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**CHRIST BURNED IN OHIO**

SEE PAGE 5 PART TWO

Volume 9, Number 42 (Issue 431) In Two Parts Published Every Friday October 20-29, 1972

**NIXON'S DIRTY TRICKS**

Jack Anderson complains about White House pressure



In protest against midnight police raids against Arab students and workers in West Germany (and the outright illegalization of Arab organizations there) a student demonstration was held Thursday, October 12, in front of the West German Consulate at 3450 Wilshire Blvd. Demonstrators bore signs saying, "West German police using old Nazi methods in arresting Arabs," and "Hitler Against Jews in 1934; Brandt Against Arabs in 1972." Meanwhile, a counter demonstration seemingly endorsed the acts of the West German government by signs saying, "Remember the Arabs? They killed the Jews in Munich at the Olympiad. And now they demand their rights?" (Photographs by Ken Cheng)

**JACK ANDERSON**  
 WASHINGTON — Men in power don't relish having their cozy relationships exposed, and their sources of money bared, and their errors and embarrassments publicized.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the Nixon Administration doesn't like this column. So the President's dirty tricks department tried to play a few tricks on us.

The dirty tricks operation, otherwise known as the "Offensive Security Program of the Nixon Forces," was established chiefly to bewitch and befoul Democratic presidential candidates. It was funded out of a secret, fluctuating Republican slush fund.

The Washington Post has charged that the dirty tricks included forging phony letters to embarrass the Democrats, leaking false information to the press, tailing family members of Democratic presidential candidates and throwing campaign schedules into disarray.

The Watergate incident — breaking into Democratic party headquarters, tapping party leaders' telephones and stealing party documents — was part of this sordid operation.

In our case, the dirty tricks were pulled by political operatives and government gumshoes alike. Their objective, apparently, was two-fold: (1) to discredit the column by undermining our credibility; and (2) to shut off our sources.

A host of investigators participated in the project. Government agents, watching through binoculars from a nearby knoll, staked out my house. With walkie-talkies, they directed waiting government security cars to tail me wherever I went. Sources inside the Justice Department provided me with the descriptions and license numbers of the cars so it didn't take long to locate them lurking in hiding places near my home.

**McCord's Report**

The President's campaign security chief, James W. McCord, Jr., joined in the investigation. In an "Interim Report" to the White House, he accused me of "close association with the operating arm of the Democratic party." Ironically, a Democratic party spokesman later accused me of close association with McCord's operation after we published an embarrassing memo from party files.

Sources inside the White House, meanwhile, warned us of attempts to discredit the column. Not long afterward, the Bureau of Narcotics

(please turn to page 2)



Warhol and Sylvia Miles arrive for the screening of HEAT.

**Contemporary decadence**

**Warhol in Wonderland**

**CHRIS VAN NESS**

I had never met Andy Warhol. And when I did, he wasn't what I expected; but then, nothing was what I expected last Monday night.

I had been invited to a preview screening of Warhol's newest film, *Heat*. "National General Theatres cordially invite you and a guest to meet Andy Warhol and the star and producer-director of his latest presentation *Heat*, Sylvia Miles and Paul Morrissey," the telegram read, "at a special screening with reception to follow at the Directors Guild

7950 Sunset Blvd. on Monday evening October 16 at 8:30 P.M."

Okay. I figured it would be the usual: check your name at the door, see the film, have a glass of champagne, go through a reception line and meet the three names listed on the telegram and go home. No.

From a block away, the arc lights were swirling their predictable patterns on the Hollywood sky. As I approached the building, I found myself driving in a line of limosines, Bentleys and a 1929 something-or-other

(please turn to page 9)

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(continued from page 1)  
other. It was not going to be a normal preview screening by any stretch of the imagination.  
After parking my car rather clandestinely in an auto body shop, I proceeded toward the entrance of the theatre only to be met by another battery of Hollywood lights — this time the kleigs for the movie cameras. "When was the last time you saw a real newsreel?" I asked myself subconsciously as I took a deep breath and headed for the door.  
Immediately in front of me was a big man with a silver-gray head that seemed all too familiar. Fortunately he was big enough so that I was able to walk in his shadow relatively unnoticed. As I quickly slid out of camera range, my eye caught the figure of Rona Barrett, microphone

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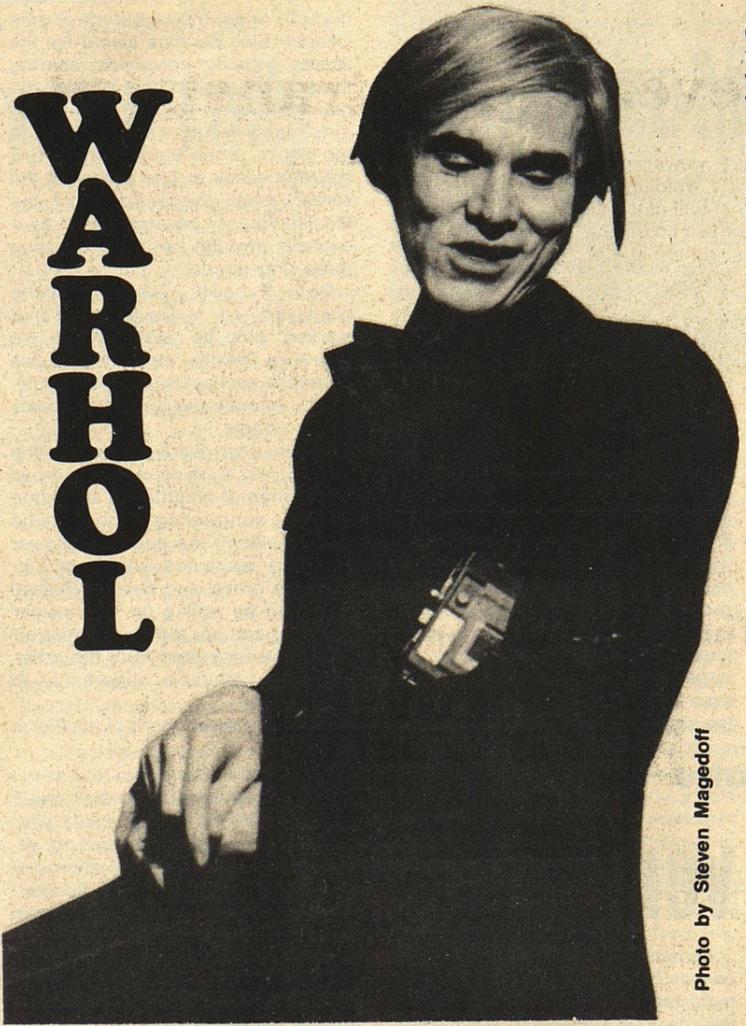


Photo by Steven Magedoff

in hand, poised and ready for her catch. Lorne Green. The cameras whirred, and I slipped into the anonymity of the crowd. Lorne Green at an Andy Warhol screening? I remembered that Lorne Green was once considered one of Canada's finest Shakespearean actors in his

pre-Bonanza days. There's a strange logic there, somewhere.  
As I found a seat on the aisle near the front (the rear-center seats were saved for the super-celebs), my date muttered something about a cigarette. My mind was still boggled by reflex flashbacks to films of Hollywood premieres of the Forties, when a very pleasant man in front of us turned around and offered Linda one of his cigarettes. Jack Weston. "Hi, Jack; howareya," another all too familiar voice. Joanne Worley. Certainly I was in the right place; my telegram said so, and Western Union is never wrong.

The film, to dismiss coherent moments as rapidly as possible, is easily Warhol's best to date — although the credit goes primarily to director Paul Morrissey. It will be dealt with in detail by David Morgenstern in next week's *Freep*.

What happened immediately following the film can only be described as ludicrous. The entire audience, several hundred strong, filed out of the theatre, turned around and filed back in for the reception. It was the kind of cosmic revolving door trick that Warhol had created for the evening.

During the brief exodus and hegira, tables full of food had sprung up in the auditorium and two bars had materialized in the lobby.

As I was swept up into the crowd, a lot of strange things began to happen. One of the first things I can recall — and I swear I don't really remember how it happened — was being introduced to Rona Barrett. In the process, Rona's aide-de-camp, Barbara Sternig (who is truly a lovely lady), was telling me that the reason one of the supporting actresses, one Andrea Whips, was not present was because she had jumped to hear death from the fourteenth floor of some hotel on Andy's last birthday. I agreed that that was about as good a reason as any for not being present and proceeded to push my way through the crowd toward one of the two magic bars (whoever said there was no sanity in alcohol is full of shit).

But I still hadn't met Andy Warhol. In fact, I hadn't even seen Andy Warhol. He was, however, rumored to be in the building.

But the array of people was dazzling.

Nico, an early Warhol superstar, was ever-present in a floor-length white gown and bright auburn hair. The only incongruity was her white make-up which made her look like her whole life was dedicated to awaiting a momentary casting call for the lead role in *Camille*. But beautiful.

Suddenly Rodney Bingenheimer popped up out of the floor in a puff of smoke (at least I think there was a puff of smoke) and asked: "What's happening? Have you been to my club yet?" I blinked, and he was gone.

Over in a corner, a photographer (male) was lovingly assisting one of the bartenders off with his coat. It was touching — very, but from the waist up only.

In another corner, a human toad in his late fifties who claimed to be a film critic was propositioning a young-but-hefty groupie type. "Look, I'm being straight," he sputtered as he grabbed for a chair to steady himself, "I think you should ball me."

"If I wanted to ball you, I would; but I don't."

"Well, I don't have to get drunk to do it, ya know," he tried again.  
"Yeah, but I would," she came back as I tuned out.

Faces and bodies from wall to wall. Some famous, some not. Some hoping. A few not caring. Patricia Medina someone whispered; gone but not forgotten at an Andy Warhol party.

Severn Darden (the man who called his only album — a truly classic collection of improvisational comedy, if you can find it — *The Sound of My Voice and Other Noises*), a brilliantly comic man and one of my favorite un-met people, was ushered by me before I could introduce myself. Darden is the only actor I know capable of stealing a scene from a small child or a dog.

Joni Mitchell strolled by and didn't say hello. Jack Nicholson followed and did say hello as he passed by trailing after Joni. It wouldn't be the first time.

At a conspicuous center table, Dorothy Manners and John Hollowell were pretending to interview each other — Rona having safely disappeared into the night.  
I first met Hollowell five years ago when he was a reporter for *Live* magazine and I was a graduate student at USC. John had been assigned to USC to do a story on Jerry Lewis' filmmaking class; and during the course of his two-week stay with us, I had had several lengthy conversations with him.

We talked about many things sitting in the pre-dawn hours of the morning in the Vagabond coffee shop, but somehow the conversation always came back to John's newfound idol — a then unknown writer-critic named Rex Reed. It was obvious that Hollowell intended to pattern his life and career after Reed. Reed came out with a book of interviews called *Do You Sleep In the Nude?* Hollowell came out with a book of interviews called *The Truth Game*. Reed decided to try acting and played in *Myra Breckinridge*. Hollowell decided to try acting and has a small part in *Heat*. Reed's reputation is decidedly waning. I have never met Dorothy Manners.

But I finally met Andy Warhol. No matter what you think of Andy Warhol, you will probably have to agree that the man is a Legend. The Campbell Soup cans, that monstrously impressive acrylic on-canvas, silk screen imitation that hangs in the L.A. County Art Museum, the eight-hour film of a man sleeping, the twenty-four-hour film of the Empire State Building, the Marilyn Monroe lithographs, a string of underground "superstars" from Nico to Viva to Ultra Violet to Taylor Meade to Joe Dallesandro, *Naked Cowboys*. Warhol was out-Yokoing Miss Ono before John Lennon ever picked up a guitar. And the legend reached its apex about four years ago when one of Warhol's actresses, Valerie Solanis, burst into his office and nearly killed him by putting a bullet through his chest.

I discovered a long time ago that the Man and the Legend are rarely the same, but I was not prepared for what I saw. Warhol is a small man; five-eight at most, and very frail. It's true he still looks twenty — but a well-preserved twenty with gray hairs and a strange, almost cosmetic kind of mummification which belies the myth of strength and legend. To further the confused image, the *enfant terrible* of the last decade was wearing a plain, charcoal gray suit, overall image was like some kind of delinquent mannequin from a Madison Avenue display window of fifteen years ago.

I am told by people who know him that Warhol has never really been the same since the attempt on his life four years ago. He now seems to be little more than an image collecting dust — and photographs and tapes.

Clutched tightly in his right hand was a Poloroid camera, and on a table next to him was a large collection of color portraits he had taken  
(please turn to page 13)

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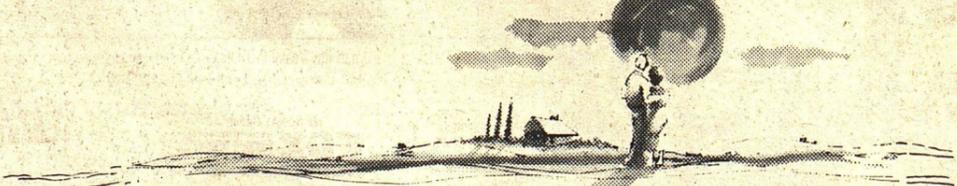
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# Warhol

(continued from page 9)

of the various guests that evening. In his left hand, held tightly to his chest where the bullet had nearly pierced his heart, was a small tape recorder with a self-contained microphone. As people approached him, he would first snap their picture and then hesitantly move the tape recorder away from his chest to capture whatever was spoken. He did not speak himself, except to say "hello" or "how are you?"

There's a point to be made here for which I cannot find adequate words. I can only refer you to a play by Samuel Beckett about an old man whose life amounts to nothing more than a collection of tape recordings — *Krapp's Last Tape* — considered a masterpiece in the avant garde theatre of the absurd, a creative genre very close to Warhol's real world of five years ago. In another play, *Kean*, Jean-Paul Sartre posed the question: Does the Man create the Art, or does the Art create the Man? In the case of Andy Warhol, all evidence points to the latter.

I was introduced to Warhol by Susan, whose last name I have not been able to remember for the two years I have known her. He shook my hand timidly — almost fearfully — and said: "Oh, yes. How are you?" That was all.

Somehow, it wasn't enough.

## POLICE NEWS

— Two L.A.P.D. detectives were indicted last week on charges of manslaughter in the shooting death last August 21 of Phillip Johns. The indictment followed extensive investigation by the County Grand Jury. As expected, the detectives were released on their own recognizance. Relatives of Johns have filed a 2 million lawsuit against Inglewood and L.A.

— A second suspect in the shooting death of a carpenter in August was convicted during a hearing in Superior court. Fourteen year old Maurice Fowler was convicted of second degree murder. Sentencing was set for October 24.

**RADIO FREE AMERICA**  
  
**LAWRENCE LIPTON**

### The writer's lot is not a happy one

The late William Faulkner once told an interviewer from the *New York Times*: "I was born a tramp. I was happier when I had nothing. I had a trench coat with hip pockets. I carried a condensed Shakespeare and a bottle of whiskey. I was happy because I wanted nothing."

Such ironies are not at all unusual in the experience of artists who have given hostages to fortune.

Malcolm Cowley, the noted critic, once said, "No more than 200 authors earn their major income from novels, and that is less than \$25,000 a year — for three years' work."

### Business is business

All publishing houses of any size and distribution facilities are controlled to a great extent by the sales department. The salesman is a businessman and his chief interest is the amount of money that a book can make when it sells to Hollywood. It may turn out to be a shlock film, but business is business, and the writer has nothing he can do about that. He has never had anything like script control.

The businessman as a literary character has never fared well at the hands of the honest writer. The honest writer who has never been notable for his loyalty to the businessman's moral and intellectual values, to say nothing of his artistic taste.

Those who see the businessman as the fount from whence all blessings flow, the free enterprises par excellence, the champion of what he calls Progress, the job-maker, charity-giver, endower of churches and universities, and patron of the arts, have never been able to understand why the businessman has been so maligned by writers. As for the businessmen themselves, most of them are artistic illiterates so they couldn't care less about business as "human service."

Gifted writers have never made a hero of the beneficent tycoon. This was especially true of the writers of the Depression Thirties.

Before Sinclair Lewis's Babbalanza there was Theodore Dreiser's Frank Cowperwood, in *The Financier*, and Frank Norris's Curtis Jadwin in *The Pit*. There was little the businessman could take comfort in from John Dos Passos's *The Big Money*, or in William Dean Howells's Silas Lapham, despite Lapham's unimpeachable "business ethics." While Hemingway never satirized the businessman, neither did he make a hero of him.

The businessman found nothing to support his press-agented claim to business as human service in the novels of John Steinbeck or Thomas Wolfe, or in the plays of Eugene O'Neill, Lillian Hellman, Tennessee Williams, Clifford Odets, Elmer Rice or Arthur Miller.

### "Corruption has never been compulsory"

The artist is always the first to sense the corruption in the values of the society. The poets were always the first to understand social change and meet the challenge it presents to the new lifeways of the Society in Exile.

The late poet Robinson Jeffers warned that—

*While this America settles in the mould of vulgarity  
 Heavily thickening into empire,  
 And protest only a bubble in the molten mass, pops and  
 sighs out, and the mass hardens . . . .  
 the poet will do well to keep his distance  
 From the thickening center . . . . Corruption  
 Never has been compulsory.  
 When the cities lie at the monster's feet  
 there are always the mountains, and the  
 healing balm of Nature.  
 It is only we who stand outside the corruption of hypocrisy  
 and murder who are the prophets of the true religion  
 Ours is the sickness of the deer . . . because it is  
 the ancient tradition of the hunter to  
 kill the deer.  
 Today is a day of guns  
 We will make tomorrow a way of peace  
 Today is a day of prisons  
 We will make it a day of freedom . . . .  
 They are the preachers of Progress by arithmetic  
 They are all liars, knowingly using the language of love  
 to peddle the poison of death.  
 Never has the last circle of Dante's hell  
 been so crowded.  
 Therefore I christen each poem in dutiful hope  
 of burning off at least the top layers  
 of the time's uncleanness.  
 Like gladiators  
 we write poems like skyrockets  
 that rise above our diminishing day.  
 It was the poet Percy B. Shelley who said it best:  
 Power pollutes whatever it touches  
 It makes slaves of gullible men  
 And makes men of reason into  
 mechanized automatons.*

### From the sublime to the ridiculous

From the *Los Angeles Times*, TV—Talkback: What *Times* readers want to know:

Q: Is the black and white police car used in *Adam-12* a real police unit, and does Martin Miller do his own driving in those high speed chases?

A: It is a real police unit, a 1972 American Motors Matador, acquired by Universal. It is authentic down to the hubcaps. The car is equipped with an overhead valve V-8, with a rated horse of 255. The engine is 401 cubic inches, capable of accelerating from 0-60 in seven seconds and reaches a top speed of 120 miles per hour. Everything on the car is heavy duty. Miller does the driving, unless it is unusually hazardous. The *Adam-12* unit is replaced whenever the LAPD changes models.

Q: Besides winning prizes, are game show contestants paid for their appearance?

A: You bet they are. Take a look at the lines outside of some of the studios where game shows are taped. Under union requirements, the individual receives some part of the payment or consolation prize — even if it's only a salami.

\*\*\*

You don't believe it? Then take a look at the *Times* Talk back column any Sunday.

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