

# At Playboy Mansion West: 'Have

A Commentary 42313

By Nicholas von Hoffman

BEVERLY HILLS, Calif.—Hugh Hefner, master of the hutch, was in the foyer of his stone Tudor mansion, greeting his guests. The house, a work of superb craftsmanship and dubious architectural taste, was originally built by some other millionaire, but it now does service as Playboy Mansion West. Hefner, clad in an orange terrycloth jumpsuit with a bunny decal on the chest, was showing the arriving people a Valentine's Day card he'd just received from Linda Lovelace, the actress who gave such a singular performance in "Deep Throat."

Lovelace's dog, Rufus, also had sent the Henry Luce of this era a card, thus prompting several of the guests to speculate on whether the coming thing in sex fads would be bestiality or child molestation. It wasn't a seminar on "Last Tango" but the Ali-Bugner fight that had fetched the 80 or so guests and taxed the capacities of Hefner's walkie-talkie equipped security men.

They, with their television scanners, man the gates and make this fountained and perfumed estate slightly less accessible than the White House. If an honest-to-god boxing fan had been able to breach security and race through the gardens and the tennis courts he would have been in the company of a number of male movie stars gathered to watch the fight—piped in on a special line from Las Vegas and displayed in color on a large screen.

A few of the men, like Lloyd Bridges, came with their wives and left early after eating a buffet of roast beef

and chicken paella served by a corps of young men in dark blazers. They keep the bar and kitchen open 24 hours a day and whatever they think when they bring you a drink at the pool where you're skinny-dipping they don't say.

The ratio of girls, and they are girls, to men was about three to one. Almost all of them were there for their looks, and when a woman who did have some other claim to fame would come into the field of conversational vision, you could hear remarks like, "That bitch, she's divorcing her husband and naming three men as correspondents."

Most of the men couldn't stay still. They formed a ceaseless circulation through the living room where Hefner and his retainers stayed playing backgammon, into the study where this year's Scandinavian beauty

# You Been to the Jacuzzi?'

Poster

was also playing backgammon, and then back to the great foyer, and into the dining room. Always they were moving on from one girl to another as each female across the room looked better than the one they had.

The girls would try to trap them. They'd come up and say, "Have you been to the Jacuzzi? Oh, you don't know what the Jacuzzi is?" Four of them, two airline stewardess and two of no fixed organizational relationship, came up to a young star of stage, screen and couch and announced that, if he'd let them, they'd like to lead him off and rape him.

He said he was willing to be assaulted, so they took him off along the night-lit stone path away from the mansion to the game house where you have a choice of the red bedroom or the blue bedroom. As they pulled him along one of them said, "Oh, he won't really let us

do it," to which her buddy answered, "Well, I don't really want to participate. I just want to watch."

"That is a form of participation," someone told her. "I never thought of it that way before," she replied.

If the acting out of the American male masturbatory fantasy was more literal than even Steinem can conceive, the girls, for whatever reasons—money, celebrity or career—put on the face of enjoying it. One girl *did* get drunk enough to let a different emotion show. She sat on the steps of the master staircase and said, "I don't want to go to bed with anybody. I just want to be hugged, nicely hugged," and then she paused in pensive emotion, and looked up to say, "The only thing anybody says to me around here is, 'Boy, what big tits you have.'"

But mostly the girls seemed to say nothing or "Come to the Jacuzzi."

Adjacent to the Jacuzzi is a building containing a row of disrobing compartments with piles of towels, soaps and scents. There are showers without curtains but with plate glass windows.

There you get undressed so you can go over to the Jacuzzi, the stone-vaulted baths where everybody swims nude under the waterfall or in a series of interconnected bubbling pools each kept at a different temperature. The lights are low and there is music, a better than average place to plunge into participatory journalism.

So there we floated and talked about the end of the nuclear family, the difficulties of monogamy, the liberating aspect of sex and other glib conclusions that a wise man would regard with some scepticism, but I can't give more precise details, there being no way a reporter can handle a notebook and a pen in the Jacuzzi.

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