

## 'Agent' Who Met Reds Calls FBI Ungrateful

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Out of the shadowy world between Soviet espionage and American counter-intelligence has come a Greek bearing gripes—against the FBI.

For two years, asserts Washington businessman John D. Makris, he cooperated with the FBI for the good of

America and—he had hoped—of Greece, and strung along a series of Soviet agents through a series of apparently fruitless capers.

For his pains and patriotism, he now charges, he was paid with ingratitude, a livelihood, a clouded reputation and damage to his business prospects.

From the Justice Department and the FBI yesterday came terse "no comments" that searely hid their high irritation that a disgruntled operative—known more for his disgruntlement than his operations—should have taken his complaints to the press.

### Wrote to President

There is but one documentary record of Makris's service for the FBI. Last May 31 he wrote President Johnson requesting an "open investigation" of his case. On July 8 he got a reply from Assistant Attorney General J. Walter

See FBI, A8, Col. 5

## Volunteer 'Agent' Calls FBI Ungrateful

Yeagley, in charge of internal security.

Referring to "your cooperation with the FBI," Yeagley told Makris, "There appears to be some misunderstanding as to the importance of the operation to which you made reference in your letter to the President."

Beyond the letter, one must rely on Makris's own account and this is it:

An economics student at the University of Athens, Makris—then 27—became a United Nations intern in 1955-56. There he befriended a Soviet Secretariat employe named "Nikolai Kapsov" and kept in touch with him when he moved on to the Rutgers School of Banking and a few subsequent business fiascos.

### 'Victor' Offered Help

In 1963 when Makris was upon hard times one "Victor Kraknikovich" called, saying he saying he was a friend of "Nikolai." Could they meet? They did and, learning of Makris's woes, "Victor" volunteered to help.

Something seemed fishy to Makris. He checked at the UN and found no "Victor Kraknikovich." It was but one step to the FBI.

Makris didn't request compensation the FBI didn't offer any, but it was later decided that Makris would accept money given by the Russians, hand it over to the FBI and receive back equivalent sums; in this fashion he got something over \$12,000 in the next two years.

For Makris the points were three: to get "American" rather than "Russian" money, to avoid the status of paid FBI informer, and to have funds to live on even while appearing needy enough to merit Soviet handouts. At any rate, shabby gentility was not a condition unfamiliar to him.

Once or twice a month, sometimes more often, Makris met his Soviet contact—in lobbies and restaurants, on Jerome Avenue in the Bronx,

in a Greenwich Village bookstore.

Once Makris expressed fear of an FBI tail. His Soviet handler said: there are 500 Russians in New York, the FBI can't possibly tail us all, so relax.

### FBI Checked Makris, Too

Meanwhile, the FBI was checking out Makris. The investigation, he found, made his friends suspect he was in trouble. Would-be employers faded away. Makris was particularly angry when the FBI check extended back to Athens to his mother, who was asked the name of his father.

"Victor," showing him a newspaper photo of a girl velop" her. His FBI handlers who'd won a lottery, instructed seemed upset and when he ed Makris to meet and "de-reached the assigned address he realized why: it was the FBI's Manhattan office, and the girl was a secretary there.

On the theory that the Russians would spy on his first contact, the FBI coached Makris and the girl in an elaborate pick-up charade. Because the girl got cold feet, however, it was arranged that he pick up a girl friend of hers, who also worked for the FBI. She was a looker and Makris enjoyed the assignment.

### Wanted Data on FBI Cars

"Victor" had Makris question the girl on FBI surveillance procedures, such as what cars the agents drove and where they were garaged.

Later the Russian wanted him to infiltrate an anti-Castro Cuban emigre group in Tarrytown, N.Y., and to scout an anti-Castro camp reported in Nicaragua. But these missions disappeared in a characteristic blur of confusion and caution.

A similar casualty was a plan—with \$15,000 as bait—to get Makris's American girl friend to apply for a State Department job. Enlisted by the FBI, the girl did apply for and receive a job offer, but this, too, fell through while

"Victor" was being replaced by "Ilya (Steve) Gabon."

Makris noticed at one point a certain FBI reserve. He was told a check had revealed he lacked an English-language proficiency certificate that he had claimed. He produced the certificate, and stewed.

Impatient to build a business career, Makris chafed in the economic straitjacket imposed, so he thought, by his FBI role. He wanted the FBI to "clear" him of the cloud raised over his head by the security investigation and by the financial disadvantages of his counter-intelligence work. His bid to carry his case to FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover was denied, and he stewed some more.

### Sought FBI Clearance

His new Soviet handler, "Gapon," once mentioned that Moscow had high hopes for a certain politician in Greece, Makris wanted to warn his government, but the FBI threatened to repudiate him if he did. Makris did go to the Greek Embassy but, unable to substantiate what he himself recognized as an improbable story, he got a polite brushoff.

Makris complained about this in his letter to President Johnson. In its reply, the Justice Department told him that "nothing was developed during (your) operation relating to the security of Greece which should have been brought to the attention of your country."

Justice said that the State Department "upon request" would inform the Greek Embassy of Makris's FBI role. So far the Embassy has not made a request. The State Department considers the Greek politician in question to have departed the left along ago and to be now closer to the non-Communist center.

### Big Deal Fell Through

The Russians then hatched the idea, as Makris understood it, that he set up a trading business in Washington; he would

have reason to travel and could distribute money to Soviet agents around the country.

The role of potential bagman for a Nation-wide Soviet spy network struck Makris as his biggest likely coup and he asked FBI help in getting the connections necessary to set up the business. The FBI declined.

It was not long after that that Makris, boiling mad, came in from the cold. He broke off contacts with both the Russians and the FBI.

Since then he has become vice president of a small new investment company known as the Constellation Shipping and Trading Corp., at 910 17th st. nw.

### Fears Deportation

Last Tuesday Makris received a form letter summoning him to an immigration hearing next Thursday. He told a reporter that he believes the FBI wants to deport him in order to shut him up.

Actually, the Justice Department said yesterday he is being summoned for a routine hearing on his alien status as a "treaty trader"—a category reserved for aliens who trade with their home country—and that no reason for any action but automatic visa renewal is known.

Makris, speaking gravely and bitterly, charges that "the FBI is a state all by itself. I worked for America and I was left in the street."