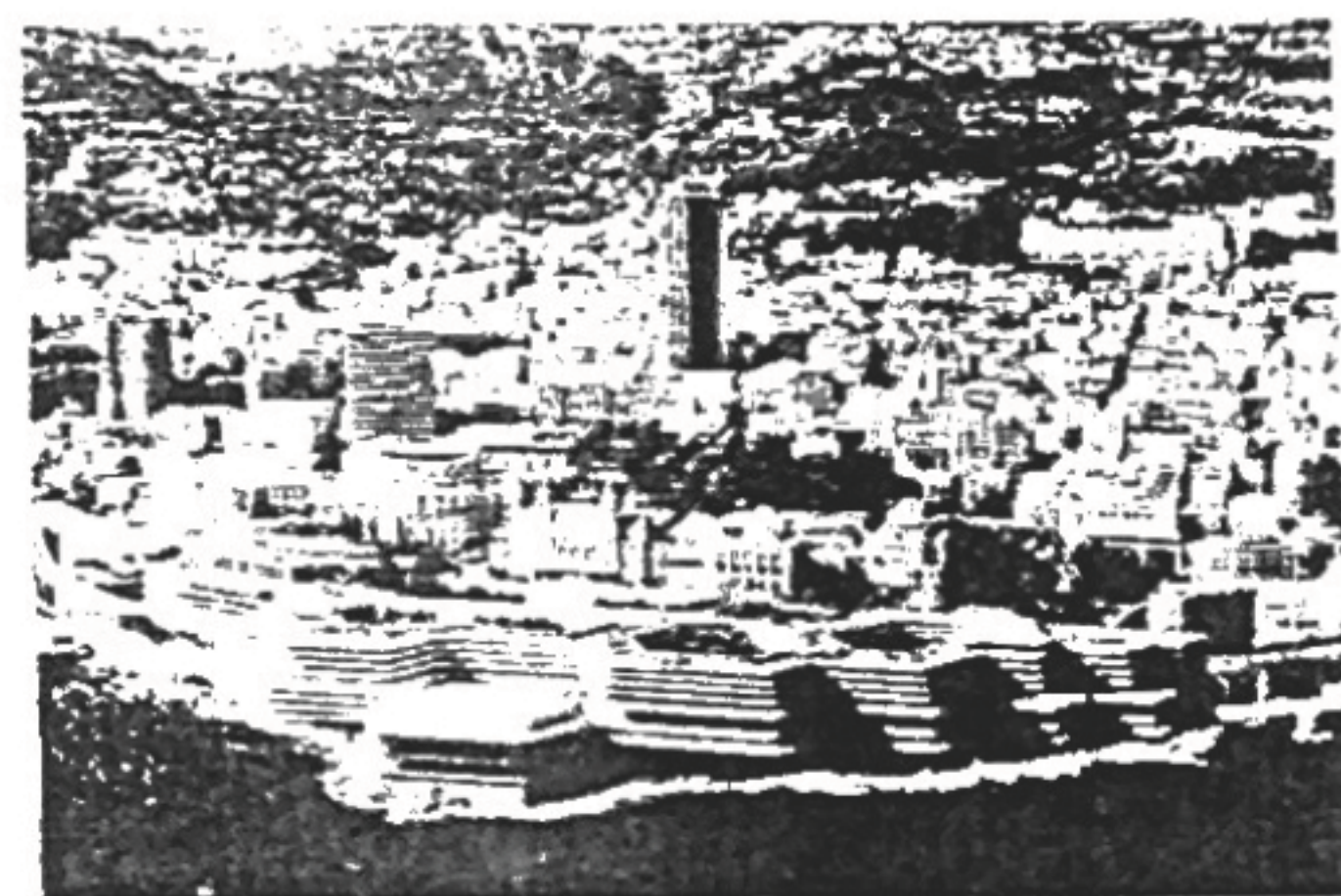
think of the French word for drowning. I charade swimming, then gasp for breath and plunge to the floor.

It is Monsieur Kroenlein's turn to laugh. "Ah, for me you are willing to die," he sighs in French. I wish I were a cactus in his Garden.

Whatever Monaco does it does well. The Oceanographic Museum, which is under the directorship of Jacques Cousteau, overlooks the sea from a height of 262 feet. An enormous octopus greets you as you enter the building's classically elegant main hall. There are more varieties of fish in the aquarium than there are tourists who come to see them. Most of the fish are rare, exotic specimens Cousteau has personally collected on his expeditions, all of which originate in Monaco.

"My favorite fish is a little one that cleans a poisonous anemone," says the Princess. "The anemone won't poison its little maid, and it protects her from other fish. It's a lovely collaboration."

Children will especially enjoy the National Museum that contains one of the world's most admirable collections of dolls and animated toys. Delicate and strangely lifelike, such toys as "Equilibrist with Ladder," and "The Snake Charmer," plus some 2,000 other musical exhibits represent striking examples of the customs and costumes of the 19th Century. This enchanted world is



*The Loews Hotel with adjacent Conference Center lines the coast before the Monte Carlo Casino.*

set among gardens terraced in bright pink Princess Grace roses.

There's also a wax museum, a natural history museum, with fossils excavated in Monaco (no, there are no skeletal remains of "Ancient Cro-Monacan Man Clutching Chip"), and the Prince's pet project: a zoo. "My husband personally raised many of our lion cubs here in the Palace," the Princess comments. "I told him this would be fine if he and the children cared for the animals but, of course," she grimaces, "you know who did the cleaning up."

In the free music school established by Prince Rainier, any Monégasque may learn how to sing or play a musical instrument. With envy I watch youngsters practice scales with none other than Philippe Bender, the gifted flautist

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## Monaco

Continued from page 39

who won the Dimitri Mitropoulos Prize in 1970 and became assistant conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under Leonard Bernstein. Most of the teachers in the school, Bender says, are soloists with the Monte Carlo Orchestra. He smiles. "The Princess is to be admired for her, ah, tolerance," he says. "Children who elect to learn pipe organ practice daily on the one in the Palace."

Monaco has many exquisite cathedrals. The Royal family worships at St. Nicholas, near the Palace. Down by the water, the Church of St. Devote annually burns a boat in its courtyard to commemorate the arrival of Devote, Monaco's patron saint. Princess Grace has the honor of igniting the boat, from which a white dove flies signifying the freeing of Devote's soul. Monégasques say Devote insures Monaco's bounty of stockfish, the national dish.

Perhaps it is poetic justice; the smallest country in the world makes an \$8-million business out of processing the world's smallest fish—the anchovy. La Monégasque factory is the world's largest supplier of anchovies and anchovy paste. Every day 400 white-kerchiefed ladies from Italy fillet the fish by hand and weave them into 120,000 tins. *Holiday* readers are invited to tour the plant with its director, Serge Bonifiglioli who, if you're lucky, may pry open a salt-encrusted barrel from Calabria to offer you the Champagne of anchovies. Salvador Dali claims these fish are the fuel that feeds his imagination.

Across the street from La Monégasque are Biotherm Laboratories, a division of L'Oreal that manufactures the world's most expensive—and esoteric—emollients. I tour the immaculate seven-story plant with its director, Monsieur Marisol. The setting is straight out of James Bond. Men in blue uniforms scurry across white tile floors and among stainless-steel vats. Opera plays in the background. The ingredients of the face creams are shrouded in secrecy—coded from the time they enter the factory as raw ingredients to the time they leave as "suntan oil" and "wrinkle resistors." Resident chemists are not allowed to speak to me. "You see that woman," Monsieur Marisol points to a girl on the assembly line. How old do you think she is?"

"Twenty," I answer.

"Wrong!" says Marisol. She is 53—but she uses Biotherm!" He gives

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me samples. I've used the wrinkle cream and I must say, since using it I haven't aged a day.

It is time to sample Monaco's night-life. I enter SBM's world famous Casino with Giles Bingley, a very British auditor whom I meet at supper. (Monégasque maître d's romantically seat singles near one another.) Upon entering the Casino, I show my special Guest Pass, which exempts Giles and me from the \$10 entrance fee. The guard waves us in and signals for Pierre Cattalano, the dapper, white-haired director, who comes rushing over and invites us to drinks at the bar.

To get there we must pass through an opulent, crystal-chandeliered room where well-dressed patrons quietly lose \$5 chips; then through an even more lavish room where better dressed patrons genteely lose \$10 chips; finally through the ultra-formal *Salon Privé* (Private) where women in haute couture and frozen faces watch men who lose \$100 chips. It is all ominously quiet.

"Would you like to see the pièce de résistance?" Monsieur Cattalano offers, throwing open the mirrored gold doors to the sacrosanct chamber for *chemin de fer*. The smell of Big Money is almost tangible. "Feel the walls," says the director. We do and find they are made of the richest buttercream leather.

Over his *pamplemousse* (grapefruit juice), Monsieur Cattalano shows us photos of himself with lush film stars in Beirut, Germany, Florida—places he's launched "Monaco Night" galas to promote tourism.

"Mediterraneans love to live," he rolls his eyes. "I never gamble or drink. I make love."

After drinks, Giles and I leave for Loews' Casino, which is filled with the good-natured noise of our American and English countrymen. Here one can buy \$2.50 chips and make an evening's career of craps. I roll the dice. They come up eleven and everybody cheers. I understand nothing but I'm happy.

My favorite blackjack dealer strolls over on his break. I interviewed him earlier in the day and learned that since Loews' American gambling games were unknown to SBM, they packed all the croupiers off to school in Las Vegas. After ten weeks the men returned to Monaco slick-fingered and even slicker-tongued. My blackjack dealer could count up to blackjack in French and English faster than I could count on my fingers.

"How was your table tonight?" I ask him.

"In 40 minutes I take in \$10,000," he says. With ten blackjack tables, ten roulette, craps, and countless one-armed bandits, one can only imagine a night's take.

There is much to do in Monaco.

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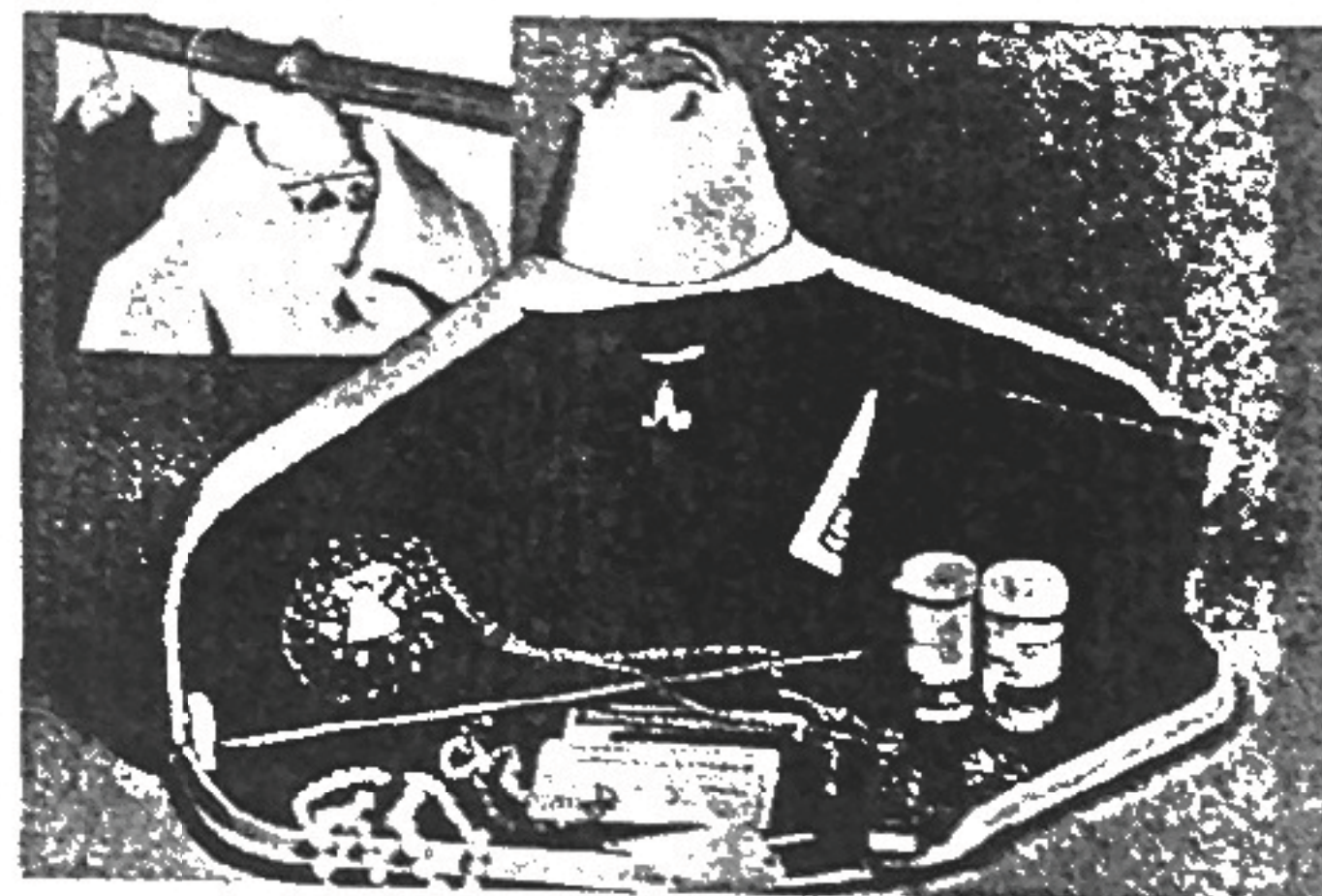
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when I'm a spectator of the Monégasque lifestyle. European women wear skirts, boots, and heavy knit sweaters with raglan sleeves. The men wear Jesus-brand jeans (an International item of conversation) and James Dean-type motorcycle jackets. As couples walk together, the women hang onto their men's arms like the bougainvillea that clings to the cliffs of Monaco. The men's eyes roam, look into your eyes very hard. If you look back, the men tell you you're beautiful. It can be a very short time between a look and a kiss in Europe. Sunglasses are advisable for the shy.

It is said in Monaco that Monégasques are either croupiers or company presidents. (Citizens are not allowed to gamble.) Being a company president is

simple. The owner of an apartment in Monaco claims to live in it only during his vacation. The rest of the year he rents out the address to a *Société Anonyme*. The Monaco telephone directory lists hundreds of such anonymous—or fictitious—companies, established by corporations all over the world that wish to avoid paying taxes on excess profits. One only needs a Monégasque address and a letterhead to be a company president. Most seem to be paid under \$1,000 per year.

The principality benefits from this arrangement by collecting big registration fees, and by hosting conventions when corporate executives do come to town. And France allows the "deception" because she collects customs tax on anyone traipsing through en route to Monaco.

But what of the other side of Monaco, the elegant, villa-infested, jet-set side that tourists never get to see? Like the Mediterranean which looks pristinely healthy—but, in fact, harbors pollution so bad that fishing boats can't cast nets till they're a half mile from shore—Monaco society is an endangered species.

At Le Grille, the elegant eighth-floor restaurant atop the Hotel de Paris, I dine with a prominent member of Monaco society. He finishes a mouthful of strawberry soufflé, nods toward the women diners whose jewels dazzle like the stars we see through the skylight, and hunches his shoulders in the classic French shrug.

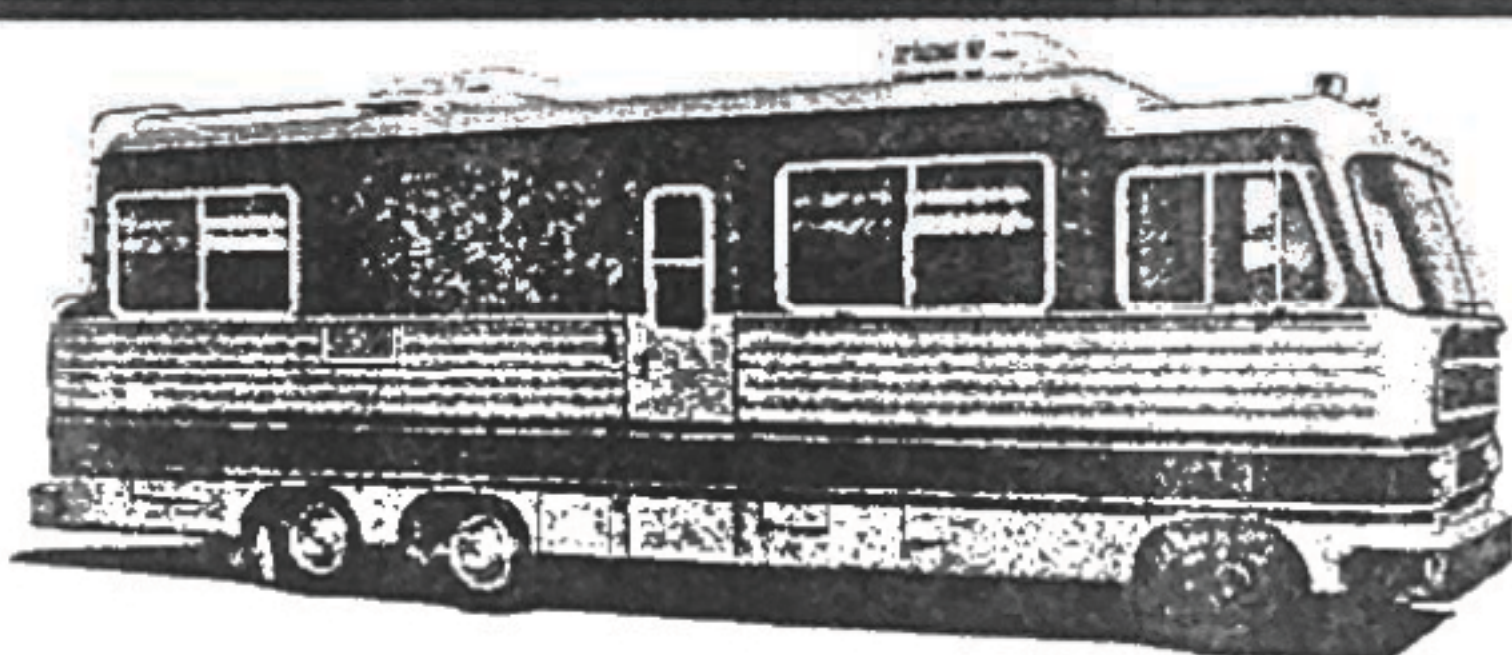
"It is perhaps ten years until this way of life is gone," he sadly predicts. "Here you dine among Arab sheiks, South American mine owners, International businessmen—the most influentially wealthy people in the world. Down there"—his fork indicates the harbor—"are the yachts of Niarchos, Revson, Elizabeth Taylor. Monaco would never think to tax these people. When she needs money she builds another hotel, another skyscraper, and vulgarizes her landscape."

The scene below us, a carnival on that beautiful blue harbor, is a curious pastiche of honkytonk and cordon bleu. I'd walked it earlier in the day. A combination horror show-spaceship ride bears the name "*Spuk'im Spesart*." Others are the "Sun Valley" and the "Buffalo Bill." Vendors hawk Brooklyn-brand chewing gum, and bees crawl over sticky jelly apples.

Still, the locally made snacks savor of haute cuisine: you can buy meltingly delicious Grand Marnier crepes for 40¢, hero sandwiches made out of exquisite Genoa ham on French bread, or caramelized almonds still smoking from their charcoal braziers.

The carnival is jammed with people for tonight. We watch red and white fireworks burst over the water in a dis-

## Recreational Vehicle Buyers Guide



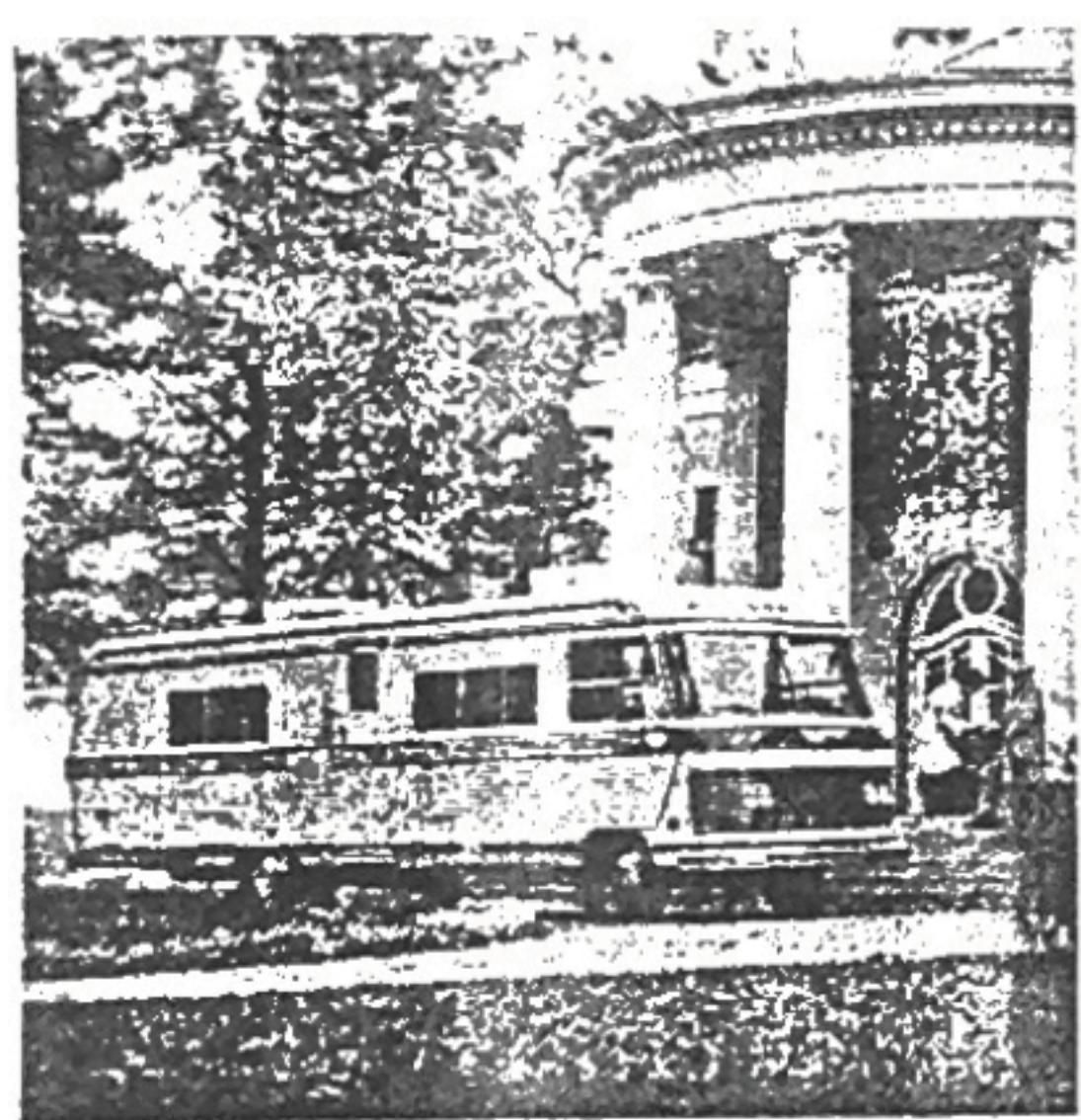
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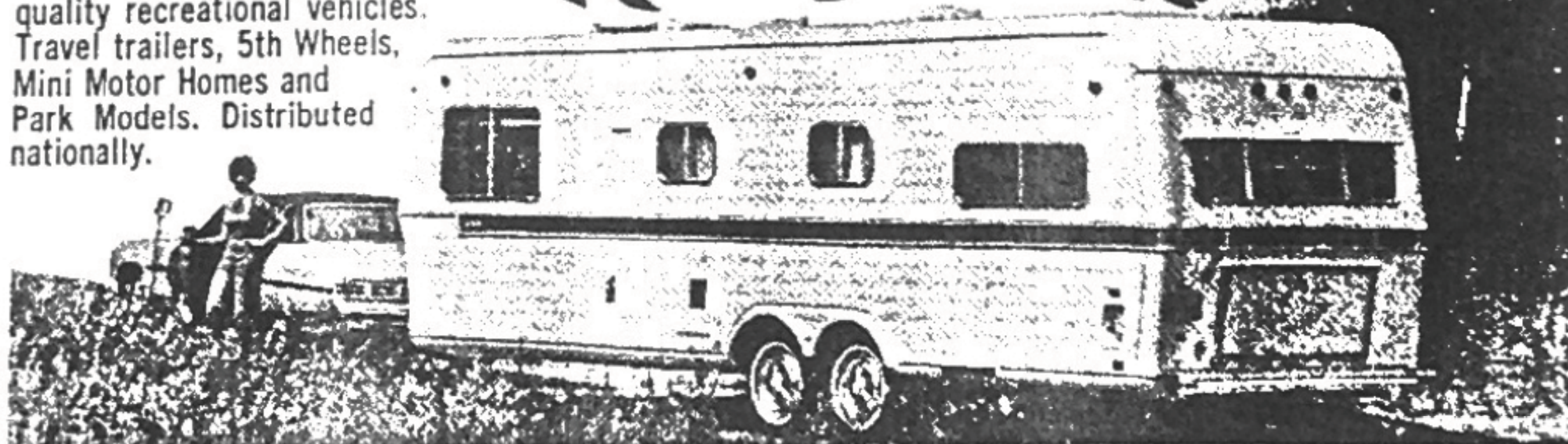
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play that marks the official beginning of the Fête National. In the restaurant, my friend and I are on the same level as the brilliant spectacle. We hear the boom of the cannons. The soufflé, the Champagne, the sparkling lights go to my head. Monaco is aglitter—it is magic.

"How do the rich live?" I ask. "What goes on behind those villas?"

He laughs. "I tell you," he says. "Last summer the Princess gave a gala at The Sporting Club; it's on a peninsula in the sea. Seven hundred people danced among the marble fountains and banana palms. Colored lights played on the water. There were millions of dollars of jewels in that room and only one police-

man to be seen: the chief of police was dancing in white tie and tails." I told him I was amazed at the lack of protection for these valuables.

"Come with me," he said. He took me up on the roof. There I saw a veritable army of police with submachine guns trained down on the dance floor. Overhead, two police helicopters hovered. In the sea, patrol boats motored back and forth. In the bushes near the two entrances to the party, there were camouflaged tanks. Four hundred police guarded those 700 dancing people, and you couldn't see any of them.

"And I'll tell you something else." He touched my arm. "When I take you

to a party at my friend's villa tonight, you must not get romantic with me on the elevator. It has eyes, or, more specifically, a TV camera. So do all the rooms in the villa. Even your best friends would steal from you. Your property, your life, they're always in danger.

"Oh," he said sighing over another mouthful of soufflé, "it takes such courage to be rich!"

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*Joyce Winslow, journalist and award-winning fiction writer, is currently working on a collection of short stories about Manhattan's Lower East Side to be published this spring. When she has writer's cramp, she does cordon bleu cooking and Kung Fu.*

## Holiday Guide: Monaco

### AIR SERVICE

**Direct Flights:** Air France through-service from New York to Nice via Paris. TWA through-service from New York to Nice via Geneva (Nice Airport bus charge for the 13-mile ride to Monte Carlo is \$4.00; by taxi \$16.00).

**Connections:** Flights to Paris on Air France from Chicago, Houston and Los Angeles, or on TWA from Boston, Washington D.C., Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles, connecting with Paris, Nice flights on Air France, Air Inter, or UTA.

**EXCHANGE RATE:** 5 French francs = \$1.00 (12/76).

### TIPPING

**Porters:** 2 francs per bag.

**Taxidrivers:** 10-12% of the meter price.

**Restaurants:** Service charge included, but you may add 5-10% to reward good service.

### HOTELS

**Chain:** Loews Monte-Carlo, Holiday Inn.

**Local:** Deluxe—L'Hermitage, Hotel de Paris, Hotel Metropole. First Class—Balmoral, Bristol.

**Double room:** \$30-\$65.

### DON'T FORGET

Valid passport for France (no formalities required to cross between France and Monaco); tap water safe; there's no airport tax; book early if you want to take in the Monaco Grand Prix on May 22, 1977.

### FOR MORE INFORMATION

Monaco Government

Tourist Office

115 E. 64th St.  
New York, NY 10021

35 E. Wacker Drive  
Chicago, IL 60601