

# How Does It Feel To Be Bugged, Watched, Followed, Hounded and Pestered by the C.I.A.?

by Andrew St. George

*Better and worse than you'd expect*

I have spent seven and a half years, perhaps even a bit more, under the most careful, unblinking, round-the-clock covert observation of which the Central Intelligence Agency's operational divisions are capable. Now that it is apparently, according to C.I.A. Director William E. Colby, all over—my name expunged from the foreign espionage "watchlist"—I think back with something like nostalgia on quite a few C.I.A. agents whom I met and liked during those years.

In this, I realize, I am somewhat unique. "To find myself in your files is outrageous," stormed Congresswoman Bella Abzug at Mr. Colby. *Oh*, she was angry! When the word arrived, the official confession that the C.I.A. kept them under surveillance, Eartha Kitt and Jane Fonda were *furious*. So were Dick Gregory and Miriam Makeba and Mort Sahl and probably, if we could find him to ask, Abbie Hoffman. The indignation overloaded the circuits coast to coast, even before we learned that in New York and San Francisco (and, it seems, Vegas, Miami and L.A.) the C.I.A. ran what Jack Anderson (being outraged) calls "love traps"—assignment apartments where diplomats, media influentials and other upper-creatives were filmed by agents through concealed peepholes in the nude embrace of what the report describes as "both male and female prostitutes."

But my own experience, I hope, has been more edifying, especially

when I reconsider some of the events. I remember arriving late at Dulles Airport from Atlanta in August, 1969, arriving unannounced, unreserved, finally finding room at the downtown Harrington Hotel, where only the lobby pinballs stay open after midnight. I remember plunging carelessly through the double glass doors of the hotel to look for a nearby all-night diner known for its crisp crab cakes, only to run into three righteous dudes standing silently in a scabrous doorway on Tenth Street; I realized then that this was *Washington*, that it was well past *midnight*, and that I was most likely the only pedestrian within a mile without a knife. One of the dudes moved out lightly to meet me on the sidewalk, pulling an unlit cigarette from behind his ear in the familiar *introibo* of muggings ("Gotta light?"). On the instant, I heard a soft chugging engine throb on E Street, then saw the little olive Corvair nosing around the corner of Fifteenth Street after me, the Corvair that had been parked across and half a block down from the Harrington Hotel when I left it four minutes ago, now following me as faithfully as a pet skunk; beloved straggler, how glad I was to see it then! The dude stepped away in a single unbroken liquid movement, circling into the doorway. I stepped off the curb, into the thoroughfare and marched back to the hotel in front of the softly wheezing little government-issue machine like Music Man leading his fan club home.

Yes, there were times like that,

avuncular encounters with The Shadow that one does not find in John Le Carré's stories, not even in the briefs of the American Civil Liberties Union. There was the arctic January morning in 1970 when my old MG, parked overnight in the street outside my motel on the outskirts of Boston, would not start, refused even to cough. Five-fifteen a.m., nine inches of snow with a fresh frozen top, the engine a hunk of permafrost; not a sign of life anywhere except for the grey two-door Ford with the little spike aerial about sixty yards behind me, parked patiently on the opposite side of the street, engine humming, a tall pale man behind the wheel, smoking a curved pipe, not looking at anything in particular, waiting.

My first attempt to thaw the motor splintered my fingernails and murdered my knuckles. The pain, as much as anything, snapped at me: "Do it." Just go and do it—why not? He's got his heater going, but basically *you are in this together*. Doesn't he want to get home when the regular shift ends? Bet he does.

So I did it. I went up to the grey government Ford with the chipped New Hampshire license plate—that plate had been on many an unmarked surveillance car, it looked dog-eared—and said: "Sorry to disturb you, but d'you maybe have a pair of jumper cables?"

He had lowered the window as I bent toward his car, but otherwise he remained expressionless and almost motionless. For a moment there was silence. He had a long,





clean-shaven, droopy face, wore a pale green shirt, synthetic tie—civil servant, Eastern U.S. variant, grade GS-14, maybe 15, nineteen thou a year, not a bad-looking sort. He said, talking essentially to himself, "Let's see," and rolled the Ford gently up beside my car.

He had jumper cables and some cotton work gloves, and he took off his tan overcoat and gave me a hand, but in the end it was my electric gas pump that had frozen. He gave me a ride toward the city then, a mile or so to the nearest Mobil station. I think that last bit—the ride—was really against regulations.

"What a frozenass day," I said, but he only grunted. He made no effort to cover the little Motorola two-way set under the dashboard, or the federal motor-pool sticker on it. When we arrived at the service station, I said, "Thank you very much. This was truly most kind of you. My name is St. George, Andrew St. George," but, looking at the dashboard, he only said, "Yes." I saw him again intermittently during the morning, keeping up in that grey sedan, but after lunch he was relieved by a brown Vauxhall with Massachusetts plates, and I never saw him again.

I grew more direct, less constrained after that. Just before Christmas the same year, trying to deposit a groaning hoard of packages in a locker at Grand Central and unable to find the right coin, I shouted at the husky blond in the Tyrolean hat who had walked within a few steps of me to make cer-

tain he had the location of my locker, shouted at him as directly and naturally as old acquaintances do (he had been behind me for two afternoons that week), "Happen to have a quarter on you?" He stared, but his hand went to his topcoat pocket, and I dumped my packages on the marble floor, stepped over to him, took the coin from his fingers, said, "Listen, I really appreciate this," stuffed the parcels in the locker, and went on, leaving him to do the customary call-in on a pay phone (when a suspect deposits parcels on his trail, it must be reported in and sometimes reinforcements arrive to check through the stuff; it could be a "dead drop" concealing messages for a foreign power).

All this may sound like bad form on my part, a lot of sharpie city chutzpah, but basically I had the problem plumbed, and they knew it: we were in this together, me and the C.I.A. Perhaps a moment should be set aside to take a closer look at such a seemingly paradoxical situation.

An American citizen who is "targeted" for security surveillance becomes the Federal Government's second most valuable human asset. When Washington puts a man on the watchlist, it is prepared to spend more money on keeping up with him than on the Vice-President's salary. In fact, I am understating the finances here. The Vice-President makes \$62,500 a year, while full-time surveillance of an individual "subject" comes closer to—these are *minimum* cost estimates—a hundred fifty to two hundred thousand per annum. The only other citizen on whom American taxpayers lavish comparable appropriated funds is the President.

Precise figures are hard to come by in these programs, but my own experience provides a fair idea of what is involved. Twenty-eight years ago, when the U.S. intelligence establishment was still a human-sized little shop, I was stationed in Vienna, a twenty-year-old investigator assigned to the 430th Counter Intelligence Corps Detachment. I soon came to sense the promise and rewards of intelligence work, however, for I found myself assigned to Special Operations Division, a patrician phalanx within an elite unit, working in a downtown office where the sign on the door read, with bland hauteur, *Economic Research Branch*.

One of the things we were supposed to do behind that sign was monitor the phone lines, the *civilian* long-distance circuits, connecting

the Western world with some of the neighboring Soviet-occupied cities—Prague, Budapest, Bratislava, Eisenstadt. There were never more than a half-dozen working circuits involved, sometimes less. Nevertheless, we discovered that systematic eavesdropping on phone circuits called for an exasperating amount of technical twiddling, mechanical maintenance, and above all, a huge typing pool: nine full-time secretaries, as I remember it. The conversations they transcribed were almost invariably useless twaddle, and we learned quite soon to be glad of this, for when something suspicious did turn up in an intercept, it became a Case involving a direct tap on the "subject's" phone and some street surveillance. Then we had, as John Ehrlichman put it years later, a "full plate."

To keep watch on a "subject," if there were no special complications, required the following staff and logistics: three street units (radio cars with civilian license plates) staffed by a minimum of three Special Agents. On a two-shift rotation basis (again, the minimum—this is a Mickey Mouse case, remember) this means six Special Agents. One L.P. (listening post), two duty staffers, or E.M.s (enlisted men), taking the two shifts, one tech specialist (electrician, lockpick, et cetera). One C.P. (command post) manned by a senior S/A experienced in running the show by two-way transmitter. One secretary-typist, an E.M. but one with top secret special-intelligence clearance. (This job involved the coded card indexes.) One liaison personnel, E.M. (messenger). Twelve people, full time.

This modest overview, of course, makes no attempt to account for the myriad "support personnel" involved—motor pool, filing, report-writing and analysis, paper processing, and so forth. And this was only a little old-time one-horse operation, the sort of work aging ops do nowadays only in the Le Carré novels, to show the reader how shabby and seamy and superannuated they are. When, a generation later, I suddenly found *myself* under C.I.A. surveillance, it was a whole different show, involving chemical substances visible only through special spotters (applied to a "suspect vehicle" they make tailing through traffic immeasurably easier, especially at night) and "bumper beepers" which serve the same purpose; aerial tracking and photography (I've been shown a C.I.A. aerial shot of myself, a wide-



angle color print eight by four inches, documenting that, along with some Cuban accomplices, I had committed a state offense, i.e., emptied an unattached lobster trap off Alligator Reef to provide seafood for all hands on our boat), and, on the whole, a towering technology unknown to us in the late Forties.

Nevertheless, even allowing for thirty years of improvement in equipment and methods, I am more sophisticated in these matters than your average citizen, maybe even than some congresspersons. Which is why I am able to tell you this story.

**H**ow did I, in the 1960's, no longer a member of the "intelligence community" but a humble reporter and photographer for *Life*, *Look* and the *London Sunday Telegraph*, become an object of interest to the C.I.A.? I believe I can tell you exactly. They discovered me on March 31, 1965, on which day Senator James O. Eastland, conservative Democrat and chairman of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, traveled hastily and secretly to Florida for a sub-rosa session of his committee. The Central Intelligence Agency had scored a *grand coup*. It had acquired a key defector from Cuba, from the innermost cabal of the "Castro-Communist conspiracy." This was Dr. Juan Orta Cordoba, Fidel's former chief administrative assistant and staff director. At one-thirty p.m., Senator Eastland opened a hearing so secret that its location (a beach-front hotel) was kept from the record for "security reasons."

Meanwhile, on that very March 31, at my home in Westchester County, New York, I made an embarrassing discovery. I took a call from my father-in-law on the upstairs phone, asked him to hold for a few minutes, and went downstairs to raise a point with my wife. An argument ensued; I said some uncomplimentary things about my

father-in-law. Then I remembered he was holding the line upstairs. I picked up the downstairs phone, expecting to cope with an impatient voice, but heard a furiously indignant one. He had overheard every single word we uttered about him. How on earth . . . the downstairs phone had been safely nestled in its cradle. A nauseous suspicion spread inside me as I made hasty, babbled apologies, hung up and unscrewed the mouthpiece. The microphone that dropped out looked like the customary phone company gizmo, maybe a little fatter, a little more . . . solid?

In Miami, meanwhile, the secret Internal Security Subcommittee session got down to business. Chief Subcommittee Counsel Jay Sourwine questioned Dr. Orta:

Mr. Sourwine: "Do you know of any other Americans who helped [i.e. the Cuban revolution in its early stage] other than Herbert Matthews, whom you have just mentioned?"

Mr. Orta: "I knew William Morgan and many others that were up in the mountains."

Mr. Sourwine: "Any others?"

Mr. Orta: "After the fall of Batista, when we returned to Cuba, I met James Gentry, who had helped the cause and the photographer Andrew St. George and Frank Fiorini. These were the Americans that were there that had helped the cause."

After a great deal of testimony about myself and others, Sourwine introduced Orta to an article I had written for the February 1, 1965, issue of *Life en Español*. Never mind what it was about; it was about something the C.I.A. didn't want known. Now it was Sourwine, not Orta, who was offering testimony to the committee:

Mr. Sourwine: "When a newsman prints a story like that, whether he intends it or not, if he discusses the plans of an anti-Communist group, he is serving in fact as an unofficial

espionage agent for Castro, isn't he?"

Mr. Orta: "Yes."

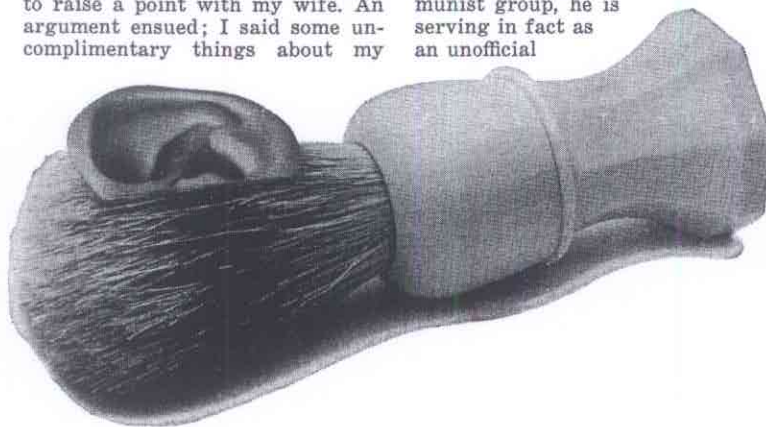
Up north, my wife and I had a stricken little discussion about the mouthless telephone. Is this thing a *bug*? Just another word, that, used casually like "syphilis" or "pink slip" or "highway smashup" until it *happens*. Then it's different—it's something viscous, filling one's chest, choking the lungs, racing the heart. Why . . . *who* the bloody hell would want to bug us? My troubles at the time, such as they were, stemmed not from a left-wing reputation but from gossip that I was a hawk, an imperialist, a spear carrier of the American century, a friend of the U.S. intelligence establishment, if not indeed its agent; a jealously competitive colleague had started a rumor that during the years when I was *Life* magazine's man in Havana, I was also working for the C.I.A. Now *this*?

My wife and I decided to call in an expert. We called in Denny Crook, a sixteen-year-old electronics enthusiast, the son of our neighbor across the street. After brief consultation with us, he decided to conduct a field test by unscrewing the handsets of the phones in *his* house and comparing mikes. He reported that ours were different, thicker in diameter, brown rather than olive drab, with some extra chrome screwheads and terminals on their backsides. Next morning, I took the suspicious mike downtown to show it to John "Steve" Broady, a private eye, an old friend who was, in the early Fifties, briefly notorious as Manhattan's top tapper.

"Yeah, we sell this one," Broady said jovially. "No, we sell the cheaper model. What it *is*? You don't know? It's an infinity transmitter. Looks like a standard phone company carbon button in the phone, but works different. These things will pick up an entire room, they have mini-amplifiers piggybacked onto them."

"You mean," I said, "that since the day this thing was slipped into my phone, the wiretapper on my phone line overheard everything in the house . . . every smack, every kiss, every fart? *Everything*?"

"Oh, they're very good," Broady said. "They can monitor any given room through any other extension on the same circuit. Take a janitor at General Dynamics. He could slip one of these into the boardroom handset the night before the new-model conference, then take it all down on his basement extension,





have himself a tape Lockheed would pay twenty-five thousand for any day. It's a helluva gadget. But I think it'll be a while before it's available commercially. Right now only the spooks have them, and I think even there it's in regulated supply."

"Then this thing is a government bug?"

"Oh, *that*," Broady said, "oh, absolutely. I'd bet on it. Who else? I'm sure it's the government."

Well, *was* I aiding and abetting Castro in Cuba? No. Was I reporting on his revolution? Yes. But the trouble was that once the Eastland and Sourwine Show had done its gig, once Orta had said my name, the national-security establishment was committed, if only to keep its hunting permit valid, to keep the case against me "active." And that meant, for "subject," wife and kids, the most colorful, instructive and surprise-filled experiences an American family on a limited budget can hope to have: seven years of round-the-clock surveillance. But to this day I cannot be certain how much of the national-security case against me the C.I.A. genuinely *believed* in its cynical gizzard.

There was what I came to think of as the "D watch"—"D" for diurnal, "D" for dull, "D" for depressing. This is the sort of tailing-about done by small teams—two to four—of plainclothesmen who dress and look mostly like stockroom clerks. (In New York they carry well-thumbed copies of the *N.Y. Daily News* with such uniform regularity that over the years I came to suspect it was a required item.) Many of these honest craftsmen are only what career case officers condescendingly call "contract personnel," but many of them spend decades on Company contract, and they're professionals. They follow the suspect from the moment he leaves his dwelling quarters in the morning until he returns to sleep at night. They attempt no communication or intimacy; the point of their surveillance is not to spot the highlights or key occurrences of one's day—they are not allowed to tail their quarry into meetings, conferences or other internal encounters—but simply to map its mundane ebb and flow, to chart the habitual life patterns, and—very importantly—to watch for sudden "breaks" or changes in them.

There was electronic surveillance, useful primarily to provide the suspect's advance schedule, where he plans to go, what he plans to do,

and often why. If the men of the "D watch" lose their target, they can locate him as soon as he calls his wife or his office. When the suspect takes a trip, surveillance becomes far more thorough. His hotel rooms are searched, bugs are implanted and phone monitors connected in his path.

There was "infrastructural surveillance" of which the controversial "mail cover" is the most familiar. This means your letters arrive with a good-size hole beneath the left upper corner of the rear flap. Most of the mail cover dirty work is done with flexible reading probes which enable the agent to read letters without wholly opening them—the fiberoptic probe can even project the text from inside the envelope onto a screen—but it does involve an entry hole, and that's usually left the way it was. There's also the less well-known but systematic check on garbage, especially wastepaper; the monitoring of medical visits, hospital records, other indexes of health status; of periodicals subscribed, books purchased or borrowed; of wages, dividends, bank deposits, withdrawals, planned disbursements, unplanned ones, debts, bankruptcies, and so forth. All this ranks much higher than physical surveillance in terms of significance. Perhaps this is because, as someone observed, accountants seldom wear trench coats.

Finally there was the "mamka" system—the name indicating that it is a technique shared by Soviet-bloc and "free-world" security agencies. The only surprise here is that the public has never been acquainted with it by any of the experts writing about this field. So far as I can tell, Americans have never heard about these sturdy adjuncts of their national-security establishment, the mamkas. Yet as he passes through several years of *séjour* on the watchlist, every serious suspect acquires his mamka, in fact several of them in amiable succession. The mamka is the suspect's only direct contact with his uneasy government, and he contributes as much to his target's life-style as the other watchers combined. For whoever has a mamka has a friend. A mamka is not a cold-eyed agent peering through a metascope; he is someone who knows the suspect and strikes up friendly relations with him, chats with him on the phone a couple of times a week, visits him on



weekends bringing good cheer and occasionally presents—a bottle of rum, a six-pack of favored cigars; when my wife sprained her neck in the winter of 1967, our mamka showed up with an expensive, electrically heated throat warmer which proved, in fact, greatly therapeutic.

This mamka, Gordon (not his real name), who watched us from mid-1966 through late 1968, was a charming, voluble, rascally Caribbean diplomat, long defected from his country's foreign service, now established as a U.S. citizen and an employee of the New York City bureaucracy. We became warm friends. Early in the game he ceased to make a secret of the fact that he was required to report on us to the Company, and conveyed instead the suggestion that if it wasn't he, it would be someone infinitely worse. He was right.

When Gordon remarried for the third time in 1968, I was an usher at my mamka's wedding. He married, of course, one of those large, blond girls from central Ohio who arrive in Manhattan in annual migrations to have "an experience," and she hit it off fine with my wife; there were family dinners at each other's houses, weekend invitations for the children, and a general air of bonhomie unadulterated by the lurking fact known to all of us that Gordon was an informer. I genuinely believe he did me no unnecessary harm. He did not pursue one of the mamka's less pleasant assignments, which is to introduce the suspect to the sort of complaisant girls who end up with him in nude and Locoñian positions on official eight-by-ten glossies. That was the one disagreeable aspect of my relationship with the mamka who preceded Gordon, a heavyset con man from the Bronx whom we shall call Jerry, who became famous as a stock



swindler and promoter of salted mining properties before he settled down, after a federal prison term, to become an honest government informer.

Jerry was older than I, a stocky, balding man who made his first bankroll hustling girls for the troops in another country. Having Jerry for one's mamka meant meeting an endless succession of preternaturally inviting and sexy girls. Jerry was not cast in the mold of your friendly family man; the method he preferred for getting to know his suspects was getting them laid, and while it wasn't an unfriendly approach, the temptation, the insistence, and my own sworn decision to refuse these acres of invitingly open beds, began to get under my skin. One of the unpleasant purposes of the mamka system is to try to drive a wedge between the suspect and his wife on the simple, thoroughly sound assumption that if a wife can be turned against her husband, the inside information will begin to flow like water. But by and large, Jerry was not the worst: after Jerry and Gordon, the simpatico rascals, I had a couple of mean-mouthed closet sadists for mamkas, who took superior attitudes, expected me to pay for drinks, and made any pretense at friendship just about impossible.

Eventually, applying the terms of transactional analysis made famous by Dr. Eric Berne, it occurred to me that being surveilled was a form of social intercourse which involved not only verbal but many unspoken transactions, and that suitable communication could be maintained if I analyzed the C.I.A.'s moves correctly and responded to them always at the proper ego level. For instance, I decided to do nothing to "evade" street surveillance. I gave up trying to beat my tails by walking through buildings with several exits, or jumping on and off buses, or doing any of the other juvenile things in spy thrillers. These, it seemed to me, constituted a childish response to a perfectly adult move on the C.I.A.'s part. It occurred more than once, even this way, that I distracted my tails by seeming to board a train or a bus and then failing to do so until the very last instant; in 1970, absorbed in talking to my older son and showing him something which had to be stuffed back in my briefcase, the two of us did not board the midday commuter train at Dobbs Ferry almost until it began to pull out. As we swung aboard, we confronted a large, plainly dressed, middle-aged man

rushing toward us, anxious to get off the coach in the last instant, and we would have collided, if, on seeing me get aboard with my son, the fellow had not braked suddenly, stumbling, almost crashing to the floor, and then dropping, red faced, into the nearest seat. I said, "Sorry, that was my fault" to the man as we moved past him to find adjoining seats, and my son, who recognized what was happening as instantly as I did, complained. "Why on earth are you apologizing to that spook?"

"Because, Bandi," I said, "in a way we're together in this, he and I."

Whenever the C.I.A. made what struck me as a childish move, I responded on the same level. I knew that when I registered at a hotel, the surveillance team watching me rented a room, too, preferably one adjoining mine or situated in a strategic vantage position across the courtyard, which gave them a window at me. To improve the view, the spooks would often turn up several slats of the Venetian blinds in my room, either casually stepping in to do so or getting the maid or the hotel security chap to fix it.

I found the whole hotel scene irritating. Over the years, tens of thousands of American citizens have been tapped and bugged in expensive hotel rooms, and the record does not offer a single instance of the hotel management's refusing or protesting. It was infuriating to check into a room on a sweltering, sweaty afternoon, lower the blinds to change into a sport shirt, go downstairs for a cold beer, and then return to lie abed nakedly and contentedly scratching one's crotch, only to discover that in the forty-minute interval spent at the bar, someone had opened the three central blades of the blinds. On such occasions I would scribble on a sheet of stationery in large block letters, "CLOSED. GIRL COMING UP," stick it on the outside of the blinds with some tape, and close the open slats. I should like to be able to say that this sophomoric japery ended the nuisance, but it never did; with another town, another hotel, there was always another problem with the blinds.

There was a time, at the outset, when I would loudly tell my wife, "Jeanie, I want to tell you something very important if you give your word to keep it a secret" just before I sat down to read a book in silence. In fact I gradually dropped all the little humor bits. I stopped saying, "G'bye, bug, be back in an hour," when I left my house. Adult

to adult—that was how one played the successful transactional game.

Nevertheless, my success was only partial, for though I was learning to cope with the C.I.A., the institution itself was fast growing nastier. Though the C.I.A. was not ever exactly pleasant, its own ways tended to become increasingly harsh and vicious during the Sixties as it expanded and grew to imperial dominance over innumerable smaller security and intelligence organizations in less well-endowed republics, especially in Latin America. As the Sixties turned into the Seventies, it was an open secret that, as Miles Copeland—not a critic, but the C.I.A.'s most knowledgeable defender—bluntly revealed in print in early 1974, spies who came to irritate the C.I.A. in stubborn and unteachable ways could expect to be "quietly liquidated—and under circumstances so terrifying as to defy description."

Around Washington I heard stories of chemical lobotomies brought on by overdoses of reserpine that shot up blood pressure so precipitously, part of the brain imploded; stories of "security suspects" like myself, who crumpled into twitching, slobbering vegetables after a C.I.A. administered OD of this kind—administered, I heard, on at least one occasion, in vitamin capsules nimbly refilled by an Agency operative. In the summer of 1971, returning from an Easter motor trip with my sons (the green Chevy and the dark blue Ford Galaxie with the dog-eared surveillance plates tripped right along), my frayed equilibrium broke for the first time. I lunged and knocked some B-complex Spanules from the hand of my son who was casually popping one in his mouth. In a flash I realized that we had left the pill bottle unguarded at home.

Surveillance itself began to saw at my nerves. But I didn't know what to do, and, in any event, it mattered less and less *what* I did as improvements in secret police technology—black boxes, "bumper beepers" and the like—made it more difficult for me to take successful initiatives against my observers.

Watergate was the last straw. I wrote a long article for *Harper's* magazine, presenting a pessimistic diagnosis on the intelligence establishment's condition. It would be unfair to complain that my effort went unnoticed. I received a telegraphic (Continued on page 168)



## How Does It Feel To Be Bugged, Followed and Pestered by the C.I.A.?

(Continued from page 122) subpoena from Senator Stuart Symington, chairman of the subcommittee charged with overseeing the C.I.A. and a longtime defender and friend of the Agency. It felt good to appear on my own behalf, but nothing much else did; as the hours wore on, I began to wilt and tire under Symington's astonishingly energetic vituperation. The good grey watchdog detested my article from start to finish, but what had enraged him most about it was the suggestion, toward the end, that in his sworn appearances as a Watergate witness the C.I.A.'s former director had not told the complete truth about his agency's role in that celebrated break-in.

Today all this seems sadly comic, but American stories seldom have drab endings, and this is an American story. A little after three p.m. on November 16, 1973, the cathedral-tall double doors of

our cavernous hearing room swung open—this was, of course, another closed-door hearing, with the transcript classified "SECRET"—and without a warning, there he stood, the director of central intelligence, William E. Colby. My arch foe had left his walled stronghold across the river and come to bear witness against me in the flesh. A thin, neat, controlled man, looking oddly unobtrusive in his circle of uniformed adjutants and tall, tanned lawyers, he stood for a moment on the threshold and our eyes met. I couldn't help staring—director, demigod, dark daimon of America's madness, fateful scourge of a myriad Oriental households, torturer, teacher who had taught me the meaning of my own time in history; confronting him face to face made me feel, humilatingly, that it had been almost *worth it*. — In an instant it was over; Colby flicked

his eyes from my face and his face sprang into a smile as Senator Symington advanced toward him with outstretched fingers. My two attorneys and I were asked to wait in an adjoining room while Director Colby testified, under oath, that on suspicion of being a "foreign agent" I had been kept under "various forms" of surveillance since January, 1965. No wonder, the director explained, I'd become a critic of the Agency; surveillance is "sometimes not an agreeable experience" and it may have made me resentful of the Agency's attentions. However, Mr. Colby assured the Senators, sweeping all five with a smile, a review of my case produced "no evidence warranting a continued active state." I had been found, if not innocent, tolerable. From now on, Director Colby concluded, I had not a single thing to be afraid of. #

## Last Tropical Paradise

(Continued from page 144) Even that sad hotel was demolished to make way for a new hospital, and for a time Air Micronesia passengers were put up in two sixteen-bed Quonset hut dormitories, one for men, the other for women. In all of Micronesia there was only one hotel worthy of the name, the Royal Taga in Saipan.

In return for Air Micronesia's having been awarded the air route, Continental Airlines—its parent company—was charged with the responsibility of doing something about the hotel situation, and it agreed to build small but suitable resort-type hotels on Majuro, Truk, Yap, Palau and Saipan. Their Continental hotels on Truk and Palau are just that. The one on Truk is a fifty-six-room affair—each room with private balcony—in a complex of small, low, landscape-hugging, air-conditioned buildings overlooking a good beach. The Palau Continental comes very close to being its twin. It has the same number of rooms; the lobby, restaurant, generally handsome decor and layout are similar, and it charges the same rates of \$32 a day single and \$36 double, European plan. But it's situated on a steep hillside instead of a beach, and it has a small swimming pool to try to make up for it.

By contrast, the seven-story, 185-room Saipan Continental, dedicated last September, looks like a high-rise giant. Its lobbies and public rooms seem designed for a hotel at least twice as big, and plans call for its expansion when Saipan becomes a haven for Japanese honeymooners now flocking to nearby Guam—expected when Japan Air Lines and an American carrier (both Continental and Pan Am have applied for the route) begin direct Tokyo-Saipan service.

But Continental has been unable to fulfill its hotel-building commitment on Yap, where local leaders are undecided about whether or not they want tourism—or, if so, how much—and on Ponape and Majuro, where they want tour-

ism, all right, but they want to build, manage and own their own hotels. As a result, there are no hotels of international standard on these islands and most of Micronesia's growing tourist traffic is centered on the Truk and Palau groups and on Saipan.

The islands are as different from each other as are Fiji, Tahiti and New Caledonia, and each has its own language, ethnic background and unique cultural development. Truk is the first stopover on the itineraries of most pleasure travelers. My 3400-mile flight from Honolulu to Truk was a four-day affair, even though it took only about nine hours, and two of the four days were the same day. We left Honolulu early Sunday morning, but it became Monday when we crossed the international date line before landing at Majuro in the Marshall Islands, the first stop in Micronesia. However, it became Sunday again when we put down at Kwajalein, because at this missile-tracking station they prefer to coordinate their calendar with Hawaii and the American mainland. Two hours later, when we landed at Truk, it was Monday once more.

With one of the longest barrier reefs in the world sheltering what is said to be the world's largest lagoon, Truk could very easily become a major water-sports resort. The climate is sunny and tropical, and there are many good beaches, but they need clearing. Abandoned Japanese homes, warehouses and military installations line the shores. The jungle covers what was once concrete highway, and slowly it creeps over abandoned towns and villages and the remnants of wrecked hospitals and bombed-out gun emplacements.

The forty-mile-wide Truk lagoon, with eleven main islands and many more smaller ones forming a great coral circle, was Japan's Pearl Harbor. As many as forty thousand troops and construction workers once were quartered here, and it is said to be one of the major naval bases from which the Pearl Harbor attack was launched. Later in the war it was the scene of a comparable disaster for the Japanese when more than one

hundred of their ships and aircraft were sunk in a series of aerial attacks. About sixty hulls have been located, and they're all there today, thirty years later—the largest collection of underwater wrecks to be found anywhere; amazingly well preserved, most of them relatively intact, with masts, superstructures and guns still in place. American, Japanese and Micronesian officials never were able to agree on who had salvage rights, and in 1972 the Truk district government declared the lagoon, together with its sunken ships and aircraft, a historical monument, preventing the vessels from being dismantled piecemeal by underwater souvenir hunters. Paul J. Tzimoulis, publisher of *Skin Diver Magazine*, has called the Truk lagoon and its sunken wrecks one of the great undersea wonders of our time.

One morning I dove the wreck of the *Fujikawa Maru*, a ten-thousand-ton armed aircraft ferry lying upright with a slight starboard list one hundred feet down. It is believed to have been sunk by a torpedo which hit amidships on the port side during an early attack. My diving companions were Keith Jaeger, an Air Micronesia pilot, and his wife Selina. Keith is an expert diver and Selina is an experienced diver, neither of which I am.

The ship's two masts stick well out of the water, so we tied our dive boat to the mainmast, went over the side and climbed our way down the mast. Thick and beautiful coral formations and clam shells encrusted it, beginning just below the waterline, and as we worked our way down it looked like some sort of fantastically festooned maypole.

About fifty feet down we reached the forward deck, and on the bow we saw a naval gun, its coral-crusted muzzle pointing aimlessly out toward the murky green depths. Davits swung outward told us that some lifeboats had been launched before the ship sank. We swam aft, then up into the bridge. Only the shape of the wheel was easily identifiable; the compass and other instruments were coral blobs. Through the officers'