4 DEC. 1983

Spies in Washington

Holiday Entertaining: Feasting in finery Page 76

Design: Page 81

ARTICLE APPEARED
ON PAGE 19
WASHINGTON POST MAGAZINE
4 December 1983

FILE

THE INMAN FILE

BY JAMES CONAWAY

James Conaway is a staff writer for The Washington Post Magazine.

Back in 1975, when Bobby Ray Inman was director of Naval Intelligence, he was invited by some Senate staffers to come up to Capitol Hill and discuss the Soviet threat. The invitation proved to be more complicated than it appeared, as invitations to spies often do . . . but let Inman tell the story himself:

"After the meeting, a staffer asked me to lunch. We went to a little restaurant on the back side of the Hill, and two characters slid into the seats next to us. They started talking to me, suggesting that if their companies got some contracts, they could be of great help to the Navy. I was just beginning to get incensed when one of them said, 'By the way, I work for you.'"

Inman was flabbergasted. The man was Edmund Wilson, a hulking former CIA agent who belonged to the secret Naval Intelligence organization known as Task Force 157, whose members gathered intelligence about harbors around the world. While working for Task Force 157, Wilson had managed to become a rich man, owning a Virginia horse farm, among other things. He would go on to procure illegal explosives for Libyan terrorists and attempt to have some people assassinated, but that's another story.

"I went back to the office," Inman says, "and asked, 'Who is this guy?' That day I decided to terminate Wilson's contract." Inman had already decided to do away with Task Force 157, to meet the Navy's budgetary requirements, but the meeting with Wilson convinced him that the decision was sound. "Later"—and Inman smiles the gap-toothed smile so familiar to congressional committees and intelligence operatives—"Wilson blamed me for a lot of his troubles."

Inman was Wilson's antithesis, principled to a fault, and so physically unassuming that as a child he was often beaten up in east Texas schools (until he helped two brawny classmates with their homework and learned the value of bodyguards).

Today Wilson is in prison and Inman is drinking California riesling in the first-class cabin of a Boeing 727 streaking between Washington and Austin. "The thought crossed my mind," he says, gazing at his wan reflection in the blackened window of the aircraft, "that Wilson might try to do me harm."

Inman is a civilian now, the director of a consortium of electronics and computer companies known as MCC that is racing the Japanese toward the next generation of supercomputers. When Inman retired last year as deputy director of the Central Intelligence Agency, he probably had more varied experience in analytical intelligence than anyone. Though not a Naval Academy graduate, Inman worked his way up through Naval Intelligence to become a four-star admiral, was named deputy director of the Defense Intelligence Agency in 1976 and then became the youngest director ever of the secretive, monolithic National Security Agency.

He tried to retire in 1981, with 30 years of military service, but President Reagan personally asked him to take the number-two job under CIA director William Casey. Inman agreed, but left the CIA a year later, to critical acclaim from congressmen and soldiers alike, some of whom feared that American intelligence was losing one of its most valuable assets.

Inman resisted interviewers while in government, but decided to talk about intelligence-gathering for the simple reason that "it's an important subject." His views on the men and the machines in the business are instructive. Former CIA director William Colby says Inman "had all the jobs and never let the bureaucracy get in his way . . . He respected the congressional prerogative, but was also concerned with keeping the necessary secrets."

"He's a consummate professional and a highly moral individual," says George Carver, who was deputy of national intelligence in the CIA in the mid-1970s, now a senior fellow at the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies. "Bobby Inman has always been an extremely articulate and able advocate of the true net interests of whatever agency he represented."

That is a fair description of a good spy.

"Articles saying that I'm a master spy are pure garbage," Inman says. "I've never run a clandestine operation. But I've been an avid user of what they produce."

Disputes over covert action were cited as the reason Inman left the CIA; however, differences between him and Casey reportedly arose from personality conflicts, rather than philosophy, and the natural differences between generations. Casey was dropping spies into Nazi Germany when Inman was a Texas whiz kid.

Computers are as essential to the government Inman worked for as they are fundamental to his new endeavor, in a world where private enterprise and government service often overlap. His competitors might well be uneasy, given the admiral's vita.

Inman insists he is no longer in *the business*: "I'm not using any clandestine or technical sources to determine what the Japanese are doing. I do know that wherever I go to speak, there are substantial Japanese in attendance."

He looks like the class valedictorian, twisting a University of Texas ring around his finger while deflating some notions about spies and technology.

CONTINUED

✓ He says it will take another 10 years for computers to pick vital bits of information out of human conversations and to translate languages.

✓ No, computers at the National Security Agency do not listen in on millions of telephone transmissions, randomly collecting intelligence. People are still required for that endeavor.

✓ Machines are *not* taking over the earth: "I don't know where the limits to technological advance are, but I suspect they have to do with the human imagination. There are limits to what we can imagine machines doing, rather than on the machines themselves."

To Inman, the gathering of intelligence—including clandestine gathering—is an absolute necessity, if an ambiguous one.

"The moral complexities that challenge the clandestine services are greater than those of other agencies. Convincing a foreigner to become a clandestine agent, to betray his country, is difficult. Is it morally acceptable to read other people's mail?

"Laws apply to all citizens, but in reality the law doesn't extend to the citizens of other countries. You look to a different set of standards—how to acquire knowledge that will help this country protect its interests, preferably peaceful.

"There are limits, things you have to be careful of. We should not be involved in assassinations—murder is murder. I am prepared to subvert for knowledge, but not for killing. Wilson was a bad apple—a classic one. The complicated part was his ability to sustain old friendships and work off them."

Wilson might still be there if it weren't for Inman. "After all the auditing, Wilson had slipped through. Later, at CIA, I asked the same question: 'Who is this guy?' Now they have control built in. Clandestine collection isn't bad, but you must have an infrastructure to make sure people aren't moonlighting."

Inman travels a lot, but never to communist countries: "The temptation to grab me might be too strong to resist."

Americans betraying secrets to the Soviet Union is not as troubling to Inman as their reasons for doing so. "In the 1930s, it was ideology. People thought they were working for a better system. Now they sell secrets to support a life style."

The change is reflected in the Soviet looking glass, but with an important distinction: "Spies in Russia used to be interested in money. Now they want to help us because they're disillusioned with their own system. It's an encouraging sign . . .

"There have been very major successes in our understanding the Soviet weapons systems, economy and politics. The political stuff is the hardest of all to get.

"Decisions in the Soviet Union are made by a few people, and those around them are so well cared for, part of a privileged society, that they aren't going to be affected [by efforts to subvert them]. We have never consciously given up on human intelligence there, but because it is so difficult to get things in a closed society, we are forced to spend great sums for tiny bits of information. Soviet research and development is hard to get at. Economic analysis is spotty. But eventually they add up to something significant.

"Our capabilities for detecting major Soviet operations outside its borders are excellent. They are mostly electronic, but we never underestimate the human cross-check. Our ability to follow Soviet military activity day to day is excellent. We know in specific detail what they have in military capability, how the weapons are used and the people trained. A lot of this comes out of competitive analysis. You can be misled by your own assumptions—the value of challenging those assumptions can't be overestimated." Hence the United States developed different intelligence agencies within various departments, a system modeled on Britain's.

Asked to name the best intelligence organization in the world, Inman squirms a bit. "It depends on what has to be accomplished," he says. "If depth of knowledge of the immediate environment is the objective, then the Israelis are probably the best.

"The Soviets are the largest in manpower—they have three times our manpower—but they have corruption around the edges. They also have the problem of internal security. The United States has the lead in technical collection and analysis. Dealing with closed societies has forced us to be good at it."

He praises the British for their macroview. "They look at the whole world. Other than us and the Russians, they're the only country to do so. Man for man, they're very good."

Inman says he left the CIA because he had wearied of government service but says that he and Casey were in general agreement about the need to rebuild the agency. "Casey whirled through the place, made judgments and quickly established a dialogue with the White House. That could have taken months," Inman says. "The working relationship among the intelligence agencies is the best it has been in years. Casey's not interested in collecting turf."

Observers say Inman's and Casey's personalities did not mesh; Inman remains inscrutable on the subject, speaking of the role of director of Central Intelligence in general terms only: "The DCI is supposed to orchestrate, but that's not a clear charter. In the past there have been conflicts among the departments—turf issues, who gets the money and who gets the president's ear."

There are other kinds of competition—over expertise, for instance. "The overt human observers versus the technical collectors. Human intelligence always has the potential for error. Clandestine agents must always ask the question, 'Has my source been doubled?' There are areas of deception in technical intelligence or the interpreter may not understand the context of a recorded conversation. With images [photographs], the interpreter may not know when to look at them. No good analyst wants to be dependent on one source. He wants human input, signals and imagery. None of these are going to put the others out of business."

What everyone wants to know, of course, is whether or not being a spy is fun.

"Yes," says Inman, after some deliberation, "as an intellectual challenge, stringing together fragments of data, seeing how it affects policy and tactical decisions. Occasionally knowing that you made a difference. You have to be interested in events in the outside world for it to appeal to you. There are people down in the trenches [at CIA headquarters in Langley] who have spent their lives there . . . an expert on some port, for instance. You can't reward them with money."

Smiley's people.

"The trade craft is still humans dealing with humans." ■

ARTICLE APPEARED
ON PAGE 20

WASHINGTON POST MAGAZINE
4 December 1983

COUNTERSPY

What to do when someone you meet at a cocktail party offers you a special guided tour of the Soviet Union

AN INTERVIEW BY LAWRENCE MEYER

Phillip A. Parker, who is deputy assistant director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation for the intelligence division, is one of the FBI's top counterspies. This is an abridged transcript of an interview conducted by Lawrence Meyer, a staff writer for The Washington Post Magazine.

Meyer: How many foreign spies are there in Washington and in the United States?

Parker: I can't give you an exact amount. That is information we don't give out.

Q: Can you give me a rough number?

A: It's a question of what you mean by foreign spies. Those who are here operating against the interests of the United States? They're the ones that we're interested in.

Q: Okay.

A: Looking at all of the countries we put in that category, we've got about 3,000 people. About a third of those are involved in intelligence activities here.

Q: Are you only interested in people from Eastern Bloc countries or countries affiliated with Eastern Bloc countries?

A: Again, it's only those who are acting against the interests of the United States.

Q: Which of the countries you're interested in has the most spies?

A: I think it's easy to see that, if you look at the presence of those countries who are hostile to the United States and you look at their size.

Q: We're talking about the Soviet Union?

A: Sure.

Q: Do you consider the Soviet Union and the satellite countries to be a unit in terms of their activities, or are there distinctions among them?

A: The KGB certainly has a great influence on the services of the other bloc countries.

Q: Within that group of countries are there some that are more dangerous than others?

A: I wouldn't say that.

I think we should get on to what you are talking about when you say "spy." A spy is someone who is trained in his country to go out and collect information, as opposed to someone who is recruited who then becomes a spy. A recruit is an agent for a specific intelligence officer.

Q: Do you find situations where someone who has been trained in intelligence-gathering will come into this country not representing himself to be what he is—a Russian, for example, but appearing to be English, for example, with a British passport?

A: Yes, we have them. There's no question about them coming in, but to go into any further detail would be impossible. I can't tell you.

Q: How serious is the problem now of Soviets and other Eastern Bloc agents recruiting Americans who are in industry to sell industrial secrets that have some security component?

A: High tech is certainly a main goal now. They're working very hard on it. There has been such a damned ers, computer chips, etc.—and not just in Silicon Valley. In the Florida area there are little Silicon Valleys springing up all over the place. So yes, that is probably one of the most fertile fields as far as their recruiting of Americans is concerned.

But I don't think they're having great success.

Q: Despite the fact that recently there have been a few, well-publicized cases of instances where they've been able to secure information?

A: These instances get a lot of publicity because of the money involved, the damage that's done to the companies. Notwithstanding these recent cases, I wouldn't say they're having any more success than they've had in the past in getting classified information.

Q: What are the most vulnerable points in Washington, in terms of places that they're interested in penetrating for information?

A: There's a difference between vulnerability and interest. The Pentagon certainly is a point of extreme interest. It's probably one of the least vulnerable because of the briefings they [Pentagon officials] give their people.

I think Capitol Hill is certainly a high interest point. Vulnerability is very low because the people who are involved in classified information are briefed. They know what the problems are when someone from a hostile area approaches them.

CONTINUED

Q: Can you give me a rough profile of what the average Soviet agent would be like in terms of age, marital status, his life-style while he's here, where he lives, etc.?

A: Age, anywhere from 25 to 45; married, maybe a couple of kids. Maybe one here in the U.S., one back home going to school.

Q: What would the agent's nominal job be?

A: Anything from an attaché to a counselor. It runs the gamut. One of the first things that you would look at would be [the diplomat who says], "Don't call me at the embassy, the people there don't speak English very well and might not be able to get you through to me. Don't come to the embassy, don't come to my office."

Q: These are people who are his contacts, taking him at face value?

A: This is a person you might meet at a cocktail party one night. He gives you his name and his overt position. If he feels you might be able to give him information he's looking for, he'll continue trying to meet you. He'll take you out to lunch and develop you over a period of time.

They have plenty of time. They'll stay here for three to four or five years. The relationship develops. He'll be asking you certain things which may sound completely innocuous. Your opinions on world trade, for example. And if you've got access to classified information, there will eventually be requests for help in some way. It's a patient, professional development of a relationship. And if he thinks you have needs that he could fulfill such as money, travel to the Soviet Union, any sort of favor that he could do for you, he would do it. Eventually he would expect some sort of return for that.

Q: Let's say that I was interested in going to the Soviet Union and I had a position in some agency, one that might or might not be considered to have security-related information, and I accepted a favor. I've said, "Sure I'd love to go see the Soviet Union." What would he do then?

A: He would probably work out some sort of exchange program so that you could make the trip either free or at very low expense. He might even arrange to be over there when you got there. Give you a beautifully guided tour. Get you in to meet some people you wouldn't normally meet. Take you to places that people normally wouldn't get in to see. Do all sorts of favors for you there. And show you a very good time.

Q: And during all of this, I am unaware that he really wants something from me?

A: He probably has received something of value from you whether you thought it was of value or not. He was tasked to get that information by the center . . .

Q: The center?

A: The center is headquarters back in Moscow.

Q: The KGB?

A: Any intelligence-gathering organization.

Q: Have I gotten permission from my superiors to go over on this thing?

A: If you're dealing in classified information, you should have told your employer that you were going. You would be briefed by the security officer. You would be, depending on the level, briefed and then debriefed on your return.

Q: So I'm going. There is nothing clandestine or secretive about my trip. I'm really not a candidate for extortion or blackmail if I've done all this.

A: No, not at all. However, if he finds that you have some particular trait that he feels can be exploited in the Soviet Union, there is a good possibility that they would try that. It depends on the assessment of you that he has developed over a period of time. And they're going to look at it and their psychologists examine his write-ups on you and try to say where the weak link is in this guy.

It doesn't have to be blackmail. If they're going to use blackmail such as entrapment, sexual or alcohol-related or whatever, that will be done over there. They don't use that here. That's not done in the States.

Q: Why not?

A: Probably because they can't control it as well. They don't have the capability of taking photographs of you in bed with whomever over here. They do in their own back yard. Normally though, this would be just a routine trip. Nothing untoward takes place. You have a great time. But when you get back, your feeling of obligation to this guy may have increased. This has happened in the past. And when that question is asked, when he asks you for something classified or sensitive, that's when 99.9 percent of American citizens say this guy is up to no good and they pick up the phone and call us or call their security officer or whomever. It's that one-tenth of 1 percent that wind up going along.

Q: You discourage people from having those kinds of contacts and accepting those kinds of favors from Soviets for that reason?

A: No, we don't discourage it. We just want them to know what the potential problems are.

Q: Getting back to the typical agent while he's in this country. You said before that he had to have a lot of time. How do they spend a day? Doing what?

A: You would probably see the guy coming into his overt job, sitting down for awhile and then disappearing. He would go into an office, the intelligence area within the embassy, and sit down and do his reports. Check up on his tasking from the center and see what is needed. They spend relatively little time with the job they are ostensibly set up to do.

Q: That would be the cover job. Is that a job where they have any real responsibilities?

A: Some do work or seem to be very good at their overt job, their cover jobs. Others don't even pretend to take part in that job. They don't have any contact with other diplomatic establishments.

Q: Where do they live? Do they live in the compound or do they live out in the community?

A: Both. We have them living within the compound and also living out on the economy.

Q: How can you spot a spy? And are there women who are spies?

A: I can't answer either of those questions. That would be going into how we conduct our investigations. If I told you that, then it would change some of the things we look at.

Q: Let's say that I was in counter-surveillance, and we were onto someone whom we had identified as a spy. How does that work?

CONTINUED

A: Okay. First thing: There ain't no such thing as 8 to 4. We work half-days, from 7 to 7. From either direction.

Q: No overtime?

A: We do get some over. We get what is called administratively uncontrollable overtime. You get compensated extra for that amount. It works out to about $2 an hour or something.

We try to use as many investigative techniques as possible. And I really can't get into how we do that. I understand the interest in the question and I'm sure some of the hostile officers that we're investigating would like to know, too. ■

ARTICLE APPEARED
ON PAGE 22

WASHINGTON POST MAGAZINE
4 December 1983

HEY IVAN, SAY 'CHEESE'

BY LAWRENCE MEYER

Lawrence Meyer is a staff writer for The Magazine.

One hundred thirty-seven miles above Brest, on the Russian border with Poland, floats a satellite the size of a bus. It carries a camera with an extraordinary lens. The camera can be directed to present sweeping panoramas or to focus on a detail. Let's suppose that right now the satellite, a KH11, or "Keyhole," has been directed to send back information on a Soviet troop buildup. Precisely speaking, the satellite isn't transmitting a picture but numbers, in the form of electronic impulses, which are relayed to a computer. The computer then translates those numbers back into electronic impulses that can be projected on a television screen as a picture. The computer can also compensate for atmospheric conditions, movement and poor light to produce a picture clearer than what the camera originally saw. How clear? Certainly clear enough to read the numbers painted on asphalt in a parking lot. Clear enough, some say, to distinguish between the bushiness of Iranian mullahs' beards (allowing identification of them) or to read the license number of a Politburo member's sedan. Not clear enough, despite what some say, to read the headlines in Pravda while Ivan stands in a line in Red Square.

Until the middle of the 19th century, spying had a personal quality. It was an enterprise that depended on putting a particular man (or woman) in a particular place at a particular time.

All that changed with the invention of the camera and the harnessing of electricity, two developments that have made human spies not only unnecessary in many cases but also useless in others. In the age of instantaneous satellite communication and high - resolution, radio - remote - controlled cameras, James Bond has had to move over to make room for the physicists, engineers and computer programmers who are on the cutting edge of modern espionage. At the moment, the quintessence in spying technology is the reconnaissance satellite, always up there, watching with eyes that can see in the dark, listening to sounds the ear cannot hear.

Spy satellites have their own mythology. The subject is so sensitive that an official of the Central Intelligence Agency declined to discuss the capabilities of intelligence satellites or even to officially acknowledge their existence. Nevertheless, the United States does have a variety of spy satellites in space at any moment, part of the estimated 4,500 now circling the earth.

America's most significant satellite is the KH11, which weighs about 14 tons, is 40 or 50 feet long and about 10 feet in diameter. Keyhole satellites stay up for about two years and are believed to be capable of both visual and electronic surveillance, making pictures of ground activity as well as intercepting and forwarding electronic signals picked up in outer space.

The KH11 has a camera with a focal length of 20 feet or more (which does not mean that the lens is that long. It's done—literally—with mirrors.) A 20-foot focal length gives roughly 120 times greater magnification than the 50mm lens that is standard with many 35mm cameras. The satellite can be directed to a particular location, and the camera can be instructed to record particular views—either wide-angle or close-up. The image can be recorded on film, processed on board the satellite and sent back to Earth in a tiny reentry vehicle either for a midair rendezvous with an Air Force plane or to be picked up by a Navy ship.

Or, if speed and not clarity is the first priority, the KH11 can send back information that can be translated into photographs in a matter of minutes, hours or days. In place of film, the camera uses millions of light-sensitive diodes that translate the intensity of light they receive into numerical impulses several times a second. These impulses are then transmitted back to Earth either directly or through a relay satellite and then fed into a computer. Each of the 4 million impulses is then converted back into light and projected in separate elements called pixels on a video display tube to create something like a commercial television picture, but much sharper in focus and definition.

Sound can also be used to produce photographs. That is the principle behind synthetic aperture imaging radar, which transmits sound waves from an airplane or satellite to the ground. The variation in intensity of the reflected waves can, when fed into a computer, produce a picture of the Earth below. Details of this picture can be read by an expert in much

CONTINUED

the same way that a radiologist can read an X-ray. The advantage of synthetic aperture imaging radar is that it can operate regardless of lighting conditions, although moisture and radar reflective material can frustrate radar imaging.

Surveillance from outer space is only half the game. The increasing use of microwave communication, which sends extremely high frequency radio waves between two points, has increased the possibility for satellite interception. The reason is simple. Microwave transmissions move in a straight line and don't stop at the point of reception on the ground. They continue traveling out into space where they can be picked up by electronic intelligence satellites, which can then relay the transmissions back to a ground station for recording, deciphering if necessary and analysis.

The Watergate break-in introduced the American citizenry to the rituals and practice of wiretapping and bugging. But unprotected conversations carried by microwave—and that is a large percentage of long-distance as well as local telephone calls—can be intercepted without *putting* anything on a line. Microwave transmissions move unimpeded through the air, capable of ground reception by anyone with the right equipment (which is commercially available) and the right location (in the line of transmission).

Realizing the vulnerability of telephone calls to interception, the FBI has embarked upon a campaign within the federal government to make phone conversations secure. The problem is serious enough that General Telephone & Electronics Corp. and the federal government have made a film demonstrating the ease with which phone conversations can be intercepted. In one scene, a simple panel truck, loaded with electronic gear, positions itself in line with what appears to be a private company's microwave transmitter, locates the frequency that the company is transmitting on and records the conversations.

The electronic age of spying has more than one Achilles heel. J. Michael Nye, a security consultant for government and private industry who has studied the question for the U.S. government, contends that vast amounts of information that ought to be classified—including government crop forecasts, financial information and internal reports on organized crime investigations—are being transmitted in a way that makes that data available to unauthorized recipients who might still find it useful. The information can, in some instances, be intercepted illegally by simply finding the telephone closet in the building where the information is being sent or received; locating the wires over which the information is being transmitted; placing "alligator clips" on those wires and attaching them to a wireless microphone (also commercially available); and setting up a listening post a few blocks away to record the transmissions.

Private industry as well as the government is vulnerable. Nye cited the case of a Texas firm that spent large sums of money to research oil reserves on Alaska's North Slope. The data gathered in Alaska were transmitted back to the firm, which, in turn, transmitted its negotiating position back to its representative in Alaska. The transmissions were intercepted by a competitor, who used the technical data to formulate his own position, armed with the knowledge of what the unsuspecting Texas firm was doing. As a result, the Texas firm narrowly lost several contracts before realizing what was happening.

Nye (who sells only advice and not equipment) advises clients, including nonsecurity agencies of the federal government, to purchase encrypting and other devices to make the information they transmit more secure. But even when encryption is used to code the message, electronic communications equipment—electric typewriters, computers, word processors, printers and even calculators—are susceptible to electronic eavesdropping without any kind of physical intrusion into the place where they are located. According to an electrical engineer who works in the security field, "Any piece of electronics that operates radiates information." The letter a secretary types on an electric typewriter can be simultaneously reproduced in another room, floor or building by a spy who has the right equipment. Every time an electric typewriter key is struck, the machine gives off an electronic impulse (known as radio frequency interference). The same holds true for computers, word processors, electric printers and even calculators. This phenomenon, known in the intelligence community as "Tempest," allows a spy with the right equipment to monitor those distinctive impulses and translate them back into the original letters or numbers.

A multimillion-dollar industry has grown up around Tempest. The most complete protection against radio frequency interference would be to work in a completely metal-encased room that is grounded to prevent transmission of any impulses. "These rooms cost $10,000 to $20,000 and who wants to spend all day in a metal room," said one expert, who did not wish to be identified. The next best solution is to encase the equipment itself in metal and ground it.

The electronic age not only has increased the vulnerability of communications to espionage, but has also provided a new target for spies: electronic hardware and software. "Spies" in the electronic age can be representatives of foreign companies as well as of governments trying to get technical or trade secrets to use to their advantage. The Soviets, as well as other Eastern Bloc countries, are particularly interested in obtaining technological know-how that they are denied by American law.

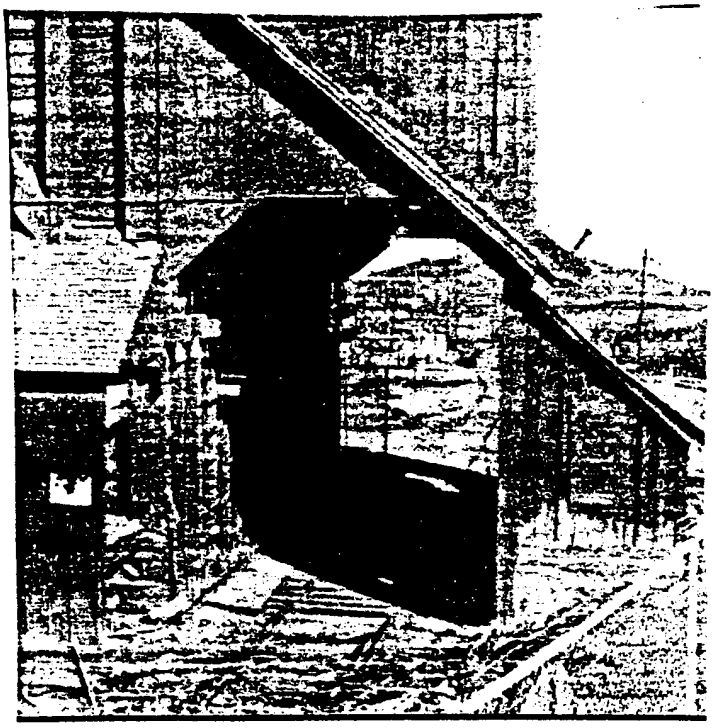
In the Byzantine world of espionage and counterintelligence, the capabilities of one side's technology are of vital interest to the other. In 1978, a former low-level CIA clerk was arrested and convicted of selling a technical manual for the KH11 to the Soviets.

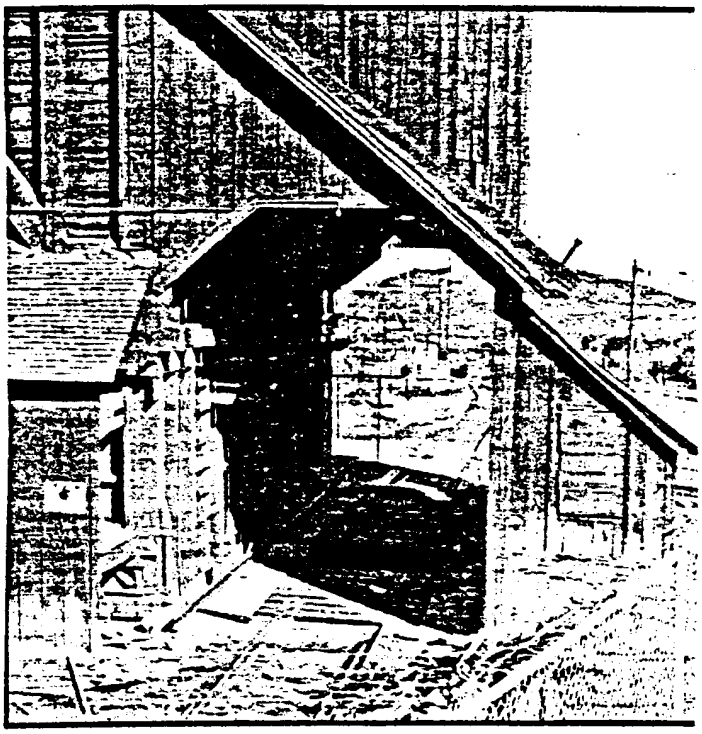
The former clerk, William Kampiles, sold the manual to the Soviets for $3,000. According to one source, the Soviets, prior to obtaining the manual, "had not noticed what the function of that satellite was. The Soviets didn't understand the function of that system. They were leaving things in the open." Prior to the loss of the manual, this source said, American intelligence was able to see "real time," that is, actual pictures of Soviet activity, rather than having to draw inferences from visible evidence left after the fact. The loss of the KH11 manual was described at the

CONTINUED

time as "irreparable." This source, asked to evaluate the damage done to American intelligence, described it as "devastating."

The Kampiles case was closely studied at the time by congressional committees concerned about what appeared to be lax security arrangements at the CIA. But the case also demonstrated something else. No matter how sophisticated the technology, how superior its capabilities are to humans', the system is still vulnerable to the flesh-and-blood spy on the ground. Loose lips can still sink ships. ■





This pair of photographs illustrates state-of-the-art computer technology that can convert barely visibile information in a photograph into easily seen, detailed images. A similar technology is probably utilized to create highly detailed photographs from images gathered by the cameras aboard spy satellites.

CONTINUED

4.

A similar process was employed in the deblurring shown in this pair of photographs. The camera was in motion when the photo at left was snapped. A computer program estimated how fast the camera was moving and corrected for it, creating the enhanced image shown at right.

The ultimate spy technology is in your mind

The heart and soul of modern espionage is the computer, which can store vast amounts of information, sort through what it knows in fractions of a second, absorb huge quantities of data and make the right decision in an instant.

Because of the huge volume of communications traffic that intelligence organizations attempt to monitor, anything that can help them separate the wheat from the chaff has a strong appeal. During the Iranian hostage crisis, Verbex, a Massachusetts-based research and development firm was contacted by a government agency wanting to know if computers could be programmed to recognize the word "hostage," when spoken in eight languages in any of the thousands of worldwide electronic conversations American intelligence is monitoring every minute. The answer then was "No." The answer now would be a qualified "Yes," but it takes about six months to do the work necessary for a computer to have the capability to recognize a particular word. Because the focus of intelligence interests can change daily, however, the practical application of this technology is still limited.

A fundamental problem of computers—or rather for persons working with computers—is mastering the language. William O. Baker, former president of Bell Laboratories and an adviser to the National Security Agency, observes that humans think in natural language and therefore can't be sure that thoughts are being properly translated when they are converted into language the computer can use. Baker adds, "We look forward to the time when you'll be able to put in rather simple words and, of course, numbers —the things you want to be worked over—and the program of the machine, the logic and memory of the machine will then respond."

Although Baker, for one, does not think that it will be impossible to keep secrets in the future, he does say it will become increasingly difficult. "The demands of society for rapid communication, for rapid interchange of knowledge . . . will become so compelling and the breadth of information—through the media largely—is going to be so broad that secrecy will no longer play the compelling part that it used to. The reason is that somebody will find this out some other way, so why should a government go through a lot of trouble, or a corporation, to seek secrecy when the whole flood of knowledge is so great around the world that somebody will get it some other way anyhow?"

What is the ultimate *imaginable* espionage technology in Baker's opinion? "Telepathy." □

ARTICLE APPEARED
ON PAGE 24

WASHINGTON POST MAGAZIN
4 December 1983

SEARCHING FOR THE SPIES OF TOMORROW

BY LEE MICHAEL KATZ

Lee Michael Katz's last article for The Magazine concerned an inventor who envisions self-cleaning clothing.

Among the 500 college men and women with firm handshakes at the "Challenge '84" job fair, D. J. Emmanuelson, a 20-year-old economics and French major from Washington and Lee University wearing a blue suit and a "yes, ma'am" demeanor, was a hot prospect for recruiter Cecelia Velar Walker.

She was spending a tiring morning in Lynchburg, Va., 170 miles from her home office, fielding questions from waves of ultrapreppie students who knew virtually nothing about her firm except that it was hiring. When young D. J. (Dwight Jr.) stuck out his hand, Walker, who works for a powerful international firm known simply as "The Company," broke into the guarded smile of a major league baseball scout who has discovered a young Fernando Valenzuela in a sandlot baseball game.

Twelve years ago, Walker was a Pittsburgh secretary. Then a recruiter plucked her away to suburban Virginia with promises of a career she has never regretted. D. J. Emmanuelson now approached her with a delicious list of analytical and language skills, and she didn't want him to get away. "You in all probability would make a great candidate for our career training program," Walker burbled. Call her anytime. Collect.

At a small table between the C&P Telephone Co. and the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation, Walker—who is attractive, middle-aged and refused to permit her photograph to be taken—sat under a "Central Intelligence Agency" signpost searching for the spies of tomorrow. Trying to downplay the James Bond stereotype, she monotonously repeated a standard speech designed to cut off the questions about karate training: "We are an overseas intelligence-gathering agency . . ."

Although D. J.'s last brush with danger was a fraternity toga party that lasted until 4 a.m., he thought the CIA "might be a lot of fun. I think there's a lot of subversion and things going on in other countries."

In the pragmatic 1980s, CIA recruiters are welcomed with open arms on college campuses. They offer coveted jobs that start in the $20,000 range, and no one asks questions about the overthrow of governments in Chile.

According to intelligence sources, a realistic CIA intelligence officer want ad could read something like: "Help Wanted: Healthy young man or woman to devote his/her life to secret agency for government wage scale. No experience necessary: we provide up to two years of paid training. Foreign language aptitude a plus; overseas living experience desirable.

"Must have good sales personality to talk foreign nationals into betraying their country. Flexible enough to charm a wide range of people. Split personality often essential in order to work 'cover' job. Applicants must be absolutely security-minded, highly patriotic and unquestioning of final orders.

"You must be willing to relocate to Washington for training and spend 70 percent of your time in random overseas posts throughout the world. Some danger, but mostly lots of paper work. Be prepared to be secretly evaluated during training and throughout your entire career. You will receive no recognition outside the company for your work. No marketing majors or 007 types. Forget the John le Carré novels.

"If this sounds like a good career opportunity, write Central Intelligence Agency, Washington, D.C. All applicants are subject to an extensive background investigation and will be required to take a lie detector test on such subjects as whether they have ever used drugs or if they have had a homosexual experience. The CIA is an equal opportunity employer."

The CIA's own solicitations in pamphlets and carefully worded advertisements simply refer to "challenge and opportunity" abroad.

As far as real-life spooks are concerned, James Bond can keep his Aston-Martin. He's in British intelligence anyway. While saluting American spies who perform such heroic intelligence-gathering acts in hostile terrain as "flying tiny airplanes in bad weather and landing on a strip the size of a postage stamp," former CIA director William Colby emphasized intelligence life does not imitate the movies.

"The American intelligence officer does not leap over the wall of the Kremlin and vault into the Politburo's headquarters," explained Colby. "He finds a Soviet citizen and convinces him it's in the best interests of his country and mankind" to discreetly pass Soviet secrets to the Americans.

After talking with Colby and other intelligence hands, one could conclude the ideal officer would possess the acquisitive skills of John D. Rockefeller, the fatherly

CONTINUED

image of Marcus Welby, the psychological insights of Sigmund Freud and, above all, the persuasiveness of Dale Carnegie. "It's what a good salesman does, a good father does and a good technician does," said Colby. "All those human qualities" are vital to information collecting.

"If you want to be exact," said Ed Harris, a retired 31-year CIA veteran, "it's being a good spy master." The American overseas officer is the manager of a team of local spies who are the real agents. "He has to be a good assessor and manipulator of people," Harris pointed out. "Sometimes, it's outright recruitment." Foreign agents are cleared in advance through CIA headquarters in McLean. Most of them are paid in cash by the coordinating American spy, preferably through indirect methods.

Sometimes the payments are not in currency. An American intelligence officer may rent a luxurious hotel room for a cooperative local businessman and his mistress to use for regular assignations. "I had a lot of friends in foreign countries, businessmen who knew who I was and were quite willing to work with me—and didn't get a penny for their pains," Harris explained. "With him [a businessman] you're dealing as you would with any civilized person. You buy him dinner, you send him drinks. . . a former officer. "He left a note saying he did it and would be around the next day to compensate for it."

Sources of information are unlikely. Sometimes, a socialist will cooperate with the CIA because he doesn't like communists—even though his ideology is much closer to the Soviet Union than it is to America. One American officer gained valuable information by passing himself off as a member of a Maoist splinter group in Italy. "If a guy like [conservative North Carolina] Sen. [Jesse] Helms would hear this, he would flip," says the former officer.

Often, an American officer will gain the confidence of a subject by asking him or her to do some paid research. "What you're doing is suborning him," notes the ex-officer, getting the foreign agent used to providing information that is detrimental to his own country's interests for a fee.

A capable spy must inspire confidence. "There has to be a very trusting relationship" to assuage nervous traitors, says the former CIA man. Sometimes, officers get so close to their agents they are said to be "in love" with them. This could turn out to be a bit tricky if there actually is a double operation and his agent turns out to be a foreign spy feeding the United States bogus information. "An intelligence officer is constantly assessing his agents," says the former spy, who worked under deep cover in spots from Brazil to Japan. "A good intelligence officer will try to keep his distance and maintain as much objectivity as possible" when reporting back to the home office in McLean.

"Here's where the schizophrenia develops," said the ex-agent. "Someone who wears his feelings on his sleeve might find it difficult to maintain a Jekyll and Hyde relationship."

The stereotypical CIA officer is an Ivy league WASP, such as Vice President (and Yalie) George Bush, who once headed the agency. But Colby says the Ivy image went out "about 20 years ago."

According to John Doering, the CIA's director of recruiting, a survey within the agency showed graduates of 120 universities serving as foreign officers. The leading college? Not Harvard or Yale, but Georgetown University, with eight graduates who barely cross the Potomac River to work in McLean.

The agency recruits at Harvard Business School, but "it's hard as hell to compete with people who are paying more than you are," says CIA spokesman Chuck Wilson.

Recruiting director Doering comments: "We have to sell what we are, but we don't get all of the best."

The CIA attempts to bring in gifted students and teachers by offering summer internships and visiting fellowships. The agency can offer enough covert research sources to boggle an academic's mind. "We have a lot of professors here," says Wilson, "because they have access to specific information they'd never get elsewhere."

A military background is a plus, since it usually indicates loyalty and overseas travel. Language capability is crucial, for the obvious reason the CIA officer can get along better in a foreign land if he speaks the language.

So a decade or two ago the agency decided to offer a financial incentive "sort of on a piecework basis," recalls former officer Harris. The bonus was about $100 per language—substantial money in those days. Unfortunately, one spy had a great affinity for languages. He quickly mastered about 16 foreign dialects and broke the language bonus bank.

An intelligence officer must be content serving without outside recognition for his efforts, a point explored with prospective spies by agency psychologists. Often a field operative is given a medal in a secret ceremony. After a few minutes the paperwork is burned and, to protect his cover, the officer must relinquish the medal he may have risked his life for. As recruiter Walker told a group of students chatting over pecan pie in Lynchburg, "If you're the type of person who can't resist coming home and saying, 'Guess what I did at the office today,' this work probably isn't for you."

Still, there is no shortage of young men and women who feel they can keep a secret in the clandestine service of Uncle Sam. In the '60s and '70s, CIA recruiters were reviled on college campuses, spat upon or jeered—if they were allowed on campus at all. In the pragmatic '80s, the CIA is as welcome to career-minded students as is IBM. Recruiting director Doering hardly looks like a former spook. He is a large, gray-haired man, attired in a three-piece brown herringbone suit. He wears elegant tasseled loafers. In an era when Jerry Rubin holds business seminars, the CIA is a big draw on campuses such as Cal State: "I was at the CIA table for three days," Doering says. "I didn't even get a chance to go to the men's room. They were all lined up."

The Company expects lifetime devotion from spies who go through expensive clandestine training and retraining. More than 90 percent of CIA employes stay with the agency for more than 25 years. Doering claims he can

CONTINUED

"sense the confusion" in a student who hasn't really accepted the idea of spending his entire working life in the CIA.

The agency attracts a broad range of applicants. "We get people in prison who say to us, 'I'll knock off Andropov,' Doering remarks. "Naturally, we're not interested in these types of people. You just send them a little note saying 'thanks but no thanks.'"

CIA applicants face an extensive background check, a battery of written psychological tests, and a frightening bout with a lie detector. An experienced polygraph operator will ask questions about homosexual experiences and whether the prospective spy has used drugs. Recruiter Walker assures students that experimentation with marijuana wouldn't necessarily disqualify them.

The arduous training encompasses many details of a spy's "trade craft." Some guileless recruits find their skills are better used in a desk job after the training points out some of the moral quandaries of being a spy. Harris recalls a training mistake that almost sent him packing before he started his three-decade career. The novice officers were studying blackmail techniques by role-playing. Harris came up to the target (played by a veteran officer) with incriminating documents in hand and said, "Mr. X, I've got the goods on you."

The older gentleman calmly reached over, grabbed the papers, and ate them. "So what?" he replied.

Harris hadn't yet learned the spy's art of coolness under pressure. "I didn't know I was supposed to tell him they were only Xerox copies." ■

ARTICLE APPEARED
ON PAGE 34

WASHINGTON POST MAGAZINE
4 December 1983

BIG BROTHER IS LISTENING

BY JAMES BAMFORD

James Bamford is the author of The Puzzle Palace.

A few minutes before 1 a.m. on a cold January morning, an employe of the Department of Defense, on assignment for the National Security Agency, reached up to the dial on his receiver and began searching the radio spectrum for his assigned frequency. Seconds later he locked onto the target, adjusted his earphones and flipped on the tape recorder. Later a 41-page transcript was made of the two-hour intercept, and it was sent straight to the director of NSA and his two top deputies.

Had the United States broken a new Soviet cipher system? Or perhaps discovered an important new Chinese diplomatic channel? Not exactly. The object of all the attention was "The Larry King Show," a late-night, nationwide radio talk program, and an interview with the author of *The Puzzle Palace*, a book on the National Security Agency—perhaps the first book to be totally unclassified as it was written yet reclassified Top Secret by the time it was published.

Historically NSA has been characterized by a desire for secrecy. Unlike the Central Intelligence Agency, which was brought to life completely in the open through an act of Congress in 1947, NSA's birth certificate was a seven-page, Top Secret presidential memorandum—which today is still Top Secret—signed by President Harry S Truman in 1952.

NSA's obsession with secrecy elevated to paranoia in the mid-1960s when officials discovered that David Kahn, an author, was about to include a chapter on the agency in his book, *The Codebreakers*. According to the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, which in 1975 was investigating alleged intelligence abuses:

"The [NSA] director suggested planting disparaging reviews of the [Kahn] work in the press, and such a review was actually drafted. Also discussed were: purchasing the copyright of the writing; hiring the author into the government so that certain criminal statutes would apply if the work were published; undertaking 'clandestine service applications' against the author, which apparently meant anything from physical surveillance to surreptitious entry; and more explicit consideration of conducting a surreptitious entry at the home of the author."

Although none of these measures was ever carried out, Kahn's name was placed on the NSA watch list.

In 1979 I entered into a contract with Houghton Mifflin to produce a book on the history and activities of NSA. I had never worked for the agency, and there was a lack of published sources on the subject, so I was forced to depend primarily on Freedom of Information Act requests, publicly available records and documents and interviews with current and former NSA officials. I had also received from the Carter administration's Justice Department two declassified documents dealing with a highly secret criminal investigation into the NSA's domestic eavesdropping operations. NSA was the principal subject of the investigation, but the Justice Department, after a 10-month review of the materials, decided to release the 250 pages of documents to me without first seeking approval from the NSA.

Several months later, however, Vice Admiral Bobby Ray Inman, then NSA director, became aware of the release of the materials and asked Justice to send him copies of the documents. After his review he decided that the materials contained information that was still Top Secret and asked Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti to attempt to retrieve them. Civiletti, apparently believing the documents were properly declassified, ignored

For two years the issue lay dormant, but in 1981 there was a new administration and a new attorney general. Under Inman's successor at NSA, Lieutenant General Lincoln D. Faurer, the agency decided to try again. After reviewing the documents, the agency identified a total of 14 categories of information that should be restamped Top Secret. The fact that the 250 pages had been in my possession for two years and, by then, were cited extensively in my manuscript, seemed to make no difference.

At several meetings during the summer of 1981, the Justice Department and NSA informed me that the Carter administration had released the documents "by mistake" and that I would, therefore, have to return them. When I refused, an attorney from the Justice Department brought up the possible use of an espionage statute against me. This was followed by a registered letter to Mark Lynch, my American Civil Liberties Union lawyer. The letter stated: "You are currently in possession of classified information that requires protection against unauthorized disclosure . . . Under the circumstances, I have no choice but to demand that you return the two documents . . . Of course, you will have a continuing obligation not to publish or communicate the information."

CONTINUED

In response, Lynch cited the executive order on classification, which holds: "Classification may not be restored to documents already declassified and released to the public . . ."

But on April 2, 1982, President Reagan issued a new executive order on secrecy. This order gives the president or any agency head the power to "reclassify information previously declassified and disclosed" if protection of the information is "in the interest of national security" and the information may "reasonably be recovered." When questioned by the press as to the meaning of the term "reasonably," the administration refused to rule out the use of surreptitious entry.

Despite the new executive order, Houghton Mifflin went ahead with the publication of my book, on schedule and with no deletions. Nevertheless, NSA was not about to give up. The agency began clipping articles and reviews of the book not only from U.S. publications, but also from such diverse foreign publications as London's Sunday Times, Germany's Der Stern and even Peking's Renmin Ribao.

At the same time, as I learned from an FOIA request, the agency began ordering transcripts of my radio and television appearances, all of which were filed under my NSA code name: Esquire.

More seriously, using the reference notes at the back of the book, NSA began what one official termed "a systematic effort to track down and, if necessary, remove from public circulation research materials about sensitive matters" that were quoted in the book. The chief target was the George C. Marshall Research Library, a private, nonprofit library on the campus of the Virginia Military Institute in Lexington, Va.

What most concerned NSA were the papers of William F. Friedman, one of the founders of American cryptology and considered by some the father of NSA. He had retired from NSA in 1955 and, over the years, had become greatly alarmed at the NSA's increasing focus, almost fanatical, on secrecy.

"I had a couple of sessions yesterday with the guiding lights at [Fort] Meade," Friedman once wrote to a friend, "and I find the scientific climate so devastating that I am heartsick. The root of the evil is that they have gone overboard on 'security.'"

Friedman, who vowed never to let the NSA get hold of his books and private papers, wrote to a longtime friend:

"Without doubt you will wonder: why did I choose to bequeath our collection to the George C. Marshall Foundation? Why not NSA? Or the Library of Congress? Or some other government institution? As to NSA, we know that the Collection would not be available to scholars and students there, because no one—but no one—without a high-degree clearance can even enter its portals. The Library of Congress would disperse the items—they don't have the funds to keep collections intact, and duplicates of items on their own shelves would be sold or given away to some other library in exchange for an item the L. of C. might lack. At any rate the Friedman Collection will be kept intact at the Marshall Foundation and available for serious scholars."

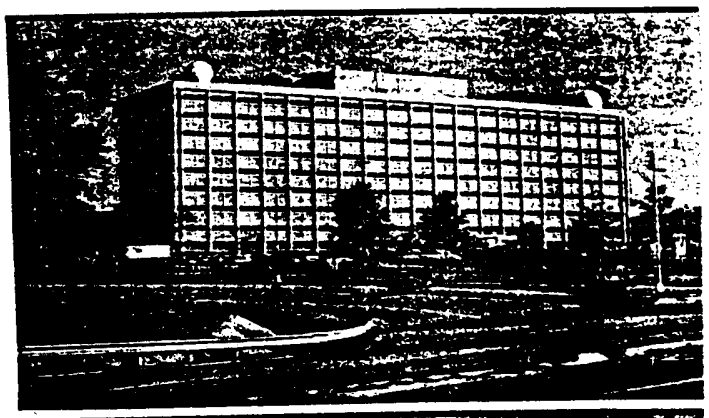
On Nov. 2, 1969, William F. Friedman died of a heart attack, and within a few years the entire collection was shipped to the Marshall Library. Prior to the papers' being opened to the public, however, officials from NSA traveled to the library and went through the entire collection. They pulled out two categories of papers and ordered that they be kept locked in a vault and never released. The first category consisted of classified documents that all along had been in NSA's possession and kept under lock and key.

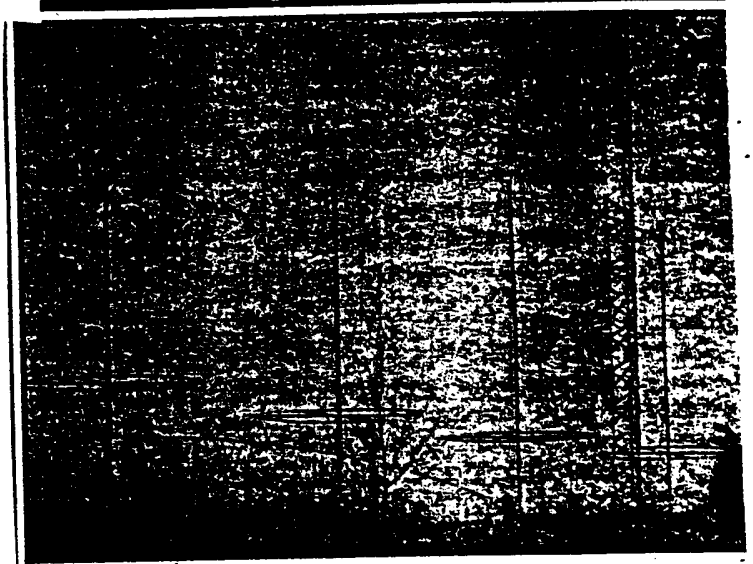
But the second category consisted of precisely the papers the late cryptologist sought to keep out of the NSA's hands. These were totally unclassified private correspondence between Friedman and others, mostly dated during the 1950s. Included in these hundreds of "sensitive" papers was an invitation from Princeton University to attend the dedication of a new building; a letter to a friend in London requesting two pounds of his favorite snuff; other letters ordering books for his extensive collection; and another letter informing Friedman that the "long johns" he had ordered were being flown to him from London by NSA courier. Another document originally in the restricted file, but later included in the open collection, was a 1931 letter from the Army Signal Corps to Military Intelligence that contained a coded map that held, according to the letter, "a clue to the location of loot buried by the James brothers in the early days of the Indian Territory."

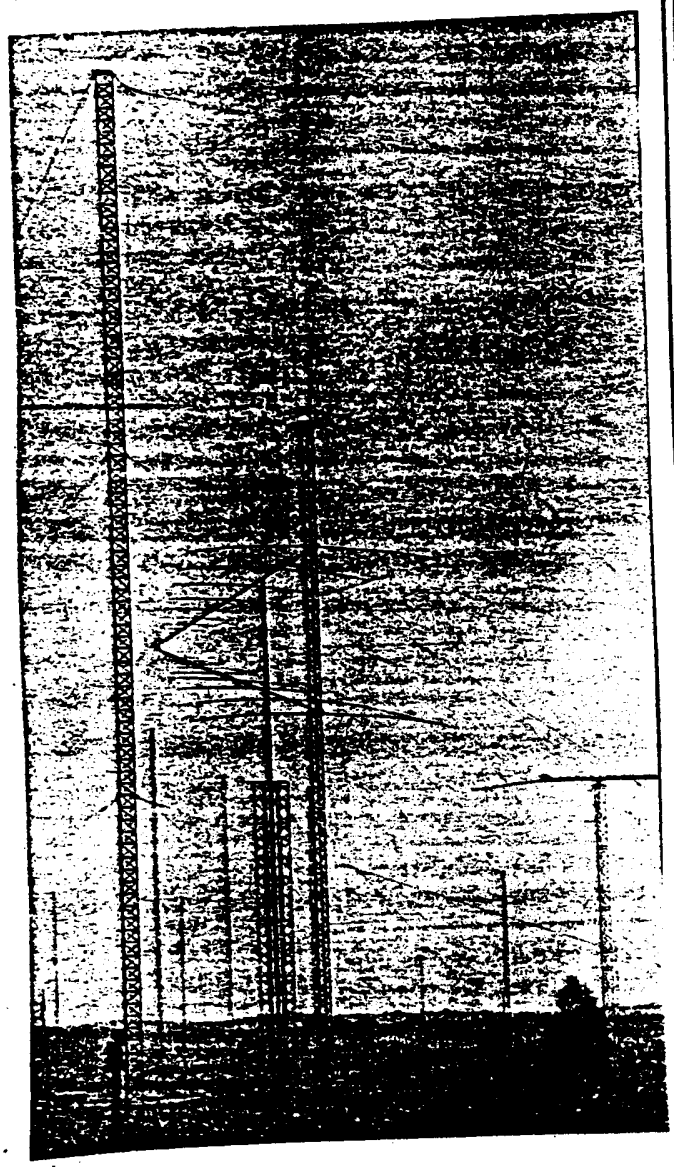
Despite the NSA restrictions, however, the library allowed me access to the unclassified but "restricted" Friedman file from which I quoted extensively in *The Puzzle Palace*. But after publication of my book, three NSA officials went back to the library in April of this year and once again began rummaging through Friedman's personal papers. This time, many of the papers were formally stamped Secret, despite the Reagan administration's own executive order on secrecy, which limits classification to material "that is owned by, produced by or for, or is under the control of the United States Government." Others were left unclassified but ordered locked in the library's vault with the instructions that no one was allowed to see them.

Thus, although the letters and documents, unclassified for two to three decades, are quoted in more than 150,000 copies of my book, NSA insists that they remain Secret. Like a character out of *Alice in Wonderland*, NSA Director Faurer declared, "Just because information has been published doesn't mean it should no longer be classified." ■

3,







The Fort Meade headquarters of the National Security Agency, top, is so vast that it is hard to conceal. But another matter is what happens at listening stations like the Warrenton Training Center in Remington, Va., far left, some of whose 108 antennae can be seen at left, or the Army Intelligence and Security Command's Vint Hill Farms in Warrenton, site of the "linear antenna array" shown above. Vint Hill officials say the antennae above belong to the Army's Development and Readiness Command while those at left are a backup for the National Communications System. Author James Bamford says Vint Hill probably tunes in on radio transmissions from Washington's scores of embassies.

ARTICLE APPEARED ON PAGE 36
WASHINGTON POST MAGAZINE
4 December 1983

TELL ME MORE, TELL ME MORE

BY BOB ARNEBECK

Bob Arnebeck contributes frequently on historical topics.

Many Washington spy stories are tinged with red. Not communist red, blush red. Shining patriotic ends, shadowy means and 30 pieces of silver aside, the game of espionage can be embarrassing.

Take the spy caper that rocked the capital on the eve of the War of 1812.

During an Atlantic crossing, a British agent named John Henry unburdened himself to a Frenchman who called himself the count of Crillon. Henry had spied on the politicians of New England and reported to old England on those erstwhile colonials who liked the good old days before 1776. He went to England for his pay and England sent him back to the New World with a pat on the back, but no silver.

The count of Crillon kept himself current on global opportunities and convinced Henry that Washington, D.C., the new nation's new capital, was more eager for a good spy scandal than it was for, say, paved roads.

As Crillon tells it, Secretary of State James Monroe offered $100,000 to get his hands on Henry's papers. Crillon talked the secretary down to $50,000.

Weary of England's harassment of American commerce, Monroe and his boss, President James Madison, were aching for a war. Now they had the evidence that while England made public moves for peace, in the dark she was, as the pro-war press put it, "perfidiously stirring up rebellion and . . . feeling for the vitals of the Republic, to which she might in the dead of night direct her poisoned dagger."

Three months after the revelation of the Henry papers, the war began. Two years later the British burned Washington. The denouement was just as embarrassing for John Henry. With his 50 grand he had bought some property in France from the count of Crillon, only to learn later that the count was actually a landless gambler named Paul Emile Soubiron.

The famous Civil War spy, Rose O'Neal Greenhow, was a beautiful Washington widow who confessed to employing "every capacity which God has endowed me" to serve her beloved South. Her exploits provided the Rebels with the Union Army's marching orders. Some say she inveigled the information from Sen. Henry Wilson of Massachusetts, who, like many a Union officer and War Department clerk, was infatuated with her.

Gallant southern officers, if not military historians, credit her with the Confederate victory at the First Battle of Bull Run (Manassas).

Alas for the Greenhow legend, she ran into another legend named Allan Pinkerton. The founder of the detective agency with the motto "We Never Sleep" put a 24-hour watch on Greenhow's house to see who she was sleeping with.

Greenhow had the embarrassing habit, at least for a spy, of not pulling the shades. Pinkerton's men saw her unfolding maps instead of sheets in the company of a Union officer. Pinkerton made his raid, found her ciphers and locked her up.

As the Civil War became a long, drawn-out affair, instead of southern belles, male Washingtonians in the know frequented the city's 457 bordellos. At least that was the fear of Lafayette C. Baker, who headed the Secret Service after Pinkerton. Baker suspected that in the throes of illicit love, nothing comforted a man more than blabbing about the Union Army's next move.

So Baker's men raided the bordellos and every whore in Washington had a private interview with the Secret Service chief. Who blushed is unknown, nor whether that operation allowed Baker to identify the town's loosest talkers.

The Spanish-American War was over so quickly no would-be Mata Hari had time to unloose her veils. The only Washington spy story from the war is short and sad.

Ramón de Carranza, Spanish naval attaché, set up shop in Montreal and tried to orchestrate a spy ring. He recruited a naturalized English immigrant, George Downing, who had been a petty officer on a U.S. Navy cruiser.

Downing came to Washington and in the act of dispatching his first letter on U.S. ship movements, Secret Service agents nabbed him. He never came to trial. Two days after his arrest he decided it wasn't such a bully little war after all, and hanged himself.

De Carranza made one embarrassing mistake as a spymaster. He rented only one hotel room in Montreal. U.S. agents had the room next door, listened through the wall and scribbled down all of de Carranza's plots.

From 1914 to 1917, Count Johann von Bernstorff, German ambassador to the U.S., did a Rose Greenhow and used all his capacities to spy on Americans who supported Britain in World War I.

As the U.S. Secret Service found when it wiretapped the German Embassy, the count had a string of Washington

CONTINUED

mistresses ferreting out secrets. He even tried to wheedle information out of his wife, who was having an affair with an American officer.

The count wanted to know if the officer was recruiting people to fight for Britain, thus violating U.S. neutrality laws. According to the wiretaps, the countess replied: "Well, I don't see how he could do it—he wouldn't have time, you know (laughing)."

In World War II, American spooks provided the high point of embarrassment in Washington. William "Wild Bill" Donovan, Roosevelt's coordinator of information (soon to become head of the Office of Strategic Services), sent his boys into the Spanish Embassy one night to photograph the Franco government's code books.

The Spanish didn't notice a thing, but the FBI did.

J. Edgar Hoover let the first illegal entry in January 1942 pass. But when Wild Bill's boys tried it again in April, two FBI squad cars rushed to the embassy and let their sirens wail. Donovan's spooks fled. Their boss complained to Roosevelt, but the president sided with Hoover. Surveillance of embassies was the FBI's turf.

During the height of the FBI's counterespionage coups against the likes of Col. Rudolph Abel, Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, and a host of others who many still protest were innocent, Hoover and company never suspected Stig Wennerstrom, air attaché at the Swedish Embassy. Who would have? This urbane Swede insisted on paying his wife's parking tickets even though the car had diplomatic plates.

From 1952 to 1957, he sent more than 100,000 photos of classified documents on American nuclear weapons, bombsights, planes and missiles to the Soviets for $750 a month. And in times of crisis, he got goodies from Pentagon friends, such as information about U.S. troop and ship movements during the Suez crisis.

The CIA used him for one job against the Soviets, and paid him $2,000. Perhaps because of that and for being such a nice guy, his gracious hosts gave him the Order of the Legion of Merit when he left.

Later, Washington blushed. The Swedes arrested Wennerstrom in Sweden in 1964 and sentenced him to life in prison.

Sometimes unearthing a spy causes more embarrassment than gratifying headlines. In 1971, columnist Jack Anderson revealed top secret documents from Henry Kissinger's National Security Council that demonstrated a "tilt" toward Pakistan in the India-Pakistan war. The White House put its intelligence unit, the Plumbers (G. Gordon Liddy, E. Howard Hunt Jr. et al.) on the case.

The nasty vendetta against Anderson takes on some redeeming qualities only when compared with other targets of surveillance in Washington in those turbulent times. For example, a Senate committee uncovered that a spook from military intelligence spied on, of all things, "a Halloween party for elementary schoolchildren . . . suspected of harboring a local dissident."

They never found the local dissident nor Anderson's source. The Plumbers did find a spy in the White House who was taking everything he could get his hands on. For three weeks the Plumbers grilled Navy yeoman Charles E. Radford and tried to get him to admit the leak to Anderson.

"Yes, sir, I was rather upset . . . ," Radford told a Senate committee later. "After I broke down, that is when they let me go home . . . It ended after I told them I was passing information from [the White House] to the Pentagon . . ."

Radford was spying on Henry Kissinger for Adm. Thomas H. Moorer, chairman of the joint chiefs of staff. ■

ARTICLE APPEARED
ON PAGE 38

FILE

WASHINGTON POST MAGAZINE
4 December 1983

MISSIONS FROM MOSCOW

BY DANIEL NOSSITER

Daniel Nossiter last wrote for The Magazine on teenagers.

The upended glass oblong that glints over the East River is more familiar as the platform for the world's improbable posturings than as a house of spies. But the United Nations, says the Federal Bureau of Investigation, provides cover for the largest concentration of hostile agents in America.

There are about 253 credentialed representatives in the Eastern Bloc missions, perhaps half as many again in support staff—secretaries, chauffeurs, etc.—and more than double the total in the Secretariat itself. They work, ostensibly, as international civil servants who have sworn oaths of primary loyalty to the world body rather than to their country of origin.

The Soviet Union has 111 members in its mission and another 432 in the Secretariat. Phillip Parker, deputy assistant director of the FBI for the intelligence division, says about half of these report in some way to the KGB and almost a third actually draw their pay from the spy masters in Moscow.

"What they discuss at the U.N. has little value," Parker says, "but what an individual knows could be of value. Only through human contact can [a spy] get at that."

Human contact, chatting, cajoling, courting, badgering, is best observed in the delegates' lounge near the General Assembly chamber. Spy hunting here is another sport. There's the elegant fellow with a naked skull and hooded eyes who gives his pants a vicious jerk as he seats himself in a corner. Another good bet is the man with the thick eyebrows, beetling brow and high cheekbones who sits mournfully waiting for that fateful human contact.

Emilio de Olivares, the genial executive assistant to the secretary general, laughs at the exercise. "We'd love to have a formula to know who is KGB or CIA. Every Russian looks suspicious and every man with a trench coat is FBI. What the hell can they get at the U.N.? I really believe it's paranoia."

But Arkady Shevchenko counters that the espionage that goes on under cover of the U.N. is a serious and threatening business. Shevchenko was under secretary general for political and Security Council affairs, the number-two job at the U.N., until he defected to the United States in 1978 rather than be recalled to Moscow.

"This is one of the very serious efforts of the Soviets to get technology. Why invent a bicycle, they say, when you can get it from the Americans?" he contends, in a heavy Russian accent.

Shevchenko says seven of the 13 Russians he nominally supervised when he was at the Secretariat in fact were operatives of the KGB or the GRU, the Soviet Defense Ministry's secret intelligence agency. "The proportion was the same for the other Eastern Bloc nationals at the Secretariat," he adds. "The chiefs of sections under me would complain that they were never working [on U.N. business], but there was nothing I could do."

Shevchenko says the number of Soviet spies at the U.N. rose dramatically after Yuri Andropov became head of the KGB in 1965. When Shevchenko was in charge of political affairs at the Soviet mission in the late '60s, "I had 28 diplomats under me but only seven were really diplomats. The other 21 were KGB or GRU. They were supposed to work one-third of the time for me so as not to look like idiots, but they didn't. It was embarrassing; I needed help."

Also under Andropov's tenure as KGB chief, the diplomatic rank of the spies at the mission rose, Shevchenko says, from a top post as first secretary to ambassadorial status. Shevchenko says the resident—the chief KGB agent—in New York now is Vladimir Kazakov, who boasts the third highest position in the mission, deputy permanent representative.

The defector, who says he was not employed by the KGB, says the agents sent to New York are graduates of the Soviet Union's elite colleges in electronics, aerospace science and other advanced technical schools and subsequently given two more years of training in espionage at the KGB's own college. "They are real specialists," says Shevchenko with some heat. "They receive a shopping list from Moscow every week, every month. They know exactly where to go for public information and they pretend to be working on U.N. business to establish contacts. You don't realize how stupid [some Americans] are. They drink too much or can't pay for something"—and so they are suborned.

One such graduate, Shevchenko says, was a Soviet Navy captain who came to the United States in the mid-1970s ostensibly to negotiate at the Law of the Sea Conference. He was also, says Shevchenko, a GRU agent. According to Shevchenko, the captain would pose as a German working on U.N. business; he would travel about the country interviewing employes of mining and oil companies for information about deep-sea mining techniques. "He would get a lot of information, some of it classified information," Shevchenko says. Shevchenko is not sure whether the FBI was aware of the captain's activities.

"The FBI has its own policy on who to warn and who to expel," Shevchenko says. The agency did not expel the captain, he adds.

Along with the KGB and the GRU, the U.N. also harbors members of an agency called V5, Shevchenko says, operatives who specialize in studying utilities, bridges and the like for sabotage in the event of war. "After the New York blackout, a couple of agents from V5 were drunk and told me, 'We can black out the whole East Coast.'"

Some U.N. espionage cases do become public. Dinh Ba Thi, Vietnam's ambassador to the U.N., was named an unindicted coconspirator in an espionage case in 1978 and was recalled after the United States declared him persona non grata. Thi, who denied the charge, was alleged to have received confidential State Department cables through intermediaries from Ronald Humphrey, a U.S. Information Agency employe. Humphrey and coconspirator David Truong were later found guilty of spying for Vietnam, having passed on classified information, some of it diplomatic gossip or copies of news stories. Government officials said, though, that secret informants were identified in the documents and that nine of the cables might have affected the 1977 negotiations between the United States and Vietnam.

Last year, three Cuban diplomats at the U.N. were expelled for "buying and trying to buy large quantities of high-technology electronics equipment, much of it subject to strategic trade controls," a State Department spokesman said at the time.

Indeed, the Cuban mission appears to be one of the most active of the Soviet-associated espionage centers. "They have a long record of abuse," says Robert Moller, the U.S. Mission's counselor for host country affairs. He says the Cubans have far more accredited diplomats at their mission than their legitimate diplomatic interests could warrant. The U.N. blue book lists 33 members of the Cuban mission, representing 10 million Cubans. China, with a population of 1 billion, has only 13 more.

"We are starting to look at this," Moller says, "determining whether they are truly serving a diplomatic function. We have sent them a note and that's coming to a head, either get in line or we'll start dictating [numbers]."

Another aspect of life at the U.N. makes a spy's task easier: the U.N. charter gives international civil servants unlimited travel privileges in the United States. While an Eastern Bloc diplomat from a mission or an embassy is restricted to a zone generally within 25 miles of his post, a Soviet citizen working in the Secretariat is, at the discretion of the secretary general, free to go anywhere. Small wonder, says Moller of the U.S. Mission, "that the one thing the Soviets are really concerned about is not to construe as a formal proposal moving the U.N. to Moscow six months a year. They turn white at the thought." ■

ARTICLE APPEARED ON PAGE 34

FILE ONLY

WASHINGTON POST MAGAZINE
4 December 1983

SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES

BY GARY MOORE

Gary Moore is a Washington writer.

On a trip to Africa, says John F. O'Toole, who does not mention exactly where he went, or why, he walked into a bar. It was just a little neighborhood bar. And there, in Africa, to his amazement, one of the guys had put up a sign that said "O'Toole's."

In time O'Toole came to know there was also a bar in Australia that had been dubbed, by some of the guys, "O'Toole's." And to this day, on the paneled walls of the real and original O'Toole's McLean Inn, there hangs a sign that somebody brought back from where the guys were in Thailand.

It says, "O'Toole's East."

In time he came to realize, says O'Toole, who talks reluctantly and is not fond of publicity, that there were informal O'Toole'ses all over the globe. Somehow putting up a sign that says "O'Toole's"—a cryptic little insiders' joke—makes the guys feel at home.

Some of these guys come home from the field to the pastoral Central Intelligence Agency headquarters in Langley, with its rolling grounds and its statue of Nathan Hale, they sometimes stop for a drink at O'Toole's McLean Inn. More used to stop than do now, says one CIA employe. This is an age of spy satellites, not swashbucklers.

Among insiders, O'Toole's has a reputation. Certain gossips have tagged O'Toole's with a label that O'Toole hates, because, he says, it's not accurate, and besides it draws attention to the place.

They call it a "spook bar."

There are a number of things on the walls at O'Toole's that can distract the eye. There is the "soldiers of fortune" membership patch from Carmel, Calif.; the French Foreign Legion recruiting poster, in French; the Imperial Iranian Air Force plaque, in Farsi and English, and depicting an F14; the "Mohawk" Aerial Surveillance insignia; the map of Danang labeled "Tucker's Leper Colony"; the sign, in Thai, from the Patpong Road, which O'Toole fondly likens to uproarious old Scollay Square in Boston, which consoled the troops during World War II; a photo of Scollay Square; and a bumper sticker from the Culinary Institute of America, with the initials "CIA."

Each exotic piece of flotsam on those walls could tell a thousand stories. But one is not as exotic as the rest—at least not in the swashbuckling sense. It is a larger-than-life but very faded tapestry of John F. Kennedy.

It hangs by the door to the kitchen, above an old refrigerator. Smoke from the grill has left the tapestry dingy and gray, but it is still arresting—a monumental portrait of President Kennedy.

The only other prominent American politician whose picture has a place of honor near the bar at O'Toole's is Vice President George Bush. Bush was once director of the CIA, and the photo of him is signed, "To my friends and colleagues at O'Toole's, with warm best wishes, George Bush."

Precisely how many of the vice president's intriguing former "colleagues" hang out at O'Toole's McLean Inn is hard to say. One bartender there, doubtless exaggerating, says 90 percent of O'Toole's clientele are from the Agency. Another bartender says the percentage is lower, and impossible to guess: the guys don't talk about what they do.

As for O'Toole himself, he has an eerily nostalgic name. By sheer coincidence his name reminds of a past CIA golden age—"a distant moon ago," as they say in the song "Camelot."

By sheer coincidence, his name is John F. O'Toole. The "F" stands for Francis, as in Robert Francis Kennedy. And indeed, O'Toole says he once worked for both John F. and Robert F. Kennedy.

By his own account, O'Toole is a particularly globe-trotting bar owner. He says he has "seen action," and does not say much more about that. He doesn't like to talk about his past, he says.

He also says his bar is not a CIA hangout. Preposterous idea, he says. Okay, he says, some flamboyant patrons have erected informal O'Toole'ses around the world. So what? And the bartenders say straight out that CIA agents and administrators are among customers. So what? says O'Toole. Don't blow this out of proportion.

He is standing beneath the tapestry of President Kennedy. He tells a story:

It is November 1963. O'Toole is at Hickory Hill—that idyllic home not far from downtown McLean to which they brought the gaunt Bay of Pigs invasion survivors after two years in Cuban prisons, that home of Robert Kennedy where he played touch football on the lawn.

This day, O'Toole is in the library at Hickory Hill. He is there, he says, to help out with the stereo. He wires in some speakers at the swimming pool, and one of the ladies says to some guests, "Oh, John F.'s here," and every head excitedly turns, expecting the president, but there, grinning his pursed, rueful Irish grin, is John F. O'Toole.

Young Jack O'Toole was fired with the enthusiasm of the Kennedy presidency.

Now it is lunchtime at O'Toole's McLean Inn. A patron has been reliably pointed out as a CIA agent.

The patron is middle-aged, perhaps a bit older. He wears an unpretentious windbreaker, and has an expressive face. He seems quite open and matter-of-fact. When

CONTINUED

asked what he does for a living, he replies, "Real estate."

It is mentioned to the real estate man that in a new book about President Kennedy, William Manchester writes that after the Bay of Pigs disaster, Kennedy said, "The worse I do, the more popular I get."

The man in real estate says that statement was just like one Eisenhower made. It is mentioned that Grayston Lynch, thought to be the first man ashore at the Bay of Pigs invasion, to this day says the public was misled about what happened.

Lynch maintains that the invasion was actually succeeding, until President Kennedy issued a last-minute order—preventing the use not of U.S. Air Force fighter jets, as the public believed, but of Cuban-exile-piloted bombers ready to take off from Nicaragua.

Perhaps it sounds like sore losers' sour grapes, this notion that the invasion was not entirely a CIA blunder. It is mentioned to the real estate man that there seem to be lots of things about those years that the public never knew.

"That could be," the real estate man says politely. He seems more comfortable talking about real estate.

The tapestry has never been taken down from the walls at O'Toole's. Nothing is ever taken down. The green crepe paper decorations stirring ever so slightly in ceiling drafts say it's St. Paddy's Day 365 days a year.

In the window there are some faded flags from diverse nations, and an abstract painting, looking bizarre and out of place, that depicts a cityscape in blue. There is a smudgy chalkboard saying that kielbasa subs are special at $3.50, and that the hours of this establishment are conservative: 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. weekdays, closing at 6 on Saturdays. Here, you just stop by after work.

Once long ago this was a seafood restaurant—no exotic clientele, no enigmatic owner, and no mysterious reputation. Relics of the seafood days have been left in place like comfortable, mossy stones.

Some of the few tables and booths have red or green checkered tablecloths; some don't. A wilted leprechaun doll sits on the beer tap at the square bar. You can hear the bartender, Olek, scrubbing something in the kitchen, and the barmaid, Kathy, from Indiana, clinking bottles together as she rummages in the cooler beneath the bar.

Behind the bar the radio is playing nostalgia, an eerie western tune: ". . . Then cowboy change your ways . . . Yipee—yai-ya-a-a-ay . . . A'tryin' to catch the devil's herd . . . Ghost riders in the sky-y-y-y-y . . ." Most of the men at the bar are informally dressed and middle-aged, talking quietly as ghost riders gallop through their brains.

None of the stuff on the walls directly mentions the CIA. When the barmaid came to work once with a joke T-shirt saying CIA, she thought everyone would love it, but instead she got scowls. One customer came up and told her gently, when her boyfriend came in wearing a similar T-shirt: "Some of these guys have been in the jungles, drinking from monkeys' skulls."

There are old T-shirts from bygone years also hanging from the walls. They say: "Chez O'Toole's," "O'Toole's —a gastronomic experience," "O'Toole's—an adventure in dining."

Get it? O'Toole's is the hangout for the guys down at the Culinary Institute of America.

On the outside, O'Toole's is not even identified by a sign. "I'm not going to put my name outside," says John F. O'Toole. That would be in the manner of a certain American landmark in nearby Langley. But there is a sign outside O'Toole's. Perhaps no sign at all would be too obvious, or perhaps, as Jack O'Toole says, he just never bothered to take the old sign down.

To this day, passersby see a sign that says "Bill's Restaurant—Carryout." There is no Bill at O'Toole's, and it is not a carryout, though you can get a tuna sandwich for a buck eighty-five. The "Bill's Restaurant" sign is a "private joke," says one patron, a pilot who just got back from Greece.

The bartender says that Bill's Restaurant "does not exist." It is all meaning within meaning within meaning, and joke within joke within joke. It is the restaurant for things cooked up by the Culinary Institute of America.

O'Toole's is real, but it is a state of mind, too. If John F. O'Toole were ever to take down that tapestry of President Kennedy, and try to wash from it the years of murky smoke stains, the tapestry would fall apart. They talk about that sometimes at the bar; the thing can never be washed, never be moved.

The smoke is a part of it. ■

FILE ONLY

ARTICLE APPEARED ON PAGE 60 WASHINGTON POST MAGAZINE 4 December 1983

SPY RINGS OF ONE

BY GEORGE LARDNER

George Lardner is a reporter on the National staff of The Washington Post.

One used to pack a silver-colored .25-caliber Beretta in his off-duty hours. The other sought refuge from a humdrum job with dreams of being a double agent.

One worked at a missile base in Kansas. The other had a beginner's desk job at the Central Intelligence Agency. Both turned over vital secrets to the Soviet Union. Spies American-style come in all shapes and sizes but 2nd Lt. Christopher M. Cooke and William Kampiles were surely two of the strangest: clean-scrubbed, earnest-looking American boys who had to work hard to convince the Russians that they wanted to compromise their nation's security.

They grew up in a world of spy novels, they played out their own roles as James Bond and they failed. The two cases are almost comedies of errors, except in the damage that was done.

Kampiles turned over the manual for the KH11 spy satellite, an amazing device that was capable of photographing billboards from hundreds of miles in space and tricking the Soviets by transmitting its data up—to another satellite—instead of down to earth as expected. "If there were two secrets in the country, that was one of them," a former intelligence official has said of the KH11's inner workings. Cooke gave away Titan II missile secrets so valuable that, according to one heretofore undisclosed Air Force document, it cost "upwards of $1 million" for the Strategic Air Command to make the "operational and security changes" necessitated by the breach.

As former attorney general Griffin Bell has observed, most spies who come under official suspicion and questioning in this country are never brought to trial. Some flee, others are pronounced personae non grata, others become double agents.

Kampiles and Cooke were mere novitiates. They were caught and prosecuted, one at an espionage trial, the other at a court-martial.

Both proceedings were striking excursions into the fantasy worlds of two young men who had genuine secrets to offer.

The Kampiles case began in 1978 with his own bizarre promotion of it in an apparent effort to obtain a starring role for himself as an undercover agent in Greece for the CIA. The son of Greek immigrants, he grew up in a well-scrubbed neighborhood in Chicago's southeast corner. Paperboy, grocery boy, altar boy, he got a job as a hospital supply salesman after being graduated from college in 1976 and made himself "No. 1 in the territory" before the CIA called, following up on a college interview.

The Agency, he found, can be a very tedious place to work, especially for someone who wants to get into covert operations. Hired as a "watch officer" in the seventh floor operations center in March 1977, Kampiles, 22, found it a drab exercise of 12-hour shifts in a single room. The pay was $11,523 a year, some $5,000 less than he'd been making. Kampiles kept watch on machines clattering out signals intelligence, reports from the State Department and the like, photographs from the KH11. Five to 10 times a day, he filled up his burn bag, dutifully stapled it, and took it down the hall to an incinerator chute. He didn't like it at all.

Told that his hopes for a transfer were "premature," Kampiles quit in November 1977, but not, it appears, before stuffing a copy of the KH11 manual into his sport jacket one day on the way out of the building. He had, he later told the FBI, "a vague idea of selling it to the Russians" and took it with him on a trip to Athens the following February, with the Top Secret markings cut off.

Tried for espionage in the fall of 1978, Kampiles first maintained that he had simply happened by the Soviet Embassy in Athens after a night on the town, and, noticing a garden party in progress, decided to walk in and "test his fantasies."

He struck up an acquaintance with a Soviet military attaché, Michael Zavali, and, by Kampiles' account, "conned" the Russian, after four meetings, out of a $3,000 "advance" with nothing but promises and sweet talk about his CIA work and the secrets he could supply.

Even after several meetings, Kampiles testified, Michael "was a bit concerned that I might be a plant," but he said the Russian finally accepted him and gave him elaborate instructions for meeting again the following summer. John le Carre couldn't have done better. "Michael" jotted down an address on a 50-drachma ticket stub that tourists get on visits to the Acropolis. Kampiles was to send a "Happy Birthday . . . I am well" note to that address to signify he was returning to Athens. Then, once back in the Greek capital, he was to go to the Athens stadium, make his way up a cobblestone path to a certain telephone pole and stick a thumbtack in it.

That was to be the "signal" for Michael to meet Kampiles the following Saturday night at an Athens pizzeria.

Amazingly, Kampiles began touting that story to friends in the CIA and other government agencies that spring, hoping to revive his dream of becoming a double agent. But no one paid much attention until months later when the FBI got wind of it. The bureau had been investigating an apparent leak of KH11 secrets, reportedly evidenced by steps the Russians seemed to be taking to avoid monitoring by the satellite. The investigators were willing to buy his story about meeting Michael and the rest—everything but the $3,000-for-nothing part.

The Russians, FBI counterintelligence experts say, "never" pay something for nothing. They insist on their

CONTINUED

money's worth. Kampiles, who was planning to return to Athens in a few days, cockily agreed to take a lie detector test. He flunked, twice. And then he confessed. Forget the garden party. Kampiles said he simply walked up the steps of the embassy one evening and told an elderly man he encountered there that he had "information that would be valuable to the Russians."

Referred to Michael, Kampiles said he gave him three or four pages of the KH11 manual: the table of contents, the summary, an artist's conception of what the satellite looked like. He wanted $10,000 for the document, but gave Michael the rest of the manual at their next meeting before getting a cent. He had to settle for $3,000.

Incredibly, no one at the CIA noticed the manual was missing until Kampiles confessed. In a belated inventory two days later, on Aug. 17, 1978, the Agency disovered that 13 other copies—out of 350 printed in late 1976—had also disappeared.

Kampiles tried to recant at his trial, insisting that his statements to the FBI were extracted from him unfairly, amid threats to implicate his mother, but the jurors didn't believe him. Convicted of espionage in the fall of 1978, he was sentenced to 40 years in prison. The trial judge said later that a secret government paper convinced him Kampiles had done "monumental damage" to the nation's security.

Cooke's story has less of an international flavor, but it is no less surreal. Here, too, a lie detector test played a crucial role. But Cooke told the truth. In this case, the duplicity bore the stamp of the Strategic Air Command. Its top officers okayed a promise not to prosecute him, in return for Cooke's promise to tell all. They reneged when they found out that there was no one else to prosecute, that Cooke, as his lawyer once put it, was "the only spy in the ring."

A bright student who had a master's degree in foreign relations from William & Mary, Cooke also liked to fantasize about his role in the world. To friends in Portsmouth, Va., where he grew up, he was "a very normal kid" who toyed with the idea of becoming a college professor, or going into intelligence work, or maybe joining the Foreign Service. But he showed a different side after joining the Air Force in 1979 and winding up as deputy commander of a Titan II missile launch crew at McConnell Air Force Base in Kansas in mid-1980.

One of his crew members, Darrell Lee Morgan, said Cooke used to come to his home frequently to watch Home Box Office movies, but one visit in particular, in January 1981, stuck in his mind. "I noticed he was wearing a shoulder holster which contained a silver-colored .25-caliber Beretta pistol with a black handle," Morgan later told investigators.

Once, at the missile complex, Cooke was holding some "Top Secret message formats" in his hands, Morgan said, and remarked to him: "I'll have to photograph these documents later so I can deliver them to my friends."

Morgan thought he was joking. In fact, as it later turned out, Cooke had started calling the Soviet Embassy in Washington, from Wichita, in June 1980, a few days after he arrived at McConnell AFB. He began packing the Beretta, it seems, not long after his first two visits to the embassy in December of 1980.

Cooke's account of one of those trips must surely rank as a classic on how not to be a spy. After an initial visit to the embassy on Dec. 17, 1980, on the way home to Richmond for Christmas, the bespectacled lieutenant borrowed his mother's car on Dec. 23 for a return trip. It was his undoing. He wound up in Anacostia, on 16th Street SE, looking for the Soviets, when the car broke down. Cooke got out to walk and, after strolling a block or two, divined that this wasn't the right neighborhood.

"I began to feel quite uncomfortable," Cooke later told Air Force investigators. He finally found a cab to take him to the Russian Embassy on 16th Street NW. But the car still wouldn't start later in the day when Cooke returned to it. So he took a cab all the way back to the Soviet Embassy again to call home and report his problems! That did it. The FBI had photographs of Cooke entering the embassy from routine surveillance, but it wasn't until the call home that they could begin identifying him.

It started out inauspiciously as an investigation "for visiting the embassy of a foreign country without reporting same," and the full truth didn't come tumbling out until SAC officials, anxious to know what happened, okayed a promise of "no prosecution" in return for Cooke's telling all. In return he was promised an honorable discharge "even if you have been a-- deep in espionage, even if you've compromised the entire missile system . . . They [SAC officials] don't give a rat's a-- about you."

Cooke kept his end of the bargain, shocking SAC officialdom out of its socks in the process. Just what he gave the Russians has never been disclosed, but it apparently included the "design capabilitieis and vulnerabilities of the Titan II weapons system . . . attack options and their objectives and suboptions" as well as "cryptological procedures."

An Air Force memo dated May 10, 1981, the day after the confession, concluded that an Air Force breach of security had occurred, the worst perhaps in the history of the Air Force. In a Top Secret Sensitive Eyes Only cable to the Pentagon, SAC's then-commander, Gen. Richard H. Ellis, declared: "Cooke is a traitor of the first magnitude and treason is the crime." The promises were quickly forgotten.

"You don't have to keep your word to a spy," a Pentagon lawyer said an SAC officer told him several weeks later.

Court-martial proceedings began at Andrews Air Force Base that September, but by then, F. Lee Bailey had signed on as Cooke's lawyer, and the wheels of justice started moving the other way.

Finally, in February 1982, the U.S. Court of Military Appeals held in a sharply worded 2-to-1 decision that Cooke could not be court-martialed on espionage charges because of "prosecutorial misconduct" by the SAC.

The court recognized the gravity of the charges against Cooke, but said that was no excuse for violating his constitutional rights; ". . . an accused's right to due process," the majority ruled, "may not be suspended in the public interest unless in time of a rebellion or invasion. This is basic constitutional law."

A few months later, Teagarden took early retirement. Cooke went back home to Richmond and got married, then divorced. Now 28, he has found it difficult to get a lasting job—and has changed his name. Kampiles, who is also 28, is at the Federal Correctional Institution in Oxford, Wis. He will be eligible to be considered for parole Aug. 16, 1988. ■

STAT

ARTICLE APPEARED
ON PAGE 68

WASHINGTON POST MAGAZINE
4 December 1983

THE ADMIRAL'S BRIEF GUIDE TO AMERICAN SPYING

Bobby Inman likes to put things in perspective, and offers a standard 20-minute review of the history of American intelligence-gathering that goes something like this:

For the first 100 years of its existence, the United States created intelligence organizations during wartime and abolished them when the wars were over. The first permanent peacetime intelligence unit was created in 1882, when the Secretary of the Navy chartered what became the Office of Naval Intelligence, and a naval officer went to England . . . to count British ships.

The Defense Department, not to be outdone, sent men to Berlin, Vienna and Petersburg, and the race was on. World War I gave impetus to the notion of gathering of technical intelligence, and by the time we entered World War II we had what Inman calls an austere intelligence gathering capability.

That ability soon became lush, with the OSS, clandestine human collection and covert action. "After the war, the leadership sat down to talk about what to do. They decided that we should never again be so dumb about the outside world." They already had Navy, Army and State Department intelligence; the CIA was to run the clandestine operations but, in a break with the British system, also had a major analytical division.

The Korean war demonstrated a need for better information flow among departments, so the director of Central Intelligence was given a leadership role, "to produce a flow to the CIA, and a reverse flow."

President Truman, wanting a separate agency for technical intelligence, chartered the secret National Security Agency in 1952. Tasking came from the director of Central Intelligence, but it was administered by the Defense Department. Collectors in the field were military; the internal staff was civilian. NSA's main purpose was to function in wartime, but things being what they are in Washington, it was soon functioning full time.

The CIA built its encyclopedic intelligence base and launched its covert activities. But in 1959 none of the intelligence agencies could agree, for instance, on how many missiles the Soviets had. Eventually, President Kennedy discovered there was indeed a missile gap—we had more than the Russians.

Kennedy's Secretary of Defense, Robert McNamara, deciding that he wanted control of analysis, commissioned the Defense Intelligence Agency. Overt operations went to the State Department, covert stayed with the CIA.

The war in Vietnam took a lot of people away from activities elsewhere in the world; then, because of the balance of payments problem, American presence abroad was reduced. That, says Inman, was "the single most damaging decision to the country's human intelligence system."

The country's technical capability was increased, with the use of satellites, but manpower on the technical side declined. Simply put, there were not enough people to sort through the material collected. One result: the Yom Kippur war in 1973 went unpredicted. Revelations of CIA misconduct and acrimonious congressional hearings damaged the reputation of intelligence gatherers of all sorts, abroad and at home.

"By 1980, there were four prospective foreign agents in America for every agent here to cover them," Inman says. The ideal ratio is two FBI agents for every suspected spy. "The total intelligence community had been reduced 40 percent since the plateau was reached in the early '60s."

The Reagan administration has reversed the trend, Inman says. □

—James Conaway