

The Illustrated
Secret History
Of Watergate (Part III)

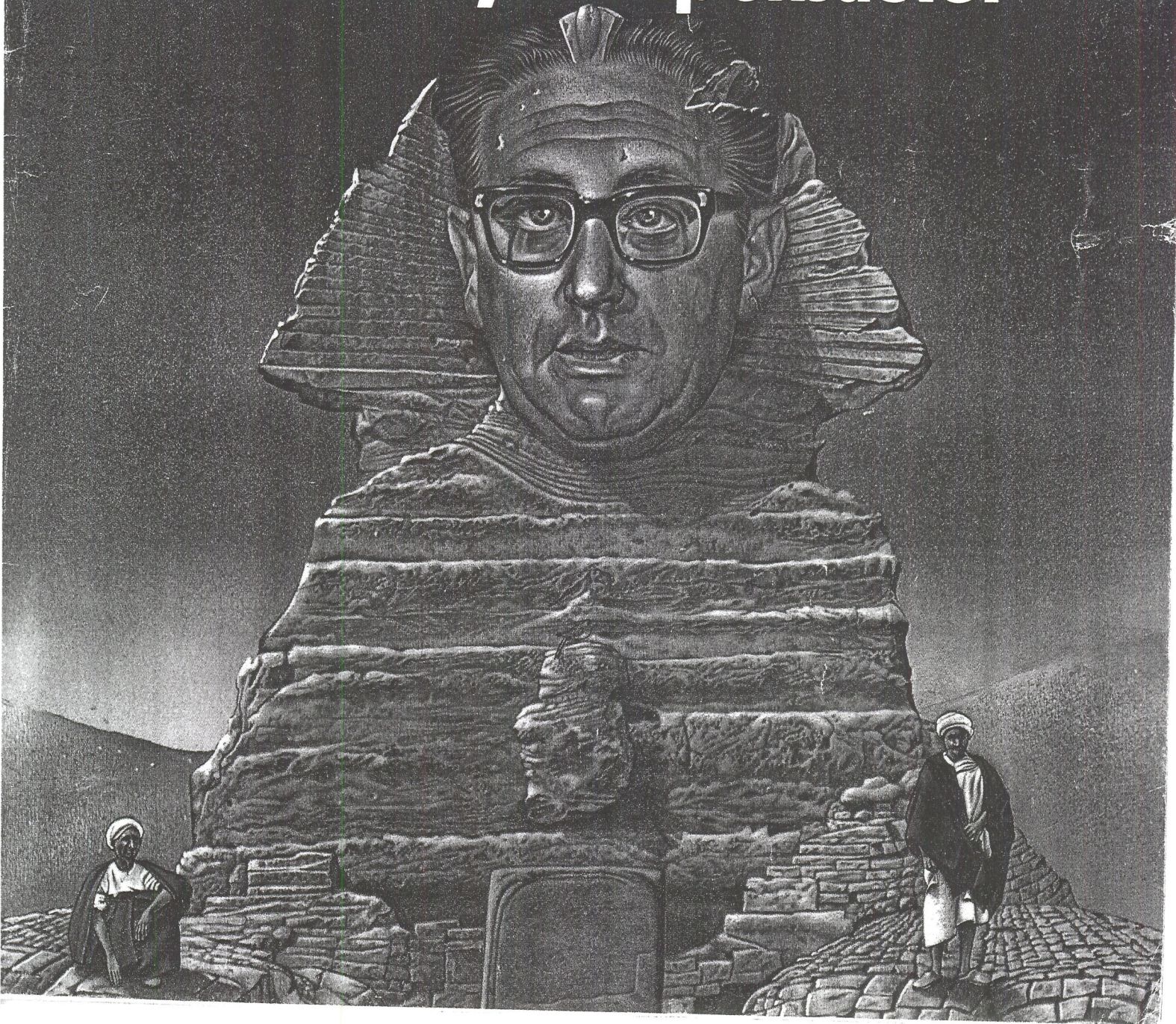
Hard Partying at the New Discotheques
Smartest Man on Wall Street, by Dan Dorfman
Jim Bouton Tells the Yanks and Mets How to Win

50 CENTS

JULY 1, 1974

NEW YORK

Answers to the Kissinger Riddle Is He Really Indispensable?



Page 33

Is He Indispensable?
Answers to the Kissinger Riddle
By Tad Szulc

Even as the echoes of acclaim still resound, Henry Kissinger's star has begun to fade, and for reasons not entirely of his own making. Out of Nixon's desperate need for status, Kissinger has been brought out of his State Department retreat and onto the White House stage, where he must endure the inevitable tarnishing. But, as Washington reporter Szulc points out, part of Kissinger's decline is of his own making: his daredevil brinkmanship in the recent Middle East negotiations, his failure to understand the October war at its inception, the petty squabbling with Britain that delayed important moves early in that war.

THE ILLUSTRATED SECRET HISTORY OF WATERGATE

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Conclusion: The Conspirators at Bay
By the Editors of New York Magazine

This week we conclude our portfolio and commentary on the tragedies and scandals of Watergate, with the growing failure of the cover-up and the subsequent events leading up to the "Saturday Night Massacre" of Archibald Cox, when "impeachment" finally became a household word.

Page 41: **A Secret Is Discovered in a Plane Crash**
Painting by Jim McMullan

Page 42: **Patrick Gray Burns Hunt's File**
Painting by Julian Allen

Page 43: **McCord Rejects Clemency Promise**
Painting by Julian Allen

Page 44: **Nixon Orders the Payment of Hush Money**
Painting by Burt Silverman

Page 46: **Ellsberg's Judge Gets an Offer**
Painting by Burt Silverman

Page 47: **Cox Refuses Nixon Ultimatum**
Painting by Melinda Bordelon

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Hollyw-o-o-d! The Return of the New York Disco
By Mark Jacobson

Arthur has departed, and the Cheetah is a faint memory, but New York's discotheque life goes on, transformed but unabated. There's a new kind of disco and a new kind of clientele, mixed in every way, reflecting the way things are in 1970's New York. The new discos aren't very much into booze, and drugs also figure very little. Mark Jacobson surveys the new scene, noting along the way a few of the choicer places.

THE LIVELY ARTS

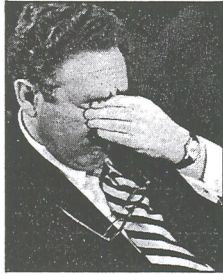
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Art: The Mediums of Poverty
By Thomas B. Hess

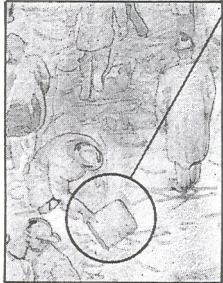
The works of two painters, one Mexican and one black, make an interesting study in self-made artistry.

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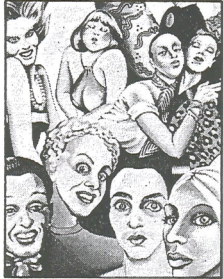
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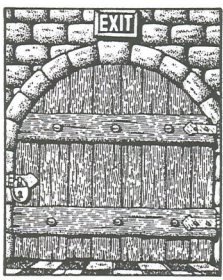
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Movies: Where Are You, Captain Spaulding, Now That We Need You?

By Judith Crist

Animal Crackers returns to make life duck soup.

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Books: The 57 Varieties of Heinz

By Eliot Fremont-Smith

The Kalb Brothers' *Kissinger* does its job.

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Theater: The Pain It Paineth Every Year

By John Simon

Neither Stratford, Connecticut, nor *Twelfth Night* is off to a very good start.

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Music: Strictly From Hungary

By Alan Rich

Bluebeard at the Met, Eliot Feld at the Public: two ideas whose time has not yet come.

MISCELLANY

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The City Politic: Watergate Mosaic

By Joseph Kraft

History is being made in Washington, but so slowly, sloggingly, that you'd never know it.

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The Bottom Line:

The Smartest Investor on Wall Street

By Dan Dorfman

His name is Marc Howard, and watch out!

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Sports: The Mets and Yanks Can Still Win the Pennant This Year

By Jim Bouton

Fellow out in Brooklyn has some news for our local managers that could turn things around at Shea, and Jim (*Ball Four*) Bouton hears him out.

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The Underground Gourmet: A Bonne in My Soupe

By Milton Glaser and Jerome Snyder

Yet another midtown soup kitchen, and good.

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Cover: Kissinger as Sphinx, by Melinda Bordelon.

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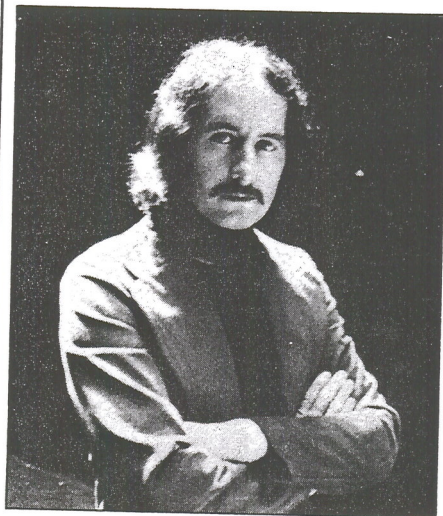


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BETWEEN THE LINES



Illustrator Roger Hane, 1938-1974.

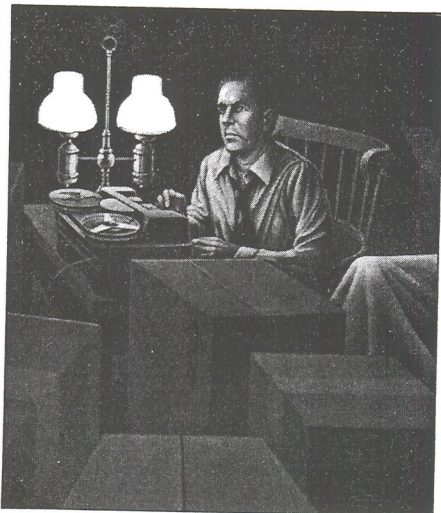
Two weeks ago, our June 17, 1974, cover illustration showed a haunted H. R. Haldeman listening to Oval Office tapes in his sheet-shrouded living room. The artist who made that scene so memorable was painter Roger Hane, who died last week of injuries after being robbed and beaten in Central Park.

Roger was only 36, and a superb illustrator who brought a vivid and extraordinary imagination to all of his work. He was a quiet, serene person whose violent death is especially outrageous.

Just three weeks ago, on June 5, Roger was voted "Artist of the Year" by the New York Artists Guild. When we spoke to Dean Powell, president of the Guild, he explained the award: "We designed the award to go to an artist who does not succumb to imitativeness, who puts self-satisfaction before status. Roger was an innovator in a field of imitators."

His agent, Elaine Sorel, had a similar opinion of Roger Hane as a man and as an artist: "He was extraordinary in the amount and quality of the work he produced. I can really say that he never did a bad job. Almost any artist can occasionally be off, but Roger had this amazing ability to always do a great job. He never worried about an assignment—he just had that kind of quiet confidence about himself. He was very dignified, very confident.

"He thought that he had already done so much in illustration that he was ready to branch out. He'd recently become interested in film, and had borrowed an 8mm camera to take to Bermuda this month—it was going to be his first trip out of the country, ever."



Hane's recent "New York" cover painting.

Frank Metz is the art director at Simon and Schuster, and Roger worked on a number of projects with him, including, and perhaps best known, the covers for the Carlos Castaneda books, *Journey to Ixtlan*, *The Teachings of Don Juan*, and *A Separate Reality*. He said, "Roger was never jaded; he was his most severe critic. The whole psychosis that can sometimes go on between an editor or director and an artist simply wasn't an issue with him. He was willing to listen, to do research, and to spend the time to do a job that satisfied him."

During the more than three years that Roger Hane worked with *New York*, he produced six covers for the magazine, and many more illustrations. He was imaginative, thorough, positive, and he will be missed.

On Thursday, June 20, a week after Roger Hane was attacked, the homicide division of the 20th Precinct arrested four young gang members and booked them on suspicion of murder. Two of the boys, Louis Colon and Ivan Gonzalez, are sixteen years old; the other two are twelve and thirteen. The police are still looking for two other boys, and anyone with information about the crime is asked to call Detective Joseph O'Donnell, the detective in charge of the investigation (678-1438). Because of the Police Department's efficiency, it appears likely that a \$5,000 reward, put together by friends and former associates of Roger Hane, will not be given. Contributors to the reward may withdraw their donations after 30 days; all monies left in the fund will go to subsidize an art school scholarship. ■

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dence might be developed. The Republicans also calculate that if the majority refuses to allow witnesses, they will have a perfect excuse for supporting the President. According to one report, the Republicans would vote sixteen to zero for the President if witnesses are denied. The reason for the Republicans' stiffening lies in pressure from the right wing. Minority leader Rhodes reports record mail, with many threats that any Republican who votes against the President will be treated like Benedict Arnold.

Button, Button . . .

Although Dean has moved from Washington to the suburbs of Los Angeles, memories are kept green. Lowell Weicker Jr., who bought Dean's house in Alexandria, Virginia, has retained one ornament installed by the former White House aide. It is a white button placed above a door in the kitchen in such a way that it is visible from the dining room. The button says: NIXON KNEW.

The Kissinger Complication

It was generally expected that the President's trip to the Near East would take Washington's mind off Watergate—wrongly, as with all other expectations about how Watergate would recede or vanish. For one thing, the arrangements for nuclear sharing with Egypt and Israel have underlined Mr. Nixon's disposition to make sweeping decisions without congressional approval—a key issue in the legal battles around impeachment. Moreover, Henry Kissinger's threat to resign on Nixon's first day out from Washington inextricably tied the trip to Watergate.

By and large the Kissinger threat was a plus for Mr. Nixon. The press has been slammed for asking dirty questions, and the House Judiciary Committee has been put on the defensive about leaks.

Indeed, the Kissinger resignation threat so nicely served the President's impeachment interest that many people thought it was contrived. But militating against that view is the raw emotion shown by the secretary of state at his news conference. For the first time that I can remember, he sounded in public the way he sounds in private when he flips his lid. One comment in particular—"I am supposed to be interested primarily in the balance of power. I would rather like to think when the record is written one may remember that perhaps some lives were saved and that perhaps some mothers can rest more at ease"—seemed totally authentic. There spoke an inner Kissinger who had been all

but hidden under layers of the self-applied cosmetic junk of "power politics" and "conceptual thinking." There spoke the fat little boy aching to be loved.

The Man Who Likes Foot Dragging

Perhaps the most complex of all the complex legal business connected with Watergate has grown out of the trial of the Plumbers in the court of District Judge Gerhard Gesell. The exact maneuvers are too labyrinthine for any sane person to follow, but the general outline is important for what it says about White House strategy in the courts. The case before Judge Gesell involves John Ehrlichman and several others who have been indicted for the burglary of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office. As part of his defense, Ehrlichman sought access to notes he had made at the White House. The White House refused on grounds of national security. Judge Gesell demanded that the President cough up the material for his inspection, and he threatened—in a crescendo of ever-rising tones—to dismiss the case if the White House refused. The purpose of those threats was to make it plain that if the case were dropped the President would be to blame for withholding evidence. In the end, the White House gave way. The general lesson seems to be that the President's strategy is to use the courts for procedural delay, but not to the point of absolute confrontation. That suggests that Mr. Nixon will comply with an adverse decision by the Supreme Court in the matter of the 64 tapes subpoenaed by the special prosecutor—or perhaps find some way to blur the issue.

The End's in Sight . . .

The expectation that the Supreme Court will go against Mr. Nixon is almost universal. Senator Sam Ervin, when asked why he was so confident, replied: "To support him they'd have to affirm the divine right of kings."

. . . Or Is It?

Despite the steady assurance from the most reliable man in Congress, the folklore continues that Watergate has no end. The son of one journalist here—a twelve-year-old boy in a private school—had to turn in as a final paper a news account that might have been written on the first day of the next century. He wrote: "Today, a space ship made the first journey from Mars to Venus. The earth-moon shuttle completed its forty-sixth trip. President Nixon's grandson turned over three more White House tapes to the Watergate prosecutor."