Fortunately, the Dutch royal family was spared the spectacle outside Rome’s Santa Maria Maggiore that looked more like a political rally than a wedding festivity. The crowd sang with Carlists battle cries of “Vivan los reyes!” and students from Spain’s Loyola College, in the heart of Carlist country, sere-naded the pair with guitars, tambou- rines and castanets. Irene’s father-in-law, Prince Xavier de Borbón y Parma, as gaunt and straight-backed as an El Greco grandee, arranged a brief interview with Pope Paul VI, who gave the newlyweds his personal blessing and their first wedding present—a crucifix. No reigning monarchs attended the wedding, but the guests included such host royalty as Austria’s ex-Empress Zita and Portugal’s Duke of Braganza. Emotionally the Roman weekly L’Espresso addressed an open letter to Irene telling her “you are like a lamb caught in a den of tigers.”

Pitty Game. Dutch opinion, though in less perfidious language, essentially agreed that the princess was letting herself be used by the Carlists for their own purpose, however absurd, of gaining the Spanish throne. To a lot of people outside Holland, this petty political game—and the government’s anxious insistence that the Dutch monarchy must stay out of it—did not seem reason enough for Irene’s own parents to boycott the wedding. But under the Dutch constitution the government is held responsible for the monarchy’s actions. Besides, Holland maintains a sometimes precarious balance between its Protestant and Catholic citizens, as was thus bound to take the issue seriously.

The Dutch were upset by the entire tragedy of errors, from their be-lated discovery that Irene had been converted to Roman Catholicism and become engaged, to the Queen’s radio announcement that the engagement had been broken, which then had to be retracted, down to the arrival in The Netherlands of the flamboyant Bourbon-Parma’s with their preposterous

* In 1833, Spain’s King Ferdinand VII, dying without a male heir, named his daughter Isabel as monarch of Spain. His younger brother Carlos opposed this decision, and his support- ers fought two civil wars in a futile effort to put a Carlist king on the throne. The feud still continues among Spanish monarchists, with Carlists backing Irene’s husband, and anti- Carlists the far more likely pretender Don Juan, a descendant of Isabella.

IRENE & PRINCE AT WEDDING

A lamb in the tigers’ den?

when the Queen had no idea what Irene was doing.”

Juliana herself is a somewhat un-certain and muddled Queen, always late for appointments because she gets too involved in whatever she is doing. In the 1950s, she fell under the influence of a faith healer named Greit Hofmans. Juliana had long felt a personal guilt for the near blindness of her youngest daughter, Christina, an affliction prob- ably caused by an attack of measles during the Queen’s pregnancy. Hofmans claimed she could cure Christina, and Juliana soon depended on her for spiritual and political advice as well. It was Prince Bernhard who got rid of the faith healer. While Dutch papers re- mained loyally silent, Bernhard leaked the story to the foreign press, and the resulting uproar brought the Queen and government into direct conflict. As a result, Greit Hofmans moved out of the palace and now lives in an old-fashioned wooden trailer on the estate of a Dutch banker.

representative abroad, but he also vides the authority and humor Queen lacks. In the case of Irene backed the view of the Queen the government that, given the existent political complications, the wedding must take place without official sanction.

With the embattled wedding over and Irene formally ruled out the line of succession by Parli-ament attention turned to Beatrix, who is already surer of herself than Jul ever was. Particularly close to her, "Trix" shares her spontaneous joymote of life. Once, when christen- ing a new ship, she drenched the assembled dignitaries with champagne, and laughter at the sight was heard through- out the country on TV. Her only parent major problem is getting a rid. The government would dearly to break the habit of finding royal costs among the Protestant Ger- manocracy. But suitable Protest- princes, German or otherwise, are hard to find nowadays. The remaining daugh- ter, pretty, 21-year-old Princess M griet, shares her mother’s stoutness, her hairdos have a lamentable tend- ence to come down over her ears.

Rinse & Set. While Irene and her husband were honeymooning in Ita- Julliana received the good wishes of people on her 55th birthday. Wear- glasses and with a new hair rinse set, she drove along the road in front of the palace in a Chevrolet convert that so the crowds could get a best look. Later, on TV, she told the nation a little unconvincingly that her roles, Queen and mother had never clashed in the matter of Irene’s wedding. She thanked her subjects for the “love you have shown our daughter Irene, who we love so much. Difficulties often make us realize how much we love someone, and we know that you hope with us that our daughter will find true happiness.

WEST GERMANY

Brünchilde Reshoped

Though less celebrated than the eco- nomic miracle, or Wirtschaftswunder, another happy postwar transformation has overtaken West Germany. It might be called the Fräuleinwunder. In place of the pigtailed, fat-at-elbow girl who used to be the popular image Teutonic womanhood, a new generation of luscious, leggy girls has grown up to the delight of girl watchers everywhere.
To mention the tens of thousands of GIs who have married Mädchen, Germany's three biggest fashion shows, concluded, not only displayed the ready-to-wear clothes that have put chic into German life; they also an eye-popping showcase for girls themselves. Since more than 40,000 models are needed for each of the shows in Munich, Berlin and Düsseldorf, more than half of them are recruited from offices, universities, café—and it is becoming more and difficult to tell the amateur beauties from the pros.

And out from Hamburger. Modeling is in which German girls are in demand around the world. Bavaria's Ina Balke and Translator Dagmar Dreger are among the nation's highest-paid models. German notions are in equally great demand in Paris; most of them came to Originally as domestics, in one of the most noted, Briell, is the daughter of a wealthy businessman.

The situation is similar in the movies. Rome's Cinéètique to Hollywood, Germany's Nazi and Anglo-Saxon actors are being challenged by such telenovelas as Komi Schneider, Elke, Nadja Tiller and Senta Berger. Fishers rebounded from Liz the help of a Hamburger—pert, Renata Böck. Tony Curtis left Leigh for dark, Munich-born Kaufmann.

Top German women athletes—them, Olympic Figure Skating Champion Marika Kilius and Sprinter Jutta Heine—look more like starlets than muscle-maids. At the Lido in Paris, where the famed Bluebell girls were once mostly English imports, one-fifth of the dancers are now German. Las Vegas talent scouts are also turning to Germany. Pan American Airways, which recruits 150 foreign stewardesses yearly, now finds a sizable percentage of them in West Germany. The Germans even boast two of Europe's prettiest politicians, Bundestag Deputies Hedda Heuser and Annemarie Renger.

The Arman Look. The postwar German girl seems to come from another world than the one her mother inhabited and in effect, they have. German women have always had considerable natural assets—among others, the advantage of being, despite Hitler's theories, a mixture of many different racial strains. But the assets tended to be hidden in one way or another. Romantic German poets sung the love of their women to the point of distraction, but their heroines usually sounded remote and untouched. Faust's demure Gretchen was touchable, all right—but he left her to go cowering in the Devil's company with Helen of Troy.

German womanhood moved from romanticism and prudery straight into the miseries of World War I and the inflationary postwar years, when the country was too poor and too hungry to do much about cultivating beauty, when few German women could afford to dress well or to eat nonstarchy foods. Occasionally, beauty of a fascinating and slightly wicked kind did grow from the ruins, personified by that incomparable charmer, Marlene Dietrich. But then came the Nazis, who insisted that women's role was to keep house and bear children for the Third Reich. Proclaimed Gertrud Scholtz-Klink, head of all Nazi women's organizations: "Our weapon is the cooking spoon."

Though even blondes bleached their hair for the super-Aryan look, the Nazis frowned on such womanly weapons as alluring clothes and makeup. As a result, women who were accused with the wrong, that cotton undershirts and cotton slips were the proper attire for the descendants of breast-plated Valkyries. Their functional ideal was personified by Hitler's dark-blonde mistress, Eva Braun, and like her, it died with Hitler.

Generation of Models. But the country's extraordinary postwar recovery reawakened the German girl. Says Marlies Hessel, a former Miss Germany: "Very few girls seem to grow up to be ugly any more. Ugliness is something that is bred by adversity. Perhaps beauty is flowering now because we have weathered something very close to hell."

In a nation where women outnumber men by 3,000,000, German girls today have to compete to catch male eyes. They can afford to, since more than 90% of all the nation's women between the ages of 20 and 40 have jobs—a proportion unequaled in Western Europe. Guided by countless women's magazines and a keenly competitive, cosmopolitan fashion industry, they spend a hefty proportion of their earnings on hairdos, makeup and clothes. For the first time, German couturiers—notably Willy Bogner, Bessy Becker, Heinz Queisser—have established worldwide reputations.

As the girls' svelte, springy figures attest, they watch their diets, eat healthier food, and probably take more exercise than any other women in the world. Louella Ballerino, a swimsuit designer for California's Rose Marie Reid, finds that German girls today tend to be skinner of hip than young Americans and Italian. This "generation of fashion models," as one approving editor calls it, averages 5 ft. 6 in. in the 14-25 age bracket, one inch taller than other European girls, and it boasts unbeatable vital statistics (35-24-35).

Beautification. Nor is the change in skin—or even bikini—deep. Says Chief Editor F. W. Koebner of Die Dame Welt, Germany's leading fashion and society magazine: "The breakup and reorganization of German society..."
has given the individual German girl the material and psychological means to become beautiful." She has rejected her parents' ideals and escaped the self-sufficient authoritativeness that used to be family life in Germany. By contrast with her insular parents, she is worldly, well-traveled, avid for the fads and fashions of other nations. She has a new sense of identity and self-confidence, and she has undergone a startling social emancipation.

On the whole, German men seem to be spoiled and not appreciative enough of the feminine bounty all around them. Writers and poets are busier decriing the dangers of prosperity than extolling the beauty of their women, and politicians, beginning with Chancellor Ludwig Erhard and Opposition Leader Willy Brandt, are much too stuffy to allow themselves to comment publicly on such matters. But the Fräuleinwunder is there for all to see with delight. George McGhee, 52, the Texas oilman who has been U.S. Ambassador to Bonn for the past year, says carefully: "Of course, I am a married man. But even by Texas standards I don't see how any American can fail to observe and be impressed at the charm, wit and distinction of German women."

Socialists Without an Issue

Beaten in every national election since the founding of the federal republic, West Germany's Social Democrats find themselves boxed in again as the 1965 contest approaches. Their trouble is that, given unprecedented domestic prosperity at home and basic national agreement on foreign affairs, they simply have no issue. Essentially, the Socialists are reduced to arguing that they could run West Germany's booming capitalistic economy better than the Christian Democrats who built it, and that anyway the C.D.U. has been in power too long.

Last week these arguments were again put to the test as the southwest state of Baden-Württemberg held elections for the local legislature, the most important trial test before next year's big race.

Grabbing snacks in his Mercedes as he raced from smoky Stuttgart to the picturesque towns of the Swabian countryside, Socialist Leader Willy Brandt minimized partisan criticism, stressed "common tasks of the future." Typical punch line: "For each rocket that is fired into space, there should be one against heart attacks."

Most of the rest of the story simply did not work well for West Berlin's Mayor Brandt, a political lightweight whose popularity is concentrated in his own city. Chancellor Ludwig Erhard kept himself and his C.D.U. lofty above party battles. "Ach ja," he deadpanned at the end of one speech, "I almost forgot, you see, an election has soon." Erhard accurately counted on his immense popularity as architect of Germany's economic miracle. "Shall I tell you what I have achieved?"

asked complacently. "I wouldn't think of it. There is no one who doesn't know me. Deeds speak louder than words."

Voters seemed to agree. The Christian Democrats surprised even themselves, increased their share of the votes from 39.5 to 46.2 of the total. The Socialists barely held their own, did noticeably badly in cities, where their main strength supposedly lies, and with new voters. Practically wiped out in the same election: the right-wing All-German Party, which had based its strength on discontented refugees from the East; now integrated into the West German economy, they are discontented no longer, and they massively joined the ranks of the C.D.U. Said a troubled Willy Brandt: "We shall now have to double our efforts for 1965."