

1970; *Pennington's Seventeenth Summer*, Oxford University Press, 1970, published as *Pennington's Last Term*, Crowell, 1971; *The Beethoven Medal*, Oxford University Press, 1971, Crowell, 1972; *The Pattern of Roses*, Oxford University Press, 1972, Crowell, 1973; *Pennington's Heir*, Oxford University Press, 1973, Crowell, 1974; *The Team*, Oxford University Press, 1975; *The Right-Hand Man*, Oxford University Press, in press.

AVOCATIONAL INTERESTS: Riding, walking in mountains, sailing, music.

BIOGRAPHICAL/CRITICAL SOURCES: John Rowe Townsend, *A Sense of Story*, Longmans, 1971; Edward Blishen, *The Thorny Paradise*, Kestrel Books, 1975.

* * *

PHILLIPS, Bob 1940-

PERSONAL: Born December 25, 1940, in Denver, Colo.; son of Richard Ross and Evelyn (East) Phillips; married Pamela Joy MacDonald, November 28, 1964; children: Lisa Joy, Christine Lynne. *Education:* Biola College, B.A., 1964; California State University, Fresno, M.A., 1977. *Home:* 6514 North Fifth, Fresno, Calif. 93710. *Office:* Northwest Church, West & Barstow, Fresno, Calif.

CAREER: Hume Lake Christian Camps, Hume Lake, Calif., assistant director, 1964-74; Northwest Church, Fresno, Calif., associate pastor of counseling ministries, 1974—. Vice-president of board of directors of Accent Crusades, Inc. *Member:* Christian Association for Psychological Studies.

WRITINGS: *The Great Future Escape*, Vision House, 1973; *The World's Greatest Collection of Clean Jokes*, Vision House, 1974; *More Good Clean Jokes*, Harvest Publications, 1974; *The Last of the Good Clean Joke Books*, Harvest Publications, 1974; *Redi-Reference*, Harvest House, 1975; *Praise Is a Three-Lettered Word*, Regal Books (Glendale, Calif.), 1975; *The All American Joke Book*, Harvest Publications, 1976; *Lots O'Laughs*, Spire Books, 1976; *A Time to Laugh*, Harvest House, 1977; *The Pre-marital Workbook*, Harvest House, 1977.

Editor: (With Tim LaHaye) *The Act of Marriage*, Zondervan, 1976; (with Judy Messer) *To Know Him Is to Love Him*, Beta Books, 1976.

WORK IN PROGRESS: A pre-marriage counseling manual; a book on the attributes of God; a book on communication in marriage; a book of illustrations.

SIDELIGHTS: Phillips writes: "I am what is called a 'born again Christian.' I feel that as a Christian I have a responsibility to be an influence in my society with regard to the teachings of Jesus Christ. My writing is varied, from clean joke books to religious and family topics, and in all of these I have endeavored to carry forth my moral convictions. Martin Luther said, 'If you want to influence the world—pick up your pen.' I hope that in some small way my writings will influence my world for good."

* * *

PHILLIPS, David Atlee 1922-
(George Spelvin)

PERSONAL: Born October 31, 1922, in Fort Worth, Tex.; son of Edwin (a lawyer) and Mary (an executive; maiden name, Young) Phillips; married Helen Haaseh, June 5, 1948 (divorced, 1967); married Virginia Simmons (an educator), March 28, 1968; children: David Jr., Maria, Christopher.

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CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS

Deborah, Bryan, Wynne, Todd. *Education*: Attended College of William and Mary, 1940-41, Texas Christian University, 1941-42, University of Chile, 1948-49. *Politics*: Democrat. *Religion*: Protestant. *Home*: 8224 Stone Trail Dr., Bethesda, Md. 20034. *Agent*: Julian Bach Agency, 3 East 48th St., New York, N.Y. 10017.

CAREER: Worked as writer and actor in New York, N.Y., 1940-48; *South Pacific Mail*, Santiago, Chile, publisher, 1948-54; Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), Washington, D.C., intelligence officer, 1950-75, chief of Western hemisphere division, 1973-75; professional lecturer. *Military service*: U.S. Air Force, 1944-45; became staff sergeant; received Air Medal with cluster and Purple Heart. *Member*: Association of Former Intelligence Officers (founder and president, 1975—). *Awards, honors*: Intelligence Medal of Merit, 1955; Distinguished Intelligence Medal, 1975.

WRITINGS: *The Night Watch*, Atheneum, 1977. Editor, *South Pacific Mail*, 1948-54. Editor, under pseudonym George Spelvin, *Periscope* (a quarterly for intelligence professionals), 1975—.

WORK IN PROGRESS: *The Eye of Violence*, a spy novel; *Preparing for a Career in Intelligence*.

SIDELIGHTS: Phillips told *CA*: "I retired from the CIA in May 1975 to participate in the current controversy concerning intelligence in America." When asked by *CA* what the stand of the Association of Former Intelligence Officers was concerning the image of intelligence, Phillips added: "Originally the Association of Retired Intelligence Officers, our name was changed to Association of Former Intelligence Officers in December, 1976—this because our members didn't like the geriatric ring of the 'retired' as many of us are active in second careers.

"Our organizational stand on intelligence is that we believe in Congressional oversight and legislation for intelligence operations—but that an adequate intelligence capability is essential. We have *some* success in explaining the role of intelligence and improving the tarnished image of intelligence men and women. I, for instance, have appeared on all the major TV shows in this country ('60 Minutes,' 'Today,' etc.) and have lectured all over the country. We have a speakers' bureau for civic groups and schools; a clearing-house for the media to assist when intelligence stories are covered. At our third annual convention we expect several hundred delegates from our 1700 members around the country.

"Perhaps our most successful venture has been in assisting Congress (not lobbying). I, for instance, appeared before the Church committee to discuss the role of covert action; the others on the panel were Clark Clifford, Cyrus Vance and Morton Halperin. I have testified on AFIO's behalf before Senator Ribicoff's Government Operations Committee, and will testify to the Select Committee on Intelligence in the Senate."

* * *

PHILP, Richard Nilson 1943-

PERSONAL: Born July 7, 1943, in Plainfield, N.J.; son of Lester Perry (an industrialist and landscape painter) and Gladys Emma Linea (an artist; maiden name, Nilson) Philp. *Education*: University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, B.A. (cum laude), 1965; Yale University, M.F.A., 1968. *Politics*: Registered Democrat. *Religion*: Episcopalian. *Home*: R.1, 3, Box 46, Route 385, Catskill, N.Y. 12414; and 551 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11217. *Office*: *Dance Magazine*, Suite 1455, 10 Columbus Cir., New York, N.Y. 10019.

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FOREWORD

THE KENNEDY ASSASSINATION—EMOTION AND EVIDENCE

I experienced something akin to the perturbation of the Kafka character who awoke in his bed to find he had been transformed into an insect when I realized that, in at least one quarter, suspicion was generating (or being generated) about me being involved in a CIA cover-up of the assassination of Jack Kennedy.

In recent years I have testified under oath to both chambers of the Congress concerning my knowledge of Lee Harvey Oswald's visit to Mexico prior to the assassination. My hypothesis, based on the facts I had as a CIA officer in Mexico at the time, is simple: the Cubans and Soviets thought Oswald a kook, he returned to Dallas alone, and he was not connected with the CIA.

On 19 September, 1976, a caller from Senator Richard Schweiker's office telephoned the hotel in Virginia where the Association of Retired Intelligence Officers* was holding its annual convention. Could three guests from the Senator's staff attend the luncheon? As founder and president of the group I was pleased at the high-level interest and asked the trio to sit at my table: a man, a young woman, and a third person obviously a foreigner. The latter was introduced to me as "the driver", and he did not speak during lunch.

After the meal I was asked to answer questions about the Kennedy assassination, queries which would be put to

* To more accurately describe the make-up of the membership, the name has since been changed to the Association of Former Intelligence Officers.

me in Spanish. I was occupied with running the convention, but did talk briefly in Spanish to the "driver", by then identified as a staff investigator. After the visitors departed I telephoned Senator Schweiker's office and asked if my interrogator, the one who did not speak English, was really a Senate staff member. I was assured he was.

Another shoe dropped in late May of 1977, when I appeared on a Washington television talk-show. During the program Mr. Bernard Fensterwald, an assassination buff, said to me, "Senator Schweiker told me that of all the people in the CIA, including Dick Helms, the one he would most like to question about the Kennedy assassination is you, Mr. Phillips." I found the remark disturbing, because the Senator had questioned me, personally, during his Senate probe of the assassination. Some days later a Washington journalist who has been covering the intelligence beat said, "Yes, Senator Schweiker told me precisely the same thing."

An article was published in the 24 June, 1977, issue of *New Times* about the Kennedy assassination entitled "Three Witnesses." The third witness in the story was identified only as "Carlos" and was described as a Cuban exile and ex-convict who had carried out a number of unsavory activities for the CIA. One of the most dubious points in the article had Carlos being introduced by his CIA case officer, one "Morris Bishop", to Lee Harvey Oswald in Dallas before the assassination.

The article concludes with this paragraph: "Last fall, Carlos was flown to Washington by Senate investigators and taken secretly to a meeting of the CIA's Association of Retired Intelligence Officers. It was hoped he might offer a positive identification of Bishop as David Atlee Phillips, recently retired agency veteran in Latin America and a close match for Carlos' description. But Carlos refused to say. The search for Morris Bishop goes on."

I suppose I should take some solace in the fact that the article does not attempt to identify me, categorically, as "Morris Bishop", but instead I feel like an insect pierced and mounted on a pin for public display as the latest specimen in the collection of suspects who, for some arcane reason, were conspiring to hide the true facts of the Kennedy assassination.

One allegation in the *New Times* article is that "Morris Bishop" paid "Carlos" \$150,000 for 13 years of CIA service in 1973. I am convinced this is false. I was Chief of CIA's Latin American operations then, and it is inconceivable to me that such a payment would have been made without my knowledge. But the "Carlos" Story is now on the public record. I don't know how many people read the story, but my children did.

So I have a personal reason to support the current investigation by the House Assassinations Committee. Most Americans support the investigation, I believe, because we would all like to resolve the lingering doubts about the Kennedy assassination.

Will those doubts be resolved? Probably not. There seems to be a compulsive tendency in the United States to suspect conspiracy in the face of facts not easily explained. Two women, in separate incidents, attempted to assassinate President Ford in California. Conspiracy theories have not emerged, as it is easy to explain what happened: *they missed*. What we can't understand is how one man, alone, murdered Camelot. But, according to the available evidence, he did.

It requires courage to remain dispassionate in the heat of emotion which has been kindled about the assassination of John F. Kennedy. Brian Buggé is to be commended. He has eschewed sensation, laid the facts on the line. It is up to each of us to reach our own conclusion, but Brian Buggé has performed a public service in making his case.

What he has done is to ask us to look at the evidence. That is a refreshing suggestion.

David Atlee Phillips*

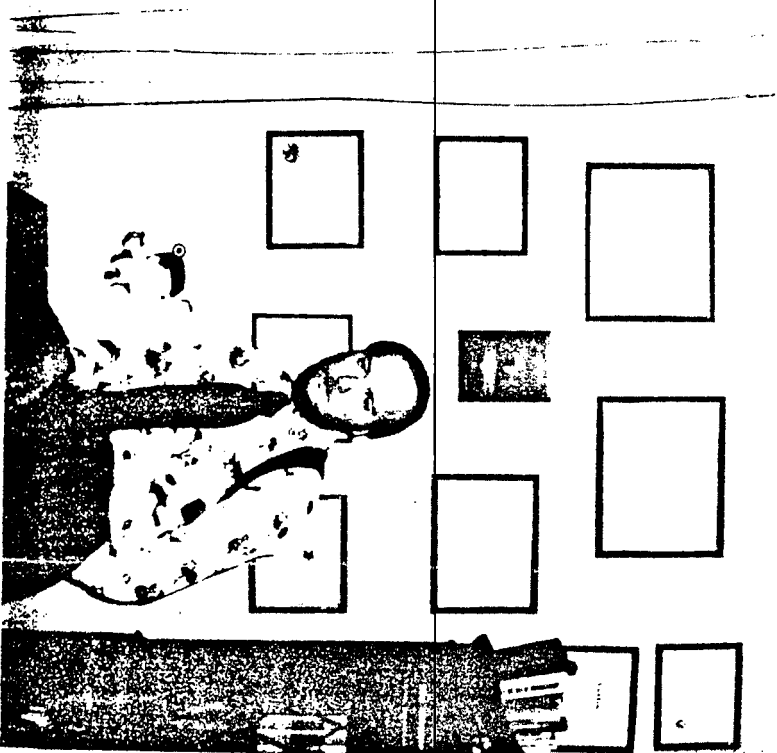
* David Atlee Phillips retired from the CIA in 1975 after twenty-five years of service. As a Central Intelligence Agency officer he rose to become director of the Western Hemisphere Division. He is the founder and past president of the Association of Former Intelligence Officers. He is the author of the book, *The Night Watch: 25 Years of Peculiar Service* (New York: Atheneum, 1977).

Brian K.
Bugge

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THE MYSTIQUE OF CONSPIRACY: Oswald, Castro, and the CIA

Brian K. Bugge



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About the Author:

Brian Bugge began his career in law enforcement at the age of eighteen. While working towards a Bachelors degree in Police Science at John Jay College of Criminal Justice, Brian worked for three federal investigative agencies within the U.S. Treasury Department (one being the U.S. Secret Service). Upon graduating, Brian became a Correction Officer with the New York City Department of Correction. While with the Department, Brian continued on at John Jay College and earned a Masters degree in Criminal Justice. In addition to the Department of Correction, Brian is currently employed part-time as an Adjunct Professor within the Department of Criminal Justice/Fire Safety Administration of Jersey City State College.

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THE MYSTIQUE OF CONSPIRACY



The Oswald cult and the Kennedy assassination syndrome has become an enigma of our times. Guiltible as we are, we have succeeded in transforming a calculating, cold-blooded Presidential assassin into something of a folk hero!

FOREWORD by David Atlee Phillips

—retired CIA Western Hemisphere
Division Chief

several conspirators, with the proposal that I approach one of them as an American anxious to assist anyone plotting against Castro. "There is little chance this group will be successful," the case officer said, "but we want to know what they are up to."

The case officer was nervous. "Think about it. It might be hairy. For this one, we would like you to volunteer."

That made me think, all right. It would be tricky. I could approach and cultivate one of the conspirators using a false identity, perhaps in disguise. But if one of the plotters already knew me, or recognized me from photographs which had appeared in a local paper after an amateur theatrical performance, the others would soon know who I was. It would not be difficult for Castro's secret police to track me down if there were an informant in the cabal, or if one of them should be arrested and reveal the participation of an American.

To my astonishment, I heard myself saying, "I'll do it."

Later, I mulled over more carefully the risks involved. It could be downright dangerous. That realization led to another decision: I talked with Helen about our future. We agreed that we should consider a long-standing job offer of a friend in New York—since there was no longer a chance of making our fortune in Havana, it was time to seek the pot of gold elsewhere.

After approaching and cultivating one of the conspirators, I attended a secret conclave in the home of another. I was dismayed to find many more Cubans there than I had expected. There were several hours of courageous talk, but it was soon apparent that they possessed neither sufficient organization nor resolve to carry out a successful coup against Castro. I wrote a report for my case officer. The final sentence suggested that in such a large group there might be a Castro informant, or someone who would become one.

A cable instructed me to fly to Washington to discuss the conspiracy. The people on our Cuban desk decided I should sever contact with the group because the risk factor was unacceptable. I agreed, happy to know that someone cared. Further, I was told to begin planning my departure from Cuba since my cover—now gossamer thin—could no longer explain in Havana the presence of a businessman without a business. It was suggested that I return to CIA once more as a staff officer. I replied that I planned to accept a job in a public-relations firm which I would be discussing in New York that very day, prior to returning to Havana.

The job offer was confirmed in New York. As I was getting ready to leave for the airport, the telephone rang in my hotel room.

"You were right about the informant," I was told by the caller from CIA headquarters. "Several of those who attended the meeting with you have been arrested."

I said nothing. There was a tingling at the back of my neck.

"If none of the Cubans knew your true name," the Cuba officer continued, "there probably won't be a problem. But if some did..." Then, "Do you think it better not to go back?"

"I have to go back," I said. "Remember, I have a business to mantle, not to mention a wife and four kids to get out of the count." "Okay. But call me from Miami before you take off for Havana. Standing in a telephone booth at the airport in Miami, I heard a disturbing news when I called the Cuba desk officer. An additional Cuban involved in the meeting had been arrested. "We could have some of our people help your family pack out."

Of course I had to return. Without the protection of diplomatic passports, Helen and the children were potential hostages of Castro's people who were, by now, pretty ruthless and efficient.

The flight from Miami was about an hour. I was petrified. Stomach churned during the flight, and it jumped as I stood in immigration line at the Havana airport.

One more passenger between me and the immigration official. The official checked his big, black book of undesirables with thoroughness. Then I stood before him. He was not an attractive man—he used finger alternately to pick his nose and run down the list of P's—but he felt like kissing him when he stamped my entry paper, and nodded past the barrier.

We packed. I told Helen about our predicament. I made reservations for the ferry which plied between Havana and Key West. My case officer, in our final meeting, passed me a Washington telephone number which I was to call from Key West. He was glassy-eyed with fatigue. The CIA officers in Havana were toiling long hours under the tension constant police surveillance.

Again I waited in line, this time among the passengers boarding the ferry for Key West. The queue was slow, and again I was scared. The case officer pretended to read a newspaper in the lobby of the ferry terminal; although there was nothing he could do, he would at least know if I were arrested. Helen sat on a bench, shepherding the children who were restive in the intense tropical heat. I nodded at Helen, trying to be reassuring. She smiled gamely.

This time it would have been easier to kiss the customs official with the permission to depart Cuba was stamped in our passports: she was a pretty Cuban woman. She smiled pleasantly as she wished us *adiós*.

The ferry chugged out of Havana harbor through a splendid sun-burnished the windows of the modern skyscrapers in the city. For the first time in a long while it seemed easy to breathe.