

Journal of American Studies of Turkey

35-36 (2012): 3-16

Gore: A Personal Remembrance

Steven Abbott¹

Dear Gore:

It was such a pleasure to see you last evening!!! The excitement of attending the event on a University campus reminded me of your appearance at the Ford Hall Forum in Boston and brought back my youth. In that vein, I have enclosed a reminiscence from 1974 for your enjoyment. It was also great to be able to introduce Jim, my partner, to you at the book signing. He has heard so much about you!!! Your presence, wit and charm continue to bring great pleasure to those of us who admire you and your work.

Over the last several years I have built a collection of your work (with the help of Andreas Brown) of which I am very proud. I have enclosed a copy of the current holdings. Do you have any suggestions as to where this collection might ultimately go? Jim and I are the caretakers for these books [...] it is important to us that they be placed where they can be read, displayed or accessed for research.

I would love to have the opportunity to discuss an updated bibliography. It would be great to spend more time with you.

Best, Steven

October 1974

The site is the Jumel mansion, upper Manhattan, where on 1 July 1833, slightly after midnight, Aaron Burr married Elizabeth Jumel. A large crowd of people have gathered here on consecrated ground to celebrate the Finer Things and mark the discovery that America does have a history after all. Enter Gore Vidal, the man they have all been awaiting, to answer

¹ This reminiscence is based on a weekend with Gore Vidal in October 1974.

questions about the house and autograph copies of the first paperback printing of *Burr*. A graying woman with a big gold brooch raises her hand: how could a man who produced such wonderful wholesome books as *Burr* and *Washington DC* come out with something as depraved as *Myra Breckinridge*? “Read *Myron* and find out,” he answers. “You could ask Myron that question, Myra has her ways. We can’t always predict what she is about to do.”

“They always ask that question,” Gore sighed as Thom Willenbecher and I began a taped interview on the weekend of 27 October 1974 at the Plaza Hotel. “I always have to remind myself that I’m in America and I’m the author of bad dirty books like *Jacqueline Susann* or *Harold Robbins*.”

This meeting took place shortly before the 15 November 1974 publication of *Myron*, the sequel to *Myra Breckenridge*. Perhaps the favorite media image of Vidal is that of sexual pioneer. He has been interviewed by nearly all of the sex journals from *Playboy* to *Fag Rag*. His name evokes thoughts of pornography, pederasty, Trans-this and Trans-that. His archetypal boyhood-by-the-river novel with a twist, *The City and the Pillar*, earned him the rare honor of being refused advertising space in *The New York Times* back in the opaque year of 1948. The novel was the first prominent American work to deal with homosexuality, and it has given him the title of articulate pederast, an image which he has since had to live up to or live down, depending on how one looks at it. “After all, I’m supposed to be the apostle of bisexuality because I said something in its favor once, and then as we know I invented homosexuality back in 1948 with *The City and the Pillar*. There was Orville and Wilbur Wright, and there was me.” Vidal believed that he was blacklisted by *The New York Times* for approximately 15 years and five novels after the 1948 publication of *The City and the Pillar*. Vidal was universally hailed as an important novelist after the publication of *Julian* in 1964 by publications including *The New York Times*.

Vidal has been saddled with an unusually diverse set of labels including the apostate angel, the permissive puritan, Petronius Americanus, the pontifical pederast, and the beaming iconoclast of the talk show circuit. He was originally bred for power, not for notoriety: his grandfather was Thomas Gore, a senator from Oklahoma, his father hailed from a long line of West Pointers. His stepsister is Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis.

Gore: A Personal Remembrance

People were watching him, expecting him to make a name for himself. He graduated from prep school and went straight into the army in 1943, where he wrote his first published novel, *Williwaw*. This earned him a place among promising war novelists, along with Mailer and John Horne Burns. *The City and the Pillar* erased those early gains; he became, like Oscar Wilde of nineteenth century Britain, the official symbol of homosexual depravity. Gore does not find this title dishonorable, though he sometimes muses that it may have cost him the Presidency. Despite some reservations about its quality as a work of literature, Vidal still defends the work as a social document. The protagonist in the book, Jim Willard, defied most of the stereotypes of the "heterosexual dictatorship." His life and travels as a gay man were sympathetically portrayed. He was not a "femme," fascist or child molester. He was intelligent, sensitive, capable of long-term attachments and athletically inclined. His character would fit the personal ad of that era: "upright str. app. All American boy, seeks same."

The City and the Pillar came out at an opportune time -- 1948, the year the Kinsey reported that 37% of all American boys did indeed bear the brand of Sodom. As the century moved into its second half, Donald Corey, in *The Homosexual in America* (1951) confirmed that yes, there were homosexuals and he was one. The first gay organizations were already forming behind drawn blinds. Among more daring circles, homosexuality became a legitimate topic for discussion. In a certain respect, Vidal was the spiritual parent of gay liberation as we know it, though he might disavow this additional label. As an early spokesman of enlightenment, he has been lumped together with Hugh Hefner and Kinsey as part of that massive package deal known as the sexual revolution.

Vidal has remained independent, uncommitted to any of the movements which he helped to originate. "I'm not totally optimistic," he said, with the wary voice of a father pondering the latest extremes of the next generation. "The gay movement has challenged many superstitions and prejudices. But there are two hitches; first of all, Middle America does not read books, and when people do not read books it takes a long time for social change to trickle down. Drake, North Dakota, is exactly as it was in 1900 -- there it is forbidden to teach evolution, not to mention homosexuality." Secondly, Vidal sees gay liberation as only one phenomenon in an overall trend which may be biological as well as cultural, a trend whose outcome is impossible to predict. To illustrate, Vidal describes how the gay world

has changed since his youth: “The quality of trade has fallen off. When I was young there was a floating population of hetero males who would sell their ass for a period in their lives. But they would grow up and end up in the police or fire department or as construction workers. We now have a new type of male, a feminine type in the old sexist sense, with soft muscles, broad hips and high voices. Men are becoming a bit less masculine and women a bit less feminine. I wonder whether some kind of mutation is taking place, and that nature is instinctively saying that we don’t need any more babies. Hard to say. It may be the sedentary lives people live. It may be something in the air that makes people play it differently. As you know, man will try anything: you can train him for whatever role you wish and he will fall into it.”

Gore describes gay life in his youth. Though people did not talk as openly about sex as they do now, they had it just as often if not more often. The American butch types were the most readily available and versatile -- “especially the athletes who are at home with their bodies and have already sufficiently proven their manhood on the field. With them, sex was a kinetic experience. It could get wild! Those who now do the most talking about sex, the academics and the fags, were and are the hardest to get in bed...”

But there is the present moment to contend with. If you have a public image, especially as formidable as Vidal’s, you are not free to be as you choose. You must play with or against a complex set of public expectations and develop a way of responding to the many people who gather to adulate, exploit or condemn. Since Vidal has so many and diverse images, he must develop his way of responding into a high art in order to keep everything in the air at once. He must not show signs of faltering under the pressure, for in Vidal’s case, invulnerability must always be maintained. There is always a point when the public image and the private need conflict — and the Public Gore Vidal and the private gore Vidal must diverge. When you have reached the heights that Vidal has reached, the private soul must give way to the image; otherwise, the image will collapse and the vulnerable person may be exposed to his detractors. The image is what has the drawing power, and the person is totally at its mercy.

It is the public Vidal who has drawn us to the Plaza that weekend for an interview. We had read his works, his interviews, the book reviews and

Gore: A Personal Remembrance

essays by literary critics. We had seen him on television and were impressed. We had witnessed the impact of his works on the way the intelligentsia discuss sex and politics, noted the genuine but limited effectiveness his persona and writings had against the stereotypes of homosexuality, and were grateful. We got to know *Julian*, *Myra*, and *Burr* well enough to want to converse with the author. During our interview preparation we had built up a complex set of expectations which were no less well-defined for all our curiosity. We knew our interview would reinforce the public image of Vidal, and therefore possibly to widen the gulf between the public and the private. We wondered, "What is Gore Vidal really like?" and began the pilgrimage.

We learned that the peripatetic Gore Vidal was not just one person but a group of persons moving from one place to another in a seemingly never ending series of public engagements. As a literary superstar, Vidal is simply at the center of a host of satellites: the publishers' agents, the curious housewives, the ubiquitous cameras, the autograph hunters who are out on the prowl to "get" Vidal, Mailer and others, the sort who walk up to you on the street and say, "But aren't you...?" and forget who. He is denied the privilege of the ordinary man, of being anonymous on the streets or in the baths of New York. Random House had him at Rizzoli Book Shop signing copies of his latest for the housewives who will keep the book, the text undefiled by human eyes, on their Nassau County coffee tables. There are the interviewers from the sex mags, the literary mags, the travel mags, the weeklies. Among the interviewers are me and Thom from *Fag Rag*, that venerable Boston gay publication. The photographers include Thomas Victor, from *Time*, who clicks around the hotel suite like a praying mantis on Methedrine, and Jill Krementz, who has published everywhere, who is currently ensorcelling Kurt Vonnegut, and wants to add Vidal to her trophy collection. A poorly dressed woman, who claimed she was from CBS but had no notebook and could not name the title to any of Vidal's novels, would not specify her reason for being there. The chauffeur "Sir Peco" doubled as a literary cop assigned to Vidal, informed all that the Mafia had deserted Harlem and that New York policemen are different nowadays and no longer take bribes.

It is late afternoon at the Plaza. Gore has agreed to allow us to photograph him in Central Park. We meet in the lobby. Before us on a marble table is a great orange urn with handles formed of the jaws of

dragons. After checking out, a line of people are absorbed -- as in *The Last Laugh* -- by the revolving glass doors. With their furs, the women resemble pictures from an album of endangered species. A man who looks exactly like W. C. Fields is selling two-dollar cigars at the newsstand. Gore steps from the elevator five minutes early. We merge into the phalanx of camera bearers who sometimes follow him around. As we pick our way through the crowd, Vidal discusses one of his favorite causes, the need to institute worldwide contraception in order to stifle the population bomb. Meanwhile, a solitary girl of about five weaves in and out among the host of taller figures. The bourgeoisie reproduce slowly, a singular virtue.

Inside the park the vision of the crowd waxes literary. A well-dressed matron tugs a well-dressed little boy across the Jamesian setting. A Nabokovian old man in spectacles and black overcoat tries to shake the insects out of his camera. A derelict sprawls over a bench, adding a touch of Dostoevsky. We snap the photos and join him in some: Gore Vidal against the skyline of Central Park South, Gore Vidal and me against the water, Gore Vidal beneath a tree, Gore Vidal from a distance, Gore Vidal close-up, Gore Vidal from knee level. If the ritual expresses vanity, the vanity is not Vidal's alone. Vidal neither demands worshipers, nor does he shoo them away — besides, he would have no way of doing so. He deflates the atmosphere by saying that he would like to have David Bowie star in the film version of *Myron*. But if Bowie is unavailable, Dick Cavett will do. He mentions his annual State of the Union message on the David Susskind show, which was taped the previous week. The show was a Vidal monologue, but not because he wanted it that way. A plan to get Supreme Court Justice Rehnquist on the show was considered: Gore wished to tell the justice on the air of the “good purpose” to which the names of the Justices had been put — that of replacing the four letter words of *Myron* in order to get by the censors and uphold the American moral fiber. The American Solicitor General Bork, who prosecutes pornography cases, also refused to appear, saying that “it would be inappropriate for the Solicitor general to become hysterical on television.” Gore went on to dismiss a rumor that Nixon had the longest dong of any American statesman: “Is he in the same league as Dillinger?”; and to qualify the one that Henry Kissinger is bisexual: “I cannot say, as I have no firsthand experience, but as he is a man who has traveled well and is at home in many cultural milieu, I am sure he can rise to the occasion if he has to.”

Gore: A Personal Remembrance

Mid-Afternoon. Back at the Plaza, Vidal is momentarily shielded from the worst of public life. He is at home among the Plaza's accouterments of bourgeois America, the Mongol vases, Persian peacock carpets, and great liquid yellow disaster-movie chandeliers, which he regards with loving contempt. Vidal can fill his class, relax for a moment and stop being Vidal. Christine Okrent of CBS' *60 Minutes* joins us for coffee and a simple dessert. The atmosphere becomes subdued and the interview melts into conversation. We begin with the latest gossip -- a way of speaking which by focusing on the not-so-public affairs of the stars, allows a transition from the public to the private. Vidal on his agent -- Sue ("Doctor, formerly Nurse") Mengers: "She was once asked on a talk show: "Are so and so homosexual lovers?" Sue responded: "Well, if you mean do they suck cock, the answer is yes." She is rarely asked to talk shows. And then the conversation when Barbara Streisand called Sue after the Sharon Tate murder: "Barbara: 'Sue, they are killing everyone out here'; Sue 'Barbara, you have no need to worry. They are killing only the stars.'"

Gore Vidal has many enemies. He loves to talk about them as much as everyone, including the enemies themselves, loves to hear him. Merle Miller is the first on the block. Merle was quite a queer baiter while in the closet and had once attacked *The City and the Pillar*. One lonely night in the late forties, Gore was stalking a cruising area when a fellow walked up from behind and asked for a light. Gore rarely forgets a face but asked for his name anyway. "Jack," came the nervous response. "Well, I swear you look just like Merle Miller." The next day Vidal phoned a friend at Harper's (where Miller worked) and on an ostensible errand suggested that he come over and talk about the possibility of writing an article. Concluding the chat, he asked whether Merle Miller worked there. He was taken over to Miller's office where Vidal met "Jack." In 1971, after acknowledging that he was "Different," Miller wrote *On Being Different: What it means to be a Homosexual*.

Bill Buckley, who Vidal dubbed "the Marie Antoinette of American Politics," was next on the enemies list. Sometime after the infamous evening when Vidal and Buckley had their famous altercation at the 1968 Democratic Convention; Gore went to the newsstand to pick up a paper he had reserved earlier in the day. The first person he asked could not find the paper in the reserve pile. Finally, the woman who originally took the reservation searched and — beaming — presented Vidal with a copy with

the name Buckley scrawled across the top. “Well at least she knew I was one of the two,” groaned Vidal. And it was rumored that Truman Capote would be writing a column every three weeks for *The New York Times*. “The rumor was started by Truman, who else? He invented it just as he invented most of his conversations, and the Times printed a disclaimer which went out over the national wire services. Poor Truman. The whole thing was so embarrassing. They should have let him do it.”

The chatter veered to Anaïs Nin, a shadowy lady from Vidal’s past, with whom he had a falling out. Vidal was extensively mentioned in *The Diary of Anaïs Nin, Volume 4, 1944-1947* (1972). In 1970, Vidal based the self-absorbed character, Marietta Donegal, in *Two Sisters* on Nin. I had read Volume 5 of the diary and noted that Gore was not mentioned. In a tone which banished any hint of resentment, Gore ventured that “our soulful wanderer had passed beyond the city and wished not to turn back. Perhaps it is for the best.” I added that it is the philosopher Heraclitus who stated that it is impossible to step twice into the same river.

Thom and I met Vidal later that evening in the Plaza’s Oak Room, a cavernous space which resembles a scaled-up version of a fraternity drinking hall. As we take our seats, a slight waiter takes our orders and in this secluded space the Public Vidal gives way to the private Vidal. He is no longer afraid to be tired, though he could -- no doubt -- still stand a few more hours. Even with the most elegant of wits, the tongue grows puffy after a long day, and one is unable either to remember old lines or think up new ones. Talk of the usual topics of Ford, Nixon and pornography subsides. Talk of sex tends away from *ex cathedra* and toward personal reminiscence. Talk of literature increases. He airs some deep misgivings about where, now that he is near the half-century mark, his talents will lead his next. We discover that Vidal’s pessimism and self-doubt is as much a part of his private self as of his public and we are able to put all his talk of the end of the world and of literature into perspective. If the world will not collapse one way, it will collapse in another — famine, war, pollution, take your pick. The nagging fear is all. We discover that Vidal’s pessimism may be the driving force of his personality, the force which underlies the Petronian doom saying we are so used to hearing on television. “There is no future for the human race, and if there is no future for the human race, there is no future for literature, including my own. I doubt that my best work lies ahead only because you cannot do good work

Gore: A Personal Remembrance

without a sense of future time, and I have no sense of future time. When you feel like this, it makes it very difficult to create a work of art because I feel that the principal impulse is to make something permanent, which addresses future generations. And when you're convinced that there is no future for the human race or for the written word, this sort of takes the moxie out of you."

For generations, people have grown used to saying that the arts have no future. They kill each genre one at a time—in the fifties it was painting; next it was the novel, now the current victim is film. Vidal agrees that all are caught in a steady and irreversible decline. Unlike others, he does not blame History or the public: "The arts are being destroyed from the inside by the practitioners. Music that is made of silence, pictures put together at random which fall apart, sculpture that sings to you; this is the general direction of all of the arts and it means a complete breakdown in the sense of the future." As Vidal said to Dwight McDonald: "You have nothing to say, only to add."

I asked him to comment on the critical reaction to his *Myra* novels, a question which leads momentarily back to social comment: "People misunderstood *Myra Breckinridge* when they said that I sought to create a new set of American myths after the fashion of Parker Tyler. What they failed to perceive is that *Myra* has no past and no history, only images thereof, cooked up in the studio and cast onto the big screen. Her home is Hollywood, and her shrine is the house of Andy Hardy, which is only a facade. Her prophet is Parker Tyler, which we all know is a joke. So are her whole set of myths, the myths that said something to America for a few decades — they too are a joke and the joke is on us. *Myra's* world had no past — one can only live for today and tomorrow, the new way, mutable and versatile and able to leave things behind."

Vidal observed that Hollywood and its generation have had their day. And television for a while: it took up the myths left behind by the bankrupt studios and reran them until *I Love Lucy* and *Perry Mason* became as familiar to us as the tragic cycles were to the Greeks, only their constant recognition has brought us to recognize not our nobility but the banality of the symbols in which we have invested. Frank Sinatra was the last patron saint; recently he came out of retirement as he does every year or so with a performance at Carnegie Hall. "But as I suggested on *Susskind*, even he

has lost his touch; your generation does not like him, and the reason why, I suggested, was that most of your parents listened to the Voice during their intimate moments. Half the people alive in America today were conceived to the sound of Sinatra playing over the radio or phonograph. Now they reject him because they associate him with the excessive reproduction. The godfather of a generation." Sinatra is another man with many labels: old blueballs, the chairman of the bored.

Sinatra was the last such figure. As he joined the Nixon-Agnew-Giancana mobster complex and as the last of the old movie palaces were converted into used car lots, we witnessed the dismantling of American myths, at least of the human myths. Things, rather than people, hold our attention. The only public legends which inspire or instruct are the television commercials which beam over the airways and light up the viewer, touting him with things he does not need, and transforming him from his head down to his Miracle Mengers Powells. This is the one lesson which *Myron* makes clear. "And the only way commercials affect things is by reviving the belief in miracles, instilling the belief in the awesome power of things, the fruits of American capitalism." Put something erotic between your legs. Gore goes on to reminisce about one of his heroes, the late actor George Arliss, who played characters Vidal wanted to be: Disraeli, Cardinal Richelieu, Alexander Hamilton, Voltaire, and the Devil. Arliss portrayed a gallery of kings, statesmen, rajahs, eccentric millionaires and a rather unconvincing elegant hobo as well as discovering and promoting Bette Davis' career.

But if literature is headed for its generic doom, then, so is the English language itself, with the declining college standardized test scores and the "Near English" we have grown used to hearing over the tube. Gore does not consider this a minor matter. Our whole reality is uplifted or corrupted by the terms which we use to describe and interpret it. Too much imprecision means that we have lost touch with the world. When language breaks off, communication breaks off as well is a lesson from Wittgenstein. "But perhaps I am out of place in insisting upon speaking to a McLuhan society in the Guttenberg grammar. I have no reason to stop writing simply because people no longer read. Today people think that meaningful communication is nonverbal, that gropes are better than words. But that is not the whole story. Words are words and gropes are gropes and it's nice to be able to render a grope into words. A grope can

Gore: A Personal Remembrance

render unto itself what words can do [...] As for the academics — now that I am literature it may be time to put out collegiate editions of all my Major novels, with introductions and bibliographies. Perhaps I should also print the ironies in red, the major points in boldface and put the figures of speech in brackets.”

Briefly, silence replaces speech. The waiter winks at us. It is time for another round of drinks, courtesy of Random House. Barbara Epstein, Gore’s friend and co-editor of *The New York Review of Books*, joins us. It is time for all of us to engage in the eternal question of “Where Would You like to Live”? Barbara opens by describing those wonderful days in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Gore praises Rome, comparing it favorably with any American city he has visited; there the climate is perfect and you can get anyone in bed. I praise London for its theater and music and Thom praises Berlin for the Tiergarten and gay scene. Gore says that New York, of course, is unbearable as is LA, except for Hollywood. Gore said he could manage New Orleans but everyone who has gone there has fallen victim to the bottle, including Clay Shaw. I said, with a nod to Barbara, that as for Boston and Cambridge, it is hard to believe with pornography laws and local politicians that Boston survives at all.

It’s time for another round of drinks.

We continue to chat for an hour or two and the conversation meanders toward gossip and the talk of the end of the world. Subjects included the transvestitism of Pat Boone and David Brinkley, the grope bar activities of Ed Sullivan, encounters with Ezra Pound and W. H. Auden, a tuna snack and some belly rubbing (also known as Princeton First Year) with John Button. We further discuss the old victims: Truman Capote, Susan Sontag, and Norman Mailer. Gore proposes that the *New York Review of Books* staff “burn a fiery cross in Harlem” to dramatize the new radical chic view of the racial question and comments on the cinematic theories of Andy Warhol who feels that the hardest part of filmmaking is figuring out how to get the film into the fucking camera. Thom and I propose that Luce complex to boost sales may soon publish *Death* magazine, a popular monthly with ten pages of obituaries, 3-D photos of the latest auto and plane disasters, and Heloise’s Tips for a Creative Suicide.

Just as *Myron* may mark Gore Vidal’s farewell to literature, this may be the last formal interview we will have with Vidal. As the drinking continues

Steven Abbott

the distance between superstar and supplicants narrows, and we speak of each other in increasingly personal terms, a steady spontaneous stream of conversation. We discuss star-groupie role-playing that is inherent in the formal interview; the superstar acts out of infinite grace by granting the interview in the first place; the groupie therefore feels it incumbent to put on a display of submissiveness, asking only the right questions, and saying little except to underscore the points made by the Master.

The evening progresses, Barbara Epstein says goodnight, and the Oak Room gradually empties. The tables at the far end are cleared and readied for the next day. The barriers between us melt with the ice cubes in the foot tall glasses. We agree to see each other again for a drink or dinner. Just as we tired earlier of talking about the Presidency, so we tire of sexual politics or the apocalypse. More gossip, fantasies, and personal anecdotes follow, but by this time our memories have taken on the diaphanous character of a scene from *Last Year at Marienbad* (or was it the Plaza or the Ritz?) Surely we have been here before, but when? The waiter pads over and asks if we would like another round. With an upraised palm, Gore indicates our refusal. And the conversations winds to its natural close.

Works Cited

The works are in three categories: books, films and television. Books are listed with the first edition, its year of publication, the publisher, and place of publication; the reprint(s) are the most recent US and UK edition(s). All of the recent Vidal editions are still in print. Films are listed with the director, cast, and year of release. Television programs include the performers, network and years on air.

Books:

Corey, Donald Webster, and Albert Ellis. *The Homosexual in America: A Subjective Approach*. 1951. New York: Ayer Publishing, 1975. Print.

Kinsey, Alfred Charles, et. al. *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*. 1948. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1998. Print.

Gore: A Personal Remembrance

- Miller, Merle. *What it Means to be a Homosexual*. 1971, New York: Penguin Books, 2012. Print.
- Nin, Anaïs. *The Diary of Anais Nin, Vol. 4 (1944-1947)*. Ed. Gunther Stuhlmann. 1971. New York: Mariner Books, 1972. Print.
- . *Diary of Anais Nin, Vol.5 (1947-1955)*. 1974. New York: Mariner Books, 1975. Print.
- Tyler, Parker. *The Magic and Myth of the Movies*. 1947. London: Secker and Warburg, 1971. Print.
- Vidal, Gore. *Burr*. 1973. New York. Vintage, 2000. Print.
- . *The City and the Pillar*. 1948. New York: Vintage, 2003. Print.
- . *Julian*. 1964. London: Abacus, 2003, Print.
- . *Myra Breckinridge*. 1968, London: Abacus, 1993. Print.
- . *Two Sisters*. 1970. London: Abacus, 2005. Print.
- . *Washington, DC*. 1967. London: Abacus, 2000. Print.
- . *Williwaw: A Novel*. 1946. Chicago: U. of Chicago Press. 2003. Print.

Television Shows:

- The David Susskind Show* (aka Open End). Perf. David Susskind. Pamandia, 1958-87.
- I Love Lucy*. Perf. Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz. Desilu Studios, 1951-60.
- Perry Mason*. Perf. Raymond Burr, Barbara Hale. CBS, 1957-66.
- 60 Minutes*. Perf. Harry Reasoner, Mike Wallace et. al. CBS, 1968-.

Films:

- The Last Laugh*. Dir, Alain F.W. Murnau. Perf. Emil Jannings, Maly Delschaft, Max Hiller. Universum Film (UFA), 1925.
- Last Year at Marienbad (L'Année Dernière à Marienbad)*. Dir, Alain Resnais. Perf. Delphine Seyrig, Giorgio Albertazzi, Sacha Pitoeff. Corinor/Terra Film/ Cormoran Films, 1961.