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ugust 8, 1969

In a Nixonite lair with tuxedo and unipod

Shortly after Mike Rougier arrived in Washington to photograph the Watergate apartments, an elegant nest of Republicans which is the subject of this issue's essay, he wired his home office, our Los Angeles bureau: "Urgently need tuxedo and unipod." The former, of course, is regulation after-6 issue in the nation's capital, the latter a special, inconspicuous, one-legged tripod, if there can be such a thing. Thus reinforced, Rougier set out to shoot the story, which he characterizes

as "man battling his environment and not unlike a story I did in Antarctica, where Emperor penguins also dress for dinner.

"To someone used to casual California living, it was rather unnerving to be watched by TV in the elevators and peered at by sightseers on the grounds. It must have seemed so, too, to many of the famous tenants who moved from country house to the Watergate when the new Administration took office. On bad days we called the place 'Disneyland East'-some days there were more sightseers than tenants on the premises. Once I had set up a largeview camera to shoot a complicated architec-



MICHAEL ROUGIER

tural picture and was waiting for the exact time of day when the sun and shadows would be just right on the 'alligator teeth' of the façade, when dozens of dark-suited men formed up smack in the foreground. They had assembled for a company photograph framed against the Watergate, but they had the wrong building and the wrong photographer. The more I waved my arms to shoo them away the more madly they waved right back.

"We had other problems. As a Californian I had forgotten that you can't count on the sun at 11:34 every morning, that you need more than one tie, and that it is seemly when dealing with people of the new Administration to have had a haircut. On this assignment, when I wasn't shooting pictures I was talking my head off. These are the wealthy, the famous. They're camera-cautious and need convincing. I occasionally gave them cause to be leery. Imagine the impression I must have made at Mrs. Chennault's door with 40 pounds of camera gear slung over my shoulder and a piece of paper bearing the apartment number and appointment time clenched between my teeth.

"Ten days or so later I returned to California, and even as we were letting down through the smog above the city, California never looked better. And as I drove to my house in the canyon where there is sunshine, it struck me that I had a monthly payment to meet-a payment that would only afford me garage space in the Watergate."

> RALPH GRAVES Managing Editor

SPECIAL MOON EDITION

Appearing on the newsstands this week and next is a 96-page Special \$1.50 Life Edition—To the Moon and Back. Copies may be ordered by mail from Life, Time and Life Building, Chicago, Ill. 60611. Please send your name, street address, city, state and zip code with \$1.75 (this includes handling and postage).

