

WATERGATE

The Reagan Renaissance

By Stephanie Mansfield

The scene is the lobby of the Watergate Hotel. It is 10 minutes before Lee Annenberg's swearing-in ceremony as chief of protocol at the State Department.

"Daahling, how nice to see you," says Jerome Zipkin, bussing the cheek of a middle-aged woman seated on the soft leather couch.

"I just saw Punky upstairs," he says, "and I'm on my way to pick up Bets."

"Punky" is Jane Dart, diminutive wife of multimillionaire Californian Justin Dart and hostess for an exclusive luncheon at the Watergate following Annenberg's swearing in. "Bets" is Betsy Bloomingdale, fashion hall of famer and wife of Alfred Bloomingdale, founder of the Diners Club. Zipkin is a 66-year-old Manhattan millionaire and leader of Reagan's closest friends, known as "The Group."

"Where's Carol?" Zipkin demands, his man-in-the-moon face tilted toward the ceiling.

"She's in the safety deposit box, getting her jewelry," says her mother, the middle-aged woman on the couch.

Carol is Carol Price, wife of Charles Price of Kansas City. She's a frozen potpie heiress. He's a candy-bar king and banker, soon to be the next ambassador to Belgium.

"Well, we're going to be late and I must pick up Bets," Zipkin says, gliding past the front desk.

Jerry Zipkin adores the Watergate. "It's so private," he draws.

And of course, all his friends are here: Bets, Punky, Lee, and Nancy's only seven blocks away. "If I got an apartment in Washington," he says, "it

would definitely be at the Watergate."

From the moment it sprang up on the banks of the Potomac in 1965, the concrete and glass monument to gracious living has made news, beginning with a resounding set of Bronx cheers from architectural critics.

Scene of the 1972 bugging of the Democratic headquarters, the Watergate became synonymous with the worst scandal in the history of the Republican Party. Now, the Watergate has become the unofficial headquarters for Republican partying. At times, say residents, there seem to be more Ridgewell's catering trucks than tour buses. More florists than tourists. The basement room that once housed the Democratic Club has been turned into a nouvelle cuisine restaurant where nouveau Washingtonians dine on consommé with truffles and where Ronald Reagan made his first foray to a public place as president.

"We want to change our image," says Peter Buse, vice president and general manager of the hotel. "We are no longer the Nixon Watergate."

The Reagan Watergate, Buse says, keeps confidential files on the preferences of their guests and has spent close to \$1 million since January making sure the Republicans feel at home. In fact, before last November's election, the hotel complex had two bud-

gets drawn up for 1981: the Carter budget and the Reagan budget.

"The Reagan budget was considerably higher," says Buse.

The new image, says Diane Sappenfield, assistant to the chairman of the board, is a return to the Kennedy era of elegance and chic. But if that was Camelot, this is The King & Us. "They're our royalty," says Sappenfield.

In fact, so many Reaganites have taken up residence at the Virginia Avenue complex that Sappenfield has dubbed it "the bedroom White House."

Any chance the Watergate will be annexed?

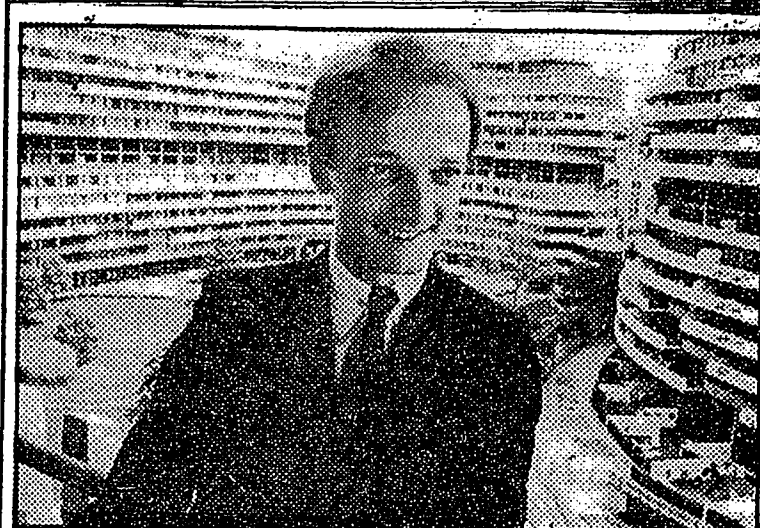
"I think we already are," Buse says. The hotel, according to Buse, spends nearly \$10,000 a month on VIP gifts: fresh raspberries flown in from Chile for Jerry Zipkin, chocolate truffles, orchid plants, champagne, copies of the Los Angeles Times on the doorsteps every morning, marzipan elephants on their pillows at night, his-and-her Christian Dior bathrobes with a large "W" embroidered on the breast-pocket.

"It's very accommodating," says Walter Annenberg, TV Guide publisher and former ambassador to Great Britain. The Annenbergs moved into a three-bedroom suite on the 10th floor two months ago, which they share with a maid and a butler. The suite, which normally rents for \$750 a day, was redecorated at the hotel's expense in Lee Annenberg's favorite colors: pale beige, pinks and pale green. They get a special rate on the suite. According to Sappenfield, the cost of the suite is several thousand dollars a week.

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Clockwise from top right: Peter Buse by John McDonnell; Betsy and Alfred Bloomingdale; Jerry Zipkin; from left, Charles Price, Lee Annenberg, Carol Price, Walter Annenberg; Ronald Reagan, Charles Wick, Mary Jane Wick, Robert Gray, Nancy Reagan



By Art Buchwald

The new threat to this country, if you believe the Moral Majority and the television preachers, is not communists or fellow travelers, but "secular humanists."

The secular humanists are the ones who are brainwashing our children with books about evolution, sex, race relations, ERA and naughty words.

This means we have to get the books out of the schools and libraries. The book censors are starting to organize, the moral crusade has begun and the hunt for secular humanists is on.

I am always intimidated by book-burners, so I want to get on the bandwagon as soon as possible.

My problem is, unlike the Red-baiting witch hunts of the McCarthy

days, I find it impossible to know who a secular humanist is.

It was easy to tell a commie or fellow traveler in the '50s, because he always carried a Daily Worker under his arm and didn't bother to shine his shoes. He never had a nice thing to say about Sen. Joe McCarthy or Roy Cohn, and he kept taking the Fifth Amendment when he was called before the House Un-American Activities Committee. Also, you could check up on him by finding out if he once belonged to one of the hundreds of subversive organizations listed by the

O Tempora! O Mores! O Moral Majority!

Capitol Punishment

government as being for the violent overthrow of the government.

But a secular humanist is a different breed of cat. From what I can gather, he is much harder to identify unless he openly admits he thinks Darwin's theory of creation makes sense.

Secular humanists are not joiners. They don't have cells where they plot anti-American and anti-God propaganda. Most of them work alone, doing historical research, writing textbooks and novels, and explaining how

babies are born. They pollute children's minds with how the world is, rather than how the anti-humanists would like it to be.

What makes them so dangerous is that secular humanists look just like you and me. Some of them could be your best friends without you knowing they are humanists. They could come into your house, play with your children, eat your food and even watch football with you on television, and you'd never know that they have read

mittee to get at the rot. Witnesses have to be called, and they have to name names of other secular humanists they know.

Librarians and teachers must be made to answer for the books they have on their shelves. Publishers have to be held accountable for what they print. Writers must be punished for what they write.

The secular humanists should be put on notice that they can no longer hide behind the First Amendment.

If we're going to go back to the old moral values that made this country great, we're going to have to do it with search-and-destroy methods. First, we must burn the books — and if that isn't enough, then we must burn the people.

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Charting A Return

Gary U.S. Bonds' Rocky Rebound to the Limelight.

By Richard Harrington

"In the beginning, with the hits, you feel it will never end. It's going to last forever." Gary U.S. Bonds, a two-hit wonder in the early '60s with "New Orleans" and "Quarter to Three," looks down at the floor of the darkened New York studio where he has been rehearsing a new band before embarking on the "survival tour" that brings him to the Bayou tonight.

"It would never end like this," he says, pointing to some undefined corner away from any spotlight. "One day it does. And it takes you by surprise. I had a pretty good mental attitude about it, though: Get up and do it again."

See BONDS, D6, Col. 1



Gary Bonds; by Richard Harrington

The Lively Lore of Ralph Richardson

Acting Up & Eating Out With a Theatrical Legend

By James Lardner

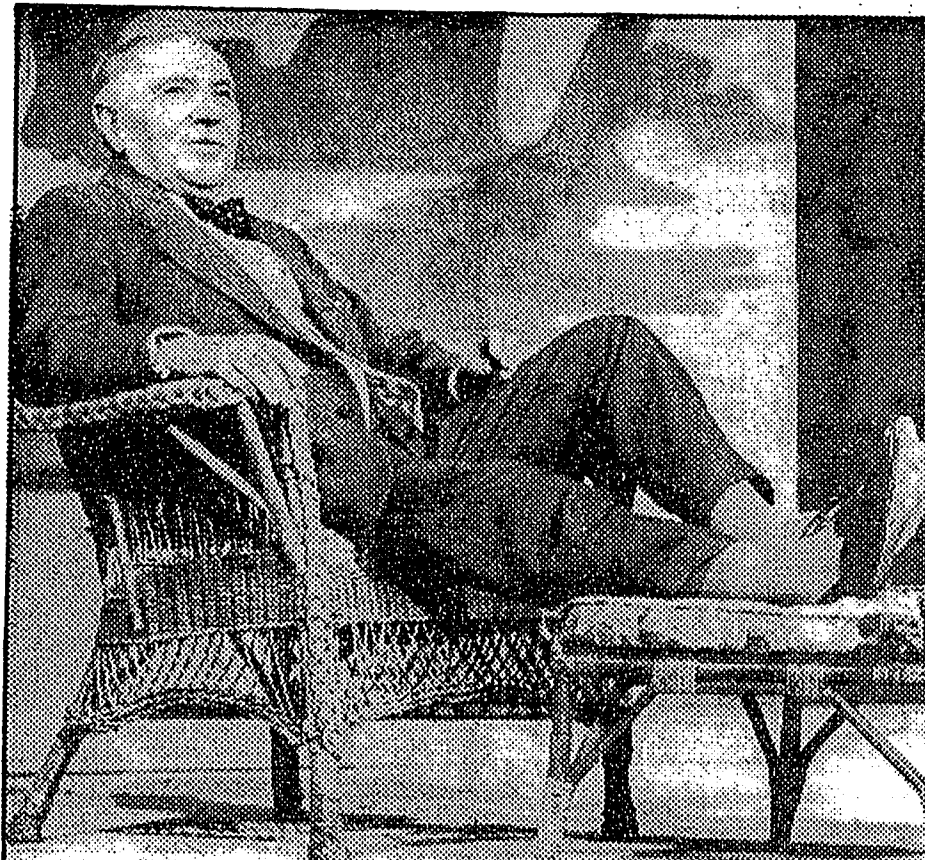
A slightly bent-over Sir Ralph Richardson crisscrosses the living room of his hotel suite, nose forward, scouring the various horizontal surfaces of the room for ...

For what?

He never says. He has his pipe, tobacco pouch and smoking accoutrements in hand, and he is handsomely attired in a red striped shirt, pink tie and black blazer, with the neatly folded corner of a white handkerchief peering from the breast pocket. At 78, he is healthy of voice and limb — he played tennis Monday at the Chevy Chase Club — and his face retains the slightly bashed-in, unforgettable geometry of old.

He seems as ready as he'll ever be to meet the Kennedy Center's official photographer. But when the photographer arrives, Richardson scrutinizes

See RICHARDSON, D11, Col. 1



Sir Ralph Richardson in "Early Days"

'Early Days': Virtuosity At the Kennedy Center

By Megan Rosenfeld

One of the greatest pleasures of watching a master at work is to observe the small gestures, the grace notes that only the virtuoso can play. In "Early Days," which opened a four-week run last night at the Eisenhower Theater, Sir Ralph Richardson gives a performance so graceful and masterful that he provides a backbone for what might otherwise be a rather frail play.

Playwright David Storey wrote "Early Days" for Richardson, and the result is a rare matching of a skilled actor to the complex part given him. It is about an old man, Sir Richard Kitchen, whose political career climaxed with an appointment as minister of health. The career is long since behind him, the victim of "a 25-minute speech and a 15-second interview," and he has come to live with his daughter and son-in-law, torment

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