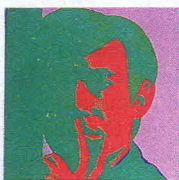

THE SATANIC DIARIES

IS ANDY TELLING THE TRUTH?

BY MICHAEL GROSS



ON THE DAY THE ANDY Warhol diaries were published, many of the people who appear in the book were at an event called the Love

Ball, a fashion show-cum-drag show and benefit for AIDS. Steve Rubell and Steven Greenberg, the publisher of *Fame* magazine, even displayed a fresh copy on a drinking-glass pedestal on their table.

"I came out good," said Rubell, spraying spit as he talked, just as Warhol says he does. "Everybody knew he was doing this. It's the truth, so nobody can say anything. It's making people crazy."

"I got seventeen pages," boasted Greenberg, who'd obviously spent a good part of the day skimming the oversize, 807-page book. "Their biggest mistake was they didn't put in an index."

"First thing I did," agreed Rubell, "was look for the index."

"The whole thing is a giant Andy joke," Greenberg said. "It all becomes a blur. The only people who'll see the details are the ones who were written about."

"Ten years ago," Rubell recalled, "Hal-

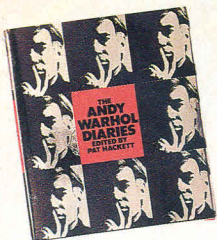
ston asked me, 'What if something happens to Andy?' We knew this had to happen." Just then, Gene Pressman of Barneys bounded over and demanded, "Where's the book?"

All over town, everybody was talking about the Warhol diaries. Covering the period from Thanksgiving eve 1976 up until five days before Warhol died, on February 22, 1987, the diaries document the world of Warhol and dissect the people he knew. The cast of characters ranges from his employees to celebrities like Elizabeth Taylor ("like a fat little Kewpie doll"), Martin Scorsese ("coke problems"), Yves Saint Laurent ("he has to take a million pills"), Sophia Loren ("Didn't she f--- her way to the top?"), Elaine Kaufman ("stuffing herself with rolls"), Steve Rubell ("Gave me a Quaalude"), Liza Minnelli ("Give me every drug you've got"), Halston ("He gave her a bottle of coke, a few sticks of marijuana, a Valium, four Quaaludes"), Mick and Bianca Jagger ("She can't go to bed with him because she just doesn't think he's attractive"), Lady Isabella Lambton ("picks her nose and eats it"), Margaret Trudeau

("sitting on the toilet with her pants down and a coke spoon up her nose"), Patti Smith ("all I could think about was her b.o."), Jerry Hall ("she had underarm b.o."), Allan Carr ("What a butterball"), Truman Capote ("How could anyone make it with Truman?"), Sue Mengers ("so vulgar"), Barbra Streisand ("West Side taste"), Rudolf Nureyev ("mean, he's really mean"), Raquel Welch ("sweet now that she's come down a little in the world"), Julian Schnabel ("very pushy"), Marina Cicogna ("like a truck driver"), Richard Nixon ("like a Dickens character"), Calvin and Kelly Klein ("a hot media affair"), Mercedes Kellogg ("a fat thing"), and lots more.

Many of these people are crying foul, but from Warhol's friends—especially those who were still friends at the end—the diaries are winning mostly praise. "It's his style; it's his words," said Paige Powell. "A few things are absolutely accurate. Some are sort of invented, but I'd say overall his observations are keen."

Certainly, Warhol's deadpan and dead-ly portrait of himself is the best proof that he's telling it straight. Pat Hackett, who



Warhol's diaries combine a density of mundane detail and a redefinition of permissible gossip.

took dictation from Warhol over the phone and then edited the diaries, describes Warhol as a "brat," "unreasonable," "inane," and "a pest" at times. "I loved him, of course," she says, "but I had a pretty objective view."

Maybe that's why she allows Warhol to dish himself as he dishes others. Of course, there is Innocent Andy, a child of wonder, seeing the world as his amusement park and turning play into great art. There is also Romantic Andy, pining for his former housemate Jed Johnson and then for film executive Jon Gould, another roommate (whose subsequent death some attributed to AIDS). Though Warhol could

female] so he could have all the guys. He'd say, 'Do this. Do that.' He was always pointing out how women were all so inept; how stupid they were about guys. One could never trust him. It was not for your own good but for his entertainment."



BUT OTHERS KNEW THIS Andy years ago. Back then, before there were diaries or even a Velvet Underground, his superstar Ondine dubbed

him Drella—not, as some said later, as a contraction of "Dracula" and "Cinderel-

not meanness. It's wanting to take something apart and see how it works. For once, there's a certain integrity to Andy."

And that's just the problem. By publication date, rumblings of legal recourse were already shaking the beau and boho mondes. Bianca Jagger, whom Warhol paints as a glamorous but pathetic man chaser with a taste for poppers, says that she's considering retribution. "I hope they have everything to substantiate," she said. "I'm going to have a lawyer read it."

Revenge is also on the mind of Victor Hugo, Halston's close friend and former window dresser. The saga Warhol tells of Halston and Hugo, spiced with details like

stolen cocaine, is a highlight—or lowlight—of the book. Hugo says he is so mad, he's planning to auction off every Warhol piece he owns. According to a one-time neighbor, Hugo has held on to a lot of Warhols, so he'll probably end up rich. But for him, Warhol's largess is negated by the dishing he's delivered in death.

Hugo wouldn't say much, but he prepared a statement. "I feel like the Central Park jogger," it began. "I've been gang-raped and beaten by a dead person and a bunch of thugs that work for him. It is the most vile, disgusting piece of pulp literature I have ever read. It is not worthy of comment."

Hugo calls Warhol "a creep . . . a dishonest low life . . . like the Artful Dodger . . . a crook. I am so sorry he ever came into my life. I am livid."



Gang of four: Liza, Andy, Bianca, and Halston at Studio 54.

barely say the name of the disease, AIDS interrupts the diary's second half like a muffled drumbeat.

Then there are Drug Addict Andy, Drunk Andy, and Kleptomaniac Andy; Petty Andy picking on his staff; Apolitical Andy brownnosing Iranian royals; Racist Andy sniping at blacks; and Scrooge Andy totting up petty expenditures.

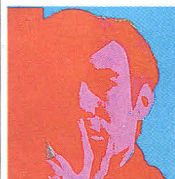
But the biggest revelation here is the Controlling Andy: Queen Andy. To Andrea Portago, a subject of Warhol's scrutiny when she was a fashion model, this Andy is a portrait in vagina envy.

"He kills all sexually attractive women [in the diaries]," says Portago. "It's envy, a jealous rage. I think he wanted [to be

la." "Drella" was actually a combination of "dreadful" and *puella*—Latin for "little girl."

The diaries belong to Drella—the dreadful little girl on the phone gossiping with Pat Hackett. What's surprising is that Drella's not as detached and emotionless as previously thought. Hurt and bewildered as often as he is hurtful and manipulating, Andy Warhol reveals himself as human after all.

"The diaries were his way to let people know he wasn't this passive, shy, anything-for-the-limelight moron," says Ronnie Cutrone, a former assistant. "He thought [the people he wrote about] were glamorous, but he pitied them. An artist is curious. It's



BUT ANDY'S DEAD. SO who is there to be mad at? Warner Books paid \$1.2 million for the diaries, and together with the estate of Andy Warhol (which owns the copyright), the company will defend any lawsuits. The nonprofit Andy Warhol Foundation will eventually receive royalties, as will editor Hackett. Fred Hughes, the foundation's head and Warhol's executor, and Ed Hayes, the estate's lawyer, receive fees from the estate and salaries from the foundation.

Some diary victims believe the chroni-

cle has been skewed by a cabal of former Warhol associates led by Hughes and Hackett. The book refers, for example, to forgeries of the *Electric Chair* silk screens. Warhol thought they were forged by Gerard Malanga, his early assistant. In the seventies, Malanga claims, "Fred [Hughes] was using the rumors about so-called fakes to keep me from working for *Interview*, the newspaper I co-founded. All this goes back to 1969, when Fred, in cahoots with Pat Hackett and Paul Morrissey [the director of Warhol's better-known films], was trying to wrest control of the paper from me." Malanga says the book "will make voyeurs of us all, including the IRS." Old grudges die hard among Warhol's warring cliques.

It's hard to think that Hackett—a shrinking violet with slept-on, spiky hair and nervous green eyes—could be capable of harming anyone.



JUST AS JAMES BOSWELL, in his *Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, made his subject accessible to those not so intellectually blessed, Hackett, too, has shepherded a remarkable literary achievement. Andy talks to the reader just as someone else might talk to a spouse over breakfast.

The diaries combine a density of mundane detail and a startling redefinition of what's permissible in gossip. Writer Steven M.L. Aronson, who has worked with both Warhol and Hackett, thinks Warhol deserves a place alongside diarists Samuel Pepys, Anaïs Nin, Cecil Beaton, and Ned Rorem. "There was a genuine novelty to anything Andy Warhol did, so this is a diary unlike any other," Aronson says. But Pepys's diaries were published *very* posthumously. "In this case, we didn't have to wait 156 years," Aronson says.

Hackett's interviews with Warhol were the basis for *The Philosophy of Andy Warhol and Popism*, and she has long been the literary medium through which we've seen Warhol's world. As a Barnard freshman in 1968, she volunteered to help out at Warhol's Factory because, she says, "it seemed like it would be fun to know him. Andy was the big thing. He'd just gotten shot."

Even after earning her degree in English, she stayed on, typing and running errands. She felt the world was falling apart in the sixties. "I wanted to go somewhere where it couldn't get worse. I wanted the extreme. At Andy's point, things could only rebuild."

At first, Hackett was paid only her subway fare. Later, as she moved up through the ranks, she was given "15, 30, 60 dollars. Never that much. It was really torture, and you'd have to sit and wait for him to personally write the check." The

diaries were a belated bonus. Warhol called them her dowry as he tried—typically—to make matches for her. “I would not have stayed had he not been a good person,” Hackett says.

“He could drive you crazy,” she adds. “He could be so cruel. You had to know when to ignore him. I knew how to get along with him. Andy actually liked workers—if you had a skill like typing and you could be productive. The people who came in were always drug addicts and drag queens. I was coherent and boring. He gave me keys immediately.”



RONNIE CUTRONE—WHO says he doesn't care that his private life is made public in the diaries—agrees. “Andy came from the American work ethic,” he says. “It wasn't even fun to go out with him, because it was always work. Outside, he was cool and collected. But inside, he was like a time bomb with feelings. Pat was his outlet and his re-charger. He'd spill his guts and recharge himself so he could put on his blank face and go out again.”

Cutrone says that the people now howling “can't handle the fact that they were just part of the party. They tried to use him, but he used them better.”

Hackett was different. “Pat appreciated Andy,” says Cutrone. “When Andy saw Pat was devoted to charting out his thoughts, I'm sure he was impressed and flattered. And don't forget: She was up in the morning like he was. No drinks or drugs the night before. She wasn't stoned. All these other people got up at noon. How could he talk to them?”

In addition to putting together the diaries, Hackett says, she's a screenwriter. But she has only one finished film—*Andy Warhol's Bad* (1976)—to her credit. After *Bad*, Hackett tried to quit, but Warhol persuaded her to co-author *Popism* and later to keep track of his expenses—an accounting that evolved into the diaries.

“He said, ‘Just call me five minutes a day,’ ” she remembers, noting how those minutes usually became hours. “I wasn't that career-motivated, really. This was close to fun. It suited me. I don't want to think too much about why.”

Jealousy over Hackett's ability to keep her long-term Warhol connection may explain why she is also known as “a nothing, a hanger-on,” according to one diary victim's P.R. man. But she's a lot more now: a soon-to-be-very-rich former nothing and ex-hanger-on.

Hackett, 37, doesn't like the limelight. She doesn't talk much about her simple background, except to say she is the daughter of a New Haven railroad clerk. At Warhol's funeral, she learned that Warhol's family hailed from Eastern Eu-

rope's Carpathian Mountains, just like her mother. And like Warhol, Hackett presents herself as the void at the center of a storm, dismissing herself as "a voyeur of the life of a voyeur."



HACKETT ASKED TO MEET this interviewer in restaurants rather than in the one-bedroom Gramercy Park apartment where she lives alone.

There she talked to Warhol every morning for ten years. Hackett saw her "chore" as conducting "the longest-running interview in show business." She would sit in a big chair with a board across her lap, taking down all the dish in longhand notes on a legal pad. Later, she would type up what ultimately turned into 20,000 double-spaced pages of unedited entries. Most witnesses say neither Hackett nor Warhol made many tape recordings for the diary.

"Is there any interview free of the interviewer? No, of course not. I wouldn't let him get away with anything," she says. "I would question him, and he'd get into it deeper. He knew I wanted to hear what was funny. But certain parts of it were a chore to take down."

After Warhol's death, Hackett edited all those pages down to the 1,600 she submitted to Warner Books. She believes Warhol's less-than-flattering descriptions are "if not a badge of honor, then a badge of glamour." She insists the sampling that's been published is representative. "They probably got off better with me doing it," she says.

"She had a conscience," agrees Aronson, who helped her with the editing. Nonetheless, her role has made her—to her surprise—as controversial as Salman Rushdie and as popular as the ayatollah in some circles.

Victor Hugo calls the book "The Satanic Diaries." One can only imagine what he'd say 50 years from now, when the *other* 18,400-or-so pages of Warhol's diaries are opened to the public. "Much of it is drivel," Hackett says. Warner Books president Laurence Kirshbaum says there is also a "great deal that could not be verified or was felt to be an invasion of privacy or libelous." During several legal readings, those entries were excised.

Though Hackett mentions Warhol's oft-quoted injunction to interviewers, "Just make it up," she emphatically adds, "I never did that."

But some targets of Warhol's attacks claim that's just what she and Andy did.

There is, for example, a description of a drug-fueled liaison between Mikhail Baryshnikov and Liza Minnelli. She won't comment, but Baryshnikov isn't pleased. "This particular passage in Warhol's diary

is a figment of his imagination. It never happened," he said.

A source at Warner Books disagrees. "Other people were sometimes nearby," the source said. "Afterward, there were unimpeachable sources to whom principals talked. There was also evidence of similar behavior on other occasions."



BARYSHNIKOV ISN'T alone. Barbara Allen, a former *Interview* cover girl who was also a player on the Warhol team in the seventies, says, "A lot of it is not true. The way Andy saw things certainly wasn't the way I did. One would say things to shock him. He did the same thing to Pat. The way he put things was horribly exaggerated."

Was he exaggerating, for example, when he described Allen's sexual exploits? "I've never had sex. I hate that word," says Allen, who is marrying Henrik de Kwiatkowski, a wealthy polo player. "I made love. I did go out with a lot of handsome men. But it's been ten years. It's such a shock. It's distasteful. It's destructive. I was there to have fun. I called Fred and Pat and I said, 'Why me? I thought Andy was my friend.' Of course I feel betrayed." She's hoping "very few people will read an 800-page book. Unfortunately, I'm at the beginning."

Bianca Jagger is also fuming. She points out two passages excerpted in *People* as examples of inaccuracies. "Andy never gave my daughter a cat," she says. "And the incident at the Metropolitan Museum is not true."

But firsthand witnesses to both incidents corroborate Warhol's versions. The cat Warhol gave Jade Jagger was from Warhol superstar Baby Jane Holzer. Holzer gave it to Warhol for Jade. "And Bianca's denying it, right?" asks Holzer.

Aly Kaiser, the self-described matriarch of the Kaiser Aluminum clan, happily confirms the Metropolitan tale. "I was with Andy that night," she says. "We were all at a table together. Bianca was wiggling and wiggling. She hates to wear clothes. So she took off her pantyhose, rolled them right off, handed them across the table, and Andy sniffed them." Kaiser also confirms giving marijuana to some of Warhol's entourage. She says she had it because a doctor "prescribed" it for a friend with cancer.

But Kaiser is not entirely willing to let Warhol off the hook. He quotes her—at age 60—as saying that she was "looking for a f---." Kaiser denies it. "I didn't say that about the f---, not at all."

Why would Warhol lie? "He wanted to do a portrait of me," she says. "Then Larry Rivers did a drawing and I liked that. Maybe Andy resented it."

Other reactions to the book's revelations are less vituperative. "Oh, my God,"

said Christopher Makos, a friend and traveling companion, upon learning that he's described as a hustler. "Well," he continued after a wry laugh, "I learned from one of the greatest hustlers of all. He'd look at these old women and all he'd see were dollar signs. Andy would tell me to try and sleep with them and get a commission" if they bought a portrait.

"Why be shocked?" he says. "Andy was an artist, and artists are cynical. One minute they're nice, and the next they're painting you like a monster. I can just deny the stories about hustling."



"SOME OF IT'S TRUE AND some of it's not," says Bob Colacello, a former *Interview* editor now at work on a Warhol memoir. The diaries repeatedly refer to Colacello's dealings with men and drink, as well as his deft editing and social climbing. "One sees how much Andy lied," Colacello says. "C. Z. Guest has never had anything plastic in her house. Mercedes Kellogg never had kinky hair. Andy *did* take coke the night he said he didn't. He even had me buy him more in the basement of Studio 54."

Hackett says Warhol always planned to publish the diaries upon his death, although "it was also understood he would never die, so we never got into specifics." But Colacello thinks it was *his* book contract that spurred a "competitive" Andy to first consider publishing his diaries. Colacello says he won't read more than the excerpts in *People* before finishing his first draft. "I saw the real Andy, so I'm not surprised in the least," he says of what he's read so far. He admits to having "very mixed feelings" toward his ex-boss.

The theatrical agent Milton Goldman and Paige Powell, advertising director at *Interview* and one of Warhol's closest companions, have mixed feelings, too. Goldman confirms Warhol's offhand description of his "marriage" to another man. Powell confirms her extended liaison with the painter Jean Michel Basquiat, who died of a drug overdose. But when told what Warhol had written, both expressed concern for their families.

"It's a little late in the game for me to deny anything, but it's personal," Goldman says. "It shouldn't be publicized. Not many in my family know. They'll have to learn to live with this." Powell's reaction was "Is my mom going to kill me?"

All this has left Bianca Jagger wondering, "Who is the person who decided on publishing this book? I have my doubts that the book is strictly Andy's point of view."

So whose diary is it, anyway? "How could anyone fantasize he'd do all this with no intention of publishing it?" Hackett asks. Warhol's promise to her is a big reason the diaries were

published, according to lawyer Hayes.

The day after Warhol's funeral, Pat Hackett got a call from Steven Aronson, asking what she planned to do with the diaries. Aronson arranged a meeting with the agent Lynn Nesbit, who auctioned the book. Simple. But behind the scenes, it was a more complex story.



AS ED HAYES TELLS WHY the estate approved the release of the diaries, there is a gun pointed at his head. It's only a Warhol silk screen of a

revolver, but it's a convenient symbol. "I advised Fred [Hughes] he had an obligation to publish," Hayes says. "Could he give up millions because he didn't want to discomfit the people he has dinner with? I don't regret it professionally, but on the personal side, I'm going to have to eat in for the next six months."

"We had a verbal obligation to Pat Hackett," says Hayes. "Andy told her she could and should publish." So the question of diary ownership was "somewhat cloudy." Hayes says, "We didn't have physical possession" of a complete set of diary pages. Hackett says she gave Warhol a copy of every page—with his receipts stapled to the backs. Fred Hughes "could look at them when he wanted."

But Hackett's interests and the estate's "are not entirely the same," says Hayes. She wanted, in her words, to "do it and get it out of my life. I really hate looking back. I don't like to have obligations pending." Hayes argues that Hackett's intention to publish forced the estate's hand. By law, he claims, Hughes had a responsibility to the foundation, the estate's charitable beneficiary, to maximize its assets—and that included the diaries. "To the extent the estate is successful," Hayes admits, "Fred and I both profit. But when you consider the aggravation I'm going to go through, it's not that much money."

Hayes goes on to say that Hughes "couldn't go to Pat Hackett and say 'Wait 50 years.'" By letting her publish with the estate's approval, Hayes solved the ownership question. He vetted the manuscript, too. Better safe than sorry.

Hughes declined to be interviewed; he is suffering from multiple sclerosis. But Hayes says his client "exercised very little censorship. Certainly, he would have edited himself out. Fred is a major character in the diaries." Indeed, Hughes's social climbing, drinking, carousing, and pomposity rival those of anyone in the book.

"If they're unhappy with Fred, they should really be unhappy with me," says Hayes. "But I absolutely feel that I did the right thing. I had a job to do—a historical and a professional obligation—and I did it. In a strange way, I take a certain pride in the fact that it makes me miserable." ■