



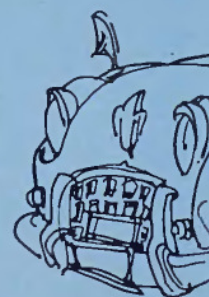
Silverstein

WOLFGANG

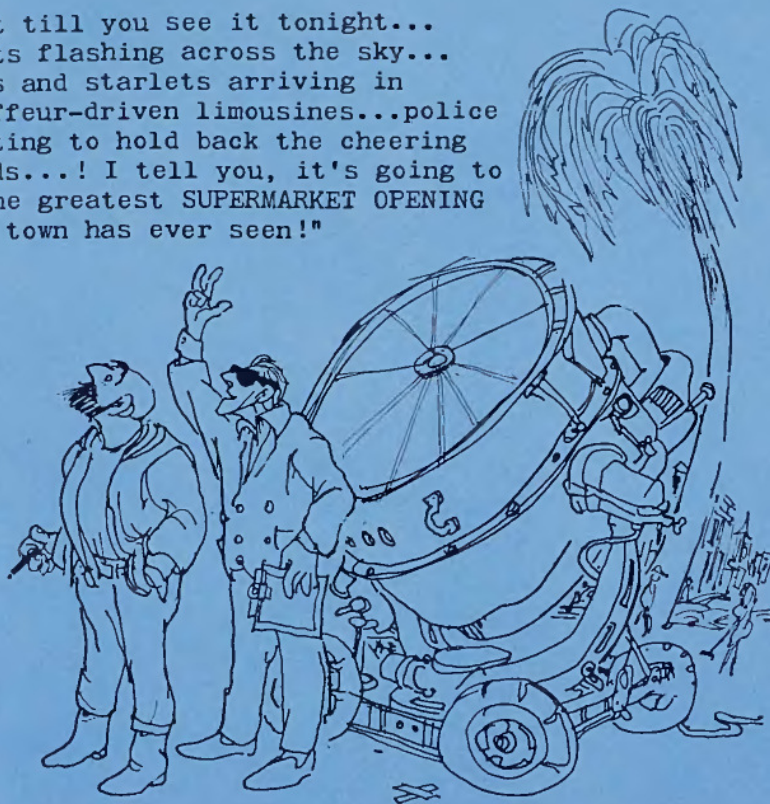
playboy's roving cartoonist laureate sets his sights on the exotic fauna flourishing in and about tinseltown

FOR MORE than a decade now, PLAYBOY's bewhiskered cartoonist, Shel Silverstein, has risibly illuminated for us many of the nation's odd corners, including Fire Island and Greenwich Village; he has toured the Middle East, the Far East and Africa, gone bird watching in London and embarked on his own mission to Moscow. Yet his star had never led him to Hollywood—an omission that is rectified herewith, as Shel dispels the golden haze and peeks under assorted halos to portray the producer-hunting starlets, the status-hunting executives, the goggle-eyed tourists, the fast-talking guides and the fast-moving youth of the world's dream capital. Not even the secrets of such sanctified figures as Mickey Mouse and Goofy escape Shel's quest for truth. "It's all true: It is a town of phonies," says Shel, "lazy, shallow guys, desperate girls and smalltime hustlers—I feel completely happy and at home there!"

"This is it, folks, Hollywood and Vine, the heart of movieland, crossroads of the stars, where at any moment--Hi ya, Frank! That was Frank Sinatra who just drove by in that sports car, folks. Hey, Marlon, baby--how's it goin'?! That was Marlon Brando who just looked out of that window up there. And, if I'm not mistaken, that's the Tony Curtis limousine coming down the street--and who's that riding with Tony? Why, it's Natalie Wood and Rock Hudson and Kim Novak and Cary Grant --and they're heading this way. Oops, too bad--they turned off--yessir, folks, you're really seeing the great ones today...!"



"Wait till you see it tonight... lights flashing across the sky... stars and starlets arriving in chauffeur-driven limousines... police fighting to hold back the cheering crowds...! I tell you, it's going to be the greatest SUPERMARKET OPENING this town has ever seen!"



At Grauman's Chinese Theater, Shel plays arch-tourist, tries to fill Jack Oakie's footprints.

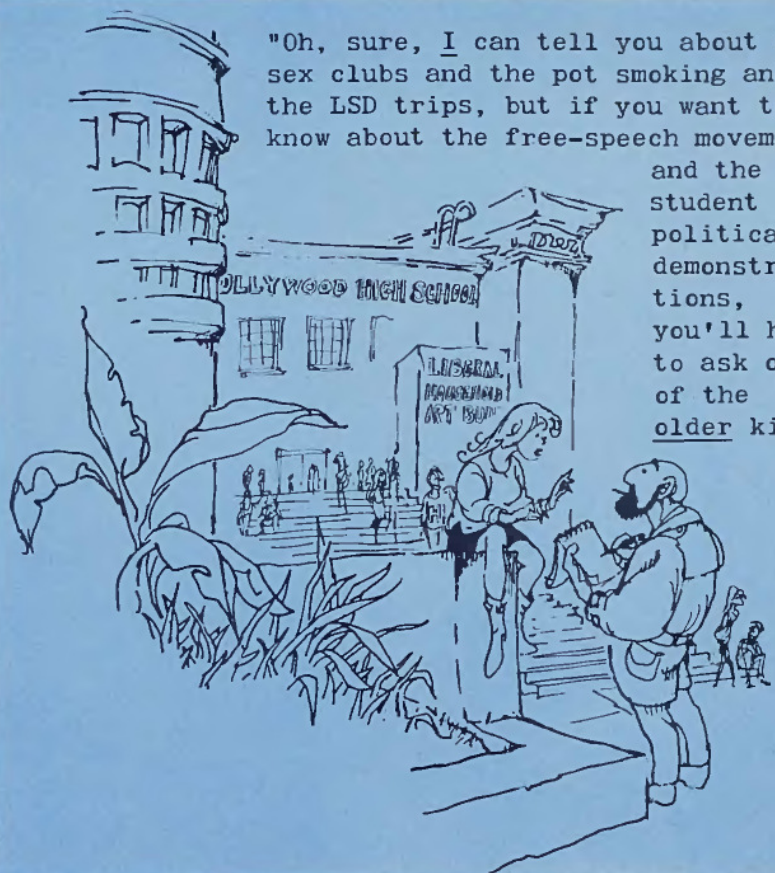
"In Hollywood, it's all a matter of being discovered. I was originally discovered parking cars at Dino's on the Strip--got myself a contract at Paramount. Then I was discovered sitting in the studio commissary--got a small part in a TV Western. Then I was discovered by a major producer--got an important role in a big-budget picture. And finally, I was discovered in a motel with the producer's wife--and that's why I'm back parking cars!"



"Of course I'm going to be a big star!...you noticed me on that crowded dance floor at P.J.'s--that proves I have personal magnetism...you propositioned me--that proves I have sex appeal...I did everything you told me to do--that proves I can take direction...and I convinced you that you're a great lover--that proves I can act!"



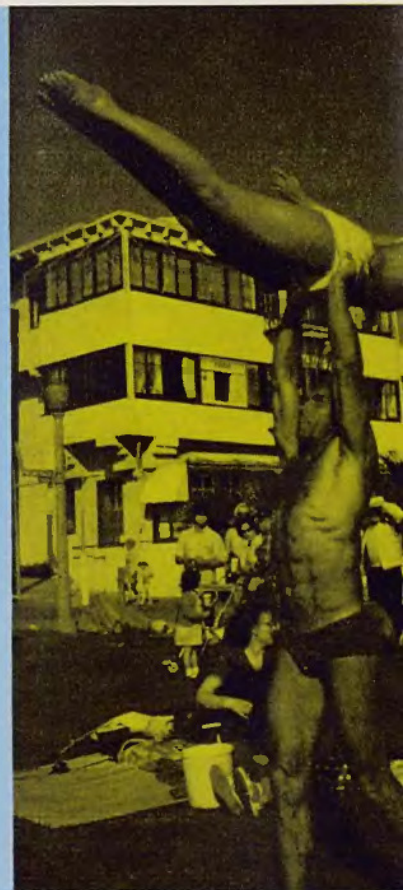
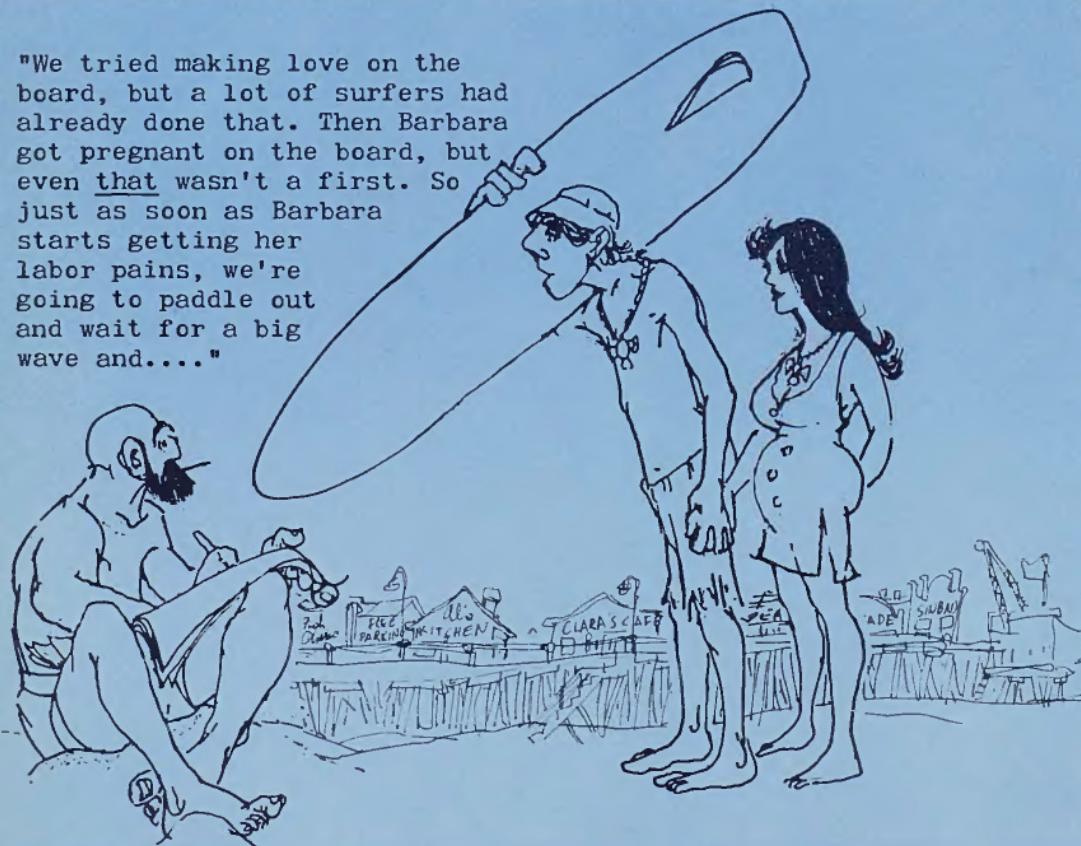
"So my agent asks me if I want to make a TV pilot, and I say, sure... and the next thing I know, I'm in a hotel room with a naked guy in aviator goggles...."



"Oh, sure, I can tell you about the sex clubs and the pot smoking and the LSD trips, but if you want to know about the free-speech movement and the student political demonstrations, you'll have to ask one of the older kids!"

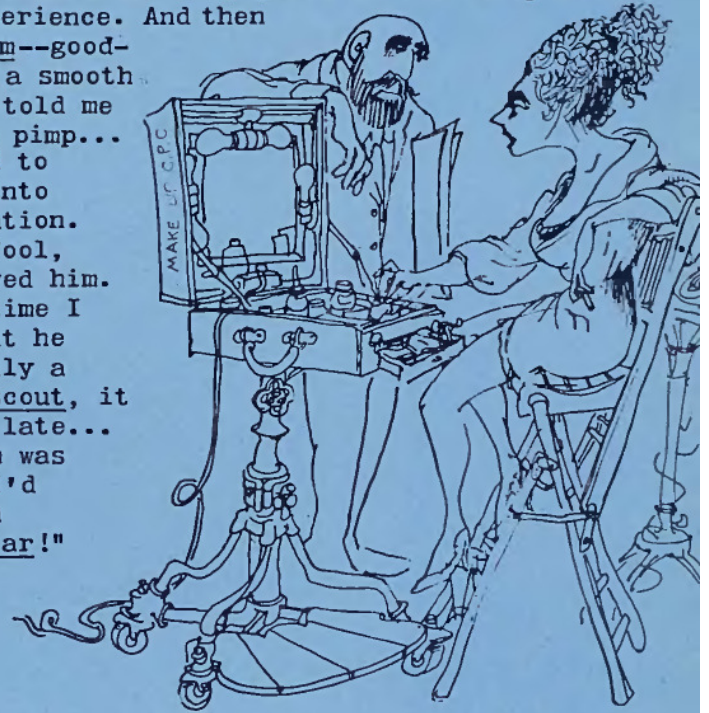
At Muscle Beach, Shel draws the latissimus dorsi but eyes the pectorals.

"We tried making love on the board, but a lot of surfers had already done that. Then Barbara got pregnant on the board, but even that wasn't a first. So just as soon as Barbara starts getting her labor pains, we're going to paddle out and wait for a big wave and...."

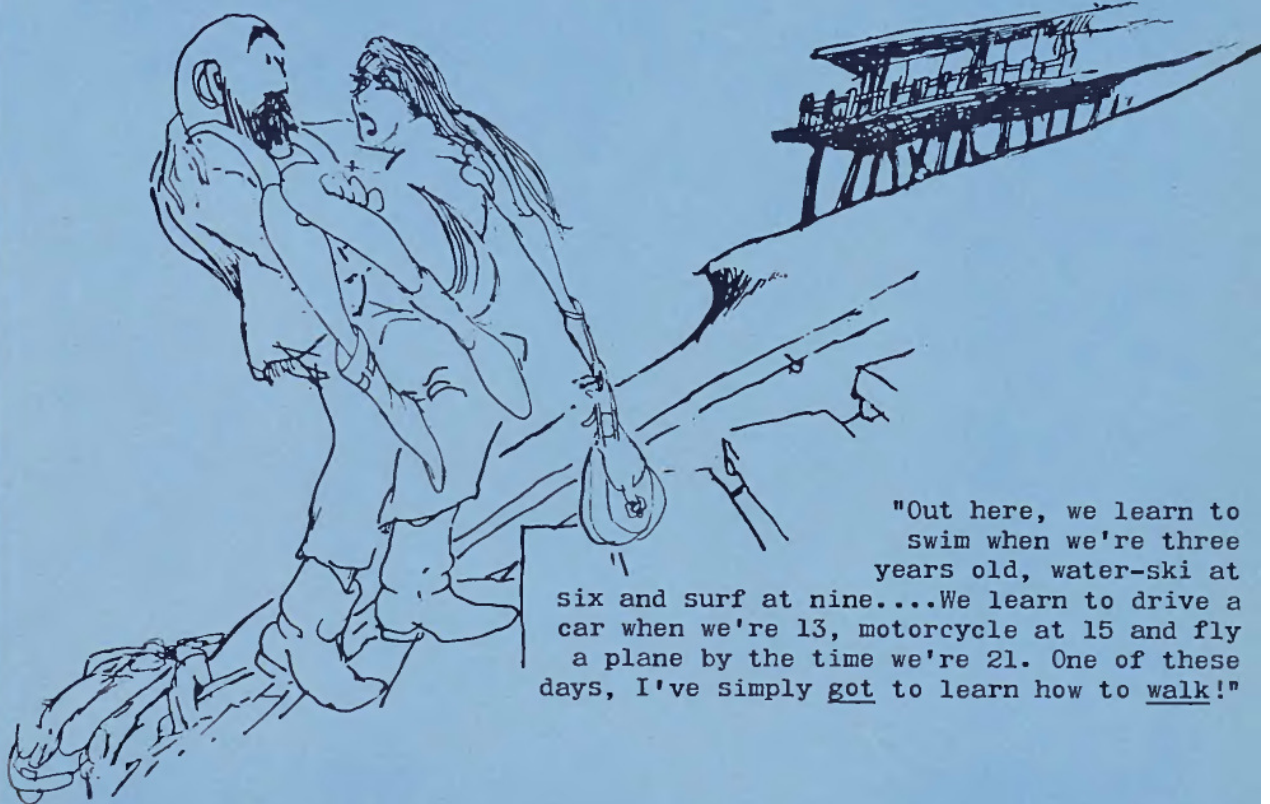




"Mine is a rather unusual story....I really came to Hollywood to become a hooker.... But there were too many girls on the Strip with more experience. And then I met him--good-looking, a smooth talker--told me he was a pimp... promised to get me into prostitution. Like a fool, I believed him. By the time I found out he was really a talent scout, it was too late... my dream was gone...I'd become a movie star!"

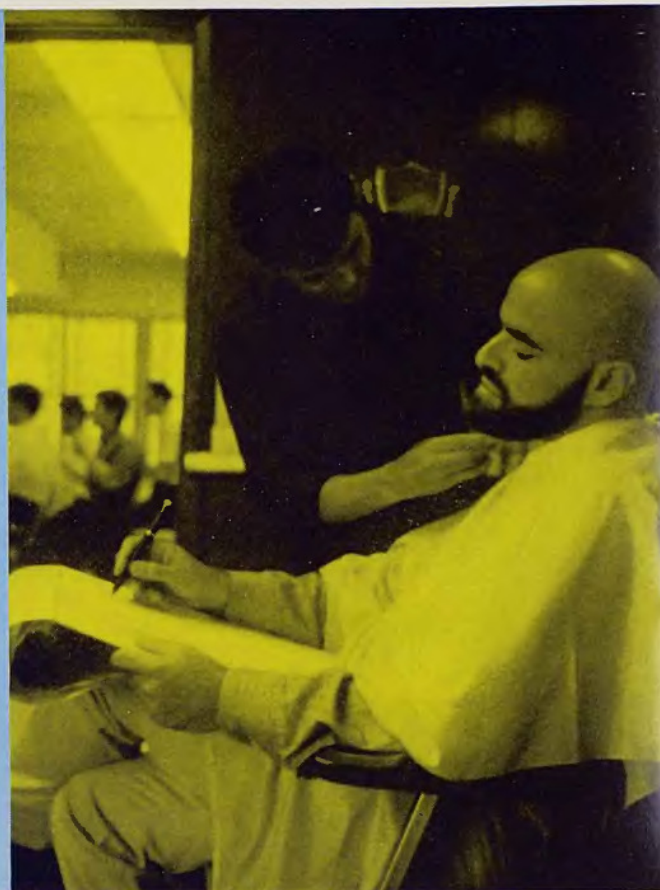


Silverstein can't decide what to order at The Ball, a topless bistro. Shel's appraisal: "The beef Straganoff was just fair."



"Out here, we learn to swim when we're three years old, water-ski at six and surf at nine....We learn to drive a car when we're 13, motorcycle at 15 and fly a plane by the time we're 21. One of these days, I've simply got to learn how to walk!"

"Sure, you hear rumors
about all the homosex-
uals in Hollywood, but
you don't see any
evidence to substantiate
the rumors!"



Faced with a glossy pate, Jay Sebring, tonsorial
artist to the stars, settles for trimming Shel's beard.



"Let's see, you go
straight until you come to
the Disneyland sign, turn
right past Fantasyland,
take a left at Storybook-
land and just the other
side of Adventureland,
there it is--Toiletland!"



"Of course, the size of the pool isn't the important thing--the important thing is having a pool!"



"In the old days, it was simple--you balled the producer and you got the part. Now they have a producer, and a coproducer, and an executive producer and an associate producer. A girl doesn't know who to ball anymore!"

Shel sizes up the pleasure-domed gold mine built by a noted fellow cartoonist, dreams of his own Silversteinland.



"Sure, it's hot wearing these costumes, but the gig is really sort of groovy; I mean, like last week these two crazy-looking chicks start following me around the park and, when it gets close to closing time, one of them says, 'Mickey, baby, how would you like to take a real trip to Fantasyland?' Well, I can see they have eyes to make a scene, so we pick up Bob, here--I mean Goofy--who also grooves with the idea, and the four of us split for the chicks' pad, where we settle back and smoke some Acapulco gold and...."

