

# Liddy Seen Obsessed With Violence

By Jack Anderson

G. Gordon Liddy and E. Howard Hunt, the lead-pipe men for the White House "plumbers," broke into the office of a Los Angeles psychiatrist to steal information for a psychological profile of Daniel Ellsberg. President Nixon would have been better served if he had sought psychological profiles of Liddy and Hunt.

Although it is too late to benefit the President, we have tried to gather the jigsaw pieces which might enable a professional analyst to put together a psychological profile, first of all, of Liddy.

Perhaps the most fascinating insight into his psyche is provided by an incident on January 6, 1971. He attended a private showing of a classic Nazi propaganda film at the National Archives with Assistant Attorney General Robert Mardian's anti-subversive squad.

In the most dramatic scene, swirling clouds fill the heavens, and Adolf Hitler comes forth in an airplane like a Teutonic god to save Germany.

Liddy was enraptured. "It left him almost in a state of levitation," one witness told us. Another witness agreed Liddy was excited by the Hitler film but insisted this wasn't a manifestation of latent Nazi tendencies. He described Liddy, rather, as a

Germanophile, who was raised in a German-American community, speaks German and is fascinated with all things German.

**Violent Man**—Those who know Liddy agree he is obsessed with violence. He has a collection of firearms, including a pistol that can fire a lethal pellet under water. Shortly before the Watergate break-in, he tried to purchase a small arsenal of hand guns from a Virginia dealer. On another occasion, he placed a brace of pistols on his table before receiving a delegation of angry neighbors.

One afternoon, his superior at the President's campaign committee, Jeb Magruder, complained about one of the men on the White House "enemies" list. "He is giving us a problem," said Magruder, mumbling something about "getting rid" of him.

Liddy was agitated when he strode from the office a few minutes later and encountered Magruder's administrative assistant, Robert Reisner. "I've been ordered to kill him," said Liddy grimly, naming the prominent victim.

Reisner ran to Magruder, and together they explained to Liddy that he had been given no such order. Any suggestion about murder, they explained, was merely a figure of speech. "Where I come from," retorted Liddy, "that's a rub-out."

Liddy didn't get along with Magruder who once grabbed his shoulder to restrain him. "The next time you lay a hand on me," said Liddy, "I'll kill you."

The wife of another Watergate figure was waiting for her husband at the campaign headquarters when Liddy approached her. He began chatting about the dangers facing women on Washington's streets. Liddy told her that for self-protection, she should always carry a sharpened pencil, which she could use like a stilto.

"Be sure the eraser is in good condition," he warned. "It will protect the palm of your hand when you drive the pencil into an attacker's throat."

The woman quickly found her husband and told him of the bizarre conversation. He looked out his door, saw Liddy and explained: "Oh, that's just Gordon Liddy." \*

**Rest Room Incident**—When campaign treasurer Hugh Sloan set out to deposit \$350,000 in cash contributions, he asked Liddy to accompany him to the bank. They both carried briefcases as they walked out the door. Sloan's was stuffed with cash; Liddy's carried a gas-operated pellet gun.

"Nobody's going to bother us," Liddy said. No one did.

After a visit to the bank, the men stopped for lunch. Sud-

denly, Liddy felt he had to make an urgent visit to the men's room. The gas pressure in the gun tended to build up, and the weapon might accidentally discharge, jeopardizing Liddy's foot. He solved the problem by firing the gun into a toilet.

To impress a girl in Detroit, Liddy held his hand over a burning candle until the flame severely seared through the flesh. He also passed out to girls in his office posters of himself standing by a police squad car with gun in hand.

These poses show Liddy, apparently, as he liked to see himself. "He was like the mild-mannered Clark Kent, who turned into Superman," said a close associate of Liddy's. "In the office, he was a mild-mannered lawyer who dreamed of being much more."

At times, Liddy tried to enact his dream. Once, while riding in a taxi, he spotted a street assault in progress. He sprang from the cab and scuffled with the assailant. But Liddy was not Superman. The attacker had accomplices who beat Liddy unmercifully.

Neighbors also recall the time he hid on his garage roof, waiting for some youngsters who had been making noise outside his house. When they arrived, Liddy leaped off the garage like Superman upon the startled kids.