BOOK SECTION

SHADRIN

The Spy Who Never Came Back

Condensed from a forthcoming book by

HENRY HURT

SHADRIN
The Spy Who Never Came Back

By Henry Hurt

When U.S. intelligence officials asked Nicholas Shadrin to become a spy, he refused. A former Soviet naval captain who had defected six years before, he was now happily married, an American citizen who had earned a master's degree in engineering and was working on his Ph.D. in international affairs.

For close to a year, he continued to refuse requests that he become a double agent. Only when his friend, Adm. Rufus Taylor, former director of Naval Intelligence, began to exert pressure—"twisted his arm," in the words of one FBI agent—did Shadrin agree to undertake the assignment.

For years, Shadrin played the nerve-racking role, in the belief that he was serving this country as a double agent. But he was much more than a double agent. He was actually a pawn in a chess game of espionage that was far more dangerous than he could have imagined.

Then, one night in 1975, he suddenly disappeared. His friends, his wife, were frantic. Could Admiral Taylor help? A close associate of 25 years telephoned Taylor. "Nick *who?*" the admiral replied. "Shadrin? I never heard of him."

The visit to Vienna was a welcome diversion for Nicholas and Ewa Shadrin. They were on their way to Zürs, Austria, for a long-planned Christmas skiing vacation. A month prior to their departure Nick had mentioned to Ewa (pronounced Eva) that he would combine their vacation with a business appointment in Vienna. She was delighted.

Small and energetic, with olive skin and intense dark eyes, Dr. Blanka Ewa Shadrin had established a successful private dental practice in the Virginia suburbs near Washington, D.C. Nicholas George Shadrin, her husband, was a widely acclaimed lecturer at the Naval War College, as well as a former analyst and consultant for the Office of Naval Intelligence. With a Ph.D. in international affairs and a master's degree in engineering, Shadrin was employed by the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA), where he was considered among the best in his field. More than six feet, two inches tall, he possessed a commanding charm and presence that invariably won him acceptance in almost any milieu. His company and counsel were sought by some of the most important people in Washington's military and intelligence community.

Seventeen years earlier, when fate first intertwined the lives of Nick and Ewa, he had been Capt. Nikolai Fedorovich Artamonov, the youngest commanding officer of a destroyer in Soviet naval history. In 1958, at the age of 30, during a tour of duty in Poland, he met a lovely girl named Ewa Gora, who was 21 and in her last year of medical school. They fell wildly in love.

In June 1959 they fled across the Baltic Sea in a small launch and sought asylum in Sweden. Their daring escape from communism was heralded around the world. A year later Nick and Ewa were married and living in the United States.

It was around 3 p.m. on December 18, 1975, when the Shadrins checked into Vienna's Hotel Bristol, across the street from the Vienna Opera House. After a shower and a light lunch, Nick explained to his wife that he would leave at 5 p.m. for a business appointment that would include dinner. His meeting was to be with the same person he had seen on earlier occasions when they had traveled abroad. Nick said the man was a Russian who had been working for the United States for 25 years. Shadrin told Ewa he was to meet his friend on the steps of the Votivkirche, a large church in clear sight of the U.S. consulate.

That was all Nick Shadrin told his wife. A gregarious, ebullient man, Shadrin was intensely private in other respects. It did not occur to Ewa to question him about his work. She assumed the meetings he had in foreign cities were somehow related to his work for the DIA.

When Nick left, Ewa went out to stroll the snowy streets of Vienna. She returned about 6:20 p.m.; 30 minutes later her telephone rang. It was Ann Martin, a woman Ewa had

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met in Washington ten days earlier.

James Wooten, one of Nick's closest friends, had brought Ann Martin to the Shadrin home on December 8 specifically for her to meet Ewa. Miss Martin had something to do with Nick's upcoming Vienna meeting, Ewa was told. Ewa was fond of Jim Wooten, but she had found Miss Martin to be remote, even cold.

That night in Vienna, Ann Martin said that she was at the Imperial Hotel, five minutes away. She wanted to come to Ewa's hotel room immediately and wait there for Nick. "Of course," replied Ewa, thinking that perhaps Miss Martin would unbend a bit in a one-on-one setting.

Ann Martin was nearly six feet tall, very thin, with straight brown hair. She wore no makeup and had little to say. Ewa soon saw that any hope she had for warming up Miss Martin was silly, and she was relieved when Nick finally came back after 10:30, in obvious good spirits. After he greeted them, Miss Martin got out a pen and pad and motioned toward the bathroom. Nick smiled at Ewa and went into the bathroom with Miss Martin, where, behind the closed door, they talked in muffled voices for ten minutes. Soon afterward the woman left.

Ewa knew that this trip was the most important Nick had ever undertaken. He had told her prior to their trip that if everything came off well, he could expect important advances in his professional life.

"Nick was jubilant," says Ewa. "I have never seen him happier. His meeting must have been tremendously successful."

Waiting for Nick

THE NEXT MORNING Nick indicated that the whole day was theirs. He had one more meeting with the Russian, but that would not take place until tomorrow, Saturday. And on Sunday they would be off to Zürs.

The Shadrins spent Friday shopping. But at some point toward the end of the evening, Ewa began to notice that Nick had become increasingly preoccupied. Before bed he took a Valium pill. Ewa had never known him to seem this tense.

The next day they shopped again, but in the afternoon Nick rested. He mentioned several times that he needed to be completely relaxed. At 6 p.m. he got up and dressed.

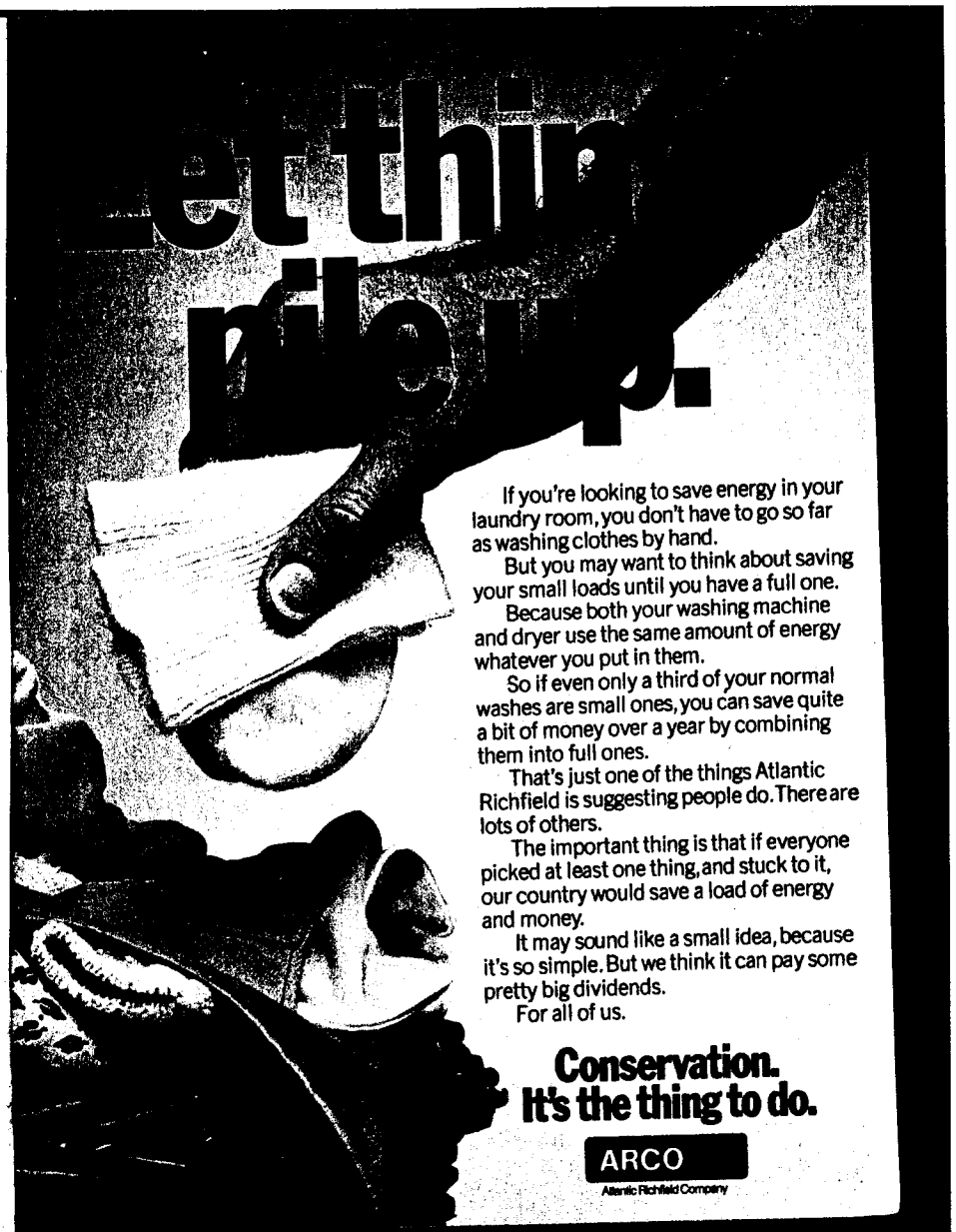
After slipping on his jacket, he handed Ewa a card. "This is the number to call if anything happens," he said. The number would put her in touch with Ann Martin.

That night, Ewa went to the opera, and when she returned to the hotel, she settled down to read. She told herself that she would wait until 1:30 a.m. before calling Ann Martin.

The deadline was quickly upon her. Ewa reached for the telephone. There was no answer. A deep and frightening chill swept through her.

At 1:55 she tried again. This time Ann Martin answered.

"Have you tried to call before?" the woman asked. These were her first words. Ewa said she had. Miss



Martin explained that she had been having dinner with friends and had just returned.

"Nick has not come back," said Ewa.

There was a moment's silence, and then Ann Martin said, "It's late, but there's no reason to worry. Call me when he comes in."

For the next 3½ hours, Ewa waited. What had been a joyful Christmas holiday was turning into a nightmare. Each time she heard the elevator, she would hold her breath and listen, hoping it would stop at her floor and the footsteps would come her way. They never did.

Finally, at 5:30 a.m., Ewa telephoned Miss Martin again. "Nick hasn't come yet," she said. Matter-of-factly, Miss Martin said that there was still nothing to worry about. However, she would "cable Washington" with the information.

As daylight broke, Ann Martin arrived. She assured Ewa that Nick would probably return at any moment. Meanwhile, she said, the American embassy was checking with all hospitals and the police in case there had been an accident.

Ann Martin was in and out for the next two days. There was no news from the check of hospitals and police. She told Ewa to be patient, that the U.S. government was working for a resolution. Never over the days they were together did she make a single gesture of warmth, except to offer a curious condolence: "Don't worry, you'll get used to it." Through tears Ewa looked up at Miss Martin's impassive face. It was a moment she would never forget.

Tuesday morning Ann Martin suggested that Ewa book passage on Wednesday to Washington, via Frankfurt. An engaging older gentleman from the midwestern United States had been dispatched from Washington to escort her home, she explained. His name was Bruce. She gave Ewa the impression she would find Bruce a comforting travel companion.

But the cold aloofness of Ann Martin was quickly surpassed by the almost sullen taciturnity of the nondescript man called Bruce. On the flight to Frankfurt he and Ewa did not sit together. They did sit together on the long flight from Frankfurt to Washington, but never once did they have a substantive conversation. Bruce spent his time reading and staring ahead, while Ewa sat quietly, trying to suppress her tears.

About 1:30 p.m. on Christmas Eve they arrived at Dulles International Airport and were met by Jim Wooten. On the drive from the airport to the Shadrins' home in McLean, Va., Wooten and Ewa sat in the back talking quietly. Bruce sat in front.

Wooten explained that the government's working theory on Nick's disappearance was that he had been kidnapped by the Soviets. He told Ewa that the strongest possible steps were being taken to bring about his prompt return. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger had agreed to see Anatoly Dobrynin, the Soviet am-

bassador to the United States, the next day.

Wooten told Ewa gently that some resolution must be found urgently because he believed it likely the Soviets would execute Nick within 48 hours. He reminded her that the Soviets had placed Nick under a death sentence following his defection 16 years earlier.

As the car neared the Shadrin home, Wooten told Ewa it was extremely important that she tell no one what had happened. The only hope in getting Nick back was in making sure nothing leaked to the press. Any published account could hopelessly tangle negotiations.

"But what can I tell our friends?" asked Ewa.

"Tell them you were ill and had to come home early," Wooten said. "Tell them that Nick stayed on to ski."

It was a cockeyed explanation, Ewa thought, but at least it suggested that Wooten and the government seemed optimistic about an early end to the crisis. In the house, Wooten continued. "Since you'll find out who we are soon enough," he said, "I might as well tell you now." He explained that the strange man named Bruce was actually an officer with the CIA. (Years later, Ewa would learn that his name was Bruce Solie.) Wooten identified himself as an agent with the FBI.

"But what was going on in Vienna?" cried Ewa.

Wooten would say only that Nick was working honorably for his country, that his work was in the highest tradition of patriotism.

A Series of Meetings

THE NEXT SEVEN DAYS were as terrible as any Ewa Shadrin would ever know. She was alone with the numbing belief that her husband had been kidnapped by the Soviets. In utter despair, she finally telephoned William and Mary Louise Howe for consolation and help.

From the Shadrins' earliest days in the United States, the Howes had opened their handsome Washington home to them. As a senior electronics analyst for the Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI), Bill Howe was one of the first to debrief Shadrin in 1959. After one of his early sessions with Shadrin, he had told his colleagues: "If he is a typical Soviet navy captain, the United States is in deep trouble." Fortunately Shadrin was not typical; he was perhaps the best destroyer captain in the Soviet navy.

A friendship had developed that spanned 16 years. There were frequent visits to each other's homes, and the two couples even took trips together. Nick taught the Howes' son to hunt and fish. Ewa was the Howes' dentist. When Nick encountered a snarl in becoming a citizen, Mary Louise Howe moved quickly to have a friend and neighbor who was a U.S. Senator alleviate the difficulty.

Ewa's tremulous voice on the telephone that New Year's Day, 1976, instantly alerted the Howes that something was terribly wrong. They

listened in astonishment to Ewa's story.

Bill Howe, who had spent 25 years in various areas of the intelligence business, was able to make more sense out of the clues than Ewa could. His counsel was to bring into the fold of confidence Robert and Helen Kupperman, mutual friends of the Shadrins' and the Howes' who had excellent connections at the State Department.

At the time of Shadrin's disappearance, Robert Kupperman was chief scientist for the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Helen Kupperman was an attorney for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. They had met the Shadrins about eight years earlier.

Kupperman was repeatedly impressed with Shadrin's distinguished connections. He recalls, for instance, that Shadrin introduced him to Adm. Stansfield Turner, who later became director of the CIA. Kupperman also was aware of Shadrin's close association with Adm. Rufus Taylor, who in the late '60s held the second-highest positions at the CIA and DIA.

Kupperman began calling personal friends in sensitive positions at the State Department. But even those friends would not tell him anything specific. One did express horror over "the government's placing an American citizen in such extreme jeopardy." Another told Kupperman the situation was none of his business, adding that "it is a sad and hopeless case."

On January 6, at the urging of the Howes and the Kuppermans, Ewa telephoned Wooten. She told him that he must give her a better idea of what Nick had been doing if he expected her to continue putting off people who were asking repeatedly when Nick would be back.

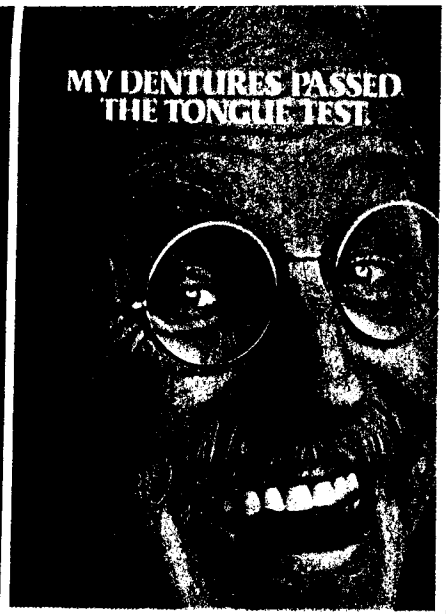
That evening, promptly at nine, Wooten arrived at the Kuppermans' home. Bill and Mary Louise Howe were there along with Ewa. They sat around the dining-room table.

Wooten told the gathering that during the summer of 1966 Shadrin had been approached by a Soviet intelligence agent in downtown Washington. The agent proposed that Shadrin go to work as a spy for the Soviet Union. Shadrin had stalled the agent and reported the approach to the FBI.

Immediately, an opportunity was seen to exploit the situation. The FBI proposed that Shadrin play along with the Soviets.

According to the other five people at the meeting that night, Wooten stated that for "close to a year" Shadrin refused the FBI's request. Finally, Wooten said, Shadrin's friend and mentor Adm. Rufus Taylor "twisted his arm" and persuaded him to co-operate. Nick's role was to pass CIA-doctored information about the U.S. Navy to the Soviets.

Over and over, the same question arose: how could someone as intelligent as Nick Shadrin ever have consented to become involved in a dangerous counterintelligence operation? The answer was always the



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same: patriotism and Rufus Taylor.

The five listeners were even more incredulous as Wooten described how Shadrin had been sent out of the country in the early '70s on missions to meet with the Soviets. To experienced minds like those of Kupperman and Howe, the extreme danger of the basic operation was magnified hundreds of times by allowing Shadrin to meet with Soviet agents outside of the country. He was, after all, living under a Soviet death sentence. The slightest indication Shadrin was playing the Soviets for fools could be his downfall.

Shadrin's first meeting with Soviet agents outside of the country took place on a trip to Montreal in 1971, Wooten said. Indeed, Ewa recalled a "business meeting" Nick had during their vacation in Canada. Wooten said that Shadrin again met with the Soviets in Vienna in 1972. On that trip Nick was away from the Shadrins' hotel overnight, so that the Soviets had time to train him in the use of sophisticated espionage equipment. Again, Ewa remembered a "business meeting."

A few days after the gathering at the Kuppermans' house, Wooten dropped by to see Ewa. He brought another FBI agent along with him. Wooten told Ewa that following Nick's meeting with the Soviets in 1972, some espionage equipment had been sent by diplomatic pouch to the Soviet embassy in Washington and had then been turned over to Nick by his KGB contact. The FBI thought it best to remove the

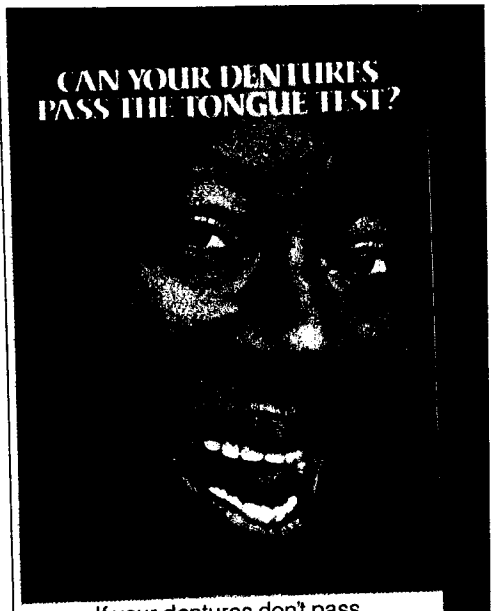
equipment now that Nick was gone.

Ewa readily agreed, though she could not imagine what could be in the house that she did not know about. Wooten strode to Nick's study, reached unerringly for a particular book and flipped it open. Ewa saw that the inside of the book was hollowed out, creating a cavity where something could be hidden.

Then Wooten told Ewa that somewhere in the attic there was a radio transmitter. Listening to his description, Ewa felt certain she would have noticed something that size, but she had not. Still, she took the men to the attic, but they could find nothing. Then Ewa happened to pick up a box of things stored there that belonged to one of her friends. Beneath that was a cardboard box which Wooten instantly recognized as containing the transmitter. Wooten and his assistant carried it downstairs and loaded it into the trunk of Wooten's car.

A Warning

BACK IN 1959, soon after their dramatic escape to Sweden, Nick and Ewa were taken under the wing of an officer of the Royal Swedish Navy, Cmdr. Sven Rydström, who spoke excellent Russian and English. Then came some three weeks of interrogation by Swedish naval and intelligence officials. Rydström informed them that his government would do its best to accommodate them in Sweden. However, he explained, because of its proximity to Soviet-controlled countries, Sweden



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was a difficult place to relocate defectors. England would also be receptive—an option the Swedes would expedite if the couple wished.

It was Ewa who proposed that they go to the United States, but Rydström had grave reservations. "The Americans will use you and abandon you," he warned, according to Ewa. Despite this cautionary note, Ewa approached the American embassy, and they were granted political asylum.

The embassy made arrangements to fly the couple to Frankfurt first. There, U.S. intelligence people took them to a house on the outskirts of the city, where their days were filled with interviews and interrogations.

Both Nick and Ewa were given polygraph tests, and there were long, seemingly pointless interviews with psychiatrists. After three weeks, they were informed that they had been cleared for transfer to the United States. They arrived in Washington on August 22, 1959, and were taken to a "safe" house in Virginia.

THE DEFECTION of Nikolai Artamonov coincided with a crucial period in the development of the Soviet navy—a period when U.S. Naval intelligence analysts were more interested than ever in learning Soviet techniques and intentions. While the United States maintained a strong Naval superiority, there was no question that the Soviets were gaining broadly and rapidly.

From the start the CIA seems to have had little active interest in Artamonov. Spies have an insatiable hunger for documents, and Artamonov had brought not a shred of paper with him. What he did bring, of course, was a vast store of knowledge about the Soviet navy. But that alone seems not to have been sufficient for the CIA to want to develop Artamonov into one of its own resources—as it did with a number of the important defectors from Soviet intelligence services.

And Artamonov seems to have had little interest in dealing with the CIA. More than simply having no background in Soviet intelligence operations, Artamonov appears to have scorned the KGB officers he had known. Indeed, he rather clearly thought the skills of his intelligence counterparts—American or Soviet—were crude compared with those of highy trained military men.

Still, it was up to the CIA to pass judgment on the subject of Artamonov's authenticity as a defector, his bona fides. The Soviets had become increasingly skilled at sending out phony defectors who, if accepted, could do enormous damage.

The guards assigned to the safe house were, in Nick's eyes, not much different from Soviet security personnel. They seemed sloppy and spent much of their time watching television.

Shadrin's toleration point for incompetence was exceedingly low, and finally, one night, he had had enough. He woke up in the middle of the night and tiptoed down the

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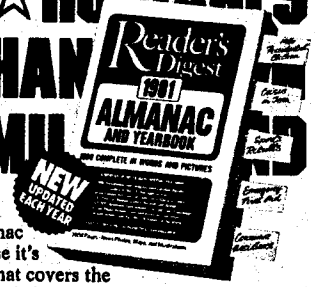

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steps. He found three of the CIA guards sound asleep at their posts. Carefully he removed the bullets from each man's weapon. The next morning, after eliciting a few comments from the guards about their vigilant night, Nick gave back the ammunition.

Extraordinary Contribution

ABOUT TEN DAYS after Shadrin's arrival, Lt. Cmdr. Thomas L. Dwyer of the Office of Naval Intelligence was notified that he could begin the long-term debriefing. Bill Howe is positive that Shadrin's bona fides had been accepted by the CIA at the time they turned him over to the ONI. "There is no way they would expose senior analytical personnel to him if they had any questions," he says.

Shadrin was elated when told that he would be meeting a Navy man, and from the first moment, Dwyer and he got along splendidly. "It was as if there were no language barrier with Tom Dwyer," says Ewa. "He was so gracious, so friendly, such a gentleman."

With his introduction to Dwyer, Shadrin began nine months of steady debriefing by the ONI. The scope of Shadrin's information was stunning—ranging from technical aspects of missiles and communication systems to strategic and tactical thinking of Soviet military leaders. At a time when the Soviet Union was officially denigrating the importance of developing a global navy, in reality, Shadrin explained, it was carefully constructing just such a capacity. Shadrin also contributed details about a secret Soviet decision in February 1955 to adopt a doctrine of surprise nuclear attack against the United States.

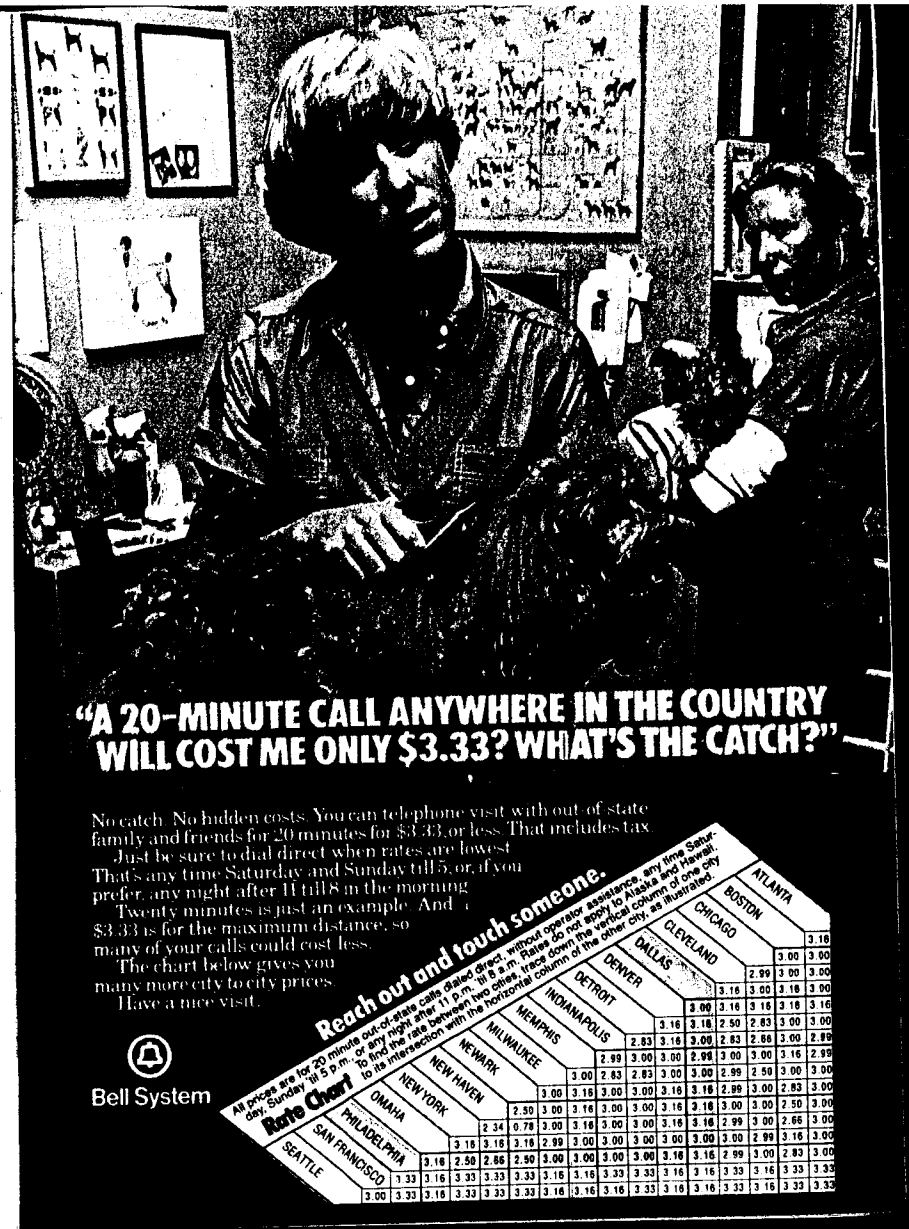
The area of Shadrin's greatest immediate contribution concerned Soviet anti-submarine tactics. "He could tell us how Soviet destroyers were going to react to our best submarines," says Dwyer. "The information was invaluable."

In fact, in the spring of 1960, Shadrin went to Norfolk, Va., for anti-submarine maneuvers. The idea was to let Shadrin conduct simulated warfare against a sophisticated American nuclear sub. Not only would the officers aboard the destroyer benefit from seeing the way a skilled Soviet commander had been trained to respond, but the crew of the submarine would learn from observing his tactical finesse.

Nick Shadrin—Capt. Nikolai Artamonov again for a few hours—took over the destroyer. Not long into the exercise, he had the submarine in the position he wanted it. Two hundred feet below, the sub rolled erratically as she spun and sped from the destroyer. With almost instant precision, Shadrin's destroyer pushed through the waters, keeping its position on the submarine. The American Navy men were deeply impressed.

"For Nick, it was child's play," says Tom Dwyer. "He told me the sub was a fat, slow-moving target."

At the end of nine months the



consensus among ONI officials was that Shadrin's contribution had been extraordinary. Many senior analysts felt it was important to bring him into the ONI in an official capacity, so that the United States could continue to benefit from his knowledge.

But the ONI had never hired a Soviet defector, and there was some opposition to such a move. In the end Tom Dwyer and Bill Howe were able to dispel these doubts, and Shadrin took a post in the Translation Unit, although he was on call by the various intelligence agencies of the government that might find him useful.

With a lump-sum payment from the CIA for his months of consulting services, Shadrin made a down payment on a small house in Arlington, Va. And at last he and Ewa were married. Nick was pleased with his job, and Ewa was planning to return to dental school so that she could practice dentistry in the United States.

Of all those who admired Nick Shadrin, no one felt more strongly about him than did Tom Dwyer. But one thing worried Dwyer a great deal. For most of his career Dwyer had worked in Naval intelligence. But he had also known some of the people involved in CIA counterintelligence. He knew something about their instincts, their values, and the sorts of situations they might be tempted to exploit.

Dwyer felt that Nick Shadrin was ideally suited for use in a counterintelligence operation. He knew that the CIA could play on Shadrin's fierce anti-Soviet attitudes, as well as his patriotism toward the United States, in convincing him to work against the Soviets.

Bringing his thoughts into the open, Dwyer told Shadrin to resist any such overture, no matter how noble the ultimate goal might appear. Soviet counterintelligence agents were also highly skilled, he said. Even more serious, Dwyer warned, was his feeling that the CIA counterintelligence officers would not necessarily have Shadrin's welfare foremost in their minds.

Shadrin accepted Dwyer's warning gravely, pensively.

The Cautious Spy

IN DECEMBER 1961, a Soviet defector named Anatoli M. Golitsin arrived in the United States. At the time of his defection, he was a major in the KGB department that specialized in clandestine activities abroad. His revelations about Soviet penetration of Western intelligence services were to have thundering reverberations.

Golitsin's tales of penetration in the French government were so serious that some of President Charles de Gaulle's top advisers fell under suspicion. P. L. Thyraud de Vosjoli, a high-ranking French intelligence officer, later asserted that Golitsin exhibited "an intricate grasp of the inner workings of French intelligence."

Golitsin's leads touched other countries. Kim Philby, the celebrated Soviet spy in British intelligence, was

exposed with his help. Information supplied by Golitsin also contributed to the downfall of Stig Eric Wennerström, the Soviet spy whose treachery scandalized Sweden.

Golitsin also provided leads to a high-level penetration of U.S. intelligence. But his leads were not sufficient to bring about the exposure of any American intelligence personnel.

Golitsin's living conditions were almost extravagant. He and his wife had been given a fine house in Virginia. The CIA furnished him with a car and a chauffeur. Mrs. Golitsin had a maid.

But the CIA seemed unable to offer him security. Intensely paranoid, Golitsin acquired two fierce German shepherds that were often at his side. Surely Golitsin's tension was heightened by his wondering if in fact he was dealing with secret Soviet agents operating in the CIA.

Nor, at first, did the CIA seem able to give him a friend. Fortuitously, Nick Shadrin had been feeling the same tug for companionship with a native Russian. The CIA orchestrated the introduction in early October 1962.

From the initial meeting the two men got along well. They shared a love for long conversations, based on their intricate knowledge of politics and history. And both men had an interest, for different reasons, in German shepherds.

Shadrin and Golitsin did not know that they also shared a bond as Soviet defectors in whom CIA counterintelligence chief James Angleton had faith. Few Soviet defectors had ever won the trust of the ever-cautious Angleton.

If Shadrin was provoked over the manner of the CIA in dealing with him, he soon realized his complaints were trivial. Legitimately or not, Golitsin was developing a towering resentment against the CIA. He was angry with their people, their methods, what he perceived to be their procedural inefficiency. In spite of exceedingly elaborate security measures, he believed that at any moment he could be plucked off the streets by the KGB.

What worried him as much as his personal protection was the CIA's failure to get other intelligence agencies to follow his leads. And the Agency had made no progress in rooting out its own penetration by the Soviets that Golitsin had pointed to.

(Nearly 20 years later, Golitsin recalled to Reader's Digest that during one of his final meetings with Shadrin, he warned him that he should order Ewa to make no more telephone calls to her parents in Poland. The implication was that such calls would facilitate the Soviets' efforts to locate the Shadrins and that indeed these calls may have played a role in Nick's downfall.)

Finally, Golitsin told Shadrin he could take no more. He said he believed he would be safer and happier in England, and made plans to leave in February 1963.

Golitsin knew how much the Shadrins admired his lovely home, and insisted on selling it to them for a

price far below the market value. Nick felt this would be an improper gift, and stoutly declined. Later, after Shadrin also refused to accept an expensive color-TV set, Ewa found it one morning sitting on the doorstep.

But the most lasting gift from Golitsin was one of the German shepherds which served as a guard. Shadrin was delighted to have the dog and immediately named it Dzhulbars, after a Russian dog roughly comparable to Lassie in the United States. Quickly, the dog became known as Julik. He would remain one of Shadrin's closest companions for the next 13 years.

Sometime after this, Nick presented Ewa with a snub-nosed, .38-caliber Smith and Wesson and told her always to carry it when she took Julik walking. He said he wanted her to have the gun for her protection as well as to protect Julik in case he was attacked by a larger dog. When he took the dog out, Shadrin occasionally—in Ewa's presence—strapped on a holster that housed his heavy 9-mm. Walther automatic. Nick once explained to her that he, too, worried about Julik's being attacked.

Growing Frustration

ONE OF THE GREATEST professional pleasures in Nick Shadrin's first years at the Office of Naval Intelligence was his association with Vice Admiral Rufus L. Taylor.

"I could not tell you just when their friendship started," says one Naval officer with security clearances, who worked across the hall from Nick's office. "But I do know that during those early years Taylor, who was then in charge of the Intelligence Division, would be in there for an hour at a time talking to Nick." The Naval officer, who greatly admired Shadrin, was constantly aware of the things he wished he could discuss with Nick but held back because Shadrin did not have a security clearance. He remembers that Rufus Taylor had no such compunction. "It was quite routine for them to be talking about classified Naval intelligence," he says.

During the early '60s, Shadrin's value to the United States ranged far beyond his consulting duties at the ONI. He addressed members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff about Soviet naval strategy and capabilities. He briefed the commanders at Atlantic Fleet headquarters and on several occasions flew to Hawaii, where he gave briefings at the Pacific Fleet headquarters.

More important to Shadrin were his frequent invitations to lecture at the Naval War College. He delivered his first lecture there on October 27, 1961. This and other appearances won Shadrin glowing "Dear Nick" letters of thanks from Adm. Stansfield Turner, who later became president of the College.

During the first half of the '60s Shadrin's life was enriched by many new experiences and associations, endearing friendships, and much hunting and fishing. But slowly Shadrin's friends began to sense his

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growing frustration over the professional limitations he faced without a security clearance. With the passage of time—and his distancing from the Soviet navy—Shadrin's potential as an analyst was increasingly stunted. His store of knowledge could not be replenished with the fresh classified information that was being gathered on Soviet naval technology.

On one occasion William Howe raised the issue with Rufus Taylor, who agreed to try to get a clearance for Shadrin. The response was negative. No prudent security agency could afford to risk the minuscule chance that Shadrin was really a Soviet agent.

In spite of his frustrations, Shadrin gave outward signs that he continued to enjoy his work. He took great pride in Ewa's accomplishments. She had quickly mastered her dental program; her language skills even exceeded his own, and she was readily compatible with her American patients and friends.

But Shadrin did speak to his friends about Ewa's success compared with his own. She was earning more money than he and had established herself in a life-long career. It deeply concerned Nick that his own professional life was strikingly less successful.

Shadrin was working at the ONI under a five-year contract, expiring in 1965. He was the only defector ever to work as a consultant for the ONI, and had been consistently praised for his exceptional contributions. But his contract was not renewed.

By this time, the DIA had been established and many functions of the ONI were being taken over by the new agency. A job had been offered to Shadrin at the DIA, but it was in a department Shadrin felt was a catch-all for maladjusted defectors. Shadrin was insulted. Neither he nor his friends considered he was in the same league with other defectors.

Then word came that he had been given an extension of six months on his ONI contract. This was good news, but he knew there would be no extension beyond that.

After the end of the extension, Shadrin brooded for another three months before taking the job with the DIA. It was less of a humiliation than failing to draw a salary. He reported for work in March 1966. No doubt Shadrin was gratified that Admiral Taylor himself had agreed to accept a job at the DIA.

But Taylor stayed there only briefly before accepting the second-highest position in the CIA. Taylor's departure from the DIA must have been a great disappointment to Shadrin.

Mysteries

EARLY ONE MORNING in the spring of 1966 the telephone rang in the Washington home of Richard M. Helms, who had recently been appointed director of the CIA. The caller, who came to be known as Igor, described himself as an officer

of the KGB. Igor was going to be in Washington for only a few more months, and he wanted Helms to be aware of his desire to work for the United States. Five hours later Igor and U.S. intelligence officers, including the CIA's Bruce Solie, met at a safe house in the Washington area. In subsequent meetings they were joined by Bert Turner of the Soviet Counterintelligence Section of the FBI.

The diversity and depth of Igor's information seemed extraordinary, supporting his claim that he held a high position within the KGB which astounded his American handlers in view of his relatively young age. He even reported on current, sensitive activities involving U.S. intelligence officers in Europe, information that would not reach CIA headquarters through normal channels for weeks.

Ewa Shadrin at her home in McLean, Va., in July 1977

Embedded in the blizzard of information was a clear message concerning Yuri Nosenko, a Soviet who had defected to the United States in early 1964 and who also claimed to have been a KGB officer. From the time Nosenko reached American soil, he had fallen under serious suspicion. In fact Nosenko was even now in detention while CIA officers worked to get him to confess his duplicity.*

Thus it must have been with special urgency that Solie and Turner reported to their superiors that Igor had brought persuasive information which certified that Nosenko was not a *provocateur*—but, in fact, was just who he claimed to be. In view of the reigning distrust of Nosenko at that time, Igor's certification of Nosenko's bona fides might have been expected to set clanging the bells of suspicion.

Perhaps it did, but apparently

*For a full account of the Nosenko case, see *Legend: The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald*, by Edward Jay Epstein, Reader's Digest, March and April '78.

Igor's total package—if not entirely convincing—was at least so intriguing that few were willing to discredit Igor just because of his message about Nosenko. Moreover, it appears that Igor won some powerful support to Nosenko's side, for only a few months later a major directive went out from Helms to resolve the Nosenko question.

By early summer of 1966, with his credibility at a crescendo, Igor dropped his most intriguing news. He was, he said, in line to rise to one of the highest positions in the KGB—possibly becoming the head of the KGB's counterintelligence activities in the United States.

However, Igor explained, there was a requirement that had to be met before he could assume the new position. There was a Soviet defector living in the United States whom Russia regarded as extremely important. In fact, the KGB had given Igor the assignment of recruiting the defector and had made his promised new job contingent upon the successful completion of this assignment. The defector's name, said Igor, was Nikolai Artamonov, now known as Nicholas Shadrin.

(Though Igor's telephone call to Richard Helms may have opened a new phase in his relationship with the CIA, it appears possible that he had been dealing under extremely covert conditions with certain officers of the counterintelligence staff since about March 1964. One of his boldest suggestions, according to one account, was a proposal that the CIA assist him in recruiting Anatoli Golitsin to redefect to Soviet ranks. Igor explained that this would do much to hasten his rise in the KGB. Golitsin was considered too wise to be induced to play such a dangerous game, but there is at least one report that the Americans countered Igor's request with an offer to provide him with Shadrin. Around this time—coincidentally or otherwise—Shadrin had the first hints that he was to be turned out of his job with the ONI. For close to a year, Shadrin resisted furiously before accepting the job he so hated at the DIA. It was only a few weeks after Shadrin finally went to work at the DIA that Igor placed his telephone call to Helms.)

The Soviet Union, Igor informed the Americans, knew that Shadrin was miserable in his new job and believed that he should be ripe for redefection. Igor himself, however, was not so confident. Shadrin's hatred of the Soviet regime was too great. But, Igor suggested, the recruitment might be feasible with a little help from the FBI and CIA. Could they arrange to have Shadrin redefect, even as a ploy? If Shadrin would just *pretend* to redefect, that would be all Igor needed.

Mysteries hang like cobwebs over what happened next, but a single certainty emerges: a decision was reached by the United States to assist Igor in the recruitment of Shadrin. Moreover, Shadrin would not even be trusted to know that Igor supposedly was acting in the ultimate interests of the United States, to say

nothing of Igor's special mission.

It appears that an ingenious scheme was devised to prevent Shadrin from making an outright rejection of the first Soviet overture—while at the same time making certain that he did not know that the whole ploy was being masterminded by the CIA and FBI. Apparently he was informed that there had been a sharp increase in the Soviets' surveillance of the building which housed the DIA offices. Shadrin was told that, while a number of defectors worked there, he was the only one with sufficient stature to interest the Soviets—thus the Soviets might make an approach to him. If so, he should avoid an outright rejection and report the approach to the FBI.

Shadrin must have felt that someone had been particularly prescient when, a few days later, in the late summer of 1966, he was approached by Igor in a public place in the Washington area. Shadrin reported the contact to the FBI, which suggested that he play along.

Shadrin balked. This was precisely the sort of dangerous counterintelligence operation Tom Dwyer had warned him to avoid. Only when Admiral Taylor, Shadrin's respected colleague, urged him to undertake the assignment, did he consent.

A central question is whether U.S. intelligence officials believed that Igor's overture was legitimate—that he was not another in the series of suspected Soviet provocations. A burning belief in Igor's bona fides would somewhat mitigate the accountability of those men who took custody of Shadrin's future.

But James Angleton has told Ewa Shadrin's attorney, Richard Copaken, that he concluded that Igor was a false defector.* Richard Helms distances himself from the question by explaining that he turned the case over to subordinates and is not sure what happened after that. William Branigan, a top FBI counterintelligence official who was in on the operation from the start, looks quizzical when he says, "Who's Igor?" William Colby, a former CIA director, says flatly, "I don't recall the name Igor at all." Bert Turner and Bruce Solie refuse to comment.

Only the passage of time would show whether Igor was acting under control of Moscow, or on his own and in the interest of the United States. In either case, Nicholas Shadrin had not even a hint of the truth: that Igor—and perhaps all of the KGB—knew that Shadrin was only *pretending* to be working for them, that he had been duped and put to work by the highest intelligence officials in the United States.

*In a confidential meeting after Shadrin's disappearance, Angleton also told Copaken that from the beginning the FBI considered Igor a bona fide American agent, thus explaining the FBI's willingness to take risks with Shadrin to promote such an important source. However, neither Angleton nor Copaken would confirm or deny any aspect of this meeting.

Waiting for Igor

As IN EVERYTHING regarding her husband's work, Ewa had only a vague notion of what was going

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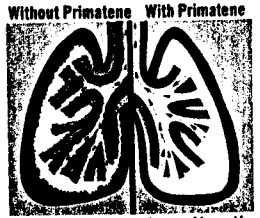

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on. She does recall that in the late '60s she became aware of receiving frequent telephone calls from a man named John Funkhouser, who, though she did not know it, was an expert on Soviet naval affairs for the CIA. After exchanging pleasantries with Ewa, Funkhouser would ask, "Is Nick around?" He always called in the evening and for only the briefest of chats. Funkhouser, who concedes he lunched frequently with Nick, has told Ewa that his association with Shadrin was purely friendly, but several former CIA officers have suggested that he was most likely the conduit for the CIA-approved information being passed on to the Soviets.

Another voice Ewa learned to know was Jim Wooten's. Like Funkhouser, he telephoned Shadrin only at home in the evening, and, as with Funkhouser, Ewa did not meet him face to face for many years.

During their first ten years in the United States, the Shadrins restricted their travel primarily to their new country. But in 1969 they made a 17-day European tour. Perhaps Nick was so confident that he was duping the Soviets that he no longer feared reprisals. Also, former counterintelligence specialists confirm that it is not uncommon for the Soviets, after a period of prolonged contact, to suggest that the subject meet with them outside the United States. Such a meeting confirms in the Soviets' minds the validity of their agent. (On the 1969 trip, however, Ewa argues convincingly that Nick was never away from her long enough for a meeting.) Following this came the two known meetings, first in Canada in 1971, then in Vienna in 1972 when he was gone from his hotel overnight.

Of course the major reason for sending Shadrin into the espionage wars was to enhance Igor's rise through the ranks of the KGB. Several months after Shadrin's recruitment as a double agent, Igor's tour of duty in the United States ended. This was followed by a long silence in the CIA's counterintelligence office, broken only in the early '70s by a cable from Igor, transmitted from southern France, indicating that he was trying to keep in touch. It was a sign of life. But if Angleton's assessment of Igor was correct, then little valid information was being gleaned from the KGB officer. Indeed, given Angleton's position as counterintelligence chief, his complete distrust of Igor would have clouded the CIA's genuine acceptance of anything he provided.

This was slim pay-back for the years Shadrin had invested as a double agent. Yet after the clandestine delivery of the radio transmitter—a sophisticated piece of equipment never before seen by the FBI—Shadrin's handlers were encouraged to consider the operation secure. But the transmitter, according to Jim Wooten, was never used. Two months after its delivery, Shadrin's contact with the Soviets mysteriously stopped.

Nearly two years passed—until the summer of 1974—before the Soviets

made their reconnection. The phone rang; Ewa answered—and the caller hung up. This happened four or five times within 30 minutes. Finally Ewa asked Nick to take the next call if one came. The phone rang. Nick answered.

"His face suddenly was very strange as he listened," Ewa recalls. "He responded in monosyllables." Nick explained later that the caller was a Russian emigré, in need of help, who wanted to meet him on Lorcom Lane in Arlington, not far from the Shadrins' home. For reasons she is not clear about, Ewa begged him not to go. Instead Nick called Jim Wooten and John Funkhouser. Neither was at home. Finally he reached a third person Ewa was not familiar with. She did not hear the conversation, but Nick decided not to make the rendezvous. Much later, Wooten explained to Ewa that the caller was from the KGB.

In December the Soviets again made contact—this time by a cryptic letter mailed from Oxon Hill, Md. Intrigued by the unfamiliar return address, Ewa opened and read what she believes to be the first of these messages. It contained puzzling inquiries into Shadrin's health, coupled with phrases in Russian. When a second letter arrived, which Ewa did not read, she asked Nick about it. He would not give her an answer.

While these events were occurring, wrenching changes were taking place at the CIA that would have a fundamental bearing on the case involving Shadrin and Igor. Helms had resigned in 1973, soon to be replaced by William Colby. Under the new regime, the prevailing wisdom was that operations such as the one involving Shadrin and Igor were convoluted schemes of dubious value—unless, of course, Angleton's assumption of Igor's falsity had smothered genuine operational opportunities. In his autobiography, *Honorable Men,* Colby comments on his review of the maze of counterintelligence activities that flourished under Angleton's autocratic rule:

"I spent several long sessions doing my best to follow his tortuous theories about the long arm of a powerful and wily KGB at work sending its false defectors to influence and undermine American policy. I confess that I couldn't absorb it, possibly because I did not have the requisite grasp of this labyrinthine subject, possibly because Angleton's explanations were impossible to follow, or possibly because the evidence just didn't add up to his conclusions. At the same time I looked in vain for some tangible results and found little or none. I did not suspect Angleton and his staff of engaging in improper activities. I just could not figure out what they were doing at all."

On December 20, 1974, about the time that Shadrin was receiving the letters from Oxon Hill, Angleton retired at the request of Colby. His closest associates soon followed. Suddenly, the long era of Angletonian dominance was over; the Agency was rid of the cunning spymaster and his "tortuous theories." Almost im-

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Jeannette Frank is the author of The Modern Meat Cookbook.

mediately work was begun that would, in the words of one of Colby's top operations officers, "bring counterintelligence back into the Agency."

Already, there was increasing recognition of the legitimacy of Soviet defector Yuri Nosenko. Helms, of course, had lifted the initial restraint on Nosenko. However, that clearance had been only enough to get Nosenko settled into American life as any other defector might be handled. This, according to later statements by Helms, did not mean the CIA considered Nosenko bona fide—only that it wanted to be rid of a seemingly intractable problem. But this lukewarm acceptance was not satisfactory to men like Bruce Solie and others who had become advocates of Nosenko—in part, no doubt, because of their belief in Igor's message regarding Nosenko.

Going much further than Helms ever envisioned, these advocates readdressed themselves to the Nosenko case. Almost incredibly, they and others managed to bring Nosenko into the bosom of the Agency as a highly paid regular consultant and lecturer on current Soviet intelligence matters and personnel. Such a drastic reversal in the Agency's policy constituted a flagrant repudiation of the nearly universal suspicions held by the respected veterans who had handled the Nosenko case just a few years earlier.

Then, with Nosenko's enthusiastic acceptance established, the new regime could turn to the resurrection and genuine acceptance of Igor, who had certified Nosenko. Under the old reign, CIA counterintelligence officers had doubted Igor as seriously as they had Nosenko—though the Igor case was a much more closely held secret. But with the old guard gone and Nosenko exuberantly embraced, it was time to bring Igor back.

Sometime in 1975 Shadrin was ordered to request a meeting with his top contacts in Moscow. It was fortuitous that the Soviets themselves had so recently evinced fresh interest in a reconnection with Shadrin. Despite the messages from Oxon Hill, some older hands might have counseled that Shadrin's still-unexplained break in contact with the Soviets was an urgent reason for supreme caution. But caution was not a guiding light.

Finally, word was relayed circuitously from Moscow—in a letter from Oxon Hill—that Shadrin's top KGB contacts were willing to see him again. Shadrin proposed Spain as a meeting site, but the KGB rejected this and suggested Helsinki. After consultation with his American handlers, Shadrin demurred. Helsinki was too dangerous. For reasons that remain utterly baffling, Shadrin was ordered to counter-propose that the meeting take place in Vienna, described by one former CIA officer as "a snake pit of Soviet spies."

The KGB quickly accepted.

A Question of Surveillance

IN EARLY DECEMBER 1975, top counterintelligence officers of the

CIA and FBI gathered in a secret meeting to discuss Shadrin's impending rendezvous in Vienna. The highest CIA officer present was George T. Kalaris, who had replaced Angleton as chief of counterintelligence. Accompanying Kalaris from his staff were Leonard McCoy and Cynthia Hausmann, who would become known to Ewa as Ann Martin. Bruce Solie of the CIA's Office of Security was also there, along with James Wooten, William Branigan and others from the FBI.

Various accounts of this meeting are in sharp dispute about whether there was discussion on the advisability of providing surveillance for Shadrin's contacts with the Soviets in Vienna. It was Kalaris who told the gathering that the CIA believed Igor would make an appearance in Vienna. Kalaris also said that Bruce Solie would be dispatched to Vienna to deal with Igor since he had previously met him. Cynthia Hausmann would be sent to debrief Shadrin after his meetings.

Late on one bitterly cold afternoon a couple of weeks before they were leaving for Vienna, Nick motioned to Ewa that he wanted her to step into the kitchen. His gestures were memorable to Ewa because on rare occasions Nick would show signs, such as this, of suspecting that their house was bugged.

In the kitchen, Nick whispered to Ewa that he wanted to go for a walk. Outside, he told Ewa something very important had come up in his work that would make an enormous difference in his professional life. Crucial to this were some business meetings set up in Vienna during their vacation. Nick did not offer specific details about his new horizons, but he did say that at last, after 16 years, he was to get his security clearance. Ewa was ecstatic.

At 9:30 a.m. on December 17, Miss Hausmann met with the CIA station chief in Vienna. At some point the station chief asked her if surveillance would be required for the Shadrin meeting. Miss Hausmann replied that it was thought in Washington not to be necessary.

Five years after Shadrin's disappearance, a controversy continues to simmer over the question of surveillance. Ewa Shadrin and her attorney, Richard Copaken, insist that the Vienna station was prepared to provide surveillance until Miss Hausmann called it off. According to Copaken, Miss Hausmann has stated to him that the FBI told her it did not want surveillance. But other sources indicate that the question was not an explicit point on the agenda at the December meeting between the CIA and FBI.

One source at the meeting has stated that possibly the CIA said something such as, "You are not going to require surveillance, are you?" In response, the FBI men may have indicated that they would not. More than anything else, it appears that the CIA and FBI failed to understand each other. That, in any case, is the most charitable explanation.

Shadrin's first meeting, on De-

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cember 18, was with two veteran Soviet diplomats, both of whom he had met before. Mikhail Kuryshev had been attached to the Soviet embassy in Vienna during Shadrin's 1972 meeting there. The second Soviet, Oleg Alexeyevich Kozlov, had been assigned to the Soviet embassy in Washington from 1968 until 1972. He had been one of Shadrin's Soviet handlers.

Whatever transpired at the first meeting, it made Shadrin happy. Ewa Shadrin has testified to his exuberance when he returned to the hotel room that night where Miss Hausmann debriefed him. He did relate to Miss Hausmann that he had been informed he had been promoted to the rank of colonel in the KGB. However, after Miss Hausmann left, Shadrin told Ewa that he did not report his most important information to her—that he would save this to tell Jim Wooten.

Two days later, when Nick said

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farewell to his wife for perhaps the last time of their lives, Miss Hausmann attended a dinner party at the home of a CIA officer assisting in the support for the Shadrin meetings—a man with whom Miss Hausmann had served at earlier posts. According to Miss Hausmann, the dinner party lasted until 12:30 a.m., at which time her host drove her back to a safe house. But the host has a different story. According to an account later provided to Copaken by the Vienna station, the host states that he left to drive Miss Hausmann home at midnight. In either case, she should have been back at the safe house no later than 1 a.m.—and as early as 12:30.

But Miss Hausmann did not answer the phone when Ewa Shadrin made her first frantic call at 1:35 a.m. At 1:55 a.m., when Ewa made her second call, Miss Hausmann's initial question—even before being told Shadrin had not returned—was whether Ewa had tried to telephone earlier. When Ewa said yes, Miss Hausmann stated only that she had been attending a dinner party. In subsequent interviews with Ewa Shadrin's attorney, Miss Hausmann has declined to explain her whereabouts for the disputed minutes—stating only that she went directly from the dinner party to the safe house.

It is possible that the discrepancy is academic, since apparently Miss Hausmann still did nothing. Finally, the deputy chief of station raised the alarm at CIA headquarters at 10 a.m. on December 21, more than eight hours after Ewa Shadrin made her first futile phone call. Immediately cables began to go back and forth with details, questions, suggested answers.

Theories flourish about what happened to Shadrin. Most are predicated on his being kidnapped. Other theories suggest that Shadrin was a KGB agent all along—that his defection in 1959 was one of the Soviets' best-handled provocations. Another theory presumes that Shadrin became desperately disillusioned with his professional life and took off on his own for parts unknown to establish another life.

The most widely accepted of these—one held with apparent sincerity by the FBI, CIA and high government officials—is that the KGB kidnapped him and spirited him back to the Soviet Union. Proponents of this theory postulate it would serve the Soviet Union well if the KGB could triumphantly exhibit Shadrin to its personnel, proving it could reach into the heart of U.S. intelligence and retrieve a defector.

There also was a feeling that some resolution was imminent, whether it be a parading of a broken Shadrin before the world to denounce the West, or simply leaking word that he had been executed. In no case was a resounding silence expected.

Message From Moscow

WHEN EWA RETURNED to Washington, Jim Wooten explained that Secretary of State Henry Kissinger

was at that moment in Washington preparing to speak privately with Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin about Shadrin's return. But Kissinger did not get around to talking to Dobrynin until January 5. Dobrynin denied any knowledge of Shadrin. By then Ewa had confided in William and Mary Louise Howe, and the following evening there was the meeting with the Howes and Wooten at the home of Robert and Helen Kupperman.

Quietly, the Howes and the Kuppermans began contacting everyone they knew in government, including those who could help get a hearing in the White House.

But no plan was forthcoming from President Gerald Ford's staff. It also was clear the CIA was not in any hurry to formulate a strategy. Other officials, while sympathetic, obviously were getting nowhere. A puzzled Ewa Shadrin began to realize that nothing had been done.

Finally, on February 10, 1976, after consultation with the Howes and the Kuppermans, Ewa Shadrin concluded that her husband had been abandoned by the U.S. government. Reluctantly, she retained the services of Richard Copaken, a partner in the Washington law firm of Covington and Burling.

While the Howes and the Kuppermans provided critical moral support, Jim Wooten was the bedrock of Ewa Shadrin's faith that Nick would be returned safely. But his loyalty to her was viewed differently by his own superiors. The first storm clouds were spotted around February 1, when he informed Ewa that Kissinger, who by then had made several unsuccessful inquiries to the Soviets, had written a letter to the FBI in which he indicated that one of its agents had undercut Mrs. Shadrin's faith in Kissinger's efforts. That agent, clearly, was Wooten. Wooten told Ewa that he remained committed to helping her, but he added that he hoped he would not have to retire early.

On February 17, Ewa Shadrin asked Wooten to brief Copaken on Nick's disappearance. Wooten readily agreed.

For one hour the attorney questioned Wooten about various aspects of the case. The FBI man was helpful. Toward the end of the meeting Copaken asked Wooten how long it took the FBI to convince Shadrin to work as a double agent. "Oh, I suppose a couple of days," Wooten replied.

"But, Jim," Ewa said, "you told us at our meeting at the Kuppermans' that it took close to a year to persuade Nick and that Rufus Taylor got him to do it."

"Ewa," said Jim Wooten evenly, "I did not tell you these things."

Twelve days later, on February 29, James Wooten abruptly retired from the FBI. He was 52 years old.

Ewa was beginning to grasp the magnitude of the troubles she faced. One of the first orders of business was to get in touch with Adm. Rufus Taylor to learn more about the role he played in recruiting his friend

Shadrin into the double operation. William Howe had known Taylor for some 25 years, and he was well aware of the close association between Taylor and Shadrin.

Howe called Taylor, by then retired, to ask him about his old friend Nick Shadrin. "Nick *who?*" Admiral Taylor said to Howe. "Shadrin? I never heard of him."

Incredulous, Howe insisted that it was impossible that Taylor could not remember Shadrin. Finally Taylor conceded that he had known Shadrin, but vehemently denied he had had anything to do with recruiting him.

Already, telephone calls were going out from the government to people who had known Shadrin. Col. Bernard Weltman, Shadrin's boss at the DIA and a great admirer, was told, "Stay away from Ewa Shadrin." Another associate at the DIA telephoned a number of people and told them never to discuss the case with anyone.

Copaken and Ewa tried every avenue. With the unofficial assistance of the State Department, Copaken attempted to set up exchanges of Soviet spies held by the United States or allies for Shadrin. None succeeded, either because the United States would not co-operate, or the Soviet Union did not have Shadrin, or chose to deny having him.*

*To this day Copaken vigorously asserts that Secretary of State Kissinger and White House officials purposefully undermined Copaken's efforts to effect a successful exchange. In 1977, Kissinger described Copaken's charges as "an irresponsible distortion."

Finally, on December 3, 1976—nearly one year after Shadrin's disappearance—President Ford sent a letter to Soviet party leader Leonid Brezhnev, asking for assistance in having Shadrin returned to his wife. Brezhnev replied that records had been consulted in Moscow and he could report that *Shadrin had never arrived at the Votivkirche for his second meeting with the Soviets.*

Copaken was stunned. It was one thing for the Soviets to convey this information informally. But how could Brezhnev speak with such confidence? How could he know that there was no surveillance by the CIA of the meeting? What minion in the KGB would dare risk responsibility for advice to Brezhnev that might later be the basis for polluting his channel of trust to the U.S. President—especially when there were so many other things that could have been said?

These questions—all basically unanswerable—contributed to the grim suspicions that were beginning to concern Ewa Shadrin and her attorney. Was it possible, they wondered, that the United States—even at the highest levels—knew much more about Shadrin's disappearance than was being admitted? The suspicion fed the already growing feeling that maybe the enemy was in Washington instead of Moscow—that it somehow served U.S. intelligence purposes to abort Shadrin's second meeting with the Soviets.

Or, of course, the KGB could have picked up Shadrin on his way to the

meeting. Perhaps that was why the KGB could so confidently advise Brezhnev to reply as he had. But whatever was behind the message, it was compelling evidence that Shadrin never reached the meeting site.

The Stonewall

PART OF THE FRUSTRATION for Copaken and the agony for Ewa was the continuing confusion over just what Nick's role had been. During the first days, when Ewa was in the hands of Miss Hausmann, she believed Nick had been an innocent American citizen snatched off the streets by his former Soviet masters.

Two months later, when Copaken entered the case, there was a general acknowledgment of what Jim Wooten had first told Ewa—that Nick was performing a patriotic duty for the United States by serving the FBI and CIA as a double agent working against the Soviets. But just what Nick was supposed to have been doing as a double agent was far from clear.

Then, in the spring of 1978, a writer who had spent several years conducting research on the subject of possible Soviet penetration of the CIA telephoned Copaken. The writer's research had taken him to a number of former intelligence and counterintelligence officers. One of his sources mentioned the Shadrin case, almost as an aside, and said that the secret key to it all might be the presence in 1966 of a Soviet agent named Igor.

The writer had heard about the Shadrin case and knew that Richard Copaken was the attorney helping Ewa Shadrin. He went to Copaken and told him about the existence of Igor and the role he had played in the recruitment of Shadrin. Copaken was electrified. It was the overlay that could make all of the patterns fit. He beseeched the writer to tell him his source. The writer would only agree to try to convince the source to talk to Copaken.

A few days later Copaken and the source met in a private home in the Washington area, where they spent several hours discussing Igor.*

On April 1, 1978, Copaken called Ewa Shadrin. He told her that it appeared they were the victims of a staggering deception by the U.S. government—that there was new evidence that Nick Shadrin had been compromised with the Soviets from the first moment he agreed to work as a double agent. Nick Shadrin had not been approached out of the blue by the Soviets; he had been set up for the KGB by the Americans, slowly ripened, and then sent to Vienna for the final plucking by the Soviets.

Every latent suspicion and hostility Ewa Shadrin had for bureaucrats and government officials came to the surface. She felt she had been a fool to believe anything told to her by George Bush, former head of the CIA, his successor Stansfield Turner, FBI director Clarence Kelley, Henry Kissinger, White House officials

*Copaken has refused to confirm or deny the sequence of events, but Reader's Digest has confirmed this with its own sources.

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William G. Hyland and Zbigniew Brzezinski, James Wooten, George Kalaris.

One of the first people Ewa called after learning about Igor was Jim Wooten at his retirement home in Arizona. "We have learned about the Soviet agent who asked for Nick," she said. Wooten's initial reaction was one of apparent befuddlement. Cautiously, Wooten tried to lead Ewa to reveal additional information. When Ewa asked if Wooten knew about the Soviet agent, he replied, "If I were aware, I could not comment." However, within a few minutes Wooten had clearly confirmed Ewa's information.

From the start Wooten was intensely interested in finding out how Ewa Shadrin had learned about Igor. Wooten indicated to Ewa that the emergence of such information could bring about the death of one of the most valuable agents working for American intelligence.

Later, Wooten told Ewa he was sure that the source of her information must be James Angleton, who had doubted Igor. Ewa said that she did not believe it was Angleton and did not know the source.

A few days after he learned of Igor's role, Copaken advised the Justice and State departments of his information, which, if true, showed without question that he and Ewa Shadrin had been deceived by the highest officials in the United States.

On April 19, 1978, Copaken was called to the Justice Department, where he was informed that a decision had been reached to make no further attempt to assist Ewa Shadrin and to decline any inquiries about Igor. Henceforth, the FBI and CIA directors—both of whom had offered full co-operation to Ewa in the past—would no longer see her or her attorney.

SPREAD THE WORD
WITH REPRINTS

READERS frequently tell us how gratifying it is to pass along copies of especially interesting or useful articles to friends, church congregations, volunteer groups, employees, nursing homes, schools, etc. Reprints available from the February 1981 issue:

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Write: Reprint Editor, Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N.Y. 10570.

On May 24, 1978, as a last resort, Copaken turned to the Senate Intelligence Committee. In a letter requesting a formal investigation, Copaken told the committee: "The callous disregard for her feelings that has been exhibited by the U.S. government is not in keeping with its responsibility to the family of a man who served it so valiantly for so many years."

Nearly three months later, the committee's chairman, Birch Bayh, responded by thanking Copaken for his interest and advising him that the committee "has been working on the Shadrin case for over a year and will continue to do so as a part of its oversight duties." To Ewa this response was the final evidence of an uncaring, self-protective and untruthful bureaucracy.

Also that spring, Copaken wrote to President Jimmy Carter, asking him to meet with Mrs. Shadrin. Carter refused, but instructed the Intelligence Oversight Board (IOB) to review the case.

On April 16, 1979, Copaken received a letter from Robert L. Keuch, Deputy Assistant Attorney General of the United States. Keuch reviewed the scope of various government investigations into what happened to Shadrin and then noted that the IOB investigation alone took "more than five months and involved both the detailed review of large numbers of documents and files of, and the interviews with, more than 80 witnesses. None of the investigations disclosed evidence of any hostile action against Mr. Shadrin by the U.S. government, any of its agencies or agents."

Ewa Shadrin had not expected anything much different. She then asked if she could see the IOB report. Her request was rejected. Ewa had no more reason to believe in this investigation than to believe in the integrity of the countless officials who had deceived her.

As for Keuch's letter itself, it failed to address crucial points such as the government's use of Shadrin in the Igor operation, which amounted to gross malfeasance toward an American citizen.

Copaken believes it was impossible for the IOB to find that there was no wrongdoing. If, in fact, the Soviets did abduct Shadrin, then the wrongdoing is obvious—the lack of any surveillance, the disappearance of Miss Hausmann for an hour, the fact that she was not at the emergency number and did not immediately notify Washington. Somehow, something very wrong was done; otherwise Shadrin would not have been lost.

An Open Book

IN THE SPRING OF 1978, with all hope of government help gone, Co-

paken had begun efforts to acquire information under the Freedom of Information Act. The government initially responded that it would take many months to pull together the Shadrin files even to review them for possible release under the law.

A year later, Reader's Digest became interested in the case and launched a suit against the government seeking access to the Shadrin files, also citing the Freedom of Information Act. The magazine's attorneys reminded the government that the IOB had conducted a detailed review of "large numbers of documents and files" on the Shadrin case—and that the government obviously already had all of the material at hand.

Yet months passed with the CIA seemingly unable to process any of its voluminous files on the Shadrin matter. At one point Judge Robert J. Ward said in a tone of amazement: "How does our intelligence agency work? No wonder we have problems overseas. You have so many files by the time you find them, the situation has come to fruition. Has the bureaucracy gotten so monumental that before the elephant can move, the crisis is upon us?"

In the end, the government produced nothing but hundreds of newspaper clippings from the files of the CIA and FBI—plus hundreds of pages of documents *in which almost every single letter of type—even dates—had been blacked out.*

As a last recourse, attorneys for Reader's Digest requested that Judge Ward review a government-prepared summary of the documents which the CIA had refused to produce. The CIA maintained that even this index could not be considered in open court. With great reluctance, Judge Ward agreed to review the index *in camera.*

On August 20, 1980, a solemn Judge Ward called in attorneys for this magazine and the government. He stated that in reviewing the summaries of classified documents, he had made one assumption: the government's summaries are "accurate and fair." Judge Ward rendered his judgment that release of the documents described in the summaries would "seriously compromise our foreign intelligence-gathering operations and certain aspects of our foreign relations."

He then added: "If it were ancient history from a closed book, I would have no problem with the matter; but it is not, and that is where my problem lies, and that is even though many of the events occurred a number of years ago. But I would regard the book as still being open, and that is what troubles me."

THE FATE of Nick Shadrin may never be known. The most likely source for an eventual answer is some future defector from the KGB—unless, of course, Ewa Shadrin is correct in her staunch belief that there are U.S. officials who have known all along exactly what happened to her husband.

While the CIA refuses to discuss

the Shadrin case, its position on Agency responsibility for defectors is clear. Robert W. Gambino, the director of the CIA's Office of Security, made the following statement to a Congressional committee in 1979: "The Agency assumes an awesome responsibility when it takes under its wing any defector. If bodily harm were to come to a defector inadequately protected by our security officers, there would be a devastating impact on all potential defectors."

Two former directors of Central Intelligence, in commenting to Reader's Digest, agree that Shadrin's loss affects the climate for defection. Says Richard Helms: "The worst feature of the case was permitting Shadrin to travel to a city in Europe where the KGB could control the environment. Potential Russian defectors would understand a double-agent operation, so I would have to say that the loss of Shadrin is discouraging mostly in the sense of faulty tradecraft on the Americans' part."

William Colby, who was director of Central Intelligence at the time of Shadrin's disappearance, declares, "The handling in Vienna was certainly deficient—especially the absence of any countersurveillance measures." And he expressed concern that Shadrin's loss would create "psychological disincentives to Soviets considering defection."

Colby added: "In the closed world of Soviet society and especially the KGB, it is very much in their interest to indicate that defection leads to frustration, punishment or degradation, and we know that they actively promote such impressions. Whether the Soviets internally portray Shadrin's disappearance as a result of their own action, which I doubt, or as the inevitable fate of one who leaves their service, does not make a great difference. The effect of either on potential Soviet defectors is certainly depressing."

Perhaps the most disturbing aspect of the story, five years after Shadrin has vanished, is the cryptic comment by Judge Ward that the case remains an open book, that it appears to have "ongoing relevance." Authoritative observers interpret this as an indication that Igor continues to be regarded as a bona fide agent working in the KGB for the United States.

Those who doubt Igor's credentials are appalled by this prospect. They regard Igor as one of a number of false defectors, including Nosenko, who have seduced and confused sensitive elements of our intelligence services for more than 15 years. Even if Igor had been a true defector, some point out, the news stories that began to appear in 1978, telling of his approach to the CIA, would have sealed his fate in Moscow. If he were still dealing with the CIA or the FBI, his every move would be controlled by the KGB. Yet, others believe that Igor is a true defector, who has escaped KGB detection, provided us with valuable information on a continuing basis, and serves to this day as a spy for the United States.

In the absence of any solution, one

dreadful question must remain: did a situation develop on December 18–20, 1975, that presented our intelligence officials with a terrible dilemma, one that demanded the decision either to lose Igor or to sacrifice Shadrin?

"That is not something that matters to me," says Ewa Shadrin. "If Nick had been a spy—if they had told him the truth about the danger that he was in—perhaps it would be different. But if they killed Nick, or let Nick be kidnapped or killed to save Igor, there is no reason good enough to justify it."

In the end, there is only one certainty: Ewa Shadrin has been the victim of one of the greatest deceptions the American government has ever perpetrated on one of its citizens. The calculated lies reach all the way to the top of the government. She is convinced that, in truth, no effort was ever made to find out about her husband. That is why President Ford, in a meeting with her, stared at her sullenly, silently. It is why President Carter refused to see her at all.

Of all her tribulations, Ewa Shadrin faced nothing quite so cruel as the realization that some of Nick's best friends had been in the vanguard of the deception. It was the spring of 1978, when she first learned about Igor, that the horrible reality began to seep into her brain. Over the telephone, she found herself crying, screaming at Jim Wooten:

"But if you knew about Igor, how could you not tell Nick?"

"If Nick had known the truth," replied Wooten calmly, "he could never have played his role."

Signs of Life

SIGN posted at a London airport: "There jst isnt engh spce on the pster to xpln all the financl srvces Ntnl Wstmster Bnk can ofr yr bznes."
—*Tourist Talk*

IN FRONT OF A RESTAURANT: "Our executive chef is the wizard of aahs."
—Contributed by Dolly A. Wilfley

OUTSIDE A GYM in Pawtucket, R.I.: "Closed on Sundays to Let the Soul Catch Up With the Body."
—*Funny Funny World*

AT A SKI RESORT: "Beware—Icicles Are Eavesdroppers."
—Mrs. Thomas Bohen in *Catholic Digest*

ON A BAR in New York City: "The Opinions of the Political Savants Seated at the Bar Are Not Necessarily Those of the Bartender."
—Norton Mockridge, United Feature Syndicate