



# Life Inside The Secret Factory

smocks. They were working on binding  
dozens of mimeographed papers.  
"What are they doing?"  
"They're binding secrets to be sub-  
poenaed. These are secrets that can be  
given to congressional committees."  
I looked perplexed.  
Zanker explained. "Congress is  
demanding more and more secrets  
from the executive branch of the  
government. Some are made according  
to secrets especially tailored to satisfy  
Congressional subpoenas. For exam-  
ple these chips have been ordered by  
the Federal Reserve Board and have to  
do with the private affairs of banks  
and their subsidiaries. In the  
Department of Energy, they will send  
you a copy of the computer  
that no one can understand. But  
the people who are working on the  
committee are usually satisfied. The  
people over there are working on  
energy secrets, and down there they  
are dealing with agricultural exports.

Our job is to see that no one can make  
head or tail out of them."  
Before we went into the next room  
Zanker made me put on rubber boots.  
We entered a hall with 3 inches of water  
on the floor.  
"This is probably our most difficult  
work. We have to make secrets here  
that can't be leaked."  
"You have government orders for  
secrets to be leaked?" I asked in surprise.  
"It's one of our biggest items. High  
government officials are constantly  
leaking secrets to the press, and  
pretending surprise that the secret got  
out. We've developed a container  
which can hold a secret in a solid state  
until the sword goes out. It should be  
leaked, then by just twisting this tab,  
the secret becomes soluble and leaks  
out."  
"I said," I said.  
"It's your biggest item. Between  
Herb Klasinger, Pat Moynihan and  
the Congressional Committee in-  
vestigating the CIA, we can't keep  
them in stock."