

Enemies And Their Friends

By Judy Bachrach

NEW YORK—It was probably intended to be something more: the ultimate vindication, paranoia to fruition. "Remember," said Frank Crowther—who organized Normen Mailer's disastrous birthday party and was now trying his luck with this one—"Remember how everyone said Normen was paranoid about the government? Well Normen wasn't paranoid."

So there. And neither were all those people who thought their phones were bugged or their lives haunted or their private pleasures scanned. What better vindication for the Enemies of the administration than to throw a party of their own—and charge everyone a \$30 admission. And donate the proceeds to the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press, a de-

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fense fund for the working press?

And then the news came. It was as if the whole world had conspired to make Sid Davidoff and Dick Aurelio and Frank Crowther and all the party organizers happy. The President of the United States decided to give his second televised Watergate speech at the exact moment An Evening With the Enemies was about to begin.

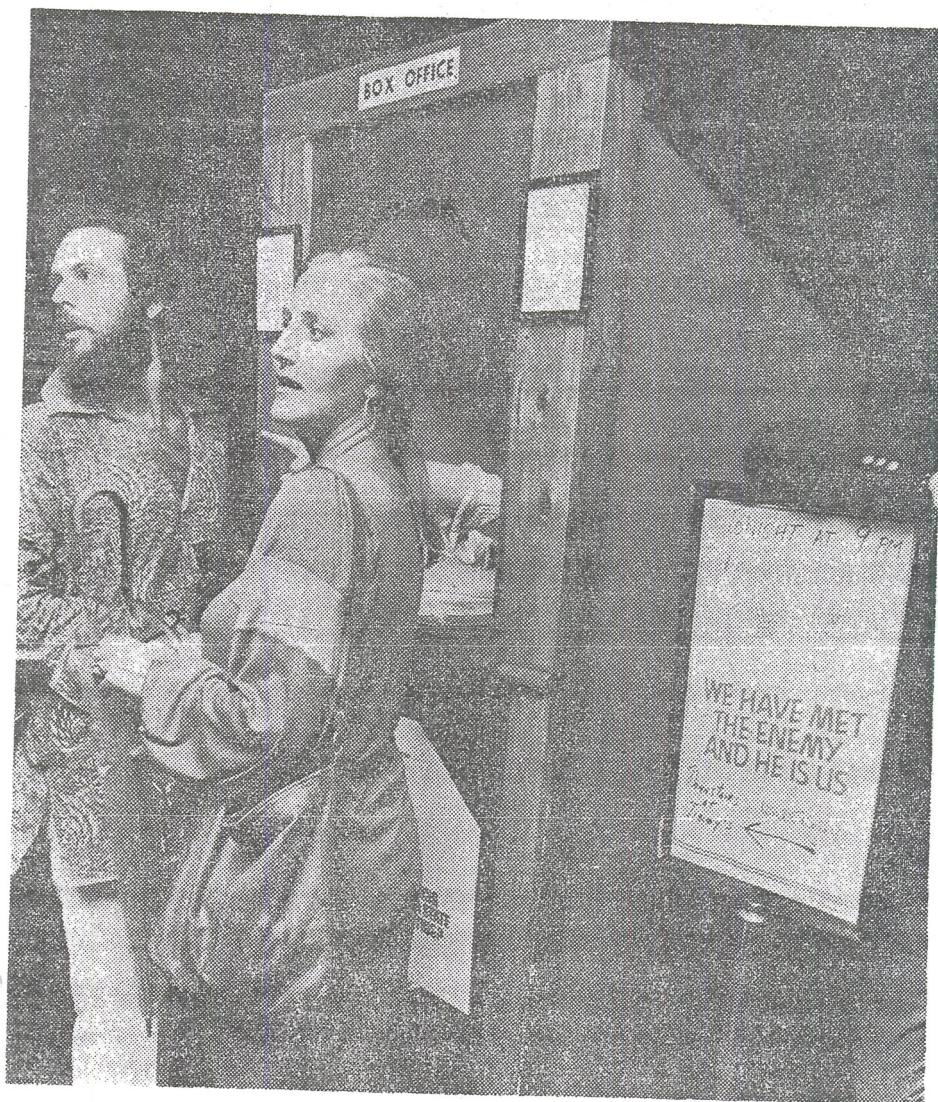
"I asked him to do that," said Sid Davidoff, who was described on the Enemies List as "A first-class S.O.B." "I called up Nixon and asked him to make that speech tonight."

Davidoff was lounging around Jimmy's restaurant with co-owner Aurelio, four hours before the Enemies party was to flood the premises. Davidoff did not understand why he had been maligned by the administration, but he figured that his being a former Lindsay aide might have something to do with it. Still, he had been kind enough to come down to Maryland in 1966 and help get Agnew elected governor.

"I taught him how to walk," said Davidoff. He and Aurelio are puzzled about only one thing: Why wasn't Aurelio, also a former Lindsay aide, mentioned on The List.

"It was a Class-B list, anyway," said Aurelio. And he shrugged his shoulder.

"What are they doin' over there?" asked Crowther of his fellow party organizers two hours before the festivities. "Jesus, I hope they're hanging up those London Times pictures of all the enemies. And did they install the TV set for Nixon's speech?" Crowther was getting the pre-party jitters. He has sent out 4,500 invitations and about 300 had responded so far. "Where's Bella Abzug?" asked Frank (In Thailand, as it turned out). "And Jesus, where's Carter Burden? He's usually an automatic."



Photos by Frank Johnston—The Washington Post

Proud to be Enemies, or at least eager to associate with them, an unidentified couple joined the crowd of 400 who turned out Wednesday in New York for An Evening With the Enemies.

Where were a lot of people, for that matter? Someone claiming to be Huey P. Newton's mother-in-law had called earlier and said Huey was coming. But no one saw him. Eugene McCarthy said he would fly in from Chicago, but he never showed. There was by one count a total of 208 real Enemies on the list, but people like Samuel M. Lambert, the former executive secretary of the National Education Association, and Howard Stein of the Dreyfus Corporation were quite intent on staying away. That left, in the early hours, mostly the would-be Enemies and the press and they were gathered around the TV set alternately cheering and hooting the President's speech.

Derisive laughter greeted "If I were to make public these tapes, the confidentiality of the President would always be suspect." Cheers accompanied a brief allusion to "Enemy lists."

Of them all, only Davidoff was not hooting or laughing. He was writing down his phone number for a woman in a low-cut black dress. Then he sat down and played distractedly with his moustache.

Around 10 p.m., when the big guests started pouring in, the TV lights were scalding the room. Jimmy Breslin, writer and ex-politico, walked in feeling very much out of sorts. He had called in earlier to complain bitterly that the evening's award for investigative journalism (a pair of silver trowels, engraved "Keep Digging") was going to be presented to Washington Post reporters Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein and not to him. He was asked how he liked the President's speech:

"A lot of ——" said Breslin. He took a swig from his glass and smiled as a blonde with terrific breasts moved towards him.

"How are you?" asked the blonde.

"Not as good as you," said Breslin. The blonde snapped his picture.

Dick Schaap, a New York TV personality and sports writer, came sidling up with a cameraman. "Jimmy I'm going to interview you, now be as good as Norman Mai-



The scene was Jimmy's Restaurant in New York and the event was a get-together for those on the Nixon administration's Enemies list.

ler, will ya?"

Breslin muttered something scatological.

"Shaddap!" said Schaap. The camera started to roll. "Jimmy, I'm going to ask you something I ask everyone. How do you define your enemies?"

"Enemies," said Breslin, "is too inclusive a term. Ask me how I define my friends. Now friends is what I wish I'd made in my life."

The cameraman ran out of film. Schaap had to start over again.

"How would you define your enemies?" asked Schaap.

"Anyone who doesn't like me," said Breslin. He took another swig.

The thing was that Jimmy Breslin, like a lot of the celebrities at Jimmy's that night, was not on the Enemies List. George Plimpton was there, but not as an Enemy. Herman Badillo, who tried to run for Mayor of New York, and Al Blumenthal, who still is trying, were not on Dean's list. Dave Dorsen, assistant chief counsel to the Watergate Committee, was simply "against all enemies lists." Howard Samuels, who has

New York gubernatorial aspirations, was not listed. And Norman Mailer, who was really on his best behavior Wednesday night, who was trying to compensate for all the embarrassments of his last party—Norman Mailer was not even mentioned.

Someone asked Mailer how he felt about the President. "The only thing Nixon and I agree upon," said Mailer "is that Max Lerner should be on the Enemies List. That was a fine idea." He smiled benignly at a companion. Mailer had in fact bought four extra tickets, but when a reporter asked him who they were for, he replied *Sotto Voce* "Come to my house and I'll show you my desk drawer."

The real Enemies who appeared formed an elite corps and tended to associate mostly with each other. In one corner of the room civil rights leader Bayard Rustin was telling philanthropist Stewart Mott that he liked him even though he was rich.

"You didn't ask to be born rich, Stu. And I didn't ask to be born poor. Or black." Rustin sighed with pleasure.

"It's nice to be at a party where not everyone was born in a ghetto."

There were those who deplored the entertainment. It started out well enough with members of the National Lampoon Company of Lemmings conjuring up a satire on the Watergate Hearings. But when one of the members, purporting to portray the President, pulled down his pants and bared his pale rear end, the laughter ceased. "Well," chuckled the actor, "I could have pretended to be Mitchell and turned around."

Stewart Mott looked ill; Howard Samuels, embarrassed. Henry Niles, chairman of the Business Executives Move for a Vietnam Peace" and a real Enemy began wondering why there hadn't been "something serious on the program."

Niles, who said that 31 businessmen had made the list simply because they had been sponsors of a lunch his organization gave in 1971, said, "We're on this list that's the negation of everything this nation stands for. What are we going to do about it? We haven't really thought it out."

Russell D. Hemenway, head of the National Committee for an Effective Congress, and another Enemy, sighed and suggested that it was, finally, "A very precious evening, an in-bred crowd." And Rustin evoked the memory of George Wiley of the National Welfare Rights Organization who died last week. "He had a deeper passion for the poor than any black leader except A. Philip Randolph," said Rustin.

As the guests exited, there were a few scattered comments about the Nixon speech: Departing guests, anxious to take one last jab at the man who had given them some reason for being. Otto Preminger decided that he hadn't heard that kind of speech since he was in the third grade. And Frank Crowther—well Crowther, as always—found extra, substantive sources of complaint.

"For the first time in my life I really felt sorry for that man," sighed Crowther. "Did you see the way he was perspiring? He didn't even have the decency—the h—the seat off his chin."