

McGovern's Mata Hari:

By Jules Witcover
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As political Mata Haris, go, Lucianne Cummings Goldberg—the confessed Nixon spy on the McGovern campaign plane last fall—was undistinguished. It's not surprising that Sen. George McGovern said on television Sunday he could not recall her.

Given campaign press credentials as a representative of the Women's News Service and a free-lance book writer, she was shunted to the "zoo plane"—the No. 2 plane in the McGovern entourage. It was so named by reporters because it mostly carried TV cameramen and technicians—"the animals" in the quasi-affectionate quasi-snobbish parlance of political campaigns.

There she sat near the front, a seat-mate of Merrill "Red" Mueller, an ABC News reporter, joining in the camaraderie among the TV and airline crews and talking—forever talking, talking, talking—into one of two tape recorders she carried.

A husky woman of 38,

Lucy Goldberg drew looks of puzzlement and behind-the-back remarks of ridicule for her modus operandi. Like some political Howard Cosell, she seemed never to cease doing her own play-by-play into a tape recorder—as she sat on the plane, as she stood in an airport crowd or at a McGovern rally.

It's not unusual for a radio reporter, like Mueller, to talk into a tape recorder, but writers on a campaign usually use one mainly to tape the voice of the candidate. What she was doing, it is now known, was recording facts and impressions to convey to Murray Chotiner, the Nixon political agent who hired her for \$1,000 a week.

Most reporters, after a first exposure to Lucy Goldberg, ignored her—or tried to—throughout the campaign. She was regarded by many of them as a pest, always asking other reporters for carbons of exclusive stories they had and nagging McGovern press aides for copies of all the "pool" reports about what was going on on the No. 1 plane, which

carried McGovern and his chief aides, plus reporters from the major news organizations.

Carol Friedenbergh, one of the press aides, recalled yesterday that Mrs. Goldberg collected the pool reports religiously, "She complained so much," she says, "that I made it a point that she always got them."

One whose suspicions was aroused was seat-mate Mueller. "She was always running for telephones at every stop," he said in a telephone interview from Los Angeles. "She told me she was doing three columns a week and writing a book. Well, it hasn't been my experience that columnists or book writers are always running for phones.

"I asked the McGovern people to check her credentials. They did and told me she checked out."

That was about mid-September, and Mrs. Goldberg—once her ways were noted—sailed through the rest of the campaign virtually unnoticed.

This is not the first time, it now turns out, that she finds herself in the midst of

Suspected Once, Ignored Often



LUCIANNE GOLDBERG
... disdained "dirty stuff"

controversy. In 1960, when she worked in the press section of the Democratic National Committee, she received a handwritten invitation from Lady Bird Johnson from Jacqueline Kennedy to attend a party to watch one of the Kennedy-Nixon television debates.

Mrs. Goldberg passed on the invitation verbally, kept the note, and five years

later tried to sell it at auction. The Secret Service closed in on the Charles Hamilton gallery in New York, demanding the letter as Mrs. Johnson's private property. Eventually it was given back.

As in the case with people who write books, controversy is not an unmitigated disaster. Mrs. Goldberg, besieged by phone calls in her New York apartment and weary but still answering, New York apartment and weary but still answering, said yesterday she had been getting—and turning down so far—myriad offers to go on TV talk shows.

She is now about halfway through her book, which is called "Diary of a Disaster," and which she describes as "life on the campaign trail as a spy." When she was approached by Chotiner last year, she said, she told him she might actually write a book. "He told me I could do anything I wanted after the campaign was over," she said.

The book will be Mrs. Goldberg's second. She is the author of still another

controversy-breeder called "Purr, Baby, Purr: The Case Against Women's Liberation."

The book was an offshoot of the Pussycat League, which she co-founded with Jean Sakol, a novelist. The organization—at \$7 a year membership—is "to answer militant feminism," she said. The book and the league have opened the lecture circuit to Mrs. Goldberg, where she said, she recently debated feminist leader Betty Friedan.

"The general thrust," she said, "was that the kind of equality women's lib is talking about is a step down to any woman who enjoys being female. You can be in a man's world and be a female. Marie Antoinette had the right idea. You can get more flies with honey.

"I'm surprised they picked a woman (to be a political spy). They needed someone who wouldn't get giddy on what most women would consider a romantic assignment. You know it's awfully hard for a woman to keep a secret, but I kept one for a year."

Born in Boston, Mrs. Goldberg moved with her family to Alexandria, where she attended St. Agnes School for Girls. She worked in the promotion department of The Washington Post from 1957 to 1960, then joined the Citizens Committee to Elect Lyndon B. Johnson, as a press aide. When Johnson joined the Kennedy ticket, she worked for the Democratic campaign.

In the early 1960s, she did public relations work in Washington, and then moved to New York, where she lives with her second husband, Sidney, an editor at North American Newspaper Alliance, an affiliate of United Feature Syndicate, and their two sons.

Asked whether she expects to have a future in journalism after this episode, Mrs. Goldberg said:

"There's nothing illegal that I've done. I didn't do anything criminal. I stole nothing. I didn't tape record any secret conversations. I'm a free-lance writer. I'm a good writer. And people have short memories."