

Real-Life 'Jackal' Tests Imagination Of Paris Police

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PARIS, July 12—The current breed of international terrorist is not, for the most part, the stuff of which legends are fashioned. But the improbable "Carlos" is clearly an exception.

In just a few weeks, he has become a household name here. He is touted as a globe-trotting, icy, cool assassin—a real-life "jackal," matching the fictional character in the famous best-seller about an attempt to kill President Charles de Gaulle. Some people suspect that Carlos may be something of a fictional character himself, but there is no doubt that his exploits have enlivened a dull summer and kept French newspaper circulations buoyant.

Carlos is the linchpin of a drama that began as a subdued counterespionage raid on a Left Bank apartment here in which two French agents and an informer were killed. He is allegedly the steel-nerved gunman who blasted his way out of the trap and then vanished, despite efforts by the police of at least seven countries to find him. He has been reported seen in London, Brussels, Duesseldorf, Stockholm and Beirut. Like all colorful villains, he has been running rings around the police.

Carlos is supposed to be carrying in his head the plans and code names of a far-flung terrorist operation that involves collaboration between Palestinian, Japanese, Turkish and Latin American extremist organizations, with links to West Germany's Baader-Meinhof gang.

Newspaper accounts here picture him as the chief of a band responsible for such terrorist sorties as last September's assault on the French embassy in the Neth-

erlands by Japanese "Red Brigade" members and a misfired bazooka attack here eight months ago on an Israeli jumbo jet at Orly Airport.

A suitcase he reportedly left at a friend's house in London contained an impressive arsenal of guns, grenades and explosives—it was discovered when the explosives began leaking in the hot weather. It also held a notebook listing about 500 prominent persons which, predictably, was dubbed Carlos assassination list.

A number of mysteries surround the affair. Not the least is Carlos' real identity—as well as his genuine, as distinct from his suggested, importance.

According to a London newspaper quoting Scotland Yard sources, he is actually a 25-year-old Venezuelan with the unlikely name of Illitch Ramirez-Sanchez. His wealthy lawyer-father named him after Lenin. Illitch attended Patrice Lumumba University, Moscow's training academy for foreign Communists. Later, he allegedly grew disillusioned with orthodox communism, and launched into terrorism on a global scale. Superintelligent and utterly ruthless, as all successful conspirators are, he did not take long to reach the top. Or so the story goes.

However, he has never been officially identified. Some skeptics here have asked why, if Illitch or Carlos was all that dangerous, did senior officers of France's counterespionage agency, the DST, go un-

armed to get him? French policemen of any description are not known for reluctance to carry guns.

And why, the skeptics ask, did they allow him to go unaccompanied to an adjoining room, from which he emerged with pistol blazing?

Also, how was it that, for three years, he had been able to travel freely among Paris, London and several other European cities, reportedly on four different passports, without eliciting suspicion, until a Lebanese informer let his name drop? There have been no answers to these questions.

Some informants here believe that this suggests that Carlos is not quite the top-flight, all-around terrorist he is cracked up to be. They speculate that he has been puffed up to explain away an inexplicable blunder by the French counterespionage. Getting themselves murdered by an ace terrorist is one thing. Death at the hands of an acknowledged smalltimer would be something else again, and considerably more embarrassing to the government.

But whatever Carlos' true dimensions, the affair, shows signs of growing bigger. Yesterday, the French government expelled three members of the Cuban embassy, including a first secretary. They were identified as members of the Cuban intelligence service, the General Directorate of Intelligence.

All were allegedly in regular contact with one of Carlos' women friends, meeting frequently with her and others at the apartment where the French counterespionage men met their end.

Officials of the Interior Ministry here said that this may be only the tip of an affair that had "ramifications in numerous foreign special services." The hint was that the intelligence services of Czechoslovakia and East Germany were also giving aid, and possibly even orders, to terrorists like Carlos. But for the moment at least, no hard evidence was offered.

[The Cuban government Saturday denied that three Cuban diplomats expelled

from France had anything to do with the Carlos case, Agence France-Presse reported from Cuba.]

As a headline-making international killer, Carlos boasts another indispensable quality. He was—presumably, he still is—an indefatigable womanizer. The police, while unable to find old French dictum of finding the woman. Four of them, in fact—two here and two in London—have been jailed as his accomplices.

In films, the girlfriends of killers are sex bombs. Judging by the quartet now behind bars, Carlos chose his principally for their ability to pass unperceived in a crowd. They seem to have been nice, respectable, slightly dull young women who found in Carlos a way to add excitement to their lives.

French officials were shattered to learn that one of those arrested here—described as Carlos' message-carrier—held a responsible post at one of this country's leading educational institutions, the College de France. It was rather like discovering that the dean of Radcliffe was a Mafia gunmoll.