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WOODWARD STRIKES AGAIN

Fifteen Years After Driving Richard Nixon Out of the White House, Bob Woodward Is Ready to Blow the Lid Off the CIA. How Did a Small-Town Midwestern Boy Become Washington's Most Feared Reporter? Does He Expose Too Many of America's Secrets? Has Success Gone to His Head? To Find Out, Step into Bob Woodward's Private World.

By Barbara Matusow

Super Sleuth meets Master Spy—that's the heart of Bob Woodward's latest book, a chronicle of William Casey's reign as director of Central Intelligence. Given the subject and the author—Woodward's four previous books were all number-one best-sellers—this one had the making of a blockbuster from the start. Then, last November, the Iran-contra scandal broke.

Daily, evidence of Casey's pivotal role in deceiving Congress—and possibly the President—mounted. Casey's brain seizure in December, the day before he was supposed to testify on Capitol Hill, and his death five months later only intensified interest in his activities.

"People say Casey's secrets died with him," Woodward says. "Well, maybe they didn't."

The book may not provide the ultimate

explanation of Iran-amuck; the story ends the day Casey died. But judging from the super-secret intelligence operations that Woodward has already revealed in the *Washington Post*, he could be getting ready to blow the CIA wide open.

The publishing world thinks so. Simon & Schuster has set the first printing at 500,000, a staggering figure for a serious work of nonfiction. The *Post* is running six installments, beginning Sunday, September 27. Mike Wallace is doing a segment on *60 Minutes* that night. *Newsweek* is printing excerpts.

Government officials are bracing themselves. The feeling in intelligence circles is that there is no secret Bob Woodward won't print, regardless of how it affects the national interest. So, while the Casey book doubtless will burnish Woodward's reputation as the greatest investigative journalist of our era, it is bound to fan the controversy over the kind of reporting he epitomizes.

According to rumors making the rounds at Langley, home of the CIA, Woodward is going to expose as many as a dozen previously secret operations, with devastating effects on US foreign policy. "Given Woodward's track record, the disclosures are going to be hard to handle," says former CIA director William Colby, who acknowledges having talked to Woodward.

William Casey talked to Woodward, too—more than four dozen times, according to the author. Intelligence sources say that Casey was eager to cooperate initially. Woodward also managed to ingratiate himself with Casey's wife, Sophia, and the reporter was a frequent guest for dinner at their home in McLean. As Woodward began breaking one intelligence bombshell after another in 1985 and 1986, reporters and even government officials began to wonder if Casey wasn't his main source.

Last May, when Casey began to crack down on the press for secrecy violations, threatening to take NBC, the *Washington Post*, and several other news organizations to court, *New York Times* columnist William Safire got a call from a friend in the FBI, fishing for information. Safire says the FBI man told him, "I'm reading that Bill Casey says all these leaks are being caused by an unpatriotic press. What we'd like to know is, if he is so worried about leaks, why is he seeing Bob Woodward privately?"

Safire knew the FBI was not in a good position to snoop on Casey because the director of Central Intelligence is guarded by the CIA's own security force. Furthermore, the long-standing rivalry between the two agencies would inhibit direct inquiries. Because he didn't feel it would be proper to ask Woodward, Safire telephoned Casey to find out if the

story was true. "Very gruffly he said he hadn't talked to Woodward in eighteen months," says Safire, "which told me he had been seeing Bob in connection with his book and they were using the press—me—to find out if the CIA director was blaming the press wrongly. It shows you that when Woodward is up to something, the entire establishment gets concerned."

It is 11 o'clock on a Saturday morning in May, and I show up at Woodward's handsome, gray Victorian-era house on Q Street in Georgetown for what is to be our second meeting. A source on the Casey book has already been to the house and left. It's a light day for Woodward. That afternoon he plans to pick up his ten-year-old daughter, Tali, who

lives with her mother, and take her shopping for camping gear.

During the week, Woodward normally gets up around 8, reads four papers by 9, and works until about 7:30 or 8 in the evening, when he breaks for dinner. Then he goes back upstairs and works for a couple more hours.

Woodward greets me in a friendly but wary manner. We've exchanged pleasantries in the past, but we don't know each other very well. He is not enthusiastic about being profiled.

For someone who makes his living prying information out of others, Woodward is loath to volunteer much about himself. If you unearth a fact independently, he'll confirm or deny it, but he does not often embellish his answers.

This is not treatment reserved just for interviewers. He is secretive about everything. Editors at the *Post* never know what he's up to until his copy lands on their desks. They often don't get it until late in the afternoon, which means they have to tear up the next day's paper to make room for what is invariably a front-page story.

Woodward certainly doesn't want to say much about the new book. Even the title is top-secret. "It's the code name for a covert operation," he says, "and I don't want to alert people to its existence."

One surprise, given the circles Woodward travels in, is his lack of social ease. He shows me into the kitchen, offers me a cup of coffee, and we try to make small talk. Pym, a little Lhasa apso that belongs to Elsa Walsh, Woodward's girlfriend, comes over and nestles on my foot. "Oh, look," he says, "the dog likes you." In a few minutes, Walsh appears and we are introduced. "Look, Elsa," he says. "The dog likes Barbara. She has a cat and a dog, too."

We all squirm.

"He tries to be your friend," says a *Post* reporter who deals with him from time to time. "He wants to be chatty, but he's just not very personable."

I pull out my notebook and try to extract a kernel or two about Woodward's childhood, which apparently was unhappy. (His parents were divorced when he was twelve.) He answers me in half-formed sentences or outright evasions. I fall back on an interview he did with a reporter for *Rolling Stone*. "You

told Lynn Hirschberg that you protected yourself as a kid by keeping busy with schoolwork and activities, that you tried not to have an emotional life," I say.

"Well, if that's what the article says," he responds, "she quoted me accurately."

Actually, Woodward hadn't planned to talk about his childhood. He invited me to his house to show me how he and his researcher assembled material. We go upstairs, where three rooms have been set aside for work on his books. "The factory," his friends call it.

Woodward sits me down in a tiny sitting room and starts hauling in cardboard cartons filled with material gathered for *Wired: The Short Life and Fast Times of John Belushi*. Woodward sucks

up so much information in the course of writing a book that he and his collaborators had to develop a system. He calls it the cut-and-paste method. A researcher types up his interviews and Xeroxes them. Later, they are cut into strips and filed under headings such as "Education," "Personality," "Documents," and so on.

Most of the boxes are filled with painstakingly assembled chronologies. From a large box labeled "Chronologies, 1982," he retrieves the folder for March 5, the day Belushi died. It contains 26 legal-sized pages of cut-and-paste notes—interviews verbatim, an autopsy report, a bill for toast, coffee, and jam charged to Belushi's hotel room. Such hour-by-hour notes are used as the basis for the first draft of his books,

which the sternly regimented author churns out at the rate of ten pages a day.

Woodward wants to show me more chronologies. I have gotten the idea by now, but he insists. It's not easy to argue with Bob Woodward. The more he talks about his methodology, however, the more he loosens up. We get to talking about the Iran-*contra* scandal—even safer ground. With his guard temporarily down, I get a glimpse of a more spontaneous, engaging personality.

He pokes fun at himself for not figuring out what the administration was up to earlier in Nicaragua. To show what a dunce he was, he dashes out of the room, returning with a handful of stories he wrote about the *contras* in 1984. "In retrospect, these stories jump off the page," he says. "I should have done more reporting."

Woodward on this Saturday morning is still at work on the Casey book. It would have been finished, but new revelations keep emerging, so Woodward is frantically revising and enlarging the last section. He is also struggling to write a more interpretive picture of Casey, one of the most intriguing figures to appear in Washington in recent times.

Woodward's editor at Simon & Schuster, Alice Mayhew, urged him to bring more of his own judgments to bear on Casey. He confesses that he tried, but the result was so bad he gave up. "I ask myself: Was Casey a bad CIA director or a good CIA director? What should the CIA do and what shouldn't it do? I don't know. I can see arguments on all sides, and hopefully they're all presented in the book."

Considering how rich and famous Woodward has become in the fifteen years since Watergate—conservatively, he's worth an estimated \$6 million—it's surprising how little he's changed. There's still something boyish about him. The handsome, square-jawed face is unlined; the dark-brown hair is still thick and wavy; there is no paunch on his solid five-foot, ten-inch frame. Ten years from now he'll probably still look like the preppie who could conquer the world.

His *modus operandi* hasn't changed much in the past fifteen years, either.

The *Post* recently was pursuing a series of stories involving alleged corruption in city contracts. The deputy mayor, Alphonse Hill, had just resigned, and the grand jury was taking a renewed look at Mayor Barry. Woodward was serving as *Post* weekend editor, a job that falls to him every fourth week, and he found out that no one had yet talked to Karen Johnson, the convicted drug dealer who at one time was close to the mayor and who had recently been released from jail.

It was 7 o'clock on Sunday evening, and Woodward suggested to Tom Sherwood and Sharon LaFraniere, two of the Metro reporters working on the story, that they all go see her. Using an old Woodward ploy, they decided not to call first; they jumped into Woodward's blue 1986 Honda and drove out to the address

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On the way out, Woodward plotted strategy. It was to be a get-acquainted session; they would confine themselves to tame questions to try to gain her trust. They knew Johnson had a four-year-old child, so Woodward told the other two: "I'll play with the kid."

They finally located Johnson and persuaded her to come outside. The next thing they knew, Woodward was down on the sidewalk, fooling with the little boy, turning on the charm.

It worked. They managed to chat with Johnson for about fifteen or twenty minutes. Although they did not learn anything that resulted in a story the next day, they found out who her lawyer was and decided that she was very, very smart. But their main accomplishment was another hallmark of the Woodward repertoire: They had patiently laid the groundwork for a future reporter-source relationship.

If there is one difference between the Bob Woodward of the Watergate era and the Bob Woodward of today, friends say, it's that he's learned to relax slightly and accept the fact that he will never be perfect. "I have a great life," says Woodward, now 44.

He writes his own ticket at the *Post*—it was Woodward, not executive editor Ben Bradlee or managing editor Len Downie who decided which intelligence stories the *Post* could print and which would be withheld for the Casey book.

As an assistant managing editor, he heads a ten-person investigative unit, popularly called the SWAT team, and he goes into the office when he chooses, which is not that often.

When he is ready to write a new book, he sits down with his long-time editor, Alice Mayhew, and tells her what it is he wants to write about. No 30-page outlines for him. Then he and Richard Snyder, the head of Simon & Schuster, talk money; no agents or lawyers get involved. The word is that Woodward does not undertake a book for less than \$1 million.

"We've never disagreed about money," says Snyder, "but if we did, I would take Bob's number."

"Bob always does exactly what he wants," says Elsa Walsh. "And he never does anything he doesn't want to do."

She agrees he has a great life.

It is 9 o'clock on a Wednesday evening, and I am back at Woodward's house, this time to interview Walsh. She has just returned from DC Superior Court,

which she covers for the *Post*. At 29, she is self-possessed, almost serene, and quite willing to talk about Woodward. She shows me into the kitchen, where she is eating a vegetable concoction—she is a vegetarian—prepared by Fe, their Filipino housekeeper. The kitchen smells of freshly ground coffee. Two pans of just-baked blueberry muffins are sitting on the counter.

Another guest is sitting at the round burnished-pine table. It is Carl Bernstein, polishing off one of Fe's cheeseburgers and some fries. Woodward and his researcher, Barbara Feinman, are upstairs, at work on the book.

Bernstein stays with Woodward fairly often. This time he's down from New York to read the Casey book and spend some time with his parents, who live in Silver Spring. Woodward and Bernstein had a falling-out while writing *The Final Days* in 1976, but they are probably closer today than they ever were. Friends say Woodward has even helped Bernstein financially.

Last fall, when Bernstein was deeply depressed over his inability to make headway on the book he is writing about his family and the McCarthy era, Woodward persuaded him to come to Washington. For three months, he put Bernstein up in his second-floor guest room

and urged him to produce. "I got a tremendous amount done at Bob's," says Bernstein. "He's always there for me, and I try to be there for him."

Bernstein finishes his burger and goes upstairs to join the others in the factory. The night before, Steve Luxenberg, the number-two man in Woodward's unit at the *Post*, also came by to have dinner and read the Casey manuscript.

Walsh, who has dated Woodward since 1980 and has lived with him since 1982, seems unperturbed by the flow of visitors. (Woodward's former wife, Francie Barnard, hated having people underfoot all the time.) Woodward's researcher, Barbara Feinman, practically lives at the house, and these days any number of people have been stopping by to read the Casey manuscript.

In addition, Woodward often has a friend roosting in the "bachelor turret"—a wing of the house convenient for buddies with marital problems. At various times, Bernstein; Scott Armstrong, who co-authored *The Brethren* with Woodward; former CBS correspondent Fred Graham; and, lately, *Post* columnist Richard Cohen have stayed there.

Gary Hart also stayed at Woodward's—twice. Woodward says he did not know Hart that well back in 1979 when he got a call almost pleading for

help. Hart said he was having marital problems but was not yet ready to make a permanent break with his wife, Lee, so Hart moved in with Woodward for a few months.

Then, in 1982, Hart asked if he could move in again. The trouble was that Hart was seldom there. He was already getting a reputation for womanizing, and Woodward says he became uneasy when another reporter inquired about the senator's whereabouts. Woodward decided it was time to ask Hart to leave. "I told him he couldn't use my place as a mail drop," he says, acknowledging that he would be a little more cautious about

critical

letting a political figure camp out at his house again.

Walsh and Woodward are getting ready to go to Italy the next day. They are planning to spend a week at the Lago di Como with ABC correspondent Jim Wooten and his wife, Patience O'Connor, both close friends. Walsh says when her sister heard about the trip, she laughed and said, "You've been going to Italy for five years now. I hope you make it this time."

Woodward has a habit of canceling vacations when something comes up, but Walsh professes not to mind. On nights when he's working, she says she's happy to climb into bed with her dog and a book. "People see Bob as a compulsive workaholic," she says, "but that's not a true picture. He truly loves what he's doing. It's a great feeling to live with someone who's always up about their work."

Walsh, who grew up as one of six children, says she likes having time alone. "I like it when he's here, and I like it when he's gone," she says a bit dreamily, "because the smell of him is still in the house."

Walsh says Woodward is very romantic—he sends her flowers all the time and compliments her so much that her family thinks it's funny. "He loves to hug and kiss," she says. "He's very physical, very affectionate. And he makes you feel important."

Some of the women in Woodward's life would be amused by Walsh's description. In the 1970s, when Woodward was playing the field, he was dating a well-known Washington media figure and took her to New York for what she expected would be a big weekend. Instead, Woodward spent most of the weekend in their hotel room with his nose in a book, leaving his date to go shopping by herself.

Woodward and Walsh like quiet evenings during the week. They go to an occasional movie opening, but she says they mostly like to stay home and read or have dinner with close friends. On weekends they go on movie binges. Walsh does not particularly enjoy the *Post* social circuit—dinners at Katharine Graham's and so on—so Woodward, who is very much part of the *Post*'s inner circle, sometimes shows up at these affairs alone.

Woodward takes care of his politics at the *Post*—he was one of the handful of people at the paper invited to Kay Graham's 70th-birthday party. But he does

not aspire to be one of the glitterati; you're not likely to find him at Elaine's, the New York writers' hangout favored by Bernstein.

Woodward is acutely aware of the perils of celebrity. "It's dangerous because it's a focus on the past," he says. "I think it takes away from people doing work. You can waste a lot of time [keeping yourself in the public eye]. It's not something to take seriously." So he lives unpretentiously, driving a Honda and playing golf at the public course in Rock Creek Park. His telephone number is listed in the book, and he usually answers the phone himself.

His house is filled with a cozy mélange of wicker, oak, dhurrie rugs,

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movie posters, ceiling fans, handmade quilts, and an occasional expensive French country antique. The only trace of conspicuous consumption is the number of stereo sets; Woodward is a classical-music devotee who treats himself to new stereo equipment after every book.

Woodward capitalizes on his name in his work—almost no one fails to return his phone calls—and he doesn't mind using his clout on behalf of friends. A couple of years ago, he was having lunch with William Greider, inquiring how his old *Post* buddy was doing with his book about Paul Volcker, which will be published this fall.

After listening for a while, Woodward said: "You're drowning. You need a researcher." Greider agreed but said he couldn't afford one. "The following weekend," recalls Greider, "Bob put the arm on Dick Snyder [head of Simon & Schuster, also Greider's publisher]. I got my researcher."

In another instance, Woodward formed a screenwriting partnership with former *Post* arts editor and sailing buddy Christian Williams, which turned out to be productive. They wrote a made-for-TV movie called *Under Siege* (it got panned) and an episode of *Hill Street Blues*. They also wrote the outline for an upcoming HBO series based on William Shirer's *The Nightmare Years*, about Germany in the '30s. But Williams could never persuade Woodward to take any money out of the business.

"Just invest it," he would tell me," says Williams. "The whole reason for

the partnership, in my opinion, was to let me become a success in Hollywood by piggybacking off his name."

For a workaholic, Woodward has managed to mesh the pieces of his life into a nearly seamless whole. One of the secrets of his relationship with Elsa Walsh is that he is involved in her work world and she in his. His friends get drawn into his book projects and screenplays. He cements relationships at the *Post* on sailing trips. He plays poker with sources. His job as head of the investigation unit at the *Post* complements his book-writing and vice versa.

Nominally, Woodward heads the ten-person investigative team, but his deputy Steve Luxenberg functions as the primary editor. Woodward is more like a player/coach. Luxenberg gets Woodward's input at the start of a new project, and the two confer daily by phone, but Woodward stays busy with his own work. "Sometimes we see him, but he's not there to discuss our stories," says one member of the unit. "He's here to do his stories and get out."

It's not that Woodward is uninterested in his unit's work. He is generous professionally and has encouraged the career of many a talented young *Post* reporter. But he is so focused on what he is doing that he has little time for schmoozing in the office, something he's not good at anyway.

Once in a while, Woodward does get heavily involved in a *Post* project, and it pays off, as in the case of Leon Dash's 1986 series on black teenage pregnancy. Dash envisioned a conventional approach—consulting census data, interviewing experts, and so on.

Woodward had other ideas. "Pick a community, move in, and get really close to the people," he advised.

Dash was not enthusiastic. A well-educated, middle-class black, he was as much a foreigner in the proposed area of Washington Highlands—one of DC's poorest communities—as Woodward would have been. "They thought I was an undercover cop," Dash says.

After six months in his roach-infested basement apartment, Dash accumulated 48 hours of tape-recorded interviews with six teenage mothers. He felt he was ready to begin writing.

Again, Woodward disagreed. "Go back and interview each of them four more times," he said. "Now that you've established rapport, you'll see something begin to happen."

Dash says he was stunned, but Woodward insisted, saying he had seen the same phenomenon when he was working on his books. "He told me he interviewed one Supreme Court clerk sixteen times while he was working on *The*

Brethren. By the end, the clerk had radically revised his story.

Dash agreed to re-interview the girls. "By the third and fourth time, people were dramatically contradicting what they told me in the earlier interviews. Initially, all the females played the role of victims who had been taken advantage of. It turned out that the girls knew all about birth control and that in no case was any pregnancy accidental. They were the ones who were manipulating the boys."

The finished series was a trailblazer—the kind of journalism that sheds light on a slice of life ordinarily hidden to the *Post's* middle-class readers, black and white. It's the kind of story Woodward encourages. "He has this saying," says Luxenberg: "Let's peel back more layers. We haven't gotten to the core yet."

Although some talented people work in the Woodward unit, there is no rush to sign up. Some reporters call it the gilded graveyard, knowing that they're not likely to appear in the paper much more than once a year.

The situation suits Woodward because it gives him a base of operations and a ready outlet for stories that won't hold for a book. The *Post* also pays half of his researcher's salary, because she assists on his newspaper stories as well as his book.

Woodward's researchers work like mules, but they are well rewarded. At the conclusion of a book, he pays them bonuses of up to \$50,000 each. They also get a small percentage of the royalties. Four former researchers—Scott Armstrong, John Ward Anderson, Ben Weiser, and Al Kamen—went on to good jobs at the *Post*.

Some fellow reporters and editors eye Woodward's freedom to come and go, and complain that he gets away with murder. There are times, for instance, when managing editor Len Downie and national editor Robert Kaiser would like to call on Woodward for help, but they know they can't pull him off a book without a very good reason.

The tug between the paper and the Casey book became particularly tense last fall when the news media began focusing on secret CIA operations in Nicaragua. Woodward's book also deals with the CIA's role in Central America. "It was tricky at times," acknowledges Woodward, "but they realize I have to save some things for the book, especially things going back to '81, '82, and '83.

"My argument to Downie, Bradlee, and Kaiser is that unless you undertake a book, you couldn't possibly build up the [intelligence] sources. Nobody could afford to have a platoon of people working the intelligence beat full-time." ▶

"Bob Woodward is a special person in this institution," says Ben Bradlee, who has a father-son relationship with his star reporter. "Bob is going to write books. That's a fact. The failure to accommodate him would be idiotic. We can never give him back as much as he has given us."

When it comes to penetrating the impenetrable, the consensus is that no reporter in America can match Bob Woodward. Sy Hersh of the *New York Times* is probably his closest rival, particularly in the area of national security.

For versatility, Woodward is in a class by himself. Who else could have infiltrated such diverse, closed worlds as the Nixon White House in its final days, the Supreme Court, and the drug culture in Hollywood?

How does he do it?

Ben Bradlee calls Woodward the "best reporter I've ever seen. Period." He says the most important quality Woodward has is persistence. "There is simply no turning him away from something he wants to do."

Friend and columnist Richard Cohen: "He works all the time. So many people in this town reach Woodward's level and their idea of a hard day's work is to go to lunch with a source."

Art Harris, a *Post* reporter recruited by Woodward who has seen him in action: "He has a hypno-chemical effect on people. He seems to activate their hypothalamus—the pleasure center—in such a way that the most reserved, uptight people feel good telling him their darkest, innermost thoughts."

Scott Armstrong: "He has never burned a source. The myth of Deep Throat helps. People want to be one."

William Greider: "Woodward has *method*."

Woodward would probably say that Greider comes closest to the mark. If you listen to Woodward talk, he seems to be saying that anyone could do what he does if he or she worked as hard as Woodward does. But there is more to it than doggedness and a good filing system.

Joseph Lelyveld of the *New York Times* once quoted a CIA official on the essential qualities needed in a director of central intelligence: ruthlessness, duplicity, and absolute integrity. The same could be said of any great investigative reporter.

Certainly Woodward has a ruthless side; institutions and people do get hurt when he turns the spotlight on them. Last November, he wrote a front-page story about a mid-level State Department employee who had been threatened with loss of her security clearance for careless handling of classified documents. Quoting from an internal investigative

report, Woodward painted a picture of a person guilty of the grossest kind of negligence, although, as he pointed out, no one had produced any evidence to show that her actions had caused any damage.

The woman was in the midst of bringing a lawsuit to have the allegations—which were never substantiated—expunged from her otherwise untarnished record. The last thing she needed was for the charges to be splashed over the front page of the *Washington Post*.

Post ombudsman Joseph Laitin, who thought the story was grossly overplayed, cried foul. "[Woodward's] signature over an article about an allegation

of a misstep in government is to many tantamount to a grand-jury indictment," he wrote.

It also takes a kind of ruthlessness to talk your way into a hospital room right after someone has undergone brain surgery, as Woodward did at Georgetown University Hospital in January, in a last attempt to see William Casey. Woodward denies rumors that he disguised himself as a doctor or produced a false CIA identity card. "I showed my press pass," he says. "Casey's security people were upset that I got in, so they put out a story that I wouldn't identify myself."

Woodward's detractors thought that his hospital visit was in bad taste, but reporters look at these things differently. "I thought it was terrific," says Richard Cohen. "How many multimillionaire superjournalists are you going to find skulking around back stairs of hospitals? He doesn't have any false dignity."

Duplicity is another necessary tool in the investigative reporter's kit. Reporters usually try to convince interviewees that they're both on the same side.

Woodward may be more straightforward than most investigative journalists because he seldom confronts the subject of an investigation until he has all the goods. Then he can be brutal. He has been known to barge into an unsuspecting bureaucrat's office, brandishing evidence of alleged wrongdoing, and demand an explanation.

Usually, however, he is smooth and gentlemanly. He caught a lot of flies using the honeyed approach in the John Belushi case.

Particular

After Belushi's death, the comedian's wife, Judy Jacklin Belushi, began to suspect that the Los Angeles Police Department was giving her the runaround. There were rumors that Cathy Smith, who had administered the fatal drug overdose to John Belushi, was actually a police informant. Not knowing whom to trust, Jacklin hit on the idea of contacting Woodward.

Four months after Belushi died, she and her sister, Pam Jacklin, met Woodward in Manhattan. They both liked him. All of them, including John Belushi, had grown up in Wheaton, Illinois. Judy was particularly encouraged when Woodward said he wanted to go beyond the facts surrounding Belushi's death and write about the man himself. "Woodward gives you that 'Trust me, trust me' feeling. The 'Yes, I understand' type of thing, and I believed him," Jacklin told *Rolling Stone*. "He seemed so honest. He would say over and over, 'John was a wonderful man. We must tell his story.'"

Jacklin was so impressed with Woodward that she persuaded other Belushi intimates, such as Dan Aykroyd, to talk to him. She read Woodward her diaries.

"I was like a Pavlovian dog," she said. "I was calling him up whenever anyone said anything weird about him or John or the story, and he would reassure me. He'd kinda laugh and say, 'It's like the game Telephone. When you hear something that bothers you, you should phone me.' I was completely under his influence."

When the book came out in 1984, Jacklin and almost everyone connected with it were shocked. They felt Woodward had painted a distorted picture of Belushi, focusing only on the drugs and the dark side. "I had expected the sadness in the book," she said, "but I thought it should be balanced by joy, the joy John had and the joy he brought others. I learned that Bob is a very joyless man, and I don't think that he could ever see what made John happy."

Others contend that Woodward overemphasized the comedian's drug use. "Before that last month, John was clean," says Bernie Brillstein, Belushi's manager and now chairman of Lorimar Film Entertainment. "The book was written with the assumption that he was always drugged. He was a compulsive character, but he was intelligent and nice. The plus side of him was so much greater than anything Woodward wrote."

Brillstein says he was thrilled when Jacklin called and asked him to talk to Woodward. "We went to lunch. I gave him access to files. I gave him pictures. He got me to tell him things I would never have told anyone else. I guess

maybe I thought I was getting Robert Redford or something. Bob Woodward was one of my heroes, but he turned out to be one of the greatest disappointments of my life."

Woodward became a pariah in Hollywood. Jack Nicholson called him a ghoul. Dan Aykroyd called the book "unforgivable."

Robert Markowitz, a Hollywood friend of Woodward's who hopes to direct the movie based on *Wired*, says the misunderstanding was to be expected. "Movie people consider journalists, particularly somebody of Bob's stature, celebrities. They felt they were talking to someone in the same galaxy. They thought he would filter out some of the things they said. Bob assumed that because of his body of work and who he was, they'd understand what he was doing. But they were incredibly naive."

Woodward was both surprised and hurt by the storm that greeted the book. For one who likes to peel back the layers on others, he is very thin-skinned. After the *Rolling Stone* article appeared, Woodward repeatedly telephoned the author, Lynn Hirschberg, and—against the advice of friends—wrote *Rolling Stone* publisher Jann Wenner a six-page letter. "I got overly emotional about the whole thing," Woodward admits.

One reason he reacted so defensively about the criticism of *Wired* was that his integrity had been called into question. All of his books had been controversial, but seldom were his ethics questioned. "I sat there with my notebook and pencil, taking notes, just like you're doing," he says heatedly. "If anybody thought they were not going to be quoted, they were deluding themselves."

Woodward concedes he may not have captured the essence of Belushi's character, but he insists he tried to draw a portrait of the artist that went beyond his use of drugs—that he was not misleading Judy Jacklin when he told her he was interested in writing about the whole man. "I spent a lot of time describing his movies," Woodward says. "I went to New York and looked at all the old *Saturday Night Live* shows. I taped the audio portions and took notes on the visual material. The book has everything about Belushi's life—Wheaton, Second City [the comedy club in Chicago where Belushi became a star]—it's all there in excruciating detail. But what people remember are the crazed, unbelievable drug parties."

Although Ed Feldman, the producer who made *Witness*, has been trying to raise the money for the movie version of *Wired* for a year, the project is in limbo. All the major studios have turned it

down. "It's the *Platoon* of the '90s," Woodward says. "The nerves the book touched are still too raw."

The screenplay for *Wired* was written by Earl Mac Rauch, an established Hollywood writer, with heavy input from Woodward. In it, Belushi comes back from the dead and sees his life unfold. He even meets Woodward a couple of times. At the end, Belushi confronts Woodward about his life and the book.

Christian Williams, now a full-time Hollywood screenwriter, says the screenplay is terrific, but he doesn't buy any conspiracy theory. "Out here, most movies don't get made. It's par for the course. Politics are involved, but Hollywood politics and Washington politics are very different. In Washington, ostensibly, people stand for something. Out here, it's the politics of profit. I argue that people would f--- themselves if they thought they could make money doing it. This movie presents problems of casting. Also, there's the downer factor. Who do we like in this movie? Belushi was a fat guy who f---ed his friends. The story is not a celebration of him."

If Woodward is an outcast in Hollywood, his star is high in Washington's heavens. He has been hurling grenades at the highest levels of government for fifteen years, but his work is so careful and so good that criticism here is muted.

He has made his share of enemies—that goes with the territory—but he has avoided the fall from grace that so many powerful people in Washington have experienced. Unlike a Michael Deaver, who began to think the rules no longer applied to him, Woodward has always played by the most rigid journalistic code: Check your facts. Check them again. Go back *again* and probe for holes. Give your adversary a chance to respond; he may not like what you're writing, but at least he'll be prepared when the story comes out. Don't make deals. And, above all, protect your sources.

Woodward, friends say, is a profoundly introspective man who knows himself well. A perfectionist, he is his own worst critic, constantly monitoring his performance, searching for flaws. And he has learned to capitalize on his strengths and minimize his weaknesses. He may not be the world's greatest writer—at the *Post* it used to be said that English is not his native language—but he has more than compensated for a pedestrian style with strong reporting.

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When Woodward went to Yale, he wanted to be a writer. He wrote a novel, which like most first novels was heavily autobiographical. But some of his professors thought it showed promise, and Scott Armstrong, who followed Woodward to Yale, says it was the most artful thing Bob has ever written. Woodward maintains the book was a piece of pretentious hogwash. The literary life, he decided, was not for him.

"From then on," Armstrong says, "he disowned any interest in the art of writing."

Today Woodward's style is almost consciously anti-literary, unadorned by vivid language. He seldom includes any physical description of people. A woman may be described as "attractive." Occasionally he'll write that someone is tall and has wavy hair.

Woodward was much more intellectual at Yale than he is today. He was a member of Book and Snake, one of the more cerebral senior societies, and attracted the attention of professors of note, such as the critic Cleanth Brooks. But once Woodward decided he was not going to be a giant in the intellectual

world, he largely renounced the world of ideas.

In his newspaper writing, he presents all the facts, but he shies away from probing for underlying meaning. "During the Iran story, he was writing for the paper a lot," says Elsa Walsh, "and I could always spot the paragraphs he didn't write—the ones with great cosmic significance."

Context does not hold much interest for Woodward, which caused titanic battles between him and Scott Armstrong when they worked on *The Brethren*. "Bob always wanted to finish up and move on," says Armstrong. "It was enough for him to determine which justices did what and leave it at that. I was interested in the political context—the fact that the South was in an uproar over busing, and so on. As long as I didn't dilute the personal interplay, he would let my stuff in."

Woodward also has found ways to compensate for having what he terms a mediocre nose for news. Typically, reporters look at a situation, concoct a theory, and proceed to find out if the facts support it.

Woodward does it the other way around. First he collects sacks of information, then he looks for the pattern.

He imposes the same discipline on his investigative unit. "If you go up to him and say, 'I'm thinking of doing such-and-such a story,'" says Steve Luxenberg, "he'll say, 'What you should do is more reporting. Let's find out everything we can, sift through the facts, and

the story will emerge. Let's not make up stories out of our own heads.'"

Woodward is the first to admit that Bernstein had a more intuitive grasp of Watergate than he did. "Woodward is like the beaver in the forest that takes down every tree," says Richard Cohen. "Carl is more adept; he figures out how you build the dam."

Woodward may be able to joke now about missing the *contra* story, but he feels that of all people he should have figured it out. His *Post* clips show how he got close. On April 13, 1984, he wrote: "Director William J. Casey is considering the possibility of asking another country, such as Saudi Arabia, to send money to the *contras* until the funding problem is solved, according to one well-placed source, but no decisions have been made."

In another article that month, he wrote: "The White House asked the CIA if it could divert money from other operations or 'slush funds' for operations in Central America."

The plane that went down in Nicaragua last October, piloted by an American who was supposedly working for a

private network, should have alerted him, Woodward says. "The Hasenfus plane, we now know, was like the Watergate burglary. There was a body caught red-handed, phone records of calls to government officials, an official denial, and the mother's milk of American politics—money. It all fit. I knew the CIA was desperate for money in 1984, and suddenly they had plenty of it."

To add to his chagrin, managing editor Len Downie had smelled a rat all along, but he couldn't sell anyone on the story. "Leonard prowled the newsroom, saying, 'This really, really stinks,'" recalls Woodward, "but no one came up with anything. I have learned to listen to him, but at the time, I was busy with the Casey book."

If Woodward is not the kind of reporter who makes brilliant inductive leaps, he knows what makes people tick. When he focuses on someone, he can be a superb manipulator. He knows when to press, when to cajole, when to bide his time. In *All the President's Men*, he tells how he called a certain GAO investigator every day to learn how the audit of Nixon's campaign finances was progressing. "Hundreds of thousands of dollars in unaccounted cash," the GAO man said one day. "A slush fund of cash," he said the next. "A rat's nest behind the surface efficiency of computerized financial reporting," the third. With each day that he did not write a story, Woodward said, the investigator felt freer to talk to him.

Woodward is not the kind of reporter who spends a lot of time on the paper trail, digging in government archives. "Give me dinner alone with somebody any day," he says.

Woodward also seems to have a sixth sense for how bureaucracies operate. Over the years, he has cultivated a large network of mid-level people who feed him information. Unlike most reporters, he does not forget such people once his story is written. Some, like Carl Feldbaum, a member of the Watergate prosecution team, become lifelong friends. Woodward takes others to lunch or dinner. "It's not unusual to see him having dinner with some guy on the DC police force," says *Post* writer Juan Williams. "He once introduced me to an FBI source who dealt with him back when he was a Metro reporter."

At times the nature of Woodward's relationship with a source has raised a few eyebrows. When the Senate Watergate Committee was hiring staff, chief counsel Sam Dash asked Woodward if he would consider taking a job as chief investigator. Woodward was not interested in leaving the *Post*. When Dash asked if he could suggest anyone else,

artest person I know." Armstrong was an old friend from Wheeling—someone who had idolized Woodward in his youth.

"It was a situation I always felt uneasy about," Woodward says.

As the premier reporter of the *Washington Post*, Woodward enjoys certain advantages over his competitors. If you're a government official who wants to thwart a secret policy, what better way to shoot it down than to leak it to Bob Woodward?

His stories, which almost always play on the front page of the *Post*, echo so loudly that they automatically affect the tenor of the public debate.

One story he wrote that still reverberates goes back to November 1985. The headline in the *Sunday Post* read: "CIA Anti-Gadhafi Plan Backed." In it, Woodward disclosed that President Reagan had authorized a CIA covert operation designed to undermine the Libyan leader's regime. The idea was to use North African countries such as Egypt and Algeria to lull Moammar Gadhafi into some foreign misadventure, thereby giving opponents the opportunity to overthrow him.

Woodward's information was based on a letter to President Reagan written by the Vermont Democratic Senator Patrick Leahy, then chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee, and vice-chairman David Durenberger, a Minnesota Republican. They expressed concern that the plan might result in the assassination of Gadhafi.

How Woodward obtained this letter is a subject of debate, but when William Casey saw it, according to intelligence sources, he was enraged. A former CIA official who was close to Casey called the story "the worst leak I ever saw." As a result of the story, the plan had to be scuttled.

The story was considered so damaging that it prompted an orgy of finger-pointing within the government. Casey blamed the Senate Intelligence Committee, but a committee source emphatically denies that the letter came from them. "The committee conducted a very extensive investigation," the source says. "Every staff member was asked to swear an oath, and that had never been done before."

Nevertheless, Casey seized on the story to convince the President that Congress could not be trusted with secrets. He was playing to a receptive audience. According to the *Washington Times*, John Poindexter, then number-two on the National Security Council, was so infuriated by the leak that he urged the President not to notify Congress about

By law, Congress had to be notified. Woodward's story broke on November 3. On the 25th, a finding was drafted specifically stating that Congress was not to be notified of the arms shipment. The President signed the finding December 5.

The timing makes it tempting to speculate that Woodward's article triggered the Iran-*contra* secrecy, but this was not the first time Casey had tried to circumvent Congress. The mining of the harbor

"When you publish stories like this, you have to keep in mind what kind of impact it will have in the shadowy, shabby alleys of West Beirut."

in Nicaragua was also done without Hill knowledge. At most, Casey used Woodward's story as a pretext for an idea that already appealed to him.

Many journalists would defend the Gadhafi story because Congress, or at least some members of Congress, questioned the wisdom of the plan. But the intelligence community is deeply concerned about the volume of disclosure in recent years. "Overall, these stories are damaging because they reduce the possibility of covert operations," says Brent Scowcroft, former presidential adviser on national security. "Why undertake them, given the probability they'll become public? The problem is not the press. They're not doing the leaking. But if we lose the entire capability to conduct covert operations—and we're in danger of it—I think it would be too bad."

Journalists are divided about the wisdom of exposing covert operations, particularly those that haven't aroused any opposition. Woodward has broken several stories in this category. "Is a secret news just because it's a secret?" asks a reporter who covers the intelligence beat for another publication. "It's a question that's never really been resolved within the profession."

Some of Woodward's colleagues were critical of a 1985 story about a CIA-trained "hit squad" that went awry in an attempt to assassinate a suspected terrorist leader in Beirut. Operating without CIA authorization, a group of Lebanese nationals set off a car bomb outside the house of a notorious Shiite leader named Fadlallah. He was believed to have been involved in the bombing of the US Marine headquarters in 1983 in which 241 American servicemen died. The car bomb missed Fadlal-

lah, but 80 bystanders were killed.

The CIA, which already had reservations about the dangers of "runaway" counter-terrorist operations, immediately withdrew its support.

Although Woodward's story made it clear that the CIA had not authorized the operation and had renounced the plan to train counter-terrorists in Lebanon, CIA officials were infuriated by the Woodward disclosure.

George Lauder, then spokesman for the Agency, wrote a letter to the *Post* saying the story gave the world the false impression that the US government was involved in terrorist activity. "This misleading theme has been picked up by a number of other journalists as fact and has even been cited by the Shiite terrorists as one of the motives for hijacking TWA Flight 847."

Few people would go so far as to blame Woodward and the *Post* for the TWA hijacking, but some question whether it was necessary to expose the CIA link, however indirect, to such a devastating incident. "When you publish stories like this, you have to keep in mind what kind of impact it will have in the shadowy, shabby alleys of West Beirut," says another journalist critic. "Lives are at stake. What a lot of intelligence people will tell you is that Bob Woodward does not consider the implications of the scoops he publishes."

Woodward defends the story. "It was a mammoth screw-up, and I think people ought to know about it. If it had been an ongoing operation, I would have questioned writing about it. But the authorization had been rescinded. It's like the Iran-*contra* story. I'm sure the details that have come out in the hearings have hurt [the country] to a certain extent, but we have to take a look at the things that go wrong."

The truth is that no newspaper, not even one as audacious as the *Post*, decides lightly to print the details of a covert operation. Within the *Post*, fierce arguments over such decisions erupt. Sometimes the voices urging caution win out. Woodward is almost always on the other side.

"Each time the clock moves on, you see how timid all of us were," he says. "An attempt was made to try to stop stories about the *contra* operation in early '82. The idea that we have been running a secret war, killing people, and that we shouldn't publish, is absurd."

Woodward's output at the *Post* has remained high, but for some years his heart has been in his books.

There was a time when his horizons were more closely defined by the *Post*—when he was seen as the next Ben Bradlee. A favorite of Katharine Graham, he

Georgetown mansion on R Street just to chat. He bought a house just around the corner in the late '70s and moved easily in the charmed circle of top *Post* people—regularly dining with Ben Bradlee, Sally Quinn, and Meg Greenfield.

Other ambitious young reporters were understandably envious.

Woodward's main patron was always Ben Bradlee. It was Bradlee whom Woodward sought to please and emulate, adopting the older man's damn-the-torpedoes approach to journalism. And if Bradlee never said so aloud, everyone knew he hoped Woodward would succeed him as executive editor.

First, Woodward would have to show his mettle as a manager.

When Woodward was named metropolitan editor in 1979, no one doubted that he was auditioning for the top job. But some of the characteristics that made Woodward such a great reporter—audacity, cunning, stubbornness, and single-mindedness—did not necessarily work in his favor as an editor. He was interested in the kind of "holy shit" stories that had brought him to prominence in the first place, and he pursued them as editor with a kind of recklessness that made others question his judgment. "We're going to be right there on the cutting edge, and we may get sued,"

he would tell colleagues. "We may even lose a few." Ben Bradlee was a daring editor, too, but not reckless.

"It was almost as if Bob was saying, 'Look, no hands,'" says another editor.

Like Bradlee, Woodward lavished attention on his stars—the future Woodwards. Some of them flourished.

"He was inspiring," says one reporter, a Woodward protégé. "Getting praise from him was magic. It made you feel you could leap off high buildings and float to the ground."

Others felt neglected. They despaired of getting Woodward's attention, especially those who covered mundane beats such as the school board.

"In a funny way," says William Greider, who served as national editor in that era, "Woodward tried to make Metro coverage more provocative, to go deeper, but he failed to cover the community in the old-fashioned way. He neglected to get into the guts of City Hall, the schools, the subjects that seemed more routine."

Woodward, so skillful at manipulating his journalistic sources, did not prove to be a very adroit manager of what was admittedly a large, rambunctious, often neurotic bunch of reporters.

Eager to make his mark, always in a hurry, he would not slow down long enough to explain to reporters what was

everyone to the same standards he has and finds everyone wanting," says a reporter who worked under him. "He wants everyone to be him."

The grumbling finally grew so loud that Woodward realized he would have to change. "He had to find a little yin to go with his yang," says Christian Williams, who was writing for the Style section at the time. "He wanted to find a way to get away from the office, so he took up sailing."

A totally inexperienced sailor, Woodward bought himself a boat—a 45-foot ketch called the *Timeless*—and set about learning how to sail with the same ferocity with which he attacks any goal. Within a year, according to Williams, himself an accomplished yachtsman, "Bob went from being a know-nothing to being a master."

With *Post* buddies like Pat Tyler (another hotshot now based in Cairo), art critic Paul Richard, and assistant managing editor Tom Wilkinson as companions, Woodward began spending time on the Chesapeake.

"Woodward is pathologically clean, hygienically speaking," says Williams. "Every time we came into port, we had to wipe down the boat. It was a big boat, so we ended up using about six rolls of Scott towels." Woodward took so much ribbing that he finally eased the sanitary standards.

Whether the sailboat or something else was responsible, a number of reporters recognized that Woodward had begun to relax somewhat. "There was a noticeable difference between Woodward in '79 and '81," says Jonathan Neumann, a Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter whom Woodward recruited from the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, and with whom he had some highly publicized clashes. "Reporters felt better dealing with him. At the beginning, a lot of them felt shut out."

From the beginning, Woodward had a talent for spotting good people. Some of the best people now at the *Post* were recruited by Woodward, including Al Kamen, Joe Pichirallo, Benjamin Weiser, Dale Russakoff, Margaret "Pooh" Shapiro, Glenn Frankel, Fred Hiatt, and Howie Kurtz. Others, like Sara Rimer and Tom Morgan, have gone on to good jobs with the *New York Times*.

Ultimately, Woodward's fixation on high-impact stories probably was his undoing. As befits his spectacular career, Woodward's downfall occurred in spectacular fashion. It came in the form of a story by an ambitious young black reporter named Janet Cooke. Her story about an eight-year-old heroin addict named Jimmy was so stunning that it won a Pulitzer in 1981. As all the world now knows, Cooke invented Jimmy.

to return a Pulitzer was deeply humiliating. Even now, Ben Bradlee winces when the subject comes up. "The Janet Cooke affair was a bitch. It was crushing for me," he says.

Although Milton Coleman, then city editor, had been Cooke's day-to-day editor, Woodward had been kept apprised of the story's progress. After the story ran, many reporters and editors brought their doubts about it to Coleman and Woodward, but they brushed the questions off, telling themselves it was just jealousy.

In the wake of the Cooke confession and the return of the Pulitzer, Woodward invited the entire Metro staff to his house to try to explain what had happened. About 40 or 50 staffers showed up, many in a hostile mood. "It became an opportunity to express every grievance everyone had about me, the paper, their lives, and their careers," says Woodward. He says he was surprised at the depth of the animosity toward him but maintains, "It was good to hear their criticisms."

The Janet Cooke affair was doubly hard on Woodward because he knew it probably ended his chances of succeeding Bradlee. "My office was next to his," says Richard Cohen. "After the Cooke thing, I would go in and try to jolly him up. There was no way of doing it. He was sad and depressed but totally realistic. He analyzed the damage he had done to his career and there was no self-deception."

A few months after the Cooke affair, Bradlee came up with a new assignment for him: assistant managing editor of investigations. "To be candid, the unit was created more for him than it was for the reporters," says David Maraniss, who served as Woodward's deputy for several years.

It was also at this time that Woodward began to withdraw more into his book-writing world. If he wasn't going to leave his mark by being executive editor of the *Post*, he would do it by writing books. "You can have a year of newspaper clips, and they can really be good, and where are they?" he asks. "They go with the wind. Books are an attempt to go deeper, an attempt at coherence and summary. Books get remembered."

Whatever makes Woodward run, it's not money. He has already made millions of dollars on his books and hundreds of thousands more on movie rights and screenplays. He and Bernstein made an estimated \$3 million on *All the President's Men* and *The Final Days*. His share of *The Brethren* exceeded \$1 million. *Wired* was a big earner, too, and he stands to make several million more from the Casey book.

He could earn still more if he let other publishers bid for the rights, but he is loyal to his first publisher, Simon & Schuster.

"It's not the multiples—the \$3 per book—that drive him," says Dick Snyder. "He just wants to be the best at what he does. It's a matter of passion."

Elsa Walsh, who probably knows Woodward better than anyone else, has her own theory. "I think he keeps on going for fear of failure."

From the time he was a young boy, Woodward was an unusually determined child. "He always tended to business," says his father, Alfred Woodward, now an appellate judge in Illinois's second judicial district. "He never needed any prodding like we had to do with the others."

Woodward idolized his father. Judge Woodward, from all accounts, is the very model of midwestern rectitude—a responsible, civic-minded, hard-working Republican. He was a prominent attorney in Wheaton when the children were young, and Woodward recalls that his father came home for dinner but usually went back to his office to work for a few more hours—the same pattern Bob has established. ▶

Bob played football, but not well—a failure that apparently weighed heavily on him. Al Woodward had been captain of both his high school and college football teams, and the son thought he ought to do the same. "Unfortunately, he was not a real well-coordinated boy," says his father. "He sure tried hard, though."

Woodward once confessed to Elsa Walsh that he was afraid of getting hurt playing football. Seen in one light, Woodward has devoted a lot of energy to overcoming his fears. He is attracted to risks—high-stakes poker games with thousands of dollars on the table, transatlantic sailing trips, face-offs with men as powerful as Richard Nixon, Warren Burger, and William Casey.

It is characteristic of Woodward to go well armed into the fray. His sailing buddies laughed at his fixation with safety when he had the sailboat. (He sold it last year.) "There is no piece of equipment that can save your life that Bob hasn't bought," says Christian Williams. "We're talking redundancy here that makes the space shuttle look flimsy. If there are ten flashlights aboard, Bob makes sure there are 100 batteries."

When he goes head to head against someone like the chief justice of the Supreme Court, he also tries to make himself invulnerable to attack. "For every case, every incident we wrote about, we usually had about 30 sources. So in the end," he says, "it wasn't risky at all."

Where does a self-protective, super-successful 44-year-old millionaire go from here? He is already doing exactly what he wants.

Some friends wonder if his arrangement with the *Post* can last forever. What will happen when Ben Bradlee, who has given Woodward the run of the place, steps down? Will Bradlee's likely successor, Len Downie, give Woodward the same freedom?

Woodward and Downie have had their clashes. In 1979, while Downie was Metro editor, Ben Bradlee thought it was time to give Woodward some managerial experience. At the same time, it was thought that Downie, who had gone straight from college to the *Post*, could use a little broadening. So it was decided to give Woodward Downie's job and send Downie to London. Downie's partisans interpreted the move as a slight; their man was being pushed out of his job to make room for Woodward.

From the start, there was a tendency to see Woodward and Downie as rivals. Close in age and well matched in talent, they were obvious contenders for the top job at the *Post*.

As a graduate of Ohio State, Downie had less flair than Woodward and he never was part of the elite Graham-Brad-

lee clique. But Downie is a great reporter in his own right. He also is a better writer than Woodward and a more talented manager. When Don Graham was doing his apprenticeship as a reporter on the Metro section, Downie was his editor. Graham thought he was terrific.

Don Graham is still high on Downie, who is acquitting himself well as managing editor. Around the paper, nearly everyone thinks that in a year or two the executive editor's job will go to Downie.

But Don Graham is also high on Bob Woodward. He made that very clear a few years ago when Woodward was thinking of leaving the paper.

In the wake of the Janet Cooke affair, Woodward was feeling restless. "I was acting like a petulant child," he says. For someone with his long, unbroken winning streak, the Cooke affair was like a punch in the stomach that wouldn't stop hurting.

In 1982, word reached the brass at CBS News that Woodward might be available. CBS jumped at the chance. Bill Moyers, Ed Joyce, then president of CBS News, and his boss, Van Gordon Sauter, all romanced Woodward. Dan Rather took him to lunch. The offer was good—several hundred thousand dollars to appear on-air and head his own investigative unit.

It was a lot more than Woodward was earning at the *Post*. In order to maintain the freedom to go off and write books when he wanted, Woodward had not accepted a raise for some time; ten years after Watergate he was earning only about \$45,000 a year.

Ben Bradlee and Don Graham were appalled when they heard about the CBS negotiations. "It would have been a terrible mistake for him," says Bradlee. Both he and Graham knew it would also hurt the paper. Bradlee wrote his protégé a touching letter, telling him that something would go out of the soul of the paper if he left.

Don Graham took him to dinner and urged him to stay. But he also laid it on the line with Woodward. He told Bob he could do anything on the paper he wanted, but he would probably not be the editor; it was not what he did best. On the other hand, Graham said, if that's what he had his heart set on, other management jobs could be arranged, and the situation could be re-evaluated later. "It was the kind of conversation everybody always hopes their boss will have with them," Woodward says. "It shows you you're loved, you're needed, but you're not ten feet tall. He was absolutely right, and I knew it."

In the end, Woodward could not bring himself to leave. "They pushed all the right buttons on my console," he says. □

43.

BOB WOODWARD AT A GLANCE

Born: March 25, 1943, in Geneva, Illinois.

Childhood: Parents divorced when he was twelve. He and his brother and sister remained with his father, Alfred E. Woodward, an attorney. Acquired four more siblings when his father remarried. The oldest of the seven, Bob Woodward spent most of his time out of the house, busying himself with sports and school activities.

Boyhood interests: Ham radio, football, literature, poker. After school, worked as a janitor in his father's office, where he got in the habit of poking in the files. Claims to have developed his fascination with secrets there.

Education: Valedictorian of his high school class in Wheaton, Illinois. Attended Yale on a Naval ROTC scholarship. Aspired to be a poet and novelist. Received his BA in history in 1965.

Military service: Served as a communications officer in the Navy from 1965 to 1970. Spent four years at sea, one assigned to the Pentagon. Awarded the Navy Commendation Medal in 1970.

Marital history: Married his high school sweetheart, Kathleen Middlekauff, in 1966. Divorced in 1970. Married Frances R. Barnard, a Washington journalist and artist, in 1974. They divorced in 1979. Both complained he worked too much.

Children: One daughter, Mary Tal-

iesin, born in 1976.

Personal traits: Strong-willed, compulsive, thin-skinned, generous.

Vices: An occasional glass of wine or Scotch.

Virtues: Militant non-smoker.

Hobbies: Sailing, golf, tennis, spy novels.

Favorite author: Charles McCarry.

Favorite composers: Bach, Beethoven, Brahms.

Poker buddies: Pete Silberman, Larry Barrett, Lou Cannon, Tom Edsall, Bob Healy.

Hardcover books sold: *All the President's Men*, with Carl Bernstein, in 1974: 600,000 copies. *The Final Days*, with Carl Bernstein, in 1976: 900,000 copies. *The Brethren*, with Scott Armstrong, 1979: 900,000 copies. *Wired*, 1984: 600,000.

All sold more than 1 million copies in paperback.

Net worth: Upwards of \$6 million. Invested in bonds and real estate.

Residences owned: House on Q Street in Georgetown valued at more than \$1 million. Beach-front house near completion in Edgewater, Maryland.

Career history: Reporter, *Montgomery County Sentinel*, 1970-1971. *Post Metro* reporter, 1971-1975. Transferred to national staff in 1976. Named metropolitan editor in 1979. Since 1982, has served as assistant managing editor/investigative.