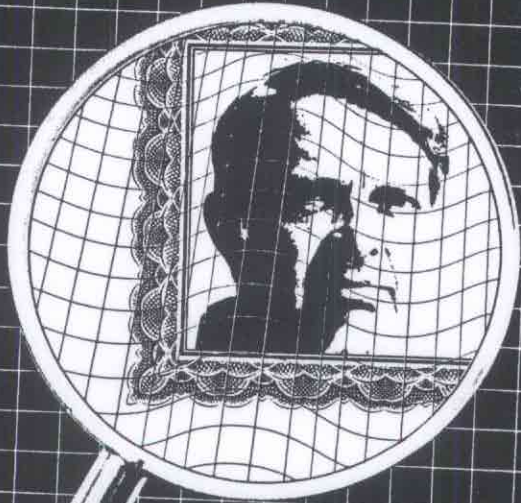


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# PORTRAIT OF A COLD WARRIOR



SECOND THOUGHTS OF  
A TOP CIA AGENT  
JOSEPH B. SMITH



Geneva. The steam generated by the great propaganda campaign about the refugees choosing freedom was enough, in fact, to supply energy for propaganda themes throughout the whole U.S. involvement in Vietnam we never dreamed then would be so long and tragic.

Soon our team in Saigon was busy developing Vietnamese versions of the mass organizations built for Mag-saysay. Diem's brother, Ngo Dinh Nhu, and his wife, Madame Nhu, whom her case officer always called the Dragon Lady, proved to be as good at organizational work, if not better, than their Filipino counterparts. The National Revolutionary Movement took shape, the Civil Servants League was formed, the Popular Revolutionary Committee started, in addition to the building of propaganda and psychwar units for the government itself. Mag-saysay's legal expert came over to write a constitution for Vietnam.

In Singapore I kept receiving propaganda guidance on Vietnam and the developing of the new government and popular institutions there for use by Li Huan Li in any ways we could think of to make them suitable for the wire service. I also activated the other press asset, who wrote for the *Nanyang Slang Pao*. One device was used to have him run interviews with local officials into whose mouths we'd put praise for the amazing progress in Vietnam, the refugees' heroic rejection of Communism, etc., and then Li would pick them up for replay by the wire services. I also continued to furnish the British with material on Vietnam that they could use with their assets.

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## The Minds and Hearts of the People

Not only had my official duties become more interesting, but our living problem had been happily solved. When the Boylans left, we moved into their house, a Singapore version of a U.S. one-floor ranch house, only since this was

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Singapore, it was considerably more spacious than most in the Fairfax or Montgomery county suburbs of Washington. It was adequately furnished and the few things we had brought fitted in well. There were swings in the garden, a big driveway for tricycle riding, and a large, level lawn that was perfect for badminton.

By the time the great events in Vietnam began absorbing working hours almost completely, we had begun to enjoy the particular charm of being upper-class white residents of Asia. Mike Campbell began to think it was important that he show me what Malaya was really like before I became too impossibly spoiled. He said he wanted me to see how the "blokes who are fighting the bloody war with Chen Ping's Commie boys" lived. He began insisting we plan a trip to northern Malaya for the Christmas holidays.

I talked this over with Bob and he agreed that it would not be a waste of time because, "who knows, Joey, you might find out something. We sure as hell don't get anything from MI-5 about what's really happening except news handouts. Since Washington is so interested in Southeast Asia these days, we don't want to look stupid."

When I told my contacts at Phoenix Park about my trip, they obviously were not enthusiastic. They said they couldn't understand how I was really able to spare the time or what I was going to do.

I thought I would have some fun.

"You've told me many times you don't know where Chen Ping really is, so I'm going up to northern Perak and find him," I said.

By 1954, Chen Ping, the secretary general of the Malayan Communist Party, had been forced by the success of the British "new village" resettlement plan to make his central command headquarters a mobile unit. The systematic regrouping of Chinese squatters into villages where they were kept under the surveillance of British resettlement officers, supported by Malayan home guards plus British troops nearby, made it impossible for the Min Yuen, the supply units that kept the Malay Races Liberation Army in food and other provisions, to provide for the needs of a fixed headquarters position. It was a sore point with the British, however, that they were never able to

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ered reasons why Wisner had given the word. For one thing, the PKI, the Communist Party of Indonesia, had made great gains since I had been in Djakarta in the summer of 1953, on TDY assignment to straighten out the bookstore. As for Sukarno, he returned from a visit to the Soviet Union, China, and other Communist countries at the end of October just as I was settling into my Malaya job and declared he thought all political parties should be buried. There was a lot of cause for the DDP to be upset with the way things seemed to be going from bad to worse the last couple of years in Indonesia—whose 90 million inhabitants made it the most populous country in Asia, aside from India and China.

For one thing, we had lost a million dollars in one shot on the Indonesian elections of 1955. This, of course, was not counting other related operational expenses. This was just the cost of the single big direct subsidy we gave to the Masjumi party—the centrist coalition of Moslem organizations which, before the elections of 1955, had looked like the largest and most stable political group in the country.

I had been told that we were supporting the Masjumi in the 1955 elections by my old friend from Linebarger's seminar, Curly, who was chief of station, Djakarta, when I was in Singapore. Curly always stopped off in Singapore whenever his business took him anywhere in Southeast Asia. He liked to check with Bob Jantzen on what the British were up to, but this was not his main reason for his Singapore stops. He always arrived in Singapore with a shopping list for his Indonesian station personnel and their dependents. The same import duties and surcharges that caused our bookstore grief made daily living in Indonesia something that even embassy duty-free import privileges could barely make tolerable. Nothing that Americans found essential for living, other than basic foods, could be purchased or even found in Djakarta. So Curly would arrive with a list ranging from shock absorbers for a Chevrolet to a nursing bra, and nearly everything else you wanted to name in between.

In the course of helping him shop, he kept me up on what was going on operationally for old-times' sake, because he knew that I had become friends with a number of his case officers during my brief Indonesian stint, and

because he hoped I might be able to give the Masjumi party some of the propaganda support I was giving to Diem's struggling regime in Saigon. But he never told me the details of the Masjumi election operation.

As I looked through the file I found out there were many strange things about the whole election. Regarding the big one-shot campaign contribution, for example, the document that asked for approval to make the payment was unlike any I had ever seen. The normal request for a political action operation of such magnitude contained considerable required information, justifying the need, explaining the expected results, and giving details as to how it was planned to achieve them. The Masjumi operation document was only a couple of paragraphs that said little more than we proposed to provide one million dollars to the party.

A glance at the approving officer's signature explained this. The proposal had gone directly to Kim Roosevelt, who at that time was special assistant to the DDP for political operations. He was considered a master of the art. His operation had put Nasser in power in Egypt. By 1956 this was beginning to look like a questionable accomplishment, but when the operation was pulled off, it was considered outstanding. I had heard in Singapore sometime in 1954 that Roosevelt was Mr. Political Action. Political action was big in 1954. It was the year of the Guatemalan operation and the establishment of the Diem government, and the year before, in 1953, we had elected Magsaysay. The Indonesian general elections were being planned then. Voters were registered in May, 1954, and the candidate lists of the parties drawn up in December, 1954. These were to be the first national elections ever held in Indonesia. A few paragraphs for Roosevelt's eye were enough to get the required approval of the topmost echelon of CIA for the Masjumi election operation.

Another startling thing about the project was that it provided for complete write-off of the funds, that is, no demand for a detailed accounting of how the funds were spent was required. I could find no clue as to what the Masjumi did with the million dollars. Hong Kong station, which in addition to its regular duties, had the job of procuring soft currency funds, like Indonesian rupiahs, at the going black market rate, kept flooding bags of currency



mation that would enable our intelligence analysts or those of Defense and State to determine precisely what effect on the outcome of the story the colonels might have. So we could accomplish a lot before getting into the matter that really concerned Wisner—how we might manipulate that outcome. We decided our first presentation to Washington's higher echelons would give no hint of a future intention of mounting a political action program.

This was the crux of the matter. Not only were we far from ready to say precisely what this action program should be and what chances for success it might have, but at the first hint of any action program, we would have to begin the process of coordination with the ambassador, the Department of State in Washington, the Defense Department, and, before any direct action against Sukarno's position could be undertaken, we would have to have the approval of the Special Group—the small group of top National Security Council officials who approved covert action plans. Premature mention of any such idea might get it shot down at any one of these levels. If it fell to earth with a thud at the embassy in Djakarta, then it would never be revivable at the Department of State, and Defense would get scared off by word of this and nothing would ever reach the Special Group.

So we began to feed the State and Defense departments intelligence that no one could deny was a useful contribution to understanding Indonesia. When they had read enough alarming reports, we planned to spring the suggestion we should support the colonels' plans to reduce Sukarno's power. This was a method of operation which became the basis of many of the political action adventures of the 1960s and 1970s. In other words, the statement is false that CIA undertook to intervene in the affairs of countries like Chile *only after* being ordered to do so by the 5412 Committee, the Special Group, the 303 Committee, or the 40 Committee, the small group of top National Security officials who acted in the President's name under these various labels throughout the cold war. In many instances, we made the action programs up ourselves after we had collected enough intelligence to make them appear required by the circumstances. Our activity

in Indonesia in 1957–1958 was one such instance. We also made a few special contributions to the technique of making a situation appear to require that CIA step in to correct it.

For instance, the statement that our intelligence collection effort was something no one could deny was a useful contribution is not quite accurate. The new ambassador, John Allison, who had just arrived on the scene in Djakarta, was not certain of this. He had been ambassador to Japan and assistant secretary of state for the Far East. He did not think CIA operations contributed as much to the overall effort of the U.S. government abroad as we did. He wasn't too sure their contribution was worth the risk entailed in having CIA officers under embassy cover in contact with dissident rebel colonels. This was really the reason the chief of station had cautiously sought headquarters approval for the first contact with the colonels in the cable he sent in. He could then, if required, tell the ambassador that he had been ordered to do it by Washington.

The solution we adopted to the ambassador's objection about a case officer under official cover contacting the rebels was to instruct the chief of station simply to deny that the contact was being made by such an officer and say we were handling the matter through a series of carefully compartmentalized cut-outs. The most efficient way to handle ambassadors who demand their rights as heads of U.S. missions abroad to be informed of CIA operational activities was to tell them plausible lies.

Allison continued to raise annoying questions throughout the development of the operation. He frequently made a point of writing Washington his explicit disagreement with our estimate of the situation as it progressed. We handled this problem by getting Allen Dulles to have his brother relieve Allison of his post within a year of his arrival in Indonesia. There was no objection from the embassy in Djakarta when the rebel colonels were ready to give Sukarno their ultimatum in February, 1958.

Events moved rapidly in Indonesia in April and May, 1957. Political pressures developed in Djakarta and the rebel colonels became more articulate in their contacts with our case officer. The first blood of the colonels' revolt



were tossed at him and his party. Sukarno ducked safely behind a car, but ten people were killed and forty-eight children were injured by the blasts. We had no idea who was responsible. We had never heard the colonels talk about assassination but we couldn't be sure some fanatics in their group might not have thought this would be the quickest way to solve their quarrel with the Indonesian president. At the same time, the Darul Islam, an outlaw Moslem group also opposed to the government, had been active in killings in other parts of Java. They might have tried to pull off the assassination.

I suggested we act fast, before our friends were blamed. Whether they were innocent or guilty we could try to find out later. So we quickly put out the story that the clumsy assassination attempt had been staged by the PKI at the suggestion of their Soviet contacts in order to make it appear that Sukarno's opponents were wild and desperate men.

Sukarno had his own ideas how he wished to exploit the incident for his own propaganda purposes. He blamed the Dutch, and during the first ten days of December all Dutch citizens were ordered out of Indonesia, all Dutch commercial and banking assets were seized, and even KLM flying rights to Indonesia were cancelled. Sukarno was furious because the UN General Assembly had fallen fourteen votes shy of the necessary two-thirds required to establish a commission in which the Dutch and the Indonesians would negotiate the ceding of Western New Guinea—West Irian, Sukarno called it—to the Indonesian government. The assassination attempt gave him grounds to be more forceful than he might otherwise have been able to be in his spite. The West Irian claim dispute was also an excellent ploy he could use to take his people's minds off the troubles he was having with the dissident regimes, now going concerns for almost a year, in Sumatra, the Celebes, Borneo, Bali, Timor, and Flores.

Between Sukarno's propagandists and ours, sight of the real assassins was lost, and they were almost forgotten. We were relieved, however, when evidence surfaced that it had been a Darul Islam operation and in no way part of the colonels' plans. Holding Sukarno's feet to the fire was a figure of speech. We didn't wish him any harm. We weren't too sure that anyone else could rule Indonesia

any better. We just wanted to pressure him to change course. We didn't want to sink the ship of state.

After mounting his anti-Dutch campaign to his satisfaction, Sukarno announced at the end of December that he was going to take another foreign trip for "rest and friendly consultations." The moment of truth seemed to be drawing near. Curly reported that Sumitro said the rebels were forming their political plans, and assured us that by denying the central government the revenue from the resources of Sumatra and the other outer islands, the rebels could starve Sukarno into submission. The colonels were working closely with top Masjumi leaders and preparing an ultimatum for Sukarno. If he left Indonesia as planned, the rebels would demand that the prime minister be replaced and a cabinet formed headed by Hatta and the Sultan of Djogjakarta.

Sukarno seemed blissfully unaware of how serious things were and continued making plans for his trip. So did we. Sukarno announced he was planning a five-week trip, to India, across the Middle East to Egypt, then Yugoslavia, and then would retrace his steps, stopping in Syria, Pakistan, and ending up in Japan. We asked the stations in those countries to do whatever they could to follow Sukarno's every move and report as fully as possible what he did with and said to the leaders in those countries and, especially, to be on the lookout for any Soviet contacts with him en route.

He left Djakarta on January 6, after declaring that the country enjoyed complete solidarity against all trouble-makers. The official spokesman for the Indonesian army issued a statement pledging the complete loyalty of the army to Sukarno.

The only station that was able to bug his telephone was, of all places, Cairo. Evidently, we had some remnants of the operational capabilities there that had helped Kim Roosevelt put Nasser in power, despite the fact that the Egyptian strongman himself had apparently drifted far from our fold. We learned nothing of any operational importance from the conversations Cairo cabled us after Sukarno's arrival on January 12. We did learn, however, that Gamal Nasser was a prude by Sukarno's standards.

Almost as soon as Sukarno had settled in his hotel room, he called Nasser. He greeted his friend effusively



began to plan a way in which their Camelot could spring again from the ashes, just as the Kennedy men would do in the next decade in the United States. Aurell hesitated to join in. He wanted to look over the new president, Carlos Garcia. He also had another iron in the fire. While Gabe and most of the station were swept up in support of the Magsaysay administration and the new blood it brought into Philippine politics, a deep-cover agent had been encouraged to establish a relationship with a canny member of the opposition, Diosdado Macapagal. When the Landsdale-organized team trooped out of the Liberal Party to launch the Magsaysay for President Movement, Macapagal had stayed put. At the time of the election of Magsaysay in 1953, he had been for the past three years chairman of the house foreign affairs committee. The Liberals lost nearly everything in 1953. In 1955, when Macapagal tried for the senate, they lost even more. His home district kept him in the lower house, however. From this vantage point he was able to provide a different viewpoint on the political scene that Aurell liked. In 1957, the Liberals rewarded Macapagal with the vice-presidential nomination.

The election of 1957 turned into a four-man contest, and the station could not decide which one to support. Carlos Garcia was sixty years old when he succeeded Magsaysay. He was a Nacionalist, a Party hack from the small southern island of Bohol. His dark skin and, many said, his darker political past earned him the nickname "black Charlie." His selection as vice-presidential candidate had been a sop to party regulars given by our people who never expected any plane crash and who knew that the office of vice-president of the Philippines was even more important than vice-president of the United States. The Philippine vice-president did not even have the duty of presiding over the senate. Latin influence probably prevailed in providing yet another chief's position, that of president of the senate, when the constitution of the new republic was written. The vice-president of the Philippines had only whatever tasks to do that the president cared to assign him. Magsaysay made Garcia foreign affairs secretary, which was, under the circumstances, a purely protocol post since all important decisions in the foreign affairs field were made between Magsaysay and his CIA

station contacts. Consequently, no one from the station even knew Garcia when he took office.

The Magsaysay men pointed out at once that he was a crook who would return the country to all the evil ways that President Quirino had practiced. They were, of course, right. Garcia hadn't been in office six months before false bills of lading became standard at the Manila harbor, copra was being smuggled out of the southern islands in huge amounts, and a payoff system was put into effect for conducting any sort of transaction with the government. The story was that the president's wife, Leonila, took the payoffs so as not to burden the president with either the work or the guilt.

The Magsaysay men all resigned their government posts, and Manuel Manahan, who had proudly cleaned up Philippine Customs, which under Garcia quickly reverted again to a major cesspool of corruption, became their candidate for president on the Progressive Party ticket. The group rallied again as it had in 1953, important leaders even coming back from Vietnam to organize the new party.

Aurell agreed that it would be the undoing of everything if Garcia won a full term in office, but decided that the Liberal ticket of old Liberal faithful José Yulo and young Diosdado Macapagal would have a better chance than the upstart third party. Nevertheless, he could not renge on the station's long-established suit, so he also agreed that some support be given to Manahan.

The fourth man in the race was Senator Claro M. Recto. Recto had broken completely with Magsaysay before the latter's death. The aftermath of this quarrel would be another of my headaches when I got to Manila. Recto took a nationalist stance which included opposing the close relationship between the United States and the Philippines and advocated dealing openly with the new power in Asia—Communist China.

The station's election operation was, therefore, more an effort to make sure that Recto was soundly defeated, so that the reputation of our principal SEATO ally not be sullied, than the positive effort that had been made four years earlier to elect our own president.

The results were what might have been expected. Garcia won a new full term as president. Yulo and Manahan



tripped up in organizing large-scale anti-Communist activities, and fell into a mire of ex-Nazis and Soviet infiltrators and had to be pulled out. He never served overseas again.

Henry generated animosity daily. He was convinced that he knew more about Communism, about propaganda, and about the proper techniques of propaganda operations than anyone else in the Clandestine Services, or the world for that matter. As a staff officer his role was supposed to be limited to giving advice and assistance when sought. This was something his own view of his competence and his German soul both found unbearably restrictive. Thus, when his advice was sought, he gave more than anyone wanted to hear, and whenever and wherever possible he sought to impose his ideas although they were unsolicited. Because he was fat and dogmatic, he reminded me of my first boss, Dr. Wing, the chairman of the Dickinson history department. The trick of getting along with both of them was to ignore them without letting them realize you were.

Not all of Henry's ideas were bad, however. Some were remarkably good. This was the tragedy of his fate—he should have been heeded many times when he wasn't. For example, his great interest in the summer of 1960, when I returned from Manila, and joined his office, was the rift that was growing between the Soviet Union and the Chinese. He was convinced it was the most significant development of the cold war and should be the major preoccupation not only of covert operations, but intelligence and the entire policy-making structure of the U.S. government—the State Department, the Defense Department, and the National Security Council. At his insistence a study group had been formed to examine the matter. Members of the group consisted of representatives from China operations, from Soviet operations, from the Communist Branch of the Counter Intelligence Staff, from the Office of the Deputy Director for Intelligence, the overt analyst side of CIA, and Henry, plus experts on different aspects of the problem who joined the group from time to time. As long as I was associated with him, while he made progress with the China operations' representatives, and, of course, had the complete support of the DDI intelligence analysts, he could never convince the representa-

tives of Soviet operations or the Counter Intelligence Staff that the "world Communist movement," in the existence of which they believed with the fervor of early Christian martyrs or Mohammed's desert warriors, could possibly split. Until I retired from the Agency, in fact, there were many members of the Counter Intelligence Staff who insisted the whole thing was a mammoth deception operation designed to catch us off guard—the arguments they used against Henry's ideas in 1960.

Another good insight Henry had, I learned the first time we discussed my new responsibilities, was that the Cuban task force's plan to destroy Castro would lead to disaster.

The man I was to replace as chief of the guidance section was having some problems working out his new assignment, Henry explained to me, so that during the overlap period, he had a special operation he wanted me to handle. He said it was so secret that of all the officers on the Covert Action Staff only he and Curly and the chief of the Paramilitary Branch had been briefed on it. This tightly held secret was the actual purpose of the Cuban task force. He said that when he was finished briefing me, he would let me read the CA Staff's copy of the NSC directive that had ordered the overthrow of Fidel Castro.

"The first thing you must understand," said Henry, "is the special nature of our Western Hemisphere Division. Colonel J. C. King, the division chief, has the unique distinction of being the only division chief in the Clandestine Services who has held his job since CIA was organized. The reason for this, as far as I can make out, is the special nature of our relationship to Latin America. I'm afraid it's the one place in the world where, as much as I hate to admit it, the Communists' propaganda claim that the United States is an exploiting imperialist power can't easily be denied. U.S. business interests have huge investments in Latin America, and the U.S. government's policy seems to be that the protection of these interests should control completely what we do in Latin America.

"Colonel King was an Army attaché in Buenos Aires during the war, and he had many links with the area. Among them are the close relations he developed with the FBI. As you know, the FBI was responsible for counter-intelligence operations against the Nazis throughout Latin



America during the war. When we came into existence, they reluctantly withdrew. Colonel King was able to convince a number of their officers to join him, and he's manned his division almost entirely with these FBI men. They and he all are close to American and Latin business leaders. They also are in with the police forces and local intelligence organizations. Of course, they supported Batista to the hilt. Fidel Castro's victory was a shock to J. C.'s men and their American business friends in Havana, who owned everything of consequence in the country either directly or through Cuban associates, from which they'll probably never recover. Before Castro had settled into office, the businessmen ran to Washington to tell President Eisenhower. Castro was a dangerous Communist who had to be overthrown at any cost. J. C. ran right along with them. And so we have the Cuban task force."

Henry said he didn't want to get into the question of whether Castro had always been a Communist or not, although, he said, Castro simply didn't seem to fit the model of disciplined Marxist Communist Party leader that thirty years of experience with Communists had taught him to expect. It was too late now to worry about this, we were committed to a course of action, and, as good soldiers, we must do all we could to carry out our orders successfully. He was bothered about the chances of success, however, for several reasons.

"First of all, as in the case of Guatemala, when the director had to see a covert action program carried out, he has had to push J. C. and his officers aside. They know only how to talk with police chiefs and to exchange information with security officers of American companies. Sophisticated political or propaganda operations, they are not good at.

"So again, Tracy Barnes is really running the operation and the task force, as he did our Guatemalan operation. He's brought in many of the old team. I did the propaganda on the Guatemalan operation, and Tracy asked me to do it again, but I said no."

The reasons Henry had refused the assignment were, first, he thought that, although J. C. King had been pushed aside again, he would continue to try to assert the interests of the old Batista followers and agents, since

American business interests in Cuba were vastly greater than they had been in Guatemala and, hence, the businessmen would hound J. C. to put their Batista friends back in power. Henry was sure that there would be continual problems as a result, the most serious being that any attempt to put Batista or any of his followers back in power would doom the operation to failure. "The reason Castro won," said Henry, "was that everybody in Cuba, except J. C.'s friends, hated Batista. Any invasion force that goes in for the purpose of putting him back just won't have the support of the Cuban people. I think a lot of good propaganda operations, but they can't produce miracles."

Henry's second fear was, in a sense, an extension of his first. He wasn't sure that Castro didn't have a much greater following than WH Division liked to think, even though he had been brutal and killed and imprisoned hundreds of people. "I'm afraid he may have a real power base. This was something Arbenz didn't have. I think we must not fool ourselves that Cuba is another Guatemala."

Finally what bothered Henry was that the whole operation was going to be almost impossible to hide. "In the case of Guatemala," he pointed out, "we worked from a neighboring country. Now we're working out of Miami. I don't think it's enough to say that, historically, Cuban revolutionary movements were supported by Americans and call that cover." More seriously, he was concerned that the signs of preparations could not be kept out of the American press. It was not like planning an invasion of Guatemala from a neighboring police state, he observed. Above all, the basing of such an operation in the United States, if not an outright violation of CIA's charter, was striking too close to it to suit him.

"For all these reasons, I'm afraid it just won't work," he concluded, "and if it's blown, it could destroy the Agency. I hate to see that happen, especially over a tiny Latin country, when so much needs to be done about China and Russia."

This attitude, naturally, had led to another of his excursions into the realm of offering unsolicited and unwanted advice. He was more or less *persona non grata* with Tracy and the task force. He wanted me to see what I could do to help them as we had been ordered to do.



(He also wanted me to find out what was really going on since no one would tell him.) He figured I was a new face who might be accepted.

Our propaganda guidance section divided its workload by assigning an officer to assist each area division. I was assigned the Western Hemisphere Division, in addition to my responsibilities reading into replacing the chief. We produced "Bi-Weekly Propaganda Guidances"—a booklet that took up significant developments in the various areas of the world which the divisions considered all stations should be aware of so they could produce newspaper or magazine articles or broadcasts, depending on assets available, that would make it appear that independent world opinion was supporting the position regarding such developments that CIA wanted given support. Copies of such articles were mailed to cover addresses each station maintained. Thus, an article about Berlin might be printed in Buenos Aires and a copy mailed to Berlin. Berlin would get it reprinted or, at least, mentioned in a German paper or news analysis broadcast and German readers or listeners would then think that the Argentines, not Americans, were saying whatever it was CIA wanted said.

The responsibility of the chief of the propaganda guidance section was to have these guidances coordinated with the State Department and with USIS. This directive had been given by the Operations Coordination Board, OCB, established by the National Security Council to insure all operations of all U.S. agencies working abroad achieved some common purpose. The OCB was one of the clumsiest bureaucratic devices anyone ever devised, but it fitted President Eisenhower's style of making decisions by committee. As everyone knows, this is about the poorest possible way to make a decision. I recall sitting on OCB panels on Indonesia and Malaya. Each agency representative had obviously been briefed that whatever the proposed U.S. objective toward the country of concern might be, his job was primarily to safeguard the role his agency wanted to play in regard to it. The result was that every point was compromised so that, in the end, no one's toes were tread upon, but no action responsibilities were ever put in forceful terms or even very clearly. As the CIA representative, I was always instructed to say nothing

specific but to insist that what we might do about any matter was to be subsumed under some such clause as "other agencies will take appropriate action."

The clearance process for the propaganda guidances was the same sort of farce. After the section's officers had discovered what the divisions wanted to discuss in the guidances and had written these topics up and had them okayed again by the divisions, I would bundle them over to the State Department, where they would be circulated to cleared State desk officers and to USIS. I would take one two-week batch with me each time I went and receive the comments on the batch I had delivered two weeks before. The only thing I enjoyed about the business was that the State Department officer who had been assigned the task of supervising the clearance procedure had been the economic officer when I first arrived in Singapore; Bob Boylan introduced me to him the first time he took me to the consulate general's offices and told him he was going to have to introduce me to Jantzen's special people. The man never caught on to the fact that I was CIA. He was astounded to see me bring the guidances. I think he always wondered whether or not USIS might be up to some tricky business, assigning me to such a job.

Even though I stressed each time that these guidances were intended for use by assets not attributable to the U.S. government, and, which, therefore, were trying to make oblique points and not merely mouth the words of the USIS press officer or the State Department spokesman on the subject, the guidances were always watered down so they were as nearly like the official statements as my State and USIS friends could make them. Playing safe was their primary professional skill.

The worst job of all was trying to clear themes on Cuba. I knew the themes were intended to provide a long-range buildup for the day the Cuban brigade hit the beach and liberated the country. None of the officers with whom I cleared the guidances knew of the brigade's existence. Furthermore, when I began to work on the Cuban problem, we still maintained diplomatic relations with Castro. These were not severed until January, 1961. Thus the heavy dose of "Castro Communism" that I tried to make them swallow was especially difficult for these diplomats to take. All I could do was continue to try.



The day after Henry briefed me, I read the NSC directive of March 17, 1960. This ordered two types of activity be undertaken by CIA. The first was to form a unified Cuban exile political group which would be capable of replacing Castro and in whose name the operation would be undertaken. The second was to train a Cuban guerrilla force which would be able to establish a foothold on the island and enable the new government we had formed to proclaim itself. A fundamental assumption of the paper was that the Cuban people would rally to the new cause, once it had shown its strength. The paper suggested the formation of the new Cuban exile group be completed within six months. No specific date was mentioned, but presumably the operation would get under way in August, I thought.

I next made myself acquainted with the covert action chief on Colonel King's Western Hemisphere Division staff because I was supposed to work not just on Cuba but to cover all topics of interest to WH Division. I explained, however, that I was also supposed to support the Cuban task force and asked to be introduced to the appropriate officer.

Paul, my new acquaintance, was the kind of down-to-earth Pennsylvania Dutchman I had grown up with. We immediately formed not only a business relationship but a friendship. He was never taken in by any of the con men on the Cuban task force, of which there were more than a few. Paul and I lived through the whole experience consuming all their bluster and dramatics like so much Philadelphia scrapple.

Paul suggested, before I really got into things, I read up on Latin America and become familiar with the U.S. stake involved. I recalled Henry's briefing. I soon had digested the statistics that bore out what he had said concerning J. C. King and his business friends.

In 1960 American private investment in Latin America amounted to \$8 billion. The total U.S. private investment in Europe at that time was less than \$5.5 billion. One-fourth of all U.S. exports, I found, went to Latin America, and one-third of our imports came from there. Of the seventy-seven articles listed as strategic materials to be stockpiled in World War II, thirty were produced in large amounts in the countries to the south of us.

Ninety percent of all quartz crystals, two-thirds of the antimony, half the bauxite and beryl, one-third of the lead, one-fourth of the copper that we needed came from these countries. Zinc, tin, tungsten, manganese, petroleum, and iron ore also were found in substantial amounts in Latin America. Two items, not strategic materials, but staples of every American household, coffee and sugar, were very significant. Almost all of these two products consumed in the United States came from our good neighbors of the hemisphere. Annual trade, both ways, totaled more than \$8 billion.

Like many people born and raised in the northeastern part of the United States, I had never given much serious thought to Latin America. Its image was for me the one that Hollywood presented with Carmen Miranda and Wallace Berry as Pancho Villa portraying the people of the area. I was educated to think that Europe was the only area outside the continental United States which was of any great concern to America. World War II and nine years in the Clandestine Services had made me appreciate Asia. Now I was learning that Latin America, economically speaking, was far more significant than either of these parts of the world. I may not have been paying any attention to Latin America, but a lot of people had, and they had gotten rich in the process. I was very eager to become involved in what we were doing there, and what we were doing was getting ready to throw Fidel Castro out.

Paul introduced me to Dave Phillips—the head of the Cuban task force's propaganda branch. I had heard of Dave from the man who had come out to Manila to be Jocko's deputy the latter part of my tour there. Bill Caldwell was one of J. C. King's FBI men and had been chief of station when Castro had taken over. Although he was certainly in no way responsible for this bad turn in the affairs of the U.S. ambassador's good friend Batista, Bill had to leave Havana, and a place was found for him in the Philippines. He had told me one day, in the course of discussing our propaganda operations in Manila, that he was surprised at how sophisticated they were. He said, "When they told me I should get some propaganda writing started in Chile, I went out and recruited a young American who was bumming around putting out a small



newspaper—a guy named Dave Phillips. He sure was a help. Dave's not only a good writer, he's a great snake oil salesman. I brought him to Cuba and he was doing my propaganda work for me when Fidel took over. I don't know what he's doing now. Since he was under unofficial cover, I hope he got out all right."

Dave got out. He was now running the propaganda show like a newsroom. He had a number of telephones on his desk—one for office calls, one for Coral Gables, where the Florida station was located, one for New York, one to talk directly to Tracy Barnes. He welcomed me warmly. His manner with me and with others reminded me of Bob Jantzen. Dave, however, did not limit his remarks to the clichés that were Bob's trademark. Although his manner was Rotarian, he had a quick mind bursting with ideas. His enthusiasm and energy were not theater, they were real.

He said he was happy for any help the staff and I could give him, and we got down to the business of discussing his propaganda objectives, what assets he had for his own direct use, and what he thought the worldwide guidance system might do to support them. From that first day, we had a relationship that I thought was productive and certainly one that I found a great pleasure.

Dave's principal activity was seeing that Swan Island radio was supplied with material, also that Cuban exile media men were put to proper use. He did a lot of work also through a New York public relations man who had worked for Wendell Willkie.

The Swan Island radio was an amazing operation for me. I had stretched my cover very thin in Manila, but a fifty-kilowatt radio station owned by something known as the Gibraltar Steamship Company broadcasting propaganda to Cuba as a "commercial venture" was an eye-opening experience for me in how the WH Division went about its work. Evidently, I mused, any type of business venture, even a New York-based steamship company running a radio station from an uninhabited island in the Caribbean, was something that Latin Americans, conditioned to living with all sorts of American business activities in their midst, could accept as legitimate.

Dave and I decided that the most useful thing the staff

could do was give maximum publicity to every shred of evidence that Castro was converting his revolution into a Communist model, and his country into a police state and a Soviet satellite. The rapidly unfolding events in Cuba in the summer and fall of 1960 and in early 1961 provided ample material to use.

Cuban Communists, who had actually opposed Castro's tactics when he was fighting Batista, had by 1960 become prominent in government affairs. By far our favorite example of Communists in the Cuban government, however, was Ernesto "Che" Guevara, the Argentine medical student who had joined Castro in Mexico at the very beginning of Fidel's great adventure. Guevara took over the National Bank on late November, 1959, although he had no known qualifications as an economist. He had a plan, however. Batista had left the country practically bare of cash. Guevara proposed that funds be raised by taking away the assets of the middle class. He also froze wages and imposed "revolutionary discipline" on the workers. His trump card was to turn to the Soviet bloc for economic assistance. We pushed in all our guidances, the theory that Guevara was the man who made Cuba Communist, aided by Fidel Castro's brother Raul and Raul's wife, Vilma, her sister Nilsa, and Nilsa's husband, a well-known Cuban Communist. Everything Guevara did, we pointed out, was part of a pattern—destruction of the middle class, destruction of workers' union rights, and reliance on the Soviets for aid was not just an economic policy, it was a blueprint for a Communist state. The emphasis on Guevara was supposed to raise resentment when played back to Cuba over Radio Swan because a "foreigner" was dominating their government. The emphasis on Raul Castro and his clique was intended to diminish Castro in the eyes of the world and of the Cubans.

Events in 1960 provided us the drift toward satellite status as ammunition for our "Bi-Weekly Guidances." In February, Castro signed a pact with the Russians which provided him \$100 million in credit over a twelve-year period. Then Soviets also agreed to buy a million tons of sugar a year and to send technicians. There was a point about the sugar-purchasing arrangement that we delighted to make.



The Soviets agreed to buy the Cuban sugar at a price of .0278 cents a pound, one-half the price the U.S. paid. The Soviets then sold the sugar to their own citizens at forty cents a pound. This was an example of Communist economic exploitation that made the worst kind of dealing the Communists could ever accuse capitalist imperialists of look good by comparison. Also, we liked to point out that the Soviet exploitation of the Cubans went one step further—the Soviets agreed to pay 20 percent in cash and the rest in Soviet goods.

In May, 1960, the two countries agreed to resume diplomatic relations, which Batista had severed at our request. Two months later, the first Soviet ambassador arrived. This was a priceless opportunity for our propaganda treatment. The new ambassador was Sergei M. Kudryavtsev. He had been first secretary of the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa in 1947 when Igor Gouzenko, the code clerk of the Soviet military, GRU, office in Canada, defected in one of the great spy sensation cases of the 1940s.

Kudryavtsev had to leave Canada as a result of the revelations of his connections with Soviet intelligence exposed by Gouzenko. Subsequently he had served in Vienna and as minister counselor of embassy in Paris. He was a representative of the international section of the Soviet Communist Party as well. His appointment, we said, proved that Castro was now a Soviet puppet with an experienced Soviet spy sent to Havana to watch over his activities.

Meanwhile relations with other Soviet bloc countries, who usually played a key role in promoting Soviet foreign policy objectives as well as supporting Soviet intelligence operations abroad, kept pace with the evolution of the Cuban-Soviet axis. Czechoslovakian technicians poured into Havana. Poland agreed to supply equipment for a shipyard capable of constructing 10,000-ton ships. On September 2, Castro announced that Cuba recognized Red China and that China was buying 130,000 tons of sugar.

By mid-fall 1960, as the presidential campaign began to climax and the two contenders added Cuba to their topics of debate, as I have already noted, a disturbing note began to creep into Cuban and Soviet announcements, I thought. Raul Castro, touring Soviet bloc coun-

tries, was quoted as saying he was delighted to learn that "the Soviet Union would use every means to prevent any U.S. armed intervention." On October 27, Khrushchev declared "Soviet rockets are ready in case the U.S. attacks Cuba." These were not the first signs that the Cubans evidently had gotten some wind of our task force plan. As early as July, there had been talk of Soviet defence of Cuba against U.S. attack. Khrushchev had mentioned his rockets and Che Guevara had declared, "Cuba is now defended by the greatest military power in history." But more than words was involved. Between August 1 and October 28, when Khrushchev again rattled his rockets, 22,000 tons of arms, we knew, had entered Cuba from the Soviet Union. Soviet technicians had also arrived. The military aid totaled about \$40 million, we estimated. I recalled that the operational approval which President Eisenhower had given indicated the new Cuban exile political front should be formed within six months. Presumably by now the operation to overthrow Castro was under way.

Even before the chilling prospect that Castro and his giant ally might be getting ready for us became so apparent in October, 1960, I had tried to find out what was wrong with the timetable. I got nothing out of Dave Phillips, but did get a clue from Paul. He admitted that he understood plans for the unification of Cuban exile political groups had run into trouble. "With Howard Hunt and this guy they brought in from the German desk running the show," Paul said, "as you might imagine, the political action group is behind schedule, all right."

I had heard about Howard Hunt, it seemed, all my career, but I had never met him. I had met the "guy from the German desk" several times back in the days I worked for Kay and coordinated propaganda themes occasionally with him. His operational alias for the Bay of Pigs activity was "Frank Bender," but as Arthur Schlesinger pointed out in *A Thousand Days*, his real name was Droller. From what I knew of him and what I had heard of Howard Hunt, I couldn't imagine them functioning well together. Paul told me that Gerry Droller was in charge of the Political Action Branch at head-



quarters and that Hunt was "working in the field" directly with the Cuban exile groups.

Gerry Droller was a man I would be associated with rather closely when I myself eventually joined the WH Division after the Bay of Pigs. I also met Howard Hunt in time. My original reaction when Paul told me these officers were the key figures in arranging the most delicate piece of the operation—the political basis that would justify the invasion and become the foundation of the post-Castro Cuba—was stunned amazement. How these two could put together a coalition of Cuban exiles, involving the constant soothing of egos, I could never imagine. Hunt, almost the epitome of the kind of WASP that is not appreciated in Latin America—a man who naturally would talk down to Latins—and Droller, who always seemed to go out of his way to try to be the caricature of a Jew invented by Goebbels' propaganda ministry and who in addition couldn't speak a word of Spanish—negotiating with Latin political leaders just did not make sense to me.

When Howard Hunt wrote *Give Us This Day* he made clear how correctly my insight was. No one, not even Paul (from whom they might well have been mostly concealed), gave me any of the details of the mess of bickering that Hunt and Droller made of the Cuban political exiles because of their personal problems and because of Hunt's extreme political conservatism and Droller's constant opportunism. Hunt does not give too many details in his book, but enough of the essentials for anyone who knew the two men to be able to see pretty clearly why the exiles were not united by August, 1960.

First of all, Howard Hunt would have liked to have used in a key role a Batista follower who was a friend of J. C. King and especially of former ambassador to Cuba, William D. Pauley. Pauley also, incidentally, owned the Havana Gas Company. Pauley's protégé was Dr. Antonio Rubio Padilla. Hunt tells how Droller fended off Rubio Padilla in an important meeting in the spring of 1960 when the operation was just getting under way. Gerry, of course, was following the line laid down by Tracy Barnes—the official position of taking care not to remove Castro in order to bring back the Batista gang, which was the reason the task force had to be established under Tracy

Barnes's control and not left to J. C. King. I could picture Gerry Droller "fending off" the Cuban. He did not know how to fend off anyone without being insulting.

Throughout his book and, obviously, throughout the operation, Hunt speaks up constantly in favor of a number of other right-wing adventurers who made the task of uniting the Cubans so terribly difficult. He praises to the sky Captain Pedro Luis Diaz Lanz, whose daring personal leaflet drop when he defected as Castro's air force chief he admired. Diaz Lanz wanted to be air chief of the Bay of Pigs operation to the disruption and dismay of the officers in charge of this phase. Hunt relied heavily in his liaison with the exile political leaders on an ex-Marine, Frank Fiorini. Fiorini accompanied Diaz Lanz on the leaflet drop run over Havana. Fiorini worked for Hunt in Coral Gables under the name of Frank Sturgis, the name he was using when he broke into Democratic Party headquarters in the Watergate Apartments to find the proof that the Soviets were financing the Democratic Party which Hunt told him was there.

After August, 1960, the operational planning of the Cuban task force changed course. Since Hunt and Droller couldn't form a political organization sufficiently coherent to confront Castro, the emphasis shifted to a larger-scale military action. Napoleon Valeriano, Ed Lansdale's man, who had been training the Cuban exile guerrilla fighters, was dismissed and \$13 million to train a full-fledged fighting brigade was approved. John Kennedy didn't know it, but there was no chance that the operation which had been originally approved in March, 1960, could be undertaken before the November elections.

When Kennedy was elected and briefed, he asked to have the operation thoroughly reviewed. His closest advisers especially wanted the Batista group completely out of the picture. This caused Hunt severe pangs of doubt, but not Gerry Droller. He quickly became an advocate of the Kennedy line on Cuba—the "revolution betrayed" theme that became our number one propaganda tune both covertly and overtly. Arthur Schlesinger, just before the invasion, would give this line its most eloquent expression in the State Department Cuban White Paper, issued April 3, 1961.

The Kennedy group was especially impressed by the



credentials of Manolo Ray, a U.S.-trained Cuban architect who for eighteen months was Castro's minister of public works. Ray did not defect until the end of 1960, when his escape was arranged by CIA. He was brought by ship to Tampa, where he was met by Gerry Droller. Ray formed the Movimiento Revolucionario del Pueblo, MRP. He wanted to join the overall exile political front we had formed. Kennedy's advisers strongly favored this. Hunt was so disturbed by the possibility of this dangerous leftist becoming part of the operation that he quit as case officer for the front and went to work for Dave Phillips's propaganda shop.

One morning in mid-March, 1961, Curly called me into his office. "Joe, Tracy wants us to do a special job to help out the task force," he said. "The White House wants to put out a policy statement on Cuba. It will be both an analysis of the situation as the United States views it and a rationale for what's going to happen. In other words, it will be an explanation of why the brigade went in."

He explained that the White House wanted us to prepare a first draft and provide all the information that would help make it a strong document supporting the revolution betrayed theme.

"Of course," he added, "they want all we've got on Communists in the Castro government and growing Soviet influence on Cuba, the kind of stuff you've been putting out in the guidances."

"Dave Phillips's shop is too busy to do this kind of research paper. Since you're closer to the situation than anyone outside Dave's shop, would you please take a crack at it?" He told me that Tracy said he understood Arthur Schlesinger would do the final write-up and it would be put out as though it were a State Department White Paper policy statement.

I knew now that things were coming to a climax, and I went to work feverishly to produce the best draft I could. The Cuban invasion evidently was going to be the counterpoint of the Alianza para el Progreso theme that the Kennedy administration had just launched on March 13. How they were to be woven into a harmonious whole I didn't quite see but obviously the Cuban White Paper was to be an effort in that direction.

I peppered the draft with the names of Cuban Communists in key positions: President Osvaldo Dorticos, Raul Roa, Major Antonio Nuñez Jiménez, head of the National Agrarian Reform Institute, Dulce Maria Escalona Almeida, director of primary education, Pedro Cañas Abril, director of secondary education, Valdés, the cruel G-2 chief, the sinister Che Guevara, of course, and many others. I put great stress on the Soviet military equipment theme. I noted that since mid-1960 30,000 tons of equipment worth \$50 million had arrived in Cuba from Soviet sources and pointed out that in the parade on January 1, 1961, the annual Castro Revolution anniversary celebration of the takeover of Havana in 1959, Soviet JS-251 tanks, Soviet SU-100 assault guns, Soviet T-34 35-ton tanks, Soviet 76 mm, 88 mm, and 122 mm field guns were seen. I also pointed out that Cuba was becoming a military police state of frightening proportions, noting that proportionately more Cubans were under arms than were either Soviets or Americans—1 out of every 30 Cubans, as compared to 1 out of every 50 Soviet citizens and 1 out of every 60 U.S. citizens, were in some kind of military service.

Curly and I went to Tracy Barnes's office to clear the document with him. I had already checked it with Dave. We waited. Gerry Droller, we were told, was having a conference with Tracy. "Oh good," said Curly, "we'll get his comments too."

After a while the door opened, Gerry was coming out, but Tracy had a few final words to say. "Tell Manolo Ray that, damn it, we want no more discussion. Tell him he's either in or not. Tell him we are going with the formation of the Revolutionary Council. If he's not in now, he never will be. If he's not, tell him he'll be sorry."

I remembered shouting something very like that over the phone in Manila, when someone suggested still further negotiations with Macapagal after I had made up my mind to go with the Grand Alliance. Not a very good way to save the Philippines or to save Cuba, I thought to myself.

"Gerry," said Curly, "Joe and I have a draft for Schlesinger's policy paper on Cuba. Would you like to take a look at it?"

Gerry took the paper in his hands. He glanced at it but



Council

didn't read it. "What's dis? Words, words, making mit de lips. You guys got time to schlepp around with this policy paper crap but I'm a busy man." He rushed out the door.

On March 22, the Cuban Revolutionary Front was publicly announced at a press conference at the Belmont Plaza Hotel in New York. Its leader was declared to be José Miró Cardona, who had been Castro's first prime minister. Ray and the MRP were in. The bulk of the front consisted of the Frente Revolucionario Democrático which Hunt and Droller had formed originally in the spring of 1960 at a meeting in another New York Hotel—the Commodore. From then on, until the invasion flopped, the Miró Cardona group was used to put out all statements—it was fulfilling the role originally planned for such a group in the NSC paper approved on March 17, 1960.

The story of the failure of the invasion at Playa Girón, Bahía de Cochinos, on the Zapata peninsula, Cuba, has been told many times, as I have said. I will recall only the small part of it that I saw at headquarters from Monday April 17, until the early evening of Wednesday, April 19. The Saturday before the invasion an air strike was flown from Puerto Cabezas, Nicaragua, attacking Castro's air force parked on the ground in Havana. Reportedly, 60 percent of the planes were knocked out. Two of the Cuban exile pilots who flew for us landed in Florida, claiming to be defectors from Castro's forces they had just been shooting up. Their thin cover story was torn apart by Raul Roa in the UN and Adlai Stevenson was forced to tell a bald lie. Nevertheless, my propaganda shop was geared up to repeat the cover story around the world. President Kennedy meanwhile cancelled a second air strike because of the embarrassment.

Long before this point was reached, however, the operation had been badly blown. In October, 1960, a Guatemalan newspaper, *La Hora*, had run a story on the training site at a remote Guatemalan coffee plantation. In November articles by Ronald Hilton in the *Hispanic American Report* and then *The Nation* told the tale to the American public. Don Duggins, aviation editor of the *Los Angeles Mirror*, wrote about the "secret" air base that fed the camp with men and supplies. Paul Kennedy elaborated further on the front pages of the *New York Times* on January 10, 1961. The *Miami Herald*, which had been

cooperating by not telling the story that everyone in the Cuban exile community who cared to know had known for months, resented being scooped and followed with two stories, one on the camp and one on the air traffic between Florida and Guatemala. In addition *Time Magazine* in January talked about Gerry Droller, the mysterious "Mr. Bender" and his activities. It discreetly called him "Mr. B" but it was less discreet about describing what he was up to with the Cuban exiles.

Why did no one take pause at all this? For the reasons I have already mentioned—the arrogance, the opportunism, the momentum of the operation carried it onward to its doom. These factors were given further impact when President Ydigoras, of Guatemala, dispatched Roberto Alejos, owner of TRAX, the training camp, to see President Kennedy to tell him he thought it was time to act. I learned this later. At the time, however, I heard he had told our chief of station in Guatemala to tell us "to get these Cubans out of here as fast as you can." Ydigoras was sensitive to the implications of the widely blown activities if no one else was. Finally, although all the Cuban exiles knew about the operation, anyone who cared to read about such matters knew about it, and Castro knew about it, in Washington the final fateful decisions were kept tightly controlled by the little group of men who had been running the operation.

I didn't know what was happening that weekend of April 15 and 16, 1961, because I had been shut out of the task force area on Friday, before the fateful air strike of Saturday, April 15, got under way. I had seen cots being brought in when I was refused admission, however, so I assumed that D-Day was near. I learned later, as did everyone else, that the top officials of CIA spent Sunday, April 16, pleading with the President to change his decision cancelling the second strike at Castro's planes. My friends on the task force spent a nervous day and a sleepless night.

The Cuban Revolutionary Council issued a press bulletin on the morning of April 17, announcing "before dawn Cuban patriots in the cities and in the hills began the battle to liberate our homeland . . ." Dave Phillips's prose. Brigade 2506, as the Cubans called themselves, taking this name from the serial number of the one



trainees who had died in a practice parachute jump, had landed. All that day and the next, I could learn very little, except, on Tuesday, Paul sounded very glum, and he said, "Don't bother Dave. Things are going badly."

Wednesday afternoon, Al Cox, chief of the paramilitary branch of the Covert Action Staff, called me into his office. His eyes were glistening. "Joe," he said in a choked voice, "the brigade has been lost." I couldn't believe him. "You mean they're in trouble?"

"No," said Al, "I mean they're gone. I've just talked to the task force. They need help. Everyone is in a state of shock, but Bissell wants to send out a cable. No one over there has the heart to write it. Please go over and see what you can do."

When I arrived at the task force building, located among the Agency temporary buildings across Independence Avenue from the Reflecting Pool area, a secretary, who had been alerted to my arrival, admitted me to the war room. I saw J. C. King, holding his head in his hands, and a couple of officers I didn't know. I thought I spotted Howard Hunt in the back of the room. I asked for Dave Phillips. Someone said he had gone home. Richard Bissell was talking on the telephone.

"Yes, Mr. Ambassador," he was saying, "yes, I'm sorry, but it's true. There is nothing more we can do. I'm afraid we've lost. No, we have nothing else to throw into it. Well, I'm sorry you're distressed. We all are. Yes, I'm sorry too that you weren't better informed. Well, good evening, Governor."

Bissell had been giving the news to Adlai Stevenson. I approached him slowly. I was caught up in the mood of the room. With difficulty, I managed to explain I had been sent over by Al to do a cable for him. I asked if he had anything special he wanted me to say.

"No," he said, "nothing special, just tell everyone what happened. Here, I'll sign as releasing officer on a blank cable form so the commo people will know you have the proper authority. Remember, I want this message sent to every station and every single base in the world."

I went over to Dave's shop and found one of his stunned subordinates. I asked him if he had any ideas about what I should say. "Well," he replied, "I think we

should do what we can for those men. They fought like hell. Say they were overwhelmed by Soviet tanks and fighter planes."

I did. I found out later it wasn't true. Old used U.S. tanks and planes had done the job for Castro. I didn't regret giving these men an unearned increment in the odds which they had faced. They had been undone by a series of shortcomings that were not theirs. I thought that perhaps even I might have contributed my small share.

All night long I kept being awakened by calls from the communications people. They had never received instructions to send messages directly from Washington to a number of our bases around the world. Evidently the DDP didn't know any more than I did just how many bases he had around the world nor that many of them received their messages only by relay systems too involved and insecure to receive the kind of direct communication I had ordered.

The night of April 19, 1961, was not like any other for many officers in the Clandestine Services. In the offices of the Cuban task force that evening I had the feeling all those there felt almost that the world had ended. Actually, it was just one more operation gone wrong. Soon the Kennedy brothers would have CIA back in the business of overthrowing Castro again. All the officers involved in the new venture would be working at the task "with vigor," as the President liked to say of many things.

[ 19 ]

## South of the Border and Beyond

Six weeks after the Bay of Pigs disaster Paul called me and asked me to come to see him. He said he had something important to talk about. He did. The conversation we had that morning set off a series of events that shaped the course of the rest of my career with the Clandestine Services.



of J. C. King, who was a permanent employee of the American Chamber of Commerce. Each year the station provided a large sum in support of the Chamber's Fourth of July celebration and called this a propaganda effort to cement good relations between Americans and Venezuelans.

Because President Kennedy had ordered action, however, the chance to change all this was at hand. When the new fiscal year began on July 1, 1961, WH Division found itself with an additional \$10 million in its budget for the purpose of stopping the spread of Castroism. Unfortunately, in all the countries in the area, including Venezuela, there were no specific projects to spend the money on in order to accomplish this objective.

We did have in Caracas a group of Basques who had fled Franco's Spain. They had penetrated the Venezuelan Communist Party for us, a task made easy because the Communists hated Franco almost as much as they did and an excellent common bond existed between them. This project, however, couldn't accomplish what needed to be done to satisfy President Kennedy's wishes. New, sophisticated political operations and additional intelligence collection were both needed. Above all, we needed links with the Betancourt group, with his Acción Democrática, AD, Party so we could help them help themselves fend off Castro's efforts.

Two phenomena intrigued me in the weeks following my entering on duty in WH, one that was most uncommon in my CIA experience, and one that was very familiar. The uncommon experience was asking, pleading, begging the field station to come up with additional ideas for spending more money. Usually, a desk officer's fate was to tell the field station it had to find new ways to cut costs, not new ways to spend more money. The familiar experience was seeing all those who had been directly responsible for the Bay of Pigs operation being promoted. Being part of a major disaster always led to success in the Clandestine Services for officers below the very top. Thus, although Allen Dulles and Richard Bissell lost their jobs before 1961 had ended, Tracy Barnes had a new division created for him, Domestic Operations Division, and Howard Hunt went to work for him. Jake, the man who directed all daily operations of the Cuban task force,

servicing directly under Barnes, was made chief of operations for the entire Western Hemisphere Division. Dave Phillips went off to a senior field assignment in Mexico City. Gerry Droller became a special assistant for political operations to J. C. King and began traveling around Latin America to drum up projects for spending our new funds.

I recalled that the case officer who had made the first contacts with the Sumatran colonels, providing us all the information which misled us so badly, received an immediate promotion when he returned from Indonesia and was given his choice of assignments. He chose London. No more jungle duty for him. Whether this practice of rewarding an officer for his contribution to horrendous mistakes resulted from a guilt feeling on the part of the top echelon at involving their subordinates in such questionable activities or stemmed from the same motivation as hush money does, I could never decide. Unfortunately, I was never close enough to a disaster to benefit. I got out of the Indonesian adventure before it failed, and the Grand Alliance defeat was swallowed up in the victory of the coalition we put together for Macapagal.

The most interesting thing about my new job was a proposal which our insistence on developing new projects finally brought forth from Caracas. Some friends of Betancourt wanted to start a new daily paper which would be an unofficial mouthpiece of the AD Party and publicize the land reform program and other parts of the Venezuelan president's democratic revolution formula. The station chief didn't think too much of the idea, but I saw it as exactly the kind of activity we needed.

This kind of newspaper was precisely what Paul Linebarger meant when he defined gray propaganda. A paper associated with a leftist-inclined party which frequently opposed U.S. policies would have considerable weight when it occasionally supported us. More important, I saw this as a mechanism for access to AD political leaders. Since they, in turn, had ties with men of like mind in other countries, I could envision our supporting the newspaper as a means of following the plans of this group and trying to influence them.

One of the Venezuelan proponents of the plan was an importer of U.S. and other foreign cars. If he hadn't been involved I was sure the station would never have heard of



ways told we did not do. I and, I'm sure, the majority of my colleagues believed this. We believed it for a number of reasons.

First of all, the initial orientation lectures for all employees pointed out that the CIA's charter expressly forbids the Agency to have "police, subpoena, law enforcement powers or internal security functions inside the United States." Second, it was important for Clandestine Services officers to believe this when they served in U.S. embassies abroad. They faced almost universal suspicion on this point from State Department personnel, USIS officers, aid mission employees, and people from all the other components of the U.S. mission. These people simply couldn't believe the illogical story that an Agency devoted to national security had no security interests in the American people it was supposed to protect. You couldn't believe this unless you had the language of our restrictive charter drummed into you. We had, and we tried to convince them. We often quoted the charter's language. Many were still skeptical because, unlike us, they did not appreciate fully how much power J. Edgar Hoover had in the U.S. government and how thoroughly he resented CIA. It was to placate Hoover that the CIA's charter was written the way it was. CIA's responsibility for national security ended at the water's edge and Hoover's men took over.

Another reason a lot of CIA employees believed that we did not spy on fellow Americans was that relatively few really knew what James Angleton's CI staff was doing. Most Clandestine Services employees were aware of the mail-intercept program and had some idea that our extensive capabilities to bug installations and tap telephones might be used sometimes to follow particular cases in which we were tracking down Soviet or other agents operating from outside the United States into our country, but not many realized the extent of the violation of people's mail which the investigations of the Agency uncovered in 1975. They didn't because only a few knew exactly how we worked in this field. Angleton's staff handled liaison with the FBI, and officers with a "need to know" got information they had to have, but never learned precisely how it had been produced. For one thing, the bad blood between the FBI and CIA was rea-

son enough for the CI staff officers to be closed-mouthed.

The source of most of the illegal information the Agency acquired was the National Security Agency, however, and this material was guarded by an extremely strict security system. The National Security Agency's worldwide code-breaking and information-interception results flowed into our Agency via the CI staff's special unit known as "Staff D." No one got a Staff D clearance unless Angleton's men were satisfied that the officer absolutely had to have access to the NSA information in order to carry out his responsibilities. The counterintelligence paranoid personality was nowhere more prominent than in the Staff D clearance procedure.

I didn't get a Staff D clearance until I became involved in our Indonesian operations in 1957. It was decided then that I couldn't hold Sukarno's feet to the fire without access to Staff D. I was notified one day to go to a certain corridor in "L" building. I wasn't able to enter the corridor when I got there because I was stopped by a man who peered suspiciously at me from a window in the bolted door that blocked the corridor from the central passageway. After verifying I was who I claimed to be, I was admitted to an anteroom shut off from the rest of the offices in the corridor and given a security briefing which included reading a brief history of code-breaking activities in World War II and which stressed I was to guard the secrecy of the very existence of the National Security Agency work with my life.

The briefing material told how the British film star Leslie Howard had done exactly that. The quiet courage with which he faced Humphrey Bogart in *The Petrified Forest* he displayed in real life as he met his death. A British intelligence officer in World War II, Leslie Howard had access to information from the German coded-message system—the breaking of which was a tremendous triumph for British cryptologists. He learned the mission he was about to fly into France had been blown and German planes would be in the air to shoot him down. If Howard did not fly the mission, however, the Germans would realize the British had cracked the code. Howard died to keep the secret.

None of the Indonesian messages, mostly police calls, I soon was reading were worth anyone's life. Neither in



even Soviet ones, usually know more than their bosses about what is really going on in the office.

One night in February, 1970, we received a tip that Raya Kiselnikova had walked into a police station asking for political asylum. Mexico's policy toward granting an alien this privilege assured approval of her request. The Mexican authorities were happy to turn her over to us and forget about what happened to her. Raya was spirited off to Tequisquiapan, where we were certain the KGB security officer, charged with seeing that things like Raya's walkout didn't happen, would never think of looking for her while we planned what to do next.

She was scared and didn't want to talk. She just wanted to stay in Mexico and never go back to Russia. She wanted a job. Since she spoke four languages fluently, was an excellent secretary, and a pretty young woman, finding her a job wasn't too difficult.

"Get packed, you and I are going to Acapulco," I surprised Jeanne pleasantly by announcing when I came home from work one night two weeks after Raya's defection. We had gotten Raya's defection. We had gotten Raya a job in a plush Acapulco hotel as a secretary in the public relations office. Now the problem was how to get her to talk. I had contact with an American writer living in Acapulco. Taking Jeanne along as cover for a brief "vacation," I was going to Acapulco to see if he could interview her on the pretext he wanted to write her story—splitting with her the profits from sale of the article to a big U.S. magazine. This would test her reaction to cooperating with an American and how much she would tell. If results were favorable, we would then send in a trained CIA interrogator and get as much information as we could from her.

Our plan worked. Raya was soon telling her story to a CIA officer. She was thirty years old and had been a widow for several years. Her husband, a young Soviet physicist, had died of radiation. This caused an immediate sensation. Specialists flew in from Washington to try to pinpoint the cause and make sense out of it. She was also able to tell them about a nuclear experiment station we had hitherto known little about.

After that, however, her information and insights dropped to our customary level of personal information

and gossip about KGB people in the embassy. We found out some new information about who disliked whom, some covert love affairs that were going on, and the general state of morale. One important thing we did identify was the location and layout of the Referentura—the KGB equivalent of a CIA station.

The principal use we were able to make of Raya's information was to make it public in order to embarrass and harass the KGB officers in Mexico. In the intelligence trade this is called "burning." The KGB officer we decided to burn with the hottest fire was Oleg Nechiporenko. Nechiporenko had arrived in Mexico City in 1961 and, hence, had been there nine years by the time Raya defected. We decided to pay special attention to him because he had been a recruitment target for all these years and a hopeless one. Since we couldn't recruit him, we took advantage of Raya's defection to give wide publicity to the fact he was the KGB security officer and, with the help of Raya's press conference, we invented the story that he had been a major instigator of the Mexico City student riots of 1968, which culminated in a shoot-out in which a number of protesters were killed.

Nechiporenko was an extremely able operator. He evidently had some Spanish blood, possibly one parent was a Spanish Communist—one of the thousands who fled to Russia after the Spanish Civil War. His Latin looks, fluent Spanish, and sharp wits enabled him to move around Mexico with greater ease than any of his colleagues. Once he had even gotten into the U.S. Embassy posing as a visa applicant and was not discovered for several hours. How much he learned about the way the embassy offices were arranged and what other information he gleaned, we didn't know. So he was someone we were particularly happy to harass.

As a result of our identifying him as a dangerous KGB officer and someone who had intervened in Mexican affairs, when the Mexican government uncovered a small band of guerrillas and found they had gone via Russia for training in North Korea, Mexican authorities blamed him for this even worse intervention in their country's political concerns and threw him out of Mexico. Getting KGB officers publicly identified as such, and wherever



possible, declared *persona non grata* was something we tried to do whenever we failed to recruit them.

The trouble with "burning" is that two can play the same game. CIA officers are the number one recruitment target for the KGB. Their aim is essentially the same as ours, to be able to obtain thereby otherwise unobtainable information. Despite the way spy stories tell it, this is not very often a violent game. We want a live KGB officer in the Kremlin and they want a live CIA officer in Langley, Virginia. Publicly identifying each other is about as violent as things usually get. This results in benching an able player from the opposite team. Burned intelligence operators have to cool off for a long time at home before being able to go back to work abroad. If you are not a KGB or CIA officer you probably can't appreciate or even understand the warm glow of satisfaction reading the other fellow's name in print can bring, or the cold anguish felt when you read your own.

In the mid-60s, the East German satellite Soviet service had a book published in German and English called *Who's Who in CIA*. It was a masterpiece of burning. CIA then assisted John Barron with material for his book *KGB, The Secret Work of Soviet Secret Agents*. Barron's book contains an appendix of fifty-one pages listing KGB and GRU officers. He also used our story about Nechiporenko among the many examples he gave of Soviet spying. I am certain Barron's book and Philip Agee's are related. When Agee contacted the Cubans, it is small wonder the abused Soviet intelligence service through their Cuban surrogates returned the compliment by having Agee write a book naming as many CIA officers as he could remember. Agee's book has two appendices: one of twenty-six pages, listing CIA officers, and another of six pages, naming organizations used by CIA.

I was never named in any book or newspaper article or radio or TV newscast. I was proud of that and I was a bit disturbed about getting involved in working on the Russians in Mexico City. As soon as I met my first Soviet intelligence officer, I knew he would be able to recognize I was CIA. Again, despite the imagination of writers of spy novels, the techniques of professionals in "developing a contact," as it is called, are basically few. As Paul Linebarger pointed out to us in his seminar, our profes-

sion is the same as the con man's. A teenager may be taken in by his first pornographic book describing a large number of positions for sexual intercourse, but the practitioners of the oldest profession know they are only changes on a few simple ones. Spy fiction devotees may think there is a huge bag of tricks available to good agents; practitioners of the second oldest profession know it isn't true.

The man who replaced Nechiporenko as our number one candidate for possible recruitment was a splendid operator, but his manner of doing business was to concentrate on two elementary tactics—copying his American victims' habits, and sex. Edward Saratov was a tall, good-looking man in his early thirties. Although he was the Tass representative in Mexico City, people who met him usually thought he was a recent American university graduate. He was.

Saratov had gone to Yale. During the thaw in the cold war in the late fifties, known as the "spirit of Camp David" after Eisenhower and Khrushchev met there, he had done graduate work at Yale in political science. Although not as true blue and Yale all the way through as Jack Armstrong, Saratov was a reasonable facsimile of a well-bred, well-educated young American. His accent was American, he liked a good dry martini, and he had a large collection of a variety of American jazz. His specialty, of course, was recruiting Americans.

Before coming to Mexico City, Saratov had cut a swath through Washington. The FBI was too embarrassed to give us all the details, but he successfully seduced several of their secretaries. The careful work of our collators of reports from Soviet defectors had enabled us to identify him, but he moved from Washington to Mexico City without being caught.

In Mexico City he exploited his friendly American manner at the Foreign Correspondents Club. He became vice-president and by virtue of this office was able to expand his contacts still further in both the international colony and within the Mexican government. He aspired to become president of the club. In that position he would be able to open still more doors by directing a broad program of club activities focused on any groups or individu-



als he wished to develop through the flattery of invitations to be guest speakers at the club and so forth.

Win Scott, in the tradition of cold warrior activities I had been raised on in the Clandestine Services, ran an election operation in the Foreign Correspondents Club in order to thwart Saratov's presidential ambition. We didn't subsidize this club, as we had the one in Manila in Mag-saysay days, but enough members were in arrears in their bar bills, as is true of all such clubs, so that Win was able to defeat the Tass man. The objective of recruiting Saratov was not served by this tactic. By the time I got to Mexico, however, all the appropriate tactics were in use. Saratov was under surveillance, his home telephone was tapped, his apartment bugged, and he was surrounded by access agents.

We even had an access agent concentrating on Saratov's favorite operational approach—the one he had employed so successfully against the FBI. An attractive American woman, divorced from a Mexican, had agreed to serve in this capacity. Someone as devoted to the cause of meaningful cryptonyms as the person who chose MHCHAOS had selected hers. "LI" was the digraph indicating Mexico. Her cryptonym was LIBOX.

Saratov's charm, interesting background, bright mind, and good looks were not all he had going for him in his pursuit of women. One day a tape from a conversation in his apartment revealed something else. His wife was talking to another Soviet embassy wife who had dropped in for a visit. Saratov was taking a nap. He liked to sleep in the raw. His wife took her friend into the bedroom and with genuine awe in her voice said, "Look at that. Did you ever see one that size? And he's completely relaxed."

Some sexologists claim that penis size is a masculine fantasy imposed on feminine sexuality. Neither Mrs. Saratov nor LIBOX thought so. Her case officer tried to treat the details of her work delicately, but he told me more than once when he came back from meeting her that LIBOX purred all through their meeting when she had met Saratov the night before.

The affair did not produce what we wanted, which was something specific in the way of a lead, some desire, some weakness, some interest of Saratov's on which we might build a recruitment pitch. Then we learned he was being

transferred to Chile. Allende had been chosen president by the Chilean congress and we couldn't imagine what Saratov was going to do in a country with a Communist president who was committed to reducing, if not entirely removing, American interests from the country. Washington became excited and decided a recruitment pitch must be made before he left Mexico. The decision was based on the belief that this would be the last time for a while any CIA officer would have a chance and on the hope that if recruited before he left for Chile, he would be an invaluable source on what was transpiring there.

Headquarters sent one of its cockiest young officers to do the job. He had already decided how he was going to do the recruitment even though he had only read the headquarters file on the case and lacked a lot of information on his target. His plan was to make what is known as a cold approach, which means going up to the Soviet, telling him you are a CIA officer who can offer him a sizable sum of money, and hoping the shock will give you a clue as to how to proceed. Sometimes a cold approach works. I made one to Roberto Noble. But I never heard of one working on a Soviet. This self-confident young man was sure it would. He considered himself as good-looking as Saratov and possessed of as many talents. I had no idea whether or not this was true in one important respect, but I felt that, even generally speaking, he was no match for the Soviet.

Because of my past experience, I had been working on the Foreign Correspondents Club. My years of dealing with press people were considered sufficient credentials for this. I had obtained diplomatic membership in the club, which had a very loose membership policy since the club management hoped thereby to find some people who would pay their bills. Our eager recruiter had decided he would meet Saratov there and sought my advice as to the best time to try.

I thought this was a bad idea. The club was used sparingly except for a few habitués who gathered there in the afternoons to try to impress each other with tales of imaginary scoops they were on the track of. I never had met Saratov there. I told our recruiter that I thought this was a poor place to try a recruitment. The club consisted of three small connecting rooms on the ground floor at the



of all Soviet cars, in case one of their cars showed up in some odd place. We had pictures of the Soviets on our office walls so we could memorize their faces. All these efforts were directed to finding the key that would turn them into our agents or even just tempt them. Raya Kiselnikova, on her own, found a boyfriend and decided she liked the boutiques and discotheques in the Pink Zone enough to walk out of the embassy, but nothing we tried could move the target we selected as our most likely candidate, Edward Saratov, a KGB specialist in operating against Americans who was in Mexico under cover as a representative of the Tass News Agency.

For the first time in my career, in Mexico City, I became involved in the business of trying to recruit a Soviet. I worked on Valeri Nicolaenko, a young KGB officer who had the cover rank of first secretary at the Soviet Embassy and whose covert responsibilities we did not know.

Working on the Soviets was a complete change from my past operational experience. Much had changed in the Clandestine Services by the early 1970s. Des Fitzgerald dropped dead on the tennis court of his country home in Virginia in July, 1967. By that time he had been promoted from CWH to DDP and directed all CIA's covert operations. Every moment of the cold war, every job he held, every assignment he ordered undertaken was a great adventure to Des. The greatest adventure his successor, Thomas Karamassines, could imagine was staying out of trouble. In this he was a reflection of the man who chose him for the job—Richard Helms. Helms had skillfully managed to keep out of the Bay of Pigs operation although he was Richard Bissell's deputy at the time. Rather than being swept away when Bissell was forced to leave, he replaced Bissell as DDP. Helms became the first career Clandestine Services officer to be Director of Central Intelligence.

Ironically, Helms and Karamassines, masters of caution, were the men who led CIA into its worst misadventures and the men who had to face congressional committees to answer for MHCHAOS and talk about the \$10 million they spent trying to prevent the man the Chileans elected, Salvadore Allende, from becoming president of Chile.

The explanation is simple. They were cautious bureaucrats to whom holding onto their high positions was the most important goal in life. When the President ordered them to do something illegal or impossible, as they testified to Congress regarding MHCHAOS, in the first instance, and the plan to stage a coup in Chile, in the second, they did what the President wanted. They kept their doubts to themselves.

Caution was the byword of Soviet recruitment operations. Such operations, in Mexico and everywhere, were corporate station efforts. Each officer worked on part of the puzzle, which, when completed, was supposed to show the image of a Soviet recruitment candidate. Most of the effort was dedicated to compiling more and more information on the person chosen as a likely recruitment prospect. More and more access agents were constantly recruited for the same purpose. Hours were spent talking over the access agents' opinions of the Soviets who came into their store or with whom they played tennis. In Mexico City we had four women who worked all day long comparing and checking tapes and reports from access agents, with tapes of telephone and bedroom conversations of the KGB officers we were pursuing. I have said that I think it is a terribly difficult job and I can't find fault with thoroughness. I also think, however, these activities were often a substitute for boldness and imagination which had gone out of style in the Clandestine Services by the time I got to Mexico. The effort spent on access agents and collating vast amounts of trivia on Soviet intelligence officers kept many people busy and out of trouble. If we couldn't recruit the Tass man, we could recruit the Tass man's dentist. This was almost entirely safe, whereas approaching a Soviet with the proposal he go back to Russia to penetrate the Kremlin for us risked refusal and retaliation.

We were so busy analyzing hundreds of pages of this kind of data on Edward Saratov's personal habits, we had no idea Raya Kiselnikova was about to defect. If we had, we would have tried to contact her and convince her to stay in her job in exchange for a good salary and future rewards we would hold in escrow. Raya was only a KGB secretary but so are many successful spies. Secretaries,



In any case, trying to make a Soviet intelligence officer into a CIA agent is the highest-priority objective of the Clandestine Services. No matter how many sophisticated satellites were put over the skies of the Soviet Union, without an agent who moves in the highest circles of the Kremlin we will never know when the Soviet leaders may press the button on their little black box. Where a Soviet intelligence contingent as large as the one in their embassy in Mexico City exists, the CIA station automatically must put attempting to recruit a Soviet above any other activity.

If we failed to recruit any Soviet for the vital task of finding out the intentions of the Soviet leaders while I was a member of the Mexico City station I don't think it was because we were incompetent. I think it's an almost impossible task. The KGB, the clandestine Soviet security service, functions inside the Soviet Union and abroad as the organization which makes the Soviet police state work. The Soviet Union does not divide the essential job of protecting national security, and the KGB is the responsible agency. The KGB makes possible control of speech, travel, work, education, even personal relationships, in Russia. Abroad it is the principal apparatus of Soviet espionage. There is one other organization in the espionage business in the Soviet Embassy, the GRU. The GRU is the intelligence division of the Soviet General Staff and engages primarily in collecting strategic, tactical, and technical military intelligence. Because of its role in spying on Soviet citizens, the KGB is the senior service. GRU officers are subject to KGB scrutiny if their actions are suspicious. No congressional committees investigate the Soviet intelligence services. The KGB does all the investigating that is done in the Soviet Union. It is an elite organization. Even President Nixon's White House palace guard did not enjoy the elitist positions Soviet KGB officers do.

They are as self-assured and as content with their lot in life as might be expected. They are well paid. They have good housing in a country where families still have to share apartments. They are chosen from the top graduates of Soviet universities and have the best education which the Soviet Union has to offer. As the Soviet Union has become more sophisticated, so have they. Gone are

the baggy pants, the short box-cut jackets of the 1950s. They speak fluent English and they speak fluently the language of the country where they are stationed. They know how to appreciate to the hilt the culture and comforts of these foreign countries where they serve. In Mexico they collect pre-Colombian art, buy paintings and artisan products, and visit the country's fabulous variety of interesting vacation spots. They go to Cuernavaca, Cuautla, Valle del Bravo, Puerto Valarta, Cancun, and Acapulco as often as any Americans.

We like to think the pleasures of the Western World, the freedom to travel as we please, and the other freedoms of our society, which are unknown in their country, might tempt them to want to stay and, therefore, we have a good chance to recruit them. We like to imagine KGB wives would get fed up with their role as charwomen in Soviet embassies. KGB notions of security are so strict they will not permit Soviet ambassadors to hire a local char force. KGB wives have to scrub the embassy floors and clean the offices.

We forget they enjoy both the wonderful new life-style abroad and enough exciting things to do to make the wives endure their unpleasant task, and at home they have the satisfaction of privileged positions and status symbols. Even if they were to find our world better physically or politically what we want them to do would require that they forego their newfound happiness in foreign countries and return to the Soviet Union to lead nerve-racking double lives as CIA agents. We want a man in the Kremlin not in New York.

We aren't quite as naïve as the above may sound in the methods we use when we try to recruit a Soviet, but I'm afraid we don't reflect enough on what we expect a KGB or GRU officer to give up in order to work for us.

In Mexico City we tapped the Soviet Embassy's telephones, watched who went in and out from across the street, bugged the apartments of the Soviets we were interested in, hired an army of access agents—people who come into normal and frequent contact with the Soviets, such as shopkeepers, travel agents, sports club personnel, even attractive women who catch their eye—and we made a point of meeting them ourselves. Everyone in the station carried in his wallet a list of license numbers