



SHOW STREET



Easily the most flamboyant thoroughfare in the brilliant World of Entertainment is the gaudy and slightly naughty Show Street, with its principal places of business dedicated to the sound but probably unscientific proposition that there is nothing like a dame.

Show Street's anatomical offerings vary in size and style if not in subject matter and are unabashedly adult and earthy. The accent in these diversions is clearly on the girls whose manifold charms, it would seem, are no less fascinating in the space age than in the stone age.

Largest and most lavish of the Street's show places is a theater-restaurant wherein seven hundred patrons can feast both eye and appetite at a single sitting. In Gracie Hansen's Paradise International, the bill of fare includes thirty statuesque beauties recruited globally—as befits the World's Fair. They perform elaborate production numbers in a revue suggestively titled "A Night in Paradise."

No less elegant is Show Street's other attraction glorifying the eternal Eve—Backstage USA. And adding the spice of variety to the Street's playbill are divertissements of another sort.

The enchantments of faraway places lure those who must escape the same old routine. In the Japanese Village are the mysteries of the Orient and hot tea. The Hawaiian Pavilion exudes the lingering fragrances and the soft music of the islands. But there are still other attractions.

Among them are a wax museum with fifty-one tableaux representing scenes in history, a risqué puppet theater and, for the irredeemably jaded, a data processing machine that analyzes handwriting.

If the connection between the World of Century 21 and a chorus line seems remote, consider the poet who said "beauty is its own excuse."

