

ART HOPPE



Mr. Nixon's Sex Life

MILLIONS are being made on books revealing the intimate sex lives of deceased American heroes from John F. Kennedy to Howard Hughes. In the hope of being first to plough untilled soil, I'm writing one on Richard Nixon's.

Entitled "Any President Can," the book reveals that Mr. Nixon, like Mr. Hughes, was basically a shy man. Both insisted that women they were interested in be shadowed and photographed (preferably without makeup) before any overtures were made.

While Mr. Hughes usually offered them a part in a movie, Mr. Nixon is believed to have promised them only minor roles in a tape recording.

Among the many, many women who reportedly captured Mr. Nixon's interest was Bella Abzug. "There is something more to her," Mr. Nixon allegedly told intimates, "than just another sex pot."

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ALTHOUGH SHY, Mr. Nixon at times could be as debonaire as John F. Kennedy. Witness the testimony of Judith Campbell Exess.

Mrs. Exess, a Turlock, California, housewife with an attractively blue-tinted hair-do, called a press conference to say, "I never thought of him as the President. He was just 'Dick' to me."

"You tell 'em, Judy!" said her husband, Mel, a heating contractor, who was loyally by her side.

"I told Mel here I was going to Alaska on a cruise with the girls from my bridge club," Mrs. Exess continued. "But actually, I snuck off to Washington to see Dick instead."

"She sure fooled me," said her husband admiringly, giving her a squeeze.

"Pat Boone had introduced Dick and me at a GOP No-Host Taffy Pull in Sacramento," said Mrs. Exess. "So I called him up and said I sure would like to see the Lincoln bedroom — me being a good Republican and all.

"The Secret Service smuggled me into the White House disguised as Henry Kissinger. Dick was sitting at the piano. He looked at me. I looked at him. He played 'Harbor Lights.' I cried. After that . . . Well, let me just say he was the greatest."

"My wife and the President!" cried Mr. Exess proudly.

"The greatest what?" asked a reporter.

"Piano player," said Mrs. Exess demurely. "During our — uh — relationship, he must've played 'Harbor Lights' 143 times and not once I didn't cry."

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THE PURPOSE of my book is, of course, to provide historians with a better portrait of an important American and not to deal in lurid tidbits of salacious gossip.

(You did hear, though, about the time Mrs. Nixon went on a goodwill tour of Africa? And Mr. Nixon met *tete a tetes* with not one, but fourteen members of The Federation of Republican Women's Clubs in the Oval Office? And not a single word of what went on behind those closed doors was ever revealed in the press!)

But, even so, some will think it bad taste to disclose the intimate sex life of a man before he is dead. Personally, though, if someone were to compose intimate details like that for me, I'd like to still be around to enjoy reading them.