

Eva, the Serious Gabor Girl, Wants No Exciting Publicity

By Sheila Graham

HOLLYWOOD.

This is about Eva Gabor, the youngest, the richest, and some say the prettiest of the sisters. And without any question, Eva is the most serious actress.

She recently completed "The Last Time I Saw Paris," her first major picture for a major studio—Metro. And while I was lunching with her in the commissary, the producer, Jack Cummings, whispered in her ear, "Dore Schary saw the rushes last night and he likes you. He thinks you look beautiful."

"I don't care about the puss," said Eva, "how about the acting?"

"Oh," she sighed as he reassured her, "I'm so excited, I could die! I love character parts," she continued, "without makeup best of all. I don't care if I'm in a sack."

She's Kidding

Don't believe a word of the sack business. Like all of the Gabors, she has dozens of dresses to match the genuine diamonds from the men in her life and the pretty costume jewelry sold by her mother.

Eva then went on to point out that this is her fourth picture in a year. "I play a European girl—a divine part—she's had five husbands. You'll love her."

"I work hard," she added. "And I don't believe in flamboyant publicity for a girl who's a serious actress, and who's established in New York in television and plays." Eva appeared for 18 months on Broadway in "The Happy Time," and recently wound up a nightly two-year TV and radio disc jockey stint for ABC.

"But I couldn't take the life. It's the hardest thing to be an interviewer."

"Are you and Zsa Zsa on speaking terms?" I asked, remembering Eva's anguish during the period in Las Vegas when her sister wore an eye

patch and harvested publicity linking her with Porfirio Rubirosa while the three Gabor sisters were together in a night-club act.

"Of course," she replied without batting a beautiful eyelash. But you can take it from me that the three Gabor girls will never do a night-club act together again. They might appear on television again together, but that's as far as Eva will go.

She's Quiet Type

"I don't like sensationalism," she told me. "I try to behave. I care a great deal what people say about me."

Eva has been married twice. She never talks about the first husband. He was a masseur, a good one, and some of my friends here remember that when he came to their homes to massage them a mousy, quiet girl in sloppy slacks—Eva—would be sitting in the car waiting for her husband to finish and go home. That was about 15 years ago.

The diamonds and the money for the swank apartment house on Fifth Avenue in New York, were provided by her last husband, millionaire real estate man Charlie Isaacs, who died a few years after they divorced. Said Eva: "I have 10 apartments and very chic tenants." I'm told Charlie left Eva the bulk of his fortune.

"Another marriage? I have no time to look and when they look, they catch me, I'm always on the run."

"But I probably will marry again," Eve said. She worries about a lonely old age. But she doesn't want to lose her identity.

"I can't expect a man to put up with me and my career. So instead I give parties. I give so many parties in New York. Marlene Dietrich told me, 'You must be very sure of yourself to invite so many beautiful women.'"

Sardonic George

There was a news story that Eve was consoling Zsa Zsa's ex-husband, George Sanders. "But I've had no dates with him," said Eva. "I saw him in the commissary here when I came to work, and he came over and gave me a kiss. It never occurred to me to go out with him. Why date a brother-in-law?" She hasn't forgiven him for his classic crack after he read the reviews on the Gabors' night-club act. "It's the first time," said George, "that three hens ever laid a single egg."

Eva assured me she isn't jealous of the acting activities of her two sisters. "If I were jealous of all the other actresses in the world," she said, "I'd die." She confirmed that Zsa Zsa is planning a Western TV series, "Zsa Zsa, the Kid." While Magda, the oldest Gabor girl, is trying out a new play in the East, "Pajama Top."

"So many actresses in the family. I think it's wonderful," fibbed Miss Eva.

I asked Eva what she thought about Porfirio Rubirosa. But this is one Gabor who can keep her lip buttoned. "I never think about him," she said.

One thing is sure—no one will ever know what really goes on in this Gabor's brain. She thinks before she speaks.

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