

THE GAME PLAYER

Other works by Miles Copeland

THE GAME OF NATIONS

THE GAME OF NATIONS REVISITED

INTERNATIONAL TERRORISM
AND SOVIET STRATEGY

THE REAL SPY WORLD

(published in the US as WITHOUT CLOAK OR DAGGER)

— The —
GAME PLAYER

*Confessions of the CIA's
original political operative*

Miles Copeland

AURUM PRESS

*To Lorraine,
for overlooking and forgiving*

*To Lucky, Archie, Veronique and Peter,
for understanding*

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

(sort of)

From reading other people's books, I gather that it's customary to include a page or two of 'acknowledgements', listing persons who've been helpful in correcting errors and supplying forgotten data. Well, no one has helped me in *adding* anything to this account of my scattered life. The fact is that in trying to reconstruct it I got carried away, and before I realized what I had done I had written some 700 or 800 typewritten pages, from a quarter of a million to half a million words.

It was great fun, but my friend and editor, Michael Alcock, thought it 'a bit much', as he put it. Wielding the meat axe with which he customarily brings manuscripts of his more unmanageable authors back to earth, he had his hit man, Peter James, cut my book down to about a half of its original length. So the names I am about to list are not people who helped me with the book but people who helped me with my *life*. Well, not exactly. Among the many, many people who've been of inestimable help or inspiration to me, those I list here are only the few about whom I had amusing or (I thought) instructive anecdotes that were victims of my publisher's savagery.

They are: Nael and Suheil Ass'ad, Sir Richard Beaumont, Sir Harold Beeley, Rabbi Elmer Berger, Priscilla Buckley, Jane (Carter) Burke, Kay Clarke, Anne Diamond (sigh!), Tommy and Thelma (Burns) Dorsey, Nicholas Eliot, Colleen Graffey, Christine Helms, Pat Lochrie, Peter Lunn, Cynthia Margulies, Katy Markowitz, Helen Morrison, John O'Sullivan, David Phillips,* Gayle Riley, Patrick Seale, Leila (Maw)

*Following a precedent set by David in his marvellous book, *The Night Watch*, I have given names of friends in CIA and SIS ('MI6') only if they have been positively identified in other writings. To further obscure their intelligence associations, I have listed these names in alphabetical order.

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Strauss, Jean and Richard Parker, Arkady and Elaine Shevchenko, Bruce and Louise Starzenski, and . . . well, there were about twenty others, but they are friends who, for one reason or another, won't feel hurt by my omission.

About others Michael has made me omit, people included in the original draft because I thought they lent piquancy to my recital, he said I was only 'name-dropping'. (A tale about how I once dumped a whole plate of potato salad over the head of 'Gentleman Sam' Giancana in a Harlem whorehouse is *name-dropping*?) Then a hypersensitive legal adviser he dredged up from somewhere cut out anecdotes that I regarded as good clean fun but he thought would get us sued for libel. For example, there was an account of how an SIS friend of mine put a few holes in a French intelligence officer just as he was about to blow the whistle on a small 'co-operative' the three of us had going in Libya. As I saw it, my friend had performed a public service, but the lawyer said the SIS bloke might not see it that way since he had publicly denied the act altogether – forgetting, perhaps, that I was standing next to him when he pulled the trigger.

There were several other such vignettes in my original draft, all told in the best possible taste, but the lawyer forbade me to make even oblique references to them. Small wonder that no one will ever write a completely truthful book about my particular field of activity. Too many high-powered toes to be stepped on.

Ah well. Michael and his lawyer are probably right, but *they* disliked a category of cuts that *I* insisted upon making. In all my past writings, I have asserted somewhere in the texts that I do not 'clear' my drafts with the security authorities of any US or British Government agency. I do, however, impose my own security disciplines. I patriotically refrain from saying anything that I think might harm the security defences of the United States, but that's not all. Before I give the go-ahead to any publisher, I send manuscripts to two or three friends high in the American and British Governments with cards saying, 'Complimentary Draft Copy; hope you like it.' If I get no reaction, I assume that I am on safe ground – not legally, perhaps (I don't quibble over whether or not I have broken this or that security regulation), but 'consciencewise' as they still say on Madison Avenue. It happens that I am a longtime subscriber to that now unfashionable and much derided old slogan, 'My country right or wrong'.

I must add that after three books and some twenty or thirty newspaper and magazine articles touching on highly sensitive intelligence and security matters, I have been called only four times, three by senior

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members of the US Government and once by a senior member of Her Majesty's Government. The calls said, politely, that 'it would perhaps be better' if I didn't reveal this or that item, and I acceded to the 'requests' (if that is what they were) without question. To this, my autobiography, however, the reactions have been a bit different. From one of those to whom I sent a manuscript I got a letter that was personal in tone, but had obviously been written upon orders of his superiors. It thanked me for thinking of him, and then went on to say that it touched upon matters where, not knowing all of the background, I perhaps didn't realize how sensitive they were. My stories, told innocently, might enable professional enemies of the United States to complete half-secrets in their possession, and to use their completed knowledge to the serious detriment of American interests. So out they came. Wherever possible, however, in emulation of the notorious Victor Marchetti, I have indicated places in the book where the missing bits might have gone.

Incidentally, despite his misguided political attitudes, Victor happens to be a very fine fellow. When sales of his book on the CIA were soaring and mine were in the doldrums, he paid his own fare to London to help me boost sales by debating with me on various television and radio shows. Also, he sympathized with me publicly as the CIA failed to give me the assistance it had given him. When I visited the Agency's legal department, informing them of the secrets I intended to reveal, instead of taking me to court they told me I should go out and get my own publicity. The only help I got publicitywise was from the world's most famous spy, Kim Philby, who went on Radio Moscow to tell the world what an unscrupulous rascal he had found me to be over the fifty-odd years we had known each other.

Chapter 1

ALABAMA SIC STANTIBUS

The CIA psychologists who interviewed me for 'special assignment' were Dr Egerton Ballachi of Stanford University, who had been part of the team under Harvard's Dr Henry Murray, author of the Second World War classic entitled *Assessment of Men*; Major William Morgan, a Yale psychologist who had studied the 'frustration tolerance' of intelligence agents in 'no win' situations; and Dr Mabel Turner, a motherly woman in her sixties who in the Second World War had been dropped behind enemy lines half a dozen times, had received as many decorations for bravery, had written a 'guidelines' manual entitled *The Criminal Mentality and the Intelligence Operation*, and had won such a reputation for sympathy and intelligent understanding with the newly formed Central Intelligence Agency that every wrongdoer knew to discuss his sins with her before tackling Security.

When the appraisal session started we were in a group of, oh, eight or nine men in Brooks Brothers' suits and button-down collars and one serious, bespectacled young woman just back from an archaeological expedition in East Africa. But when the time came for the written tests a secretary stuck her head round the door to call me out for special attention. In a room, bare but for a table and a few folding chairs, I sat alone to take a series of true-or-false, multiple-choice and word-association tests and finally the famous Rorschach test in which one looks at a series of symmetrically shaped ink blots and writes down what each suggests. All the while, I was observed closely by two quite attractive but scholarly appearing young women who alternated between looking over my shoulder as I wrote and peering at me intently to detect changes of expression on my face as I dealt with what they knew to be the tricky questions.

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I breezed through the tests in a fraction of the required time, and was taken back into the original room, from which the other hopefuls had departed, to be seated before the three psychologists. Dr Turner told me that, without taking time to think, I should name three people that I hated. I couldn't think of any, and after a few seconds of scratching my head, I said so.

'Oh, come on,' she said. 'Surely there's someone you dislike.' Again, I couldn't think of one, and I really tried. Will Rogers was being quoted widely at the time for having said, 'I never met a man I didn't like'; I couldn't go quite *that* far, but I could honestly say that I had never met a man – or woman – that I *disliked*, but my instincts told me that I shouldn't admit it. After all, I was being tested for 'special assignment', and in an agency where an indiscriminate love of humanity was hardly an asset.

'Well,' I said, 'I'm not so hot on Adolph Hitler.' Not so much as a snicker did this produce. It was like an AIDS patient saying, 'Well, at least I'm keeping my weight down.' Then one of the three asked me a few questions about my religious beliefs. Aha! I said to myself. *Now* I knew what he was getting at. I explained that, no, my love of humanity – or, rather, this deplorable inability of mine to *hate* any part of it – was due to nothing more serious than a simple glandular deficiency, and had no moral base whatever. 'And if you want me to ice someone, I'd be happy to do it,' I said, smiling innocently. 'Just don't ask me to hate him.' The perfect answer. It got me my first overseas assignment: Damascus, Syria, where such an attitude was essential.

So we moved on to the questions which cause me to mention this testing session in this particular chapter. Dr Ballachi asked, 'Can you remember the early influences in your life that account for what you are today?' and I said, 'Yes, they were Miss Eddy, Miss Archibald, Miss Callen and one or two others whose names I can't remember but who, all the same, were great influences.' I explained that I had named the first high-school teachers whose names had popped into my head.

'No men? You had only women for teachers?'

'Oh, there were a few I suppose, but they were wimps. I don't remember any of them.'

'Any of them your, you know, role model?'

'I think I'd have to say Miss Archibald. Valleyoung Archibald! Can you beat a name like that? She was about . . .' Oops! I saw I had their intense interest, but for the wrong reasons. I suddenly realized what they were getting at. 'What I meant was, she was a very nice *person*, I liked her sense of humour, the way she handled people, and like that. My role model was Douglas Fairbanks. Yes, Douglas Fairbanks.' (Narrow escape, that.)

Sighs of relief all around. The assignment my superiors had in mind for me called for no-nonsense masculinity. I learned later that the three psychologists, among their other remarks, had written 'robustly heterosexual' on my appraisal sheet right next to 'a thoroughly amoral character'. But the word-association and inkspot tests *had* shown, as I learned a year or so later when I stole my personnel file from Central Registry, that women *had* exercised a considerable influence over my life, and no doubt still did. But what was true of me was no doubt true of all males who grew up in Alabama in the twenties and thirties. Highly intelligent, well-brought-up and attractive women – or 'ladies', as we said in the Deep South of that period – would accept the low pay of teaching jobs, while, even in depression years, men of equal calibre wouldn't.

But why had I blurted out such a stupid answer, actually believing at the time that it was true? I now know why. It was because when I first went into the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), and into the CIA immediately afterwards, I was deeply impressed with how *educated* everyone was, not just with PhDs but with PhDs from Harvard, Yale and other Ivy League colleges. Misses Eddy, Archibald, Callen, Davis, Game, Cross and Willoughby were all first-rate people as well as first-rate teachers, who knew that the phenomenon that takes place in the classroom was learning, not teaching, and that their job was to interest us and to give us criteria by which to judge things. Without batting an eye, I now say that the 'education', as I learned to use that word, that I and others got at Erskine Ramsay Technical High School in Birmingham, Alabama, compared favourably with that of the numerous Harvard, Yale and Princeton CIA people who worked over and under me years later.

Let me give an example. As one of the questions in the test, we were asked to make use of a barometer to determine the height of, say, the Empire State Building. While the others were making calculations from what they had learned in mathematics classes of their various universities, I gave the answer that resulted in my being taken into the next room for special consideration: 'I would find the architect and offer him a nice new barometer in exchange for his telling me how high his building was' – which is exactly what I would have done had I been confronted with such an unlikely problem in real life.

Professors Ballachi, Morgan and Turner – 'Edge', Bill and Mabel – who later became great friends, were as amazed at me as I was at them. The effect on me of being surrounded by men and women of impressive academic qualifications was a mixture of humble respect for their superior learning and constant surprise at their insistence on turning simple problems into complicated ones, and then being unable to solve them, yet

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knowing how to give convincing explanations of *why* they were insoluble. From the beginning of my association with the CIA, I was surrounded by this kind of mentality. So it is natural that when I was asked about early influences on my character, the first answer to pop into my head was one bearing on my own academic qualifications, however distant they were from those of my questioners.

So, let me see, what *were* my early influences? My father? No, he was some eighteen or twenty years older than my mother, and the age of my playmates' grandfathers, not their fathers. All I remember about him was that he believed in *teaching* rather than learning, and that I resisted everything he tried to force down my throat with the result that I now have blind spots in areas of my cognizance where I really need to see clearly, and a severe distaste for anything presented to me as a *chore*, something I *had* to do. My mother? Yes. She was loving, kind, considerate, humorous, a wonderful anecdotalist, and she had a gift of being able to see the bright side of any misfortune and the funny side of any disaster, as well as compassion for its victims.

I had tuberculosis for the two years before I was supposed to go to school, and when I finally started I was far ahead of other kids of the same age since I had spent two years of concentrated study, in bed, learning to read, write and do sums with an old aunt who regarded me as a 'challenge'. Then there were Waights Taylor, the neighbourhood intellectual, who taught me *what* to read, and my younger brother, Hunter, the neighbourhood athlete, who unwittingly taught me how to incorporate it into my budding lifestyle. You see, when I finally went to school, I quickly found out that it's no sin to be smart, and no sin to be frail, but to be smart *and* frail is to other kids what red flags are to bulls. Adjusting to the fact that a brother two years younger than myself could restrain me whenever I attacked him made me what I am today. Learning that I couldn't get the better of him by physical force, I resorted to cunning. I got good at it. I became unequalled at it.

By the time I was in my upper teens I could outsmart not only my brother but also the other kids so as to get whatever it was I wanted from them. I had them lining up to buy forged 'commemorative issue' stamps, raffle tickets for 'mystery tours', aphrodisiacs that would work on 'nice' girls (the only kind we needed them for), and subscriptions to a 'zoo' of Alabama fauna to be made up of animals to be trapped at some unspecified time in the future by the local Boy Scout troop. When I was finally exposed, the school principal, Mr T. C. Young, said the victims should thank me because I had taught them a lesson that would be invaluable to them later on when they entered the Real World. He had himself been my

first 'subscriber' to that 'zoo', thereby getting a more succulent taste of the Real World than he had bargained for.

How this brings back a flood of old memories! There was Jake Holbinder, star of the spring play. He made dramatic history by getting an erection that could be seen all the way from the balcony as he was holding hands with Maybelle Abernathy and singing, in duet, 'Oh, Promise Me'. The poor kid wasn't old enough to understand what was happening to him, although he knew that holding hands with Maybelle had something to do with it, and Maybelle was oblivious of the whole thing until the tittering developed into giggling and then into raucous laughter and she finally looked down at Jake's bulging trousers, screamed and fled from the stage.

Another poor kid was Herkie McCormick who had fleas – yes, *fleas!* When this was first discovered no one would come near him, let alone sit next to him in class, and he was the most miserable kid alive. He bathed twice a day, used every insecticide known to science, and lived in Mountain Brook, the 'better' part of town, but still he had those damn fleas. Finally, when we all learned that the fleas were strictly for Herkie, and weren't interested in the rest of us, we used to spend parts of our recess periods picking them off him. But no sooner were they off than they'd jump right back on – on Herkie, that is, ignoring the rest of us. For the first time in his life, Herkie was the centre of attention. He blossomed. He gained in social confidence. I have a theory that he has those fleas to thank for having eventually become the leading corporate lawyer in the state.

Then there was scrawny little Beauregard ('Bo') Rosenbloom, now a leading New York brain surgeon, who had a pronounced lisp. Like Demosthenes, he eventually developed an oratorical style to a point where his brilliance now keeps medical conventions spellbound as he goes on about trigeminal nerves, pituitary disorders and *tics douloureux*, but at age twelve his speech was hopeless. On the occasion to which I refer he was called upon to recite Lincoln's Gettysberg Address at the regular Thursday-morning auditorium session at which the whole school was gathered.

'Four thcore and theven yearth ago,' he intoned . . . and then went on, in an earnest voice which was gradually crescendoing into a shriek, as the audience began to laugh every time he came to a word with one or more esses in it. Finally, he stopped talking, looking defiantly out over the auditorium, and said words which have now, in Birmingham, become immortal, and were finally adopted by the Signal Corps of the 31st National Guard Division: 'You tan tith my ath, evvy-BODY!!!' he shouted

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before stomping off the platform. The audience roared, and rose as one to applaud. 'Old Bo', as he is now called, became one of our town's legendary heroes.

This reminiscing wouldn't be complete without mention of a truly wonderful man, the only male school teacher whom I remember and one whom I could easily have mentioned as a role model had I not been dazzled by all the erudition around me when I was undergoing those CIA tests: Coach Kelly, or 'Fred', as we were allowed to call him after we had become fellow adults.

In 1944, I think it was, I'm in Paris walking down the Champs-Élysées and whom do I see coming towards me but Coach Kelly. And he's only a captain, as I was, when a man of his ability and presence should have been at least a colonel. We greet each other warmly, I ask him what I should call him, 'Mr Kelly' not making sense in an exchange of pleasantries between two army officers of the same rank, and he said 'Fred' would do. We proceed to have lunch together, and he tells me an amazing story which I now repeat for the benefit of old friends down in Birmingham who may read this book, provided they promise not to pass it on. But, first, I must give a bit of background on the special relationship that existed between Mr Kelly and myself.

In the school year 1930-1, a series of more or less harmless pranks besieged Erskine Ramsay Technical High School in the form of grades being mysteriously changed on exam papers, 'intelligence reports' on school bulletin boards detailing alleged sexual irregularities of some of the younger teachers, and 'Advice to the Lovelorn' memoranda telling this or that boy or girl how to go about winning or rejecting the favours of those in pursuit of them. All very harmless, but eye-catching. The perpetrator was one 'Arsène Lupin', a name borrowed from a French novel about a Parisian art thief who had been portrayed by John Barrymore in one of the first talking movies. As a student known for his sense of civic responsibility, I suggested various means of apprehending this villain, even going so far as to organize vigilante groups to police the halls where the offending bulletin boards were located. Finally, I gave Mr Kelly a list of 'traps' which, if planted and supervised properly, would catch the miscreant.

Well, Mr Kelly, who had known his identity all along – i.e. me – planted the traps in such a way that I would walk into them, and he managed to catch me just as I was about to launch a propaganda campaign linking him romantically to a Miss Munn, a sweet but homely geography teacher known to have a crush on him. Kelly the super-sleuth! Old 'T.C.' wanted to expel me, but Mr Kelly had so enjoyed the 'game' that he saved me

from anything worse than a few afternoons of extra schoolwork – in the room of a young and delicious Latin teacher, appropriately named Miss Game – hardly a punishment.

So Mr Kelly – by now, ‘Fred’ – and I meet in Paris. I had heard that Fred had come upon hard times. Although he was honest as the day is long, and although there was nothing that anyone could pin on him in the way of dipping into school funds, overcharging on his expense allowances, or cheating on his wife with some rich widow, the School Board people couldn’t understand how he could afford such a nice house in such a posh neighbourhood, and support two Buicks, one for himself and one for his wife. Well, I am now about to reveal the secret.

At lunch, Fred said, ‘I have a confession to make that I’ve held on to for all of these years. Have you ever read *The Shadow*?’ Who hadn’t? It was the most popular mystery magazine then on the stands, and there was a radio series based on it that people of all ages listened to for an hour every Sunday night, schoolwork notwithstanding. The confession? Coach Fred Kelly, my role model, was ‘The Shadow’, getting three cents a word for writing an average of 15,000 words a week. An average of \$450 a week on top of his schoolteacher’s salary, not to mention royalties he was getting for the radio performances, was big money in those days. Thus, we had been kindred spirits all along, differing only in modes of expression. Coach Kelly had the imagination and daring to venture into something that those around him assumed to be so far beyond their reach that even to think about it would have been considered no more than idle pipe-dreaming, enough to provoke what, in those depression years, was the worst put-down: ‘He’s a good man, but he doesn’t have his feet on the ground.’ Omitting the ‘he’s a good man’ part, that’s certainly what my teachers and classmates said about me.

Chapter 2

SCHOOL, JAZZ BANDS AND THE US ARMY

Let me see. Now what *did* I bring away from Ramsay High School with me? What, that is, besides a mastery of Boolean algebra, Euclidean geometry, mathematical game theory, philosophical syntax, deontic logic and suchlike? What, indeed? But I had two extracurricular passions: having memorized the odds for poker and blackjack hands, the first was the obsessive eye I kept on my schoolmates' allowances. The second, though, held special promise for a sensitive teenager growing up in the depression years. It was my trumpet. I had soured on it, since my father made me practise the damn thing for an hour every morning, but I was naturally musical, even to the extent of having perfect pitch, and it took little effort to be good enough to play first trumpet in the Ramsay High School Band. A quirk in my character showed up that I didn't fully understand until I had a son of my own who is a musical genius: I practised an hour a day at home, playing 'My Wild Irish Rose' out of tune to annoy my father, then I spent three or four hours in the afternoon hidden in the school music room practising obsessively.

It was the secret practice, not the hour at home, that did it. By early 1932 I was playing on station WSGN radio with the all-black band, 'J. Heathcliff Jones and his Society Orchestra, coming to you courtesy of the Violet Dream Perfume and Toilet Water Company', that later became Erskine Hawkins's big band from Tuskegee, Alabama, playing 'Tuxedo Junction' in Harlem's Cotton Club. From there, I never looked back. To start, my trumpet got me to the University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, where I went with every intention of attending classes until I was teased into fury by Jerry Jerome, a medical student but incidentally one of the finest tenor saxophone players of the big-band era. Every time I cracked a note or played something that could be called 'corny' (a popular term of

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opprobrium in those days) Jerry, sitting just in front of me in a band known as the Cavaliers, would stop playing, turn around and shake his head in disgust. He called me the 'campus bugler'.

But my musical deficiencies were to me what the lisp had been to Bo Rosenbloom. I had been practising three hours a day back in Birmingham, but now I dropped all pretence of going to classes, a waste of time anyhow, and practised six and eight hours a day, my way of saying 'tith my ath' to Jerry and other members of the Cavaliers. But not exercises and scales. I played only cadenzas in the manner of Bunny Berrigan and arpeggios borrowed from Art Tatum. I never learned to play 'Flight of the Bumblebee' as Harry James had, but when Jerry was with Harry a few years later in the Benny Goodman band he told him he should slow down and take note of the stuff his old friend and contemporary was doing down in Birmingham and New Orleans, advice that Harry went out of his way to tell me when he invited me to join his band in 1937.

Getting Jerry's admiration was a goal in itself, and after he reached the top he put in a good word for me in big-band jazz circles, with the result that every job I got with the big-time orchestras was thanks to him – including, incidentally, one miserable week I spent trying to keep awake as I played fourth trumpet with the Glenn Miller orchestra on the Roosevelt Hotel roof in New Orleans in September 1940. That week, though, led to what I think it's fair to call a quantum step in my accelerating lifestyle. On the last night of the engagement, Glenn called the band together to tell us about a great idea that had occurred to him. 'We're all going to be drafted,' he said, 'so maybe we can go in together.' He was past draft age himself, but the rest of us were young and healthy, and the thought of spending the war playing jazz for the troops was appealing. It was just an idea, but I took Glenn at his word when he said that he and regular members of the band would join the army after finishing their upcoming engagement at Frank Daly's Meadowbrook in New Jersey.

I've long since forgotten the details of how it came about, but after a couple of weeks back home in Alabama, I went out to the National Guard armoury and joined the Rainbow Cavalry, famous for having in it more horses' asses than horses. I hoped to get basic training over with so as to be ahead of the other Miller band members when their time came. But, as it turned out, their time didn't come until almost two years later, by which time I was on active duty in Europe, and so deep into a new kind of life that it seemed like a different world.

A different world it certainly was. As a jazzband musician, I earned top

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money (for that era, I mean); I had the respect, and even the admiration, of my colleagues; I enjoyed playing big-band jazz more than I've ever enjoyed any vocation or avocation, before or since. But the world of nightclubs and jazz venues was not for me. I liked the other musicians all right – very much in fact, and I think they liked me. But no more than two or three times in the seven or eight years of my life with them did some other member of an orchestra say to me, 'Hey, why don't you and I take in a movie this afternoon?' Oddly, life in the army was exactly the opposite. I was the world's worst soldier, but I mixed easily with my co-workers. When I reported for duty to the National Guard armoury on 25 November 1940, to work in the divisional Finance Office I felt that I'd found a home.

The head of the unit was one Colonel Cogdell, an insurance salesman and ward-heeling politician who had joined the National Guard because it was good for business and had risen to the rank of lieutenant-colonel because he excelled in the Boy Scout talents needed in a peacetime army. He made his eighteen-year-old son the unit's master sergeant, and he appointed as his son's deputy a good-natured circuit judge whose favour he wanted to curry. With me he made his greatest mistake. No doubt dazzled by a misleading display of financial success (I was a nifty dresser in those days, and I arrived at the armoury in a shiny Packard sedan), he made me the third in command, a staff sergeant. Then he brought in Bob Craig, a drummer in one of the better local bands and the funniest man alive, Hugh Yarber, an old drinking buddy, George Allen Smith, a preacher's son who had had the temerity to compete with me for the town's prettiest girls, and some seven or eight others with whom I was entirely comfortable. My milieu exactly – for that stage of my life anyhow.

The work? It was marvellous! One didn't even need a brain. I could sit there all day long going over pay accounts, doing them swiftly and mechanically, while my mind was a thousand miles away. The Colonel and his son were horses' asses, to be sure, but I rather liked them, both being quite nice in a slimy sort of way. They added greatly to the comedy of our situation. We had to take them seriously to their faces, but behind their backs Bob, Hugh, the others and I made mental notes and discussed their behaviour in lines that, forty years later, I could use in a film script my oldest son commissioned me to write. I, too, was a source of general amusement. The fact is that, like Einstein, I knew mathematics but was terrible at arithmetic. Not only did I make mistakes in simple addition, I couldn't keep my decimal points straight. Once I had a second lieutenant paid \$130,000 as his monthly salary. He was most appreciative, but being honest and bucking for promotion ('It's going to be a long war,' he told

me later) he brought back his cheque and called the mistake to the attention of the Colonel, who immediately saw to it that he was paid the correct amount, \$130. I was then given the task of merely counting the vouchers, not deciding what figures to enter in them.

Years later when my clone, Ian, was getting kicked out of one school after another, each headmaster would say, 'I think he'll be happier in a larger school.' That's what Colonel Cogdell, in effect, finally said to me, suggesting tactfully that I might be 'happier' in a 'less selective' unit, one not involving any form of arithmetic – a regular infantry company, for example. But then I was saved by the bell. In mentioning Einstein a moment ago I was not merely whistling Dixie, as we used to say. It emerged that I was a pretty smart chap after all, and the discovery became another turning point in my life. Before being sent off in troop trains to Camp Blanding, Florida, the first posting of the 31st National Guard Division, several hundred of us were assembled in the armoury gymnasium and given what was known as the Army General Classification examination, an army version of the Binet-Simon intelligence quotient (IQ) test, modified to include measurement of aptitudes and to exclude 'cultural factors' such as would put at a disadvantage the 'ethnically underprivileged' among us. Since the questions were mostly multiple choice, anyone with the instincts of a gambler knows that he should rule out the two most unlikely, the extremes, and bet on one of the two in the middle, thereby increasing the odds from one out of four to one out of two. So where I didn't actually know the right answer, I simply guessed and moved on. The result, I learned much later, was that I scored well into the super-genius class.

At about the time Colonel Cogdell was learning how stupid I was, Personnel was deciding how best to use my superior brainpower. So just after the division had been moved to the swamps of Louisiana for spring manoeuvres in the rain and the mud, I was called to the Adjutant-General's office to be sent to Camp Livingstone, in Monrovia, Louisiana, for further tests. In a room with just two other soldiers, I took the test again. Much the same results – 160 something, when the average for enlisted men in the army as a whole was supposed to be 100, for officers 110 (the minimum for admission to Officers' Training), and for Southern rednecks and blacks, about 85. I had made 145 on the first test, then 160 on the second, anything above 140 being 'genius'.

This, I learned later, was the highest recorded in the whole US army, even higher than the record set earlier by my cousin, Don Scott (brains run in the family, it seems), and roughly the same as the estimated IQs of Albert Einstein, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe and Jesus Christ as

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calculated by a group of psychologists at Stanford University, including Professor Egerton Ballachi whom I've already mentioned. 'Hey there,' I thought, 'I'm super-brain.' So what am I doing down here in the rain and the mud with all these peasants?

Back in the Finance tent, I rounded up paper and pencil and wrote a letter to the finest man in the world, Representative John Sparkman, who later became Senator John Sparkman, top man in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and numerous times my benefactor in following years. Then I arranged a ten-day leave, on the excuse of a dying grandmother or something of the sort, and took a train to Washington. Upon hearing what a great genius I was, John sent me immediately to the office of General 'Wild Bill' Donovan, who was forming something called the Co-ordinator of Information, later to become the famous Office of Strategic Services, the wartime intelligence service of the US Government known as the OSS and still later the peacetime CIA.

General Donovan and I liked each other on sight, in the way that Jilly Cooper, my adviser on British politesse, tells us that people from opposite ends of the social scale can like one another while people of two levels close together rarely do. I arrived in his office just after noon, and in minutes I was telling anecdotes about manoeuvres in the Louisiana swamps and my life with the Cogdells. He laughed and laughed, and asked me if I had had lunch. So there I was, minutes later, having sandwiches and beer at the desk of the famous Wild Bill Donovan at a time when he was all but inaccessible to everyone in the outside world except President Roosevelt. I walked out of there with assurances that I would soon be hearing from him.

So back to the mud, counting piles of vouchers. I had sunburn, poison ivy, mosquito bites, a wet sleeping bag and every form of misery it is possible to have in a swamp that was cold and rainy at night and hot and humid in the daytime. As required of soldiers even when on manoeuvres, I shaved every morning, but my uniform was wrinkled, caked with mud, and a general mess – a fact that is relevant to Colonel Cogdell's reaction when he first learned, by top-secret orders, that I was being investigated for an assignment in Washington. As much as he liked the thought of getting rid of me, he did not take these tidings at all well. He called me to his tent one evening just before supper time, and when he saw me his first words were, 'You are a disgrace to your uniform!'

Disgrace to *that* uniform? I tried to keep from laughing, but I couldn't. Then, seeing that the Colonel didn't appreciate the humour in the situation, I straightened my face and tried to look serious. Then I broke out laughing again, pulled myself together again trying to look earnest,

then broke up again. In the end I gave up, and was practically rolling on the floor with tears running down my cheeks. Colonel Cogdell just sat there, getting madder and madder and redder and redder. He was already pissed off because that 110 IQ brain of his had somehow grasped the fact that my grandmother wasn't dying at all, and that I had used my ten-day pass to work out some kind of a deal for myself, and that I had somehow used *political* pull, the kind in which he specialized, to swing it. Now I was laughing in his face. 'You'd better pray every night that you get that job, whatever it is,' he said. 'From now on this isn't going to be a happy place for you.'

His idea of making me miserable was not to give me more piles of vouchers to count, which I wouldn't have minded, but to ignore me altogether – a lucky break because it gave me time to sneak over to the headquarters of the regiment from Louisiana, and locate the division jazz band made up of musicians from New Orleans, some of them friends, and some of them suckered into the army to play with the theoretical Glenn Miller orchestra which actually wasn't going to materialize until a year later. I'll spare my readers the details (they are of no particular interest anyhow), but it was quickly arranged that I be transferred over there for the time it took for my security clearance to come through.

So, for a final fling, there I was back in a jazz band. When Colonel Cogdell saw that it would mean busting me from sergeant to private he was delighted, even more so when he heard that in conditions of actual battle army bandsmen didn't blow their horns but dragged dead bodies off the battlefield. 'I'm sure you'll be good at it just so long as they don't ask you to count the bodies,' he said as he signed the papers agreeing to the transfer.

The next few weeks weren't exactly the apex of my military career, but dragging dummies daubed with red paint off the simulated battlefield wasn't too tiresome a job, especially as there was an hour of military band every morning and three hours of jazz band rehearsal every afternoon. But then, one rainy night as I was contemplating my lot while sharing pup tent with Hank Freeman, who *did* eventually wind up in the Miller band, I heard a voice coming out of the darkness calling my name. I wasn't sure of it at first, but it got louder and louder until it was unmistakable. 'Private Copeland,' the voice said just outside my pup tent, 'here are some orders that are so secret I can't even read 'em myself.'

The corporal wearing a raincoat with a fluorescent messenger's insignia held a flashlight for me, and I read 'em. They said I should immediately report to Camp Livingston, draw two hundred dollars (the equivalent of a thousand today), buy myself a pullman car ticket to Washington, DC, via

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Birmingham, where I was granted an additional ten days' leave and time to buy myself some civilian clothes.

The next day, after being discharged at Camp Livingston by a smiling and respectful personnel officer who was deeply impressed by the secret orders I was carrying, I was sitting in the dining car of a train to Birmingham drinking an Old Fitzgerald and soda in preparation for a fine dinner, and looking out of the window as the train wound its way through the manoeuvre area where I could see a sea of GIs bedding down for the night in a drizzling rain. So back to the Big League – but this time not in a jazz band.

Chapter 3

WASHINGTON AT WAR

And so, Washington. I'll skip the details of settling in, except to say that upon reporting to General Donovan's headquarters on the Potomac between Georgetown and Foggy Bottom, I was sent to a private residence on Bancroft Place, just off Connecticut Avenue, where there was the Washington office of something called the Corps of Intelligence Police, the CIP, shortly to become the Counter-Intelligence Corps, the CIC. It seemed that Donovan's Co-ordinator of Information was in the process of being turned into the Office of Strategic Services, and there wasn't as yet a place for 'operators', such as I was to become. I was reassured by Jimmy Murphy, Wild Bill's principal assistant, however, that all was well, that I'd be happy for a while with Colonel Gordon Sheen, the CIP chief, and that I would eventually be transferred to the new OSS – if, that is, I hadn't decided to stay with the CIP when the time came.

Colonel Sheen, it turned out, was an outgoing, dynamic, physical specimen of a man who was one of the first Americans to win black belts in both judo and karate, and who had already made of himself a James Bond before his time – at least in his imagination, and in the stories he told, if not in real life. He was marvellous! A real character of a sort I needed as a boss at that stage of my life. His sense of reality, what little there was of it, had come entirely from adventure and spy thrillers in films and novels, except that he was no Walter Mitty. He had trained himself thoroughly, and he was unquestionably capable of dealing effectively with any of the impossible situations he was able to fantasize. He spent his waking hours scheming ways of *causing* them to come up.

In other words, working for Gordon Sheen offered enormous scope for one such as myself; fortunately, for purposes of training, to use the term loosely, I was assigned to just the partner to help me make the most of it.

He was Frank Kearns, my closest friend and associate for the following twenty years and eventually a famous foreign correspondent for CBS, having a talent that made him invaluable: wherever he set up his camera, whether in a quiet back street in Karachi or on the Beirut waterfront, something spectacularly telegenic was sure to happen in front of it. People appeared from nowhere and began shouting at each other, Bob Vesco or Ed Wilson would slink by wearing dark glasses, or a mugger would seize the purse of an old woman and flee into a rioting crowd. But this was years after I first laid eyes on him. When I first met him, aged about twenty-seven or twenty-eight, he was the spitting image of my jazz band friend, Stan Kenton, except for circles under his eyes resulting from long evenings of mischief and merriment, and, as with Stan, he and I shared certain propensities which will become increasingly apparent throughout the rest of this book.

Training under Frank Kearns was largely a matter of learning all the stock phrases for writing up investigations, and, with Frank as my instructor, I soon learned to write up investigations without actually making them, a talent which came in handy years later when I wrote book reviews for the *Washington Post*. Most of them were nonsense anyhow, designed more to keep us busy than to accomplish anything, so I spent all afternoons that Frank and I weren't at baseball games or the movies figuring out ways of accommodating my own imagination to Colonel Sheen's. This was like getting toothpaste back into the tube. Every time Frank and I went into Sheen's office to report some newly discovered flaw in our nation's security system, he said something like, 'That reminds me of the first time I was in Tokyo. You see, I had been assigned the job of uncovering links between Japanese intelligence . . .' and so on and so on, spinning a yarn which was a mixture of the truth and something he had read in a pulp magazine the evening before. Then the next time we went into his office it would be something totally different. 'Our favourite colonel is a hard man to come to grips with,' Frank said.

We finally came to grips with him in what promised to be the dullest, most pointless and most painful assignment I had during my early weeks with the CIP. On a freezing night in mid-January, Frank and I were to spend the hours of ten o'clock in the evening until seven o'clock the next morning circling the city block where the national headquarters of the American Red Cross was located, E and D streets between 17th and 18th, NW, a block or so south of the State Department building, to be on the look-out for spies or saboteurs (I forget which) who were expected to attack the place at any moment. Spies and saboteurs attack the *Red Cross*? What an imagination! The first few hours of that freezing, windy, lonely

night were the only time I can remember that I was angry with Baron Münchhausen, as Frank had begun to call Colonel Sheen.

In its original form, the assignment was simplicity itself – concocted, no doubt, just to keep Frank and me out of Georgetown hotspots for a few evenings, but it wound up having implications as complicated as a Len Deighton novel. Recounting them here would require more space than they are worth, especially since it would retard the pace of this fast-moving autobiography, but it did lead me to a conclusion that became a linchpin in my lifetime gameplan: if you want to get a firm grasp of what your enemy is up to, you must size him up as you would another player in a poker game. You must put yourself in his shoes, *think* like him for a while, then plan and act as he would in the given circumstances.

After a night of circling the block in zero weather, rifling the safes of the Red Cross headquarters, having an altercation with District of Columbia police, bribing a desk sergeant and holding the bribe over his head to blackmail him into returning the money, we spent two hours back at Bancroft Place composing a report entitled ‘Security Implications of Corruption in the DC Police’. When Colonel Sheen arrived in his office at 8.00 a.m., we confessed that we hadn’t spent quite *all* of the night walking in circles in that freezing Washington night air, but that, exercising some of that ‘initiative’ he was fond of talking about, we’d broken into the Red Cross building and examined the files in an effort to find out what German spies *might* have been looking for.

Colonel Sheen showed no annoyance or surprise, only muttering that we would have been bigger fools than he thought we were had we actually spent the night shivering in the cold, but he was immediately interested in the proposition we put to him. ‘Colonel Sheen,’ I said, ‘we’ve been working our tails off putting our secret information under wraps, without having any real idea which of it the Germans are really after. Moreover, we don’t really *know* how they would go after it; we’re making assumptions that may be entirely unwarranted. I have a hunch that at least three-quarters of these precautions we take aren’t really necessary, and that any German spies that may be about are concentrating on the points we are *not* properly guarding.’

I went on to suggest that Frank and I should ‘game out’ a process of actually *being* German spies for a while to see what we could find out. We could do two things. First, we could find out what the spies might actually do to get around the many expensive and inconveniencing controls we’d installed; second, we could find out what they might learn by so doing. Warming to the suggestion, the Colonel added that we could also learn what the spies did with their information after they got it, communicating

intelligence being a much trickier business than getting it. Did they pass it on in messages written in invisible ink? Did they have wireless transmissions disguised as harmless ham traffic? Were there networks of agents, cut-outs, dead (or live) letter-drops? And so on. He said we had 'one hell of a great idea', but it occurred to me that maybe he'd already had it himself, it being just the kind that would have crossed the mind of one living in his particular kind of fantasy world.

I have no way of knowing exactly what happened to our idea when Gordon Sheen sent it upwards for approval – including, no doubt, approval by General Donovan's organization, which was busily fighting all the bureaucratic battles necessary to gather all such projects under its umbrella – but I do know that when it came back to us it had been scaled down to no more than a kind of security check. As Frank and I were finally instructed, we were to play the roles of German agents and, carrying badly *forged* Red Cross credentials, we were to see which of our numerous security controls we could by-pass and which we couldn't.

We ran through all the possibilities, and finally centred in on the one method which really works – a method of 'agent recruitment and management' which, ten years later, I was to write up into a textbook for CIA training. The questions to which an intelligence officer seeks the answers by means of espionage are these:

- What information do my superiors need to make their plans for both offence and defence, and what part of this information can be obtained *only* by espionage rather than by technical means or simple overt observation?
- Where, physically (i.e. in what *places*), is this information located?
- What persons have access to those places?
- Of those persons, which of them desperately need something we can supply, or can be made to need something we can supply?
- How can we best approach these persons, establish the need and offer to fulfil it without danger of them reporting our approach to their superiors or to anyone else?

Anyway, our play-acting as German spies fizzled out after we submitted a report making the point that German intelligence was likely to build up its intelligence operations around Americans who had been cleared for top-secret information but who were in one way or another vulnerable to threats of blackmail or irresistible offers of remuneration.

It was not long before Frank and I both asked for overseas assignment. Then, late one Indian summer afternoon in 1942 when we were returning to Bancroft Place from investigating an especially trying case (returning

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from a baseball game, in other words) we learned that by only *fifteen minutes* we had missed being included in a group of CIP agents being hurriedly sent to Australia. Had we come back to the office by taxi (as I wanted) instead of by bus (as Frank insisted, wanting to save money) our whole lives might have turned out differently. But no, we missed out on Australia and were, instead, designated for assignment in London, being ordered to leave the following Monday for Indiantown Gap where we were to be inoculated against the various diseases we might catch in the British Isles, equipped for an ocean voyage, given special security briefings and, after one week of it all, put on a troop ship to Europe.

For the record, let me say that there were twelve of us, that everyone except myself had two or more university degrees and spoke one or more European languages, that we were, to a man, the CIC's brightest. (The old Corps of Intelligence Police, by the way, had been renamed the Counter-Intelligence Corps.) We crossed the freezing cold, misty and grey North Atlantic on the *Queen Mary's* sister ship, the *Queen Elizabeth*, not knowing to call her the *QE 1* because we had no way of knowing that there would later be a *QE 2*. Elsewhere on the ship were officers and men of the 1st US Infantry Division, an assortment of service troops and about fifty nurses who were kept apart from the males, spending their days and nights in what had been First Class accommodation in normal peacetime crossings.

Besides the twelve 'special agents' I have just mentioned, our CIC unit included three uniform-wearing officers, Major Kirby Gillette, Captain Murray Faulkner (brother of the literary William and John) and Lieutenant Lynn Allen, all former FBI agents having a healthy respect for their worldly and highly educated charges. They really looked after us, seeing that we got the best to be had on a crowded troop ship despite the opposition of a former shoe salesman from Memphis, Tennessee, one Major-General Arnold Jennings, who had come up through the National Guard and was now in command of all the troops while we were on the high seas. The poor slob, insecure in his position, distrusted anything not covered by military manuals, as we certainly were not. 'If I were to violate army regulations,' he once told us, 'I know you'd be the first to report me, and I'd expect it.' He was a fine, conscientious, highly principled, patriotic officer ready to give his best to his country. In other words, a thoroughgoing shit.

Our quarters were part of the ship which had apparently been the sickbay and the brig, and, considering the circumstances, they weren't at all uncomfortable. But then two things happened to improve our situation, as we had learned to say. It turned out that a week before we sailed

the British officer in command of the ship and its merchant-marine crew, one Captain Hawes-Breeley, had attended a cocktail party in New York where he met our favourite colonel, Gordon Sheen. Gordon, in a voice implying that he was imparting secret information of vital national interest, told him that we were on 'special assignment' and that Hawes-Breeley would be giving Anglo-American relations a much needed shot in the arm if he would see that (a sly wink must have flicked in our colonel's left eye at this point) we were dealt with in the special manner which our vital mission merited. It took the Captain two days to find us, but when he did he saw that we were fitted out with a well-stocked bar, a card table and cards, and a selection of girlie magazines which had been confiscated from some of the crew.

The second thing to boost our persisting good fortune was the 'incident'. It took no more than one single-spaced page of military notepaper to describe it for official purposes, but to us it was a 'quantum step forward', as Major Kirby Gillette, our unit commander, was later to report. It seems that the ship's kitchen crew, all civilians and staunch members of the British seamen's union, had not only demanded tips from soldiers in the chow line, but upon their refusal had made it a daily habit to throw their garbage, much of it liquid, on to the deck where 1st Infantry Division machine-gunners bedded down for the night. On about the third day of this, a regular army master sergeant, one Jack Quigley, weighing well over two hundred pounds, all of it muscle, singled out the ringleader, the top member aboard of the British seamen's union, and demanded that he and the others clean up the mess. 'Clean it up yourself, mate,' said the top union chap.

Quigley turned to infantrymen standing by, and pointing to four of them, said, 'You, you, you and you, throw the sonofabitch overboard.' Without a moment's hesitation, they grabbed the offending crewman by his arms and legs, swung him back and forth a few times to build up a bit of momentum, and threw the sonofabitch overboard, just as their sergeant had directed, right into the cold waters of the North Atlantic.

The crewmen looking on were stunned. Before they could regain anything like composure, Sergeant Quigley asked, 'Now who's in charge?' No one spoke. So he pointed to the biggest, a likely prospect, and said, 'You, Buster, *you* are in charge. Now get these assholes back to work.' No more trouble. The crewmen grabbed mops and buckets, and began cleaning up. There was a bit of muttering about how the Americans could thenceforth expect a certain deterioration in the quality of the cuisine, but Quigley overheard it, grabbed the mutterer by the collar, and informed that if there was so much as one stomachache in a GI for the rest

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of the crossing the whole lot of them would be thrown overboard. There wasn't the slightest doubt in anyone's mind but that he was dead serious. The whole incident hadn't taken more than a few minutes.

We weren't present at the incident, of course; we heard about it the next morning from Captain Hawes-Breeley, who did not send for our Major Gillette; *he* came to see *us* in our very special quarters. A jovial man exuding an aura of confidence mixed with the kind of bonhomie expected of a peacetime cruise captain, he made those of us who had done a bit of world travelling think of captains employed in twos in the good old days on pre-war French ocean liners: from Le Havre to New York one captain would run the ship while the other stayed drunk for the whole voyage and socialized with the passengers, and the two would change roles for the voyage back.

Captain Hawes-Breeley began his remarks in such a way as to suggest that he was only paying a social visit – how much he liked America, how happy he and others like him were that the 'Yanks' had decided to come in and help, how he had a relative in Milwaukee, and so on – and then he got down to business. 'It seems that last night some of your chaps gave the old heave-ho to my salad chef,' he said. He then went on to tell us what he knew of what had happened, assuring us that he was telling us all he knew and that it was all he *wanted* to know.

It was apparent that he had swallowed the bullshit Colonel Sheen had given him at the cocktail party, so he was under the impression that we could investigate the incident 'as professionals' having God knows what high-level contacts in both Washington and London, and that we could see that it was swept under the carpet so as to ensure a minimum of disruption to relations between our two countries. He and the former shoe salesman had already discussed the matter and the two had agreed that we could do the necessary.

Only minutes after the Captain had left us, our commanding general, the former shoe salesman, arrived. With an air of respect bordering on obsequiousness, he seconded the Captain's request that we take over investigation of the incident and that we give him a report which was an entirely honest account of it but was also suitable for passing upwards to his superiors. 'Gladly,' said Gillette, seeing a possible way of getting for us even more comfortable accommodation for the remaining week or so of our crossing.

Kirby assigned the job to Harry Amerman, a big unflappable man who could be counted upon to go after the facts 'in the manner of an intelligent, dispassionate visitor from another planet', as Dr Kissinger was later to say. Harry immediately announced that he needed no

assistance with the investigation itself, but would appreciate the help of Frank and myself in 'exploiting the opportunities' which he presciently believed would be a by-product of his efforts. As we expected, Harry's investigation turned up rather more than our superiors had bargained for. The victim himself (or 'The Swimmer', as some tasteless clerk in the Provost Marshal's office had labelled his file) turned out to have been a neat, quiet man, conscientious on the job, who had become union steward only because no one else wanted the job. To bring a tear to my eye was the fact that, like myself, he had been an outstanding poker player, with the only flaw in his character being a compulsion to deal from the bottom of the deck when having a run of bad hands. As for his co-workers, the ship's civilian crew, and some of our own men and officers, however, it was a different story. How in only two weeks in crossing they could organize black market operations and lay on arrangements to steal ship's supplies, fence them and dispose of them securely upon arrival in port made Frank and me gasp in admiration (Frank said, 'Now I *know* we are going to win this war!'), but the 'opportunities to exploit' provided by all the peccadillos made our mouths water. They also put out of our minds any notion that 'the sonofabitch got what he deserved' since, characteristically, we began to look on the sporting side of the thing.

After a day or so of talking to what passed for 'witnesses' in a situation that called more for blank faces and discretion than for accuracy in observation and frankness, Harry wrote a report beginning with some such sentence as 'The point where subject entered the water was the Faraday Fracture Zone at the northern end of an undersea mountain range known as the North Atlantic Ridge, with depth of just over one mile,' ending with a remark on how many billions of gallons of water were in the 'circumferential area' which provided the seaman with his grave. The body of the report was a reasonably factual report of what had happened, ending with a remark of the ship's first officer to the effect that he was going to make dead certain that kitchen crews on all future convoy trips heard about the incident, and that he believed 'a good example' had been set.

We got a lesson of sorts out of the way the report was received by the reviewing committee – 'sort of an inquest', Harry was told. Sitting around a table piled high with army regulations, there were the Provost Marshal of the 1st Infantry Division, the division Adjutant-General, who had responsibility for administrative details of the crossing, the ship's bursar, who was also its legal officer, and two or three others whom Harry didn't identify. To them, dodging responsibility was the name of the game. They showed no interest whatever in 'the deceased', except that one of

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the senior officers present asked 'Have we notified his family?' after he had been told at least three times that the man had no family. Then one of them said, 'I hope we're not going to spoil the record of a perfectly good sergeant just for zapping a Limey civilian.' This caused the group to look at Harry, who said, 'I'm just going to call it like I see it,' and then, seeing a look on their faces which he took to be disapproval, he added, 'up to a point'.

After Harry had delivered his oral report, each of the officers expressed an opinion on how the affair should be handled, and the Provost Marshal announced his findings: 'death by misadventure', with a sentence or two to convey the impression that there had been a fight of sorts between a group of enlisted men and the ship's crew, and that 'the now deceased' went overboard in the middle of it. With the officers looking over his shoulder, Harry altered his written report right there on the spot. The finished product was entirely consistent with the findings that had been announced by the Provost Marshal. That was that.

What Harry brought back to us, lounging in the cabin which we had set aside in our isolated quarters as a recreation room, was only a single typewritten page, the cover page of his original ten or twelve pages. So making the most of 'exploitable opportunities', as Frank Kearns and I were supposed to do, took a bit of imagination. But we were up to the job. First, we ingratiated ourselves with the sergeant and his four accomplices by telling them how bad things looked for them, and then assuring them that *we* were going to describe the incident in a way that would get them off the hook. Then we did the same with the British kitchen crew, assuring them that we were going to omit from our report what we knew of their stealing, smuggling, hanky panky with females on the ship (at least one rape), and intimidating the ship's senior officers in various ways, and other crimes that Harry's investigation had uncovered.

On an impulse, Frank said, 'You guys were quite right in expecting a bit of financial appreciation for what you were doing to us. Out of the goodness of their hearts, and not because they had to, the boys who did that horrible thing pitched in and took up a collection which they want you to have.' He then turned to me and said, 'Cough up,' and I had to hand over all I had taken from the rest of the team, fairly and squarely, in a poker game the night before. I don't remember the total amount, but it was much more than the kitchen crew, in their wildest dreams, could have hoped to get out of the infantrymen. As a whole, the operation was as clean as a whistle. I forget what, if anything, was done about the crewman who had been thrown overboard, but by the end of the crossing he was forgotten, and his nearest relative, a remote cousin, got only the

routine wartime message of condolences, with details omitted on the excuse of security considerations.

My, how the kitchen crew appreciated our thoughtfulness! While I was good at the subtleties of putting on the pressure, Frank was a master at naming the price. Since we had other targets in mind, we made it reasonable: all the ringleaders had to do was to make up special meals for the CIC team and bring them to our quarters in the dispensary. For the remaining seven days of the trip we ate better than we would eat for the whole of the rest of the war, barring the few months in France after D-Day.

But we had seven days to go. In them we showed that CIC Headquarters, Washington, DC, had made a wise choice in selecting these particular operatives for its first team to go to Britain. In spite of the fact that the part of the ship where the nurses stayed was strictly off limits, Frank managed to smuggle enough of them into our quarters to comprise a party, and later one of them into a cabin on the verandah where the two of them spent their afternoons and nights for the whole remainder of the crossing. As for myself, I slept all day and spent every night shooting craps and taking side bets with 1st Division infantrymen who were guided by superstition rather than mathematics, with the result that I landed in Britain with over two thousand American dollars in my pocket. Since the war, I've crossed the Atlantic on the *QE 2* and the better ocean liners, First Class or better, perhaps a dozen times, and I now say without batting an eye that my wartime voyage with my CIA pals was the best. I'd do it again today if it were possible, paying First Class fare.

And Harry's report? *That* was our finest coup. Just as the top-secret pouch containing it was being sealed, Harry managed to remove the one-page whitewash job and replace it with his original, with his own handwriting across the top saying, 'Let the chips fall where they may.' Whether they did or not we never learned.

Chapter 4

LONDON AT WAR

After a boring month in Cheltenham fighting off colonels and majors trying to figure out who the hell we were, and why, the first CIC team to land in Britain was put in civilian clothes and sent by special train to London. Now, Paddington station is not the most prepossessing first glimpse of what is now my favourite city, and it was a cold and rainy September day. But what an impression! The smells, the sounds, the old buildings, and all this in a section of the city I soon learned was full of bed-and-breakfast hostels full of poor students and the smell of lamb fat and rotting carpets. But I loved it. I had tears in my eyes. It occurred to me that I had probably lived there in some previous life.

While the others were standing around disconsolately awaiting whoever was to meet them, I seized Kearns and another of our colleagues, James Eichelberger, grabbed a taxi, and with them took off for the senior officers' billeting office on South Audley Street. There we flashed our credentials and, in a secretive manner appropriate to the occasion, explained to a much impressed second lieutenant that we were on 'extended special duty' and would require prestigious quarters near the major African and Asian diplomatic establishments, yet within taxi distance of our own embassy at 1 Grosvenor Square. Duly impressed, he immediately directed us to a fully furnished residence on Ovington Square, a hundred yards or so from Harrods, which is today no doubt inhabited by an oil-rich Arab sheikh, but which then cost us £120 a month, £40 each. With it came a proper British staff consisting of gardener, a maid and a housekeeper, who could give us breakfast every morning and, as required, produce an elegant dinner for ourselves and guests made up from delicacies still obtainable from Harrods, even in wartime, augmented by goodies we could filch from the senior officers' mess on South

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Audley Street thanks to a corrupt supply officer with whom Frank made contact on our second day in London.

Not long afterwards, one Sunday afternoon I was walking along Shaftesbury Avenue and I heard coming from within the Cambridge Theatre a combination of arpeggios winding up a Rachmaninov concerto that I knew very well, sounding as though they were being passed back and forth by two pianos, one played by Myra Hess and the other by Art Tatum, and I saw from the signs in front of the theatre that I had been listening to the child prodigy, Moura Lympany. Moura Lympany! Without pausing for breath, I went straight to the stage door, explained to the doorman that I was visiting London as a representative of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, and that I was supposed to meet Miss Lympany and her agent backstage to discuss her upcoming tour of the United States. Hearing my American accent, he let me in without question.

Then Moura. I went right up to her when she was coming off stage between deafening curtain calls, and introduced myself. In a manner which I later learned was typical of her, she simply said, 'Yes, yes, come with the others to Kingswood after I play an encore.' I can't remember who all the others were, but there was a thin, female Argentinian pianist who later changed into a man, her wimpish boyfriend (to use the term loosely) who played the flute and worked in a nearby music store, a student or two, and a Belgian couple who were neighbours of Moura in Kingswood, Surrey, where we were to go after the concert.

Finally, there was a thin, well-tailored man in his mid- or late forties who looked like Igor Stravinsky, wore thick hornrimmed glasses, smoked cigarettes in a long holder, and looked very, very sinister. Did I say earlier that I have never in my life hated anyone? Well, this man, Colin Defries, who turned out to be Moura's guardian, companion, accompanist and, as I soon discovered, lover, came dangerously near to being an exception. Let us just say that there was an instant non-mixing of chemistries.

Moura was wonderful. She immediately began treating me as though we had been lifelong friends, and the seven or eight others joined in. We chattered away in both English and French (very cosmopolitan, this company I had moved into) in the limousines to Waterloo station, on the train down to Kingswood, and finally at dinner in Colin's elegant house, where Moura lived and kept her two pianos. With the exception of Colin, everyone was marvellous to me. We had a wonderful picnic-type dinner, talked for hours in front of a huge log fire, and I wound up spending the night. The next morning I woke up to a fine English breakfast, then I took a walk in the woods with Moura, and spent two hours listening to her

practise before taking a train back to London. If there was nothing in the experience to justify jealousy on the part of Colin it wasn't for want of trying on my part.

On the following Tuesday, I took Moura to lunch at the Dorchester. I invited her to dinner on Saturday night, along with Frank Kearns and a Shakespearean actress named Rosalind Fuller whom he had met in a manner roughly similar to the way I had met Moura, and Moura showed up, not alone but with Colin. At dinner, this time at Mirabelle's, Colin was obnoxious, dominating the evening's conversation, showing off his impressive skill at making insults sound like compliments, all of them directed at Americans (whom he found 'refreshing') and most of them at me personally. I saw him as a 'problem' as defined in my CIC staff manual, something to be eliminated en route to an objective.

But how? Back at Ovington Square, I sat up late in front of the fire discussing the difficulties with Kearns and Eichelberger. Kearns, to my surprise, had *liked* the guy. No matter. After we had weighed several possibilities, he asked, 'Why not just kill him?' Just like that. I don't remember the details of our several hours of rationalizing, except that Kearns harped on the fact that we were in a war and would, in due course, 'kill lots of people', and that he said, 'What's one Svengali more or less?'

Svengali! That did it. Colin Defries was clearly a Svengali who had lured an innocent young girl, a musician and a genius like myself, into his evil clutches. The story, as I had wormed it out of Moura during our walk, was that the war had caught her while she was on a European tour, and she had returned to England with her two pianos, her mother, a kitten, and no place to live. Colin, a wealthy industrialist and fine amateur pianist, stepped in to offer her a place in his very nice house in Kingswood, offering to play the orchestra parts as she practised her Rachmaninov. The proposal was too good to resist, especially as Colin explained, 'I'm old enough to be your father.'

So, during the next few months, Frank, Eich and I, in all seriousness, spent most of our time planning to murder a reputable British citizen, and we did so with all the care and professionalism that I later brought to bear on problems of national import when I was working for the CIA. We eventually settled on an elaborate plan to have Colin clubbed during a brawl in a low dive – clubbed *by someone else*, according to the inspired suggestion of our commander, Major Gillette.

All this happened forty odd years ago and the details are hazy in my memory, but I well remember that at the time it seemed like an excellent plot, and, as in any sound military plan, it had alternatives and back-up arrangements. By the time we were ready to swing into action, we had

checked it out with every kind of expert whose know-how was relevant. For example, one aspect of the plot called for a bit of help from the police, so I took it up first with Sergeant Black, and then with Inspector Coveney, the two Special Branch officers who were to keep our unit out of mischief. I now offer a bit of advice to any of you out there who may be thinking of murdering mother, wife or sweetheart: don't count on any help from Scotland Yard. They are hopeless! Not only do they disapprove of murder on principle, they throw up every bureaucratic obstacle there is to be thrown up, and in Great Britain that's saying a lot.

As for our American colleagues, we got plenty of sympathy and encouragement but little help or advice of practical value. All the same, when we finally threw in the towel there weren't ten people in Grosvenor Square, London W1, who didn't know that we'd been planning to murder a prominent British citizen, and every Christmas I still get cards from those of my old friends from ETOUSA (European Theatre of Operations, US Army) who are still alive which address us as 'Mr and Mrs Killer K. Kopeland' and include, in PSs, such smartass remarks as 'Zapped any Limeys lately?'

So what did finally happen? Well, so much water had gone under the bridge between inception of the plan and the intended time of execution, a period of some months, that I all but forgot about Moura, and she even had trouble remembering who I was. So that was the end of it. If I continued my plotting and planning right up to the time we finally dropped the idea, it was only because I had become fascinated with the actual plans themselves. And no, I would not actually have gone through with the murder plot. I've killed, oh, perhaps half a dozen people since, but never anyone *with whom I've mixed socially*. It makes all the difference.

Our murder plot, reduced to writing, really was a masterpiece, and it was so recognized by Kirby Gillette and others up the line of command. All of these intelligent but impressionable gentlemen saw or pretended to see my planning paper as 'a work of fiction written up purely as a classroom example of sound staffwork', as it was described in a cover letter that Kirby put on it for forwarding to the ETOUSA head of Operations, known as the G-3. Kirby's boss, Colonel Calvert, wrote him a note saying, 'I hope you are putting such talent as this to good use.' Kirby interpreted the note to apply to both Frank and myself, and to mean that he should concoct trouble-free assignments that would keep us off the streets. So, instead of sending us out to catch spies, he put us to work on security violations, real and imaginary.

We were bored, and because we were bored we got reckless. We

arrested a German 'spy' whose morse-code transmissions had been heard (or so she insisted) by a popsy of Frank's who lived in the flat next to the German's. We took him in a taxi to the CIC offices at 20 Grosvenor Square, all the while pointing our huge forty-fives at the terrified man.

The taxi leaves, and we are about to take our captive into the building when an official limousine screeches to a stop behind us. Out step our friends Coveney and Black of Scotland Yard, and an American major named Roger Saxon, who is a special assistant to Colonel Calvert. 'We'll handle this, gentlemen,' booms Inspector Coveney, while Roger says nothing but stands there with a malevolent leer on his face as if to say, 'You've done it this time, you jerks.' It took me several months to figure out what he meant, and to understand why our bold initiative wasn't getting the applause we thought it deserved, but Roger clearly thought we were in deep trouble, and he was enjoying the fact. There'll be more about Roger Saxon.

Well, before we settled down to *really* fighting the war we had another experience from which to learn. As the result of a suggestion someone made that either the British were doing a deplorable job at catching spies or were catching them but not telling us about them, our bosses decided we should make an independent effort to find out where we stood in the counter-spy business. As guests in Britain, we couldn't tackle specific cases but we could at least define the problem as it might endanger our war effort. Getting down to specifics, Colonel Calvert said that Frank and I should do a bit of work in the field, not in hope of catching the odd spy but to get a feel for what was needed.

The first question at hand, he said, was this: what did the Germans need to know about us at ETOUSA headquarters that they could learn only by slipping through our security controls? As counter-intelligence specialists, we assumed that the Germans were doing whatever they could to learn when and where we were going to strike, and that we would do well to identify the weak points in our counter-intelligence defences on which their intelligence efforts would concentrate.

Frank, entering into the spirit of the thing, had an uncharacteristically bright idea: we would steal a safe out of the G-3 office. The more we thought about it, the more attractive the idea became. We decided on Friday afternoon to steal the safe; we spent the weekend planning, and Monday morning we were at the front door of 20 Grosvenor Square with a huge van, stolen from the motor pool (requisitioning it by proper means wouldn't have been fair), two CIC sergeants dressed as Military Police (with uniforms also stolen), and a pair of gorillas dragging behind them one of those carts used to move heavy furniture.

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With no trouble at all, wearing civilian clothes and carrying fake building passes, we got past the guards at the front door, who saluted smartly as we went past, and took the lift to the fourth floor. At exactly one o'clock, lunchtime, we went into the 'target' office that we had already spotted, addressed the secretary who was alone in the office, and asked, 'Miss, can you tell us which one of these safes Colonel Adams wants moved to Norfolk House?' She told us, and we loaded the safe on to a trolley and into the lift as she returned to her magazine. (Remember the *Daily Express* reporter who so easily worked his way into restricted areas of Heathrow Airport just after the terrorist explosion on the Pan-American aeroplane in January 1989?) There were no problems until we arrived at the front door. We had the guards open the door for us, and were loading the safe into the van when a fresh-faced second lieutenant ran up to us wearing an MP armband.

'Excuse me, sir, but do you have a Form 5200 for this removal?'

'Sorry, Lieutenant. This is no ordinary move. General Arnold wants this safe in his office at Norfolk House by two o'clock, and it's already after one . . . ' and so on and so on. We pulled rank, oozed patronizing courtesy and hurled threats, but all we could get out of the lieutenant, shaking with fright, was 'Yessir, I quite understand, but we've orders not to let anything out of the building without authorization on a Form 5200 signed by the PMG office.'

Frank took out a notebook and took his name – which, to this day, I remember vividly as 'Albert Mullins'. He was intimidated, but after giving his name he didn't budge. Frank and I got into the van and fled. After lunch, we arranged to have the safe picked up and returned to the G-3 office, then I sat down to type up a report of the incident, paying high praise to young Mullins. Thinking of the kind of backfire that could result from the affair, we thought we had better deliver the report in person. So we did, presenting ourselves at the office of the Provost Master General, one Colonel Brand, on the first floor of 20 Grosvenor Square. For a senior military policeman, he turned out to be friendly and even impressed with our CIC credentials.

Then, colouring it up a bit and playing for laughs, we told him what had happened. He smiled at the first part, then when we described how Mullins had held his ground, he broke up. He was still laughing when he picked up the telephone to tell his secretary, 'Send in Lieutenant Mullins.'

Mullins, who was sitting in the outer office waiting to see the colonel to report *his* version of the story, not knowing we had beat him to it, opened the door to see Frank and me sitting there. Not at first noticing that we were smiling, he turned white. Then Colonel Brand, also smiling, said,

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'Come on in, Al, I understand that we've still got a chance of winning this war so long as the guarding of ETOUSA headquarters is in your hands. Take a seat.'

Relief was written all over the poor guy's face, and it turned to exhilaration when his boss told him that we'd recommended him for a commendation. All of us laughing, we went over the whole story again, and I'm sure that Al Mullins is by now telling it to his grandchildren. Naturally, the end product was yet another report – which I had to write myself because my colleagues didn't want their names on a report that 'whitewashes a lot of idiots'. Knowing which side my bread was buttered on, however, my report only paid compliments. Allen Calvert, labelling it 'definitive', sent it straight to General Eisenhower – 'your fellow game player', he said.

Chapter 5

OVERLORD PREPARATIONS

Late in 1942 when the Twenty-first Army Group was preparing for the landings in North Africa, I was assigned to a unit in Group headquarters as number two to Roger Saxon, the bloke who took such pleasure at the sight of Frank Kearns and me bringing a 'spy' to the entrance of 20 Grosvenor Square. Since I was having a mad romance with a secretary in the American Embassy at the time, I wanted to stay in London, and I thought I could count on Roger to sabotage my assignment. But he let me down, agreeing to the assignment without argument, so I had to goad him into action. My ploy was to circulate a boast, in a way that ensured its getting back to him, that it would take me no more than a month to have his job. He didn't really believe I could pull it off but he was insecure enough to feel threatened, so he took steps. Affecting great concern for my health and state of mind, he told Allen Calvert about my romance with the Embassy secretary, reducing her age from twenty-one to eighteen to enforce his assertion that I was cracking up, and recommended that I needed a month back in the US in which to regain my senses. Out of genuine concern for me, Allen agreed – but the assignment he found for me was a month at the Intelligence Training Center at Camp Ritchie, Maryland, where I would both lecture and get special briefing on intelligence staffwork relating to the forthcoming cross-Channel invasion of Europe.

This not being quite the assignment he had in mind, Roger shifted gears and went to great pains to convince Colonel Calvert that I wasn't all *that* near to cracking up, and that the proper antidote to a romance in the fleshpots of London was two months in the hills of Scotland in the Allied commando school that had just announced its willingness to admit a few headquarters officers provided they could pass a physical screening.

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Roger's perfectly valid argument that I was lacking in military bearing went down well with the Colonel, so he readily agreed. Although I didn't realize it at the time, Roger had done me an enormous favour; the course turned out to be one of the most instructive events of my life. It brought my physical condition to an incredible peak, it vastly improved my skills as a *débrouillard* as I connived means of avoiding the course's tougher parts, and, as an important by-product, it gave me insights into the Rambo mentality that stood me in good stead when I joined the post-war CIA later on, and it taught me principles of personal strategy that I have since found to be basic.

I arrived back in London a changed man. My first act was to move out of Ovington Square, leaving it to Frank, Eich and some major who had left the FBI after a 'difference of opinion' with its chief J. Edgar Hoover and who spent most of his off-duty hours cleaning his pistols and practising his fast draw in front of a mirror. Kearns, also a changed man, had settled down to his assignment as head of the London CIC detachment, his main job being that of supervising the security unit which acted as a sort of Secret Service to the commanding general. In early 1944, 'Ike' (as opposed to the homophonic 'Eich') returned from a successful campaign in North Africa to become 'Supreme Commander of Allied Expeditionary Forces' in charge of Operation Overlord, the plan for the invasion of Nazi-occupied Europe, and Frank distinguished himself by burrowing beneath all the secrecy to learn that the Supreme Commander's special train was to arrive at Primrose Hill station, London, at midnight on 15 January; observing a weather report that there would be a heavy fog, he had his unit pace out the terrain in daylight the day before so he could see that when the command party arrived he could keep them from bumping into things.

He subsequently made friends with Kay Summersby, Eisenhower's chauffeur and personal assistant, establishing a relationship that lasted up to the time he ghosted her memoirs, *Eisenhower Was My Boss*. (The original title, *Four Years Under Eisenhower*, was rejected by the publishers as 'tasteless'.) Through Kay, he met a very attractive English girl, Gwen, whom he later married.

I, too, soon got married. Upon returning from the commando course, I began wearing a uniform, revealing myself as a lowly first lieutenant, thereby denying myself access to the field officers' mess in South Audley Street. But getting married made all the difference. I no longer felt a need for what Frank called 'all the fancy trimmings' that were part of the CIC investigators' mystique. Settling down to a more 'structured' existence had led, I think inevitably, to my meeting with Lorraine Adie, the

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daughter of a prominent Harley Street neurosurgeon, and (also inevitably) to the beginning of a romance which *really* led to the altar and not to just a lot of fake engagement parties. We were married – and photographed for the fashionable magazines – at St Mary’s church in Great Portland Street, and we settled down to proper family life in a house on Primrose Hill, just north of Regent’s Park. The ‘new Copeland’! At first, my bosses didn’t take it at all seriously, but then Colonel Calvert decided, what the hell, he’d put me in a job which would make use of my reflective qualities rather than my proneness to adventure. The game room! Just the thing.

The ‘game room’ at 20 Grosvenor Square – or ‘Beetle Smith’s tame German High Command’, as the wags called it – was set up as ‘a sort of Christmas present’ for General Eisenhower when he returned from Algiers in early January 1944, to begin preparations for Operation Overlord. Eisenhower paid little attention to it (although I didn’t know it at the time, he was reading German command traffic from Ultra decrypts of so-called ‘Enigma’ signals), but it got me a commendation or two, and my first Legion of Merit decoration. And there was one ‘gaming out’ report that Eisenhower’s planners couldn’t ignore, although for some time it lay unread in COSSAC in-baskets. It pointed convincingly to a possibility that the Germans were shifting the emphasis of their efforts away from their strategy as we had begun to understand it and were concentrating on the development of an entirely new generation of weapons, mainly in the field of rocketry. Although game-room personnel had no knowledge of our own progress in the development of the atomic bomb – or, perhaps, *because* they had no such knowledge – their report had chilling implications. In their innocence, they were suggesting that the German High Command had a nuclear weapon up its sleeve, and that Hitler wouldn’t hesitate to order its use if the war were to turn decisively against him.

Although I knew of the existence of the Manhattan Project (as the atomic bomb research programme was called), and was aware that it had something to do with scientifically advanced weaponry, I was without the security clearance needed for access to its details. The arguments, in both 20 Grosvenor Square and at Norfolk House, where the COSSAC planners were located, went right over my head. But scientists back in Los Alamos, New Mexico, where the Manhattan Project had its headquarters, understood only too well, and one of their number, Lieutenant-Colonel Boris Pash, arrived in London just in time to become involved in the tempest-in-a-teapot provoked by the game team’s report.

So that’s how I met Boris Pash, the man who opened my eyes to what

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the war was really all about – in particular, to the fact that, despite the Germans' obvious military superiority, the problem wasn't so much how to win it as what to do with it after we had won it. The atomic bomb? Yes, our strategists were worried about the possibility, or the *probability*, that the Germans had it or were on the verge of getting it, but during my weeks with Colonel Pash it began to dawn on me that our worry wasn't over the possibility that the Germans might use it but that the Russians would beat us to the German research after the war was over.

The start of my work with Colonel Pash was a meeting with something called the Combined Intelligence Priorities Committee. This CIPCOM meeting took place on a warm summer afternoon in a huge War Office room with high ceilings, mahogany walls and a conference table long enough to accommodate eighteen or twenty. Sitting together on one side were four bewildered Americans – Pash, myself, a representative of our Embassy wearing hornrimmed glasses and a seersucker suit, and an impressively uniformed officer from the Embassy Naval Attaché's office – while the other seats were occupied by representatives of major British companies and senior civil servants, none of them in uniform, from the Admiralty, the War Office, the Ministry of Supply and the Foreign Office. Behind the British representatives were clusters of assistants, secretaries and gofers with whom those at the table held whispered conversations from time to time, resulting in a lot of scurrying about, exchanges and shuffling of papers and running of errands.

Not to put too fine a point on it, the British knew exactly why they were there; we Americans didn't. But it was only when I came to write my report for Colonel Allen Calvert, my boss of the moment, that I understood what was going on: the British had been thinking of VE-Day targets for the past two years, assuming even in their darkest hour that the Allies would win the war. Moreover, the targets that various British committees had singled out were not only military but both military *and* commercial, or even entirely commercial. They had realized all along that the Germans' research was ahead of both the US and Britain in rockets, explosives, jet engines, chemistry, metallurgy, photography and most aspects of engineering, but to them this knowledge had apparently no bearing at all on their certainty that the war would end in victory for our side. What we were able to seize in the way of Germany's scientific potentials would be 'the most valuable item of reparations' we had any chance of getting from the defeated enemy once the war was over.

I realize now that what I learned in that week of investigation was probably known to most of our high-ranking officers, but it was new to me at the time, and the paper I wrote was almost certainly the first to put it

in the kind of historical perspective that they needed. I learned that, months earlier, the Imperial General Staff had set up an Enemy Research and Development Committee to work out a plan for seizure of German industrial and scientific installations, and that it had carefully geared the plan to Overlord – without, I was told by friends at COSSAC, the Overlord planners taking much notice of it. Also, it had set up facilities for the training of special interrogators, and for commando units which would help them locate and hold important German scientists independently of sweeps which the CIC and British Field Security Police would be making. Later, and at about the time that I started accompanying Boris Pash on his rounds, my OSS friends and various British intelligence services, sometimes working together and sometimes in competition, were organizing special raiding teams to beat their Soviet counterparts to research facilities in Germany, and to seize any contents that we either wanted to keep from the Soviets' hands or make use of ourselves.

I had written my report with tremendous assistance from Nat Samuels, an international lawyer employed to check the registration numbers of CIC jeeps under the sharp eye of a Captain Doyle. I'm accustomed to getting credit for things I haven't done, and I've often failed to receive credit for things I *did* do. But the paper Nat made it possible for me to write was the first and only time I *didn't* receive credit for something I *didn't* do, although, unsigned, it was eventually read by every senior officer at ETOUSA headquarters who was capable of long-range thinking. The next I saw of it was when it emerged in Eisenhower's personal files when Professor William Ewing was doing research for his excellent book, *Eisenhower the President*.

Never mind. The experience taught me a lot for my own purposes, and gave me some valuable new perspectives. I remember in particular one reference point that came out of a dinner conversation that Nat and I had with one of the British civil servants whose card I had kept from the CIPCOM meeting. After quite a bit of alcoholic intake, he said something like this: 'When you think about it, you realize that all this mess makes a wicked kind of sense. Here we are, about to do battle with the most highly trained, disciplined and well-equipped army the world has ever known, matching our Eisenhower, Montgomery, Patton and the other second-raters against real honest-to-God generals, yet we can safely assume we are bound to win. You know all we've got going for us?'

Well, there was Adolf Hitler, of course. But our British friend was thinking of how it was that a 'Hitler' had risen to a position of such incredible power in a civilized country like Germany. 'In the end,' he

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asked, 'who profits? When this war is all over, exactly who will have come out on top, not only on our side but also on the other? Take a good look at them, and ask yourself this: will they be better off than they were before the war, or worse off? Was the war for them a net gain or a net loss?' The war had certainly been a net gain for me, and for almost everyone else in our headquarters, but I doubted that our British guest had such small fry in mind. As we were walking home, Nat said the bloke was only dramatizing the perfectly obvious. 'There'll always be players,' he said, 'but they can't make any meaningful moves on the board until someone gives them the music, puts the orchestra together and hires the hall. There you have the two categories of people that make things happen in this world.'

To me at the time, the important question was how in the future I should associate myself with the orchestrators rather than the players, and how I could reconcile what I had learned from General 'Iron Pants' Lawton, Commandant of my commando school, with what I had just learned from Nat. The Second World War, after all, wasn't a single historical episode, with its own beginning, middle and end, but part of a long process combining a huge mess of economic, political and military complications that would make those of the moment seem insignificant by comparison. Age apart, realizing this was what made Eisenhower a general and me a captain.

Chapter 6

COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE CORPS

Boris Pash faded out of the picture months before D-Day, going first to Los Alamos and then back to London for some super-secret assignment that didn't require my assistance, so I went back to work for my regular bosses, Colonels Allen Calvert and Howard Wilson, who gave me only such assignments as fitted both my talents and my artistic temperament. In their different ways, they were great people and I owe them a lot more than they got out of me – although, I must say, I worked my tail off for the two of them. I wrote planning papers for Colonel Calvert and from time to time I conducted 'special investigations', i.e. those requiring approaches that were somewhat unorthodox, for Colonel Wilson.

To Allen Calvert, the war was little more than a diversion. Although he was conscientious in doing his job, and was superb at it, he remained in mind and in spirit what he was in civilian life, an Oklahoma oil tycoon. His attitude was 'transitional': he would take the war seriously enough while he was in it, but his central interest was in getting the damn thing over with (and, like all other senior officers in 20 Grosvenor Square, he simply *assumed* that we would bring it to a satisfactory conclusion), and in being able to resume a normal life.

Howard Wilson, in his way as much a 'transitional' figure as Allen Calvert, was a lawyer from Kingsport, Tennessee, in possession of all those qualities which us folks down South most appreciate: dignity mixed with a sense of humour, Mark Twain type; tight discipline in his own behaviour, but a relaxed reasonableness towards the kind of people who seemed to gravitate to intelligence work; and a mind given to sound judgements rather than brilliant ideas – leaving the latter to people like myself, Frank Kearns and Jim Eichelberger. As I write this, forty-odd years later, he is no doubt back in Kingsport, Tennessee, known affec-

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tionately as Ole Judge Wilson, and an easy touch for charities and little ladies with civic organizations trying to raise money. Early in our relationship, he joined Theodore Roosevelt, Senator Sparkman, General Donovan and the other members of my pantheon, and as Kearns and his wife began spending more and more time with the Chelsea jet-set he replaced Kearns as my closest friend – a relationship which grew after he received a ‘Dear John’ letter from his wife back in Tennessee, and he moved into our house in Primrose Hill for sympathy and companionship.

It is in connection with Howard that I think of a governmental phenomenon, new to me at the time, known as ‘empire-building’. In any large modern organization, whether a manufacturing corporation or an army, there are those who decide what to do and those who do it – or, rather, those who advise the boss on objectives and ‘guidelines’ to be followed in reaching them, and those who do the actual work. The former are known as ‘staff’, and their bag is making what is known as ‘policy’; the latter are known as ‘line’, and they conduct what we experts in such matters call ‘operations’. Staff officers think up solutions; line officers apply them – and, needless to say, they are the ones who walk the gangplank in case of failure. It is axiomatic among headquarters officials that the former have authority without responsibility (nobody blames them if their solutions don’t solve anything, so long as they are ‘well conceived’) while with the latter it’s the other way around. Howard Wilson was ‘line’ while Allen Calvert was on the ‘staff’ of Howard’s boss, the G-2, Colonel Bryan Conrad, but relations in the counter-intelligence, CI, community were such that questions of authority and responsibility never arose except when some careerist sonofabitch like Roger Saxon, seeking situations to exploit, provoked them.

Problems and solutions, and who is responsible for each, are what organizational headquarters are all about; the behaviour of an ambitious apparatchik is guided by an understanding of this fact. If you assign responsibility for solving a problem to a member of the organization who feels insecure in his job – and what member of a large organization doesn’t? – his first thought is not how to solve it. Not at all. That is his *second* thought. The first question to cross his mind is ‘How do I turn this triviality that the boss has concocted just to keep me busy into a problem of earthshaking importance?’ – since, obviously, one gets more credit for solving a big problem than one gets for solving a small one.

So you can imagine what we had been doing with our Counter-Intelligence Corps – you can’t expect spies working against you to reveal themselves. Just think of the possibilities for magnification of a problem you can’t even *see*! Realities are measurable; imaginations are boundless.

We hadn't *seen* any spies (already, Frank was collecting notes for a book he would write after the war to be entitled, *We Caught No Spies*), but that didn't mean there weren't any. It only meant that the wily British either knew how to avoid our vigilance or that they knew about the spies but weren't telling us.

One day I discussed all this with Howard Wilson, emphasizing the uncommunicativeness of the British security authorities, Special Branch of Scotland Yard (we hadn't yet learned of MI5), pointing out that if they wouldn't co-operate on a little matter like murdering a chap who was standing between an American officer and his girlfriend we couldn't expect to get much help from them in dealing with a major problem like German spies.

Then I guessed at the truth. Why had Special Branch, Scotland Yard, been so pissed off – and Roger Saxon so pleased – when Frank Kearns and I played out that Marx Brothers comedy in Grosvenor Square with the German 'spy' that Frank's popsy had led us to? The only answer that made sense in the light of our British friends' refusal to co-operate was this: they had already *caught* all the German spies in Britain, and they didn't want a lot of amateurs interfering with their use of them in sending misleading information back to Berlin. I asked Howard Wilson if this wasn't so and he nodded that, yes, it was and that we had better settle down to exclusively *American* problems, remembering that, after all, we were guests in the country of a people who had already been fighting the war for some years, and who were understandably a bit touchy about us cowboys charging on to their patch without first taking the time to grasp its numerous subtleties. He added that my habit of trying to view 'realistically' the problem of winning the war was, in fact, unrealistic. The truly 'American' problem, he explained, was not how to win the war but how to do it with the kind of 'empire' that would benefit us all. I could have kicked myself for not having grasped this point without my father-figure of the moment having to explain it to me.

So, empire-building. The CIC in the European Theatre of Operations *had* been engaged in a modest amount of it, but only to the extent of getting approval for two officers and eleven enlisted CIC agents for each division. But then we settled down to the job in earnest. Howard sat down with his newly assigned deputy, a cheerful little guy named Claud Goza, and began sending out requests for more and more men from Camp Ritchie, Maryland, where soldiers and officers were being trained for various intelligence duties. We took all they could send. Then we got carried away. It occurred to either Howard or to Claud, I forget which, that there were several hundred CIC troops up in Iceland freezing their

asses off ('cooling their heels,' Howard said) who would be happy to be transferred to lovely Britain. So away went yet another series of urgent requisitions, resulting in the transfer of CIC personnel from Iceland to Britain in groups of from eight to twenty, as we wondered what they were doing in Iceland in the first place.

We knew what was officially expected of CIC units once the divisions to which they were attached were on the continent actually fighting the Germans. Our orders specified that we would 'secure the environments' around our respective fighting units as they advanced further and further into Europe, and do whatever it took to ensure that there weren't spies among the civilian populations who could send wireless messages to the Germans. But, in the light of what we had observed of the war thus far, did these orders make sense?

The future I planned for myself and for my CIC colleagues was based not so much on headquarters notions of what units with the word 'counter-intelligence' in their designation should contribute to the war effort, as on the realities of the situation as they had become clear to me in the course of working with Boris Pash. They were, first, that once Allied armies were speeding through Europe there wasn't going to be any German intelligence to counter. Ninety per cent of the French, Dutch, Belgians and Germans whom the Abwehr had recruited to be stay-behind spies would be falling all over themselves to join the winning side, and the ten per cent who didn't would be too stupid to bother about. If we were to take our existing orders seriously we would wind up as a kind of refugee service, assuming a lot of problems that could better be handled by social workers. Thus, as soon as possible after we landed on the shores of Normandy, we should dump on to the Military Police the job of rounding up – receiving, rather – not only the real spies who would turn themselves in but also the black marketeers and simple survivalists who would claim to be spies so that they would be taken to comfortable interrogation centres instead of dreary PoW camps. We should keep for ourselves jobs more in keeping with the skills that had brought us into the CIC in the first place. 'Secure the environments' indeed.

Second, we should stake out a claim for what would certainly become the main task of the overall intelligence effort: to spot and seize Germans, civilians as well as military: (1) who would be useful to us after the war – e.g. scientists who had accounted for the Germans' technical superiority, and intelligence personnel who'd spied on the Soviets, or (2) who were Nazi diehards trying to escape to places in the world where they could rekindle their movement. Neither of these categories were on the CIC's 'automatic arrest' lists nor, so far as I could tell, were they the

concern of any other intelligence personnel.

Third, and finally, there was the obvious fact that the bosses immediately above us in the line of command – Calvert, Wilson and the others – were all anxious to wind up the war and go home, and so would go along with any innovations that would turn the CIC's job into simple routine and simplify their lives for the rest of the war. When I discussed these 'realities' with Colonel Calvert he was all ears. He took them up with the ETO G-2, Colonel Bryan Conrad, and after a week's work of the G-2 planning staff we had new orders that gave ordinary CIC detachments only simple security duties, and authorized the founding of special units to undertake 'transitional' chores – i.e. intelligence work incidental to the conversion of Hitler's Germany into one that would be 'safe for democracy'. (We actually used that phrase.)

I refer any of my readers who think I am snatching too much credit (in violation of that principle that I'd learned in General Lawton's commando training) to the citation behind the cluster on my Legion of Merit, which specifies that it was for my 'contribution to counter-intelligence planning prior to Overlord', and to the official Second World War history which spells out exactly what that planning was. What I did *not* get a medal for was the contribution I made to the formation of a 'transitional' team of our own, a unit of eleven specially chosen CIC agents to serve under Howard Wilson with special orders that were so imprecise and laden with military clichés that they covered anything that, on an *ad hoc* basis, we decided they should cover.

With Howard's authorization, I even went so far as to recruit personnel from the CIC agents who continued to flood into Britain from Camp Ritchie, the intelligence training camp in Maryland. I already had Nat Samuels, of course, and he led me to a fellow Chicagoan, Henry Rago, a well-known poet and a philosophy professor at Notre Dame University who later became editor of the prestigious *Poetry* magazine. Then there were a few academics who had studied and taught abroad, a foreign correspondent or so whose papers had failed to save them from the draft, a bilingual German–American to be our star interrogator if the need arose, and a few 'ethnic' types from the mid-West like Anthony Vaivada, a Lithuanian–American political analyst who, besides French and German, spoke all the languages of Eastern Europe. Almost as an afterthought, I added two down-to-earth Texans, simply because both Howard and I liked their looks: Charley Booker, a Southern gentleman out of a Walker Percy novel, and John Parrish, an associate professor of French at the University of Texas. Although they had learned their French out of textbooks, it was reasonably fluent and they had the kind of country-boy

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wisdom that complemented my own. As Howard Wilson put it, 'They grew up in small towns in the Old South so they'll recognize horseshit when they see it.' Then Howard added Jules Nolin, a French Canadian who became the unit *débrouillard*, and, for some reason which escaped me, the Captain Doyle who had kept Nat painting jeeps back in London. Doyle, an example to us all, neither smoked, drank nor chased girls.

From then until D-Day – or, rather, D-plus-thirty when our unit took off for France – we spent our time getting acquainted with one another and briefing ourselves on what we thought we might be doing when finally on the continent. Personally, I used my spare time renewing acquaintances among my friends in the OSS, the organization I hoped eventually to join.

In snooping around 20 Grosvenor Square and 72 Grosvenor Street, OSS headquarters, I learned that the British security organization known as MI5 really had already caught all the German spies, not only in Britain itself, but also in Iceland, Greenland, Spitzbergen and Jan Mayan island, where their mission was to send weather reports which were so vital to Luftwaffe air raids on British targets, thereby making the CIC teams in those places superfluous. No wonder the CIC personnel, including the commander, felt not only cold but unloved. Hence the ease with which we drew them off to Britain. And, having caught the spies, MI5 'turned' them and had them transmit false information to German military intelligence, the Abwehr, so as to mislead them on what there was in Britain to bomb.

But, most important, when I got my 'Bigot' clearance, the super-top-secret security rating that allowed its holder to know details of Overlord, I learned that some forty or fifty senior officers were planning every detail of the remainder of the war, and playing elaborate 'war games' that took into account factors I hadn't even thought of. As a poker player who had read everything written up to that time on game theory, I could see that top expertise was behind them. I met enough of the officers who were taking place in these games to see for myself that they knew what they were doing.

Chapter 7

THE ROAD TO PARIS

What do Henry Kissinger, Wilbur Eveland, J.D. Salinger, William Saroyan, John Glennon, James Eichelberger and Miles Copeland have in common? All great brains but lousy soldiers? Well, that too, but what I have in mind is the fact that all of us went into Europe after D-Day as CIC agents, all of us to have roles in bringing about the fall of Hitler, roughly equivalent to that of Spike Milligan as reported in his wartime memoirs thirty years later. I'm not sure about the others, but Glennon, Salinger and I went in on the same 'wave' – as I remember, on 1 August 1944.

After a pleasant and exciting night in sleeping bags on a stretch of Normandy beach – a balmy summer breeze, stars in a clear sky, an endless stream of aeroplanes flying over, and sounds and lights of heavy firing in the distance – we took off in a convoy of trucks and jeeps to set up camp in a deserted cluster of French army barracks in Valognes, a few miles from Caen and a hundred miles or so from Paris. There we took out dice and cards, and I separated the suckers from another \$500 or so during the next few days, losing occasionally just to relieve the boredom of playing strictly according to the odds.

About cocktail time one afternoon, when Howard Wilson, John Parrish and I returned to our barracks, we found all twelve of our CIC agents grouped around a fast-talking, unshaven young man in a scruffy German uniform who was holding their attention with what we took to be a story of recent personal adventure.

Upon seeing us, one of the agents (Jules Nolin I think it was) jumped to his feet to announce that 'the biggest counter-intelligence haul of the war so far' had landed in our laps. The man looked more like a stand-up comedian in a Soho nightclub than a German officer but he was, in fact, a lieutenant in the Abwehr who had been involved in the attempt to

assassinate Hitler, escaping capture in a series of hairy adventures with which he was now holding the attention of my CIC team.

'Cocktail time' did I say? Yes, that's the way it was with our headquarters unit. This is as good a place as any to confess that the evenings of CIC units in Europe were unlike those of ordinary GIs. We had brought along Otto, the soufflé chef of Mirabelle's, then Mayfair's finest restaurant; Jules Nolin, our tame French Canadian, supplemented his talents by picking up a local *maitre queux* whose restaurant in Caen had been bombed out but who knew where to find fresh meat and vegetables.

So it was that on the night we had the voluble German lieutenant as our guest we sat down to a first course of *quiche au sandre de Loire* followed by *coupe jarret* for which army K rations provided the basic ingredient, although it was fortified with salt pork hocks, shins of veal and knuckles of lamb that 'M'sieu Q', Otto's locally acquired assistant, had scrounged from a local slaughter house.

The German, whose name was Hermann Redicke, did have 'a kind of low charm', as John Parrish put it; if we were filming him today we'd have a somewhat wimpish version of Dustin Hoffman play him. And, although he talked with the confidence of a stand-up comedian, he was also disarmingly modest. His English was perfect, since he had acquired it growing up in Manhattan, where his father (he said) was an employee of some German-American shipping company. He was a natural storyteller. He imparted his information mostly in the form of tales like those I imagine are told around the campfire at Boy Scout jamborees, although when he came to a detail of possible intelligence significance he would stop and, with almost obsessive accuracy, give particulars. For example, in the middle of an anecdote about some top German official – frictions with various colleagues, personal foibles, his style in playing poker, and so on – he would pause to give the man's age, marital status, height, weight and even the colour of his hair and eyes.

We couldn't make him out. Howard Wilson and I found the man's story too consistent with the general situation as we knew it at the time to be entirely fabricated, and we spent the whole of the following day trying to figure out some Machiavellian, double-agent purpose for his coming to us. When challenged to come clean, Hermann demanded that we put him in touch with the CIC's Captain Martin Wess, whom he somehow knew to be a walking encyclopaedia on German High Command intelligence.

Perhaps it was this reference to Wess that set bells ringing in John Parrish's mind. The following day he remarked to Howard, 'To believe that this guy is on the level you've got to believe that Marty Wess was dead on target as he described the gaming characteristics of all those in

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the German High Command. Offhand, would you say that this glib little bastard got his information from first-hand observation or from reading Marty's files?'

The answer was obvious, and it was confirmed by Marty himself when he arrived in our camp late that same afternoon.

'Hello, Herm,' he said to our PoW.

'Hi, Marty,' said Herm, still a bit sad but recovering.

'You've been a naughty boy, Herm.'

'I know, Marty.'

That was that. We then noticed that the two soldiers who had arrived with Marty by jeep were MPs. Marty turned to them to explain that no restraints were necessary – the restraints, that is, that are normally used on AWOL soldiers – and that Herm would come quietly. Herm – Hermann Redman, not Redicke – was a bilingual interpreter with VII Corps, who had previously worked under Marty.

Now for the Lesson. The one of greatest importance *then* was to be found in the content of the responses Herm made to questions put to him by Sammy. Until Herm came to our camp, our CIC teams were under the impression that we were fighting Nazi Germany; they had, in fact, been inoculated against any attempts a defeated enemy might make to join us in a war against a 'common enemy', Soviet Russia. Thanks to my work with Colonel Pash in London, I was under no such illusion, but, in retrospect, I now realize that what my CIC colleagues heard from Hermann gave them their first indication that our top bosses were looking beyond Nazi Germany to the Russians, whom we had been taught to speak of fondly as 'our valiant Red Allies'. From Herm, fresh from headquarters, we learned that our superiors in Washington and London believed there to be a genuine and maybe even widespread anti-Nazi movement in the Wehrmacht that would come in handy after the war was over.

Howard Wilson and the others who only wanted to get the war over with so they could return to normal civilian lives were only mildly curious about this revelation, and perhaps a bit annoyed by it. But to those of us who saw a future in post-war intelligence it opened new horizons.

Chapter 8

INTO PARIS

With great reluctance, I must now put to rest a story on which I have been dining out for years: the fiction that I was the first American in Paris at the time of its liberation. I never take credit for something I didn't do unless there is no danger of my being caught out, and in this instance there are too many anti-Copeland propagandists around who know the true story. One or more of them may be among the million or so people who will read this book, and may be vindictive enough to write a letter to the editor of some newspaper that has given the book a rave review.

As for details, I don't know all of the true story myself, because at the time I had very little idea what was going on around me; I just took everything as it came, not taking notes. What I know now comes from checking old records long after the fact, and talking to old friends such as Larry Collins who, with Dominique Lapierre, wrote that marvellous book, *Is Paris Burning?* As for timing, all I've been able to establish is that I got to Paris a day ahead of Papa Hemingway who, my older readers will remember, for some time claimed that *he* was the first American to arrive in Paris in August 1944 – meaning, of course, that he was the first celebrity to have a conspicuous role in its liberation. He well knew that the OSS had managed to send in a dozen or so agents a month before the Germans had left.

Let's begin at the beginning. The day after we sent Herm back to London to reassemble his shattered psyche, a lieutenant-colonel by the name of Grover Adams, a member of the famous Boston family, arrived in our camp bearing an impressively sealed manila envelope and a personal message from his boss Gordon Sheen, now *Brigadier-General* Sheen, who was still back in CIC headquarters in Washington. Soon he sent for me, and said, 'General Sheen thinks highly of you, and he thinks you are the

right kind of operator to do a little job for him which is half official and half personal. The official part could win you another decoration.'

And what was this 'little job'? It was to carry a manila envelope to the Hôtel Majestic in Paris, Avenue Victor Hugo just off the Champs-Élysées up near the Étoile, and deliver it to a certain Oberstleutnant (lieutenant-colonel) Kurt Schumacher, aide to General Dietrich von Choltitz, German Commandant of Paris and environs. The 'unofficial' part was to lay claim to Hôtel George V and do whatever was necessary to ensure that space was set aside for Gordon and other senior G-2 officers who would be coming over from Washington once Paris was in Allied hands. 'You know these Civil Affairs people,' Colonel Adams said. 'If we don't beat them to it they'll bed themselves down and all of us who are really important to this war will be billeted in *pensions*.'

But Germans were still all over the place. So how, pray, was I to get into Paris? And, wearing an American uniform, was I expected to walk right into the Hôtel Majestic, the German army's administrative headquarters, and ask a courteous receptionist the way to the Commanding General's office? 'Ah,' said Grover Adams, 'we're making it easy for you. You don't need to know what's in the envelope, and you don't need to know that Kurt Schumacher is really a senior Abwehr official. You do need to know that the officer who will escort you into Paris is an Abwehr captain we have reason to trust and who knows all the ropes. He is Hauptmann Walter Glimm and you are to meet with him at Chartres where he is already in contact with an OSS unit. From then on it will be easy.'

Now, that is the way *I* remember the conversation. Like anyone in his declining years of life, I can't remember what I had for breakfast this morning, but I remember a conversation of forty years ago, especially a landmark like that one, with complete clarity. Yet when I repeated the story to Grover years later, after he had become a friend and sometime business associate, he denied it. He said, 'Well, maybe I said *something* like that but I was only being facetious. Gordon only wanted you to find this Schumacher bloke wherever he happened to be, "even if you had to go right into the Hôtel Majestic" to do it.' I've checked my version with old colleagues, though, and they remember the exchange just as I reported it.

Anyway, I know what I understood at the time. So twenty-four hours later, after dodging convoys, MPs directing traffic, happily waving civilians and all the other confusions of a war nearing its grand climax, my Cherokee driver Charley Hatchet and I were parking our jeep in front of a rundown country hotel in a wood just outside Chartres. There I found Lieutenant Dan Hunter of the OSS.

Dan seemed *very* glad to see me. 'The sooner you take this turkey off our hands the better,' he said. 'He's got an impressive set of credentials, endorsed by General Sibert, and I've got instructions from Colonel Bruce not to be too curious about him.' General Edwin Sibert was G-2 of Twelfth Army Group, boss of us all, and Colonel David Bruce was the head of OSS, Europe, whom I'd met back in London. 'He is a little *too* sure of himself for my taste,' Dan said.

In what passed for a bar and recreation room, the singing had stopped, and a miscellany of OSS junior officers and *maquisards* were listening with rapt attention to a handsome, blond German talking in a mixture of Parisian French and Manhattan English. 'Allez,' he said, '*Quel est l'animal le plus précieux au monde?* Come on, *you* know! *Devinex!*' Jeezus, I thought, the alligator story has reached the Germans. It had been circulating around ETOUSA headquarters all the previous winter.

'Give up?' he said. 'I'll tell you. It's the male alligator. *He* is the most valuable living creature in the world. You see, his female lays a thousand eggs every year, then *he* comes along and eats all but ten or twelve. If he didn't, we'd all be up to our asses in alligators!' All alone, the German with whom I was supposed to enter Paris guffawed at his own joke. His audience was giving him their rapt attention, but with curiosity and annoyance rather than amusement. None of them smiled.

Nor did I. It was easy to imagine this guy, complete with duelling scar, making a nuisance of himself along with other young Nazis in a Munich beer hall. But both he and Herm were Hollywood versions of themselves, and they spoke the same accentless American slang.

For a few minutes, Dan and I observed the scene from across the room. 'What do you think?' Dan asked.

'I'd like to go off somewhere and have a good cry,' I said, 'but we'd just as well get it over with.'

Dan escorted me to the table where Captain Walter Glimm was holding forth. The German didn't wait for Dan to introduce us; he just looked up with a smile that was supposed to be friendly and said, 'Aha! Jack Armstrong the all-American boy!'

'Glad to meet you too,' I said.

'Likewise. Are we to take this little adventure seriously? I mean, do you seriously expect me to escort you to *Paris*?'

Up to that point the idea of entering Paris while the Germans were still there had been little more than a part of my fantasy life, but suddenly I *was* taking the prospect seriously. 'That was the general idea,' I said.

'Then somebody is mad.' Captain Glimm was now deadly serious. 'The place is crawling with Germans. I mean, *I'm* a German and I should know.'

Didn't you get the point of my alligator story?'

I hadn't, but Dan had. 'Miles,' he said, taking me by the arm to lead me away. 'I think you and I should have a little talk.'

Over dinner Dan gave me a briefing on the general OSS-CIC situation, and what he had made of it after the arrival of the German Captain. Up to that time, he said, our commanders had considered Paris a liability. General Eisenhower had asked his logistics advisers, 'What are we going to do with it after we take it?' and they had answered that unless he wanted to undertake the responsibility for a starving population in the most beautiful and politically volatile city in the world he should be prepared to send in four thousand tons of food, medicine and fuel a day, three times what it would take to supply the American army in its march towards the German border. Besides, a direct attack on Paris would tie down several divisions in prolonged street fighting, resulting in Paris becoming heaps of rubble like those we had just seen in St Lo and Caen.

Moreover, the thinking of our top intelligence analysts was that taking Paris before it was strategically necessary would put General de Gaulle (a 'proctological nuisance', Dan called him) prematurely in charge of the country. Thus, we would have a de Gaullist government as a peculiarly nasty post-war problem. We hadn't yet come around to a realization that the kind of government de Gaulle could install was exactly what we needed.

Anyway, that had been the thinking up to the time I arrived in Chartres. Dan had heard it on good authority from somewhere that he had better make his unit comfortable in Chartres because it was likely to be there for at least another month. Reconciled to this bad news (Dan, a born *boulevardier*, was looking forward to Paris the way a child looks forward to Christmas), he had sent out a team of scroungers to bring in enough fine wines, ingredients required for gourmet cooking and other essential goodies to last his group through the summer.

But suddenly all that changed, and Dan was wondering whether my mission, whatever it turned out to be, had any connection with the new scenario. Walter Glimm had thrown *some* light on the situation: to wit, it appeared that there had been a change of heart on the German side. So long as the German High Command saw a chance of tying us down in a prolonged attempt to take Paris, they were determined to hold on to it, happy to see us take the responsibility for destroying it in the street-to-street fighting that would be necessary. But once they saw that we had decided to hell with it, that we were going to bypass it, they decided – or, rather, *Hitler* decided – that *they* would destroy it, leaving only charred remains for us to occupy.

But surprise, surprise! We were suddenly to learn that the dastardly British had not only caught and 'turned' all the German spies in Britain; they had also recruited a high percentage of the Abwehr, not only in France but in its top headquarters. Moreover, they had done it with the cynicism of true professionals: with a realization that a spy's motivation is a sometime thing, fluctuating back and forth depending on which side seemed to be winning. They'd put no trust at all in this 'instant espionage' before the war had begun to go our way, but as we were getting near to Paris it was obvious to all but the diehards that *we* were winning.

In particular, it was obvious to the German commander in Paris, General von Choltitz, who had received orders directly from Adolf Hitler that Paris was to be destroyed in a great holocaust of fire and explosives. But, seeing the possibility of going down in history as an even bigger asshole than Hitler himself, he decided to do no such thing. Seeing him waver ('playing Hamlet', Larry Collins tells me), the several British agents on his staff, all Abwehr officers of fairly high rank, fell in behind him and began using him to spearhead a slowdown movement against the German High Command.

By sun-up the next morning, Monday, 21 August 1944, word had come down from Group headquarters that we were to get moving towards Rambouillet, thirty-five miles from Paris, where we were to meet up with Lieutenant-Colonel Kenneth Downs (OSS head in Twelfth Army Group) and an assortment of OSS units, among which a variety of assignments for 'sealing the city intelligence-wise' were to be passed out. Dan's unit was to be on the road not later than noon.

Having arrived ready to move, Walter and I had time for a leisurely breakfast.

That morning, Walter was a different man. Entirely sober, solemn even, he was neatly dressed in a noncommittal khaki uniform, without insignia, that could have been of any officer's rank of any nation, and he was all business – except that, very much unlike the evening before, he was cool and aloof, although not unfriendly. Why had he behaved like such a horse's ass the evening before? 'I didn't take to your friends, nor they to me,' he explained, 'and I certainly wasn't going to answer any of their questions.'

During the ride to Rambouillet, conversation wasn't easy because of the noise of the convoy on a road that had been chopped up by tanks, half-tracks and heavy equipment lorries. Walter did, however, shout out to me that we'd better take the first opportunity to have a talk away from the others. 'I don't think General Sheen really intended for you to go all the way into Paris; remember, he must have chosen you because he

thought you were strong on initiative. And now the situation is entirely changed.'

The opportunity for a talk came an hour later, when the convoy had to stop for a unit of the French 2nd Division to go through. My Abwehr officer in Paris, Kurt Schumacher, Walter explained, was an old friend of Gordon Sheen, the two having spent a summer together as teenagers when their fathers, both colonels, had met while serving as military attachés in some Far Eastern capital.

After a while, Dan joined us and I gave him a quick summary, while making the point to Walter that from then on I intended to keep Dan fully informed. The upshot of the conversation that followed was an understanding that I would not be departing *too* far from my orders were I not to barge into Paris, whatever the circumstances, and that, instead, I should leave it to Walter to get Gordon Sheen's message to Schumacher. By means yet to be devised, I would get into Paris 'as soon as possible'; Walter would leave the convoy at St Cloud, to make his way to a nearby safe house where he expected, according to contingency plans of long standing, to find Kurt Schumacher. It was then that I handed Walter the envelope, still unopened, with Dan as my witness.

At some point during the jeep ride from Chartres to Rambouillet we lost the convoy, and had to do a bit of searching in order to find the Hôtel Grand Veneur where the OSS units were to meet. When we finally found it, a kind of cocktail party was in progress, with Lieutenant-Colonel Kenneth Downs, head of all OSS units of the Twelfth Army Group, exchanging anecdotes with Johnny Oakes (of the *New York Times* Ochs), Ben Welles (son of the Under-Secretary of State, Sumner Welles), Frank Holcombe (a marine major, who, like Dan Hunter, had been brought up in Paris), and several other stars of the OSS whom I looked upon in the manner of a raw high-school freshman being awed by glamorous seniors. As an OSS groupie, I was thrilled to the bone. Walter, staying closely by my side, attracted no notice since there were other nondescript, ambiguously uniformed men and women in the gathering, and since, after all, he spoke English as well as any of us.

A buffet dinner that was a far cry from ordinary mess hall fare was served at about nine o'clock, and right in the middle of it Ernest ('Papa') Hemingway barged in theatrically, followed by a noisy lot of Frenchmen whom we took to be *maquis* types, and the boss of us all, Colonel David Bruce, head of OSS Europe. It was a case of life imitating Hollywood, with Papa behaving in the way John Huston would play him in a fictionalized version of the meeting in a film made thirty years later.

Colonel Bruce seemed out of reach for the moment, as we all stood up

and left our places and half-eaten dinners to greet the surprise guests. But then he spotted me. With a look on his face that was friendly but startled, he pulled me aside to ask, 'What the devil are you doing here?' I introduced Walter, and then told him about the envelope that I was to take to the Hôtel Majestic. That *really* surprised him, and he stood there open-mouthed waiting for an explanation.

I explained that my instructions were not to let *anyone* see the envelope until it was put safely into the hands of the German officer that it was supposed to go to, but that if he insisted I'd take it back from Glimm and give it to him. Colonel Bruce, a gentleman who felt himself secure officially as well as socially, never took part in headquarters rivalries. So he only smiled and said, 'It's your decision, Captain. Do what your conscience tells you. I'm not going to ask you to disobey orders.' That was that, but I volunteered that the orders had come from General Sheen. Colonel Bruce smiled, almost happily, and said, 'You go right ahead, son. I'm sure it'll be all right. But I think we'd better get you out of here before this gypsy caravan gets under way the day after tomorrow.' He turned to shake hands with Walter, and said, 'Good luck to you both', and walked away shaking his head and smiling to himself.

The 'party', for that is what it was, continued into the night and I would have liked to stay up for the Hemingway performance – or, rather, for the sight of my OSS betters alternating between enjoying it and being annoyed by it. I was – and am – a fan of Papa Hemingway, and the meetings I had with him in later years, right up to the time of his death, confirmed my first impression that he was 'a likeable sonofabitch in spite of himself', as a mutual friend, Gordon Gaskill, once said of him. This evening, however, there was Walter Glimm to consider, and we had to make plans for somehow getting back together after we had gone our separate ways. I suddenly realized that, despite the short exchanges of confidences we had managed on our way to this rendezvous point, we had given no consideration at all to what should happen after we parted at St Cloud. So we left the gathering, and, with raucous laughter, the tinkling of glasses and other party noises coming through the open windows, we sat on a veranda with glasses of cognac and cups of coffee for a planning session.

Our conversation hadn't progressed very far, however, when we were joined by Ken Downs, whose job it was to co-ordinate the OSS move into Paris. It appeared that a French officer, an agent of the British MI6, had shown up at the Hôtel Grand Veneur during dinner with the news that the German Commandant of the Paris garrison, General von Choltitz ('Hamlet'), had decided that after all he would carry out Hitler's orders to

blow up the whole of Paris and that, contrary to our earlier information, he was about to act. Ken had ordered the French officer to hightail it back to Paris to support an emergency American move into Paris to be led by General Bradley's Twelfth Army Group. 'We need all the intelligence we can get,' Ken said. 'Maybe you can help.'

What Ken Downs said to us indicated that he had little or no idea of our mission, but it mattered little, so far as we were concerned, because he offered us a ride into Paris, ahead of the other OSS units, with the OSS officer who was to escort the Frenchman, a Lieutenant Jack Mowinckle, an officer of my own age and inclinations whom I had met at various poker tables in London, and whom I would have chosen as the OSS officer with whom, more than any others, I would prefer to enter Paris with the Germans still there. Walter, however, didn't agree. 'This guy is a cowboy,' he said in his perfect New York accent. 'You go with him,' he said after Ken had rejoined the party, 'and I'll stick to our agreement. You can drop me off at St Cloud.'

I don't remember what happened between that time and the moment I found myself, with my Cherokee driver, Charley Hatchet, in Jack's convoy roaring down the Rue d'Italie nearing the heart of Paris. All I know is that I was *not* the first American in Paris, not even if we overlook the hundred or so OSS agents who had gone in a month earlier to pave the way for a dramatic Liberation Day. But I *can* claim that, besides Jack Mowinckle, Charley Hatchet and I were the first Americans to enter Paris with no particular good reason. Walter's advice was to lie low somewhere until other Americans were to be seen, and then to emerge as though I had been there all along. So, as Jack and his three jeeps fell in behind French tanks going towards the Rue de Rivoli, Charley and I turned into a side street, and while fighting was still going on around the Place de la Concorde, we made our way to the Ritz. And while Jack was storming the Hôtel Meurice, where General von Choltitz was awaiting a chance to surrender, Charley and I were drinking champagne and eating caviar with a startled Ritz manager. While I was sleeping off my alcoholic lunch Jack had been joined by Ken Downs and the two were setting up a headquarters from which to send wireless messages to General Bradley telling him how best to enter the city without ruffling too many French feathers. More important, he managed to join up with the French forces who stormed the Hôtel Meurice to seize the German Commandant, General von Choltitz, and accept his surrender.

All the rest of those exciting and historic four days, from the morning of Wednesday, 23 August, to Saturday, 26 August, shapes up in my memory as a string of vignettes, each of which is clear enough in itself but

with the chronology all out of order like episodes in a Fellini film. Papa Hemingway, with whom I had a long evening of reminiscing fifteen or so years later, stuck to stories that put himself and his ragged band of Free French guerrillas one jump ahead of me and my OSS colleagues, but his ego deceived him. My version of what happened in the early days of the liberation of Paris is supported by the OSS people with whom I have checked and, above all, by Walter Glimm, now a retired banker living in the Austrian Alps. Walter does, however, support Papa on one detail, a story that he told Larry Collins, and one included in his *Is Paris Burning?*

It seems that on 20 or 21 August – anyway, a day before Dan, Walter, Moses and I arrived in Rambouillet – Hemingway had spent an afternoon and a night in the Hôtel Grand Veneur, thereby preceding us by some hours. During this period, after which he and his gang went on ahead to scout out possible landing sites for Allied air drops, a number of German officers and soldiers popped out of their hiding places in the forest of hundred-year-old oaks to surrender. Papa took off their trousers and put them on ‘kitchen police’ (‘KP’, as the GIs called it) peeling potatoes, onions, carrots and other items that went into the *boeuf à l’anglais* that was the main course of the dinner I just described.

Walter didn’t mention it at the time but now, forty years later, he tells me that he was embarrassed to see his former mates, naked from the waist down, doing menial jobs in the kitchen and waiting on the table, wearing from the waist up the frilly jackets which the *matre d’hôtel* had given them. When the extrovert Hemingway barged in so dramatically in the middle of dinner, waving boisterous greetings to everyone, Walter expected him to put two and two together and create a scene. Papa, liking ‘incidents’, wouldn’t have been above it.

Charley Hatchet also reminded me that an OSS nurse called Captain Greta Plumley also rode with us into Paris holding on to his genitals and squeezing them every time she heard a shot. Charley went on to say that Captain Plumley had married a CIA psychiatrist, fallen in love with a girl in the typing pool, got sacked when Security came down hard on homosexuals and Commies, and moved to Paris where she and the typist were living somewhere on the Left Bank in the manner of Gertrude Stein and Alice Toklas.

The rest of my Second World War was far from uneventful, but was it meaningful – autobiographically, that is? Looking back on the period I have my doubts but, for what it is worth, here is a summary.

I found comfortable quarters in the Hotel George V for Gordon Sheen and the G-2 staff he was bringing over from Washington. After making friends with Jean-Paul Dassonville, manager of the Ritz, I prevailed on

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him to arrange with his friend and colleague, the manager of the George V to hold on to a whole floor for 'special emissaries from the White House' who were expected to arrive on 26 August for General de Gaulle's official arrival in Paris.

On 23 August, after taking rooms in the Ritz, Papa Hemingway and a gang of good-natured ruffians barged into the hotel and, just as Papa has reported, put in an order for 'fifty-one double martinis'. Then came the forces of General Leclerc, then the American Fourth Infantry Division and, finally, on 27 August, there was General de Gaulle's victory parade down the Champs-Élysées to the accompaniment of joyous, screaming crowds.

Being both 'a typical American' (as the French saw us) and French-speaking, I quickly became part of the trendiest of Paris society – for example, Danielle Darieux, Françoise Rosay, Pierre Frenet, Sacha Guitry and Maurice Chevalier.

I wound up in an extremely comfortable suite on the second floor of a small hotel right on the Rond Point, halfway down the Champs-Élysées between the Étoile and the Place de la Concorde, across from *Le Figaro* newspaper, and above what is now 'le Drugstore', where American tourists shop for Alka Seltzer and aspirin tablets after changing their money at the American Express office just up the street.

As I was bringing to an end what I now call my 'Paris period', I eased myself out of the CIC and into the OSS in preparation for the post-war career I had staked out for myself. For the purposes of the record, I must say that my preoccupations of that period were with German scientists and intelligence personnel who, once the Second World War was over and forgotten, would be valuable to us in facing any new enemies that might have grown out of it.

As for my wartime friends, all but one or two of them were happy to put the wartime experience behind them. For the rest of my life, Frank and Eich came and went, and Nat Samuels came back into my life's story years later as Under-Secretary of State in the Nixon administration, but my benefactors and idols, Allen Calvert and Howard Wilson 'rejoined their roots', as Howard wrote to me years later.

Chapter 9

PARIS AND THE GERMANS

It was almost a week after General de Gaulle's triumphant parade down the Champs-Élysées that the big brass began to arrive in Paris. Colonel Calvert Hines, with Major Roger Saxon close behind, moved into the George V, and Colonel Howard Wilson, insisting on being with the CIC gang, installed himself in a Cook's Tour hotel that we had found on Rue Victor Hugo near Hôtel Majestic, into which ETOUSA headquarters had moved after the Germans had evacuated it and we had fumigated the place. With him there was a new senior member of the group, Colonel Orval Rapp, who was to supervise Captain Doyle as he led a crew repainting the jeeps, together with Doyle himself, Claud Goza, Frank Kearns, the whole Paris CIC detachment of some thirty-odd special agents and agents, and ten or twelve transients. It wasn't the Ritz, but it was clean and comfortable, and the boys had their own dining room complete with first-rate cooks and waiters, so life there was pleasant. I took meals there occasionally when I felt a need to escape the *beau monde* haunting my Rond Point hotel thanks to Jim Eichelberger and Henry Rago, who had installed themselves along the corridor. Needless to say, neither Eich nor Henry would be caught dead in the Rue Victor Hugo.

Immediately upon arrival, not entering into the holiday spirit by so much as kissing one French girl, Howard Wilson began passing out the assignments. Frank Kearns was to lead a team conducting whatever investigative jobs turned up inside the headquarters complex, teams of eight or ten agents each were to conduct security surveys of all units in the Paris area, and John Parrish and I were to represent the CIC in the OSS 'coop'. The coop (first 'co-operative', then 'co-op', then just plain 'coop') was a clearing house into which were shifted people who'd been rounded up by the CIC, the OSS and the military government people and who

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were wanted by more than one of these organizations. There it was decided who was to have them. It was located in a bare but still elegant Rothschild mansion near the Étoile on the Avenue Foch.

Lieutenant Dan Hunter and a French officer, Commandant le Boutilier, were already there, sorting out a miscellany of prisoners dumped on them by the Free French or saved from the Free French by MPs of General Hodges' V Corps. Dan explained that Communists among the Free French were accusing all their political enemies of being collaborationists, especially if they were rich and owned residences worth looting.

Dan's orders were to sniff out unregenerate pro-Nazi Frenchmen who might associate themselves with one or another of the diehard groups in Germany. My memory is not clear on this, but I think Dan did spot a few of these. Anyway, aided by four or five scruffy OSS agents he had planted among the prisoners, he worked hard enough at it. But he worked even harder at screening French men and women passing through the coop who might be useful to him after the war. Even then, long before he had any idea that there would one day be a Central Intelligence Agency, he was already planning to settle in Paris as the top American official of whatever intelligence organization arose from the ashes of the wartime OSS. He would need important friends.

We had some pretty distinguished French citizens among our prisoners. Some of them had indeed collaborated with the Germans, at least to the extent of mixing with them socially or doing profitable business with them. Most of them, however, were right-wing rich folks whom the Free French wanted to discredit, or whose houses they wanted to loot. Every day, Dan would look through the register to spot prisoners who might be useful to him after their release, and whenever he spotted a likely one he would wander into the yard, draw himself up beside him or her, affect surprise, and ask, 'Excuse me, but aren't you the Baronne de X?' She'd say, 'Yes, I am,' and Dan would say, 'Why, this is disgraceful! I'll get you out of here immediately!' And he would. All he had to do was to vouch for the person to Commandant le Boutilier, and that was that.

Although Dan was in charge of the place, with a major and two captains under him, because of some administrative slip-up he was still only a second lieutenant. He had a colonel's grasp of his job, a thorough understanding of why he had been assigned to it, and he knew how it fitted into what everyone else had been assigned to do. For various reasons, the coop became an excellent look-out point for people such as Dan and myself. The most important reason was Dan himself.

In late November, two weeks before the Germans' counter-offensive in the Ardennes – the Battle of the Bulge – Colonel Calvert sent me on special

assignment to the Intelligence Training Center at Camp Ritchie, Maryland, and I was gone until just before Christmas. When I got back to Paris, the PoW camps that had been mushrooming around Paris were filled to overflowing, and a number of German officers who were especially anxious to avoid ordinary PoW treatment, and enough in the know to be aware of the coop's existence, were turning up at the front gate. Those who spoke only German, Dan turned over to the MPs who came to the coop daily in search of stragglers. But those who spoke either English or French, and who seemed willing to talk, Dan labelled 'special detainees', thereby keeping their names off daily reports for however long it took to learn from them exactly what they knew about the Axis side of the war.

All of them, by the way, were wearing civilian clothes, a fact that, by itself, indicated that they were better informed than other German officers as to how to circumvent ordinary capture, or that they had more reason to go underground, or both.

The first category of information we got from them, with Dan interrogating and me listening in, was that they knew better than we how the war was bound to end. I don't know for a fact that Milton Shulman, then a major in Canadian intelligence, talked to any of them, but what they told us jibed exactly with what that sharp-eyed film and drama critic reported five years later in his definitive *Defeat in the West*. The view of German officers who were deserting in droves even *after* the Bulge, which gave the Germans a lightning flash of encouragement in their weeks of darkness, was unanimous in the conviction that the most powerful, best-equipped army the world had ever known was doomed to failure from the start. 'No way', as the kids say, could it defeat forces equipped and manned by our civilian armies.

And with that perfect discipline that Marty Wess and our game-room experts said would make it more than a match for our raw troops? It was *because* of that discipline that they didn't stand a chance. The German officers we had in the coop presented themselves as a small minority among those who knew very well that the jig was up; others obeyed orders blindly and without question 'even when circumvention of a command was the only sane course to take', as Milton Shulman wrote. The thought of how the war might have turned out if they had only had the gumption to go it without Hitler was frightening. That, our guests told us, was entirely out of the question.

So how were *they* different? At first, we assumed that they were anti-Nazi, and that there were no SS men among them – or, at least, that if there *were* SS men among them they would try to hide the fact. Not a bit of

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it. As I remember, about a third of them *were* SS officers, and they were not reluctant to admit it. They seemed oblivious to any possibility that we would consider them war criminals from the mere fact that they had been members of an organization guilty of some of the worst crimes in history, and that we might consider them in a category apart.

The feature of German military discipline that was of particular interest to us intelligence officers (so much so that I wrote a report about it for Colonel Calvert) was that each officer we talked to was almost totally ignorant of what was going on in units of the other officers. What we learned from our CIC colleague, the bilingual Sammy Weintraub, now a second lieutenant but dressed for the purpose as a corporal, was almost beyond belief. Sammy, acting as a guard and pretending to speak only English (he was also instructed to 'look stupid', which would have been like asking Danielle Darieux to 'look ugly'), reported that our guests sat up for hours after the lights had been turned out comparing notes, and learning with amazement what had been going on in other units.

Our 'special detainees' were not our only source of useful intelligence. There were the regular prisoners, many of whom had been picked up by CIC units rapidly on the move who had had the time to find out that they were of particular importance, but not enough to figure out exactly how. Also, there were prisoners whose importance these units recognized very well, but whom they wanted to quarantine from the Nazi hunters, who were beginning to become a real problem. By the time victory was clearly in sight, the G-2 of SHAEF, Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Forces, had ordered the creation of a special CIC unit to comb the PoW camps, review screening records of the cities and towns which the Allies had irretrievably taken from the retreating Germans, and single out 'possible war criminals'. A kind of Gresham's law set in: following a line of least resistance, and finding that collecting war criminals offered a maximum of brownie points with a minimum of effort, that's where the emphasis went. All but a very few CIC officers and agents were civilians at heart, anxious to do their work and get the hell home. They were almost unanimously unsympathetic to the pleas of long-range thinkers of our various headquarters to devote at least some of their attention to prisoners of importance to the intelligence community. Oh, they gave *some* attention to our interests, since they took orders like everybody else, but their hearts weren't in it.

We relied on the few CIC units whose officers, like Dan and myself, intended to make a career in the intelligence business, and by the spring of 1945 we had systematized our use of these units into a kind of CIC within the CIC, a 'tail wagging the dog', as General Edwin Sibert, G-2 of

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the Twelfth Army Group, called them since they were doing what the CIC was originally supposed to do, counter enemy intelligence, while the 'dog' was chasing war criminals. After all, their justification had some validity since there was no longer any enemy intelligence, literally defined, to counter.

While we were learning a lot from our wide miscellany of prisoners, and from the officers who were bringing them in, Dan was also keeping in touch, socially as well as officially, with Johnny Oakes, Ben Welles, Frank Holcombe and other members of OSS, X-2, who had set up shop on the Boulevard Souchet with the French SDECE. From these, as well as from the CIC 'loyalists', we learned that the search of most importance to us comprised four categories.

First, there was the Schwarze Kappelle, the German officers who were in one way or another involved with Admiral Canaris' anti-Hitler activities, especially the attempt on Hitler's life of 20 July 1944. Allen Dulles, stationed in Switzerland, had made what he called 'basic contact' with what there was of the German resistance organization that had grown out of the Abwehr, but he and we knew that there were a hundred or more German officers who were either in hiding or who remained unidentified in PoW camps.

Second, there were those German intelligence officers, many of them Nazis, who were specialists on Soviet affairs. British intelligence had learned of a 'blueprint' for German-American anti-Soviet collaboration drafted by one General Reinhard Gehlen, head of the Fremde Heere Ost, the intelligence analysis unit covering the Eastern Front. We wanted to capture Gehlen and all officers associated with his 'blueprint' (if such, in fact, existed) before the Soviets did.

Third, there were a number of German scientists who had been spotted by those committees whose meetings Boris Pash and I had attended back in London as being responsible for the Germans' supposed scientific and technical superiority. These, too, we wanted to capture before the Soviets got to them. I suspected they were the ones on whom General Gordon Sheen held a telescopic eye.

Finally, there were the unregenerate Nazis whom we were seeking not so much because they were war criminals as because they were known to have the resources to flee the war and to set themselves up in Spain, Eire, South America or the Middle East where they would 'plant cuckoo eggs' in local political structures to the end of creating a Nazi underground to arise one day and dominate the world. (Some of our colleagues in the offices of G-2, SHAEF, were taking seriously the pervading rumour that Hitler's suicide was fake, and that he and Martin Bormann, Secretary

of the Nazi Party, had fled to Argentina.)

So, Reinhard Gehlen, a slimy little Nazi intriguer of whom Allen Dulles was later to say, 'He's not the sort of chap one takes to one's club.' We first heard of him when a captain from Twelfth Army Group came to the coop to drop off a sort of 'all-points bulletin' (APB) requesting any information which might lead to his location or arrest. Gehlen, it seemed, had cornered the market on intelligence about the Soviets, and the Captain's boss, Brigadier-General Edwin Sibert, was anxious to find him. Anything General Sibert wanted we would make an all-out effort to get.

General Sibert was sort of a hero to all American officers who saw long-range possibilities in intelligence careers. Generally regarded as the most far-sighted of all the G-2s, he was bitterly hated by left-wingers back in Washington who deplored any suggestion that as soon as we had finished off the Germans we would turn our attention to the Soviets. When reports reached Washington that faulty intelligence was the reason for American reverses in 'the Bulge', left-wingers in Congress and in the administration began goading the War Department into conducting an investigation aimed at making Sibert personally to blame. Immediately, we all got behind him, producing the unanimous backing of all division, corps and army G-2s who were able to show that there was plenty of intelligence pointing to the upcoming German offensive but that it had lain unread in G-3 in-baskets.

Similarly, General Sibert's APBs on Gehlen were ignored, and when Gehlen, who was as anxious to find Sibert as Sibert was to find him, turned himself in to a CIC detachment in Miesbach, the commander of the detachment gave him a cold shoulder. The commander, Captain Marion Porter, was a thoroughly competent but easygoing officer who was counting the days until he could put the war behind him, and he had no interest in 'intelligence assets' that might be useful in any future conflict. He also didn't like Gehlen's looks or his manner, and when Gehlen introduced himself as the senior German officer who had coordinated all intelligence operations against the Russians, Porter replied, 'Pleased to meet you. We'll send you to the Russians and you can tell them what you know about them.'

But it occurred to Marion, being no dummy, that it would do no harm to cover his tracks, so he called a former colleague in the Paris CIC unit to ask, 'Who is this guy Gehlen, and what does he want?' The CIC officer in Paris reported the call to Colonel Wilson, and Wilson immediately sent an urgent message to General Sibert in Kronberg. Late that very night two CIC agents plucked Gehlen out of the PoW camp to which Marion Porter had moved him for safekeeping, and the next morning he and an

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assistant whose name I forget were being interrogated over a hot breakfast by the only two Soviet experts on General Sibert's staff. With this mini-chain of events in mind, we added our names to the growing list of people claiming exclusive credit for having located the elusive Nazi who later became the linchpin of the CIA's intelligence efforts in the Soviet Union.

All of us in Paris who foresaw post-war careers in intelligence followed these developments closely, because Sammy Weintraub, eavesdropping on our guests on the top floor of the Rothschild mansion, had overheard references to Gehlen in the guests' late-at-night conversations, and the very frequency of the references convinced him, and us, that Gehlen might very well be a source of wholesale information on the Soviets. More important, the content of the remarks was such as to indicate that those who made them viewed Gehlen as a rallying point for Germans like themselves who envisioned a future in German-American cooperation.

Sammy had summarized what he had overheard in a report that, like all his reports, was beautifully organized and clearly written, and Dan asked the Captain from Twelfth Army Group who brought in the APB on Gehlen to take it to General Sibert. A few days later Sammy was in a jeep on his way to Kronberg to participate in the Gehlen interrogation, and I didn't see him again until months later when I ran into him walking down a hall in the CIA's L Building in Washington as he was making a round of briefings in preparation for an assignment back in Germany.

The third category of Germans whom the CIC 'loyalists' had been instructed to seek out was the most sensitive: German scientists whose brains our own scientists wanted to pick on German technological developments, especially in the field of rocketry, and whom the Soviets were also seeking. Already, the whole American intelligence effort in Europe was under fire for 'putting expediency ahead of principle', and the heat came close to home when my old friend, Moses Decter, a black Alabaman who spoke a lot of languages and held a PhD, was called up before the ETOUSA Adjutant-General's office in the Hôtel Majestic to explain why he was using Nazis of General von Choltitz's defunct staff to assist his Franco-American group in speeding up their attempt to get Paris's public utilities back in working order.

Mose had managed to run down 'Bobby' Bender (an Abwehr agent), Raoul Nordling (the Swedish Consul-General in Paris, a black marketeer who got a lot of French resistance fighters sprung from German jails before the Gestapo could kill them) and other Nazi-connected types listed in our 'automatic arrest categories', and they were helping him to spot

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German scientists who had been working with French scientists in various laboratories and experimental factories in the environs of Paris. His orders were to help the de Gaullists, who were better resistance fighters than they were engineers, to get the city back into working order with a minimum of assistance from the Gestapo, Abwehr and RSHA informants in their midst. He was 'guilty' of having been soft on Frenchmen who had indispensable talents as electricians, plumbers and carpenters but had records of consorting with the Germans. He had no doubt tipped off some of them, including Bender, Nordling and Nordling's brother, that they should flee to Switzerland. The Adjutant-General couldn't prove it (his heart wasn't in the enquiry anyway), but when he made the accusation Mose neither confirmed nor denied.

It was from Moses, and not from our CIC colleagues, that we learned of the Theatre-wide activity variously known as the 'paperclip operation' and the 'paperclip conspiracy', depending on which side of the controversy you were on. In every command which housed extensive card files of PoWs, whether army, corps or division, the G-2 had chosen an especially trusted sergeant, sworn him to secrecy and assigned him the task of scanning the cards to spot names of scientists who, under interrogation, might shed some light on that German technological superiority that had been of such great concern to us back in London before D-Day. On the card of each scientist he was to affix a paperclip. After VE-Day, teams of CIC agents began sweeping the PoW camps to pick out the chosen scientists and, sometimes over protests of the camp commanders who knew that most of them were Nazis, to take them to special quarters where they were to be given VIP treatment.

I was all for the operation, especially when it was given top priority to the CIC 'loyalists', and at first I hoped that this was the job General Sheen had in mind for me when he put me in touch with Walter Glimm – who still, by the way, hadn't turned up as I had expected. But the reaction! Eichelberger, Jim Gardner and others in our Paris CIC unit who were still university liberals at heart would have nothing to do with it, and the Jews among us were practically in tears when they heard about it. As a New Testament Christian and a 'paranoiac in reverse' – as Frank Kearns used to say of me when he was angry at my persisting good humour in moments of crisis – (not to mention my glandular deficiency), I couldn't come to grips with any objectives other than winning the war and ensuring that there wouldn't be a Third World War. Not to put too fine a point on it, I saw – or, rather, I *felt* – no reason to take revenge on the Germans, however horrible their crimes had been.

But then, at the insistence of my friend, the mad actor Sterling Hayden,

I had a look at Buchenwald; moreover, in the party which Sterling forced upon us, there were Sammy Weintraub and a CIC special agent named Irving Aaronson. Seeing the camp shook me enough; the effect was ten times more powerful than any of the films about the Holocaust that we have seen on television. But the effect of seeing it in the company of Sammy and Irving was a hundred times more powerful. I agreed with Nat Samuels, who was as Jewish as Sammy and Irving, that our calculated humiliation of the Germans following the First World War was what had made Hitler possible, but I didn't want any part of an operation that was deeply offensive to a high percentage of my closest friends.

Forty-five years later, in his book entitled *The Paperclip Conspiracy*, Tom Bower of the BBC would admit that if the 'conspiracy' had failed we would not have landed a man on the moon, yet he went on to say that it was grossly immoral, and the product of 'autocratic imperiousness' on the part of the British and American military establishments. If he can be so indignant about it now, just think how it must have appeared forty-odd years ago, not only to the Jews in our CIC and OSS teams, but to the liberals among us.

I could hardly be described as a liberal, even in my youth, but I *almost* subscribed to the view expressed by E. M. Forster when our mutual friend, Kim Philby, fled to Moscow: 'If I'm ever called upon to choose between a friend and my country I hope I have the courage to opt for my friend.' At the time of 'paperclip', that wasn't the choice. At least, I didn't recognize it as such, so I told Howard Wilson that *if* I were called upon to participate in it in any way I would refuse.

So we move on to category four, the unregenerate Nazis who were known to have the resources to flee to Spain, Eire, South America or the Middle East – the 'cuckoos', we called them. Maybe *this* category, I thought, was the one Gordon Sheen had in mind for me, yet without further discussion with Walter Glimm I couldn't be sure. But then he turned up! On the day after the Japanese surrender, 25 August 1945, there was a knock on the door of my pad on the Rond Point, and there stood Walter, neatly dressed in a tailored pinstripe blue suit and Homburg hat and carrying a tightly rolled umbrella in the manner of an English gentleman on his way to White's. Henry, answering the door, thought he was some boring MI6 officer, and he almost took it upon himself to say that I was out. But Walter brushed past him and sat himself primly on a dining-room chair while I finished whatever I was doing in the bathroom.

I was so startled at his confidence, a German officer in mufti coming in broad daylight to an American officer's apartment without any indication of secretiveness, that I was at a loss for words. I couldn't think of any of

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the questions I had been saving up from the time we parted in St Cloud to the time our Paris unit had been confronted with the paperclip business. So he had the initiative. After greeting me warmly and asking how the occupation was going, and joking to Henry about how it hadn't been as unpleasant under the Germans as our new French friends liked to pretend, he handed me an envelope with the comment, 'I think it contains your future.' And off he went. We hadn't exchanged a dozen words.

Henry, who looked out of the window to witness his departure as I was opening the envelope, later told me that he had climbed into the back of a chauffeur-driven Citroën and had driven off in the manner of a neutral diplomat after dropping cards on the French Foreign Minister. 'Fine friends you have,' said Henry.

I must confess that the contents of the envelope, names without descriptive notes of twenty-six German officers from *Untersturmführer* (second lieutenant) to *Oberführer* (colonel), not ordinary Wehrmacht ranks but SS, signalled nothing to me until I checked them out that Saturday afternoon in the central files in the *Hôtel Majestic*. Even when I found that not a single name was listed in a 'wanted' category, was a 'paperclip' scientist or a PoW, it didn't immediately dawn on me why a German officer who was free to move about in Paris in a chauffeur-driven car, and who could visit an American officer in broad daylight, would give such a list to me. It took a few hours of gameplay thinking to give me a clue.

You who have already seen the light may pat yourselves on the back for your perspicacity. As for myself, when the light went on all I could say was, 'Holy shit!' I almost decided to start practising up on my trumpet and going back into jazz bands. But curiosity, as much as a sense of adventure that had by then become an obsession, made me decide to hold on for at least a year or so.

Chapter 10

BACK IN WASHINGTON

As I look back on it all, I see that my life began to take on real meaning in September 1945, when I joined the Strategic Services Unit, the dregs of the OSS that was slowly to metamorphose into the much publicized Central Intelligence Agency. After a month of hot and humid Alabama, a night's sleep and a fine breakfast on the express train to Washington, I arrived in Union Station to be met by an autumn breeze and a uniformed chauffeur who told me that General and Mrs Lawton, from the commando course in Scotland, expected me to stay with them in the Wardman Park until I found a place of my own. So there was a ride in the back of a government Cadillac from Union Station, across town by K Street, and through Rock Creek Park where leaves on the trees were already turning red, yellow and brown, then on to Connecticut Avenue.

And to the Wardman Park! Atop the highest point in Washington, 'commanding a view of the city', as Mrs Lawton liked to say, there was Washington's equivalent of the Connaught in London, with afternoon tea served in the lobby while a string quartet played selections from light operas. Mrs Eisenhower lived there while Ike was off to the wars; so did Vice-President Alben Barkley, Chief Justice Earl Warren (Mrs Warren, dear old lady, is *still* there), and then, later, George Bush, Spiro Agnew and Perle Mesta, 'the hostess with the mostest', who (it is said) used to entice dinner guests by 'hanging a lamb chop out of the window'. The Lawtons' suite on the sixth floor had been Mrs Eisenhower's during the war, then theirs, then the Bushes' (first George and his wife, Barbara, then later George's mother), then Vice-President Agnew's – then, many years later, I had it for a glorious eight years. Mrs Mesta had a double suite on the floor just above, and it was there that she had her famous parties – until, still later, I took it over to throw *my* famous parties.

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The Lawtons were counting the days until they could return to South Carolina 'and sanity', as Mrs Lawton said, but they found time for social life, and they had guests for dinner on almost all nights when they weren't themselves being invited out. Their guests were all members in good standing of that Washington phenomenon known as the Establishment, and partly for the sheer pleasure of helping a young friend get his feet on the ladder they went out of their way to invite high-ranking military and diplomatic persons who were concerned with getting the intelligence community on to a peacetime footing. The General had himself taken a job of sorts as career consultant for the Military Attaché Service, and although he didn't take it seriously (it consisted of no more than interviewing field- and general-grade officers who 'knew which forks to use at diplomatic dinners', as Mrs Lawton explained) it gave him such contact with the 'community' as would enable him to know which members of it mattered and which didn't.

It took only two weeks as a guest of the Lawtons to learn that only a very few people actually *in* the intelligence community would have any real influence on its future shape. It occurred to me that if the Lawtons' guests were an indication of who would have that influence, then I was in for either a very rough ride or no ride at all. In those days, I was little more than a fly on the wall at Washington social occasions, opening my mouth only to ask the occasional question, but I was all ears. At one of the Lawtons' parties, during a heated discussion of who would get what jobs in the several embryo organizations, I asked, 'Suppose we were to drop the whole idea of intelligence services, and struggle along with none at all, what would the country lose?' I didn't intend to throw doubt on the need of intelligence; I was only using the management engineer's old trick of forcing some basic thinking about the objectives of the organization that was to produce it. Do we really need it, and if so why? Only by knowing the answers to questions like these could the organizers be sure that they were correctly adjusting means to ends.

My question was received merely politely by most of the guests, but one of them, General John Magruder, took it seriously. It prompted him to tell of a meeting which the new intelligence chief, Admiral Sidney Sauer, had just had with President Truman. When Sauer told the President that the new centralized intelligence unit he was organizing would see that there would never be another 'Pearl Harbor', the President replied, 'You haven't yet had your Top Secret briefing or you'd know that a bit of code-breaking had told us all about the Pearl Harbor attack in advance. What President Roosevelt needed was intelligence bearing on the question of what he should do about it.' President Roosevelt got the

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intelligence, and he decided to let the Pearl Harbor attack happen as a way of arousing an otherwise apathetic populace. General Magruder went on to say that he'd spent the past month talking intelligence organization in high places, that he hadn't heard a word to indicate that President Truman's words had reached the planners. The top people in the Departments of State, army, navy and air force were busily concocting dangers that would justify increases in their respective budgets, and they had developed a whole new glossary of clichés for the purpose, 'preventing another Pearl Harbor' being one of them. 'No one,' he said in answer to my question, 'is asking what, realistically, we Americans have to fear in the post-war world.'

When the guests had left, the Lawtons explained that John Magruder, a West Pointer from a fine old Virginia family, had been Deputy to General Donovan in the OSS and that he was about to become head of the unit I had just joined. That was the reason they'd invited him to dinner. They predicted that he wouldn't last long in his new job, and General Lawton said I'd do well to keep an eye on his demise. I'd learn something from it, he said. 'You can't make sense of what's happening in Washington without knowing how men and women of influence see them.' In Washington gameplay, consequences are brought about less by events themselves than by how they are interpreted, rightly or wrongly. Those who make the decisions most affecting our lives wouldn't be where they are, had they not early in their lives adopted the habit of seeing events in the colours best suiting their careers. John Magruder, alas, was too much of a patriot to play the Washington game. All the same, I intended to take him up on the invitation – extended to me when we said goodnight – to visit him shortly in his office.

While I was spending my evenings being educated and impressed by Washington's decision-makers, I was spending my days in 'temporary buildings' I, J, K and L down by the Reflecting Pool and the Lincoln Memorial, undergoing psychological tests (those I have already written about), medical examinations and security briefings, and attending to personal matters such as finding an apartment, buying a car and using my talents as a *débrouillard* to bypass the army war-bride machinery in getting Lorraine and Miles III, then just eighteen months old, over from England. The two arrived on the day I said goodbye to the Lawtons and we moved into a garden apartment in the Parkfairfax in Alexandria, Virginia.

My first job was under a wonderful lady in her late thirties who, bilingual in English and German, ran the Germany branch of X-2, the SSU unit concerned with counter-espionage matters. I will spare my readers the details of this brief period in my early career except to say that I was

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picked for it because someone at a higher echelon had noted in my personnel file that I had run down German technicians for Gordon Sheen, and that notations on my 'coup' in getting a list of cuckoos from 'the infamous Walter Glimm' had clinched my assignment to the German branch so firmly that it would have taken an act of Congress to place me elsewhere. Well, the equivalent of such an act was shortly to come about, and over the next two years I was moved from job to job as the SSU-CIA shifted its attention from fleeing Nazi Germans to emerging Soviet Communists.

All the while, I had a nagging thought. Instructions to field stations didn't specify what was to be done about fleeing Nazis when they were found. The Nazis who had escaped us would no doubt be exerting sinister influences in local politics, but so, increasingly, would Soviet agents in local Communist parties. Wasn't it at least conceivable that the Germans would be *useful*? The thought was intriguing, but when I asked others on the German desk about it they were horrified, insisting that keeping track of our erstwhile enemies was an end in itself, and that the Soviets weren't yet the 'enemy'.

Anyway, for reasons having nothing to do with the morality of the question, I at first wanted no part of it so I got myself moved out of the German section, and for the next year I had a succession of different jobs. The first one was working in a small office having some such title as the Rehabilitation and Assignment Unit under Katy Markowitz, a naturalized Czech who had 'special sympathies', as she put it, for those who had operated in 'the vast wildernesses of international spying', the most depressing kind. Our duties were those associated with the homecoming and hand-holding of the wild and woolly agents who had been sent to remote corners of the world by Wild Bill Donovan. Some of them had been completely forgotten until we found them in the records. They were so far away from civilization that they didn't even know the war was over until months after VE- and VJ-Days. It wasn't much of a job, but it was a gold mine of anecdotal material I could use later at dinner parties and on talk shows.

From Katy Markowitz's outfit I went to X-2 Training, where I had an opportunity to practise 'methodology' in the literal meaning of that word, not as it is so often used as a fashionable synonym for 'method'. We had to devise the proper means of doing things that had never been done before – how to recruit people to spy on the Soviets, for example, assuming that spying was the best way to get the intelligence we needed. My paper on the subject attracted the attention of Jim Angleton, who was becoming recognized as our leading expert on how the Soviets were spying on us.

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Then I was assigned to help a great intelligence officer, and a finer man, one Peer de Silva, who had been given the task of drawing up organization charts for the X-2 part of the intelligence complex that was then in the making, the CIA yet to come. It wasn't much of a job, although it reinforced my claim to have been a founder-member of the CIA. (Later, I was one of the 200 employees who were on the original list of career members when the CIA became official in July 1947.)

Then I spent a month sitting at the feet of Harry Rositzke, a Brooklyn-raised PhD in Germanic philology from Harvard University who looked like a young Igor Stravinsky and talked like a young Aaron Copland. Harry was not only a brilliant analyst and writer, but also a witty, spellbinding speaker, a talent that gave him almost as much grief as credit. Once in a lecture to one of my training classes on the emerging 'Soviet problem', he pretended for two hours that he was an apologist for the Soviet system, fielding such questions from his audience as 'What about there being no freedom of speech in the Soviet Union?' He demolished us, showing our questions to be no more than mindless clichés, and the Soviets to be much less stupid than we had been assuming. His point, as the audience should have understood it, was simply that one must never underestimate one's opposition. But at least one of the audience went straight to Colonel Galloway, who had just taken over as head of the combined X-2 and SI (secret intelligence) units, and complained that Harry 'talks just like a Russian'.

But in so doing he certainly woke us all up. Before President Truman publicly took a stand against Soviet advances in his 'Truman Doctrine' speech of 12 March 1947, there was no mention at all of the Soviets in the various directives and planning papers that guided our activities. Then, only a week after the speech, we were swamped with a wide range of directives asking for intelligence on Soviet intentions, but not so much on whether or not they would move as on *how* and *with what* they would move. In April 1947, the Pentagon estimated that the Soviets, in purely military terms, could reach the English Channel if they wanted. And General Clay, our senior representative in Berlin, said he had a 'gut feeling' that they were about to move. The Pentagon reacted by predicting a Soviet invasion of Western Europe, and the White House itself saw war with the Soviet Union as 'imminent'.

After all, since VE-Day the Soviets had maintained full mobilization while we were demobilizing as rapidly as possible. But as we budding intelligence professionals saw it, Stalin's posture was entirely defensive: it didn't make sense for the US *not* to attack the USSR while it was weak and the US was strong. Admitting that the Soviets might regard a strong

offence as the best defence, we argued that their military strength meant nothing so long as they felt they had already bitten off more than they could chew. To us, there was only one viable scenario, even to the paranoid Soviet mind: Stalin would consolidate his hold over the satellites he had embraced, and stand pat, at least militarily. Instead of the possibility of military attack, we should be worrying about the Soviet leaders' conviction that we were on the verge of economic collapse, and that Communism, with a bit of clandestine help, could shortly sweep the West.

Anyway, whatever the pros and cons of the various arguments, we thought we were coming to grips with the real nature of the Soviet-American conflict, and we felt that, if the military intelligence analysts wanted to count divisions and put pins in maps, more power to them. It would at least keep them off the streets. About this time, our top analyst, Sherman Kent, said something like (I now copy from my badly handwritten notes) 'Analysis is a matter of singling out the factual and the relevant in all the confusion, the bias, and the spectacular.' That is what we tried to do, keeping our heads while all those about us were losing theirs – including, we thought at the time, George Kennan, First Secretary in our Embassy in Moscow, whose famous 6000-word telegram on Soviet intentions (the 'Mr X' article in *Foreign Affairs*) lacked the cool judicial mien that we fancied ourselves to have. What we came up with was an estimate roughly as follows:

1. There was no way that we and Soviet leaders could accommodate to each other's objectives and ways of ensuring national security as each understood that term. By the end of the war, Soviet leaders were so committed to a line of action that *depended* on the destruction of American capitalist influence in the world that they couldn't abandon it even if they wanted. Given the political environment that made possible both their rise to power and their ability to stay there, to abandon it would mean instant personal suicide. It was not a question of the Soviets being the Bad Guys and ourselves being the Good Guys. That just happened to be the way the conflict was shaping up: irrevocable commitments of one side making it an irresistible force while commitments just as irrevocable were making the other an immovable object.

2. The Soviets were making no serious preparations to engage us in a 'hot' war, either conventional or nuclear – even assuming that if they didn't already have the A-bomb they would shortly possess it. Being not only realistic but paranoid, they knew that they barely had the capacity to hold on to their recently acquired and tenuously held satellites, and that even after they got the A-bomb they would lag far behind us in

knowing how most tellingly to use it.

3. All the same, the only intelligence analysts who were studying the Soviets dispassionately and in depth ('It's more important to understand them than to hate them,' said Harry) were convinced that the Soviets saw no way of avoiding *some* kind of a fight-to-the-finish conflict with us, and that we were in an ongoing and escalating conflict with them whether *we* liked it or not. Lenin had understood very well, as did Stalin and anyone who might conceivably replace him, that the Soviet system couldn't survive, even in the USSR itself, and certainly not in the Communist orbit as a whole, living in the same world with a vibrant capitalist system. If the West was teetering on the edge of collapse, as Stalin thought it was, it must be pushed over the edge. In any case, the Soviets *must*, somehow, 'win' over us.

4. So if the Soviets couldn't win a 'hot' war, how *could* they defeat us? Only by what (to the applause on our side of the fence of those whom Lenin called 'useful idiots') Soviet propagandists just after the war were calling 'non-belligerent competition'. But here, as we saw it, was the important point, and the danger: the Soviet system simply could *not* compete successfully with our capitalist system if it played by the rules of fair competition as *we* understand them. Soviet leaders well knew it. Under Lenin and later under Stalin, admission that this is so was implicit in all the Soviets' philosophizing on the subject of their survival in a 'capitalist-imperialist' world.

5. So the Soviets' idea of competition *had* to differ radically from our own. It didn't mean making better products and selling them at cheaper prices in easily accessible markets; it meant making it impossible for us to do so. Running all through the Soviets' own literature on the East-West conflict is the implicit assumption that their strategy is based almost entirely on denial (*prepyastovat*) – not the gain of friends, territory and raw materials for themselves but denial of these necessities to us.

6. Moreover, whatever kind of conflict the Soviets engaged in with us, their strategy would be geared to American weaknesses rather than to Soviet strengths. On the international gameboard as a whole, their strategy as we understood it ruled out serious consideration of a general war (although it counted on the threat of it to achieve 'psy-war' advantages) and shifted the emphasis to a worldwide crazy quilt of regional wars, combined with trouble-making of any and all sorts, anywhere and everywhere in the world, not to improve their chances of competing but to lessen ours. *Prepyastovat* was to be the very essence of Leninist internationalism: depriving us 'exploitative capitalists' of both raw materials and markets, while, as an adventitious byproduct, putting out

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of our reach those military bases which we would need should we find it necessary to 'revert to the military option'.

7. The Soviets already surmised (correctly, it has turned out) that we would win or lose our wars inside the US itself, not on the actual battlefield. For this reason, we foresaw that their strategy for the international gameboard would be closely linked to a programme of disinformation (*dezinformatzia*) designed to narcotize us against suspicions we might have of Soviet intentions and to discredit those of us who dared to cry alarm.

As I write this, I can't resist the temptation to take advantage of hindsight, thus stating as analysis what was in 1947-50 only a hypothesis yet to be proved. The main job of the new intelligence agency, as we saw it, if not its *only* job, would be to test it. So, while the planners and organizers above us were drawing up their charts and charters for various components of our new intelligence complex, we at the so-called working level were settling down to a fairly clear concept of what we should be doing. A review of the staff papers written and considered at that time, now available through the Freedom of Information Act, shows that the concept was tacitly recognized if not actually formalized.

Alas, the CIA couldn't continue as it started out. Again taking advantage of hindsight, we saw certain things go wrong.

First, as I have already said, a government agency will invariably see a problem in terms of the tools it has for solving it, and the military agencies saw the Soviets as essentially a military problem. And since the departments and agencies with the biggest budgets have the greatest influence, as soon as our overall intelligence machinery got off the ground the emphasis of the whole system, the CIA included, was on counting divisions and putting pins in maps.

Second, we were no more immune to the tendency than all the others, and our tools were those of a *secret* intelligence agency. Although the Pentagon had a better budget and greater leverage than the new CIA, our comparatively small OSO, Office of Special Operations (X-2 and SI) had a better budget and greater leverage within the CIA than all the other segments combined. So we put a greater emphasis on the use of clandestine means of intelligence acquisition than could be justified by the results. In only a few years, we were to learn that customers of intelligence reporting were able to verify and use only a small percentage of our reports, and that only 5 per cent or less of the finished intelligence finally going to the White House was produced by our clandestine sources.

But third, and most important, was the soon recognized fact that even our best reporting – and, for that matter, the best reporting of the

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intelligence community as a whole – wasn't being taken seriously anyhow, unless it was what Sherman Kent called 'scare stuff', meaning reporting containing warnings of dangers in such an alarmist way that the White House wouldn't dare ignore it. So if it was scare stuff the customers wanted, it was scare stuff we would give them. Only we were soon crying wolf too often, and the White House stopped paying attention to us *whatever* we reported – unless, of course, it was the first to panic, in which case it would ask us for whatever we could produce to justify the panic.

Chapter 11

THE NEW CIA AND THE WORLD

President Truman's 'Truman Doctrine' speech of 12 March 1947 wasn't exactly a literary masterpiece, being a committee's patchwork of its members' individual ideas, but it did contain one sentence indicating that somebody in the White House, maybe even the President himself, saw our point of view. It was: 'I believe that it must be the policy of the United States to support free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities or outside pressures.' Armed *minorities* and outside *pressures*, as opposed to the overt intervention by Soviet forces? This was exactly our fear, so much so that we suspected our then boss, General Vandenberg, of having slipped in a word or two. Certainly *he* had read our words of wisdom, not only in the form of Harry Rositzke's memoranda but also in our training materials and briefing sheets. We had a happy thought: maybe the many months we had spent in retooling the organization to phase out our operations against the moribund Nazi movement and to concentrate on the Soviet threat had not been wasted.

The changeover was not entirely painless, however, especially in the Western Europe Division, whose most competent members were German-Jewish émigrés like Henry Kissinger. These, both in Washington and abroad, were keenly aware of the naturalization oath they had taken to 'absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state or sovereignty . . .' and they were resentful of the suggestion that as a 'Jewish people' they deserved a 'home of their own'. To them, it implied that as 'Jewish Americans' they weren't *really* Americans, and that America wasn't their home, their *only* home, just as it was the home of non-Jewish Americans. The argument sounded all too like the one from which they had fled only a few years earlier: that German Jews weren't *really* Germans,

and were therefore fair game for Nazi thugs.

But this didn't relieve their sensibilities on the question of a Jewish state in Palestine, especially as they heard American anti-Semites join with the Zionists in urging its creation as a means of diverting Jewish refugees in Europe away from immigration to the United States. As they were keenly aware, outside the intelligence community the arguments back and forth descended to the gutter, with politicians who were privately anti-Semitic saying whatever they thought they had to say to satisfy the 'Jewish vote', and accusing the State Department's career diplomats of being anti-Semitic and pro-Arab.

I've been hearing this argument for the past forty years; I didn't like it then and I don't like it now. But I can say this: in all these forty years I have met many Congressmen who were anti-Semitic in private and ostentatiously pro-Israel in public, but I have yet to meet an American career diplomat who was even remotely anti-Semitic or pro-Arab, not even among the so-called Arabists, as those who spend most of their careers in the Middle East and who speak a bit of Arabic have been called. In 1947, the prevailing attitude among career diplomats, based entirely on their professional understanding of America's moral obligations and security needs, was that we *should* support the creation of Israel, but that we shouldn't delude ourselves into thinking that there were practical advantages to ourselves in so doing.

In the Pentagon it was a different story. Seeing the Soviet threat as mainly military, and foreseeing a Third World War that would be fought with armies, navies and air forces, military planners and intelligence analysts believed that an Israeli state could be 'our greatest potential ally in the Middle East', predicting – correctly, as it turned out – that its army would be one of the finest in the world, probably better than our own.

However, those diplomats and intelligence analysts who foresaw the war of the future as an undeclared and unconventional combination of regional wars, characterized by guerrilla warfare, 'freedom fighters', terrorists and the like, believed that a Jewish state would be a heavy burden to bear. But that didn't mean that they were opposed to its creation, or to our support of it. Their only concern was the Truman administration's persisting ignorance of the problems and its uncritical view of the idea, and the sight of our elected officials voting for policies they knew to be damaging to American interests simply because they feared the 'powerful Jewish lobby'.

My own views? Quite frankly, I didn't really have any. In recent years, I have favoured close and mutually profitable co-operation with the Israelis' Mossad – which, incidentally, is the next-to-finest intelligence

service in the world, second only to the Soviets' KGB, and far superior to the special operations part of the American CIA – but in 1947 I avoided involvement in the controversy of which it has been a part. In different ways, I *sympathized* with the two sides for so long as I felt that their arguments, whatever their merits, were genuine and heartfelt. But, like most of my professional colleagues, I saw the mere *fact* of the controversy as a dangerous distraction on the international gameboard, and I deplored the entry into it of politicians who were attracted by the opportunities it offered rather than the rights and wrongs of it.

In other words, I didn't agree or disagree with the positions of either side; I just didn't like them. According to my personal code of ethics, I believed that lying, stealing, throat-cutting and disingenuousness in general had a place in the undeclared wars of the international gameboard, just as killing had a place in declared wars such as the one we had just been through, but when it came to politics at home I was almost sentimentally moral.

I say all this by way of explaining why it was that in 1947 I suddenly began chasing around the halls of I, J, K and L buildings trying to find an assignment abroad. In the first place, I simply wanted to distance myself from the bad feelings that were coming to the surface among my good friends. But, at the level of sheer opportunism, I wanted to get the hell out of Washington where, all of a sudden, 'domestic foreign policy' was beginning to blight government agencies concerned with our 'foreign foreign policy'. There was not only the heated and largely irrational controversy over Palestine; there was also the growing controversy, just as irrational although less publicized, over the German scientists and intelligence officials, many of them former Nazis, whom we were smuggling into the country past the Nuremberg investigators. I was all for this last sphere of activity, but I was tired of listening to the outraged arguments about it.

And something else: I was *not* running away from the Arab-Jewish conflict, as one or two of my Jewish colleagues suggested. Quite apart from my allergy to it, I simply didn't see it as the most likely flash point for the Third World War. The Pentagon's intelligence analysts had become sold on the theory that, as the Arabs and the new Jewish state began fighting, the Soviets would back the Arabs and the United States would back the Jews, and the conflict would eventually escalate into a world war. I didn't see it that way. Instead, my private understanding of the then emerging Soviet strategy, resulting from having read those parts of Lenin's twenty-volume *Collected Works* that had been translated into English or French, convinced me that Stalin wouldn't try to take what was

left of a free Europe by military conquest but would, instead, somehow deprive it of access to the raw materials of Africa, thereby making it dependent on substitutes from the USSR.

As for backing the Arabs to the extent of involving themselves in a world war, I believed so doing to be totally alien to the developing Soviet strategy. The Soviets would give selected Arab states whatever they needed to fight their own battles – or, rather, to make a maximum of trouble for all concerned, the Arabs themselves included – but they would never, never, on behalf of some Arab interests go any further. The same applied to whatever aid they would give to African rebel groups, and, with their eyes on Western Europe, these were far more important to the Soviets than the Arabs.

At the time, all this was a fairly woolly theory, and I had not yet met anyone else in OSO who subscribed to it, but it appealed to my poker-player instincts enough to make me risk my own career on it.

So, as I started looking for a job overseas, I started with Africa, and, being a French-speaker, I was offered my choice of Léopoldville, Conakry and Abidjan, all ‘hardship posts’ that no one wanted. With thoughts of my family in mind I turned them down. Then I got two offers that I liked, Rio de Janeiro and Stockholm, but Lorraine, with *me* in mind, turned them down on the grounds that my talents, as she understood them, would be wasted in those places.

Then it happened: I was called to the office of Steve Penrose, an old Middle East hand who had taken over from Jimmy Murphy as head of OSO. He told me that, at long last, my ‘fine work with fleeing Nazis’ had been recognized. Being of weak character and a sucker for undeserved praise, instead of reacting honestly I blushed modestly, said, ‘Aw shucks, boss’, and agreed that, yes, I had shown a flair for the kind of intelligence work that would qualify me for a post in Europe and that I felt it my patriotic duty to accept one if it were offered to me.

But Europe it was not to be. As my blood ran cold, Steve informed me that recent reports from my old friend, Walter Glimm, showed that what there was left of a ‘Nazi movement’ was regrouping in South America and the Middle East, and that the Nazi move towards the Middle East posed a complicated mess of problems requiring the attention of an intelligence officer who could be entirely objective about *all* of them. (I think he referred to my well-known glandular deficiency, but my memory may be playing tricks on me.)

Up until the time of that conversation I was determined that the Middle East would be the *last* area where I would seek an assignment. But Steve showed me a report which greatly aroused my interest. Written by Major

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Nicholas Andronovitch, an assistant military attaché assigned to Jerusalem and based on an interview with Nasri-ed-din Nashashibi, a Palestinian who has since become one of my closest friends, it made this point: problems often arise in government or in one's personal experience which, like the square root of minus one, are utterly insoluble. When they are recognized as such, their resistance to solution must be instantly recognized, and the strategists must drop all notions of solving them and shift their attention to the question of how to minimize the adverse consequences of the problem's going unsolved.

The conflict over Palestine was such a problem. (1) There was *going to be* a Jewish state, whether the Arabs, the British or anyone else liked it or not; (2) the US Government was going to give that state whatever assistance it required to make it militarily secure and economically viable; (3) there was no way of stopping the escalating Arab opposition both to the Jewish state and to the Americans' support of it. Therefore, the diplomatic and intelligence resources of the United States Government should postpone any attempts to bring about peace between the two sides, and should concentrate on developing defences against the dangers to American interests which were certain to occur.

Nasri Nashashibi had a point of his own. It was that the Arabs who would fight us, especially the Palestinians who would inevitably be driven from their homes, would not be *bad* people, either according to their own moral standards or according to our own. Thus, we Americans could hardly blame them for their opposition to us any more than we Americans would expect to be blamed for fighting anyone who drove us from our homes. So in fighting them we would have no legitimate moral grounds to stand on. We had to face the fact that much of what we would have to do in order to live with the situation would have to be either 'itself immoral or immorally explained', as he put it.

Steve Penrose, having been brought up in the Lebanon by a Presbyterian missionary family, wasn't at all happy about this point. I wish I could say the same, but I saw it as a very special challenge to the kind of organization I had joined. And since, as I have said, I was a firm believer in the old saw, 'My country right or wrong' (just as I believed then and now still believe, 'My mother drunk or sober'), I was intrigued at the prospect of engaging in a bit of clandestine hankypanky with the justification that it was in the national interest. That it would *have* to be clandestine seemed clear enough to me when I saw the White House and the State Department embarking on all sorts of peace plans that didn't make sense to any of the professional diplomats who had been closely in touch with the problem. Patently naive attempts to get the Arabs to cease

their resistance to a Jewish state would be perfect cover for any of the clandestine approaches that immediately leaped to mind. But Steve was persuasive and I began to succumb. Two occurrences in the OSO itself, however, made the decisive difference.

The first was that the officer who had been assigned to Damascus, Syria, a rough and ready Marine captain who had won medal after medal for bravery, failed his lie-detector test – for, of all things, being a homosexual! He was furious. Explaining to everyone who would listen (real homosexuals are normally reluctant to admit their failures on the polygraph), he said he had been treated like Thorne Smith's 'egg-sucking dog'. Anyone who has read that pre-war bestseller will remember that the eponymous Topper's dog had sucked just one egg, just *one*, mind you, and never in his whole life sucked another because he didn't like it. He nonetheless was thenceforth known as 'an egg-sucking dog'. Well, the marine Captain had buggered just one RAF pilot, *just one*, and he didn't enjoy it ('It was sort of an experiment,' he explained), yet he was now to be known for the rest of his life 'as a fuckin' fairy', as he put it. He didn't think it at all fair, and when he told me all this as I ran into him striding angrily down the hall of L Building he was on his way to complain to his Congressman. All the same, he was fired, leaving the important Damascus post up for grabs.

The second thing that happened was a plane crash in the mountains of Ethiopia in which Dan Dennett, the OSS-SSU station chief in Beirut, was killed. The aeroplane, a C-47, had been carrying sensitive communications equipment, so we had to send out a team of muscular officers who were either adventurous enough to risk an expedition into some of the wildest, most bandit-infested area of the world or too stupid to envision what the trip would involve. Having both qualifications, I was anxious to go on the trip, so I applied to Nick Michelson, an American of Arab descent who headed the Near East and Africa Division. I was a day late in getting to him, however, but Nick took the opportunity of my visit to proposition me for the Damascus job. I said I would think about it.

But then along came Archibald B. Roosevelt, grandson of a key figure in my pantheon, Theodore Roosevelt. Archie, the spitting image of his grandfather, was in L Building to be interviewed for an assignment in Beirut which would, in effect, make him a co-ordinator of all secret intelligence operations in Arab-speaking countries from Morocco to Iraq. He had just taken the Foreign Service exam, where he had answered the question, 'What languages do you speak?' by reeling off Arabic, Farsi, Kurdish, Russian, Armenian, Urdu, Turkish and a variety of Turkic dialects. When a member of the examining board asked him, 'Don't you

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‘speak French, Spanish or German?’ he was horrified. ‘My God,’ he said, ‘do *they* count?’

A foreign service in which speaking these languages wasn’t taken as a matter of course was not for Archie, so he walked right out of the State Department, went straight to L Building and asked for a job, mentioning as his principal qualification not the fact that he spoke several Middle Eastern languages (‘Don’t *all* your people speak Arabic and Farsi?’ he asked Nick in all innocence), but the fact that he had just returned from assignments as Assistant Military Attaché in, first, Iraq and later Iran, where he had spent a month or so in Azerbaijan watching the Soviets try to tame that intractable region.

Nick hired him on the spot, then he called me to renew his offer. I didn’t accept right off, but I agreed to take Archie to dinner that evening to discuss the possibilities. The dinner was a great success. Not only did Archie and I get on, almost as though we had already known each other for years, but Lorraine and Archie dazzled each other with their respective understandings of the Middle East, Lorraine’s on its archaeology and Archie on its languages and cultures. More important, Archie agreed with my ideas on Soviet strategy, but went on to say that while the Soviets believed that the covert battleground best serving *their* purposes would be Africa, we should realize that the battleground best serving ours was Central Asia.

I called Nick Michelson the next morning, and took the job. Then I found a quiet corner in the division reading room to spend the day reading all the background materials that would have a bearing on my assignment. There were some shattering surprises in store for me. There I was in the NEA reading room, briefing myself for an assignment in the part of the world I had spent a year trying to avoid, and preparing myself for the kind of work I least wanted to do, and in my first hour of reading I learned that Damascus was beautiful, climatically comfortable and utterly fascinating. As a large oasis on the fringe between the mountains of Lebanon and the Syrian desert, it had ‘a climate comparable to Phoenix, Arizona’, and a sewage system built around the Barada river which kept it ‘as clean as your average Colorado town’. In clippings from various *National Geographic* magazines, it even *looked* like a middle-sized Colorado town, and pictures of residences in the quarter inhabited by diplomats showed them to be very much like the villas of rich folks in Southern California.

So on a lovely September morning in 1947, I shipped Lorraine off to Alabama where an old federal judge, and longtime friend of the family, would get American citizenship for her in a matter of weeks instead of the

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normal two years, and Archie and I took an aeroplane to Beirut, via Newfoundland, England and Malta. We talked constantly, and I began to get a fix on Archie, who had been something of a mystery to the friends we had made in the NEA Division. He was a strange mixture: a totally unsnobbish aristocrat, a brilliantly educated anti-intellectual, a down-to-earth operator with his head in the clouds, an absent-minded professor who never missed a trick; a *nouveau né*, who took sinners in his stride. He seemed to like everybody, and everybody certainly liked him – which, incidentally, remains the case even today, forty years later. Oddly, he seemed to appreciate *me*, enough to realize that I would learn Arabic in months while the regular diplomats who were in Charley Ferguson's small language school in Beirut would take years – if, indeed, they ever learned. (As it turned out, he was right. After only a year in Damascus, with the help of the number-two man in the Damascus CIA station, I wrote the first colloquial Arabic dictionary, making me, as my tutor said with pride, 'the Dante of the Arabic language'.)

I had one night in Beirut with Archie and some convivial members of the American Legation then went to Damascus the next day in a Legation car. The Legation people were wonderful. They received me with a hospitality that I had been told not to expect – which, incidentally, was duplicated by the British Legation when I got around to visiting it. Within a very few days I learned two lessons about the American and British diplomatic services which I now pass on to any young men and women who may be trying to decide upon a career. The first is that the life of a diplomat, of his family or of a member of the clerical staff is much more enjoyable in a run-of-the mill 'hardship post' than it is in, say, London, Washington or Paris.

In Damascus, my family of four had a seven-room house that, except for the plumbing, was as luxurious as a mansion in Belgravia or a Washington hostess's house on Foxhall Road. We had four servants – a cook, a chauffeur, a maid and a nanny for the children – and at ladies' morning coffee klatches my wife would discuss the 'servant problem' with a lot of foreign service wives who'd never seen a domestic servant before in their lives, and who when on home assignment would spend their days washing dishes, vacuuming the floor and washing babies' nappies. It goes to one's head. A young diplomat tends to forget that his prestige and the respect he enjoys is due less to his personal charm than to the fact that he's an officer in the American or British diplomatic service, and that the many wealthy and high-ranking local people, as well as the many foreign correspondents and visitors from home who pass through his patch, wouldn't give him the time of day had he taken

some other job for which he was qualified.

The second lesson I learned is that a high percentage of those who join a diplomatic service in hopes of getting sent to London, Paris, Rome, Rio de Janeiro or Stockholm may very well be the stuffy, socially insecure, protocol-conscious twits like those Paul Theroux and Lawrence Durrell like to write about, but you rarely see such people in diplomatic posts on the front line. Most of the diplomats one meets in, say, Conakry, Aden, Dubai or Damascus are either young men and women of high promise who have been carefully chosen by their services' career planners, or they are officers who requested these assignments themselves because they were seriously interested in the problems and challenges of the international gameboard. In any case, my colleagues in the Damascus legations were all first-rate both as diplomats and as people, and to say that I loved them all would be an understatement. Naturally, in the manner of a CIA-trained operative I kept dossiers on them, but I can say without fear of contradiction by any of my then superiors back in Washington that they contained not a single scrap of information that could have been an embarrassment to any one of them had the need come up to 'ensure co-operation', as Nick would say. Oh, there was one minor item: an agent I ran jointly with the Syrian Deuxième Bureau photographed the code clerk of the American Legation in a gay bar dancing cheek to cheek with the code clerk of the British Legation, but for reasons beyond the scope of this opus I decided not to make an issue of it.

I must tell you about a special friend among the local employees, Yussuf Dabbous – his name, if my readers will forgive a touch of levity in this otherwise serious discussion, is translated as 'Joe the Pin'. Yussuf was what our Chargé d'Affaires, after H. Allen Smith, called a 'revolving slob', a slob any way one looked at him. But, despite a realistic self-estimate of his shortcomings, Yussuf was consumed by an ambition to make money. So as a young man he took careful inventory of his assets and failings, and set about planning his future.

He had a figure like an avocado pear, and a face to match, and the gold front tooth which stood out as he smiled detracted from the kind of image he wanted to project. He had a sort of low animal cunning, but nothing that would pass as sound business acumen in the Syrian world of commerce. He concluded that he had nothing in particular to offer an unsuspecting world. But finally he hit upon it. He would be *honest!* No one in the Syrian business community, where sharp practices were the in thing, had ever hit upon such a means of achieving business success. So Yussuf borrowed \$100 from a bank, and repaid it on time. Then \$500, then \$1000, each time paying back on time, while dropping little hints to his

banker about how he had suffered great personal sacrifice in order to do so. Then he made outlandish promises to his friends, and kept them!

His behaviour became the talk of Damascus. He became known to his Syrian friends as *il amin*, the 'straightforward one', and to the Americans and British as 'Honest Joe'. Soon European companies seeking sales representatives in Syria began coming to him, confident that what he lacked in salesmanship would be made up in equitable commission arrangements. ('They think *they* can all cheat *him!*' said the cynics among us.) Businessmen forming new companies wanted him on their boards of directors because they knew that his name on company stationery would make a constructive impression on potential investors. Banks tried to push loans on to him, at low rates of interest. He was invited to speak to students at the American Boys' School, run by Presbyterian missionaries, on such subjects as 'Honesty is the Best Policy' and 'Allah Expects the Truth'.

Effortlessly, he went up in the business world ('I'm not stupid,' he once told me, 'I'm just *dumb*'), and he ended up somewhere in the South of France, living on the proceeds of his one dishonest act, a 'sort of swan song for the sons of whores to remember me by', he told me years later as we sipped champagne together on the Khashoggi yacht. He had withdrawn all his money from the Intra Bank in Beirut, borrowed all the bank would lend him, and then assisted in the spread of rumours that caused that bank's fall into bankruptcy. (I later heard from Paul Parker, the Bank of America vice-president whom the bank called in to clean up the mess, that Yussuf had received a huge consultant's fee for explaining how he did it.)

Yussuf's first step upward was to get a job with the American Legation where, working for the administrative officer, he flaunted his well-known honesty on our behalf. It was he who helped to locate and purchase the property on which the US Embassy in Damascus now stands, and he assisted the Legation in all commercial and legal transactions with the Syrian government and Syrian businessmen. His very presence ensured the confidence of both sides, and he never let us down. He was, as he liked to say of himself, 'a window of understanding' through which we young and unsophisticated Americans and members of the world's oldest civilization could see and understand each other.

My colleagues in the American Legation in Damascus in 1947 found the 'window' a bit filmy. The ancient Syrian culture was interesting to read about in university history books, but they had come to the Middle East with the conviction that people everywhere, down deep, were pretty much like the Americans, subconscious subscribers to the Protestant

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ethic even if they didn't know what it was. Well, the CIA had taught me differently but, all the same, our sainted masters back in Washington decided that before the US Government could formulate a constructive policy for dealing with the Syrian government the Syrian people had to be taught American-style democracy, and I saw opportunities in being the teacher – especially with Yussuf to help me. But first I had to get a handle on just what had gone into Washington's somewhat fanciful view of the Syrian ethos.

A review of Legation files revealed that correspondence about the Syrian-American relationship came from a State Department unit whose job was to ensure that peoples of remote parts of the globe understood the advantages of American freedoms over Communist enslavement. The Secretary of State and his top advisers, it seemed, saw the United States as being in almost total conflict with the Arab countries, while believing that this was almost entirely due to mischievous or misguided leadership – theirs, not ours. They held to the theory that under more enlightened and effective leadership the Arabs would be our natural allies. The Arabs had every reason to fear the Soviets, and nothing to fear from us, and it was against nature for them not to welcome our offers of protection. Our oil companies were going to make them rich. They would be the principal beneficiaries of an 'amicable settlement of the Palestine question' such as only we could ensure. The refusal of their leaders to see it this way was regarded by our planners as ample reason and justification for us to overthrow them – or rather, to enable their own people to overthrow them. If national leadership anywhere in the world was such as to benefit from our interference in its affairs, we thought, it was Arab leadership.

I explained all this to Yussuf, and he was delighted. He was ecstatic when I told him that the State Department, via the USIA, had instructed us to devise a 'pilot project' by which we would bring about a sensible state of affairs in some single Arab state, and if we found that we could do it, then we would try it on others. Iraq had been a tempting first possibility because it was, for all practical purposes, a police state with an unpopular government over it. But it was one country where even an experienced political action team, let alone a brand-new one, wouldn't be able to budge without British knowledge and acquiescence. Saudi Arabia wasn't (here I sought a less distasteful way of putting it to Yussuf, but I couldn't think of one) 'ready for democracy'. Lebanon, Jordan and Egypt had been dropped for other reasons.

'So, Yussuf,' I said. 'Syria is it.' Yussuf nodded solemnly, barely able to conceal his delight. 'It is in good shape economically, it has a population untamed by years of Turkish and French subjection, and the conditions

for democratic elections are ideal. Fairly run elections will certainly be won by intelligent and co-operative leaders.' So 'fairly run elections' it would be – accompanied, of course, by a Legation orchestration designed to ensure that they would not only be fair but would come out as we wanted. I'll spare my readers the details, and will say only that as a means of establishing the fledgling CIA in Syria, they were a delight. But, as they turned out, they were hardly the sort of thing that Washington had in mind. In Homs, the voting was a model of propriety, but only because the landlords had made it clear to their tenants that they were to disregard the 'Communist and imperialist nonsense' suggested by the posters in the town square and vote strictly according to instructions. Everywhere else, however, this first 'free' election was an occasion for the Syrians, who had been brought up in the belief that *hkuma*, or government, was an inconvenience imposed by foreigners, to exercise their native penchant for disruption and venality. There were gunfights and fist-fights in which scores of people were killed or wounded. The simple voter saw in the elections a new-found opportunity to get a fair price for his vote, or to boost some relative into an office from which he could pass out largesse to his family.

Anyway, the American Legation's activities in Syria in the late fifties saw the birth of both the CIA's reporting and its skills at 'interfering in the internal affairs of sovereign nations'. They have never managed to reach the proficiency of those sovereign nations which interfere in *our* internal affairs, but the CIA's reports are still available to any President who can take his mind off 'domestic foreign policy' long enough to read them.

As for the CIA's future in the ongoing Cold War, the so-called Confrontation of the Third Kind, read on.

Chapter 12

THE SYRIA EXPERIMENT

During the three-day aeroplane ride from Washington to Beirut, Archie gave me a rundown on Steve Meade who, off and on for the next forty years, was to play an important part in our lives. Archie had met Steve when he, Archie, was Assistant Military Attaché in Teheran, and Steve, dressed as a Kurdish tribesman, was on an Escape & Evasion mission for the OSS. Later, Archie found himself with Steve and some Qashqai tribesmen as they chased across the Deshte Lut desert a platoon of SS desperados who had taken some American missionaries hostage and were trying to make it to Bushira and safety. Steve had been assigned to Beirut as Assistant Military Attaché on the theory that the top M/A there should be a tired old officer on the verge of retirement but that he should be backed by a heavy who could deal with the odd pediculous chore that came up from time to time in such a post. As Steve's '201 file' showed, he was a perfect heavy for the well-bred but brainless Virginia gentleman whom my old friend, General Lawton, had picked for the post. Archie said that Nick had given him 'categorical instructions' to keep Steve and me apart, on the theory that if we got together it would somehow be a case of one and one adding up to more than two. 'Nick feels strongly about this,' Archie said. 'When he said he wants you to take it easy for your first six months, he meant it. You don't have to set the world afire right away, you know.'

Archie had reasons of his own for keeping Steve all to himself. Intent on lining up channels into the Soviet Union, he thought Steve would be valuable in working with émigré groups since, like Archie himself, he spoke most of the languages. I didn't say so at the time but my thought was, to hell with both Nick and Archie; if Steve turned out to fit the description that Archie had given me, then I could be needing him for

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some of the operations I was going to cook up.

But when I got to Damascus I found that there were plenty of human assets to hold my attention. To start with, the British MI6 man was an experienced professional who greeted me with all sorts of projects (one of which was a plan to put microphones in the new Soviet embassy) which would combine the best in American money and British brains. The Soviet Ambassador, who was resident in Beirut but a constant visitor to Damascus, was Daniel Solod, a first-class diplomat with a KGB background who was almost a match for our two best, George Wadsworth in Baghdad and Jefferson Caffery in Cairo. The regular KGB officer was Igor Fedorenko, a handsome Georgian who called on me a day or two after I arrived to inform me, with a broad Slavic smile, that we were going to 'have a lot of fun' assuming I didn't take my job too seriously and didn't waste time on a lot of silly projects like trying to bug his Embassy. (Nick had prepared me for this. 'He'll spot you as one of ours even before the rest of those in your own Legation do,' he told me.)

So while I mixed with the straight diplomats and Damascus social elite while 'living cover', I talked shop and slummed with the spies and political *hoi poloi* while trying to accomplish what I had been sent to Syria to accomplish. And I stayed away from Steve Meade, going to considerable trouble to avoid him on the several times he came across the mountain to call on his friends in the Syrian army. But in a diplomatic and intelligence community like the Beirut–Damascus circuit paths inevitably crossed, and I began running into Steve in all sorts of places where any purposeful attempt by either of us to avoid the other would have attracted professional curiosities. So after a month or two of the shilly-shallying, Steve approached me at a Legation party in Beirut and said, 'Let's stop the charade. We've got a lot to talk about, so who cares what the bureaucrats think?'

Meanwhile, the game environment was undergoing a rapid transformation. Already, the sudden independence of nations that had for centuries been under colonial rule was posing problems that were beyond the experience of our diplomatic service. Then, in Syria and Lebanon our problems were greatly exacerbated by the local governments' belief – which, justified or unjustified, was certainly sincere – that our government had been uncritically backing the Zionists and, later, the new State of Israel. Third, while we had top-quality diplomatic officials in Middle East posts who were exposed daily to Arab arguments and emotions, their colleagues in Washington were exposed in much the same way to the pressures of American domestic politics – so much so that they had little time or patience for getting a handle on problems we were having

locally. We were constantly complaining, only to be told in personal letters from friends on the area desks, 'You fellows out there are field-oriented, whereas we back here have to be Washington-oriented, and in the end it's Washington that counts.'

They were right, of course, and in the end local diplomacy consisted of little more than the delivery of routine 'our government is concerned' messages to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, reinforced from time to time by what we came to call 'Caffery-type assurances' after our Ambassador in Cairo – to wit, 'I'm not here to argue the pros and cons of American policy, but only to make sure that you understand what it is.' As for diplomatic gameplay as I understood it, we were all but out of business. The Cultural Attaché went back to running the USIA library, and there was no more talk of coaxing the Syrians to hold 'free and fair' elections – which, if held, would have resulted in the closing of the American Legation with all of us being declared *persona non grata*.

'Crypto-diplomacy', as our Chargé d'Affaires branded my particular kind of operating, at the local level was confined to passing out campaign assistance, roughly comparable to what the British, French and Soviets were passing out, to candidates of our choice – in Syria, Lebanon, Iraq and Egypt. Our attitude was one of let's-wait-until-we-know-what-we're-doing. Our gameplay was like that of the wise poker player who, coming to a table of unfamiliar faces, sits out for a hand or two or makes no more than token bets. But even the most experienced of us eventually loses patience and wants to get on with the game, so we soon launched upon an operation in Syria which I later described in my book, *The Game of Nations*, as 'a classic example of how *not* to interfere in the internal affairs of a sovereign nation', although admitting that it 'provided a valuable catalogue of natural mistakes to be avoided in later operations of the kind'.

In its defence, I must add that at that time senior State Department officials believed that the vacuum left by the British, plus our inescapable pro-Zionist position on Palestine, made success impossible, and that 'minimizing failure' was all that could be hoped for. Consequently, instructions going to the various diplomatic missions from Washington were normally about as clear as prophecies of the Oracle of Delphi, allowing mission chiefs to interpret them as they chose, taking the blame for anything that went wrong for their so doing, while leaving the political appointees in Washington to grab the credit for anything that, by some fluke, came out right. Under such circumstances, the integrity, resourcefulness and courage of the field officers were all-important.

Bob Memminger, our Chargé d'Affaires, had plenty of integrity,

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resourcefulness and courage for an ordinary assignment, but when the new State of Israel became a reality, the State Department thought we needed in Syria, a volatile country even by Arab standards, someone with an extraordinary amount of these qualities. We soon got him. He was James Hugh Keeley, a career officer transferred from Athens where he had been Deputy Chief of Mission with a track record of remaining calm in crises, accepting the delegation of authority, and making decisions without referring to Washington on every detail.

On the first day at his desk he proved to our satisfaction that the Department had been right in its choice. There were anti-American demonstrations all over Damascus, with a mob of students marching on the Legation armed with implements that looked like pickaxes. Before Keeley could see that they were only papier-mâché replicas of Saracen weapons, he planted himself at the top of the stairs leading to the Legation entrance and announced that if the demonstrators wanted anything of us they should return, in groups not exceeding three persons each, during office hours, 8.30 to 1.30 on weekday mornings, 3.00 to 6.00 on weekday afternoons, or before noon on Saturdays. He said it firmly but with a smile, and something about his manner seemed to convince them that they had better do as he had suggested.

It didn't take our new Minister long to see that the situation in Syria called for something more than traditional diplomacy, and the newly formed CIA, via the State Department, had convinced him that I was the man for the job – or, rather, that I was the man to help *him* with the job. When we first met, my natural modesty in disclaiming the compliments my CIA bosses had heaped on me only convinced him that I was, indeed, the crypto-diplomat he needed, but he did go along with my suggestion that we have Steve Meade transferred over from Beirut to be a part of our 'action team'. He saw for himself that the two of us would require a bit of balancing, so he turned to the Legation political officer, Deane Hinton, who, despite his youthful tough-guy manner, was a mature conservative.

It should be noted that I had already recruited a few agents, using the very methods I had devised while on the SSU training staff. I got a list of Defence Ministry employees simply by having my chauffeur steal a ministry telephone book, then I had a Damascus loan shark, whom I had recruited as a 'utility agent', seek out persons on the list who needed something I could supply – money, usually, but also, maybe, a visa to visit the US, a scholarship to an American university for some younger relative, or an agency for an American product. In a remarkably short time, the loan shark and I had spotted two male secretaries to two senior officials of the Defence Ministry, and I then employed them to steal

documents from their employers' safes.

Then, in another remarkably short time, I had enough information from the secretaries to enable me to recruit the senior officials themselves. We eventually had to eliminate one of them for getting too greedy (I framed him so that he was proven to be an agent of my KGB friend, Igor Fedorenko), but the other did good work for us, and he remains my close friend to this very day. Years after we first met in Damascus, I asked him why a man of high moral character such as himself had agreed to supply secret information to a government known to be behind his hated enemy, the Israelis, and he replied that, first, the information wasn't all *that* secret, and besides, 'We Syrians know from long experience with the Turks, the French and the British that it is wise to keep practical matters compartmented away from the political.'

Keeley, impressed not only by a report I had written but also by one like it by Deane Hinton, saw two alternative scenarios for Syria, both of them undesirable. The first was the possibility that political opportunists, with Soviet support, might stage a bloody uprising against President Quwwatli. The second was the possibility that the Syrian army, with *our* support (covert, of course), would take over the government and maintain order until a peaceful revolution could be brought about. He disliked the second alternative almost as much as the first, but he thought it would at least lessen the chances of bloodshed and give the responsible elements in the society a fair chance against those elements whose only strength was a capacity for violence.

So. What came of Keeley's deliberations was the Husni Za'im coup of 30 March 1949. According to newly issued instructions CIA station chiefs abroad were allowed freedom of action under remote headquarters supervision, with their various diplomatic superiors being kept so aloof from what they were doing that they could get away with the 'plausible denial' gimmick. I was given the go-ahead, but, not being a man to dodge responsibility, Keeley didn't fully accept the 'plausible denial' idea. Instead, he believed in delegation – or, rather, the principle that a chief can delegate authority but not responsibility – so although he delegated the essential authority to me, he did not dodge the responsibility for what I would do with it. Thus, in the following weeks even when I *did* act without his knowledge, he always stepped in between me and headquarters to take the blame when some action of mine backfired, but gave me full credit when it came out all right. This was Jim Keeley. I had at least a dozen bosses before I finally went out into the world on my own, and I now say without fear of contradiction by any of my old colleagues that Keeley inspired more loyalty in his underlings than any boss

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I have ever worked for, known or heard about.

Naturally, I depended greatly on Steve Meade, who moved to Damascus only a day or two after Keeley requested his transfer. He went right to work on the understanding that my own style of management was the opposite of Jim Keeley's: when things went right *I* would get the credit, and when things went wrong *he* would take the blame.

'You see, Steve,' I explained, 'you've got to look at it this way. You're expendable and I'm not. Besides, you and I operate under different systems of punishment and reward.'

'At least you're honest,' said Steve with a catch in his voice and doglike admiration in his eyes, 'and I admire that in a man.'

His work was simple: he would use that earthy charm of his to butter up Colonel Husni Za'im, a burly Kurd in command of the 3rd Brigade known for his will of iron and brain to match. He would feel his way cautiously, of course, because there was also the possibility that his mark would turn on him and have him thrown out of the country as a potential troublemaker. Besides, Steve's mission wasn't to inspire the man to action but only to get a line on his ideas and ambitions.

Meanwhile, through my two high-level agents in the Ministry of Defence I arranged for all orders, intelligence reports and correspondence to portray Husni as a soldier who was not only 100 per cent loyal to his political supporters but insufficiently imaginative to be otherwise. The agents themselves decided what materials to use because the choice took an intimate understanding and feel for subtleties which anyone who'd grown up in a foreign culture couldn't possibly understand. They did a superb job – anyhow, it worked. First, Husni was brought to Damascus to be Chief of Police, and later he was made Commander-in-Chief of the whole army.

So, the Za'im coup. Since we had conscientiously given my headquarters a blow-by-blow account of developments all through the planning stage, the desk people got the impression that Steve and I were masterminding the whole thing – an impression we saw no reason to correct since it was giving such pleasure to our admirers back home, and since neither of us was averse to the winning of a few brownie points in our respective 201 files. Now, forty years later, however, I can confess that our only important contribution was the guarantee we made to Husni, by now Commander-in-Chief, that once he was firmly in power our government would immediately give him *de facto* recognition, with *de jure* recognition following in a few days. Yes, Steve did ride around the city with Husni in the back seat of his limousine pointing out targets to be seized (the radio station, the main power generators, the central office of

the telephone company, and all politicians who might be able to rally resistance), and Husni politely pretended that he hadn't thought of them already. Also, I gave him a list of 'dos and don'ts' in the way of security procedures, and, thanks to Agent A at the Defence Ministry, I was able to provide certain information bearing on the plans that Husni couldn't get from the ministry without exciting suspicion. But none of it was essential to his success. Except for one Adib Shishakli (about whom more later), it was Husni's show all the way.

In particular, Husni made two contributions to the groundwork preparations that had an interesting American angle. The first was a primitive 'disinformation' operation designed to dramatize the poor quality of security in the country for foreign diplomats. The second was his means of eliminating any possibility of leaks before the coup was so far under way that no one could stop it.

Did I say there was 'an interesting American angle'? Indeed there was, because it was built around an attack on me personally. We had learned from one of our local employees, who was spying on us for President Quwwatli's own intelligence agency, that the head of that agency, a lovable old fairy named Fakhri Barudi, suspected me of being the head of the newly formed CIA's operations in the area, and was seeking proof he could present to the President. Thinking that Barudi's curiosity could lead to action against me or the Legation that would be either embarrassing or fatal, Keeley, Steve and I decided to smoke him out. Steve told Husni about our decision, and he was delighted. 'Yes,' he said, 'you must have the agent in your Legation report to Barudi that Copeland is in the habit of keeping all personally incriminating documents in his home, not in his Legation office, thereby tempting him to make a raid on it. We'll have military policemen on hand to arrest the raiders. Then we can point to the incident as further evidence that things are not safe for foreign diplomats in Syria. Leave the rest to me.'

So Steve and I sat down to do some plotting – for a real live shoot-out, just like in the movies! Another Keeley feat was to get the area Air Attaché transferred from Beirut to Damascus, so we had not only our own luxury fitted C-47 on hand, but also a gun-toting Air Force lieutenant-colonel named Jim Gianetti and a dashing young captain named Dick Rule for a co-pilot. For the next two weeks we had the time of our lives spending our mornings drawing up elaborate plans and our afternoons at target practice in the desert just outside Damascus.

I must admit that we got a certain amount of childish pleasure out of stimulating Legation curiosities. For some reason outside my experience, Jim Gianetti kept a virtual arsenal of weapons in his office, and two or

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three afternoons a week, in full view of the Legation staff, Steve, Jim, Dick and I, dressed in fatigues, climbed into station wagons loaded down with pistols, rifles, shotguns, submachine guns and a mortar or two – obviously on our way to something other than a turkey shoot.

Ahmed, the *mukhabarat* (Syrian intelligence) ‘agent’ in our legation, kept old Fakhri Barudi supplied with disinformation that would lure him into our trap, while keeping Steve and me informed of the extent to which he was believing it. Finally, the great day came: Fakhri asked Ahmed if he could find out when I would next be away from my residence, and Ahmed replied that he already knew the answer. Only that morning, he said, he had overheard my secretary making arrangements for me, my wife and my two children to be away in Beirut for a long weekend. Fakhri said, fine, he’d send in his team on the following Saturday. ‘And Ahmed,’ he added, ‘*you* will be part of the team.’

Ahmed was not at all pleased with this news, and he immediately started trying to figure some way of backing out. But Steve gave him a pep talk, including the promise of some major reward if he went along as instructed and some major penalty if he didn’t. So on Thursday evening, the four of us moved into my house, and on Friday morning, in full view of the neighbours, Lorraine and my kids piled into our car with enough luggage to indicate a weekend trip and took off. (I’ve forgotten how we conveyed the idea that I had already left for Beirut, but somehow we did.)

All day Friday and all day Saturday we lolled around the house, eating sandwiches, drinking brandy and beer, staying away from the windows and not turning on the lights. The telephone rang periodically but we didn’t answer it. Around noon, we spotted a look-out on a vacant lot across the narrow street in front of the house and another at the foot of the rear garden. On Friday evening, someone came to the front door, rang the bell, shined a flashlight through a front window and, seeing no one inside, went away. Then on Saturday evening, early enough so that there were still people on the streets with whom the escaping raiders could easily mingle but not so late that they would be conspicuous, the big moment came.

I should have explained that the house had been carefully prepared, with klieg lights in the main hall which could be snapped on at the appropriate moment, and a teargas boobytrap that would go off when one of them tried to open the top drawer of my desk. We were lying on the floor armed with various weapons, although Husni had assured us that he had ascertained that there would be only three raiders, and they would be unarmed. So when, at about nine o’clock in the evening, we heard the front doorbell ring and, for the second time, saw the light flashing

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through a front window, we thought we were going to have an easy time.

Well, we didn't. Lying on a tile floor in that cold, dark house, sidearms at the ready, we heard the front window crash, and then saw not three but *four* bulky figures crawling through it, feeling their way with a flashlight. They crossed our line of vision noiselessly, not seeing us or hearing our breathing, then they entered the room I used as a residential office. They had just begun to get their bearings and to start opening drawers when Steve made a snap decision that we should grab them before the teargas cannister was sprung. He yelled, 'Lights!' then shouted in Arabic, 'Come out slowly with your hands up.' A hand with a pistol in it, barely six inches up from the floor, appeared and started shooting. Steve shot back, putting a hole through the hand (we learned later), then more hands appeared, all firing pistols, some shooting at the lights and some at us.

In short, all hell broke loose. How many of you out there are familiar with the noise made by a .45 on an ordinary firing range? It's deafening, isn't it? Well, just imagine how *eight* of the things sounded inside a house with tile and marble floors and high ceilings, and with the street outside comparatively quiet. To make the situation worse, the bullets were ricocheting around the wall. We still have a Bukhara rug with some twenty or thirty holes in it. To make the situation *still* worse, a quick peep out of a window revealed that there were at least four policemen outside the house firing bursts past the two rear doors from which *we* might flee.

At this point I wish to make a matter of record the arrant cowardice of Captain Richard I. Rule, USAF. I gave him a *direct order* to go out the back door and deal with the policemen, and do you know what he said to me? He said, 'Screw you. You go out there yourself, cowboy. I'm not going to get my ass shot off in aid of one of your CIA pranks.' Those were his very words.

There was a bit of comic relief when the telephone rang, with Eric Drake of the Anglo-Iranian oil company (later Sir Eric Drake, head of BP) turning out to be the caller. Jim Gianetti answered that we were 'a bit busy' just then, and then went on to give a blow-by-blow account of what was happening. 'Yeah,' he said, 'they're shooting at us right now, and bullets are flying all over the place. Oops! Been nice talking to you, but I guess I'd better hang up now. I think they're shooting at me *personally*.'

And so they were. A bullet had just missed Jim's head, knocking a lamp to the floor. But shortly there was a lull in the shooting *inside* the house, while it continued apace outside (the cowardly Dick Rule having disobeyed my *direct order* to deal with it), and such noise as there was inside the house came from *our* shooting and the shooting of one raider who was

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trying to keep us pinned to the floor while his comrades were tearing at the iron bars over the window in my residential office – with the policemen helping from the outside!

It was still the shoot-out at the OK Corral, though, and it went on for exactly twenty minutes – twenty-*two* minutes, as it was timed on Steve's stop watch, from the time we heard the crash at the front door until the last shot was fired. Anyone who has been in a professional boxing match knows how long a three-minute round seems; it seems an eternity. Well, I can tell you that in a *shooting* match twenty-two minutes seems like twenty-two *hours*.

Anyhow, it was eventually all over. The raiders got away (in the police cars, no doubt), and Za'im had begun to make his point. Leaving me to deal with our Legation friends as they poured in – Deane and Angela Hinton, Alex and Peg Davit, etc. – Steve drove off to see Husni, whom he found beside himself with pleasure. Husni was laughing, but when Steve said, 'I'll bet you're surprised to see me,' he got the point immediately and turned contrite.

'No, Steve,' he said, 'I still need you. Syria needs you. The *whole world* needs you! Our job has only begun.' He mumbled something about how if a little incident was good a big incident was better, and Steve left without a further word.

The weeks that followed flowed by swiftly. I had some explaining to do, of course, but since I had kept my superiors informed on almost a day-to-day basis I wasn't *too* deeply in trouble. Besides, Keeley lost no time in taking the blame on himself, letting the State Department know that he had approved of the operation from the beginning, that he still approved of it, and that if the Department had a difference of opinion on the matter the difference was with him, not with 'any member of my staff'.

Fortunately, the newspaper accounts (they appeared coast-to-coast, the one in my home town, Birmingham, Alabama, under a front page headline, 'LOCAL BOY FIGHTS OFF ARMED MOBSTERS') were so garbled and inaccurate that both the CIA and the State Department were ready to believe any explanation we made. Nick's first cable only said, 'Hope both you and your cover are still intact,' but a week later it was followed by one that was somewhat more sober in tone. Deciphered and paraphrased, it said something like, 'We assume you are preparing a detailed report showing how the raid on your house, and whatever is to follow, will affect the comparative positions of the Soviet and American governments in Syria and the rest of the Middle East.'

Meanwhile, Husni was making hay. He publicized the attack on my house as an indication of what might happen to *all* foreign diplomats if

there were not a tightening of security in Damascus. He supported his warning by producing a 'secret report' from some 'source of proven reliability' (not from Steve or me) naming twelve prominent persons on a 'hit list' which he variously claimed to represent the intention of the Communist Party or of the religiously fanatical and strongly anti-Communist Moslem Brotherhood. Then he called the brigade commanders together to discuss the general security situation, and to propose ways and means of giving maximum support to the government of President Quwwatli, 'thus eliminating the need to remove it entirely'. Finally, he 'uncovered' several gross cases of governmental corruption that he had known about from the period when he was Chief of Police, and he made a special effort to ensure that all ranks and elements of the Syrian army knew about them, thus worsening the dissatisfaction in it that was already rampant. The only item of information he got from Steve or me to help with this part of his preparations was a perfectly true report which we gave him from the CIA station in Switzerland saying that Ahmed Sherabati, the Minister of Defence, was salting away millions as the result of arms purchases at inflated prices.

We were reasonably certain that Husni did not explicitly suggest the possibility of a coup to any of the brigade commanders, although they did enter into his plans unknowingly, and once, as my good friend Adib Shishakli told me later, he 'hinted clumsily' at the possibility. For the benefit of future historians, I think I should record that the four commanders were Adib Shishakli (a Circassian), Mohammed Nasser (an Alawite), Bahij Kallas (a blond-haired and blue-eyed Christian) and Showkat Shuqeir (a Lebanese Druze – who, incidentally, is a second cousin of Archie's present wife, Ambassador Selwa Roosevelt, one of those to whom this book is lovingly dedicated). None of them were what Archie would call 'real' Arabs – and, more important, *none* of them had any enthusiasm for doing battle with the newly formed but formidable Israeli army.

Here, a word about Adib is in order. Husni Za'im was Steve's friend, not mine. My pal was Adib Shishakli, a likeable rogue whose record of moral purity, as Archie had jokingly said of Steve's, had only one mark in his favour: he had not, to my certain knowledge, ever bowed down to a graven image. He had, however, committed sacrilege, blasphemy, murder, adultery and theft. He had made numerous false accusations (although always in aid of a good cause), and to say that he had only 'coveted' various belongings of his neighbours would be an 'economical use of the truth', if I might borrow a phrase of a witness in an Australian court case. Also, besides the standard sins, he occasionally smoked pot,

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he tended to drink more than was good for him, and during his several periods of incarceration he 'dabbled in homosexuality', as I put it in one of my reports to headquarters. Following with great interest my budding friendship with this key figure in the upcoming Syrian 'revolution', Nick Michelson hit upon this last item and cabled me that if I had 'positive proof' of it I should perhaps file it away for possible use as blackmail material in some contingent situation. I forget the exact words of my reply, but it was no doubt along the lines of Woody Allen's observation thirty-odd years later that 'Being bisexual doubles your chances of getting a date on Saturday night.' In any case, Adib would have laughed at the idea.

On the positive side, I must say that I knew Adib to be generous to a fault, that he was consistently loyal to his friends (including both Steve and me), and that he was *not* dishonest in financial matters. In the early morning of Sunday, 27 February 1949, when my second son was about to be born, my wife fell off her bed into an epileptic fit as the result of an ailment known as eclampsia that sometimes afflicts pregnant women who've not had proper pre-natal care. Failing to get help by making the ordinary emergency calls, I got on the telephone to Adib who showed up minutes later, quite drunk from a night of carousing, to put my wife into the back of a long limousine and take her to the hospital. Then he sat with me until he had sobered up, my son was born, and the mother was pronounced out of danger. For purposes of Syrian records, we registered my new son with the middle name Adib, and so it is that Ian Copeland, now the famous New York impresario, and the only one of our offspring who still speaks Arabic, continues to be known only as Adib to his rowdy friends in the Beirut underground.

For several months before Ian's birth, and up to the time of the Za'im coup, Shishakli was keeping me informed of his suspicions that 'Steve's friend' Husni Za'im had in mind something rather more earthshaking than a simple army rebellion. Steve, who interviewed Adib several times in depth (whereas my talks with him were all relaxed and mostly social), soon realized that, although he lacked Za'im's presence, and was not the man whom the general public would accept as a replacement for Shukri Quwwatli, he was ten times smarter than Za'im and was sure to begin manipulating Za'im once the new government was installed. Steve was right. From the moment Za'im came to power the coup became increasingly Shishakli's – until, with some reluctance (as I will explain later), in November 1951, he led a coup of his own.

He lasted for just three years. When his government was overthrown, he fled to Beirut, then to Saudi Arabia, and then to Paris on his way to

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Brazil. My insistence that he was 'financially honest' results from the now established fact that he didn't get more than a few thousand dollars out of the Saudis when he stopped off there, and was staying in a one-room bed-and-breakfast sort of hotel on the Left Bank when I visited him in Paris. He refused a hand-out from me, but without his knowledge I paid his hotel bill: for about one month, it came to just over \$500.

Some paragraphs back, before I became wound up in pleasant memories of Adib Shishakli, I said that Husni Za'im made two highly imaginative contributions to the groundwork laid before the actual coup. The first was the programme of disinformation by which he established justification for the coup. The second was his way of ensuring security right up to the point of no return, when it was too late for anyone to prevent it.

Here's how he did it. Late in the evening before the coup, he took two sergeant secretaries (one of them my agent!) to the top floor of the Devence Ministry, and had them type out orders saying something like:

Soldiers and patriots: A great moment has arrived in the history of our proud nation! A new era has begun! Corruption has ended. Puppets of imperialism and Communism have fallen. [The phrase 'and Communism' was added as a concession to Steve without his knowledge]. For the first time in centuries, we Syrians are a free people!

. . . and so on and so on. It was hardly a literary masterpiece on the level of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, but it served the purpose – especially since it was later to be elaborated upon by a statement on Radio Damascus in which Husni formally announced the fact of the coup, adding that military government was only temporary and that the interim military government would disappear once 'truly free elections' could be held. It went on to give precise orders: this unit was to do this, this unit was to do that, and so on. The orders, sealed in envelopes to be delivered to the four brigade commanders, were to be opened at midnight, not before. The two sergeants dutifully typed out the messages, gave them to Husni, who sealed them and then led the sergeants to a prearranged closet on the same floor where he locked them for the rest of the night – to remain there forgotten, until the one who was my agent broke out late the next afternoon to find the ministry deserted, to hear cheering in the streets, and to phone me to find out what he had missed and failed to report.

Meanwhile, just before midnight the four brigade commanders received their orders and, seeing no reason to open them when it was too late anyhow to do anything about anything they didn't like in them, they waited more or less patiently. Then they opened them and saw the

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precise instructions they contained. Each one, having no opportunity to consult the others, did as he was told. Some were to arrest the President, others were to arrest the Prime Minister, others were to seize the radio and the power stations, and so on.

Husni's plans, an example to be studied in CIA training classes for the next two decades, came out like clockwork. The next morning, Damascus awoke to the sounds of the Syrian national anthem on the radio, followed by the recorded voice of Husni Za'im announcing that he had taken over the country, that he would continue to run the government until 'free and fair' elections could be held, and so on and so on. That, so far as our cables to Washington went, was that.

For the remaining months of my assignment in Damascus I spent all of my time pondering the somewhat primitive conclusions I had drawn from the Za'im experience, and the whole business of 'interference in the internal affairs of sovereign nations'. Looking forward to my upcoming Washington assignment, I wrote papers on the subject, one of them for the State Department, not the CIA. It made two points. First, there was nothing that we, as outsiders, could do to help a country like Syria to become and remain a member in good standing of our 'family of free nations', as we then called the Western world, unless it was based on a fundamental understanding of the chronic political instability that Husni Za'im or any other conceivable leader of the country, whether a military dictator or an elected president, would have to face. The paper described Syria's long history of mass indifference, then the emerging alliance between young army officers and 'the radical intelligentsia of the new middle class' that Legation political officers had been so assiduously cultivating, and the way their personal frustrations and social grievances were sure to undermine *any* attempt at stable government while failing to produce viable alternatives. Faced with all the tensions, *any* government would feel pressed to make promises it couldn't keep. Then it would go the way of Za'im's, and 'leader would follow leader in the manner of those priests of Nemi in Fraser's *Golden Bough*'. (We spoke fancy in those days.) Eventually, it would wind up being run by some articulate demagogue skilled at raising hopes and then at blaming his failure to deliver on some plausible outside force, such as 'capitalism and imperialism' and the pro-Israel United States.

A second point has turned out to be more important. It was that we needed a better understanding – or, for that matter, any understanding at all – of what the Syrian people, and peoples of the whole 'non-Western world', were likely to do about their frustrations and tensions. With their particular cultural backgrounds and the motivational patterns growing

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out of them, if they were to blame us for their troubles the *form* of their anti-Americanism would differ from that of, say, anti-American Europeans. If they were all like Europeans their behaviour would be relatively easy to predict – and ‘even to manipulate’ (this last phrase of mine being left in the paper by Keeley despite objections of the regular Legation political officer.) ‘If we could move all the Swiss to Syria and all the Syrians to Switzerland,’ I said, ‘we would have an entirely different set of problems in international relations.’ We would have the conflict over Israel, of course, but we could somehow resolve it rationally rather than in an atmosphere of self-destructive emotionalism.

That the Syrians’ mores, folkways, value systems and ways of relating actions to thoughts differed radically from our own was illustrated by several examples we found right inside our Legation. One grew out of a suggestion made by Bob Ogden, our Cultural Attaché, that President Truman and Husni Za’im exchange photographs. Great idea. Husni reacted with enthusiasm when Steve suggested it, and he promptly handed Steve a picture of himself in full military regalia, complete with some fifteen or twenty decorations, signed in Arabic over a quote from the Koran. Washington also responded enthusiastically, and the White House public affairs officer sent Bob Ogden a picture of President Truman in a sports shirt in the kitchen of his home in Independence, Missouri, helping his wife, Bess, wash the dishes.

We couldn’t resist sending Husni’s picture to Washington (Steve didn’t have the guts, anyhow, to explain to Husni why it wasn’t exactly the sort of thing we had in mind) and for Husni Keeley contributed his own picture of President Truman, a Harris & Ewing portrait that had been hanging on the wall behind the desk. With the help of Roz, my secretary, and the CIA station’s ‘flaps and seals girl’, we removed the President’s personal salutation to Keeley and substituted a quotation from the Old Testament, translated into flowery Arabic by Yussuf Dabbous. Husni’s pleasure and gratitude were not matched by the elected officials above us in Washington. They took one look at Husni’s picture and concluded that their worst fears had been realized: we had installed a fascist military dictator as chief of state in Syria. We did not respond by explaining that if we had given Husni the picture of our President the White House had sent us, then he and his officers would have concluded that we had a hill-country boob running the United States.

Then there was Daoud, the Legation language teacher, and his answers to questions I put to him just for the hell of it in the course of an Arabic lesson. Daoud was a member of Syria’s small white-collar class that *did* discuss politics (as we were doing in my Arabic lesson), and he admitted

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to being a follower of Michel Aflaq, leader of the Renaissance Party. Moreover he had a better understanding of what was going on in the world at large than, say, a graduate of an ordinary American university. First, I asked him about the problems facing Za'im; and what he thought about how the Za'im regime was coping with them. His answers were well informed, thoughtful and intelligently critical. But then I asked him what *he* would have Za'im do about the problems if he were in a position to advise him, and his answers were sheer fantasy, scenarios that were right out of Sinbad the Sailor.

From the time of Za'im until the time I left Damascus in the middle of 1950 we would have been totally idle had we not reverted to what Sherman Kent, the head of the CIA's National Estimates unit, called 'creative intelligence'. It is said that an idle mind is the Devil's workshop. We surmised that a bit of worthwhile 'creative intelligence' might come of our comparatively idle minds so long as it didn't do any incidental harm. Actually, when I began fabricating reports for the service attachés I had no purpose other than simple recreation, indulging my passion for subtly drawn pathos and bitter irony. But as time went on this harmless activity became an ideal way of telling our government what it ought to hear in order to head it off from doing something stupid, while containing at least an approximation of the truth in my regular CIA reporting.

It all came about with the establishment, by the Pentagon, of a weekly report to be known as the WEEKA, a summary of events in the area prepared by a committee, meeting every Friday morning, composed (in our particular diplomatic installation) of the Military Attaché, the Air Attaché, the regular Legation political officer, the CIA station chief, and the Minister, Jim Keeley. Naturally, I saved my few really hot nuggets for my own reporting channels, but I did use the WEEKA as a means of repaying our friendly Air Attaché, Jim Gianetti, for the occasional use of his luxury-fitted aeroplane. Having a PhD in nuclear physics, and a labyrinthine mind to go with it, he had a command of the English language that was academically first rate but ill adapted to the disciplines of government cablese. His original drafts were in desperate need of editorial assistance. I was pleased to be his ghost, since in writing reports for *his* headquarters, not my own, I saw a unique opportunity to give my youthful imagination free rein as I tried to figure ways of bridging the cultural gap.

I concocted some terrific stuff, and old Jim was mightily appreciative. Consequently, I had even more use of the aeroplane than Keeley did, and Legation members who stayed on the right side of both Jim and me could join us in weekend excursions to Teheran, Kenya, Vienna or anywhere

else we decided, on the spur of the moment, to go. If Jim was to get 'flight pay' he *had* to keep his aeroplane in the air for so many hours a month, and he figured that instead of merely flying in circles over Damascus he might as well use the time in a way that would gain Legation-wide goodwill for himself and his service. Almost every Thursday, he would appear at the door of my office, smile like a schoolboy contemplating an upcoming weekend, and ask, 'Any suggestions for R&R?'

Oh, we did occasionally use the aeroplane in ways that were inexcusably frivolous – like, for example, parachuting Daoud, the Legation language teacher, whom the Military Attaché had recruited as an 'agent', into the middle of the Syrian desert in the middle of the night after convincing him that intelligence important to the Military Attaché was to be found there. (When an Air Force inspector from Washington complained that the mission was not only 'unauthorized', but that Jim had flown it while under the influence of alcohol, Jim replied, 'Look, sonny, I've got more hours in the air drunk than you've got sober.') On the whole, however, the co-operation between the Air Attaché's office and the CIA station was beneficial to both services. When I returned to Washington, I learned that the reports I had composed for Jim were generally believed to be of much better quality than the stuff conscientiously reported by other members of the WEEKA committee, and Jim got a commendation from his headquarters.

But the Military Attaché's use of Daoud as an 'agent' opened an entirely new range of possibilities. After we had parachuted the poor guy into the Syrian desert, it took him a week to find his way back to Damascus, by which time it had dawned on him that serving two masters, one of whom was myself, had been a serious mistake. So the Monday morning after he returned, he showed up in tears in my office to tell me the whole story of how old 'Colonel Matheson' (as I shall call him) had told him he'd lose his teaching job if he didn't provide the extra service at no additional pay. 'He wants me to spy for him,' he sobbed, adding that he was deplorably short on aptitudes needed for the spying game, besides having no sources who could produce the kind of intelligence the Colonel seemed to want. Worse, he feared that if he became unduly inquisitive around his few acquaintances in the army the Syrian security service would soon be on to him. The security goons, as everybody knew, customarily dealt harshly with Christians such as Daoud, beating the soles of their feet until they confessed to whatever it was they were accused of. ('Getting military information for that idiot Colonel in your Legation?' they would snort. 'Nonsense. You were doubtless spying for that CIA *khawaja* to give him information he can send to his friends in Israel.')

Daoud's grabbing at the straw we offered him in the form of intelligence to be found in the desert was an act of desperation. Now, chastened by the previous week's experience, he thought that with the kind of mysterious influence I apparently had at my command I might somehow get him off the hook, and also save his teaching job.

But I had a better idea. 'Tell the Colonel you can't do any really *professional* spying for him,' I said, 'unless you have informants inside the government itself, and that in Syria such informants are outrageously expensive. So you'll therefore need an expense account.' At the mention of an expense account, Daoud's eyes brightened, and when I explained what he was already thinking – that he wouldn't actually have any sub-sources, and that he could keep the expense account money for himself – he was ecstatic. I told him I would furnish enough 'spies' to help him give the old fart more and better information than he had bargained for. He smiled happily, and went away muttering to himself about how his poor native language just didn't have the subtleties he would need for the English–Arabic textbook he was writing for the benefit of American diplomats.

Omniscience, I found, can be a terrible burden. But I soon had the whole Legation in on the project, so much so that the WEEKA came to be something of a joke, and when Igor Fedorenko cornered me at a diplomatic party to ask, 'What is this "wicka" thing of yours?' I almost offered, in all seriousness, to swap it to him for the comparable weekly report I knew the Soviet Embassy was sending to Moscow. Anyhow, for the remainder of my assignment to Damascus it was the distraction which helped all of us, Jim Keeley included, to relieve our minds of the serious matters that Legation sections, other than the Military Attaché's, were reporting to Washington through their proper channels.

My secretary, Roz, who was so clever at concocting imaginary espionage situations that I suspected her of writing spy novels on the sly, had the job of gaming out the hiring, firing and 'neutralizing' of fake sources in such a way as to justify Daoud's expense account, and to make it appear that he was doing a marvellous job of spymastering. Actual reports, written originally in Queen's English but translated into Daoud's incomparable pidgin style, were the combined effort of us all – except, as I remember, Deane Hinton, who had some weird reasons of his own for not entering into the fun. He was the only one who didn't snicker as Colonel Matheson, from time to time, would interrupt a discussion of the WEEKA draft to say, 'I'm afraid my sources [note the plural] have a rather different reading of the matter.' Needless to say, discrepancies between regular Legation reporting and contributions of the Colonel's 'sources'

were contrived. Keeley thought that a note of friendly controversy in the text would give the WEEKA a patina of ontological thoughtfulness that would go down well with semi-literate Pentagon readers.

He was right – and so were the rest of us, including old Colonel Matheson despite himself. Despite the snooty attitude of State Department desk officers towards anything emanating from the military, our WEEKAs were received as warmly at State as they were at the Pentagon, and my own CIA extracted more tidbits from them for reports to the White House than it did from my conscientious efforts. Our WEEKA was brief and to the point, yet it was sated with language that semi-literates of all the departments adore: ‘methodology’ for ‘method’, ‘societal’ for ‘social’, ‘anticipate’ for ‘expect’, ‘parameters’ for ‘limits’, a profusion of ‘counter-productives’, ‘frames of reference’, ‘quantum leaps’, ‘added a new dimension’, and enough verbigeration to satisfy the most hardened bureaucrat. If any of you readers are writing PhD theses on post-war Syria you should use your Freedom of Information rights to check out WEEKAs coming from Damascus between 1947 and 1950. In them you will find history you can *use*; it is consistent with the conventional wisdom of today, with what Lenin called the ‘popular myth’, while it would take a cultural anthropologist to make sense of those despatches and cables that accurately reflected our assessments as experts on the area.

Steve Meade saw nothing funny in our joke on ‘poor old Colonel Matheson’, as Steve called him, and when Legation laughter over it got a bit raucous for his tastes, he asked to be transferred back to Beirut where, he said, he preferred to act as Assistant Military Attaché to an idiot who was a gentleman rather than to an idiot who was a mere idiot. ‘After all,’ he explained, ‘taste is only a matter of taste.’ What really made up his mind, though, was the prospect of returning to work with Archie Roosevelt, who, by the end of 1949, had begun to make real progress in recruiting Armenians, Kurds, Georgians (Circassians) and members of other minority groups to smuggle themselves into the Soviet Union via western Turkey. There is one further item, however, which I should include: Steve’s assumption of the role of ‘Major Lincoln’ in such a way as to save for the US Government one of its most valuable intelligence assets, namely me.

As stories about the rise and fall of Husni Za’im, some true and some false, began to spread all over the Middle East, our favourite Supreme Court Justice, Bill Douglas, was making one of his customary tours of adventure spots in the Middle East and Central Asia. During brandy and coffee after an American Embassy dinner in Teheran, he noticed that as

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he was exchanging confidences with the Ambassador he was being overheard by the notorious Drew Pearson, writer of the syndicated column, 'Washington Merry-Go-Round', and predecessor of the even more notorious Jack Anderson. Pearson was ostensibly deep in conversation with the Embassy political officer, but, as both the Justice and the Ambassador well knew, he was capable of carrying on an argument in one corner of a room while overhearing every word of a whispered conversation in another.

So Bill Douglas went into his act. In stage whispers, he told the Ambassador how, during a trek he had just made to the wild Kurdish country in northern Iran, he was skewering a piece of lamb over a campfire when a man in native dress stepped out of the darkness, introduced himself as 'Major Lincoln', gave him a cryptic oral message for the Ambassador, and disappeared into the night. Bill then pretended to whisper the message into the Ambassador's ear, and the Ambassador nodded knowingly. The following week the story of 'Major Lincoln' appeared in several hundred American newspapers, and was picked up by a dozen more in the Middle East, gathering embellishments as it went.

Since the French embassies in the Middle East knew from their intelligence records that I had used the alias 'Major Lincoln', in the Second World War, they immediately assumed that I was the one Bill Douglas had seen wandering around northern Iran in fancy dress. So they made enquiries of the Iranian, Iraqi and other security services thereby catching the attention of the whole Middle Eastern espionage and security underworld. My friend, Nasri Nashashibi, took time off from his duties as chamberlain to His Majesty King Abdallah of Jordan, to write an article for his former newspaper, praising me to the skies as America's gift to Middle Eastern diplomacy. 'When this story reaches Washington,' he said, 'they'll *have* to make you an ambassador.'

Well, some four or five Middle Eastern security services had other plans for me. Adib Shishakli made a great show of concern, despatching a half-dozen plainclothes gorillas to give me round-the-clock protection, and Emir Farid Shehab, head of the Lebanese Sûreté, told Archie that Iraqi assassins had just passed through Beirut on their way to Damascus to kill me. With the help of a contrite Nasri, I spread the word that Major Steve Meade, not I, was the infamous 'Major Lincoln', and that if assassins of the various Middle Eastern security services wanted to make names for themselves they should kill him, not me. Jim Keeley and I thought it best not to tell Steve about the sacrifice he might have to make for his country, but we knew that we could count to the end on his patriotism and

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courage. Anyway, he was due for reassignment, and Keeley arranged for his counterpart in Lebanon, a Mr Pinkerton, to put him and his family on the next American Export Lines ship leaving Beirut. He learned about his contribution to the national interest only when he was told about it by a French intelligence officer on the same ship on his way to home leave. He saw the sporting side of the thing just as we knew he would. He wrote a heartfelt letter to Jim Keeley and me thanking us for yet another opportunity we had given him to serve his country.

(Justice Douglas, by the way, told me some months later that my *nom de guerre* had popped out of his subconscious on the spur of the moment, possibly because I had told him several glamorized 'Major Lincoln' stories at one of the Lawtons' dinner parties, and he liked the name.)

With Steve gone, and Adib not wanting our advice as he programmed the succession of *coups d'état* that would eventually put himself in the presidential chair, life in both Damascus and Beirut for us activists was like that on a university campus when all but the summer students have gone home, or at a beach resort in the fall when the cottages are boarded up and it's turned too cool to go in the water. I even became bored with mucking up the WEEKA every Friday, so when my replacement was named I shifted my tired quaintise to putting boobytraps into his path. You see, in the early days of the CIA we didn't accumulate experience; every field station started from scratch whenever there was a change of chief. When the new man took over, he saw his job as cleaning up the mess his predecessor had left, and setting an entirely new stage on which he could be the star performer. Naturally, the departing station chief saw things differently. Wanting to represent the 'good old days' in the eyes of his superiors back in Washington, he ensured that his replacement was so tied up chasing fake leads that he had no time for rearranging history. My replacement, an unknown quantity whose 'funny name' was 'Walter Sanderson', was going to be so tied up in wild-goose chases that he would have little time to belittle my modest efforts.

As it happened, though, when I finally met him I found him to be a very nice guy whose only wish was 'to continue the excellent work of yours which we newcomers to the agency have found an inspiration', as he put it in his carefully prepared words of introduction. For a few sobering moments, I thought it possible that he meant exactly what he said. But then, letting his hair down, he admitted that Nick had briefed him carefully on what would be in store for him if he didn't show proper respect, telling him that, besides, I was going to be his desk officer when I got back to Washington, and that everything he sent back to Washington would be screened by me. I reassured him. 'Being on the right side of me

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won't lose you a thing,' I said. I realized I had made my point when, during his first week on duty, I found him gleefully at work preparing materials for Daoud to give Colonel Matheson for the upcoming WEEKA. I sighed with relief.

Chapter 13

WASHINGTON AND DIRTY TRICKS

Archie Roosevelt and I, having arrived at our posts at the same time, were scheduled for reassignment at the same time. But then, exactly one month before we were to go home, we both came down with a variety of ailments. Archie had some weird kind of heart trouble that seems to run in the Roosevelt family; I had plain old infectious hepatitis of the kind that hits all old Middle East hands sooner or later. For encores, we both had a number of intestinal diseases resulting from several excursions into the Syrian, Jordanian and Iraqi deserts for which there hasn't been enough space in this book. We were in the hospital of the American University of Beirut at about the same time, for about the same duration.

When we got out, poor Archie had to wind up his tour in a minor key. His wife was running away with her psychiatrist; Pinkerton, his Ambassador, had written a report to Washington saying that his behaviour throughout his tour had been 'ultracrepidarian'; Nick Michelson, after looking up the word in his dictionary, wrote a note in the margin of the report agreeing, and put it in Archie's 201 file.

So, it is 1950, and Archie and I are both back in the US, me down in Washington helping Nick Michelson separate fact from fiction in our three years of reporting and Archie in New York supervising the Voice of America's broadcasts to the Middle East and Africa. I liked Nick, but Archie didn't, and his cousin Kermit ('Kim') Roosevelt had taken a high-powered job in the CIA that created tensions affecting us all, but especially Archie. Moreover, he was morosely unhappy about the reprimands, and his last words to me as he boarded the SS *Excalibur* for home were that he didn't think he was up to facing his wife's divorce lawyer in one week and Nick Michelson in the next. He had therefore accepted the Voice job that had been offered him.

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So we went our separate ways, but I was worried about Archie, so after staking my claim in Washington I grabbed a special two weeks assignment at the United Nations which gave me a chance to look over his shoulder as he settled into his new job. One day he called me as I was working off a hangover in the gymnasium of the Union League Club. He said, 'You won't believe this, but I've just met a woman – a girl, actually – who is so beautiful that she brings tears to your eyes.'

'You, and a girl,' I said, 'already? The ink is barely dry on your divorce papers.'

'No, I'm serious. This is the real thing. I want you to meet her this evening.'

'What's she like?' I asked. 'Boston society? New York intellectual? Hollywood starlet?'

'Don't be smartass. How many honest to God Semites do you know? Jews? They're all Slavs. Syrians and Lebanese? They're all Hittites. But this girl is pure, I mean *pure* Semitic. She's a Druze. She's even got a *dolichocephalic head!*

Christ, I thought, the boy is in love! 'Dinner this evening', I said, 'is on.'

So I met Selwa ('Lucky') Shuqeir. Did Archie say she was beautiful? Still the apple of Archie's eye, she became *Ambassador* Roosevelt, Chief of Protocol in the Reagan administration, and although moving up into her fifties, she is a libido-arousing knockout right now. But as a twenty-year-old Vassar senior!

Shortly afterwards Archie came back to work for the CIA, with Lucky as his personal, unofficial Secretary of State. Kim, by that time, had brought off an internal *coup d'état* that sent Nick Michelson off to a minor job in Registry while installing himself as gauleiter not only over intelligence operations in the Middle East, South-east Asia and Africa but also over our budding political action, psychological warfare, economic warfare and paramilitary operations in those areas. I was made Kim's deputy for intelligence, but given plenty of opportunity to look over the shoulder of his other deputy, Ted Lockard, who supervised all the division's clandestine operations unrelated to the gathering of intelligence. We were all, of course, under Frank Wisner, head of a new organization that had been created during our absence, a tail wagging the whole CIA dog, to be known as the 'Office of Policy Co-ordination', the OPC. All the same, with the two Roosevelts being long-time family friends of the Dulles brothers, and with me being intimates of them both, a cabal composed of the three of us had what amounted to a show of our own. Frank wanted to be kept informed, and he occasionally invited Kim to his office (showing him great deference) for briefings which he didn't really need, or Archie

or myself (affecting the manner of the tough commander) just to show who was boss.

Kim and I met in late 1947 when he, Archie and I made a tour of Crusader castles and off-the-beaten-path places in Syria and Lebanon. We have now been friends for forty years, during ten of which Kim was my boss and protector (defending me from various superiors, Dick Helms mostly, who, for reasons that were never clear to me, were constantly after my scalp), for fifteen more a business colleague, and for a further fifteen an off-and-on family friend, with ups and downs coinciding inversely with my personal fortunes. (Kim is a foul-weather friend. I make a million dollars and he tells mutual acquaintances, 'I'm worried about Miles.' I lose it and he's back in my corner, ready to give me his shirt. His son Jonathan, another favourite Roosevelt of mine, once advised that I should go to his father wearing a shabby suit, tell him I was broke, and borrow \$10,000. Our relationship would then be back on track, with Kim back in my life as friend and benefactor.)

Much had happened while Archie and I were in Beirut and Damascus, some of it at high levels of government where there was a lot of jockeying for power in the wake of the National Security Council directive NSC 4, which gave the CIA its official status, and the subsequent NSC directives based on the government's sudden realization that if we were going to oppose 'the vicious covert activities of the USSR to discredit the aims and activities of the US' we had better be carrying on some vicious activities of our own. Since this is an autobiography, and not a book about the CIA (there are enough of these already), I will not burden my readers with an account of the bureaucratic hassle that ensued. Instead, I will concentrate on those developments which affected me personally, and which shaped up the business of covert operations in which I became an expert, loosely speaking.

What struck me most about OPC and OSO when I returned from Syria in 1950 was the contrast in their personnel. Like myself, most members of OSO were old-time intelligence professionals from the wartime OSS and CIC, although there were a few former FBI agents who had come to us after the war when the CIA took over the FBI's South and Central America operations. Most members of OPC were old friends of Frank Wisner or Allen Dulles who had gone back to their law practices or universities when the war was over, although there were a few area specialists recruited from the universities. Most of the OSO people lived on their salaries, and had modest homes in nearby Virginia. It seemed to me that most of the OPC people were independently wealthy, were members of the Metropolitan Club (and/or the Chevy Chase Country Club), and had

upmarket homes in Georgetown or Wesley Heights.

For example, Nick Michelson and I lived in a housing development in Arlington, Virginia, travelling daily to L Building by bus; Frank Wisner, Des Fitzgerald, Johnny Bross and other top OPC people lived in Georgetown, and Kim Roosevelt had an impressive residence in Wesley Heights a few doors away from my other benefactor, Senator John Sparkman, and almost next door to General Walter B. Smith. The OPC people mixed socially, with each other and with the Washington Establishment, and they were written up in the society pages of the *Washington Post* and the *Evening Star*. The OSO people were friendly enough to each other over business lunches, and there was a bit of socializing among OSO people who had become close friends while serving at their various overseas posts, but it was pretty low-key.

I mention this because it has a particular relevance to my own position as I swung increasingly away from intelligence gathering and towards covert action, thanks as much to the talents I had begun to develop in my Damascus assignment as to Kim Roosevelt, who recognized them. One morning a bright young multi-millionaire holding a minor desk job on the OPC side of our division dropped into my office to inform me that 'Frank isn't happy about the way you handled the fuck-up in Pakistan.'

'Frank?' I asked. 'Frank who?'

'Frank Wisner,' he said. Now what the hell was he doing going over my head to talk to my boss? Seeing my look of surprise, he explained: 'Oh we had a short chat as we were dining together at Allen's house last night.'

Now, I had never had dinner at either Frank's or Allen's, the latter being 'Mr Dulles' to me at the time, except as a minor guest when one or the other was entertaining some high-level foreign intelligence official. If a junior OPC officer, one of my underlings, could chat with them over dinner about great affairs of state while I had to stand in line to see them during office hours, I was in the wrong side of the house equipped with the wrong kind of background.

Then, two days later, I had a heated exchange with Frank Wisner. I've forgotten the subject, but I well remember saying, 'Frank, we're discussing a subject I well understand, and you know nothing at all about. So why don't you just take my word for it?' He turned red in his face, and blew his top. Then I blew mine, told him what I thought about his ideas on 'delegation', and stormed out of his office.

Seconds later, I was stumbling my way back to my office, holding my head and asking myself, 'What have I *done*?' I liked Frank, and I knew he liked me, but *nobody* talked that way to him. It was inexcusable. And then I thought, he's going to *fire* me! If he doesn't he should. I would certainly

give the sack to any junior of mine who gave me such lip. Then next month I won't be able to pay my rent, buy groceries or meet the payment on my car. And I won't be able to get another job until I'm so deeply in debt that I can't pass a credit check.

So I turned right around, slunk back into Frank's office and apologized. Apologized? I said, 'Frank, I don't know what got into me. I can't *tell* you how sorry I am. You know that subject much better than I do, and I'll never, never talk to you that way again, and . . .' And like that. I'm not sure, but unless my memory is playing tricks on me I got down on the floor and chewed the corner of the rug. Massa, Massa, please don't beat me!

'It's okay,' said Frank, 'forget it. And I'm sorry I shouted at you.'

Whew! But for the rest of that afternoon, into the evening and all through the night I hated myself. Imagine being so dependent on a job, *any* job, that you can't say what you know to be right, or hold to a position you know is best not only for your country but also for your organization, and even for the boss who's disagreeing with you, without having to worry about personal disaster. I realized that I was in that very position. So the next morning I went into Frank's office, reminded him of my apology the previous afternoon, then told him I didn't mean a word of it!

'You see, Frank,' I said, 'I'm afraid I'm so financially dependent on this job that I can't do it properly either for myself or for you, so I've got to quit while I'm ahead. I haven't yet decided what I'll do, but I know I can find something when I don't have to much more easily than I can find something when I *do* have to.'

Frank was amazed! Fancy anyone *needing* a job. In his world, anyone having a 'policy difference' with his superior would immediately resign, the only honourable thing to do. Then he would return to his law practice, his university or his farm in Maryland, and stay there until he got a call from the *next* President or Secretary of State. The idea of anyone in a position like mine having to shape his decisions with the thought of holding on to his job being uppermost in his mind was preposterous.

He queried me about my financial situation, not to delve into my personal affairs but only to get some new insights on motivations of his underlings he hadn't until then known about, and finally said, 'Look, if you're having trouble with your bills I'll see that Kim gives you another promotion, and if you ever again feel you can't make it we'll find you something. Don't worry.' Until then I'd never even seen Frank smile, but as I walked out of his door I turned to see him shaking his head and chuckling.

Since I had no real temptation to leave the CIA at that time, I

appreciated Frank's assurances, combined as they were with a hint that if I stayed on I'd be engaged in exactly the kind of work I'd dreamed of. I told Kim about my altercation with Frank only after it was all over, to find him almost as oblivious as Frank had been to the possibility that some of us in his command *needed* our jobs. But, unlike Frank's (and as was typical of Kim), his assurances contained specifics. 'Stick around,' he said, 'and I'll see that you get assignments that *lead* somewhere, outside the Agency as well as in. Anyhow, you should start thinking long-range, and not just case by case, as seems to be your habit.' He repeated the hint that he had made at regular intervals since I first met him: my 'long-range thinking' should be mainly in the field of covert action rather than in my assigned task of supervising the division's secret intelligence operations.

I'd heard him the first time. I'd already been spending all my spare time reading up on the staffwork that led to the creation of OPC, its being combined with OSO to create what we called the DDP complex (DDP standing for Deputy Director, Plans), and the basic directives which started it in the direction which took us into troubles with the nation's left wing. Years later, the argument was advanced that covert action was, *per se*, an intolerable evil in a democratic society, particularly a strong one like ours which could survive any losses that might result from our failing to use it. It became fashionable to blame all the troubles of the world on ourselves, while being smugly confident that we didn't have to worry about the rest of the world; on the contrary, the rest of the world had to worry about *us*. But back in the late forties and early fifties we didn't think that way. We had prevented Hitler from taking over Europe; we had launched the Marshall Plan which would raise the wellbeing of Europeans, our former enemies as well as our friends, higher than it had ever been before; and we were facing up to a new enemy, theirs as well as ours, which conspicuously had ambitions as malevolent as those of the enemy we had just defeated. We felt no need to apologize to anyone, and only the kooks could dispute the proposition that we *needed* covert action as we explained it, especially since the objectives towards which it was aimed were those which the American people wholeheartedly accepted.

But then I noticed a second contrast. While the directives implying that the CIA was to 'play dirty tricks' were clear enough in their statement of ends, most of the CIA's experimenters who were to find the means were seemingly oblivious of them. In fact, it was all too evident that as we let our imaginations run wild in developing the dirty tricks we gave little thought to what, exactly, we would be using them for. The National Security Act of 1947 said only that the CIA it was creating was to 'perform such other functions and duties related to intelligence affecting the

national security as the National Security Council may from time to time direct', and the follow-up directive dealing explicitly with the OPC only specified that it was to counter attempts of the USSR and its satellites 'to discredit the aims and activities of the United States and other Western powers'. The words 'covert' and 'clandestine' did not appear, but the fact that we were expected to engage in some pretty spooky activities was clearly implied in the stipulation that our operations must be 'so planned and conducted that any US Government responsibility for them is not evident to unauthorized persons, and that if uncovered the US Government can plausibly disclaim any responsibility for them'.

From where I sat at the time, what was concocted right under the noses of Frank Wisner and Kim Roosevelt was pretty harmless stuff, not at all what anti-CIA investigative reporters have accused us of. We were *not* a lot of evil geniuses plotting to brainwash the world and control it through tricks of science fiction featured in television thrillers. On the contrary, we were innocent kids with new toys – and a licence to steal.

Sometimes under direct orders of either Frank or Kim, and sometimes from my own habitual snooping ('If one can't spy on one's own headquarters,' I used to say, 'how can one be expected to spy on the enemy's?'), I managed to see all but a negligible few of the proposals that went across either of their desks. I can therefore assert with some authority that not a single one got past either of my two bosses that smacked of the Gestapo, involved an 'assault on civil liberties', or constituted a departure from the principles of democracy. There were some pretty fanciful ones, I'll admit, but the worst anyone can justly say about them, even in the moralistic atmosphere of today, is that they had little, if anything, to do with countering 'the vicious covert activities of the USSR'.

Let me give you an example – not one of the best, worst, or most typical, but one that is most in keeping with the benign tone of this autobiography, and that, with embellishments, is particularly suitable for television talk shows. It was the project that I used as an excuse to spend a week or two in New York so that I could check on how my friend, Archie Roosevelt, was surviving between marriages.

Known as 'Mrs McMurty's Charm School', it was conceived by a case officer from Georgia whose 'funny name' was 'Adrian Lundquist', but was run by Mrs McMurty herself, a Washington socialite whom Kim had appointed to run a small unit called Costumes and Cosmetics, or simply C&C, in support of the Escape and Evasion operations that Steve Meade was running into Central Asia. At a start-the-week staff meeting on a rainy Monday morning in October 1950, Lundquist rose to tell us that he had just spent a weekend in New York engaged in certain social pursuits

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leading him to a conviction that important secrets bearing on international crises existed in the minds of African, Asian and South American diplomats, and that they could be dislodged by the softening processes of specially trained attractive women.

'As all us Southerners know,' he said, nodding conspiratorially at me, 'the black, brown and yellow men of this world lose all sense of discretion when exposed to white women having prominent boobs and bottoms.' He went on to argue that the CIA, having recruited most of its female staff from Smith, Radcliffe, Vassar and Bryn Mawr, had a plentiful supply of women with just those qualifications, and that they could better serve their country in New York teasing secrets out of United Nations employees than in Washington trying to harvest bits of useful information from foreign newspapers and radio broadcasts.

On that particular Monday morning, Frank and Kim were late in returning from their weekends, and the presiding officer was a lovable but hairbrained old coot funny-named 'Worthington Elsbury' whose last field duty had been rigging the Lebanese elections of 1947, and whose present job, under the prestigious title Director of Auxiliary Administration was to maintain an inventory of German sabotage materials which had been salvaged in various parts of the world just after the Second World War, and for which no administratively acceptable means of disposal had yet been devised.

In the mood of the moment, and with no restraining hands in sight, Adrian Lundquist's suggestion escalated quickly from a mere staff memorandum to a formal project proposal to an order authorizing Lundquist to begin 'exploratory operations'. A circular was disseminated to all women employees above the grade of GS-9 announcing that 'challenging job assignments' might shortly be available to Agency females of 'intelligence, good breeding and disposition' who felt that they could make themselves irresistibly attractive to 'members of the male sex belonging to cultural backgrounds widely at variance with our own'. The venue, the circular adumbrated, would be New York City.

Although exact duties were not specified, a precocious child of ten could have deduced that they would involve glittering social circumstances, 'interesting people' (as that phrase was used in Washington at the time), expensive clubs and restaurants, opportunity to speak a bit of French and Spanish, and, no doubt, a smattering of exotic sex and romance of the sort that Agency ladies imagine they are in for as they sign their recruitment papers but which somehow fails to turn up. Lundquist argued that this latter inducement would be sure to grab the Smith, Radcliffe, Vassar and Bryn Mawr girls since, like the Harvard, Yale and

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Princeton lads in the Second World War who had taken so readily to lying, murdering and safe-cracking in aid of patriotic purposes, they would be happy to 'get themselves laid every night so long as they could convince themselves that they were doing it for old Uncle Sam'.

Judging by the turnout (the circular had invited all those interested to report to Auditorium B, the Agency gymnasium and basketball court, at such-and-such a time), he wasn't far wrong. The auditions, as I think it's fair to call them, turned out to be a comic high point in CIA history. Thirty-four young ladies, featuring a range of costumes varying from authentic Dior masterpieces to creations prepared specially for the occasion by 'Ancestral Thurgood', head of the Agency's wardrobe department, strode one by one into a 'cocktail scenario' staged by the Training Division, and acted out the parts of guests seeking to mingle unobtrusively with the crowd while observing all the diplomatic courtesies. By whatever means she cared to improvise, each applicant was to manage an introduction to her assigned 'target' (a member of the Training Staff coached to behave in the manner of a Third World diplomat), engage him in conversation, and so conduct herself that he would feel compelled to arrange follow-up meetings under circumstances conducive to indiscretion.

The audience, seated inconspicuously in a darkened balcony, was dominated by none other than Kim Roosevelt, who heard about the project only after it was too far gone to stop, and who insisted on being present because he saw himself as the only top official in the Agency with personal experience relevant to the techniques to be demonstrated. During the Second World War, after being captured by the Germans on one of his excursions behind enemy lines, he had bravely withstood over a week of excruciating Gestapo tortures only to give rather more than his name, rank and serial number to a Gestapo agent unimaginatively pseudonymed 'Bubbles O'Toole' simply because she listened with intelligent sympathy to his explanation of how Ezra Pound was the true author of *The Waste Land*. Remembering the experience, as director of all covert operations into the Middle East and Africa he insisted on clearing personally all female employees who were to have so much as a nodding acquaintance with anyone from his assigned part of the world.

The rest of the audience was made up of 'Reuben Aitkens', the Agency's richest member (\$100 million, est.), Ancestral Thurgood, head of the wardrobe department, 'Lady Windermere', the Agency cosmetician, Steve Meade, who was stopping off in Washington on his way to an Escape and Evasion mission in Central Asia, and myself. Aitkens' claim to authority on the subject of female wiles derived from his extensive

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marriage record (four ex-wives, to whom he was paying alimony totalling over one million dollars a year), Thurgood's and Windermere's to their standing as the only homosexuals to whom the Agency had knowingly given security clearances, and Steve's to certain exploits which prompted Ian Fleming to build one of his James Bond episodes on him. The only true expert, for reasons with which I will not bore the reader, was myself. Whatever our strengths and weaknesses as judges, we were to select the ten or twelve contestants we believed to be the most seductive, and turn them over to Mrs McMurdy for special training.

The show was early Feydeau, as it would be played by an amateur theatrical group in, say, Fairfax, Virginia. The women, all seductive enough as CIA girls go under ordinary office circumstances, in their special garb and with their calculated behaviour would have repelled the horniest Pakistani. But there *was* a lesson, one which should have occurred to us men of the world before: those sensual wares which a woman will display when she is consciously pursuing a man are precisely what will cause him to run for cover – assuming, that is, that he is a gentleman of any sophistication at all, and not some ape who wants no more than an easy lay. And even apes who are out for easy lays (as all of us may be, from time to time) do not become 'indiscreet' in the sense specified by Adrian Lundquist. An Agency lady practising on the real-life diplomatic circuit what she was doing at 'Lundquist's Folly', as the Auditorium B show came to be called, would have to give up lots of virtue in exchange for not so much as a classified telephone directory.

So we learned a thing or two about what should *not* be done by way of utilizing the Agency's potential female spies. As a matter of fact, the OSO side of the house already had a few successful female spies, and some of them were already engaged at suborning foreign diplomats. But this even in CIA history is worth the telling because it illustrates the spirit of innocent, happy-go-lucky adventurism that characterized the OPC's early days of experiment, in contrast to the picture of evil inventiveness that is now portrayed by the Agency's detractors. All of us, however, weren't so ingenuous. For example, it had already occurred to Steve and myself that if our OPC colleagues were *seriously* seeking formulae for seduction, and not merely exercising their new freedom to experiment, they would have peeked into areas where the appropriate know-how already existed and was working effectively. They should have consulted either of us, for example.

For the benefit of future historians, I must round out this account by recording that Mrs McMurdy, a Washington socialite and famous hostess (one of Reuben Aitken's exes, by the way, and herself a veteran of some

three or four marriages – ‘all successful’, she liked to boast), had taken over the ‘charm school’ when its sole mission was to teach protocol to CIA officers’ wives in preparation for their husbands’ assignments in diplomatic posts. She established herself in Agency legend, however, by taking the school one better: after instructing a select number of her trainees to tell *no* one, not even their husbands, she gave them advanced courses in espionage ‘tradecraft’, and turned them over to Dick Helms, then Chief of Covert Operations, for special duties – duties *independent of their husbands*. In many cases the husbands never learned of their wives’ professional status (or of their growing Swiss bank accounts), although there was the odd exposure typified by a case which drew the favourable attention of Allen Dulles. An officer newly assigned as station chief in Beirut was told that his principal contact with a certain ethnic community was to be through a staff employee of unspecified sex, although presumed to be male, who was codenamed ‘Wanderlust’ and was regarded as one of the most promising new agent handlers in the business. When, upon arrival in Beirut, he learned that ‘Wanderlust’ was his very own wife, whom he’d always thought an idiot, he threatened both divorce and resignation from the CIA. He could do neither, however, since his assignment happened to be one of those from which there was only one way out, and ‘Wanderlust’, headquarters told him in no uncertain terms, went with it – with his assignment, that is, not the way out.

So much for history. The points of this McMurty story that are relevant to the account at hand are these. First, it was a mere experiment, just another one of the many in-house lunacies of the early CIA that never got off the ground, never having had more than a few microseconds of consideration by Frank Wisner or Kim Roosevelt – or of Allen Dulles, for that matter, who probably never even heard about it until long after it had passed into Agency legend. The event has in it a wealth of raw material which, with a few tasteful embellishments, a skilful bullshitter can fashion into a first-rate anecdote for telling and retelling at Agency alumni reunions. As such, it will no doubt outlast all the experiments that *were* taken seriously. The second point is that it had nothing whatever to do with OPC responsibilities: since its purpose was to devise a new way of gaining information, and nothing more, it should have been the exclusive concern of OSO – which, as I have already said, already had covered both the target and the means of reaching it.

The same could be said of all other CIA experiments of that period. When the OPC was activated, all the Agency’s top people understood what it was supposed to accomplish, the need for so doing, and the boundaries within which it was to operate. But parts of the CIA having no

responsibilities whatever for 'countering the vicious covert activities of the USSR' seized upon ambiguities in NSC directives to venture into areas of experimentation that, until then, they had only fantasized about. They went wild. It was *their* projects, not OPC's in-house nonsense, that have been the subject of anti-CIA exposés.

Yes, it's quite true that one of our OPC lads slipped a hallucinogen into the mint tea of Indonesia's President Sukarno as he was about to make a speech, with the result that he made a perfectly rational case for 'positive neutrality' when, with his normal wits about him, he would have babbled nonsense.

We carried on ESP experiments with a Mr and Mrs Brown, she in Richmond, Virginia, and he in Istanbul, in which she sent him messages by mental telepathy which arrived, with reasonable accuracy, before the same messages sent through regular CIA channels reached the Istanbul station chief.

And we planted an agent in the Scientology cult who became a 'clear' under the tutelage of Ron Hubbard himself, and then demanded and got more and more 'operation expenses' (like Daoud working for old Colonel Matheson) to be turned over, in addition to his own life's savings, to the cause of dianetics.

But, while our in-house W&W ('weird and wonderful') projects were all great fun, they cost little or no money, no lasting harm was done, and for what we gained in professional cynicism they were worth every penny. Senator Church's dread Senate Select Committee on Intelligence uncovered not a single case where either Frank or Kim had signed off on a project designed to wash a brain, bend a mind, alter a personality or kill anyone, either American or foreign. There was some muttering about plans we had to dope one of Castro's cigars so that when he smoked it his beard would fall off, and a Church investigator dropped in on me one morning to ask me 'for the record' about the potion that one of my minions had slipped into Sukarno's lemonade, but that was all. Castro and Sukarno? Who cared?

The projects that drew the attention of the Church Committee were all conducted *outside* the CIA by scientists and pseudo-scientists employed by universities and pharmaceutical companies under contract to the CIA for what we understood would be strictly experimental. It never hurts to know what *can* be done. So these 'scientists', or whatever they were, made pharmaceuticals that could make a 'target' tell the truth, hallucinate, behave self-destructively or even drop dead for no detectable cause. It was pretty entertaining stuff, so much so that I took time out to write a *New Yorker* piece on it, including a bit about how an experimenter at his

university sent his team captain home smelling so bad that his own wife and children couldn't bear to be in the same house with him, and another about how a Baptist preacher had been induced to babble impious obscenities in his Sunday sermon instead of the routine inanities which were his custom.

But we were as surprised as the general public when the story broke about the poor guy, to whom some experimenter had fed an LSD pill, who plunged out of a tenth-storey window of a Washington hotel screaming, 'Look, Mom, I can *fly!*' Senator Church, who already had a bead drawn on the CIA, failed to appreciate the comic side of the event, and when his investigators delved deeper into the most arcane corners of the CIA they found experiments in germ warfare, personality alteration, memory erasure, assassination and God knows what else. Late in 1950, Kim gave me the job of looking into what W&W activities might yet be discovered by investigating committees, and I did indeed find some lulus. But their existence didn't indicate evil so much as they illustrated, once again, what can go on in the basements and attics of a dream factory like the CIA if its top people aren't forever watchful.

And I can state as an indisputable fact that when I enquired into the activities of the CIA's mad scientists, once in late 1950 and again in May 1953, I didn't find a single case of their products being used against other than volunteer guinea pigs. And I have it on reliable authority that since that time the only occasions when the Agency has *considered* using their truth drugs, mind benders or poisons have been upon initiatives of authorities above the CIA, the White House in particular. I include the plots to kill Lumumba in the Congo and Castro in Cuba – and they were only plots, not actual attempts.

So, *revenons a nos moutons*. How did we in OPC occupy ourselves between 1950 and 1953? As I've said, I wasn't yet officially part of the OPC; my actual job was in Kim Roosevelt's NEA Division until May 1953, and I was invading Ted Lockard's side of the house only on individual cases and when explicitly directed to do so. And *when* was I explicitly directed? Only when the OPC side of the house was accused, by some Congressional investigator or ambitious 'investigative journalist', of doing what OSO, Security, OSI and other parts of the Agency were doing in response to what the National Security Council directive NSC 50/2 had authorized the OPC, only, to do. But it took less than one-tenth of my time.

But if the CIA's 'dirty tricks department', as President Truman himself called it, wasn't playing dirty tricks, what *was* it doing? I'm speaking of the period, of course, when I was in Washington between overseas assignments. I repeat: however horrifying our activities and supposed

activities of that period may look to the CIA's critics of today, they were totally in tune with what the American people wanted at that time. In the eyes of a public that was enjoying *The FBI in Peace and War* in the cinema, reading James Bond novels and applauding Senator McCarthy's red-baiting, the CIA was, if anything, dragging its feet. To the very popular FBI, our zeal for 'fighting Communism' fell far short of what our fellow Americans expected of us. The CIA's critics of today will be surprised to hear that the FBI's suspicions were justified. The fact is that we did everything we could to dissociate ourselves from McCarthyism. The FBI concluded that we were, at best, 'a lot of Ivy League sissies'.

Well, we weren't. We were a lot of Ivy League bureaucrats. From the day the OPC was started all our top people were so tied up in budgets, organization charts and hierarchies that they gave little thought to what we were supposed to be doing. Even we at the 'working level' had to spend some of our precious time fretting over such questions. I well remember the anguish of trying to decide how much our NEA Division should ask for in the way of a budget. For Egypt, did we need a million dollars a year or fifty million? How the hell should we know? Well, late one afternoon the desk officer for Syria came into my office to announce that his calculations pointed to a need for \$1,200,000. That broke the log jam. If we needed that much for Syria, we would need \$2,400,000 for Iraq, since Iraq was twice as important as Syria; we needed \$4,800,000 for Egypt since Egypt was *four* times as important, and so on and so on. The total, if I remember correctly, came to \$20,000,000 (or probably \$21,467,233.56, or some such finely honed total), although none of us had the vaguest notion of what, exactly, we would be spending it on.

Then we took the figures into Kim's office. He was horrified! 'We've got the most important division in the Agency,' he said, 'and if we ask for only a piddling \$20,000,000 everyone will laugh at us.' So we asked for \$100,000,000, five times as much – or, rather, some 'adjusted' total like \$112,568,339.20 – and we got it! Similarly, we fought for additional personnel. OPC started out with no more than three or four hundred people, enough for the small contingency force needed to mount operations in critical areas where diplomacy and military threat had failed. By 1953, the next time I went off on a foreign assignment, it had well over five thousand.

You see, bureaucracy had taken over. Whatever their assigned duties, bureaucracies *grow*. They either broaden their duties, or they add urgency to them. Even in uneventful times our 'small contingency force' would have grown into a worldwide organization, but the Korean war fed it as fertilizer feeds tropical plants. When it appeared on the international

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gameboard in mid-1950 it took on momentum of its own as virtually an independent government agency, demanding over half of the CIA budget.

The Korean war broke out just as I was preparing to return home from Damascus. When I reported to L Building in September 1950, the first 'flap' I stumbled into arose from the Agency's having failed to predict the extent and timing of the North Koreans' invasion of South Korea, and from its being without even the basic materials to comprise a useful 'estimate of the situation'. Admiral Hillenkoetter, our DCI at the time, was off balance from trying to satisfy both the Secretary of State and the Secretary of Defense, who were chronically in disagreement with one another, and he spent his last month or so in office spinning his wheels. Thus, when an aggressive new DCI, General 'Beetle' Smith, took over in October he found just the kind of vacuum he liked to fill. Being a go-go military man, he was inclined to fill it with rather more than a lot of conventional intelligence activities.

General Smith sought, and got, requests from both the State Department and the Defense Department for the CIA to undertake paramilitary operations in both North Korea and China, as well as a variety of other operations of an essentially military nature. Overnight, OPC had an organization over twice the size of OSO, and its personnel, from the top right down to the desk officers, had civil service grades one or two levels above their OSO counterparts. At first, over half of the new personnel, seconded from the regular military services, became members of the FE (Far East) Division, making that division as large as all other area divisions combined. And, since they reported to the Korea desk of FE, that desk had several times more personnel to administer than all the FE Division's other country desks combined.

In a bureaucracy, this sort of thing can't be allowed to happen. Conceivably, all operations associated with the Korean war could have been combined into a single division entirely independent of the area divisions, but a division chief with any spunk and bureaucratic knowhow at all will successfully stand in the way. Thus after much toing and froing there was a general increase in the FE Division as a whole, with the other desks getting three or four times more personnel than they really needed, while concocting 'support operations' to justify their increases. The other divisions, needless to say, my own NEA being no exception, found or invented enough crises in their own areas to justify whatever growth they needed to keep up with FE. This sort of thing tends to snowball.

Old friends who served in the FE Division of that time argue that I am exaggerating, but a review of OPC's remarkable growth between 1949

and 1953 shows clearly that it can't be explained in any other way, even allowing for the fact that, just in the nature of things, OPC was bound to have grown rapidly anyhow. Looking back on that period with the perspectives of thirty-odd years on, it is hard to understand what our masters had in mind as they envisioned a small strike force on tap in Washington ready to spring into action upon being told that there was a problem in Uruguay, Egypt, Laos or Albania which failed to respond to ordinary diplomacy or military solutions. Did they imagine that, like neighbourhood firemen, we would sit around the station in shirtsleeves playing poker waiting for the bell to ring? Didn't they see it as inevitable that we would *seek* fires to put out, even if we had to light them ourselves?

Well, as I shall shortly explain, we weren't *that* hard up for fires. My first job upon returning from Damascus was given to me by Nick, who seemed to be so tied up with NEA/OSO matters (intelligence on developments in the Middle East *only*, in other words) that he seemed oblivious of the organizational developments going on all around him. The job was to build a 'stay-behind network' in the Middle East in preparation for the Third World War that some of the shriller voices in and out of government were beginning to prophesy. So I hadn't been back on duty for more than a month when I was on my way to Cyprus, Cairo, Beirut, Amman, Baghdad, Basra, Riyadh, Dhahran and Teheran to visit station chiefs in those places, explain the stay-behind programme to them, and arrange for them to take delivery of the wireless and 'survival' equipment that was shortly to be delivered by a CIA cargo plane.

The stay-behind mission was a lark. All I had to do was tell each station chief how he was to go out into a nearby desert, dig a few holes, plant in them a lot of obsolescent equipment (it was already out of date in 1950, so imagine what it would be by the time a real Third World War was under way), and then find huge rocks or other objects natural to the surroundings to serve as markers. But then, according to a briefing given me secretly by Kim Roosevelt, I asked each station chief questions like the following, sometimes in the presence of his ambassador and sometimes not: is there anything going on in the country to which you are assigned which is, or which may become, a danger to American interests? If your answer is yes, is there any reason why ordinary diplomacy can't deal with it? What about financial and/or technical aid – in other words, can we *buy* the country, either through the government in power or through one which, with a little discreet help, could *get* into power? In short, I was to identify problems in the NEA area which could *only* be solved by the kind of operations which the new OPC had been legally authorized to conduct.

I returned to Washington with one basic answer ('We wouldn't have

any problems if we refrained from supporting Israel'), and dozens of middle-sized and small problems which OPC operatives with an understanding of the respective areas could solve by political action, as we then defined it. Boiled down, what I brought back was yet another argument to justify further growth of OPC: unlike newspaper correspondents, who can be effective in Argentina one week and East Berlin the next, an OPC operative can be effective in one area of the world only. And he can't possibly understand the true nature of the problems in that one area, let alone find solutions for them, unless he has a thorough understanding of the people in it, their motivations and their value systems. This means that, instead of a small band of OPC firemen sitting around a station in Washington ready to race to crises wherever they happen to occur, we needed to keep in readiness a lot of full-time OPC personnel, some of them cultural anthropologists, in all countries of the world where they *might* be needed.

Kim liked the report, and he took both it and me to the office of Allen Dulles, who was about to be appointed Deputy Director, Plans, and head of the combined OSO and OPC organizations. Kim introduced me as the only member of the CIA who had, by then, conducted a real live covert political action operation – as we defined 'political action' at that time, not to include the overt and semi-overt operations which have recently received so much attention in the press. Dulles said he had heard about me from my wartime CIC and OSS work, and the rest of what he said clearly acknowledged that he saw me as indeed the first in my kind of expertise.

All the same, he took time to explain that the US Government had already done very well for itself in what might be called overt, open-and-above-board political action. For example, when, in 1948, it appeared that Communists would win elections in Italy, the State Department invited the Italian Prime Minister, Alcide de Gasperi, to Washington to inform him that the massive amount of aid which Italy needed for reconstruction purposes would not be forthcoming unless he got rid of the Communists in his cabinet. Then the USIS encouraged Italian-Americans to send letters and telegrams to their thousands of relatives in Italy telling them that in the future they would get no more remittance checks if they didn't join in a 'stop the Communists' effort. Prominent Italian-speaking Americans went on shortwave radio to tell the Italians what a Communist takeover of their country would mean to them. Goodwill missions, photographic exhibitions, musical groups and every imaginable means of displaying the advantages of healthy Italian-American relations were dramatized, in contrast to the kind of relations the Italians were in danger

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of having with the USSR. The CIA contribution was just over a million dollars, a single gift to a single anti-Communist political party, and a bit of advice to the de Gasperi government about what the Italians themselves could do to forestall the danger.

Dulles said that to the maximum extent possible the CIA should encourage overt activities of this kind, supplementing them only as needed. He hoped that in the Middle East we would find indigenous individuals and groups to do the necessary quite on their own, with only advice and money from us. He added that in most cases the State Department wouldn't need us at all, but would have to turn to us whenever recipients of our aid and advice insisted on keeping it secret. The secrecy was for their benefit, not ours.

On our way back to L Building, Kim said I shouldn't take what I had heard *too* much to heart, because Allen Dulles imagined himself a character in a John Buchan novel, and wouldn't be able to restrain himself, or us, if any opportunity to play our assigned role arose. 'Allen would give his left . . . well, let us say his left index finger,' Kim said, 'if he could go somewhere in the field and engineer a *coup d'état* himself.'

Chapter 14

THE CIA: ORGANIZATION OR BUREAUCRACY?

The OPC had been assigned five kinds of operations: propaganda, labour unions, refugees, paramilitary and political action. We were to focus on Western Europe, then the Middle East, then Africa, in that order. Well, Western Europe was not *my* concern – happily, because in the company of the WE Division's bilingual and trilingual personnel I was definitely a country cousin. This had become clear enough to me during the short while I worked on the Germany desk, and by the time I returned from Syria WE Division had been greatly strengthened.

Two of the five operational areas, labour unions and paramilitary, were of no interest to NEA, there being no labour unions worthy of the name in the Middle East, and paramilitary operations being a sort for which we wanted a solid claim to impotence before some Bright Idea Man ('BIMs' we used to call them) saw a more active role for us in the Arab-Israel conflict than we were contemplating. Political action? Ah! That was to be *my* baby, our efforts to boost Husni Za'im into power in Syria having been made a standard case history for study in Training classes, but Kim thought we should keep a low profile for a while, as we watched and listened to our State Department colleagues rattle on about how 'democratically elected governments' in the Arab countries would result in more moderate attitudes towards the new State of Israel.

So while I was liquidating my job as Kim's deputy for intelligence, I was at the same time easing myself into a newly created slot, Chief, Information Planning Staff, NEA, with that increase in grade that Frank Wisner had promised me. The CIA defined 'intelligence' to indicate what we learned about others, and 'information' as what we told others about

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ourselves. The former was incoming, what we wanted to know about our targets; the latter was outgoing, what we wanted our targets to *think* they knew about us. Kim remarked that there was more information than intelligence in the reports I had been sending from Damascus, and that therefore I should be right at home in this new job.

I agreed. Essentially, the job was to concoct information that would be sufficiently 'man bites dog' to ensure the maximum chance of its being picked up by the press, and at the same time contained implications boosting American interests and harming the Soviets. Just my sort of thing. But I felt that I lacked the necessary literary qualifications, so I took on as assistant a fellow Alabaman whom I had heard about for having written a couple of novels which critics had praised for his handling of dialogue. It hadn't occurred to me that the dialogue in his novels was his own natural way of speaking, though, so when he arrived on my doorstep I was surprised to hear him say 'ain't' and 'he don't' just as I had before I began to hobnob with Henry Rago and Jim Eichelberger.

Eichelberger! I hadn't heard of him since we parted at the end of the war. He had remained behind in Paris, moved into an apartment on the Left Bank and begun writing whimsical articles for the *New Yorker*. I had discovered, though, that he had later moved to Chicago and had taken a job with the world's largest public relations firm, J. Walter Thompson, writing copy and speeches for politicians. A call to Eich, in the Chicago JWT office, resulted in his taking the next plane to Washington.

Not the old Eichelberger at all. He showed up in a Brooks Brothers suit, complete with button-down shirt and conservative tie, to tell me that he had actually *enjoyed* working in public relations, especially the salary and the expense account. He said that after a few months' practice he could write as badly as anyone in JWT. He and Kim took to each other as fellow literati, and, after a rushed security clearance, he was sworn in as a career employee at a level drawing enough of a salary for rent on a house in Georgetown. He, my Alabama friend, two secretaries and I were installed in a double suite of offices adjacent to Kim's, and after a week of administrative preliminaries we were open for business. For a couple of months we had some fine times discussing highbrow literary topics in the evenings while devising propaganda themes during the day, and a new era in my upwardly mobile career had begun.

I remember Eich getting Kim's reluctant endorsement of a plan to pepper unpopular and hot-headed Middle Eastern leaders with messages likely to provoke irrational responses which we could publicize in such a way as to raise questions about their sanity. The one application of the idea was a series of letters and telegrams to old Jamil Barudi, the voluble

Saudi representative to the United Nations. Both insulting and pious in tone, as though they had been written by deeply religious Moslems and ultra-patriotic Arabs, they accused him of lacking enthusiasm in defending the Arab side of the Arab–Israel conflict, perhaps because he had fallen under Western influence. Taking the bait, Barudi made several speeches in which he babbled even more gibberish than customarily.

Eich was pleased with the effort, saying it was ‘better and more practical than LSD tablets’. Kim, though, was unimpressed. In the first place, he liked Jamil Barudi, and agreed with most of what he said, gibberish and all. In the second, he said there was nothing wrong with the Saudis’ position on the Arab–Israel conflict, and that it would be better for the United States if they could put it clearly and convincingly. What bothered him most, though, was the spectacle of three high-powered OPC ‘experts’, with all the facilities of the United States Government at their disposal, devoting their talents to making a fool of a well-intentioned friend. He made his point. We hung our heads in shame.

But he had other points: first, we, of all people, should have understood what it meant to *know* something, and to appreciate the difference between *knowing* and *believing*. Second, as propagandists we should have understood that ‘information’ must be fashioned to fit *beliefs*, not knowledge. Mussolini knew the difference (‘I don’t want my people to know,’ he said. ‘I want them to believe’); so should we. But it was the beliefs of our targets that mattered, not our own.

At that particular moment in history there was no serious work for an NEA propagandist, and if we couldn’t at least have some fun, to hell with it. Up to that time, the Za’im *coup d’état* constituted the only clear-cut political action operation the CIA had run without help from other agencies. So, basking in that ‘success’, or whatever it was, I saw myself as the hottest property in K Building for purposes of actual operations. In staff work, however, I felt myself a second-rater – especially in the light of the project planning I was able to see from time to time in the WE Division. WE–OPC had nearly a hundred projects on the drawing boards for influencing elections, penetrating and gaining control of labour unions, *creating* labour unions, subsidizing newspapers and forming political cadres in refugee groups, thirty or forty of which were already in operation. And the clarity of their presentations made the cliché-ridden writing of OSO staffs seem, by way of contrast, the work of illiterates. After all, although by the middle of 1952 most of my work was in the planning of OPC projects, I was still listed as an OSO officer, so the contrast hurt.

Then two things happened to speed the new stage in my intelligence

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career. First, there was a grand tour of Africa. When OPC and OSO were consolidated, with Allen Dulles as Deputy Director, Plans (DDP) and head of the combined offices, Kim's position as head of the combined NEA was formalized. Also, the division was expanded to include not only the Middle East and all of Africa, but also Afghanistan, Pakistan, India and Ceylon. In square miles, we had more territory than all the other divisions put together, and we thought we ought to take a look at it.

It was too much for just one man, so Kim decided that he would visit the Middle East and the Asian subcontinent, and that I, being the second in command, would visit the whole of Africa. He was first to take off, and he returned to Washington after a month, having had long talks not only with every West Asian potentate of any importance, but also some very interesting satraps, some of whom he recruited as CIA agents – well, not 'agents' exactly, but 'clients' who would thenceforth, in exchange for a bit of financial aid and occasional technical support, 'co-operate' with the United States Government on all international affairs in which we both had an interest.

Kim returned to Washington on a Thursday, and the two of us and our wives spent the weekend hearing his travel stories, and looking at his colour slides. Then on Monday I took off for Africa. No one in that continent offered me his principality, but I made some useful contacts in the Sudan, Ethiopia, Kenya, South Africa, Nigeria, Togo and Liberia. In Ghana, the Ivory Coast and Senegal, I made rather more than contacts. In Ghana, for example, there was Bob Fleming, 'the Gold Coast's own T.E. Lawrence', a 300-pound American who advised Kwame Nkrumah, and one of the wisest men I've ever met. Also, there was Nkrumah himself with whom, thanks to Bob, I had a three-hour lunch, finding him one of the most *charming* men I've ever met, having not yet been the big panjandrum long enough to develop delusions of grandeur. He was warm and friendly, he had a great sense of humour, and he spoke English with the accent of a New Orleans musician. Then there was Felix Houphouet-Boigny, President of the Ivory Coast, who spoke beautiful Parisian French and impressed me as being both sophisticated and a consummate politician and finally there was President Senghor of Senegal, a highly literate poet. Nkrumah, Houphouet-Boigny and Senghor were quite enough to make my trip a success, for both my career in the CIA and for my post-CIA future.

The most important benefit from the trip resulted from consultations I had with Bob Fleming. Bob, who shared my natural affection for black Africans, eventually gave more lip to Nkrumah than Nkrumah could stand, and he got run out of the country. But even after he was exiled to

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Nigeria he continued to contribute to our government's understanding of black Africans with the result that local AID (Agency for International Development) people came to grasp the necessity for tempering their sympathies with 'cultural realities' (as Bob called them) even in the face of stiff opposition from their bosses in Washington.

To me, he conveyed two points which were particularly relevant to an idea which had begun to buzz around in my mind: first, the only kind of society in which black Africans felt comfortable was tribal society, the essence of which was 'tribal authority' (as he explained it); second, there could be no such thing as Africa-wide leadership vested in any one man or in any small group of men, not only because it would conflict with 'tribal authority' (as he explained it) but because there was no common language. Half of the Africans had French as their *lingua franca*, half of them had English, and the lot of them spoke over two hundred discrete languages each of which had dozens of dialectical variations.

Black Africans were also divided by their mutual fears and jealousies, and by the fact that those among them who were sufficiently enlightened to have aspirations differed as to what they should be and on how they should be reached. Bob had talked to all varieties. What passed for 'aspirations' among black Africans, he said, were sheer voodoo to us Westerners, but were real enough to them to have tribal wars over. *Indabas* over hoof-and-mouth epidemics that were sweeping all of Africa were largely arguments over magical remedies, and even the medicine men with Oxford educations participated with as much verve as their illiterate cousins.

The Soviets, with a four-legs-good-two-legs-bad brand of Marxism, were making a certain amount of Africa-wide headway because it was *against* something, partly real and partly imaginary. Any propagandist knows that the best way to unite diverse peoples is to point up and dramatize a common hate, while if you try to offer them what they want you will find that they want a wide variety of things, and can't agree on priorities. They can agree only on what stands between them and that variety, however, and whom to blame for their deprivations.

Until Bob Fleming and I discussed the subject, I had been entertaining notions about building Nkrumah up into some kind of African messiah. I figured that if he could attain leadership in Ghana despite his lowly tribal origins, he might do the same for all of black Africa. He had actually *used* the fact that he was from an insignificant tribe. By declaring himself a neutral in inter-tribal conflicts, he had risen above them with slogans which appealed to them all. Or so it seemed to me, but Bob said I was dangerously wrong; things weren't what they seemed. Nkrumah was

already claiming to be 'greater than Moses', ready to 'lead all African peoples across the Red Sea of imperialist suffering', but I shouldn't be taken in by this first sign of galloping megalomania. Bob hoped that my instant expertise wasn't reflective of the thinking that was going on back home, and said that if I should so much as *hint* to other African leaders that I had swallowed Nkrumah's ravings I'd become just another Washington junketeer in their eyes, and would be laughed right out of Africa. But he agreed that a 'charismatic politician', even a white man, might attain a degree of general leadership in Africa – 'if that is at all desirable', he added.

But, although no viable leaders were yet in sight, what I called 'a leadership vacuum' certainly existed in Africa, and the Soviets had prospects of filling it, and of uniting followers behind some as yet unknown figure shouting anti-colonialist slogans. Black Africa was fraught with what our planners called 'pre-revolutionary situations', and the British and the French were *not* on top of them as my superiors believed. The shape that black Africans would be in if it hadn't been for British and French colonialism was clear enough to a disinterested observer, as was the fact that America was the only conceivable source of the economic and technical aid needed to save millions of them from death by disease and malnutrition. Yet Soviet propagandists and their native novitiates were, in fact, convincing articulate and politically active Africans that they should drop their tribal differences to drive out 'colonialism and capitalism'.

So Africans *could* be united; the Soviets were busily demonstrating that fact. But I wouldn't accept the assertion that they could be united *only* against a hated enemy. A day I had spent in an Ivory Coast jungle with the German anthropologist-missionary, Dr Hans Grüber, had convinced me that at that stage of their social development tribal Africans were suckers for 'charismatic' leadership of the kind fundamentalist preachers used to entrance audiences in my own Deep South. Old Professor Grüber had spent the previous fifteen or twenty years quietly observing Akan villages in the way Jane Goodall observed chimps thirty years later. He had carefully noted how in times of stress a leader would step forward and the tribesmen would submissively fall in behind him, although he made no inflammatory speeches and shouted no slogans. I saw this for myself. As the Professor and I approached a village with the tribal chief walking a few paces ahead, the villagers were shouting at each other over some tribal matter. The minute they saw the chief they stopped their arguing and listened as he quietly laid down the law.

I asked Professor Grüber what the leader had that his followers didn't

have. He had charisma. What *is* charisma? Could one of the common tribesmen develop it, and take over the leadership? No, said the Professor, the leader comes first, and his charisma later. He wasn't the leader because he had charisma; he had charisma because he was the leader. It was as simple as that. Well, it was not *quite* as simple as that, he said, because it is a chicken-and-egg situation. Conceivably, a person *could* develop charisma, or even have it developed for him by image-building public relations, but it can't happen right under the noses of the followers; the manufactured charismatic leader must come from without.

So I left Africa brimming with materials and ideas which were brand new, if somewhat raw. Central to them was the conviction that we needed in Africa a single leader, white, black or brown, who could unite all black Africans behind some positive, constructive cause, and that we should furnish them with one. I wrote up my recommendations and sent them to Washington in a cable rivalling in length the one George Kennan had sent from Moscow a few years earlier.

Looking back on my bright ideas of 1951 and 1952 with the sophistication of thirty-five more years of experience, it's difficult to reconstruct what was in my mind at that time. I only remember that the collection of notions I took back to Washington with me kept eight or ten staffers hard at work for more than a month at 'conceptualizing', as we used to call it, and that until Kim Roosevelt shot them down they snowballed into a project that has gone down in secret annals of the CIA as 'The Search for a Moslem Billy Graham'. An all-post memorandum to the field prompted the station chief in Baghdad to recruit a local 'holy man' and send him on a speaking tour which got him arrested, tried and hanged by the Iraqi government of Nuri es-Said. Nuri objected to that sort of thing 'on principle', as he later said in a letter of apology which he wrote to Kim Roosevelt when he learned that the man *really was* a CIA agent as he had claimed, and was not merely boasting to his interrogators.

Nuri Pasha's letter was the first Kim had heard of the project. He was furious! He thought I'd gone mad. He knew, of course, that OPC staffers were already mad, but he'd expected better of me. 'You like the idea for the mere sake of the idea,' he said. 'That's *your* trouble, but you must get in the habit of thinking your bright ideas through to the consequences.' Being a Roosevelt, member of a family in which leadership of a special kind was a tradition, he had given a lot of thought to the subject of which I wasn't until then aware. He gave me a lecture on how leaders, for all their charisma, can only be agents of their followers, and how a thoughtless combination of leaders and followers could produce an explosion rather different from the one we bargained for.

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All the same, Kim said, the idea had *some* merit, and he realized that by the time he learned about it, it had developed a momentum of its own. 'We'll put it on a back burner for a while,' he said, 'but meanwhile I have another trip for you. You're to accompany Kirkpatrick and Johnston on a tour of our field stations. You'll have your hands full just picking up the pieces after them, but you should by all means keep your search for a great mystagogue in mind, and check them against local circumstances in the places you'll visit. We'll discuss when you return.'

Lyman Kirkpatrick was head of OSO and Colonel Kilbourne Johnston was head of OPC, having replaced Frank Wisner when Frank replaced Allen Dulles as DDP. They were now 'staff' instead of 'line' (i.e. in the language of management engineering they no longer had the authority of command, and could only write policy papers to guide their common commander, Allen Dulles), but although the transition had been made official they hadn't yet become adjusted to it. Thus they were a pretty bossy pair of staff officers. To put it bluntly, they were monumental pains in the ass.

The Kirkpatrick *persona* was, and remains, beyond my analytical expertise. Since joining the CIA, I had painstakingly kept card files on everyone in it who might in any way affect my present or future wellbeing – a compulsion I had developed in my poker-playing days, when I kept notes on mannerisms of other players which indicated whether they had good hands or were bluffing. But my jigsaw pieces on Kirk never fitted together to form a predictable character. When normal teenagers were stealing the family car, experimenting with girls (or boys) and learning to smoke cigarettes, Kirk was collecting merit badges to the end of becoming the youngest Eagle Scout in Rochester, New York. As an adult he was still trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, thrifty, brave, clean, reverent and, up to a point, kind and obedient. An employee in trouble with higher headquarters could count on Kirk's uncompromising and courageous support through thick and thin, yet he would sack some poor bastard for a single act of imagined insubordination. One school of thought had it that Kirk became a horse's ass *after* our trip, when he could be described as 'ruthlessly ambitious' (to quote one authority) after the polio he caught in Bangkok or some such place made him feel that he had to compensate for his disability and prove that he was still as competent as his rival, Dick Helms. Well, for benefit of future historians who may be in doubt on this score, I can testify from personal experience that he was well on the way when we took the fateful trip.

With me, he was an unrelenting bully, the rigid organization man towering over the chronic organizational misfit. He ragged me from one

station to the next, chewing me out in front of OSO personnel in all the stations just to show how tough he was. But he was oblivious to what he was doing, and when I finally protested he was deeply and sincerely apologetic. Colonel 'Pat' Johnston, on whom I had enough notes to write a book, was also a bully, but with him it was impersonal. A former alcoholic who had suffered at least one heart attack, he had adopted a cantankerous exterior which served him well as head of an organization staffed by (as he saw them) 'Ivy League cookie pushers'. And, although he tried to hide the fact, he was positively brilliant. His bullying was grounded on a superior intellect.

As son of old Hugh Johnson, an innovator and organizer of considerable importance in the Roosevelt administration (Pat inserted the 't' in his own name so as to obscure the relationship), he learned bureaucracy on his father's knee, then he went on to West Point where he mastered the principles of military organization. In the Second World War he became a key figure in the US army's O&M (organization and management) programmes, writing manuals and think pieces in clear prose, free of military clichés. By the time he, Kirk and I went on our tour, he had read every book on organization and management of any importance, and he could regurgitate what he had read in a way that was both interesting and informative.

Did I say 'interesting'? His long monologues on the subject which he delivered to an attentive audience, myself, were utterly fascinating. He even made Bernard's unreadable and outdated *Functions of the Executive* seem both plausible and interesting. Seeing my interest, he gave me a reading list to guide me in further study when we got back to Washington. 'You're a fuck-up,' he said, 'but you're bright.'

I must remind my readers that neither Pat Johnston's wisdom nor the reading list he gave me was the first I had ever heard on the subject of management. I had, after all, helped Peer de Silva to write up organization charts when X-2 (counter-intelligence) was being combined with SI (secret intelligence) long before either Kirk or Pat had come aboard. Bureaucracy, however, was my special meat, not organization, management or O&M in the special sense that those terms were used by efficiency wallahs of the day. I had read Marx, Lenin, Max Weber, Ludwig von Mises and Friedrich von Hayek, and especially Franz Neumann and Robert Michels. In his book, *Behemoth*, Neumann had shown how a bureaucratic 'state within a state' had made possible Hitler's rise to power, and Michel's 'iron law of oligarchy' postulated various ideas which I didn't understand when I first read them, but which came into focus as I met with African leaders who were seeing the bureaucracies

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beneath them begin to grow and get out of hand.

From my readings, I understood bureaucracy to be something more than a pejorative epithet denoting administration for the sake of administration, red tape and faceless public servants importuning tax-paying citizens. In my private terminology, a bureaucracy was a particular kind of organization (every organization is not a bureaucracy) having certain features – namely, a division of tasks according to special skills, a formalized pecking order, a formal ‘job description’ for each member, and clearly defined rules governing the relations between the members, working groups and divisions. Establishing a bureaucracy, as I defined it (after Max Weber and others) was little more than a matter of listing everything that had to be done to enable the organization to reach its objectives, then introducing those four elements in the least complicated manner possible. Its key feature, however, was the fact that authority went with the title and the job description, not the person, with the subordinate owing loyalty to his superior not because he respects him as a person but because he fills a certain slot.

What an easy system to beat! In any large group of people working together, a network of strictly personal relationships, with its unauthorized grapevine, will grow up whether the organizers like it or not. The strictly bureaucratic organization may work unbeatably when its functions are no more than routine, but in times of crisis the personal relationships take over. Under Pat’s tutelage I coined the phrase ‘crisis creation’, realizing that a thorough understanding of organizational dynamics was essential in the planning of the kind of sophisticated, highly professional political action in which I hoped to become proficient. I sought a process more refined than finding some boob of a colonel and guiding him through the paces of a *coup d’état*. Applying Pat’s teaching to what I had observed in Africa, it occurred to me that a rigid bureaucracy must be susceptible to my burgeoning expertise at almost any point in its hierarchy, from the boss at the top down to any level, no matter how low, so long as there is elbow room for ‘crisis creation’ or ‘crisis manipulation’.

With control over his organization’s channels of information, the man at the top can activate the informal personal network whenever it suits his purpose – or, to put it more accurately, with the proper manipulative skills, he can use the interplay between the formal and informal organizational structures to achieve his purposes – whatever they may be. In carefully created crises, he relies mainly on the latter. He uses the loyalties of persons in the organization, as persons and not as fillers of particular slots – provided, of course, he has had the forethought to staff the formal structure in such a way that persons loyal to him man the critical spots. A

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member of the organization lower down, if drilled in the techniques I would teach him, might plant tidbits in the grapevine which would expand downwards to generate problems and upwards to cause an awareness of them, thus bringing about in the informal organization a root-and-plant relationship that is peculiarly vulnerable to 'outside influences', as we used that phrase in planning papers – crisis creation at the supervisory level, in other words.

Pat awakened me to the fact that *some* of this had occurred to a new breed of professional known as the management engineer. In every African country I visited, the leader had gained power by making promises he couldn't keep, and he was holding it by blaming outside forces for his failures and jailing the sceptics. The 'blame and repress' combination is effective only by the application of what Michel, and others, called 'bureaucratic control'. As I was trying to explain many paragraphs back, it was lack of this control that caused the fall of Husni Za'im.

Unlike the DCI, General Smith, Kirkpatrick was not (as Pat kept saying) the 'perfect organization man'; he was the 'perfect bureaucracy man'. This thought came to me with full force when, after muddying the waters for station chiefs in New Delhi, Calcutta, Karachi, Baghdad and Beirut, we landed in Istanbul, where Archie was in charge.

At our first meeting, Kirk and Pat went through their spiel about how OSO and OPC were being combined into one organization under a DDP, and how the two of them were thenceforth 'staff', not 'line'. Then they got out their organization charts and explained to Archie how he was from that time on to manage his station's affairs. It suddenly struck me that neither of them had shown a genuine curiosity about why there were stations in those particular places, or about local conditions affecting the ways in which operations, if any, could be conducted. Apparently, they didn't see such questions as relevant to their mission. Their task of the moment was organization and management, not 'substantive' matters.

But their opening presentation was made not just to Archie; without discussing it with him alone, they called in the whole station, except for the secretaries, and spelled out the organization they had worked out. There would be a chief of station (Archie), an OSO deputy, an OPC deputy, and section heads for intelligence, counter-intelligence, political action, propaganda, labour affairs and paramilitary, although Archie could combine, upgrade, downgrade or even eliminate these specialities as he saw fit in order to accord with the local situation. Archie, always the man to assume goodwill until proven otherwise, allowed this *extravagance*

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to continue until it was too late to stop it. Before Archie realized that the presentation was finished, to be followed only by a few respectful questions, Kirk had turned to me to ask, in the bullying manner he had used up to the time he apologized, 'Is all this clear to you, Mr Copeland?'

'Oh, it's clear enough to me, all right,' I said, 'although what I write about you two guys will make a better *New Yorker* article than a report to Kim. You'd better ask Archie if it's all clear to him.'

Archie just sat there stunned. Then he did something I'd never before seen him do. He blew his top! I've forgotten exactly what he said, except that in well-chosen words and phrases he started out to tell them what bumbling philistines he thought they were, when one of his staff, the Colonel who was presumably his expert on paramilitary operations, stood up, grabbed the chair he had been sitting on and crashed it against the wall.

Quite a scene! Pat's tone immediately turned conciliatory; he realized that, as a staunch believer in the distinction between 'line' and 'staff', he'd been grossly out of order. Kirk, however, felt that his authority had been challenged, and that he was called upon to play the part of a disciplinarian from higher headquarters. He kept his cool, but he was obviously quite angry, so much so that he ignored Pat, or maybe he didn't even hear him, when Pat backed down a bit, saying that the two of them no longer *had* any 'authority' in the accepted sense of that word, but that he hoped Archie would recognize the 'weight of authority' in their 'recommendations' as he, Archie, 'decided whether or not to accept them'.

I suspect that Archie, being unaware of a blockbusting report to Kim I had up my sleeve, may have felt that I had let him down by sitting meekly by as Kirk made a jackass of himself. Anyway, the chair crashing against the wall somehow broke the tension, and diverted Kirk to the task of assuring the chair-crashing Colonel that if he'd only calm down for the moment he'd have him transferred to a post where his talents would be properly appreciated. Then we had lunch and all was quiet, rather *too* quiet, in fact, since we were in various stages of shock, and the conversation was forced and painfully polite, lubricated only by occasional attempts at humour and nervous unmotivated laughter.

Oddly, after we left Istanbul all went well between us. Both Kirk and Pat were relaxed and happy that the trip was over, and they were almost giggling as we rode in an Embassy limousine from London airport to Claridges, and they sat down to compose a cable to the DCI telling him that we were 'exhausted' from the trip, and needed an ocean voyage. 'Permission granted', came the reply. The *Queen Mary* did indeed give us

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a well-needed rest, and I thoroughly enjoyed it until a CIA bloke who had joined us in Southampton asked Pat if it was true that Kirk was 'destined' to become DCI one day. Pat said the appointment was inevitable because Kirk was the perfect mixture of administrative ability, common sense and ruthlessness and that once he'd attained his ambition he would be 'rather less of a shit'.

My blood ran cold. The inevitability of Kirk's rising to be the boss of us all hit me with a shock. He *would* one day be our DCI, and he'd be a good one – a good one for *the very reason* that his understanding of 'substantive' matters was limited. He would therefore be able to run the CIA as an organization, not as a stable of prima donnas – in the way, for example, that the commanding general of the Walter Reid Hospital handled its free-thinking doctors. Dick Helms, his principal rival, *did* know a bit about the intelligence business – not much, but enough to make him dangerous – but Kirk was a 'Mr Clean' who understood that, although a straight line is not necessarily the shortest distance between two points, it's the safest route until proven otherwise. The ideal 'bureaucracy man'!

But one prima donna that he would not be managing was myself. My thought, as the absurdity of my working in a CIA directed by Lyman Kirkpatrick became clear in my mind, was 'Organizations are to tinker with, not to be a part of.' Inspired by Pat's lectures, I would become a management engineer! So when we landed in Washington, I spent a week writing a report to Kim on the trip (dealing with the stop in Istanbul as sort of a case history), another sitting in a corner at meetings in Wisner's office at which Kim told Pat and Kirk what he thought of them, and another writing up my thoughts on how our search for a Great White Father, if there was to be such a search, should be approached as a problem of organization. (I meant 'bureaucracy', of course, as defined by Marx, Weber and Michels, but I said 'organization' out of deference to Pat and other prospective readers who were familiar with the latest O&M literature.)

My thoughts, as I explained them in a thirty-page report, went down well. They went down even better when I announced that I was resigning from the CIA to take a job with Booz-Allen & Hamilton, the world's most prestigious management consulting firm, a post I had landed thanks to a long luncheon discussion I had had with Ralph Smiley, head of BA&H's Washington office, and a glowing letter of recommendation by Frank Wisner. Ralph liked my ideas on leadership and bureaucracy (cribbed from Michel's 'iron law', and adapted to circumstances in Africa and the Middle East as I was beginning to understand them), and said that they

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would be helpful if his plans to set up an international division of BA&H went through.

So. We now arrive at yet another phase of my chequered career, one which illustrated the old saying that you can take the boy out of the CIA, but you can't take the CIA out of the boy.

Chapter 15

THE 'MOSLEM BILLY GRAHAM'?

I've resigned twice from the CIA, both times for need of money, but was only once welcomed back after trying to rejoin after accumulating enough of it to afford the luxury of working in that fascinating place. One of my colleagues, who made ends meet by getting periodic subsidies from his rich father, used to say that he felt like he was back in college as he wrote such letters as 'Dear Dad, Please send more money so that I can stay in the CIA for another six months.' Not having a rich father, in 1953 I had to leave the Agency for a couple of years to pile up enough money to buy a nice house in Virginia, a second car and sports coats from Brooks Brothers rather than from Sears Roebuck. My salary with BA&H was roughly double what I was getting from the CIA, and my poorer friends in the Agency who knew about it weren't jealous at all; they were only tempted to follow my example. When I went on 'leave of absence' from BA&H to rejoin the Agency in 1955, they were glad to have me back.

The second time I left the Agency, in 1957, my income shortly became enough to prompt a national business magazine to list me among the ten highest-paid consultants in the world, and when I was rich enough to take a suite in the Wardman Tower and staff it with servants the sonsofbitches wouldn't even speak to me. When the Agency was in deep trouble following the Bay of Pigs affair, I 'offered my services' to Richard Bissell, who had replaced Frank Wisner as DDP, only to be told that there would be instant rebellion from I Building through K if he were even to *consider* giving me a job. I offered to work under one of those dollar-a-year arrangements, and even Matt Baird, who had become chief of Training, wouldn't have me. From that time on, and to this day, I have been what Frank Wisner once called a 'loyal alumnus', doing jobs that needed doing but the Agency wouldn't dare do (if you get the distinction). Sometimes I

got paid a modest fee, sometimes I got reimbursed for expenses. Most times, I got neither. In fact, in recent decades my sons have been financing my unofficial (and not explicitly approved) activities at a cost of some thousands of dollars a year, not deductible for income tax purposes. At the same time, while I've continued to enjoy the friendship and trust of a few old friends still with the Agency, I've had to endure the barbs of others who have grudgingly approved my ends while deploring my means.

If you readers out there will promise not to tell anyone, I'll let you in on the secret behind my life's story – or, rather, of the motivations that have lain behind my enfranchised behaviour. I've devoted the past thirty years of my life to the refinement and pursuit of a theory that grew out of my trip through Africa, my talks with Pat Johnston and my first-hand observations of that archetypal bureaucrat, Lyman Kirkpatrick. Archimedes claimed that, given a place to stand and the right arrangement of levers, he could lift the world. In its original form, my theory was that properly 'charmatized' leaders, placed in certain positions in the 'free world's' 'key' bureaucracies, could be used as political levers by which an enlightened American foreign policy could *uplift* the world. As I said in the farewell memorandum I wrote before saying my goodbyes in I Building, the judicious application of my theory would enable a properly employed CIA to fulfil the Wilsonian pledge to 'make the world safe for democracy' while removing certain goings-on here and there that were inconveniencing the American way of life. Even with refinements, the theory hasn't got very far over the years, but it has led me into some interesting *culs de sac* and made me some money. More important, it has taught me a lot about what could *not* be depended upon to uplift the world, or ease its multifarious problems.

Democracy, for example. Even genuine democracy, as opposed to the phoney kind to which socialists apply the word, can be more of curse than a boon unless it produces a particular kind of leadership, the one feature of my theory that has held up under the stresses and strains of experience. By now it has become a cliché that it takes one set of attributes to attain power and another to employ it effectively for the benefit of those who bestowed it, but even back in 1953 it was clear to me that democracy as an end in itself favoured demagogues who would use it for non-democratic ends. Some of the worst tyrants in history got their starts by means of democratic elections, and as recently as 1980 the democratically elected Robert Mugabe of Zimbabwe boasted that he liked democracy because it was 'an easy system to beat'. At the same time, some of the most bumbling incompetents in history attained high office by winning

elections that were little more than popularity contests, and then screwed up their countries' affairs because they could only 'follow out front' as Edmund Burke wrote of the French revolutionary who said, 'The mob is in the streets; I must find out where it is going for I am its leader.'

Anyway, I don't intend these remarks as an essay on political leadership, and I'm not defending them. This being an autobiography, I'm only reporting what I, in fact, had in mind as I left the CIA in 1953 to identify those positions in certain of the world's bureaucracies where the decisions most affecting the interests of the United States were made. I hoped to devise political actions which would boost aspirants of my choice into them, keep them there and channel them into paths leading to prosperity and security for both them and us. Frivolous distractions apart, every activity I've undertaken over the past thirty-five years has been in one way or another related to my hopes of identifying potential leaders and guiding them to their rightful destiny, through democratic means if such were available but unhesitatingly by other means if they were not.

My first target areawise was Egypt. At about the same time, partners of my future employer, Booz-Allen & Hamilton, and my then boss, Kim Roosevelt, were inordinately interested in that country for reasons that had no connection in their eyes, but which tied together neatly in mine. BA&H was negotiating for a general management survey of the Egyptian national bank and its numerous holdings. Unaware of BA&H's interest, Kim was fretting over the political mess in what, in the course of his Second World War experiences, had become his favourite foreign country. Ignoring my pleas that he should leave the bright ideas to me, he arrived in his office one morning, called a staff meeting and announced that he had spent the previous night tossing and turning over some thoughts he had had on how we might save the skin of Egypt's King Farouk, still in favour with the West. We would convince the 'Fat Fucker', as irreverent members of the NEA planning staff called the King behind Kim's back, that if *he* didn't somehow convert his corrupt, inefficient and archaic government into something more in keeping with the demands of modern egalitarian society, somebody else would.

I wrote up Kim's ideas in the form of a project ('Project FF', we called it, the 'FF' standing for you-know-what), and it was going through the clearance procedures in a routine manner when events in Cairo jumped ahead of us. Our NEA Division was 'galvanized into action', as a CIA historian said of the frenzy we went into at the time, as the result of what has come to be known as Egypt's Black Saturday.

Towards the end of 1951, Winston Churchill's government, back in

power after a Labour tenure which had weakened Britain internationally as well as domestically, decided to punish Egypt for abrogating the two treaties which legally justified the British presence in the Canal Zone, and for backing up the abrogation by a guerrilla siege of the area. In December, British troops destroyed a village from which Egyptian saboteurs were operating, and in early January they attacked two Egyptian posts in the vicinity of Ismailia, killing or maiming most of the occupants. Tempers rose, and on Cairo's Black Saturday mobs of Moslem extremists burned or otherwise destroyed every building in the city which smacked of 'British imperialism' – Shepherd's Hotel, the Turf Club and every restaurant, bar or movie house known to be regularly frequented by the foreign colony. They even threw newborn babies and their mothers out of upper windows of the British hospital in fashionable Zamalek.

All this in longanimous Egypt, an object of scorn in most of the Arab world for its lack of fanatical zeal. The British government, angry but helpless, vowed further actions against the Egyptians. The American State Department, righteously displeased with the British for failing to recognize that 'the age of imperialism is past', sent well-phrased protests to both the British and Egyptian governments. The American CIA saw an opportunity. We broke off official contact with the British SIS, and Kim's project for saving Farouk by means of a 'peaceful revolution' was on its way. It was approved by Allen Dulles over tea in his Georgetown house on the Sunday afternoon following Black Saturday, and Kim announced its inauguration at the next morning's staff meeting.

Was Kim going to send me to Cairo to do the job? Not a chance; he would kick off the project himself. I would be brought in later to keep up the momentum after success had been assured – *if*, Kim said, I would abandon my 'headstrong determination' to leave the CIA in pursuit of a larger income. With my fingers crossed behind my back, I said I'd think about it. Kim was unaware, of course, that I would later be going to Egypt whether he liked it or not – as the Arabic-speaking member of the BA&H team.

A re-reading of Kim's 201 file showed me that he was absolutely right in insisting that he, alone, could get the project off the ground. During the Second World War, Farouk had developed a liking for him during a tense period when the British were forcing him, Farouk, literally at gunpoint, to remove pro-Axis elements from his government and replace them with figures of British choice. As Farouk fumed in his palace, Kim visited him almost daily to comfort him with the suggestion that after the war there could be a New Deal, an Egypt of true sovereignty of which he would be 'the first ruler of a free Egypt in two thousand years'. As Kim reminded us

at that Monday morning staff meeting, Farouk had warmed to such talk, and there was every reason to believe that if Kim were to visit him 'for old times' sake' he could be sold on the ideas which Kim had developed in the course of a sleepless night. In less than a week, Kim was on his way to Cairo.

Farouk did, indeed, receive him warmly – if, however, a bit too ostentatiously for what was supposed to be a visit 'of a highly confidential nature', as Kim had indicated in a coded message sent via prearranged channels. A courteous Egyptian official came on to the aeroplane to take him by the arm and whisk him through immigration and customs before the other passengers were allowed to disembark. Their limousine, marked clearly with the royal insignia, tore away from the airport at high speed, scattering taxis, horse-drawn carriages, sheep, women with water jugs on their heads, and scavenging children. The only concession to Kim's request for secrecy was an arrangement of curtains so covering the car's windows that he couldn't see where he was going until the chauffeur let him out in the garden of a royal guest house in Giza in full view of the pyramids.

It wasn't until he got there that Kim remembered that, even in the heady wartime Cairo of Evelyn Waugh's *Officers and Gentlemen*, he had seen Farouk as a mental lightweight. His relations with the Fat Fucker during the next two weeks refreshed the memory. In one meeting Farouk would show an intelligent grasp of what was going on in his country, particularly as it affected his regime, and he would agree to Kim's remedies with all the efficiency and despatch of a Pittsburgh business executive. The next day he would disappear, no doubt off on one of his famous orgies, and forget to make some move that he had agreed was essential to Kim's plan. Then the next week, moved by a whim or pique of the moment, he would take an action that totally undermined it.

Kim was in Cairo for almost a month, after which he gave up on Project FF as originally conceived, and returned to Washington reconciled to the hopelessness of making any kind of sense of Egypt so long as Farouk remained on the throne, but more determined than ever to 'save Egypt from itself', as he put it. Grasping at straws, he dusted off my idea of a Moslem Billy Graham, and decided to send me to Egypt for a bit of reconnaissance. He ordered me to visit Cairo to survey the general situation, note any damage that might have been done by all the horseplay with Farouk, and return to Washington with a totally new plan. His instructions were hardly *carte blanche*; they were the CIA equivalent of words in that old song, 'Hang your clothes on a hickory tree, but don't go near the water'.

All the same, when I landed in Cairo my first act was to break a rule of the CIA that in those days had the force of Holy Writ: I decided to visit the American Ambassador, tell him exactly what I was up to, and ask his advice. My excuse, when word of my contumacious behaviour reached Washington, was that this particular Ambassador, Jefferson Caffery, was then the oldest and wisest in our diplomatic service, knowing Egypt better than any of our own Arabists, and that his view of the Egyptian scene was supported by two members of his staff who had better contacts among the Egyptians than our CIA station. The Assistant Military Attaché, Lieutenant-Colonel David Evans, and the 'straight' political officer, Bill Lakeland, were doing work of which the CIA would have been proud in keeping an intelligent watch on the rumblings that worried Kim Roosevelt and his political analysts back in Washington, and they gave me complete and intelligent co-operation, although they should have resented me as a meddling outsider.

But when I settled down in earnest in my quest for a leader I started outside the Embassy – with a good friend from my Damascus days, Nasr-ed-din Nashashibi (Nasri), the thirty-first-generation descendant of Prince Ahmed Nasr-ed-din el-Nashashibi, guardian of the Jerusalem and Hebron mosques under the Mamluks. I first met Nasri in Jordan when, in his twenties, he was chamberlain to King Abdallah, a post he held until July 1951, when the King was assassinated, and I had kept in touch with him ever since. Now that he had become a fixture in the upper reaches of Egyptian political society, I wanted him to tell me how any leader emerging from Kim Roosevelt's 'peaceful revolution' could turn hopes into expectations or anything else, preoccupied as he would have had to be with all the machinations Kim had worked out with Farouk.

So, over some Shanghai Slings, I explained how, as a last act before leaving government service, I wanted to find and groom a messiah who would start out in Egypt, and then spread his word to Africans and perhaps other Third World peoples. Our Chosen One, I said, should be able not only to arouse hopes, but to turn them into valid expectations, and actually lead underprivileged peoples of the world to better well-being, health, security and, above all, 'freedom', and would, at the same time, immunize them against false prophets.

After complaining a bit about American backing of Israel, Nasri agreed that a charismatic leader might be just what was needed to divert the growing stream of anti-American hostility – which, he pointed out, was building up all over Western Asia, not just in the so-called Arab world. A religious spellbinder would be ideal. But must a religious movement be primarily *against* something? Well, we would have to create a 'something'

more menacing than a Jewish state, a tall order at a time when the Jewishness of Israel was its most vaunted feature.

So it was in search of a plausible enemy, a substitute for the United States and Israel, that Nasri and I made the rounds of the local lunatic fringe, starting with Milo's Den, a religious speakeasy in the Old City overlooking the eerily beautiful Sultan Hassan mosque. Milo, a homosexual Yugoslav who'd spied for a variety of intelligence services during the Second World War, had been installed by the Egyptian *mukhabarat* in a palace that had been owned by a Minister of Finance under the Mamluks in the fifteenth century. The *mukhabarat*, the Egyptian intelligence service, had converted the palace's rabbit warren of secret rooms, passageways and underground tunnels into an Oriental fun-house suitable for the complete range of its more exotic activities, from ordinary smuggling to the doping and kidnapping of foreign diplomats. Milo was allowed to turn the conventional parts of the palace into what he called a 'pantheistic nightclub' in which occultists and far-out religious groups performed their rites as cabaret acts for the benefit of European tourists. There were dervishes, kivas, Rastafarians, Hare Krishnans, Tantrists and a variety of *ad hoc* religious sects concocted by Milo himself just to widen the variety.

On the night that Nasri and I visited the place, a troupe of dervishes was the centre attraction, whirling about wildly in a huge moonlit palaestra around which tourists sipped Egyptian champagne at tables arranged nightclub fashion. To the tune of a blind dervish thumping a tambour, they were spinning about in a manner calculated to induce a semi-conscious religious frenzy in which they would 'remember God'. Nasri remarked that if that didn't take their mind off the 'injustice of Israel' nothing would.

From a short course in the darwish *tariqa*, whispered to me by Nasri during an intermission in which one of the sects invented by Milo were biting the heads off live chickens, I learned that the sect was an offshoot of Islam whose members transported themselves into an 'unseen world' by means of the dance we were seeing, thereby freeing themselves from the worldly strife that was endemic to Egypt. I asked Nasri about their views on America's backing of Israel. 'That's just the point,' he said. 'They don't have any.' They were *majnunin* – i.e. crazies.

But it was not for nothing that I had thought of a Moslem Billy Graham. As an Alabaman who had known holy rollers, shouting Baptists and snake-handlers, it occurred to me that maybe, just maybe, there was something about these characters to be taken seriously. After all, you've got to *have* a mind before you can lose it; you've got to feel yourself a part of the world before you can want to escape it. I could agree that these

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particular dancers were *majnunun*, or just plain morons, but there must have been some fairly sophisticated thought in the movement's origins. There was, said Nasri: the sect began back in the twelfth century as an outgrowth of Sufism, a perfectly respectable system of Moslem mysticism. The dervishes once had communities, monasteries and all the other accessories of a mainstream religion, and they were an important force in central Islamic lands. At present, however, they were little more than a theological curiosity whose adherents related to its originators in the way that modern Peruvians related to the ancient Incas.

So what was wrong with that? Nasri had made the point that the Arab-Israeli conflict had awakened politically conscious energies in the country's anomies, and I knew from what was happening in America that a religious movement didn't have to make sense in order to attract adherents. This was a long time before the rise of television evangelism, but in America a number of Billy Grahams were appealing not only to fools and mental defectives but also to lawyers, doctors and even college professors who wanted to be 'born again'. 'There must be *some* thinking dervishes,' I said.

'There are,' replied Nasri. 'They're exploiters of the ignorant.'

And so there were. I shortly met one of them. Nasri refused to go 'backstage' where, in what passed for dressing rooms, the dancers were slowly coming back to earth. One of them, with his feet already firmly on the ground (come to think of it, I hadn't noticed him as one of the dancers), addressed me politely, and in passable English asked if I was looking for the men's room. I was about to answer him when a scrawny communicant, dressed as the others but obviously an American, told me I wasn't welcome, and that I should 'pee in a corner somewhere' then get lost.

When I rejoined Nasri he was most amused at my account of the rebuff, joking that he knew there was 'bound to be a New York theatrical agent somewhere in the background'. As busboys were sweeping up the blood, feathers and spat-out chicken heads, Milo joined our table and we finished the evening drinking *arak* and eating quite passable kebab and hummus. (It was, incidentally, the beginning of a long friendship with Milo which lasted until he died in the early seventies, having lived out his life in Alexandria on a CIA pension.)

The next night Nasri took me to an auditorium near the el-Azhar University, and there we heard a fiery speech by one Hassan Hodeibi who was (as Nasri puckishly observed) 'telling it like it is'. As the newly appointed head of the dread *ikhwan el-muslimin*, the Moslem Brotherhood, he was intoning a philippic against America's corruptive influence in the world. I knew a bit about the *ikhwan*, as it happened, as the result of

my few weeks at the German desk in L Building. Founded by one Hassan el-Banna in the late twenties, it was originally a secret society dedicated to the eradication of 'foreign influence' in Islam, but by the time the Second World War was in progress it became politicized by certain practical possibilities offered by the Italians and the Germans – in particular, their offer to drive out the British. Sheikh Hassan Hodeibi, Sheikh Hassan el-Banna's successor, was one hell of a speaker; speaking in a hypnotic monotone, and looking like Buster Keaton playing a straight role, he had the crowd in his hand. But when I whispered as much to Nasri, adding that I would like to meet him, Nasri thought I was joking. 'Isn't he already a CIA agent?' he asked. Anyway, when the meeting was over Nasri whisked me out of our seats in the rear of the hall before anyone could see us, and in less than a minute we were in his Mercedes on our way back to central Cairo.

But not before I spotted the American I had seen the evening before at Milo's place, this time wearing a turtleneck sweater under a corduroy sports jacket. He was in the rear of the hall twenty feet away from the exit and he was scowling at me. In the car, Nasri refused to elaborate on his crack about Hassan Hodeibi being a CIA agent, and he dropped me at the Semiramis Hotel without even saying good night. Then, when I got to my suite on the top floor, I found the American already there sitting on the floor in yogi fashion next to an armchair. I instantly guessed who he was, and he immediately confirmed it.

'Didn't Folkways tell you to leave me alone?' he asked. Folkways was Kim Roosevelt's CIA pseudonym; the bloke was obviously one of Kim's private stock of agents, the existence of whom I had learned about accidentally from Kim's secretary.

'What the hell are you up to?' I asked the man with some irritation – irritation at Kim, that is, not at the poor guy himself who was obviously too young to be of any importance in the Agency hierarchy, although he *had*, it seemed, managed to penetrate at least the fringes of an important target. That is what I surmised from the conversation that followed. The man, whom I will henceforth refer to as 'Rupert', knew who I was because he had seen me around headquarters, but he knew nothing of my current mission. He was also too security-conscious and naturally secretive to ask, so I told him.

He was amazed! Then he opened up. While I was on no more than a reconnaissance mission, Kim was already lining up 'assets' for some sort of an anti-Farouk coup in which I would have no part. It was clear to both Rupert and myself that we had before us one of those situations in which one plus one would add up to rather more than two, and that we would

both benefit from a discreet pooling of information. But Rupert was slow to co-operate until I asked him about his grade.

'GS7,' he said, meaning that although he was one of the few Americans actually on agent duty (contrary to popular opinion, intelligence agencies rarely use their own nationals as agents), he ranked lower in the Agency scheme of things than a typist in the stenographic pool. He should have been at least a GS 13. Kim had taken advantage of his being an academic, used to low pay, and had hired him at whatever level he would accept. I only had to suggest that 'You're being screwed, kid' to get him on my side.

But, once again, what I learned from him made me take my hat off to Kim. Entirely, on his own, and with Farouk's surveillance teams watching him around the clock – and, more important, operating right under Farouk's nose – Kim had managed to cotton on to the fact that while he and Farouk were supposedly planning their 'peaceful revolution' Farouk was at the same time working secretly with key *ikhwan* figures to bring about a coup dominated by a 'return to God' movement of Egypt's fundamentalist Moslems. Farouk had figured, with some justification, that the questionable status of himself as a God-fearing Moslem wouldn't dampen their willingness to accept royal financial support. Kim figured, also with some justification, that it would dampen it enough for the anti-Farouk purposes that had been shaping up in his mind after only a week or two of trying to co-operate with the Fat Fucker. He talked Farouk into 'buying off' the *ikhwan* by giving Hassan Hodeibi a great deal of money. Little did Farouk know that the bribe money was used for certain incidental expenses required to bring the Egyptian army into the *ikhwan's* coup plans while furnishing yet more proof of what a corrupt infidel he was. Trying to bribe God's chosen! How corrupt can you get? There'd be no place for *him* in the new scheme of things.

By the time I had acquired all available data on the *ikhwan*, though, I knew what I had in mind: the only kind of coup that could be effective in Egypt, either in taking over the government to start with or in consolidating the takeover once it was achieved, would be a combination of the army and the *ikhwan*. Although I didn't give Rupert more than a rough idea of my thinking, I told him enough to solicit his aid in locating upper-middle-level and senior army officers who were members of or affiliated with the *ikhwan*. At the same time, I asked Nasri Nashashibi to point me towards the senior figure in the Egyptian army who had the greatest chance of receiving popular support if the army should, viewing this as a hypothetical possibility, decide to take over the government.

My question made Nasri uneasy. He admitted that there was wide-

spread dissatisfaction in the country, and that there were mutterings among members of the Officers' Club in Heliopolis about how some genial and popular 'father figure' like General Mohammed Naguib would be welcome as the country's top man, with or without a king above him. That's as far as Nasri would go. Did he know any senior army officers who were members of the *ikhwan*? 'No,' he said, making it clear to me that he didn't want to discuss the subject further.

But Rupert had been busy. A day or so after Nasri's rebuff, he escorted me late at night to a super-secret meeting at a house somewhere out by the pyramids at which we arrived by recourse to so many back alleys and so many turnings that I couldn't possibly find it the next day in broad daylight. This meeting, which took place in March 1952, was *the* meeting which has been reported in widely varying versions by Egyptian, American and European authors as the one in which Kim Roosevelt supposedly lit the spark which led to the army coup four and a half months later. Well, for the benefit of Mohammed Hassanein Heykel, who automatically denies everything I have to say, I now assert categorically that Kim was *not* there, that Kim didn't know about the meeting until I reported it to him after I returned to Washington, and that a *coup d'état* was not discussed. I merely told the three officers whom I met, and whose names I did not know at the time, that my government was concerned about rising dissatisfactions in Egypt, a friendly country, and would like the views of 'representative, trustworthy army officers' on what, if anything, we might do to assist in halting a further deterioration in the situation.

The only significant remarks which my statement provoked concerned the whole country's – I repeat: not only the army's but the whole country's – unhappiness about 'the continued British occupation' and the humiliating way it was being conducted. The only mention of Israel was in the context of the officer's sharp criticism of corruption in the government that had handicapped the army's ability to make a satisfactory showing in the Arab–Israeli war of 1948. It has been correctly reported that the account of this meeting which reached Washington (*my* account, not Kim's – it was *to* Kim, not *from* him) included a reference to one Major Abdel Moneim Ra'ouf, who was not only a member of the *ikhwan* but also a member of Gamal Abdel Nasser's *zubat al-ahrar*, or inner circle. This is true. But I didn't learn until later that Major Ra'ouf was one of the three officers to meet with Rupert and me. It is also true that the officer whom I later learned was Major Ra'ouf told me in no uncertain terms that I would be doing both our countries a service if I'd convince the US Government that we should stay the hell out of Egyptian affairs. It was not until the next day that I was told, by a young Egyptian officer who came to my

hotel, that 'representatives' of the secret *zubat al-ahrar*, the Free Officers, would be happy to meet with 'your Mr Roosevelt' provided it could be at some mutually agreed venue outside Egypt.

And, late in March 1952, a week after I had returned to Washington, and four months before the *coup d'état* that ousted King Farouk, the two master intriguers, Kim Roosevelt and Gamal Abdel Nasser, began a series of meetings that were later regarded as prototypical of those preceding political action operations of the *coups d'état* variety. In the first, Kim met with a committee of officers who were far away enough from the centre of the movement to be expendable, yet who could be counted upon to say all the right things while not revealing the movement's essential secrets. There were two more, the second of which (and Heykel can deny all he wants; it was documented and photographed) was attended by Nasser himself. I attended none of them, although Rupert and I were waiting in the hotel while the third was going on. The large area of agreement reached by Kim and Nasser, and written up by me on the basis of Kim's oral account, was important as a textbook case history illustrating the kind of mutual understanding that has to underlie any political action operation the US Government decides to back.

Nasser and Kim immediately saw eye to eye on three general items. The first was that a country's masses were not likely to rise in revolt because of dismaying economic circumstances. Kim had long argued this point at the State Department, referring to Crane Brinton's *Anatomy of Revolution* to support his assertion that no major revolution in history had had economic causes at its root and that our government couldn't coax a leader to behave himself according to our wishes simply by threatening to withhold economic aid. Nasser realized even then what personal experience would confirm for him later: that whenever the US Government would try to punish him by withholding some important item of aid (wheat, for example) he would wind up in a stronger position than before, with his people blaming their deprivations on the United States, not on him.

The second was that the *Egyptian* masses were not likely to rise in revolt because of *any* circumstances. Two revolutionary movements of the time, the *ikhwan* and the Communists, believed that the Egyptian people – including the *felahin* (peasants), the workers, the white-collar workers in the cities and even the professional classes – were at long last nearing boiling point, and could be brought to it by the right kind of appeal. Nasser didn't agree: 'Our problem is that the people don't want enough.' Most Egyptians, he went on to say, have lived at marginal subsistence for thousands of years and could go on for another thousand. Thus, there

was no question of a 'democratic' or 'popular' revolution. It was understood from the start that the Egyptian army would take control of the country, choosing a time and circumstances that would ensure the support of a politically conscious and active urban populace, and that the rest of the country would be won over gradually thereafter.

Finally, it was agreed that in future relations between our two governments we would eschew use of such phrases as 're-establishing democratic processes' and 'truly representative government'. These, if used at all, would be confined to exchanges which might be revealed to the public. Between us there would be a private understanding that the preconditions for democratic government did not exist and wouldn't exist for many years. The new government's job would be to bring about these conditions.

Nasser readily grasped Kim's explanation of how the American public, our Congressmen, some journalists and even some State Department people, often including the Secretary of State himself, would soon be howling the old slogans. At the same time, Kim accepted Nasser's view that any premature attempt at democracy would put the country back in the same old mess: elections between candidates who were supported by the US and British Governments running against candidates supported by the Soviets, a rural populace (voting, if it voted at all) as instructed by the large landowners, and the frustrated city populace reduced to riots and general trouble-making as their only means of exerting political influence, joining either the *ikhwan* or the Communist Party as being the only outlets befitting their energies.

There were other items on which explicit agreement was difficult, but which nonetheless formed a mutual understanding of what motivations would be behind the forthcoming coup. A discussion of them led to what might be regarded as a basic principle of political action bargaining:

The ultimate agreement will inevitably include out-and-out agreement on some points, and 'agreement to disagree' on others. There must be a clear mutual understanding on which is which so that any conflicts staged later for the benefit of the general public will do a minimum of harm to the basic agreement.

In Kim's pre-coup negotiating with Nasser, there was one 'agreement to disagree' that contained more out-and-out agreement than it did any trace of disagreement: Nasser's attitude on Israel. Politicians, writers and ordinary citizens in any Arab country – as well as most Western diplomats – were telling our diplomats that a determination to 'regain Palestine' was top priority to that particular country. Even our most discerning news

reporters have been insisting all these years that Egypt's defeat by the Israelis in 1948 was a 'traumatic experience' and that 'hatred of Israel' was an important element in the thinking of those who put over the Egyptian revolution. The truth, however, was almost the opposite. Nasser realized that it might serve some later purpose to speak of 'mobilizing Egypt's resources so as to redress the wrongs of Palestine', but that in early 1952 such talk would be irrelevant and harmful as a means of inspiring a revolution in Egypt.

A much more ticklish question was that of the British occupation of the Suez Canal Zone. In fact, the main specific to emerge in the Nasser-Roosevelt talks was the genuineness of the Egyptian army's resentment of the British position in Egypt and of all Egyptians who accepted this position. About individual Britons, the officers were ambivalent, with admiration being the stronger feeling. They liked Americans, and fell in easily with our mixing-with-the-help camaraderie, but they respected and admired the British. It is for this reason that being treated by them as inferiors was so hurtful.

When he returned from Cairo on the eve of the coup, Kim reported to Secretary Dean Acheson: (1) that the 'popular revolution' predicted by the State Department and sought by the Communists and the *ikhwan* was not on the cards; (2) that there was no possibility of 'keeping the Army out of it', which was the hope of State Department planners who were especially conscious of the way Syria's military leaders were going, and that the army was shortly to have a coup whether we liked it or not; (3) that the officers likely to lead the coup had only 'standard' motivations, as opposed to the unmanageable ones attributed to them by most diplomatic observers, which not only would increase their chances of success but would make them more reasonable and flexible negotiators once they attained power; (4) that the US Government would have to accept the removal of King Farouk, and perhaps the complete end of the monarchy, although there was no reason why some form of mild protest shouldn't be made to humour the pure in heart, and that it would be appropriate for Ambassador Caffery to show some concern for Farouk's personal safety; (5) that after the coup our government should refrain from any but token attempts to persuade the military junta to hold elections, establish constitutional government and all the rest, and should conduct its relations with the new government in the realization that democratic institutions would have to be built from scratch; (6) that for all these conspiratorial pre-coup meetings no one in our government must get the idea that it was *our* coup; it would be strictly an indigenous affair, almost totally free of our influence, which we could assist only by not opposing

it. And as for the need of an enemy to fear, it wasn't to be the Israelis but Egypt's upper classes – and, whether we liked it or not, the British.

From the middle of May until 23 July, the day of the coup, I sweated it out in Washington. Kim, as head of a division that was involved in events from Cape Town to New Delhi, had other things to do. But, to the exclusion of all other interests, I concentrated on keeping both the CIA and the State Department from being overly swayed by pessimistic reports coming from Cairo. Rupert, with his fluent Arabic and talent for remaining inconspicuous, was somehow managing to stay close to those officers he and I had met in the house near the pyramids, and his reports to the Cairo CIA station indicated that all was proceeding according to plan. But the station chief, whose contacts were exclusively among high-level government figures and politicians, forwarded them to Washington under cover memoranda that were, in effect, pinches of salt. In fact, the station chief believed right up to the day of the coup that Farouk was following the secret activities of the Free Officers on a day-to-day basis and would lower the boom on them when the strategic moment arrived. Everything Rupert had to say only reinforced his opinion.

On 16 July, we received a triumphantly pessimistic report from Cairo reporting details of Farouk's action in removing from office the committee running the Officers' Club, most of whose members we knew to be members of the Free Officers. 'Arrests to follow' was the last sentence of the cable. But a day or so later, Kim received a 'personal' message from Rupert, sent through one of those channels that he hasn't until this day revealed to me, saying that the station chief was an ass, and that Farouk's reactions to various red herrings Nasser had put in his path showed that he was oblivious of the Free Officers' intentions. Farouk took several actions that revealed suspicions that General Mohammed Naguib, the popular figure whom Nasser had chosen to front the post-coup government, was up to something, but that was all.

So on 23 July 1952, the coup came off without a hitch, with General Mohammed Naguib nominally at its head. For the next six months, the only contacts with Nasser, his Revolutionary Command Council (RCC) and top civilians in the new government were maintained by 'straights' in our Embassy, including Ambassador Caffery himself.

After Christmas 1952, I asked Ralph Smiley of Booz-Allen & Hamilton if his firm's offer was still open, and learning that it was I composed one of those 'this-is-the-hardest-letter-I-ever-had-to-write' things and slipped it on to Frank Wisner's desk while he was out of his office. By the time I arrived in Kim's office to tell him what I had done he had already had a call from Frank asking for the two of us to report to him immediately. On the

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way (it was a long walk down the hall to Frank's conference room), Kim drilled me on how to handle Frank. 'Tell him your heart is forever with the CIA,' he said, 'and that although you're resigning to make more money you'll always be a "loyal alumnus".'

It worked! Frank said, 'Okay, you can be a loyal alumnus. But if I know anything at all about BA&H I know they'll get their money's worth out of you, and they certainly won't allow you to use your job with them as a cover. But you can mix with "Robin" [as I shall call the CIA station chief in Cairo] socially, and tell him anything interesting you pick up in the course of your work.' Kim chimed in to suggest that my work while I was still with the Agency could be tailored so that it would be of value both to the US Government and to my new employers. My readers will forgive me if I stress this point, but I want it firmly understood that BA&H was *not* a cover, that I was a genuine member of that firm, and that if my work for the CIA as a loyal alumnus went rather beyond the call of duty it was only because of an excess of zeal on my part – and, of course, Kim's. This is important to me because in many books and articles on the Nasser era that have been written in recent years I have been described as a 'CIA agent', at great embarrassment to BA&H, my *bona fide* employer.

Chapter 16

THE NASSERIST HONEYMOON

In March 1953, almost one year to the day after my reconnaissance mission, I returned to Cairo under what was, for all practical purposes, a joint CIA–BA&H mission but which had no conflict-of-interest implications. For the CIA, I was to follow up on a discussion Military Attaché Dave Evans had had with Zakaria Mohieddin, new head of the *mukhabarat* and a special trusty of Nasser's, about the possibility of the CIA's furnishing intelligence and counter-intelligence training to the Egyptians; for BA&H I was to find out if Banque Misr, the Egyptian national bank, was serious about employing BA&H to do a general survey of all its holdings, from a textile mill in Mahalla el-Kubra to the bank itself. I was successful in both missions. Zakaria said he would definitely like to have CIA trainers assist in the reorganization of the *mukhabarat*, and Ahmed Rushdi, the chairman of Banque Misr, said he definitely wanted BA&H to take on the assignment that the Egyptian Ambassador in Washington had discussed with Ralph Smiley – provided, he added, just as I was about to leave, our Agency for International Development (AID) would pay for it.

If there was any hankypanky in the outcome, it was the result of my natural desire to tie the assignments together. If I could get the CIA to persuade AID to pay for the Banque Misr assignment – or, rather, if I could get the CIA to persuade the State Department to persuade top AID people (a likely route in those days, since Allen Dulles was Director of the CIA and John Foster Dulles was Secretary of State) – I'd have a mission designed in the intelligence officers' heaven. So far as I was personally concerned, the CIA would be my cover for the BA&H job and BA&H would be cover for my CIA work as a loyal alumnus. Neither need be concerned with the other so long as I got for each the expected results. At first, only Zakaria Mohieddin knew of my dual status. Later, the

Washington partner of BA&H, Ralph Smiley, figured out my status because he couldn't see any other reason why a junior member of his team in Egypt could have instant access to top members of the government. He saw no objection, however, since it was clear that I was very much *persona grata* in Egyptian government circles, and was therefore in a position to get more lucrative contracts for BA&H.

In the back of a limousine as we were on our way to meet with Zakaria, his secretary gave me a detailed account of how on the eve of the coup Zakaria had gamed out how Farouk would behave if he got wind of the upcoming coup, and how the King had subsequently behaved exactly as Zakaria had predicted. I knew then that Zakaria Mohieddin, whatever his job, would be the member of Nasser's entourage with whom we could most profitably discuss mutual interests.

During the two weeks I was in Cairo for this particular mission, I had several long meetings with Zakaria, and I realized that in both intellect and integrity he was head and shoulders above his Free Officer colleagues, maybe even Nasser himself. By the end of our last meeting, we had worked out a schedule of off-the-record get-acquainted discussions, seminars of Egyptian and American 'key bureaucrats' (as I have defined this term earlier in this book), and even training courses designed to acquaint members of the Revolutionary Command Council with those American imperatives and limitations they had to keep in mind in deciding what they could reasonably expect of us.

All this had to be ratified by Kim and Nasser when they met a month or so later. But in between my meeting with Zakaria and Kim's meeting with Nasser an important new feature was added to the arrangement: the person of Captain Hassan Touhami. Zakaria had agreed to send an English-speaking Free Officer to Washington to have a look at us on our own home ground, and Hassan was the man.

Hassan arrived on 10 April 1953, and he turned out to be the most amazing human phenomenon I have ever run across in my long career of dealing with amazing human phenomena. After spending only one day with him, it was clear why Zakaria – or Nasser – had chosen him for the assignment. To start with, he was fanatically patriotic, intensely religious, impeccably honest and in possession of other qualities which rendered him totally immune to the kind of blandishments we were prepared to offer. Drink? He never touched the stuff. Girls? His second night in town his minder took him to a place out in Maryland called the Blue Angel and he poured his Coca-Cola over the head of a 'hostess' who tried to sit in his lap. Money? At some point during his stay the case officer on evening duty asked him, 'Couldn't we advance you, say, a few

hundred dollars so you could have some fun on your own?’ and Hassan whipped a Baretta out of his belt, cocked it, pointed it at the case officer’s head, and asked, ‘With my diplomatic immunity I could plaster your brains against that far wall and wouldn’t get so much as a parking ticket.’ He was what we used to call in those days a ‘character’. I am proud to say that he and I instantly became close friends, and remain so to this very day, despite the wide difference in our backgrounds and outlook to begin with, and despite the fact that our paths over the years have all too often gone off in different directions.

Hassan was in Washington for two weeks, being shown the whole range of services and technical assistance that the CIA, the FBI and various metropolitan police agencies could offer the new Egyptian government, and I was with him most of the time. Just after he left I formally resigned from the CIA, with tearful farewells all around, and Kim left for Cairo to formalize arrangements with Gamel Abdel Nasser, then officially the Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior. I spent the spring of 1953 in New York City getting my feet wet with BA&H assignments chosen to acquaint me with the firm’s ways of working, then I went back to Washington for a few days, as a loyal alumnus, to make comments on the report Kim had written on his meeting with Nasser, get some briefings, then to pick up my wife and kids and move to Cairo.

During the week I spent in Washington just before taking off for Egypt I tried to find out how our ‘success’ in Egypt, if that was what it was, would be used in the furtherance of US objectives. I visited friends in the State Department, I went to a lunch in the Senate lunchroom with my old friend and benefactor Senator John Sparkman, Senator William Fulbright and others, and I spent several hours with Vice-President Nixon – whom, I should like to record for posterity, I found to have a broader understanding of American interests in the Middle East than all the top people in the CIA and the State Department, excluding Kim Roosevelt but including the Dulles Brothers. But nowhere did I find anyone who could give me a simple answer to the question: what should we do with this contact with the new government of Egypt now that we’ve got it? Suppose we could *hypnotize* Nasser, what would we order him to do?

There were answers, of course, but they didn’t make sense in the light of what we knew about the ongoing dynamics of Middle Eastern politics at the time, and what we had put on record about them in our reports to the White House and to other departments and agencies of the US Government. The Egypt desk officer at the State Department, Bill Burdett, said that our objective should be to get the new Egyptian government to ‘come to an accommodation with Israel’, and use its

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influence to persuade other Arab governments to do likewise. The Assistant Secretary of State for Near East Affairs, Bill Rountree, said I should persuade Nasser to 'get in tune' with NATO defence plans – specifically, by taking part in a regional defence plan that was then in the process of being drafted by a committee of State and Defence strategists. When I asked the senators what we might reasonably ask of an Egyptian government that was prepared to co-operate, Bill Fulbright said that anything Ambassador Caffery might ask of Nasser on behalf of the US Government would, in effect, be asking him to commit suicide.

But then Kim took me to lunch on my last day and briefed me on the gleanings of Secretary Dulles' ten-day trip to the Middle East during the previous month. 'All very hush-hush, of course,' he said, 'but if you "need to know" anything, old boy, you need to know what our Secretary of State has learned' – to wit, nothing. Since he knew everything already, one couldn't insert an appreciation of Nasser's problems into Secretary Dulles' mind with a crowbar. So, like volcanoes and ice caps, he became what we used to call 'a factor to live with'. All the same, there seemed to be great expectations of me not only as a loyal alumnus but as the one who had initiated the CIA project in Egypt in the first place. Happily, progress had been made on the personal front. Kim had arranged for Jim Eichelberger to be moved over to the State Department and then assigned to Cairo as Economic Attaché, and our old wartime friend Frank Kearns, who had just joined CBS as a roving reporter, decided to ask for a transfer to Cairo so he could join in the fun. He refused to accept any official status with the CIA, but he readily agreed to co-operate with both Eich and me by giving Nasser a bit of free public relations advice ('Just get him to *smile* a bit more,' Kim told him) in exchange for some tips with respect to upcoming events that might be telegenic. The three of us and our families arrived in Cairo at about the same time, and promptly began mixing socially in a way to cause Heykel and others to assume that we were all 'CIA agents' using Frank's luxurious Zamalek apartment (he had a larger expense account than the rest of us) as a headquarters.

In Cairo, I got off to a good start. My new friend, Hassan Touhami, had lined up for me a fine villa in the fashionable suburb of Ma'adeh, the former residence of General 'Jumbo' Wilson when he was commander of British forces in Egypt, with a guest house just behind it in which he had installed himself, and another next door to it in which he had housed the CIA officer who was to provide official liaison between himself and the CIA team which was being sent to Egypt. It had an informal garden, a formal garden, and a large, kidney-shaped swimming pool with a shaded poolside area perfect for morning breakfasts and afternoon tea. The

BA&H team, five consultants strong, had moved into a modern building in Garden City, and were already hard at work trying to make sense out of Banque Misr's tangle of companies. Eich was already at home in the US Embassy, getting along famously with Ambassador Caffery and the political officer Bill Lakeland (Dave Evans had been reassigned to the Pentagon). Frank Kearns had already been on the air a few times for CBS, and his wife Gwen was the 'hostess with the mostest' in upper-class Zamalek society.

In my first meeting with Eich, he told me that my enquiries in Washington the week before I left for Cairo had shaken up a lot of people, making them realize for the first time that they could hardly make ongoing judgements of an operation unless they and the officers backstopping it had a mutual understanding of just what it was supposed to accomplish. In his office, he handed me a document with some such title as 'The American Stake in the Middle East', and asked that I sit down then and there to read it over and over again until it was fixed firmly in my mind. Then, if I could find the time away from my BA&H duties, I was to help him to rewrite it. He would have it translated by an Arabic scholar on the CIA team, and I would be asked to give the results to Zakaria Mohieddin, requesting his comments. It looked harmless enough, containing no state secrets, although it did bear a top-secret stamp. Eich said I should take it to Zakaria not as a CIA representative but only as a personal favour to Ambassador Caffery, taking advantage of the fact that I was already in touch with Zakaria in connection with my BA&H work. (Zakaria, I should have explained earlier, was appointed by Nasser to be the BA&H team's minder, not because he had any official concern for Banque Misr but because, as head of the *mukhabarat*, he was the logical official to keep an eye on a team of foreigners who would be dealing in one of the most sensitive areas of the government, its finances.) Anyway, I balked. Then Eich said, 'If you're not prepared to do simple favours like this one from time to time, we'll have to keep you out of our act altogether.' That did it. My curiosity and compulsion to 'participate' got me. I said, what the hell, then called Hassan Touhami, and the two of us drove out to Heliopolis just in time to catch Zakaria in his office late on a Thursday afternoon as he was leaving for the Moslem weekend. He glanced at the paper, a copy in the original English and a copy in the Arabic translation, and said he would take it to *el-rayyis*, Nasser, later that evening. That was that.

That was the end of the affair so far as I was concerned, but then Eich told me on the following Monday that Ambassador Caffery had discussed it briefly with Mahmud Fawzi, the Foreign Minister. The paper had been

forwarded to Fawzi through 'unofficial', non-diplomatic channels, so Caffery affected surprise, professed ignorance of it, disclaimed responsibility for it, and told Fawzi if any such 'policy' had been adopted by the US Government it was without either his knowledge or his assent.

Then, in the following week, as I was giving one of my lectures to executives of various Banque Misr companies, I spotted a tall, well-built and unsmiling Egyptian in officer's uniform sitting alone in the back of the hall and intently lapping up my managerial wisdom. Nasser! With him as the audience, I assumed a much more serious and professional manner, skipped the fairly raunchy jokes I had written into my lecture as a waker-upper for nodding students, and settled down to a plea for 'teamwork'. It was also a diatribe against oriental organizational systems which were built to accommodate and even encourage intra-departmental rivalries, and to simplify the task of 'management by espionage'. Nasser, who was then Deputy Premier and Minister of Interior, was impressed.

He said so when I introduced myself to him after my talk. He asked if I had any plans for lunch. I said no, and he escorted me to his car, an ancient chauffeur-driven Buick, and took me to his office in the Interior Ministry for a lunch of soup and sandwiches at his desk. From that time until he got rid of Naguib months later (eat your heart out, Heykel!) I had lunch with him two or three times a week, either in the Interior Ministry or in the lunchroom of the Revolutionary Command Council headquarters in Zamalek. Most of the time Hassan Touhami was with us, some of the times Zakaria, often other RCC members – and never, for the record, Mohammed Hassanein Heykel.

The Copeland family lived in Cairo for two whole happy years, a lifetime of Lawrence Durrell's *Quartet* punctuated by spurts of hectic conspiratorial activity and instances of diplomatic fumbling. But it was fundamentally all professional. Up to the time I met Gamal Abdel Nasser, I was absorbed in problems of public administration which, my BA&H colleagues assured me, were more challenging and interesting than management engineers anywhere in the world had met up to that time. We were truly ploughing new ground, cutting through both organizational chaos and what the literary member of the BA&H team called the 'petrification of tradition'.

In reorganizing the Egyptian customs administration, for example, we figured out how we could improve the service by streamlining it in a way that would enable five hundred employees to do the work previously done by two thousand. Zakaria said we had overlooked a 'social imperative'. He reminded us that the British administrators who had set up the

system in the first place had taken two thousand potential trouble-makers off the streets while we were going to put one thousand five hundred of them back into circulation. Also, he said, the British experts had managed to complicate and actually *retard* the processing of imported goods, to the satisfaction of all concerned – except, of course, the importers and their foreign suppliers, the two least important elements in the operation.

‘You’ve got to get your priorities straight,’ Zakaria advised us. He said that the only parts of the government where efficiency was more important than ‘social considerations’ were the *mukhabarat* and the Interior Ministry itself, branches of government that controlled who and what came into and went out of the country, and kept a lid on what went on inside it. There was no question of *his* priorities. Later, an RCC Committee on Government Efficiency, mindful of the unemployment problem it had inherited from the Farouk government, insisted that he retain hundreds of employees in excess of what he needed to run an efficient ministry. In this case, the wisdom which he had demonstrated with respect to the rest of the government did not apply. The committee was on about *his* ministry. When it refused to budge on the question of redundancies, he gathered all the excess employees, moved them to a separate building, and put them to work copying the Qur’an in longhand. That was Zakaria Mohieddin for you, but it was later on, when he replaced Nasser as Minister of the Interior and Nasser elevated himself from Deputy Prime Minister to President. When I first went to the ministry Nasser was very much in charge, seeing it as the first priority of his new government to establish an effective but unobtrusive ‘repressive base’ such as was required to protect the new regime from public disorders which are characteristic of post-revolutionary periods anywhere.

It was my undertaking to advise on the organization of the Interior Ministry that brought the BA&H and CIA forces together. Together, we were to effect a project which was not characteristically CIA but was, instead, US Government. It was, in fact, administered by the US Agency for International Development, AID, with the CIA having a part of it not because the US Government wanted to keep it secret but because the Egyptians did. This is as good a place as any to make this generally applicable observation. Back in those days when the Central Intelligence Agency was a central intelligence agency, most of the ‘covert operations’ we got ourselves into were covert for that very reason: the recipient government would suffer intolerable political embarrassment if it were generally known that it allowed a relationship with the US Government

that was as intimate as a patient's with his doctor.

So, the Interior Ministry – the *dakhliya*, as it is known in Arabic. Two other BA&H consultants tackled the system of identity cards, vehicle registrations and other 'home office' problems, making improvements in the immigration and customs services despite the ban on cutting personnel rosters. My own area of expertise, of course, was the police, and since it was limited I had to call on my former employer, the CIA. Within a month of my meeting with Nasser, the special police academy which I had organized before leaving the Agency furnished us with a Lieutenant Pat Kelly, a genial, ageing New York cop who had recently retired as head of the NYPD academy after serving several years as head of the unit that protected the wide range of VIPs visiting Manhattan.

My two duties were to draw up organizational charts and to outline courses for the new school, the second duty to be carried out with the help of Frank Duane and Frank Holmes, the two former FBI agents whom my good friend and standby in the special operations unit, Orval Yarger, had brought in to run the CIA's police school.

My one operational duty for the police, with the aid of Pat Kelly, came up a few years later when Sir Anthony Eden became so manic on the question of Egypt's President Nasser that our Secretary of State expected any day to be confronted with British insistence on an assassination plot. At this time, the CIA station chief received a message from Allen Dulles himself, sent at the insistence of his brother, directing us to examine ways in which, if push came to shove, Nasser could be killed. There was a negative tone to the message which implied that the Dulles brothers would welcome a carefully thought out reply to the effect that Nasser was invulnerable, but we were not, of course, to mention the fact that *we* were the reason he was out of the reach of would-be assassins since we had ourselves designed the security arrangements around him.

The time, at long last, has come for me to confess to the one item in all the mendacious anti-Copeland propaganda that the Communists and certain petty-minded Americans have been circulating in recent years. Yes, I *did* discuss the problem with President Nasser himself, and the excellent award-winning report we finally sent to Washington was thanks largely to his suggestions.

'How about poison?' I asked him. 'Suppose I just wait until you turn your head and then slip a pill into your coffee.'

'Well, there's Hassan standing right there. If I didn't see you Hassan would.'

'But maybe we could bribe a servant to poison the coffee before bringing it in?'

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'Your New York policeman seems to have thought of that. The coffee would only kill the taster. And when the taster fell over dead, wouldn't that alert us to your plot?'

And so on and so on. Pat, it turned out, had thought of everything, but putting Nasser through the paces of gaming out his own assassination made him realize the importance of it all.

As I have said, all this took place some years later. In 1953, when we wanted to keep Nasser alive, our main worry was the possibility of a counter-coup carried on by the very group that had led us to the army in the first place, the *ikhwan el-muslimin*. Nasser had what it took to put it down, but there were two obstacles. First, he had taken at face value the disinformation we had channelled to him through our pre-coup resources, and he believed for some months after he had achieved power that the *ikhwan* could be a valuable ally. Second, after he became convinced that it was no such thing, he couldn't think of any way of completely neutralizing it without showing up his new regime as being unduly repressive. I've oversimplified here, of course, because I only want to make this point. Nasser's new regime, like any revolutionary regime, *had* to go through a period of out-and-out repression; it *had* to establish a 'repressive base' before it could even begin to think about creating a 'constructive base'.

The first cable received by the CIA station chief in reply to his long report on our progress in the Interior Ministry asked him, first, to convey to me the Dulles brothers' commendations for my success and, second, to report on the prospects of 'free and honest democratic elections in the near future'. Underlying all the correspondence that followed was an assumption that a freely and fairly elected government anywhere in the world would automatically be anti-Soviet and pro-American, even if the Soviets had given it anything it wanted and we had stood on the side of its principal enemies.

As Washington pressures began to bear down on us, Jim Eichelberger asked me to help him implement a 'devil's advocate' examination of the Egyptian scene that Ambassador Caffery had asked him to make. After the Ambassador had accepted our speculations as terms of reference, the rest was up to me – or, rather, to Hassan Touhami and me. For the next two months, Hassan and I had the time of our lives. With the approval of Nasser and Zakaria, the top two people of the country on matters of state security, we gamed out an anti-Nasser coup. We put ourselves in the positions of various personalities and groups known to be either hostile to the new regime or potentially competitive to it, and we not only became the world's leading experts on how the regime might be destabilized and

overthrown, but probably the world's leading experts on how *any* government might be destabilized and overthrown. At least, we learned what the elements were; we developed a standard checklist of items far more detailed and sophisticated than those Steve Meade had in mind as he rode Husni Za'im up and down the streets of Damascus pointing out the targets to be seized on the night of the coup. Years later, when I sat down with a team of British and American intelligence officers to plot the overthrow of Nasser for real, our British colleagues gave no indication of being aware that they were talking to the one person in the world having a first-hand knowledge of how it could be done.

And now I must make an even more arresting admission. While the 'straights' in Washington were increasingly displeased with the anti-American content of Nasser's public utterances and the anti-American propaganda that poured out of Radio Cairo, the Middle East's most far-reaching medium, can you guess who was writing a goodly portion of the material? *We* were. We understood as Nasser did that at that time the new regime's hold on the country *depended* on its being consistently and convincingly anti-American, and that Nasser couldn't even risk an indication of reasonableness towards our various Middle East policies. Even if we could have hypnotized Nasser so that he would unhesitatingly obey the will of Washington we wouldn't have made him take actions we knew would be suicidal. So we helped him with his anti-American propaganda. We took pains to make it subtly counter-productive, of course, and we included a lot of patent nonsense, but we kept virtually in control of its production. We even had Paul Linebarger, perhaps the greatest 'black' propagandist who ever lived, come to Egypt to coach the Egyptian-American team that turned out the stuff.

You see, our job was to create a secret, bureaucracy-free Egyptian-American channel, and to keep it open and antiseptically free of corruptive influences. It was not to influence what went through it. That was the job of the State Department. If the exchanges resulted in a meeting of the minds, well and good. But if they only showed up differences in viewpoint that were both genuine and irreconcilable, there was nothing *we* could – or should – do about it.

This, I must emphasize, is all that a political action operation can *ever* do. It can make the best of whatever indigenous dynamics are in motion; it can sometimes alter their course; it can even, sometimes, create new ones. But it can rarely, if ever, bring about internal changes in a country by use of forces from without – not in Egypt, not in Cuba, and not, more recently, in Nicaragua. In my day, those members of the CIA who persisted in thinking otherwise were either transferred to administrative

duties or sacked. Allen was open to reason, but his brother wasn't. It cannot be said that John Foster Dulles was a stupid man, but he certainly wasn't brilliant, as he and his boss, President Eisenhower, both thought he was. And he had a mind that, once made up, couldn't be opened with a crowbar. He gave the phrase 'mind like a steel trap' a whole new meaning. Never having actually lived and worked among his Third World clients, he had no 'feel' for them. Having no feel, he was blindly convinced that he possessed a Machiavellian understanding of the world's regional problems, while to us field operatives, both CIA and State, his view of the world was no less primitive than the nonsense clouding the minds of most Middle Eastern politicians.

For the remainder of my two-year tour in Cairo, and for the following two after I had quit BA&H and returned to the CIA to become head of the Political Action Staff, I spent most of my time helping Kim Roosevelt to pick up the pieces after collisions with Egypt and other Middle Eastern governments caused by Secretary Dulles' insistence on policies and lines of action that both State and CIA field people knew would be disastrous. Was it our fault? Didn't we *tell* Dulles, his principal assistants, and his admirers and supporters at the White House, that they would be disastrous? Indeed we did, and anyone doubting that we did will find proof of it in correspondence now available to the general public through the Freedom of Information Act.

In the field, we operated strictly according to four principles which, in our innocence of the ways of Washington, we thought would meet the 'common-sense' standards of our superiors. We must have been right – in the principles, that is, if not in obedience to our bosses – because from then until today disaster has invariably befallen any operation run in disregard of them.

The first is the one I've already stated. If you must change either the character or the course of another government, you must do it by use of forces already existing inside the country. There is, of course, a corollary. Once you see that there are no such forces – or that there are no dormant ones that can be awakened, motivated in terms of their own interests, and directed into channels benefitting *our* interests – you must give up on political action, try some other approach, or simply adjust to an imperfect situation. The basis for this principle was enunciated by a Chinese military strategist three thousand years ago: you must never pick a fight you can't see your way clear to winning; you must never enter upon a course of action unless you see an acceptable chance of success at the end. In political action, the costs of failing to solve a problem are invariably greater than the costs of leaving it unsolved, and costs of *conspicuously*

failing to solve it can be positively suicidal.

The second principle is the one which field operatives have the least success in putting over to armchair strategists in Washington. It is that in many countries of the world free elections and democracy are not the answer either to the problems of the country itself or to our own problems. More often than not, a free election in a so-called 'developing' country will be won by one of two types: first, a politician or political group whose first priority upon getting into power will be to ensure that there will be no more free elections; or, second, a demagogue making promises he can't possibly keep and who, after victory, will make demands on us *we* can't possibly meet and then blame us for his failures.

The third principle is that we must recognize, and accept as fact, that to the government we boost into power its own interests will invariably come first. Even the most pro-American government will not do our bidding unless it serves *its* interests as well as ours, and unless it doesn't endanger its hold on the country. *This* is the item that we who worked with the Nasser government could never get across to Washington. As we saw it, our first priority was to keep Nasser in power. He was no good to us out of power, and no alternative was in sight. But time and time again we were instructed to demand that Nasser take some action which both he and we knew would be suicidal, and when he kept refusing we were directed to lay plans for getting rid of him.

Finally, we must recognize that *most* of our best work with a government we wish to see remain in power must be secret, not because *we* need the secrecy but because our client needs it. No, Virginia, we are *not* popular in most parts of the world; no, leaders in countries which receive our largesse do *not* gain in the eyes of their peoples from advertising their friendship with us – although all too many of them from time to time win a few points by boasting about how they have made suckers of us. In all but a few instances where regional leaders have become known as pro-American they have lost prestige or their lives as the result. The Israelis are to some extent an exception, but even they from time to time play up the fact that, despite the enormous amounts of aid we give them, they have more influence on us than we have on them. In dealing with all governments beside the Israeli, our success in political action, as we defined it in the good old days, depends on our success in keeping it secret. To blow it is not only to destroy the operation itself, but to reverse its effect so that its cost becomes even greater than the gains we might have won from it.

But the central problem is outside such considerations. Years from now, some college kid writing a PhD thesis will discover from his research

that the difficulties of American gameplay in the fifties resulted not so much from the fact that no one in Washington read our reports as from the fact that we in the field didn't know that no one was reading them. The principles I just stated are a matter of record, and when I returned to Washington I found a whole filing cabinet containing not only essay-type papers elaborating on them but also detailed reports of what we actually did implying that in doing it we were observing those principles. Yet there is not one document to be found in either State Department or CIA archives in which Washington tells us that we were off the beam. In fact, there are two commendations addressed to me personally which clearly imply that Washington thought we were very much *on* the beam, and which explicitly compliment me for my 'strategy' in dealing with the Nasser government.

So we went along blindly thinking that we were operating within limits agreed with Washington when we were, in fact, leading Nasser into difficulties from which, as history records, neither he nor we ever emerged. To make matters worse, along the line we were narcotized by visitors from Washington who were won over to our points of view while they were in Cairo, although they reverted to their old insularity upon returning to Washington. The State Department continued to ask Nasser to take actions which would have been political suicide, and we in Cairo continued to predict, with unfailing accuracy, how he would react to our requests. We even predicted how Nasser's moves, and the strategy shaping up around them, would keep him ahead of the game for so long as John Foster Dulles remained Secretary of State.

Secretary Dulles failed to understand rule number one: 'You can hardly win a game if you don't even know that you're in one.' But a winning strategy can come to a sad end if it fails to take into account radical changes in the gameboard itself. Nasser used to say, 'I don't act; I only react.' That made it easy for us – what the hell, let's not mince words: made it easy for *me*. (One can be *too* self-effacing, you know.)

Oh, yes, there was one move of Nasser's which Kim and I both failed to predict. When Secretary Dulles announced that we weren't going to help Nasser with his Aswan Dam, we were called to a meeting at the State Department to help figure out how he would react. There were many suggestions, but only Frank Wisner, our beloved boss, mentioned the possibility of Nasser's nationalizing the Suez Canal Company. Kim and I both kicked him under the table (we loved Frank, and didn't want him to make a fool of himself), but he persisted as one or another of the State Department people sitting around the table explained to him, patronizingly, why such an action was unlikely.

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Well, as everybody now knows, Nasser *did* nationalize the canal company (not the canal itself, as has been erroneously reported, but the company), and Frank called us to his office to crow. 'When you come,' he said, 'would you please bring your notes on the State Department meeting.'

Frank was in high I-told-you-so spirits – until he looked through the notes seeking a reference to his prediction. He couldn't find it! 'Don't you remember?' he said, his voice rising. 'I said *two or three times* how I thought Nasser might nationalize the canal company.'

Kim looked at me; I looked at Kim. 'Frank, I don't remember you saying anything like that. Do you, Miles?'

'I didn't hear him,' I said to Kim, then to Frank, 'Are you sure you didn't just *think* about suggesting it? After all, it would have been a very prescient suggestion, but . . .'

'You *know* I said it!' Frank kept insisting, but Kim and I, with bewildered looks on our faces, kept saying we didn't remember. It was a dirty trick, and we've had guilty thoughts about it often, especially after Frank died of his own hand less than a year later after seeing *his* pet operation, the revolution in Hungary, go sour. I would like to go on record as saying that Frank Wisner, unknown to most Americans, was a truly great man and a perfect boss. Stewart Alsop said that he died 'as much a victim of war as any soldier killed in battle', and his friends and underlings were 100 per cent in agreement.

Chapter 17

COVERT POLITICAL ACTION AS A SERIOUS BUSINESS

Frank Wisner had told me that I was always welcome in the CIA, and that any time I wanted to come back there would be a job waiting for me. So when the BA&H assignment in Egypt wound up in July 1955, I checked my bank account, saw that I had enough in it to pay for a new house in Virginia and a couple of cars, and wrote a letter of resignation to Jim Allen, the head of the firm. He wrote back saying exactly what Frank had said when I resigned from the CIA two years earlier (i.e. that if I ever wanted to rejoin BA&H I'd be welcome), and that if it was okay with me BA&H would put me on indefinite leave of absence instead of considering me resigned. So, unless some clerk in Washington or Chicago has thought to cancel it, I'm still on leave of absence from BA&H.

I had a wonderful time in Cairo, and now, as I look back on the period between July 1953 and July 1955, I see that it was eminently productive for the US Government, for my Egyptian friends and for BA&H as well as for myself. I wish I could say the same for the two years that followed. Yes, I was the first member of the CIA to be officially designated a political action specialist, and I was the first head of a five-man unit known as the Political Action Staff. The designation and the title have a nice ring in a dustjacket blurb, but the fact is that I was being given a bag to hold and that after getting off to a good start I spent most of my time, for the next two years, trying to head off political action operations which were run by units in area divisions who disregarded my existence.

But first things first. As I settled down to my new job, it took me no more than a day or two to learn that none of my immediate superiors – not Allen Dulles, not Frank Wisner, and not even Kim Roosevelt – knew

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exactly what I was supposed to do. Each of these, when I asked them, gave some answer based on what President Truman had said as he signed NSC 10/2 authorizing the CIA to spread out from its original intelligence function and to counter 'the vicious covert actions of the USSR' any way it could. The Soviets were fighting us with dirty tricks, so we must fight them back the same way. But wouldn't that mean descending to their level? If we use dirty tricks just because they do, wouldn't we be just as bad as they? Wouldn't we lose our moral advantage? Moralists may ask such questions now, but no one asked them then.

Forgive me if I seem to be boasting, but if you kids out there who are writing your PhD theses will check materials available to you through the Freedom of Information Act you will see that I was the first person to suggest, in official writings, that no arm of the US Government, not the CIA or any other, should charge out into the world doing dirty tricks just because the Soviets were doing them. In a ten-page paper on the nature of the US–Soviet conflict as I saw it, I argued that we should, first, figure out exactly what damage the Soviets intended to do to us, and why. Then we should do *whatever* it took to prevent them, clean or dirty, and get on with a pursuit of our own objectives.

While I was the first to put all this into official writing, my thoughts were hardly original. The basic ideas were Harry Rositzke's and they were brought into focus for me by Richard ('Dick') Bissell, an economist who had come to us from the White House where he had been an adviser on implementation of the Marshall Plan. Within a week after he joined the CIA, Kim Roosevelt spotted him as a potential ally. He knew little of what we called the 'target mentality', but he agreed with our argument that an understanding of it was a prerequisite to making plans for running intelligence operations against its owners. Combining what I had heard from Harry with what I learned in the course of a couple of lunches with Dick, I sallied forth to the Pentagon, the State Department and other centres of policymaking to find out what their experts thought we were up against as we faced the Soviets.

In making the rounds, I quickly learned a lesson that has since become a simple truism in my *vade mecum*: a bureaucrat, by definition, fits problems to solutions, and not vice versa. What are the Soviets trying to do to us, and how are we to stop them? Each government unit answers this question in a way that suits its own purposes, and another 'game' is born. I call it the Bureaucratic Game, and I fit it alongside the Domestic Game just under the International Game. Its essentials are these:

- The objective of each player (i.e. each unit within the bureaucracy) is

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to achieve a dominating position on the gameboard, one that will enable it to define the overall problem in such a way as to give it a leading role in its solution.

- A winning strategy is almost entirely one of empire-building, i.e. gaining more personnel, a more impressive staff in rank and prestige, larger and newer buildings, and a greater budget than the other players.
- The agreed solution to the overall problem, as finally hammered out by the competing players, is not so much the product of cooperation in a common cause as a compromise between players concerned with their various roles.
- The character and emphasis of the 'solution' (if it rightly can be called that) will be determined by the unit that has managed to squeeze out of Congress the biggest budget and all that goes with it.

I am speaking of the game as I saw it back in 1953; since then, more knowledgeable brains than mine have described bureaucratic rivalry in government, but the conclusions today remain roughly what mine were thirty-odd years ago: in our government, what passes for 'national defence policy' is not so much an objectively and carefully thought out solution to our country's security problems as a compromise between the Pentagon, the State Department and other governmental departments and agencies, with the man in the White House as the final arbiter. In 1953, the man in the White House was Dwight D. Eisenhower, a soldier who had climbed to fame as military commander of the forces that had defeated Nazi Germany; to him, being President of the United States was the last step in a military career. So the consistent winner of the game was the Pentagon.

Personal games, I noted, had their most debilitating effect in the State Department. Members of the career foreign service, the backbone of the Department, thought of themselves as professional diplomats, period. Having spent the better part of the previous six years in Middle Eastern countries where customs, ways of thinking and even moral values were markedly different from our own, I argued that we couldn't achieve even the barest minimum of our foreign-policy objectives in Africa, Asia and South America except through the efforts of diplomats and intelligence officers who, as Archie Roosevelt was later to write, had studied the language, the culture and the society of other peoples so that they could 'learn to think like them and see the world in their terms'. But under Secretary of State Dulles they didn't have to bother. CIA area specialists were trying to find common cause with career diplomats who saw their

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service as an elite corps, as professional 'generalists' who would be as much at home in Kabul as they would be in Paris – that is to say, fish out of water in either place. Of the four players in the bureaucratic game that I visited in preparation for my job as head of the new Political Action Staff, our diplomatic service was the least sensitive to the dangers to our national security that we had to face.

It didn't take a BA&H organization analyst to see that we in the CIA were going to have a running battle with the career diplomats: they simply didn't like us; they resented our intrusion into their elite status. As we assumed 'diplomatic' cover in embassies, legations and consulates abroad, they insisted that we have designations that made it clear to anyone with the slightest familiarity with the civil service that we were definitely *not* 'one of us', as they often used that phrase in explaining to outsiders our presence among them. If they disliked us under ordinary circumstances, they *hated* us while John Foster Dulles was Secretary of State and his brother, Allen, was our boss and protector. Under Secretary Dulles, with a few commendable exceptions, State Department staffers abandoned all pretence of area expertise and settled down to framing alliances and treaties.

What these isolated and semi-ostracized experts saw was a Soviet strategy designed to deprive us of our life-support systems. In terms of Marxist ideology, the strategy was defensive in its fundamentals, motivated not by a desire to dominate the world but by a fear that 'capitalism and imperialism' would dominate it if Soviet Communism didn't. Moscow's neo-Leninists weren't just thinking wishfully; they *really believed* that Western economies depended on 'exploitation' of the Third World. They believed that if they could somehow deprive our European allies of access to the raw materials and energy supplies of Africa and the Middle East our 'capitalist imperialism' would fall of its own weight. The air force intelligence people showed me what I took to be unassailable proof that if Western Europe were denied certain raw materials they were then getting from only one country in southern Africa, its industries would grind to a halt in less than a month. It's easy to imagine what would happen to American military alliances with Western Europe if it suddenly became dependent on Soviet largesse. The USSR, it happened, could step forward to supply the Europeans with any materials they needed, including oil, as the result of their no longer being available from Africa and the Middle East.

I returned from my tour of Washington's foreign policy bureaucracy with my job cut out for me. Kim Roosevelt had set my new unit in motion without me. He had told my first assistant, a bright and inventive young

PhD named Bob Mandlestam, that he should get something started, *anything* that smacked at all of political action, so that Frank Wisner wouldn't spot the unit's inactivity and steal its office space and budget. Bob eagerly put his imagination to work on some ideas he had been nursing since his university days.

His first was what he called 'occultism in high places', or 'OHP', a theory of political activism based on an impressively detailed study of ways in which leaders of the world based their judgements on one form or another of divine guidance. For example, our station chief in Kabul had reliably reported that Afghani politicians habitually settled deadlocks in their parliament with cockfights. Each side of the dispute would throw a chicken into a clearing on the parliament floor, the chickens would fly at each other, and when the fight ended with one chicken dead the chairman would hold what was left of the winner aloft and pronounce the dispute settled. Bob had actually sought the advice of a Mexican chicken-trainer when Kim halted the project, explaining that, alas, our superiors would have to be introduced slowly into the more exotic kinds of projects we would eventually be generating, and that, besides, catering to the superstitions of African and Asian peoples would offend the remaining liberals among us as being 'racist'.

But when Bob came up with the ideas of planting astrologists on certain world leaders he was not to be stopped. To start with, he immediately got Kim's enthusiastic support, and the two of them softened Frank Wisner's resistance by reminding him of the influence certain Georgetown mystics were having on the social life of Washington. Not only were our leading hostesses, Pearl Mesta and Gwyn Cafritz, in the habit of checking guest lists with their astrologers, certain members of Congress whom I'll refrain from naming were known to rely on the advice of a colourful Georgetown figure known as Grandpa Moses who, in turn, relied on voodoo magic, the rites of which were prescribed by our own CIA.

Then there was something called Moral Rearmament, known as MRA, an interdenominational politico-religious movement started by a nut named Frank Buchman. It purported to deepen the spiritual life of its members, thereby inducing them to behave responsibly and altruistically in their public lives. What caught Bob's eye was the social level at which the movement operated. It was aimed almost exclusively at *leaders*, and its literature was so designed. It was, in other words, appalling.

The astrology training scheme dragged along slowly, and didn't show results until some years later when a seer we planted on President Nkrumah of Ghana persuaded him to accept an invitation to visit Communist China so that he would be out of the country when our boy,

General 'Uncle Arthur' Ankrah, staged his *coup d'état*, and some months later when a computer we programmed to make astrological computations induced President Sukarno of Indonesia to make various moves which suited our purposes. But the arrangement we made with Moral Rearmament gave us useful secret channels right into the minds of leaders not only in Africa and Asia but also in Europe. When Bob made similar arrangements with Scientology, the brainchild of another nut, this one a science-fiction writer named Ron Hubbard, we were on our way to having a political action capability which would make the highly expensive, largely ineffective and largely overt 'covert action' of Bill Casey's CIA seem trivial by comparison. 'MRA will hit 'em high, and the Church of Scientology will hit 'em low!' Bob liked to boast, and he was right.

If you cynics who read this think I'm kidding, put the thought out of your mind. Back in the fifties, at least *some* of us understood that most moves on the international gameboard, as well as most moves in the various domestic games that were behind them, were based less on Machiavellian common sense than on old-fashioned superstition. And who today can argue that the influence of President Reagan's hardnosed Chief of Staff, Donald Regan, has equalled that of Mrs Reagan's soothsayer, Mrs What's-her-name? Not to mince words over this latest travesty, I must say that those of us old-timers who remember the good old days of Frank Wisner, Kim Roosevelt, Des Fitzgerald, Frank Lindsay, Archie Roosevelt and myself believe that the deterioration of the CIA's effectiveness began on the day when its heads began to think 'practically', i.e. to operate on the assumption that peoples elsewhere in the world thought like no-nonsense American businessmen. We have been breathing sighs of relief over the revelation that our President has been taking advice from an astrologer instead of from the Secretary of State and the National Security Adviser.

Bob, a few researchers and I next toured the area divisions and their desk heads to ask these questions of each country they covered: 'What is going on in your area that endangers American interests? Why? What can we do to alter it?' We covered the whole globe from Afghanistan, Albania and Algeria to Yemen, Yugoslavia and Zambia, not looking for all the trouble we could find but seeking a selection of clearcut dangers suitable for pilot projects with which to test the modest political action techniques we then had in mind.

'Why don't you tackle the Soviet Union?' we'd be asked.

'We must walk before we can run,' was our standard reply.

The most frequent answer to our questions was that such-and-such a country didn't have a proper appreciation of Western-style democracy,

that it wasn't periodically holding 'free elections', or that Western ideas on 'human rights' hadn't yet become integrated into the local culture. Our reaction was 'So what? How does that hurt us?' We found two or three cases where reasonably free elections *were* an accepted norm in the society, constituting a positive *danger* to our interests because the peoples, hating Americans, would consistently vote for those candidates who promised to undermine us at every turn. In such places, it would hardly be in our interest to generate enthusiasms for 'free speech' such as we have put up with at home.

Another type of answer we got was symptomatic of the 'clientitis' that infects many area specialists. For example, a desk officer or a station chief on home leave would tell us, 'The Mumbo Jumbos are fighting the Heebie Jeebies, and the spark of the Third World War is being lit right here!' To suggestions of this category we could only yawn and say that, with no shortage of immediate problems on our plate, we'd have to put those sparks aside until they were in immediate danger of bursting into flames. The simple fact was – and, for that matter, is today – that of all the dozen or so regional wars that had begun since the end of the Second World War there was not one which we thought could escalate into the Third World War, the true nature of our conflict with the Soviets being what it was. When we reported as much to State, Defence and the White House, we were accused of being complacent, unimaginative, shortsighted or just plain uninformed. (Then, as now, situations on the international game-board provoked stronger opinions based on less knowledge than could be allowed in any other field of human activity.)

But we had an advantage over our accusers: we knew what we were talking about, and they didn't. We had top-grade intelligence telling us that Soviet strategy was directed at Western weaknesses, not based on Soviet strengths, and that the weaknesses they regarded as the most exploitable were countries ruled by crooks and tyrants whose forte was knowing which side their bread was buttered on. So the countries which my little unit spotted as suitable for priority consideration were those in Africa, Asia and South America ruled by 'pro-American' leaders whose behaviour was making them easy prey to KGB operations. We weren't able to convince a Republican administration that these leaders were a costly embarrassment to us – and were, besides, such easy targets for Soviet political action that there was no effective way we could make them coup-proof – but there were a few that would serve as practice targets for ourselves since few Congressmen, if any, had ever heard of them.

From that time (1955) to the present, dozens of books have been written about the CIA's 'mistakes' in covert operations. All of them have been

paramilitary operations of a kind that we early specialists in political action, overt or covert, deplored. The books give the impression that they comprise the sum total of the Agency's efforts over the past forty years, although the truth is that they add up to only a fraction of what the Agency has done to keep the world safe for American interests, and to prevent the Third World War. *None* of the operations that got their guidance from my little Political Action Staff has ever been publicized, nor have any of those which in later years followed our original model. But, although they didn't cost nearly so much money (we didn't need soldiers, weapons and logistical support), their net effect was much greater and *much* more lasting, and they resulted in no embarrassing newspaper publicity.

Today, when I appear on television talk shows or take part in panels discussing the CIA, I am always a lone voice protesting the fact that the focus is on the Agency's operations that we read about in the newspapers – and which, by definition, are *overt*, not *covert* – and I suggest that the Agency has had far more successes than failures, only the successes are never reported in the newspapers. The suggestion is always greeted with raucous laughter, and the challenge: 'All right, would you please tell us of just one success.' I reply, 'Aha! That's just the point. My successes weren't *overtly* covert like those everybody is writing about; they were *covertly* covert. That's the reason you don't know about them, and I'm not going to enlighten you now.' My answer convinces no one, but I get a lot of satisfaction out of giving it.

My book on modern espionage techniques (published as *The Real Spy World* in Britain and *Without Cloak or Dagger* in the US) immediately hit the bestseller lists on the basis of reviews calling it 'an ingenious combination of spoof and whitewash' and 'a hilarious work of comic invention'. As a result, I was invited to attend all sorts of anti-CIA symposia organized by various left-wing groups. At every one of them, the following thirteen countries were named as places where the CIA has conducted operations that were immoral, bumbling and/or damaging to America's 'real' interests: Burma, China, Philippines, Cuba, Indonesia, Tibet, Singapore, *Brazil*, Chile, Congo, Greece, Iran and Guatemala. In these countries and several others the CIA did indeed do a bit of bumbling from time to time, but in all but two of them, China and Cuba, it has had commendable successes – although, being successes, reports of them never reached the newspapers or even the Congressional oversight committees.

But here is what I have found remarkable. We were hardly perfect in our secrecy, and with the passage of time and the relaxation of the CIA's controls on would-be authors among its personnel, there have been

leaks. After being sparked by the CIA's original Political Action Staff, the CIA ran over a hundred conventional, low-key, successful political action operations in more than thirty different countries. But even those anti-CIA polemicists who knew about them have ignored them entirely.

To be generous to the *sonsofbitches*, I'll admit that it may be a question of definition. To them, the term 'covert political action' applies exclusively to those operations that have embarrassed the CIA both at home and abroad, and are: (1) either paramilitary or adjuncts to ordinary military efforts, e.g. those in Viet Nam, Afghanistan, Central America, etc.; (2) funded by or through CIA channels, although in most cases not directed by the CIA; (3) manned largely by contract (i.e. non-career) or military personnel seconded from the army, navy or air force; (4) by no means 'covert', i.e. they have been widely reported in the newspapers.

In my small staff, we defined 'political action' as any one of the following kinds of operations, singly or in combination:

Lobbying: in a manner almost identical (although adapted to local circumstances) to that of PACs (political action committees) directed at our own government by various foreign governments (e.g. Israel, Greece, Great Britain, etc.), we lined up industrial and commercial concerns in target countries, induced them to organize discreet means of pressuring their governments, and gave appropriate training to personnel in their public relations departments. Some of the means we advocated and taught were entirely legal and above board, some were not, the legal-to-illegal ratio being about the same as that of foreign-backed PACs in the US.

American advisers: until I returned from my 1953-5 tour in Egypt and became involved in political action methodology, I didn't realize the extent to which our operations in that country had added up to a model operation. I had immediate access to the most important member of the Revolutionary Command council, and by the time I left Egypt we had CIA-trained American advisers working on a permanent basis with the police, the security services and the intelligence agencies. On short-term assignments, we had such experts as Paul Linebarger advise both the Minister of Information and President Nasser himself on how the Egyptian press and Radio Cairo could issue stories and editorials which were seemingly pro-Soviet but did the Soviets and Communism more harm than good, and stories and editorials which were seemingly anti-American but which did us more good than harm. Sherman Kent, then head of the CIA's office of national estimates, gave Egyptian intelligence estimators and researchers lessons in how to write simple, factual, timely and relevant daily summaries of a sort President Nasser really *needed*, replac-

ing the sycophantic and useless nonsense that daily filled Nasser's in-basket. Through these and other contacts, we developed an intimacy with Nasser's revolutionary regime that enabled us to understand its general motivations and its specific intentions, to predict its future moves, and to speak up when we wanted to talk Nasser out of those actions we believed would run counter to our mutual interests. It was *not*, however, our job to convince Nasser he shouldn't take actions which were clearly in his and his country's interests, but not in ours.

Other non-Egyptian advisers: early in the Egyptian-American relationship, we began to suspect that Nasser was employing experts other than those we provided, his trust in us being somewhat less than 100 per cent. (Why, for God's sake, was Hassan Touhami suddenly taking lessons to improve his *German*?) Our suspicions were confirmed when former SS Colonel Otto Skorzeny dropped in on our station chief in Madrid to inform him that he had been approached by the Military Attaché in the Egyptian Embassy there to request his assistance in recruiting German army officers who might find Egypt a convenient place to hide out from the Nazi hunters. Could the CIA help? Indeed we could. With Otto's help, the CIA officer working with General Gehlen in Pullach chose some German generals, colonels and majors who were so stupid that they could be counted upon to screw up the Egyptian army so thoroughly that it wouldn't be able to find its way from Cairo to Ismailia, let alone fight the British after arriving there.

The idea of planting on Middle Eastern governments Germans suspected of war crimes had a lot to say for it, because they were generally both anti-American and anti-Soviet, and presumed to be anti-Semitic and therefore anti-Israel. Most of them were also anti-Arab, although they had the wit to conceal that fact. Anyhow, *all* of them were opportunists, willing to work for anyone who paid them, and they happily passed on to their Middle Eastern employers any advice we prescribed for them. Naturally, we had some trouble in getting clearance for projects involving the use of Nazis and ex-Nazis, but our difficulties disappeared when our friends in Israel's Mossad admitted that they, too, were using ex-Nazis for a number of nefarious purposes, and for the same reasons that they were attractive to us.

Native advisers: possibly the best way to influence the chief of state of any country, including our own, is through persons in his entourage who are of the same nationality, religion and ethnic origin, and whom he trusts on a strictly personal basis. It was in this category of operations that Bob Mandlestam's astrologers, palmists, numerologists, witch doctors, necromancers and other exegetes of the occult came in. With one or

perhaps two exceptions, however, we found it unnecessary to 'plant' occultists whom we had recruited from outside the targets' entourages and trained according to prescriptions of our own. A quick survey of governments we had chosen as targets indicated that there were more national leaders who relied to some extent on occultists than there were who didn't. And since they lived in constant fear of giving advice that would lead their clients astray (they were charlatans, not fools) they were happy to get our help. With it, they could replace their ambiguities with fairly solid stuff, and through them we could feed our targets information which seemed to have come not from us but from on high.

President Nasser was possibly the only chief of state in Africa or Asia who didn't rely on occult guidance to *some* degree, but he was in the habit of listening closely to the aides, associates and friends with whom he relaxed after long working days. There was, for example, Mohammed Hassanein Heykel, his closest personal friend, who could pass to Nasser the American 'word' far more clearly and convincingly than any of the nonentities who served as American ambassadors to Egypt in the last few years of Nasser's life. We used to joke that with Heykel at Nasser's elbow we *didn't need* an ambassador in Cairo, so long as Heykel would spend an hour or so every week reading the briefing materials from Washington furnished him by the CIA station chief. Heykel could hardly be called a 'CIA agent', but the information he would pass on to Nasser to serve his own purposes was normally what would also serve our purposes.

Agents of influence: this is a catch-all phrase covering all categories of persons in a given country whose personal aims and desires fit nicely into what *we* want, and who, with a bit of encouragement and support, could become more systematically effective than they were when operating entirely on their own. In any target country, there are free agents who are more valuable to us if left to their own devices, and who would be insulted if we offered them any form of reward, or in any way suggested to them that what they said or did was as helpful to us as it was to whatever local cause they espoused. These we leave alone. But in any country there are always some kindred spirits who need direction and backing and who don't care where they get it. In my day, it was the job of the station chief in any target country to spot the best of these, whether in the government or outside it (in the media, universities, religious institutions, or anywhere that offered a forum), and make formal arrangements with them for the exchange of ideas, the passing of financial and other kinds of support, and, in very few cases, out and out reward for personal services rendered.

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Financial aid to newspapers, labour unions, political movements and individual candidates: contrary to the charges made against us in later years, we did *not* tell newspapers what to write, direct labour unions in their use of power or give explicit instructions to political groups and their leaders on what they were to say and do. Instead, we singled out those who were already behaving in ways that suited our purposes, and gave them what support they needed to survive and 'do their own thing', as we used to say. In later years, CIA operations against the Allende government in Chile became a perfect classroom example. We were accused of 'buying' newspapers and labour unions, but we didn't. We simply made it possible for anti-Allende newspapers to get newsprint, which had been denied them by the government, and we supplied the labour unions with free food after the government had closed down their commissaries. Anyone thinking that we could have in any way improved on what, quite on their own, they did to destabilize the Allende government has a fanciful notion of CIA capabilities.

Dissuasion: in the CIA's early days we used the word 'terrorism' without embarrassment. Terrorizing, instead of killing, was what we did when we wanted to discourage a group or a government from doing something we believed might endanger our legitimate interests. Any killing or maiming was incidental. Later, we substituted the gentler word 'dissuasion', when our enemies became more proficient than we in this form of political action and our propagandists found the pejorative overtones of the word 'terrorism' handy for spy-war purposes. From then on, our side dissuaded and the other side terrorized. The euphemism 'freedom fighters' wasn't coined until a few years later.

To the propagandist, 'terrorism' was any act of violence that met these two specifications: (1) a departure from generally accepted norms of warfare; (2) committed by the other side. To an intelligence analyst or political action strategist, however, it was any act designed to frighten an enemy away from some particular activity, or to provoke him into irrational behaviour suiting our strategic purposes. For example, in occupied Europe during the Second World War we used it on French, Dutch and Belgian collaborators in ways that would dissuade their compatriots from notions of collaboration. In Palestine under the Mandate, Zionist terrorists, e.g. the Stern Gang and the Irgun Zvai Leumi, used it to demoralize British soldiers and to stimulate the clamour which eventually brought about their withdrawal. From 1955 until I went out into the world on my own, the CIA used it only sparingly, but to good effect when we wanted to provoke some police state into clamping down on its civilian population in ways that would dramatize its oppressive

character, thus facilitating our efforts to build resistance movements.

Last-resort capabilities: as I review my varied past in search of materials suitable for bedtime stories to tell my grandchildren, I find myself dwelling inordinately on *coups d'état*, the rigging of elections, and the more violent forms of governmental replacement or destabilization we have employed at various times in the past. These are the stuff out of which television thrillers, spy novels and bedtime stories are made – not to mention the anti-CIA exposés which find their way into books by left-wing investigative journalists and findings of Congressional committees. Material that is interesting and exciting, like ‘man bites dog’ stories in the newspapers, gets more attention than what is typical and routine. So, although I have fond memories of the *coups d'état* and derring-do operations in which I was involved, I look back on them as I look back on childhood pranks. We did retain a capability for last-resort operations, however, and until the day I left the Agency I periodically taught courses for the Training Division in how to plan and execute them.

So what did we do with all this development of method – or, for once to use this word in its proper meaning, this ‘methodology’? The answer is that during the next ten to fifteen years we had success after success. In fact, I think it fair to say that *all* operations run by the CIA which employed exclusively the ways and means described above were successful. But for this very reason they got little or no recognition inside or outside the Agency, while our numerous disasters, any one of which cost more than our entire budget, got all the kudos inside the CIA and all the publicity outside it. As truly ‘covert’ operators, we could have done without the kudos, but we would have enjoyed the budget and the promotions.

Those operations we inaugurated in the years 1955–7 are still secret, but, for present purposes, I can say all that’s worth saying about them in a few sentences – after, that is, I offer these few words of wisdom. The ‘perfect’ political action operation is, by definition, uneventful. Nothing ‘happens’ in it. It is a continuing arrangement, neither a process nor a series of actions proceeding at a starting point and ending with a conclusion. Operations described above under the heading ‘Last-resort capabilities’ may be an exception but they (also by definition) are never perfect.

As I’ve already said, our first act as the Political Action Staff was to list those countries of the world which had in them materials or locations that were absolutely essential to our survival and wellbeing – raw materials, possible sites for military or naval bases in the event of war, areas we

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would have to cross in order to be sure of speedy and economic access to essential raw materials or places of strategic military importance. As I remember, there were only thirty-odd countries and geographic units (the so-called Arab world was listed as one unit) which met this qualification; anyhow, there were far fewer than we had supposed up to that time.

In the two years that I took my job as political action specialist seriously, the CIA sent overseas over a hundred advisers of various kinds and recruited and trained as many more among promising natives of the target countries, all of them primarily because they had shown genuine talents for their particular fields and only secondarily because they could be counted on as agents of influence. At the same time, our station chiefs in all those countries made mutually advantageous arrangements with local police and security services, selected newspapers and magazines, labour unions, religious organizations and other institutions, keeping the arrangements secret not because there was anything legally or morally wrong with the activities we supported but because there was a stigma attached to accepting financial support from foreign sources.

I wish I could say that things didn't get out of hand until I left the Agency. The sad fact is that the whole world got out of hand, and the CIA was called upon to do more than merely keep the lid on in countries which contained items essential to our security and wellbeing. In the Agency itself, there was the natural bureaucratic tendency to *grow*, and division chiefs assigned station chiefs to a lot of countries where we didn't really need coverage. Once there, the station chiefs weren't going to sit on their thumbs. They immediately set about convincing themselves and us back in Washington that their respective areas of assignment were hotbeds of political activity which, if not stopped, would certainly spill over into neighbouring areas in which there were countries on our priority list.

But that's only part of the explanation of why the CIA grew from a manageable governmental unit performing invaluable functions into an empire which, by its very size and multiplicity of activities, became an inevitable target of, first, the Soviets' KGB, then of its 'useful idiots' among American writers and intellectuals, and, finally, of Congressmen and others having legitimate concerns about some of its activities. Regardless of who's to blame, the CIA or its enemies, it is clear to one and all that the CIA of the late eighties is a far cry from the neat, judiciously packaged and highly effective segment of the CIA in which I played a part in the late fifties and early sixties. This particular segment, however,

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continued successfully until it was finally lost in the anti-CIA maelstrom of the seventies. All those who share my memories of the CIA's first efforts under authorization of various NSC directives will agree that the seeds of failure were not sown by the original Political Action Staff.

Chapter 18

IRAN AND GUATEMALA, 1953

In early 1953, as I was preparing for my life as a management consultant in Egypt, a strange silence descended upon those parts of the CIA that dealt with all matters Egyptian. Suddenly, neither Kim Roosevelt, Frank Wisner, nor Allen Dulles were available to discuss that part of the world which for many months had enjoyed top priority in their considerations. Then one morning, Kim called me to his office to confide the reason. It seemed that for the few previous weeks top policy levels of the US and British Governments were embroiled in heated discussions over what to do about the possibility that wily old Mohammed Mossadegh, the Shah of Iran's Prime Minister, would head a *coup d'état* to overthrow the Shah, nationalize the Anglo-Iranian oil company, and otherwise become an obstacle to Secretary Dulles' plans for a 'Northern Tier' to discourage the Soviets' expansionist plans.

'Sorry to delay your move to Egypt,' Kim said, 'but you're needed for a bit of reconnaissance.' I was to go to Iran and obtain answers to four or five questions which, for all practical purposes, could be boiled down to one: could we, and should we, take political action to shore up the Shah, discredit Mossadegh, and prevent his supporters from doing what the British Foreign Office and the US Department of State feared they would do? I'll spare my readers the details of this trip and my investigation, other than to say that it produced answers to Kim's questions that I considered authoritative. Yes, we *did* need extraordinary political action there to protect American, as well as British, interests. The objective of the action should be to remove Mossadegh from office, make a laughing-stock of him, jail his principal supporters, and give the Shah any assistance he might need in launching a public relations programme to show the Iranian people what a narrow escape they had had, and how

extremely lucky they were to have had it.

I must also say a word about the sources upon which I based my answers to Kim's questions. To start with, the Iran desks at both the CIA and the State Department were first rate, manned mostly as they were by officers who'd served in Iran and knew the country well. Then, in Iran itself, key positions in both the regular embassy staff and the CIA station were occupied by competent area specialists rather than career diplomats counting the days when they could finish their tours and move upwards to Western Europe. There was Ambassador Henderson himself, a good friend of Allen Dulles and Kim Roosevelt and a father figure to all old Middle East hands. The regular embassy staff had at least four officers who spoke fluent Farsi, and, unlike most diplomats serving in politically explosive 'hardship posts', they weren't too timid to get out into the streets to see for themselves how various segments of the society felt about things.

There was a CIA station chief whose grandfather on his father's side had once been Minister of Defence in France and whose grandfather on his mother's side had once been Minister of Defence in Italy – and who was, himself, a worldly trilingual intelligence officer of top calibre. The deputy station chief (whose identity I can now reveal, since he 'broke cover' years ago) was John Waller, who later went up and up in the CIA, eventually to become, just before his retirement, the CIA's Inspector-General at a time when the CIA most needed an inspector-general – i.e. when the Congressional witchhunts of Senator Church and others were in full swing. These gave me all the information I needed to answer Kim's final question: if we support a *coup d'état* similar to the one I had aided and abetted in Syria, where would it lead? In other words, would the operation 'stick' and what would be the aftermath? My answer was: yes, it would stick, and the aftermath would be favourable to us Americans, the British and the Iranians themselves, provided the Shah was both wise and cautious in consolidating his re-established position, and didn't get carried away by his restored optimism.

When I returned, Kim also wanted any advice I might have to offer on exactly *how* the coup – if, indeed, there was to be coup – should be conducted. To help me answer this question, the most helpful source of all was what station personnel called 'the *real* CIA', or 'the CIA within the CIA', a small unit headed by the wife of the head code clerk and wireless operator, the 'Cat Lady'. I think I'm the first to write about her and her unit, not only because few people in or out of the CIA knew about her but because she had – and probably still has – her own means of dealing with persons who peek beneath her cover. I asked my friend, the fearless

Vincent Marchetti, how *he* was able to resist including mention of her in his exposé, and he would only laugh. 'Not even Phil Agee would dare get on the wrong side of *that* wildcat,' he said.

As I set off for Teheran, Kim told me that the Cat Lady existed, but he warned me to stay away from her. But he changed his mind when he remembered that she, and only she, had any meaningful contact with 'the cats', a lot of renegade Americans of Iranian ancestry (Persian, Baluchi, Kurdish, Turkoman, etc.) who had come to Iran to take jobs with American contractors and the infamous 'Zirkaneh giants', a body of weightlifters who would be needed to direct and control the rent-a-mobs – for example, at an appropriate moment in a mob scene to explain to the chanting hordes that they must switch their yells from 'Death to the Shah, long live Mossadegh' to 'Death to Mossadegh, long live the Shah'. Her personal talents, Kim told me, were to pretend she was drunk when she was cold sober, and to pretend she didn't speak Farsi and other Iranian languages although she had grown up Tabriz and spoke them all like a native.

Her looks, I noted when I first laid eyes on her, were against her. That is to say, at forty-odd years of age she looked like a girl in her twenties and, in a weird sort of way, she was quite attractive. She was 'native' enough, however, to know that in Iran women having any sex appeal at all were assumed to be brainless, so she habitually combed her long black hair into a bun in the back of her head, wore thick horn-rimmed glasses, and dressed herself only in black – with, of course, the native *chador* hiding her face whenever she went out of doors. Her general appearance was that of an Iranian women's libber who had spent a year at the London School of Economics.

Her house, in a *kuchi* near the American embassy, was 'part of her costume', Kim had told me. Indeed it was. Full of cats and unmanageable children, it stank to high heaven, and the noise level was such that conversation was next to impossible. At one point, while her 'little darlings', as she called them, were 'playing doctor' in the next room, blood-curdling screams broke out and the Cat Lady explained that 'sometimes the kids are awfully noisy. Don't pay any attention.' But when the screaming stopped, and silence descended, she said, 'I'd better see what they're up to.' It turned out that they'd been sawing a cat in half. I mean, literally. I saw for myself when the oldest of the children, a little brute of about ten, came out of the room carrying the two halves, one in each grimy hand. 'Get rid of it,' she said as she calmly lit a cigarette. 'Can't you see that this gentleman and I are trying to have a civilized conversation?'

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This meeting took place on my third morning in Teheran, and after *she* found *me* – a good thing she did, since no one in the embassy wanted to admit they knew about her. Even John Waller, whom I knew to be the station's link for pay and administrative purposes, refused to tell me how to find her, but he did pass words to her through her husband, the station code clerk. So she sent 'the family limousine', a beat-up Volkswagon driven by her house boy, to pick me up as I was about to leave my hotel. I was taken to her house, where I had mint tea with her while overhearing her kids 'playing veterinarian surgery' with one of her numerous cats, then we went on a tour of the city. She knew every side street, every political gathering place, every nook and cranny. With her astute help, I spent a morning, first, spotting the targets which anyone running a *coup d'état* would have to seize (the radio station, the principal power stations, the principal control points of the telephone system, the houses of Prime Minister Mossadegh and others on the arrest list, etc.) and, second, charting the routes that the demonstrating hordes would have to take, and the bottlenecks and exit routes that the police would have in mind when it was time to bring the mobs under control.

This took all morning, and at about one o'clock Cathy (Catherine something-or-other was the Cat Lady's real name) said 'Time for lunch' and her driver took us to a Persian version of one of those eateries frequented by truck drivers in the US. It was full of those human 'cats' I just mentioned. 'These guys are professionals and not at all political,' she explained. 'Uncle Kim will need them whatever kind of *coup d'état* he has in mind.' From our chats with a sampling of them I became convinced that lining up human assets for a pro-Shah coup would be no problem, and that the much touted 'nationalist forces' would be no obstacle. I got as good a picture as it was possible to get of how a cross-section of the Iranian 'people' (to use that term loosely) felt about the Shah, Mossadegh, and the foreign-owned oil companies. When I got back to Washington, the report I gave Kim was all he needed not only to convince the Dulles brothers that he should get on with Operation Ajax but to give him good basic guidance on how it should be run.

At this point I must rectify the many books and articles that give undue credit to myself. Some have credited me variously with being 'the brains behind Ajax' or 'the brains behind Kermit Roosevelt', or they have asserted in various other ways that the operation could not have succeeded had it not been for 'the excellent planning and preparatory work' done by myself. At his palace a few days after the operation, the Shah offered Kim a toast in which he said, 'I owe my throne to God, my people, my army, to you and, of course, to that undercover assistant of yours

whom I shall not name.' Later, when the National Security Medal was being pinned on Kim by President Eisenhower, Kim hung his head modestly and said, in a manner so characteristic of him, 'I really don't deserve this. We owe our gratitude to one of my assistants who prefers to remain nameless.'

But it was thanks entirely to Kim that Ajax was a veritable model of the perfect political action operation. It utilized elements *inside* the country, and it activated purely native sentiments and forces to set them in motion. It included a takeover and redirection of the army that was neater and more effective than anything *I've* ever done, and it balanced military power with popular support in a way that was masterful. All the routine steps were taken (seizing the radio station, blocking telephone communications, etc.) but, as the operation turned out, these hadn't been really necessary. And all this cost the US taxpayer *less* than one million dollars – anyway, far less than the three million that had been budgeted for it. Most important of all, the operation succeeded, in the long run as well as in the short run. The Shah lasted for another twenty years, with his people enjoying a prosperity the likes of which they'd never known before – although, admittedly, they suffered the dissatisfactions and tensions of any country that is moving towards modernity at a pace faster than traditions can take. It all came to an end only when the US Government turned to policies remarkably similar to those of the left-wing intellectuals we resisted in 1953.

But if it was so successful, why were I and the other professionals so unhappy with it? Alas, although CIA recruits and re-treads may have learned a thing or two from classroom descriptions of it, our masters didn't; they missed the point entirely. It was, in fact, the last chapter in the story of civilization as we knew it, and, at the same time, the first chapter in the story of a militarily bureaucratized CIA that had no place for me, and wound up competing with the Pentagon both in size and in mediocrity of personnel. It led both to Kim's resignation and my own, and to the US Government's relying on forces outside the CIA to accomplish what we thought the framers of NSC directives had in mind.

Actually, it was the aftermath of Ajax, not Ajax itself, that disillusioned both of us. Specifically, it was PBSuccess, the operation in Guatemala that did it – or, even more specifically, the fact that our top officials and the CIA's militarily-oriented operators looked upon Ajax as having set the precedents for PBSuccess. If Ajax fitted all the specifications for an ideal political action operation, PBSuccess fitted the specifications of the empire-builders in and on top of the CIA, who had only considerations of their domestic and bureaucratic 'games' in mind.

Let me explain it this way. At its inception, the CIA was an organization in the sense that a symphony orchestra or a football team is an organization, with each member well qualified for his particular speciality, and trying to do his best in it – like, for example, the Washington desk officers and the personnel I visited in our Embassy in Teheran just before Ajax. But soon (inevitably, I now realize) we became a bureaucracy with the other members jockeying competitively for position within it. The various ‘personal games’ were reflected in the bureaucratic game played by the CIA against other government agencies fighting for larger budgets, personnel and national recognition. Our bureaucratic ambitions took us into the very areas that an intelligence agency, trying to remain such, should have avoided.

I’m not going to burden my readers with yet another account of PBSuccess; accounts, both reasonably accurate and largely false, have already appeared in dozens of books and articles. I’ll say only this. I am 100 per cent super-patriotic, 100 per cent capitalist and imperialist, a believer in Mom, apple pie, baseball, the corner drugstore, and even American style democracy – for us, anyhow, even if I doubt its relevance in many of the alien cultures in which I’ve worked. Yet with such an ideological viewpoint, and without having had direct involvement in it, I could see PBSuccess only as a national outrage of a sort that would eventually, if not immediately back there in 1955, bring disgrace on the Agency and on those who were responsible for its command decisions.

I saw no indication that those who were responsible had been in any way dishonest or self-seeking. Worse, they had been stupid – or, rather, considering that they had jobs calling for the ultimate in Machiavellian cunning and sophistication, their extraordinary naivety amounted to stupidity.

As starters, here’s what I found:

First, it had been instigated, and prodded into action, by the United Fruit Company, a company for which the world’s most respected management consultant firm, Booz-Allen & Hamilton, had refused to undertake an assignment. BA&H’s preliminary reconnaissance revealed that the top executives of the company would have been considered too out of date for inclusion in a Dickens novel, and that they hadn’t the brains to understand the recommendations of a BA&H survey even if it was offered to them. In saying that they were guilty of ‘exploiting the natives’, the CIA’s attackers were understating their case. UFC was *screwing* the natives, and the whole country. Compared to them, Anglo-Iranian Oil Company executives were all MBAs from Harvard or Stanford.

Second, in dealing with the Guatemalan government, UFC executives were not only arrogant, but dishonestly so. Now, I've forgiven a bit of capitalistic hankypanky in my day, but UFC executives were so flagrantly and so overbearingly dishonest that the lies they told Guatemalan officials (who were hardly models of probity themselves) were intolerable insults. For example, when the Guatemalan government expropriated vast acres of land owned by the UFC, and which the UFC had no plans for using, it offered by way of compensation the amount UFC itself was on record for saying it was worth, but UFC demanded twice as much, however, explaining that the evaluation it had given for the lands was 'only for tax purposes', a recognized dodge of tax evaders everywhere, 'even in civilized countries'.

Third, the UFC was a client of Sullivan & Cromwell, the Dulles brothers' law firm, and almost every senior official in the US Government who had anything to do with PBSuccess had some financial connection with the company – including the Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American affairs, the State Department's Director of Security Affairs, the Secretary of Commerce, and even Under-secretary of State, General Bedell Smith – who later became a director of the company, and in a way that enabled our attackers to say that the job was a reward for his services to it in PBSuccess. But what came as a shock to me was the fact that none of these eminent gentlemen *understood* the extent to which their connections would set up PBSuccess as a target of KGB propaganda, for attacks on the US Government and the CIA by 'useful idiots' among American intelligentsia, and awaken hostilities of intelligent and patriotic Americans who were becoming suspicious of the 'high moral ground' that our pious Secretary of State kept claiming to be on.

But, fourth, as we look back on that operation with more than thirty years of hindsight, we see PBSuccess as a paramilitary operation, pure and simple, of a kind that the CIA had no business getting into, one that *had* to lead to the overt-covert operations that got us into Nicaragua thirty years later, involving violation of every one of the covert operating principles that, up to and including the time of Ajax, the CIA had found to be effective. Then, when the CIA got into Korea and, later, Vietnam, it was doomed. The CIA took on Pentagon mavericks who were great at clandestine warfare, but clandestine warfare that is fought against a government or its military forces from *outside* the country, and that is designed to defeat an enemy rather than to remove his stingers or otherwise turn him into an asset.

Chapter 19

EGYPT AND THE US

In earlier pages, I've written about how both leaders and doers in a given society play three games at the same time (the personal, the domestic, the international – and sometimes a fourth, the bureaucratic), and how an intelligent person, agency, political party or even nation can get so caught up in the interplay that he, she or it is stuck with a source of action leading, inevitably, to disaster.

Consider the president of *any* major corporation who advocates policies that will make a favourable impression on stockholders *this* year, while he knows that they will lead to serious troubles ten years later – by which time he will be lying by his swimming pool in Santa Barbara, with some other poor bastard sitting at his old desk and facing the music. Consider those Soviet leaders who, not being fools, have learned long ago that the Soviet brand of Communism just doesn't work, yet can't renounce it because it put them where they are now, and because they'd be casualties of their bureaucratic game if they didn't stick with it. Consider the President of the United States who gives us prosperity, with consequent popularity for himself, by incurring a huge national debt, knowing that some President of the future, not he, will have to figure some way of paying it off.

So let's take a look at the factors which took the CIA on to its downhill slide. As it opened its doors for business, Harry Truman was President of the United States. The job of the Agency was to tell him what he needed to know to solve the nation's problems on the international gameboard. But President Truman, a simple man and the 'typical American', knew little or nothing about international affairs, so the CIA had to tell him not only how to solve his problems but what those problems were. Then he decided that the Soviets were bent on world conquest, and that they

intended to achieve it by means which didn't accord with the Geneva Convention. So he authorized a series of NSC directives which allowed the CIA, originally an intelligence agency, to branch out into covert actions comparable to what he (correctly) believed the Soviets were using against us.

Then there was Korea, which brought a lot of paramilitary types into the Agency. Then Ajax and PBSuccess. The beginning of the end. But worse, we began to have presidents who thought they knew what their problems were, or who were happy to have them explained not by the intelligence community but by the specialists in solutions. As all of you who've read very carefully what I've written so far now know, persons and organizations which specialize in solutions tend to seek new problems and to redefine existing ones so that they will fit their particular solutions.

Before long, the CIA was giving the White House the information it asked for, not the information it needed. In other words, it was spending its time counting divisions, putting pins in maps and collecting such other information as the White House thought it needed to be prepared for the kinds of wars the Soviets had no intention of fighting. Worse, it was doing so without even an elementary understanding of the strategy the Soviets actually had in mind. CIA intelligence production as it developed in the late fifties presupposed a Soviet strategy that suited the purposes of our military planners. Naturally, these planners were the most influential in the US Government because the Pentagon had the biggest budget to justify. The CIA's Soviet Russia Division was putting out some first-rate intelligence indicating that Soviet strategists were thinking exclusively in terms of a particular kind of Cold War, one that was neither nuclear nor conventional. This intelligence, however, went from our customers' in-baskets to their out-baskets without arousing so much as a spark of interest.

The CIA itself became a budget-happy agency in which solutions came first. To start with, it undertook a lot of paramilitary operations that should have been the responsibility of the Pentagon. Then it began to run operations of its own which were essentially military in character – and which, like all military operations, involved large amounts of personnel, *matériel* and funds. Finally, it sought out problems that were of an ordinary intelligence nature but which called for increasingly expensive solutions. Dick Bissell, one of the CIA's few authentic geniuses, found them. Dick's basic assumption was that intelligence-gathering by means of bloodless technology could produce dependable and precise factual data while 'humint' (i.e. human spies) inevitably contained faults due to

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ordinary human frailties and bias. Okay, we said in reply, we know all about spies, and we don't need you to tell us about their weaknesses. But your technological gimmickry can't read minds; it can't tell us anything about motives, intentions and personality (i.e. personal game) factors that affect policies and strategies. And when you reason backwards from the factual data that your gimmicks produce you make the mistake of assuming that the mentalities behind them are like those of us Americans. You can't gain an understanding of the cultural peculiarities that affect our targets' *ways* of deciding what they are trying to do.

As I remember the CIA of 1955–7 all too clearly, those of us who manned the desks in the area divisions or who were doing casework in the field were beginning to feel like second-class citizens. Oh, there was the odd defector and the occasional breakthrough in a penetration operation and we were back in the Director's office for a day or two. But by Christmas 1956 a CIA very much unlike the one we founded ten years earlier had sprung up all around us. Allen Dulles was to Dick Bissell what a country doctor is to a medical scientist, with their respective faults and virtues. As the Agency's two greatest sources of inspiration, they should have been a great team. Instead, they were a centrifugal force. In the late fifties the Agency began to chase off in all directions – spy planes, 'surgical terrorism', pharmacodynamics, private armies, 'support structures', and so on and so on. You name it. To Dick Helms, Chief of OSO at the time, the CIA was 'getting out of hand'.

I, too, spent my last two years in the Agency in what could hardly be described as traditional intelligence work. With Kim Roosevelt, I was engaged in what, for want of a better epithet, we called crypto-diplomacy, a kind of behind-the-scenes diplomatic manoeuvring that became possible with Foster Dulles as Secretary of State and his brother as head of the CIA. Nominally, I was head of the Political Action Staff, and I took the job seriously. Upon my return from Egypt I spent most of my time in the staff activities I've already described: spotting parts of the world where there were dangers to American security which could only be neutralized by means of political action as I had defined it, and then devising the most effective and economical ways of conducting the necessary operations. But then when Frank Wisner moved up to become DDP, he was replaced by Desmond Fitzgerald, an OSS holdover whose entire career had been spent in the Far East. Des was a handsome, easy-going upper-class gentleman who distrusted 'method' (and, therefore, my job as assigned), knew his limitations, and needed someone to keep an eye on a part of the world he knew nothing about and on the Agency's principal operator in that area, Kim Roosevelt.

So more and more I began to get special jobs in a kind of crypto-diplomacy that pertained peculiarly to the Middle East. Or so the two Dulles brothers thought. When a problem came up in that area, they both thought instantly of Kim Roosevelt, rarely of any career diplomat, although there were a half-dozen committees in the State Department dealing with various Middle Eastern crises and problems, Alpha and Omega being the principal ones, with other letters of the Greek alphabet in between. Kim attended most of the meetings, with me tagging along behind. But when someone had to hop on an aeroplane and go to Iran, Egypt, Jordan or Saudi Arabia to talk to the Shah, Nasser, King Hussein or King Saud, the Dulles brothers would think of either Kim or myself, sometimes together, sometimes singly, and sometimes in the company of some professional VIP such as Averell Harriman, Robert Anderson or Eric Johnston.

The practice grew out of the Game Room out on Connecticut Avenue which I had been instrumental in setting up. It seemed like a good idea then, but looking back on it I doubt that it accomplished as much as we thought at the time. It did, however, point up some gameboard situations that were apposite enough to cause some 'reappraisals', as Foster Dulles called his second thoughts. But we failed in the one way we should have succeeded: we should have made the point that decisions on the international gameboard that most affect American interests abroad are made by players to whom American interests are secondary to their own, and that when Iranian, Egyptian, Uruguayan, Mongolian, Nigerian, French or British interests conflict with ours it's American interests that must suffer. To *some* extent, that is. Any player will give top priority to his own country's interests to whatever extent he can get away with it. To a specialist in political action who is given a problem on the international gameboard with which to deal, the operative phrase is 'can get away with'. In dealing with other players, friends as well as enemies, we try to minimize the extent to which they will give priority to their own interests at whatever cost to ours, so we mustn't be surprised or shocked if they try to maximize the areas in which they 'can get away with' putting their interests ahead of ours when the two are not exactly the same. In international gameplay we talk a lot about 'identity of interests', but our professional diplomats, straight or crypto, know better than to share Foster Dulles' impatience with other nations' refusal to accept the notion that what's good for America is good for the world.

My British friends, of course, held a parallel view, and my association with Gamal Abdel Nasser, President of Egypt, got me in hot water with them once they learned about it. I think it worthwhile here to dwell on the

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one aspect of the 'Nasser experience' about which they remain partly in ignorance: the CIA's role in the Suez affair, and its conflict with both the British government and its own. By now, I've argued the matter so many times that I'm sick of it, but for the record (this is, after all, an autobiography) I'll state my understanding of the CIA's role in it, with us case officers thinking our gameplay was consistent with US policy when it sometimes wasn't. Mind you, I'm not defending this understanding (although I think history has proven it right); I'm only telling my readers what it was.

First, the gameboard. The international gameboard we thought we were playing on differed in important respects from the gameboard the British thought we were both playing on. Although we were irrevocably committed to the support of Israel, we had no illusions about what it would cost us in Arab hostilities and in risk to an important source of oil. Although we would work at trying to bring about peace between the Arabs and Israel, we did so largely for the benefit of our domestic audience while fully realizing that a continuing state of hostility was something we just had to live with. Moreover, while the words of Winston Churchill about the empire were still ringing in British ears, we had become openly sympathetic to nationalist movements, and our Secretary of State had publicly admitted that he believed the US to be handicapped by Britain's 'colonialist' policies and that he was trying to dissociate our government from them.

Churchill's and Eden's arguments that Nasser had 'grasped at the throat' of the imperial lifeline, and that it was 'a matter of life and death' for the British empire, explained so patronizingly to Americans as though we were a lot of backward children, cut no ice with us at all. Rightly or wrongly, we just didn't take them seriously. It seemed to us that the empire's lifeline was no more at Nasser's mercy than it had been before. His motivations for keeping it open were, if anything, even greater.

Second, there was Nasser himself. It was with such a gameboard in mind that we had sought a Moslem Billy Graham, and in Gamal Abdel Nasser we thought we had a reasonable approximation of one. We didn't want another King Hussein (Jordan) or Nuri Pasha (Iraq); they may have fitted the British gameboard but there were no roles for puppets in the gameplan we had in mind. We wanted in Egypt a leader whose views were more or less consistent with ours while, at the same time, being consistent enough with his own people's to sustain him as a popular leader. If he had to be 'anti' anything (and he did, in accordance with the principle that it's easier to rally followers against something than for something), we preferred that it be 'imperialism' rather than Israel. He

could even be anti-American, so long as it didn't hurt us particularly while being a net gain for himself. Most of all, we wanted him to be a *strong* leader so that, when the right psychological moments came, he could dare to make unpopular decisions – although, I must emphasize, they would be decisions suiting the interests of both Egypt and the United States.

In fact, we in the CIA who were in the process of inventing 'political action principles' saw Nasser as a master of our kind of 'game'. It seemed to us that anyone knowing all the circumstances and with an ounce of objectivity would realize that, as we programmed him, he *had* to behave almost exactly as he did. Moreover, our correspondence with Washington indicated that the State Department thoroughly understood the point we kept making: that Nasser was the most satisfactory – or least unsatisfactory – leader we could possibly have in Egypt at that time.

Third, there was Israeli play on the board. While the world was mystified at the Israeli raid in February 1955, killing thirty-odd people, an atrocity by anybody's definition, we saw it as perfect gameplay from the Israelis' point of view. So long as they saw no hope of Nasser's ever agreeing to peace with Israel on Israeli terms, the 'Nasser' *they* wanted on the international gameboard was one that was unequivocally anti-Israel rather than one who was so mildly anti-Israel that he might sway us Americans with his reasonableness. Before the Gaza raid, Nasser's interest in the Arab-Israeli conflict was minimal; his enemy was British imperialism (not Britain, note, but its imperialism). The Gaza raid, however, set off a chain of events, all constituting moves, that played right into Israeli hands and led to the Suez crisis. The Israelis were adept at a gameplay stratagem that political action specialists of the day called the 'Prod'.

Fourth, there were the post-Gaza moves and counter-moves. The Gaza raid killed any temptation Nasser might have had to go along with Secretary Dulles' plans for a regional defence arrangement (making nonsense of our argument to Nasser that his real enemy was Soviet Russia and not Israel), and set off a flurry of Egyptian requests for American arms, combined with Nasser's threats that if he didn't get them he would turn to the Soviets. The move that changed the whole character of the game was Nasser's procurement of Soviet arms, announced to the world on 27 September 1955. We in the CIA kept telling our State Department colleagues that Nasser was going to make this move, simply because as gameplayers we had to admit that it was precisely the move any one of us would have made had we been in his place. But the State Department persisted in the notion that he was bluffing. Anyhow, on

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orders of the Dulles brothers, Kim Roosevelt and I went to Egypt to convince Nasser that we should both make use of his sudden wave of popularity to risk an unpopular decision: i.e. to set in motion a plan leading to peace with Israel.

Then there was Secretary Dulles. But out of sight, out of mind. Dulles forgot all about us! Kim and I hadn't been in Cairo for so much as a day, having obtained Nasser's agreement on the 'unpopular decision', when the State Department issued a press statement announcing that George Allen, Assistant Secretary of State for Middle Eastern Affairs, would be going to Cairo to 'issue a warning' to Nasser. Understandably (understandable to us, anyhow) Nasser threw into the wastebasket a speech I had written for him to announce the Soviet arms deal, and substituted for it one which was somewhat intemperate by Western standards. From then on, it was downhill all the way, with Nasser consistently making moves we recognized as sound gameplay, and Secretary Dulles, by then calling all the shots, making moves that gave Nasser little choice but to escalate the conflict by making almost exactly the counter-moves we predicted he would make.

Sixth, there was the withdrawal of our offer to finance the Aswan Dam. We in the CIA well understood the necessity to withdraw our promise to finance the High Dam: Southern Congressmen feared it would enable the Egyptians to grow more cotton; Western Congressmen complained that we were looking with favour on a dam in Egypt while they weren't getting the money they wanted for dams in the West; there was the danger that insistence on the loan to Egypt would put the whole AID bill in jeopardy. But one evening after everybody else had gone home, Dulles and Bill Rountree, who had succeeded George Allen as Assistant Secretary of State for Middle Eastern Affairs, sat up late writing an explanation for the withdrawal of the loan calculated to enrage Nasser, to God knows what end. We in the CIA had nothing to do with that statement, and when Allen Dulles asked Kim Roosevelt later what he thought of it Kim was almost as enraged as Nasser, although he exercised somewhat more restraint in expressing himself. Allen, alarmed at Kim's reaction, took him, Frank Wisner and me to the State Department where we sat around a table and tried to predict how Nasser would react. Kim and I, joined by some of our State Department colleagues, argued that whatever he did would hardly constitute a gain for what we laughingly called the 'cause of peace in the Middle East', but we made no specific suggestions – except, as I reported in an earlier chapter, Frank Wisner ventured that he might nationalize the Suez Canal Company until we pooh-poohed him into silence.

Seventh, there was British outrage at Nasser's nationalization of the Suez Canal Company. When nationalization of the Canal Company was announced, the British immediately took and held the initiatives. We played along with them despite our awareness that British intelligence, for all its superior competence throughout the rest of the Middle East, was grossly uninformed on all that had been going on inside the Nasser government and on the general situation in Egypt. In one of the what-to-do-about-Nasser meetings some of my CIA colleagues and I had with SIS officers a month or so before the Anglo-French-Israeli attack on Egypt, an SIS officer showed me a highly secret document purporting to be a chart showing the organization of the *mukhabarat*, the Egyptian intelligence service. I thought he was pulling my leg! It was the chart my BA&H colleagues and I had drawn up, translated from the Arabic into what we Americans liked to call 'Anglicized English'. The interesting part was the list of the section heads, all friends of mine, some of them misspelled, some without first names, and some entirely wrong due to faulty interpretation of footnotes. Our British counterparts were apparently in ignorance of what my CIA team had been doing in Cairo during the previous two years.

What bothered us most, however, was the fact that the British weren't reacting at all like seasoned, cold-blooded gameplayers. Everything our colleagues in SIS and the Foreign Office said to us showed that they had no information that made any sense at all on which Egyptian officers or civilians might constitute a new government if Nasser were to be eliminated, or on the general situation inside Egypt. They were only guessing and making assumptions. And they didn't seem to care. They thought they should get rid of Nasser, hang the practical consequences, just to show the world that an upstart like him couldn't get away with so ostentatiously twisting the lion's tail. It was as though a chess Grand Master, embarrassed at having been outmanoeuvred by an opponent whom he considered an inferior player, wanted to kick over the table.

So what should we have done? It is important to understand that while Washington was playing along with all of London's ranting and raving, with President Eisenhower himself toying at odd moments with the thought of 'toppling' Nasser, we at the working level were closely in touch with Zakaria Mohieddin and other top Egyptians discussing pros and cons of Nasser's action, frankly (as gameplaying 'objective, dispassionate visitors from another planet') applauding the pros but firmly pointing out the cons. Our argument to Nasser, as always, was simply this: 'Okay, so you've won this round. But before a round comes up that you can't win why don't you exploit the spasm of popularity you're now

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enjoying to take some major statesmanlike move towards general peace in the area?' He agreed! To start with, he announced (credibly enough to satisfy not only the CIA but also the State Department despite its continued tsk-tskery) that he was going to keep the Canal running, compensate the former owners and do all the other things our lawyers considered the minimum by way of legal settlement in nationalization disputes.

He invited representatives of countries whose ships used the Canal to come to Cairo to discuss their complaints, if any. As it happened, though, there were no legitimate complaints. When European pilots left Egypt *en masse* Egyptian pilots promptly took over and ran the Canal to the satisfaction of one and all. Most important, he sent word to President Eisenhower that when all the hullabaloo had died down he would listen attentively to any proposal he might make for putting a practical Arab–Israeli tension-reducing programme 'on the road towards permanent peace'. That was good enough for us, if not for the British. To them, it was 'their' Canal, and that was that.

Look, those of us who had been assigned to work with Nasser had been explicitly instructed that our first mission was to keep him in power. Moreover, for all his disagreements Dulles saw no good reason why we shouldn't. As a lawyer, he knew that Britain didn't have a case. Nasser couldn't nationalize the Canal; it was already, beyond any shadow of legal doubt, a part of Egypt. It was entirely within his rights, moreover, to nationalize the Suez Canal Company – which was, in fact, all that he nationalized. It was clearly, no doubt about it, a company incorporated in Egypt according to Egyptian law, no other. Sir Anthony could call this a 'legal quibble' all he wanted; to Dulles, whose speciality for all his adult life had been international law, a law was a law. We had accepted many other nationalizations, under circumstances which were legally identical if less dramatic politically, insisting only that compensation be paid or convincingly promised, and that the nationalized company, institution or whatever wouldn't be used against us.

Finally, there was our gameplay. According to the principles of covert political action in which we had by then become firm believers, the Anglo–French–Israeli attack on Egypt made no sense at all, and was, in fact, easily the worst move that could possibly have been made, executed with such bumbling naivety and ignorance of ways of the world that, by comparison, it made the CIA's present support of the Contras seem sophisticated. Imagine associating with the Israelis, hated enemy not only of all the Arabs but of most of the Moslem world! Imagine pretending to be entering the fray to 'separate the two sides', Egypt and Israel, by

telling each that they should withdraw ten miles from the Canal when the Israelis were then *forty* miles from the Canal, and could interpret the order as permission to move thirty miles forward! The whole thing was stupid, utterly stupid. Worse, it was (and I am about to use the most censorious phrase we possessed in our professional vocabularies at that time) *unsophisticated*.

After we prevailed upon the invaders to withdraw, senior people in the Foreign Office and the British Defence Ministry were insisting that if we had delayed our outcry for just twenty-four hours Nasser would have fallen. We were amazed at such nonsense, inasmuch as there was no intelligence whatever to support it. We certainly had none, and if the British had any they didn't show it to us. Moreover, not one of our British friends could give us a rational estimate of what would have happened to our benefit if he *had* fallen.

And look what *did* happen. Instead of keeping the Suez Canal open, the action closed it – as the dumbest intelligence analyst, either British or American, could have predicted. Egypt, Syria and Saudi Arabia broke off relations with Britain and France. Jordan and Iraq kept their relations with Britain (although not with France), but relations were strained in a way that laid the groundwork for an anti-British military coup in Iraq some months later. For all practical purposes, the Baghdad Pact was finished, and was officially brought to an end by the military coup. In the world at large, Britain and France were condemned not only by Soviet Russia and Communist China but by members of the Commonwealth: Canada, Pakistan, India and Ceylon. Maybe, we thought, our British friends had learned a lesson.

Well, most of them hadn't. They blamed their losses on American pressures, arguing that had they been allowed to follow through to final success the outcome would have been favourable. But, here again, *all* the intelligence we had indicated the opposite. Our British friends have never effectively questioned this, but many of them argue to this very day that we deserted them in their hour of need, and that we were therefore poor allies. And to this very day they don't accept the argument that we Americans, despite the fact that we worked closely with Nasser from the time he first thought of his revolution right up to his untimely death, have all along understood the background to the Suez crisis more comprehensively than they did. The fact that history has proven them wrong hasn't mattered. Maybe we had there a 'historical folly', as Barbara Tuchman was later to describe acts of leaders based on preconceived fixed notions while ignoring all contrary signs. But I thought then, as I think now, that the British thrive on folly, so they'll always soldier through somehow.

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So will we, come right down to it. To quote Ms Tuchman again, 'Mankind makes a poorer performance of government than almost any other human activity', a bit of wisdom that applies to the US Government more than to the British, especially when it comes to international gameplay. But we, too, somehow come out all right in the end, only to screw things up again. When the dust had settled after the Suez affair, it was clear that we had made at least temporary gains on the international gameboard. Nasser emerged from it stronger and more popular than ever before, not only in Egypt but throughout the Middle East. Through our Ambassador, Raymond Hare, he made a special point of thanking the US for our support while reminding him of his earlier promise to 'do something' about 'reducing the tensions with Israel'. Leaders elsewhere in the Arab world went out of their way to express their appreciation for our 'standing up to Israel and her allies'. Even Nuri Pasha Sa'id, who many British insist to this day was supportive of the assault on Egypt, told our Ambassador in Iraq that he considered the assault a 'foolish adventure' which would have been an even greater embarrassment to him had it succeeded. I find it difficult to believe, but I have been told by sources in whom I have confidence that, at the UN, delegates from Third World countries were actually smiling at our delegates as they passed them in the halls. But it didn't last, because our way of capitalizing on Ray Hare's suggestion that 'we must seize this opportunity to establish a strong position' was something called the 'Eisenhower Doctrine'.

Ah, the Eisenhower Doctrine! Announced with the remarkable sense of timing we had come to associate with our Secretary of State, it was an offer by the US Government to commit American troops to the defence of any Middle Eastern government 'endangered by overt armed aggression from any nation controlled by international Communism'. At the time, there were no Middle Eastern nations controlled by international Communism, and no nations threatened by Communist aggression. On the contrary, the Soviets were offering arms, economic aid and political support to any Middle Eastern country that would accept. The Eisenhower Doctrine infuriated those Arab states which our political action campaigns were trying to bring into line, and only stimulated the prevailing inclinations to venality among our political mercenaries.

Here again is an item which I've covered sufficiently in previous writings, but I must repeat what Nasser said to me when I told him about it. 'The genius of you Americans,' he said, 'is that you never make clearcut stupid moves, only *complicated* stupid moves that make us wonder at the possibility that there may be something we are missing.' He added that he thought the Eisenhower Doctrine was 'one of the

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shrewdest mistakes ever made by a Great Power diplomat'. I was a young man then, and I knew other countries better than I knew my own. It took me many more years in Washington to learn that many of our 'stupid moves', if that is what they were, were made for very good reasons and not by stupid people.

The lesson was a turning point in my life. It was a fact of life to which I thereafter adjusted my own personal game.

Chapter 20

COPELAND & EICHELBERGER

This turning point occurred somewhere in my mid-thirties when it dawned on me that I shouldn't take at face value what our government spokesmen said to satisfy public appetites, and should realize that it wasn't accurately indicative of what our decision-makers were thinking in private and doing about it. This wasn't duplicity; it was a reflection of the Executive branch's need to adjust its moves to Congressional imperatives, while concealing its hand from foreign players.

It took a year or two in Washington to teach me how *any* democratic government, ours like any other, must sometimes confuse the 'urgent' with the 'important' (I had learned during the Second World War that the two are rarely the same) and how domestic pressures may provoke it into behaviour that appears impetuous to the casual observer. I soon developed this theory: there is something in the national subconscious that is coldly pragmatic and that is ultimately controlled by what, for want of a better word, we may call the Establishment. Whatever we may call it, it exploits short-run mistakes and defeats and turns them into victories in the long run.

Thus, in seeking the truth about our government's behaviour up to 1957, it occurred to me to peek beneath the seeming floundering to ask, 'Where are we *really* going?' and 'What is there to gain in the end?' I was in a position to know that there was no Master Plan, no behind-the-scenes strategic genius orchestrating our behaviour; there was not even an explicitly stated strategy – other than, that is, such hokum as the Eisenhower Plan and other absurdities cooked up for psy-war purposes. But behind our behaviour was an uncanny knack of minimizing losses and maximizing gains so as to come out on top in the end. Our kind of democracy worked well because it raised to positions of leadership

persons who were skilled at talking out of their mouths from both sides.

Jim Eichelberger, who had been with me in Egypt and who joined me on my political staff in 1955, saw all this more clearly than I did. In Egypt, he had written the paper, 'Power Problems of a Revolutionary Government', which, after translation into Arabic by a bilingual assistant of Zakaria Mohieddin, provided some of the guidelines for Nasser's early attempts to consolidate his revolution. Following the Suez affair we co-authored a comparable paper suggesting ways in which the US Government might consolidate the gains that had fallen in our laps for having opposed the British, the French and the Israelis. I haven't the faintest idea who read it, or if anyone outside our unit did, but the writing of it did wonders for my perspectives. Eich and I began to look carefully for the method that was to be found in the madness our government was perpetrating at the time – all moving, of course, in a direction the opposite of our paper's recommendations. We found little madness but lots of method.

We bracketed in on what seemed to be the nuttiest idea of all, the so-called Suez Canal Users' Committee, whereby a series of dignitaries were to fly to Cairo to explain to Nasser how his nationalization of the Canal was unacceptable to the rest of the world and how, now that he'd had his fun, he should turn the whole thing over to adults who knew how to manage such things. Seeing irresistible possibilities for high comedy in this effort (by then, along with Kim Roosevelt, we had given up trying to make sense out of the mess), Eich and I threw ourselves into it with unrestrained enthusiasm. Kim, meanwhile, was enjoying himself with a truly 'covert' effort. He talked Allen Dulles, then his brother Foster, into sending the Honourable Robert ('Honest Bob') Anderson, the former Secretary of the Treasury and a favourite of President Eisenhower, to Saudi Arabia to threaten the King with a loss of oil revenues if he refused to join an area-wide anti-Nasser movement. Moreover, as his own representative, he sent along our old friend Wilbur ('Bill') Eveland to make sure that Honest Bob and old King Sa'ud were mutually intelligible.

The choice of these two was a stroke of genius. Honest Bob was not the brightest of our professional VIPs, but he did not look gift horses in the mouth, and if he thought he was doing the bidding of his mentor Eisenhower, without batting an eye he would have advised the King that he should go off to a quiet corner somewhere and shoot himself. From previous experience, Kim knew Bill Eveland to be a careerist with a flair for ingratiating himself with VIPs with less brains than himself, while undermining their efforts in ways that would please those back in Washington who wrote his efficiency reports. Anderson could speak

with the fervour of a born-again Christian, but he could be counted upon to make no sense at all in talking to persons of alien cultures. With Eveland at his elbow, however, there would be no ambiguities, no misunderstanding. When Anderson told King Sa'ud, in effect, that he should join in a common effort against Nasser or we would stop buying his oil, the King thought his ears were deceiving him. He asked what we would be using instead, Anderson said, 'Nuclear energy,' and Eveland assured the King that nuclear energy was what Anderson had said, and nuclear energy was what he meant.

I never learned what Kim really had up his sleeve, except I know that within days of Anderson's and Eveland's return to Washington he received a message from Crown Prince Feisal saying, in effect, that the mission had been a success. Then he roped Eich and myself into the series of meetings which I mentioned in the previous chapter, and various desultory attempts to play along with the anti-Nasser mood of the moment. Among other things, it included a cash subsidy to King Hussein, co-operation with the British in a plan to overthrow the Syrian government, and the tightening of a channel to Nasser by which to ensure that whatever came of our anti-Nasser measures a pro-Nasser rescue operation would be on hand to replace them if they failed. But, as I've already said, it was the Suez Canal Users' Association (SCUA), originally the Co-operative Association of Canal Users (CASU), that Eich and I (and later Kim) thought we could get our teeth into.

In brief, CASU was to be an organization of the Western nations that used the Canal; it would manage the Canal, supply the pilots and services, collect the tolls and give Egypt its 'fair share' of the take. Invitations to come to London on 19 September went to all eighteen nations, along with a letter to Nasser expressing the hope that he would co-operate. In a speech to the graduating class of the Egyptian air force, Nasser announced his intention to form a 'users association' of various countries which would control the Port of London, saying that he would send a letter to Secretary Dulles requesting *him* to co-operate. We all know what happened after that.

I've been told that somewhere in files now available to serious writers thanks to the Freedom of Information Act there is a Memorandum of Conversation I wrote upon returning from a hasty trip to visit Zakaria Mohieddin in Cairo a week or so after Eich returned to Washington. As I remember my meeting with Zakaria, I first gave him a modified version of what Eich had told Kim and me; then I asked his opinion on a bright idea that had occurred to Eich on his way back to Washington from London: what about a common carrier system owned jointly by the oil companies

and the Middle Eastern nations involved in the production or transportation of oil? A government-and-industry consortium would own and manage the pipelines and the Canal in the way railroads are run in the United States.

This was some months *before* the assault on Suez, so it is understandable that my memorandum and all related papers lay unread for many weeks in Allen's 'hold' basket. But less than a week or so after the British, French and Israeli forces had withdrawn from Suez, Allen grabbed at it as the only straw in sight. Eich and I rewrote it several times to accord with notes contributed by Frank Wisner and others in margins of the first draft, then we took it to the Under-secretary of State, Herbert Hoover, Jr, who said it was 'worth thinking about'. So Eich and I were authorized to visit New York, Chicago and San Francisco to discuss the general idea with oil company executives we knew from meetings of something called the Middle East Emergency Committee which we had attended during the previous months.

I am not much of a scholar; Eich, however, was a brilliant one, having spent a couple of years after his discharge from the army on the GI Bill of Rights as a professional student. Following a nod of approval from Hoover, he read everything on the oil business he could get his hands on, and when we made the rounds of the five American majors – Standard Oil (New Jersey), Socony Mobil, Gulf, Texas and Standard Oil of California – he could hold his own in all the discussions. Adding to his newfound expertise my somewhat glib understanding of 'cultural interface', we made quite a team.

Nobody to whom we talked showed much interest in our idea of a common carrier system, but they were all impressed by the painstaking background study that had, by that time, gone into the idea. Three out of the five we visited offered us jobs, and the other two said they would be happy to take us on as consultants provided we had a few other clients. After a couple of weeks of these talks, interspersed with such study as we could do back at the ranch, on CIA time, we were giddy with confidence. After talks with Kim, whose confidence had taken another blow in a conversation with Allen, Frank and the head of the FE Division about a proposed operation in Indonesia, we decided upon a long-range plan whereby Eich and I would accept an offer made by the Gulf Oil Company to employ us as consultants, and Kim would join us after we had become established. Within a week, we had signed on not only Gulf but also one of the world's largest banks and one of the world's largest airlines, the latter two on a highly confidential basis because our contacts in them were uneasy about our CIA connection. I'll not say what our total billing added

up to because I don't remember, but compared to our government salaries it was enormous, something like three times as much.

For a variety of reasons, we settled on a consultancy arrangement with the Gulf Oil Corporation of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Eich's old home town. The first reason was the lack of competition in Gulf for my kind of expertise; I felt that if we worked for any of the other companies all our reports would be subject to expert scrutiny of a kind that would keep us constantly on the spot. Gulf was the only one of the majors that had no area experts to look over our shoulders; it got its intelligence on the Middle East, such as it was, from its partner in Kuwait, British Petroleum. While we and Gulf were looking each other over, we were allowed to read some of the stuff BP was sending to Pittsburgh. It was patronizing garbage. BP executives no doubt felt that Gulf executives, being mid-American country cousins, should sit passively in Pittsburgh and clip coupons, leaving the Middle East in their expert hands. Through my connection with Ajax and otherwise, I knew BP very well. As Eich said, 'Upstaging BP will be fun.'

Country cousins they may have been, but the top people of Gulf were ideal customers for the kind of intelligence old CIA hands could provide. They were ignorant of the Middle East and its alien cultures but they realized it and they were smart. Ralph Rhoades, the executive vice-president, was the man who found oil in Kuwait, sinking not a single dry hole, and who was acknowledged to have found more oil than any other one man in the history of the industry. He didn't know Kuwait or the Middle East, as such, but he had enough native wisdom to recognize real area expertise when he saw it. Bill Whiteford, the company's 300-pound president, was known as the toughest, most energetic, most aggressive and most competent no-bullshit executive in the oil business, if not in American industry generally. David Proctor, chairman of the board of directors, was a kind of tribal wise man who, then already past his prime, looked with favour on us as a matter of principle, and whom we saw we could count on to understand that even hotshots like ourselves would occasionally have 'off' days.

There was, of course, the company itself. When we read about Gulf before going to Pittsburgh for our first visit, its assets were given as \$722 million. But that was in a publication dated 1946. In our first briefing we learned that they had risen to over three and a half *billion*, or over five times what they had been only eleven years earlier, while annual earnings had grown to over *six* times as much. Most important, we learned that two-thirds of Gulf's earning came from operations abroad, with oil from Kuwait, the site of its principal holding, costing less than ten

cents a barrel and selling at \$1.85. Country cousins indeed. Even with my unbusinesslike brain, I could see that Proctor, Whiteford and Rhoades were something more than managers of a village hardware store. It occurred to me, however, that as top-flight businessmen who knew the importance of a kind of knowledge they didn't have they would be especially appreciative of the firm of Copeland & Eichelberger, as we had decided to call ourselves.

Finally, we liked our assignment. Instead of a miscellany of subjects to cover – as for example, we would have had if we had gone to work for Mobil, with problems in a half-dozen countries, all different – we had only one Middle Eastern country to watch: Kuwait, where Gulf owned a half interest in the Kuwait Oil Company, with BP owning the other half. Actually, our job was not so much to watch Kuwait itself as to keep an eye on all developments in the Middle East which would affect the interests of the Kuwait Oil Company – such as, for example, the fluctuating anxieties of the Kuwaiti royal family due to unsettling political developments in Iraq and Egypt, leaders of which kept thinking up schemes whereby they would furnish the brains while Kuwait furnished the money.

Looking back on the period 1957–60, I can see even from this distance that nobody, at that time or later, did as fine and well-focused a job as Eich and I did. Since that time, I've worked for all of the seven majors except Texas and BP, and three of the leading independent oil companies, earning every penny they paid me, but only on a basis I'll now confide to any of you readers who aspire to become top pay consultants: those companies that need you the least are the most likely to employ you. This could be said of the other clients we had at the time – a huge bank, an international airline and, later, a major construction company for which we did a bit of industrial espionage – all of which were happy clients for the time Eich and I worked together.

So we landed in Beirut in the middle of July 1957, took prestigious and comfortable living quarters, and set up shop in a suite of offices next to TAPline, the company that ran the pipeline from Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, to Sidon, Lebanon, for the Arabian-American Oil Company (Aramco) owned by the four majors, Mobil, Standard of New Jersey, Texaco and Standard of California. And, thanks to our old CIA colleague, Jim Angleton, we began to entertain. Within six months, we were known to give the best parties in Beirut.

Our Angleton-financed entertaining needs a bit of explanation. You see, Jim Angleton was the only member of the Washington and London intelligence communities who was *sure* that H.A.R. ('Kim') Philby was a KGB agent. He had even *told* Philby so, over lunch in a chichi Georgetown

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restaurant, but Philby had only laughed and said, 'You'll never get anyone to believe you.' But, without laughing, Jim told me that I should, for once, set aside my trusting nature and join the small number of CIA officers who believed that Philby's being a KGB agent was at least a possibility. He said that if I would keep an eye on him (Philby had moved to Beirut a few months before Eich and I did), he'd pay all the costs – costs, of course, being in the form of entertainment expenses, since it was under the cover of social contact that I was to do my counter-espionage work.

We hadn't been in Beirut for more than a week or two, when, not yet having had time to give any thought to Kim Philby, *he looked me up*. We had invited to dinner a few old friends from our Damascus days, including the *New York Times'* Sam Pope Brewer and his wife Eleanor, when Philby arrived, uninvited, along with the two of them. I'd liked Philby since I met him in 1942 when he was among the MI6 instructors when he'd come to the US to help train OSS recruits, and I'd seen a lot of him in Washington, socially as well as professionally, when he was SIS station chief at the time of the Burgess and Maclean affair. Lorraine, an archaeologist, was intrigued by him because of his father, old St John Philby, who was living with a Bedouin wife down in Saudi Arabia, so when he appeared on our doorstep with the Brewers we welcomed him warmly. From then on, with the CIA entertainment allowance firmly in mind, we kept inviting him. We'd throw a buffet dinner for forty people on a night we were sure Philby was free to be one of them, and send the bill to Jim Angleton.

I earned what Jim paid me. For example, I arranged for a senior official of the Lebanese Sûreté, whom I cultivated for general intelligence purposes, to subject Philby to the occasional 'spot' surveillance and to report back to me anything of interest, and what he gave me indicated that Philby was still practising his old tradecraft. As a matter of habit, he invariably shook off his tail. Also from time to time Sûreté agents spotted him in some awfully strange parts of Beirut such as the Armenian Quarter at the beginning of the road to Damascus, where we subsequently learned that he kept a top-storey flat from which to send 'black light' messages to a KGB code clerk who saw them from one of the thousands of windows in his line of sight.

Eventually, I learned of his clandestine affair with Sam's wife, Eleanor, and concluded that all the sneaking about was in aid of that. After Philby and Eleanor were married I told Angleton that I appreciated the entertainment allowance (by then, I was hardly in need of a financial subsidy), and that the Philbys were always good value as guests, but I thought my observation of him was a waste of time. He asked me to keep it up,

however, and the Philbys continued to be frequent guests in the Copeland household, and on weekends on the Copeland boat, until Kim fled to the Soviet Union in January 1963. Lorraine and I did what we could to help our SIS friends piece together some intelligent speculation about what he had been up to during his time in Beirut, and, together with Jean and Dick Parker of the American Embassy, we held Eleanor's hand until her husband surfaced in Moscow and sent for her.

I was going to tell you about Copeland & Eichelberger's work for the Gulf Oil Corporation, and what we deemed to be the events in the Middle East which might have affected Kuwait and the anxieties of its ruling family. Happily, they were just the kind of events we were best prepared to watch: they were the incidental effects of the game of the century that was about to begin, with Kim Roosevelt in one corner and Gamal Abdel Nasser in the other. I must emphasize that, although I kept the CIA fully informed on my ongoing good relations with Nasser and certain members of his government, I didn't have access to information on what our own government was doing to combat Nasser other than what I knew from overt observations and from talks with former CIA colleagues who chose to confide in me despite their knowing that I believed the anti-Nasser operations were a mistake. In particular, all through the Lebanese crisis of 1958 I kept the CIA station chief in Beirut fully informed of my contacts with the Egyptians, but I didn't feel obliged to report anything I knew about the Egyptians that would be useful to the Agency's anti-Nasser operations. Later, my Egyptian friends accused me of playing a double game, but I wasn't. For the record, let me say this. The *only* recipient of all 'Copeich' reports (as, after our cable address, we called all materials emanating from the Copeland & Eichelberger office) was Kim Roosevelt, and I was in a position to know that he handled them with the utmost discretion. And when, a year later, Kim resigned from the Agency, not to join us, but to become a vice-president of the Gulf Oil Corporation (and, once again, for all practical purposes, our 'boss!') he resumed his friendly relations with Nasser, not to side with him in his continuing conflict with the US Government but to advise him, as a friend, how to get off his downhill path.

Anyway, I think I would have stayed away from our CIA friends entirely had it not been for one thing: I was homesick! There we were, raking in the money, living like rich American émigrés (fine houses, many servants, etc.), hobnobbing with Beirut's prosperous business community and all the rest, yet I missed my old colleagues and I was drawn to the CIA station like a moth to a flame. And to make matters worse, as the anti-Nasser tournament approached boiling point, the

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team of the Beirut station chief was increased to include many old friends from other Middle East field stations and from Washington, including some of my favourite Bright Young Men ('BYMs') from the old Political Action Staff I had just left.

To make matters worse (worse in the sense of homesick-making, I mean), squabbles began between the various specialized units and I found myself in the role of a father-figure listening to their various complaints – which included, needless to say, information on what was going on in the world of intrigue and covert operations that I had no business knowing. The exception was the station chief himself, normally a good friend but in those circumstances a resentful adversary. To show my goodwill, I got in the habit of dropping in to see him every few days to tell him how he should run his station. You'd think he'd *appreciate* it! But no, he'd tell me to mind my own business, then send a whining cable to Dick Helms asking him to please, please somehow get me out of his hair. But then he'd receive a cable from the Dulles brothers asking him to check on 'how Copeland and Eichelberger see the situation' and he'd go through the roof. Poor guy. He never understood that I *really* wanted to be helpful.

All through these reminiscences I've refrained from naming names, but since this particular station chief is now dead I think I'll risk the displeasure of the Security people at CIA headquarters out in Langley, Virginia, by naming him. He was Ghosn Zogby, a 300-pound bilingual Lebanese-American who was in every respect a fine man and top-flight professional. His real enemy was not me but another old CIA friend whose name I can name since he named himself in a book he has written by way of revenge on the CIA and on some of his former colleagues. He is still very much alive and kicking, although he's sort of *hors de combat* professionally. A sad story, his energies have been sapped by booze, long unemployment and the bitterness he still feels towards his old pals, one of them being Zog. 'Just because I'm not paranoid,' he said just after he'd been given a clean bill of health by CIA psychoanalysts, 'doesn't mean the sonsofbitches are not out to get me.'

I am talking about Wilbur ('Bill') Eveland, concerning whom the phrase 'own worst enemy' leaps to mind. Eich and I first met Bill in Cairo in November 1954, when he and a Pentagon colonel, one Al Gerhardt, visited us to explain to President Nasser how, despite indications to the contrary, his real enemy was the USSR not Israel. Our recollections vary on what these two actually said to Nasser, but we agree on the first impressions Bill and Al made on us. As they got off the aeroplane at Cairo airport, there was no mistaking Al Gerhardt, a standard army

colonel, but we were taken aback by the apparition following him two paces to the rear: striped pants, tailored Oxford grey waistcoat of the kind one wears to diplomatic funerals, homburg hat, briefcase. 'Jeezus,' said Eich, 'he's in fancy dress!'

The apparition turned out to be Bill Eveland, and I liked him on sight. Eich didn't. Bill made a good impression on me because in a few minutes of whispered asides he made it clear that he had only come along for the ride, and that 'Foster' had attached him to Colonel Gerhardt as a sort of minder to ensure that the message to Nasser was 'made to sound realistic'. In those days, 'realistic' was a buzz word meaning nothing in particular to the person using it and anything convenient to the purpose at hand to the one receiving it. The mention of 'Foster' (besides Kim Roosevelt, Bill was the only one in the CIA who referred to Dulles by his Christian name) made me see Bill as a fellow you-know-what.

Reactions of the rest of the Cairo CIA station were the same as Eich's, and after a hurried meeting with station personnel (I was only a loyal alumnus at the time, remember, although Eich was still a CIA insider), it was decided that we would revert to an old CIA stratagem we used to practise on visitors we wanted to feel as though they were one of us, although they really weren't: we'd tell them nothing, and lots of it, and with an air of great secrecy. So we gave Bill the runaround, and being a fellow you-know-what, he swallowed what was convenient and ignored the rest. A man after my own heart.

Between the time we met Bill in Cairo and the time he arrived in Beirut to help or hinder Zog, depending on day-to-day circumstances, he had made himself valuable to Kim Roosevelt in relations with the British as we and they, in our different ways, did our eggshell dances around the Suez Canal issue. Bill met with our SIS counterparts in London and, sometimes according to Kim's orders and sometimes by sheer instinct, he gave them the 'lots of nothing' treatment, while realizing that they were doing the same to us. As Kim said of Bill at the time, 'He's much more useful to us knowing half the story than he possibly could be knowing all of it.' By the time he arrived in Beirut, in April or May 1957, he had an impressive track record as a bullshit artist – a *high-level* bullshit artist who could drop the name Foster with such aplomb that those around him would think that he and Secretary Dulles played golf together every weekend. In short, he lent style to our community. As a kibbitzer, I appreciated him even if poor Zog didn't.

I don't remember the details, and I don't think it would serve any useful purpose if I did, but the operation over which Bill and Zog wrangled is worth reporting as the kind of thing that goes on in the world of

diplomats, spies and Big-Time operators, in contrast to the antics that *don't* go on, yet are the stuff of CIA exposés and television thrillers.

The operation, one of the many the Agency was running to combat the influence Nasser was gaining as the result of the Eisenhower Doctrine, was the rigging of the Lebanese election of 1957 – or, rather, the *derigging* of it since the Egyptians and the Syrians had already rigged it and it was in the interest of ourselves, the Lebanese and the whole 'free world' for the election to be comparatively on the level. For reasons that escaped me then, and would no doubt still escape me now if I were to bother to reasearch them, 'Foster', Zog and Donald Heath, the American Ambassador, had three competing candidates, all in one way or another Good Guys, but each vulnerable to a different kind of inducement.

Bill Eveland did a masterful job not only in neutralizing Ambassador Heath's efforts to countermand those of Dulles' orders that bypassed the Embassy, but also in giving snow jobs to VIPs from headquarters coming from Washington at odd intervals to check on how well the CIA, the regular Embassy staff and the 'unofficials' were doing to advance the Eisenhower Doctrine. Despite his constant battles with both the Beirut CIA station and the administrative people back in Washington for his spending (Bill liked to live well), he kept on good terms with both Allen and 'Foster', playing a key role in Kim Roosevelt's anti-Nasser orchestra. I still think of the period 1957–60 as the Eveland Era of Arab–American politics.

In the years immediately following the creation of Copeland & Eichelberger, Nasser continued to win battles while the CIA and the State Department lost them all but pressed forward to final victory – victory over Nasser, that is, if not over the forces of anti-Israel, anti-American nationalism that Secretary Dulles persisted in labelling 'international Communism'. Following the game on the centre court was like settling an argument between two children over who had started their fight: 'It started when he hit me back,' each will say. Nasser claimed that in getting arms from the Soviets in 1955 he was only 'reacting' to our refusal to provide them with what he needed at a time when the Israelis were buzzing Cairo at such a low altitude that their jets were breaking windows in the hotels. We claimed that the first move in the game was Nasser's arms deal with the Soviets, and that our withdrawal of aid for the High Dam (announced in a press release that Nasser found insulting) was our 'reaction'. It went on from there: the nationalization of the Suez Canal, the Anglo–French–Israeli attack on Egypt, and the Eisenhower Doctrine.

Despite the lack of area expertise behind the Eisenhower Doctrine, some of us thought that it might be used as cover for a number of moves

following up on the points we had made with Nasser by opposing the Anglo-French-Israeli attack on Egypt. But, no, Secretary Dulles soon admitted that he had all along secretly sided with the British, but had been silenced by the opposition President Eisenhower had taken to it when he was off somewhere making a speech. Then the State Department pointedly withheld wheat and financial aid from Egypt when Nasser was wrestling with the difficulties of cleaning up the post-Suez mess – a fact which Nasser used to good advantage in the propaganda campaign which accompanied his covert moves in various Arab countries. He tried two coups in Jordan and failed; the CIA tried two in Syria and failed. The difference was that Nasser compromised with King Hussein, and the two reached a *modus vivendi*, while we kept at the Syrians until they were eventually, for all game purposes, beyond recall. Meanwhile the US Government was overtly giving military aid to friendly Arab governments, while the Soviets were responding by giving military aid to governments unfriendly to us, if not necessarily friendly to them. The CIA's Soviet specialists got the point even if the Dulles brothers didn't. To them if a government was anti-American it was Communist.

Alas, I don't have copies of all the reports we sent to Pittsburgh during this period, some of which we had translated into Arabic for transmission to friends in the Kuwaiti royal family we lined up during the first year we were in business. I remember, though, that our bosses back in Pittsburgh were pleased with the way we kept the Kuwaiti royal family just frightened enough not to quarrel more than lightly over division of oil profits. Our job, as we saw it, was not only to tell both our employers back in Pittsburgh and the Kuwaiti royal family what they should worry about but what they should *not* worry about, a fine balance. We earned our fee by advising the Kuwaitis, through Gulf executives seconded to the Kuwait Oil Company, that they'd continue to survive and draw in the big bucks (a million dollars a day at that time) if they'd rise above the ongoing conflict, and Pittsburgh that they should not be alarmed by what they read in their newspapers. But we learned something else about consultancy work.

Bill Whiteford, the Gulf president, told us we should not try to justify our pay by reporting everything we saw. 'We don't have much time back here to read,' he said. After a board meeting, however, his secretary tipped us off to the fact that a month of our 'nothing to report' letters had caused him to ask Ralph Rhoades, our main contact in the company, 'What are we paying those guys for?' After that we practised the old CIA rule (you guessed it): 'Tell them nothing, lots of it, and with an air of great secrecy' – except that it's okay to be 'educational' or even 'amusing'.

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Thanks to Eich, and a literary study he had developed by writing for 'little' magazines and occasionally for the *New Yorker*, we composed reports to Pittsburgh that made them 'feel' the Middle Eastern environment whence came most of their money.

We did the same for our airline and our bank, and within a year we began to get new clients, in the end having a total of seven. Then Kim resigned from the Agency to become a vice-president of Gulf, where he was put in charge of government relations and installed in a prestigious Washington office. He wrote us a letter beginning with the phrase, 'This is the hardest letter I ever had to write,' and going on to apologise briefly for his move but insisting that his being an insider of the Gulf organization would have advantages for us all. In a firmer tone, he directed that we were thenceforth to send our reports not to Ralph Rhoades but to him. We did, and before long *he* was earning the big bucks but, so far as Ralph Rhoades knew, we weren't – weren't *earning* them, that is, although Gulf continued to pay us while being oblivious of what, if anything, we were sending them via Kim's office in Washington.

Kim's leaving the Agency to become a vice-president of Gulf made big changes in the lives of Eichelberger and myself. Since he was based in a Washington office befitting an oil tycoon, Kim could easily maintain friendly social contacts with all the top CIA people who were no further away than his telephone or the Metropolitan Club. With our enthusiastic agreement, he took over both our contact with Gulf and our contact with the Agency by an arrangement that I found convenient but Eich found only useful. Eich began to see Kim as a protective shield behind which he could hide so as to indulge his inclination to goof off. When he began muttering about identity doubts, midlife crises and a need to indulge his Dionysian temperament, at forty years of age, I knew the end was coming. Then, in December 1959, Gulf ended its contract with Copeland & Eichelberger, as such, while I held on to our other clients as Eich divorced his wife and went off to Paris to resume a romantic relationship with a French poetess he had met during the last days of the war. Neither Gulf nor Kim had any further use for Eich, but I continued to send reports to Gulf through Kim's Washington office while keeping up with our other five or six clients. The arrangement enabled me to avoid cash-flow problems and to sustain a pretence of good relations with my old friends in Langley, although as he passed my reports to them Kim indicated only that they were from 'an exceptionally well-informed source'.

From 1960 until the death of Nasser in 1970, my main value to Gulf, to my surviving clients, to the CIA and to Kim and myself was in my continuing contact with friends in Egypt. In the middle of the 1958

troubles in Lebanon, Zakaria sent one of his top officers to Beirut to keep in touch with me and the Egyptian Ambassador, Abdel Hamid Ghaleb, while Zoghby and his 'regional headquarters' was building up a team of film producers, propagandists, sound technicians, psychopharmacologists and an assortment of case officers speaking Arabic, Kurdish, Armenian and other languages more or less indigenous to the area. So while our governmental masters were posturing, blaming the ills of the world on 'international Communism' and so on, the professionals were picking up the pieces and maintaining a balance between the two sides of what was truly a phoney war. Needless to say, the lunches Zog and top members of his team had with the Egyptian Ambassador, Zakaria's man and myself at the house of Fawzi el-Hoss, right in the middle of *les événements* in Lebanon during the summer of 1958, were reported to headquarters only in routine operational messages guaranteed not to circulate above the desk-officer level.

So, like fish swimming serenely beneath the surface of the sea while storms rage above, the so-called working levels of the US Government muddled through losing battle after battle but enjoying victory at the end. My 'Egyptian team', as Zog called my modest effort, survived Nasser's creation and break-up of the union with Syria, the 'United Arab Republic', his involvement in the Yemen, and his failed coups in Amman just as the 'Dulles team' survived a number of setbacks beginning with the overthrow of a pro-Western government in Iraq and ending with Nasser's imposition of a blockade at the port of Aqaba while forcing the withdrawal of United Nations forces from Sinai. Nasser had going for him the US Government's support of Israel and Dulles' insistence on seeing 'international Communism' where he should have been seeing native nationalism. We Americans had going for us Nasser's accelerating momentum and his persistently biting off more than he could chew.

In Pittsburgh, I found my audience less interested in when and how to launch *coups d'état* than in how to live with either an undesirable political environment or an unsuccessful CIA attempt to change it. At a talk I gave to a roomful of Gulf executives assembled by Ralph Rhoades, I found that there was less fear of international Communism, anti-American native nationalism or whatever than there was of what the Eisenhower administration might do by way of remedy.

But all along I nursed a CIA ambition to answer this question: how could we 'engineer' political environments in the Middle East which would so change the priorities of the Arabs and the Israelis that their respective desires for economic wellbeing would moderate their mutual hatreds, and reduce their conflict from a boil down to a harmless simmer?

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I now blush as I look back on the naive and simplistic thinking that supported this notion of mine (or rather, notion of *ours*, since it was shared by my Mossad friend), but the events of 1966 and 1967 sharpened them up: 1967, my more historically inclined readers will remember, was the year of the Arab–Israeli war that changed both the game and the rules, but not in the way I had had in mind. And it pointed to a possible ally I hadn't thought of, the Saudi Arabian royal family. Until then, I had no client with more than a general interest in Saudi Arabia, and all I knew about its royal family was what I had learned from Zog's case officers who competed with Nasser's in trying to win it over.

From the oil companies' point of view, it was preferable that the whole Arabian peninsula and its royal families be quarantined from the conflict, a feat to be accomplished by keeping them forever conscious of the lives that their oil royalties had taught them to enjoy. In a talk with Ralph Rhoades, I described the closeness and mutuality of interests of all of the so-called royal families in the Arabian peninsula, and of how they should either play both sides of the Egyptian–American conflict or keep entirely aloof from it. He was convinced. It was a bit harder to persuade him that I needed increased living and entertainment allowances but, with Kim's help, I did. After all, one can't influence targets of the kind I had in mind without hobnobbing with them. I must admit, I saw in my plans all sorts of hedonistic possibilities. I had no idea, however, of the extent to which this would turn out to be the case.

The 1967 Egyptian–Israeli war, the events leading up to it and its aftermath opened doors which I'd better explain in narrative form lest you think me a consummate pig. An 'Aristotelian eudemonist' (as Eich once called me) yes, but a pig (as my daughter called me in her Vasser period) no.

Chapter 21

ADNAN KHASHOGGI AND THE FAST LANE

The 'change in direction', as I was to call it, came early in May 1966, when a dapper Syrian-American named Robert ('Call me Bob') Shaheen landed at Washington's National Airport in a chartered DC-9 as a clutter of advance men and administrative assistants waited dutifully on the apron ready to spring into action according to the 'Shaheen gameplan' as it would shortly be explained to them. For the next few days, working as a team under his orders, it would be their task to ensure that the upcoming visit to Washington of someone he called the 'Chief' would go so smoothly that he would be utterly oblivious of the trouble that had gone into it. (The Chief, whoever he was, so disliked details that he didn't even want to know of their existence).

WASPs to the man, and dressed so much alike (Oxford grey suits, white shirts with button-down collars and regimental ties), that a casual observer would take them to be uniformed, they performed their first duty: accompanying Shaheen to the door of an elongated Cadillac limousine (complete with telephone, television and bar) and installing him therein. Then they clambered into an assortment of Fords, Chevrolets and Plymouths in which they followed the limousine, in convoy formation, to the Hay Adams Hotel, a stone's throw north of the White House.

There, the procedure was performed in reverse. The youngest member of the group, Shaheen's personal assistant, leapt from his own car, opened the door of the Cadillac for his boss, then scurried after him, two paces to the rear, as he proceeded directly to the lift, thence to an enormous suite on the 'VIP floor' (the fifth). There Shaheen seated himself behind a huge desk to make use, simultaneously, of the two telephones that had been installed the day before by an assistant who

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doubled as communications engineer and security officer. He loved telephones.

As did the FBI technicians who had bugged the premises less than an hour after I had called Washington from New York, where I was spending the night before coming down to Washington the next day. They particularly liked the game they played from time to time with Shaheen's security staff in both Washington and New York. They would install bugs, Shaheen's debuggers would find some of them and not others, and the next time the 'Road Show' would come to Washington the FBI technicians would plant bugs that they *intended* Shaheen's men to find, while others, hidden more discreetly, would go untouched. But then Shaheen's men would find those, and the next time the Road Show came to town there would be three layers of bugs.

In preparation for this particular trip, however, the FBI agents had put their bugs inside the telephones by newly developed methods of installation which could escape detection even by the telephone company itself. This was one visit of the Road Show that J. Edgar Hoover intended to know all about – not only because of his curiosity about the Chief himself but because he suspected that the CIA case officers whose job it was to keep him informed were not playing with a full deck. After all, the 'Saudi connection' meant one thing to him, and quite another to Admiral William Raborn, the Director of Central Intelligence.

Once the administrative preliminaries were over (the equivalent, in this particular Road Show, of what goes on backstage before the curtains go up on a popular Broadway musical), the next step is what Washington's bureaucrats back in 1966 were beginning to call 'orchestration', arranging all the elements of a show to ensure that the audience is in a desirable frame of mind for the performance itself. This, too, was a job for Bob Shaheen, a man peculiarly equipped for it in both experience and personality. A discreet mixture of abrasiveness and charm, Shaheen could switch from sheer nastiness to Machiavellian cajolery with the speed of the AC current on an electrical appliance, or with the calculated urgency of two policemen administering the 'good guy' and 'bad guy' treatment to a recalcitrant prisoner, depending on the case at hand.

The CIA's 'target study' of these facilities showed a wide range of possibilities for the recruitment of agents: captains of two ocean-going luxury yachts, pilots of a whole fleet of aeroplanes, cooks and majordomos at eleven residences (Paris, Cannes, Kenya, the Canary Islands, Madrid, Rome, Jeddah, Riyadh, Beirut, Monte Carlo and New York), members of the Chief's family, representatives of kings and princes, chiefs of state, cabinet ministers, major industrial and manufac-

turing corporations, and a medley of supplicants seeking handouts for charities or daring new business enterprises. These were all so intimidated by the Chief's wealth and power that they would seem out of reach to the Agency's recruiters, but there was something about the Road Show lifestyle that should have made them venal. Shaheen trusted them completely, but he didn't know that both he and the Chief were themselves on the 'prospective agent list'.

Electric personality aside, Bob's greatest talent, unique in my experience, was to reconcile the gap between American precision and punctuality with the mores and folkways of a part of the world where wristwatches are status symbols rather than a means of ensuring promptness in the keeping of appointments. For example, the 'Shaheen gameplan' for the Chief's visit to Washington in June 1966 was largely a matter of setting up a schedule of meetings to serve as a framework into which the Chief would somehow fit his erratic lifestyle, and then devising means of keeping the Americans from getting any angrier or more frustrated than was necessary in aid of the 'softening-up process'.

Customarily, by the time the Road Show has arrived in a city for a series of meetings, anywhere from one day to one week late, those the Chief is to see are in an advanced state of agitation. Then the Chief greets them with smiles, charm and elaborate hospitality, and they are putty in his hands, more so than would have been the case had there been no 'tension and release', as Shaheen called the technique. Since I first met Shaheen and his Chief in 1966, it has been used effectively on a range of VIPs from Frank Sinatra to Henry Kissinger.

We now come to the 1966 visit of the Road Show to Washington, during which the technique was much in evidence. A key figure in the 'network' – or, at least, in the blueprint of it – was Admiral William Raborn, Director of the CIA, an expert on PERT (Program Evaluation and Review Technique), who had become the Agency's director a year earlier. By the first week in June 1966, the 'orchestration' was set, and the time had come to raise the curtain. Washington was agog, but no one was quite sure why. King Feisal of Saudi Arabia was to arrive on the 10th, of course, but the smoothness and 'open secrecy' of the Road Show were hardly features to be associated with Saudi Arabian protocol.

For the benefit of those readers who have been living on a desert island for the past twenty years, I can now reveal that Bob Shaheen's 'Chief' was the Saudi Arabian international businessman, Adnan Mohammed Khashoggi. Even then, he was well on his way to becoming known as the 'world's richest man', although his name in Washington, DC, was still no more than a subject of avaricious speculation among that city's corps of

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promoters, single-issue groupies, social-climbing philanthropists and fly-by-night advisory services offering to protect well-heeled newcomers from Washington's highly publicized pitfalls. Despite the fact that his picture had not yet appeared on the cover of *Time* magazine, the more perspicacious members of that corps had spotted him as a socially insecure multi-millionaire *arriviste* who might be flattered into supporting this or that worthy cause. By the time of King Feisal's visit, Bob Shaheen had effectively adumbrated the possibility that Khashoggi might be such a person (i.e. a super-rich foreigner who was a financial genius inside his own environment, but a more-money-than-brains sucker in Washington's jungle of special interests), although not one likely to leap before he looked. To gain access to Khashoggi's considerable financial resources, Shaheen hinted, more than routine courtship would be required.

At the time, I had reasons to be interested in rather more than Khashoggi's financial resources. It was my tenth year as a renegade intelligence operator, and the CIA was learning that it could survive without me. Even my clients were beginning to 'think negatively', as one of my junior partners put it. Troubles were brewing between Chad and the Sudan, and a client who was prospecting for oil in the general area refused to see why they should be concerned. The Arab countries were caught in their old dilemma of whether they should unite to wage a 'holy war' against Israel or continue fighting among themselves, and I had a plan for ensuring that they opted for the latter, but neither the CIA nor my clients were sufficiently imaginative to see the possibilities. Moreover, my friend Gamal Abdel Nasser, President of Egypt, was embarking on a course which would certainly, within months, offer the Israelis a long-awaited opportunity to destroy him and his pretence of an army, but both the US Government and my clients were so distracted by Britain's perplexities in Rhodesia and related problems in Africa that they couldn't be bothered. I wasn't so churlish as to hope for a major disaster to reclaim their attention and to arouse a bit of appreciation for my services, but the thought did cross my mind.

It was about this time that Adnan Khashoggi, whom an enterprising CIA operations officer had given the codename 'Dynasty', submitted to this government a highly confidential report pointing out the inevitability of an Egyptian-Israeli war, with the Egyptians as the losers, and recommending that the Saudis immediately adopt a stand vis-à-vis other Arab states which would later justify its rising above the fracas and its consequences. All this was in the context of a more general report, written by Khashoggi himself in Arabic and by his chief of staff, Bob Shaheen, in English, which dramatized the fact that Saudi Arabia had quietly become

a much more vital source of energy than the world realized and had, at the same time, become the most dangerously vulnerable spot in Western defences, economic as well as military. The bootleg copy of the report which reached our State and Defense Departments had apparently failed to make much of an impression, but it caused some excitement in the CIA – diluted somewhat, however, by a cover letter from the new station chief in Jeddah who believed that ‘commercial opportunism’, rather than ‘untainted patriotism’, had motivated the report.

Such niceties were of no importance to me, but the imminent arrival of Adnan Khashoggi in Washington in the company of King Feisal was of enormous interest. It was at least conceivable that his objectives and momentum, whatever the motivation behind them, might mesh with my own and save me from the end which, at the time, was threatening all ex-CIA hands like myself who thought they could go it alone without the continued blessing of those they had left behind. I therefore decided to check him out.

So on the morning I arrived back in Washington from New York I took a hotel limousine to the CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia, where I was allowed past the security guards and into the building thanks to a telephone call to the Director, Admiral Raborn. ‘Red’ Raborn was a fine, intelligent naval officer who was an authority on guided missiles but out of his depth in international affairs and other concerns of the intelligence community. While I had become a pariah to most members of the Agency’s top echelons, I had made myself a welcome guest in the Admiral’s office by proving to be the sort of person he could safely ask questions which he wouldn’t dare ask members of his own staff. He was bright enough when talking about guided missiles (the Polaris programme was his baby) but a child when it came to the concerns of an intelligence agency.

At one of his first staff meetings he expressed surprise at a paper that recommended ways in which the CIA could exploit the Sino–Soviet conflict since it was news to him that such a conflict existed. When he asked if there was any ‘positive proof’ of it, the room exploded with raucous laughter, and he decided then and there that he would thenceforth save questions which might turn out to be stupid for well-informed supplicants who had a vested interest in his tenure. The question he asked me on this particular visit was, ‘Who is this Adnan Khashoggi and what does he want?’

It was, it happened, the question that had taken me to Langley. By 1966, Adnan was well known in DDP, the part of the Agency which dealt with secret operations, but in the other directorates and the upper

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echelons of the organization he was only the mysterious author of the so-called Dynasty reports, and was not known by his true name. These reports, which concerned the strategic importance of the Arabian Peninsula and the Persian Gulf, were so perceptive, sophisticated and innovative that analysts in Ray Cline's research and analysis unit, DI, suspected that they were being written by some behind-the-scenes genius in one of the major oil companies, and routed to the Agency via the newly formed Saudi Arabian *mukhabarat* to be passed off as the *mukhabarat*'s own work. They were, in fact, the work of Adnan Khashoggi himself, prepared with the assistance of his own growing staff of lawyers, economists and political scientists which had already surpassed the *mukhabarat* in both size and competence. Thus, the Admiral's question made me suspect that Khashoggi's name had somehow surfaced *en clair*.

But, on the other hand, maybe there was only curiosity about Adnan's upcoming trip to Washington, tied in, as it was, to the state visit of King Feisal. I had heard somewhere that Adnan was doing business with some super-rich Texans. Red Raborn was a Texan. So was President Johnson. So maybe the President himself had called Raborn – directly, without going through ordinary channels – as the result of curiosities raised by one of his super-rich Texas friends. I told the Admiral what little I actually knew as factual, but I laced it with speculations I had built up over years of Khashoggi-watching. The Admiral was fascinated. He had his secretary call Registry to convey his permission to have me browse in the files. 'When you finish you can give me a private briefing,' he said.

In Registry, my first act was to worm out of the librarian the fact that the Khashoggi files had just been given a thorough going-over by a very senior, very competent, very active career intelligence officer who I knew was being tempted away from the Agency by a financial group in New York offering him at least double what he was being paid as a civil servant. I didn't know this officer well, but I had heard enough about him to know that he wasn't the sort of person to miss any bets, and it was easy to guess at the nature of his interest in Khashoggi. As I spent the morning at the desk assigned to me, drinking coffee and reading the files brought to me by the assistant librarian, I tried to see the information as the enquiring officer must have seen it, and to imagine how he would present it to Red Raborn when the time came to tie together the Dynasty materials with the upcoming Feisal visit.

The reference card showed 'Khashoggi, Adnan M.' to be a 'Young Saudi businessman, very pro-American, acting as agent for several American manufacturers', but who 'is believed to relate all his sales efforts to a master strategy devised by him and his close friend, the Saudi

Defence Minister, H.R.H. Prince Sultan'. The file itself revealed that he was born on 25 July 1935, the son of the King's physician, Dr Mohammed Khalid Khashoggi, and that his father had gone to great pains to see that he associated with the King's favourite sons and nephews. Adnan was obviously 'in' with the Saudi royal family, and, according to a brief character sketch written by the CIA chief of station in Riyadh, he was very much the sort of person who could make good use of an 'in'.

His record in business, what there had been of it thus far, was brilliant. At that time, the Saudi government gave each Saudi student going abroad a thousand dollars or so with which to buy a car. As a student at Chico State University somewhere in California, Adnan had taken his car money and invested it. He sought out American business organizations wanting to sell products in the oil-producing states of the Middle East, and presented himself to them as a bilingual expert on the needs of Saudi Arabia who was particularly well connected with the royal family. Sales executives of the American companies had heard enough of the oil boom to realize there was a lot of money floating around out there, but they were fearfully ignorant of Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, the Gulf States, etc., many of them not even knowing the cultural know-how – just as I had been doing, except the other way around. He was an Arab who understood Americans; I was an American who understood Arabs. This observation alone was enough to turn my passing interest into a serious one, especially since he was clearly making more money than I was.

But most of the entries in the 'Khashoggi, Adnan M.' file were derogatory, both in content and in tone. There was a short biographical sketch which appeared to have been written by whoever made the entries on the index card, then a number of one-page memoranda and newspaper clippings in which Adnan figured as a 'sharp operator' and a 'deal-maker', one who 'opens doors' then takes a percentage of whatever money changes hands as the result, without taking any responsibility for the consequences. The most interesting item was an uncannily perceptive sketch written by Morris Draper when he was Third Secretary and Vice-Consul in the US Embassy in Riyadh in the mid-fifties and Adnan was just starting his business career.

What (I guessed) had caused one or more people in the CIA to single him out for special interest was what Draper, in his analysis, had called 'genuine realism' – meaning that Adnan, unique among Arabs, accepted the US-Israeli 'partnership' as an inevitability that it was useless to fight against, and understood that if Saudi Arabia didn't figure some way of living with it there could be no Saudi-American partnership of the sort it had to have to survive in a century which was not its own.

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So what, exactly, was this flamboyant high-flier doing in Washington? Was he only clearing the way for King Feisal, and, if so, why Adnan? Why not the Saudi Ambassador, or some American-educated member of the royal retinue? And why all the CIA interest (the high-level check of the files, and a CIA case officer sticking close to Bob Shaheen as he organized Khashoggi's private world in the Hay Adams Hotel) if the DCI himself didn't know? Obviously, this Dynasty wasn't some routine contact to be handled at the middle level of the Agency, and even if he was, note of his presence in Washington would have been included in the Director's daily summary. But it wasn't. I had established that in my visit with the Director himself.

I decided on the direct approach, and the answer when I got it turned out to be so simple I didn't know why I hadn't thought of it. Adnan Khashoggi was recruiting! The bloke I had found going through Registry files was his Judas goat. Khashoggi was a good businessman and master salesman, but he was a poor organizer and his 'deals' were carrying him along at such a pace that he could keep up with neither them nor himself, nor could he feel safe in spotting new possibilities and making sound judgements about their feasibility. He needed a 'private CIA', a team of top-flight men and women of proven integrity and competence in 'spying out the land', as he put it when we finally met, and who were broad and objective enough in their thinking to make sense of what they saw. Where better to look than the CIA?

The 'direct approach' I'd decided on was Bob Shaheen, about whom I'd been given a colourful rundown by the CIA man who was following him around. But Shaheen was way ahead of me. Before I got to him, he got to me.

I got a call from Shaheen asking me to drop in on Khashoggi for lunch at 2.00 p.m. the following day – or, rather, announcing that the 'appointment' I hadn't asked for had been set for lunch the following day. At lunch, there were 'Tex' Thornton, chairman of the board of Litton Industries, Gale Livingston, president of Litton's Westrex division, Harry Kern, who ran a prestigious newsletter for oil companies known as *Foreign Reports*, General Malcolm Webber from the Pentagon, and Jim Critchfield, head of the CIA's Commercial Contact Division.

Luncheon conversation started with Adnan making his guests' mouths water by dropping hints of how much money the Saudis would be spending on defence projects in the years immediately ahead, and then asking the usual questions about the US Government's support for Israel. The questions prompted the answers that might have been expected from American business tycoons anxious to make the right kind of impression

on a Saudi who might have a say in whether or not they would have a shot at some of that money haemorrhage he had just mentioned. Then Adnan surprised them. He said that although King Feisal could hardly admit it publicly, he had no *effective* feelings one way or the other about Israel – anyhow, no feelings that might motivate him to action – and that the money that the Saudis were beginning to pour into their coffers in the form of oil revenues would be spent on projects that would enable them to ‘live and let live’. He admitted that some Saudi money would have to be paid to the Syrians and Palestinian resistance groups, but only in the way storekeepers pay ‘protection money’ in areas where there is insufficient police protection, but even this outpouring could be discontinued when the police protection was forthcoming.

So King Feisal’s immediate concern, Adnan confided, was the ‘police protection’. It was a concern that Adnan shared. Adnan had assisted his friend, Prince Sultan, the Saudi Defence Minister, in the design of a ‘defence system’ to ensure that the ‘world’s most valuable piece of real estate’, the source of most of Western Europe’s energy supplies, was secure from attack from any direction. The Saudis weren’t just going to ‘buy arms’, nor was Adnan to become an ‘international arms dealer’. The Saudis would buy arms as a contractor buys building materials with which to construct a house. In short, the basis of everything the Saudis thenceforth did with their money would be according to well-laid plans.

There was one more item than Adnan mentioned at the lunch, an item which I seemed to be the only one to take seriously – anyway, there was no mention of it in the memorandum Jim Critchfield wrote up for the CIA. Adnan assured us that everything he had said was well within the framework of what King Feisal had in mind, and that he was only spelling it out in detail since in his talk with President Johnson he would be restricted by the formalities. On this item, though, he was speaking entirely for himself. He said he and his countrymen had every confidence that we Americans, whatever our blunders, would normally come out on top, and that we were right in seeing international affairs in terms of other countries accommodating to us instead of us accommodating to them. A particular danger was looming ahead, however, which might be our undoing.

‘Don’t overlook the fact that the Arabs are not Israel’s only enemies,’ he said. ‘Look down the road and you’ll see Moslem extremism. I’m a Moslem and I know. I can feel it.’ He went on to say that an Islamic revolution was on the way which would arouse millions of potentially violent peoples who were then ‘sleeping’ and of no political importance, and that its adherents would be people who couldn’t be bought with

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normal aid packages. The Saudis, he concluded, were in the revolution's 'flight path', and would therefore be prepared to co-operate in any American effort to head it off. With this thought in mind, he had had his company, Triad, employ a research group in California to draw up an outline for a Middle Eastern 'Marshall Plan', from Libya through Iran and including Israel, to be financed out of oil royalties.

The visit of King Feisal to the United States, lasting from 20–30 June 1966, was set in motion officially by a meeting with President Johnson at which the President said, 'Saudi Arabia, under your Majesty's wise rule, has made great steps forward – roads, public works, health services, new schools, new educational opportunities, all sorts of things. These stand in eloquent testimony to your active development efforts.' The King responded, '*ya enta majnoon ya anna majnoon*,' which, according to his official translator meant, roughly, 'Yeah, we think your country is great too.' The rest of the Washington visit continued on the same high intellectual plane, then the royal party moved on to New York where the King was snubbed by Mayor Lindsay but given a lunch, arranged by Adnan Khashoggi, that was attended by twenty of America's leading industrialists and was the high point of the ten-day visit. Speaking through an interpreter, the King was unable to be quite so eloquent as Adnan had been two days earlier down in Washington, nor did he get into any of the finer points. But he laid it on the line, and by the time coffee and cigars were passed around, it could be said that the American business community was ready to draw beads on Saudi Arabia and other oil-producing countries of the Middle East. I wasn't there, but a day later I got calls from two of my clients who told me how impressed they'd been, and how they hoped I'd keep in touch with 'this Khashoggi character even if he *is* a plain old-fashioned arms salesman trying to sound like a statesman'.

I needed no urging. And I was even more determined when Bob Shaheen, the next day, gave me an aeroplane ticket to Cairo, via Paris, which he had 'taken the liberty' of substituting for the ticket to Cairo that my CIA case officer was supposed to give me the next day. I called Langley to verify that the change was okay, then arranged to leave for Paris a few days later. The only words from my CIA case officer that passed for a briefing were: 'Don't talk, just listen. And when you get to Cairo don't mention your meetings with Khashoggi. If your Egyptian friends want to know why you stopped off in Paris tell them you keep a mistress there.' (This, I now note for the record, was just one month before my fifty-third birthday. Mistress indeed!)

Adnan left for Paris with King Feisal on 29 or 30 June, and I arrived

there a few days later to be met at the airport by one of his Mercedes limousines and taken to the Hotel George V (my old stomping ground!) where Bob Shaheen had booked a vast suite decorated with flowers sent by the Khashoggi office and fruit provided by Marcel, who, it appeared, was still the manager. After a long afternoon nap and a shower, I was taken in the Khashoggi limousine to Rasputine's, a White Russian clip joint in a side street off the Champs-Élysées, where I had my first man-to-man meeting with Adnan. Readers who've read in the Sunday papers about Adnan's jetset lifestyle will forgive me if I refrain from reporting details, and will only say that the meeting, no business discussed, put the two of us on a 'Miles-and-Adnan' basis that has lasted for more than twenty years of business, parties and a very special kind of political action.

The business and parties came in the years after; the political action was set in motion the following morning when I visited Adnan's newly furnished offices on Avenue Matignon accompanied by a nervous, thickly bespectacled young man from the CIA Paris station. After keeping us waiting for almost an hour, Adnan appeared in a silk katfan smelling of the scented alcohol with which a Greek masseur and Swedish masseuse had just rubbed him down. He looked like a stock version of the actor who years later played him in *The Pirate*, except that he exuded the aura of a man of power rather than that of a Hollywood romantic. I thought to myself that he was already showing the effects of the peculiar sort of double life he had chosen for himself.

Adnan repeated what he had said in Washington about the US Government's perspectives on the Middle East, as he understood them, and their importance to the economy of the whole free world. Off-the-record conversations with certain top US Government officials, unnamed, had left Adnan with the impression that the US Government was not as worried about the situation as it should have been. Saudi Arabia and its oil, he had concluded, was going to be too tempting a target for 'certain unfriendly powers' to resist. Any one of them, or all of them, would be alert to opportunities. And an opportunity was soon to present itself. 'Your friend, Nasser,' said Adnan, 'is painting himself into a corner.' What did I think?

I had to agree. For reasons best known to himself, Nasser had deliberately ended his winning streak by making the one move he should have known better than to make: he had set out to please the US Government! The move, it pains me to say, was to be blamed on my good friend Zakaria Mohieddin, the most conscientiously constructive official in Egypt although, I'm afraid, an indifferent gameplayer. A year before

Adnan and I met in Paris, Zakaria and other lieutenants of Nasser convinced him that he should face up to the reality that over 80 per cent of the bread consumed in Egypt's urban centres came from American wheat, and that the \$100,000,000 of hard currency that Egypt needed for its development programme could only come from financial institutions of which the United States was the principal stockholder.

So in October 1965 Nasser appointed Zakaria Prime Minister, and Zakaria settled down to a programme of 'Egypt first', announcing that if Egypt was to have the leadership of the Arab world, of 'Afro-Asia' or whatever, it should start by setting an example: it should have a more efficient government, it should make more of its economic resources, and it should do more for its people. As his first step, Zakaria admitted publicly that Egypt was in a mess economically, and he instituted rigid austerity measures – to the surprise of Nasser, actually gaining popularity for the government by so doing. He persuaded Nasser to come to an agreement with King Feisal over the Yemen, and to withdraw Egyptian troops from that country. In the field of international affairs, he took a series of actions designed to defuse all of Egypt's quarrels with her neighbours, even the petty ones. 'His actions,' as I later commented, 'would not have been different had he been checking them off according to a list provided by the American Embassy.'

So what happened? The American Ambassador, a handsome lightweight named Lucius Battle, paid a courtesy call on Zakaria when he first became Prime Minister and one or two others under formal circumstances where only routine exchanges were possible. At the same time, senior officers of the American Embassy held lively discussions on international affairs – Vietnam, Yemen, African and Asian politics, and so on – with Egyptian Foreign Office members and with the Presidency, thereby exploding any notion that the US Government was interested in Egypt for its own sake, and re-establishing Nasser's conviction that Washington gave serious thought to Egypt exactly to the extent that Egypt cut a figure in international affairs. 'Nasser has been reminded,' I told Adnan, 'that it's the squeaky wheels that get the grease.'

I pointed out that Saudi Arabia had done its part in exploiting the 'Zakaria weakness': after Egypt had withdrawn its troops from Yemen, and had begun to show an inability or unwillingness to resist, King Feisal had acted upon a CIA suggestion to launch an effort to form an Islamic Alliance to 'stop Communism' (and, of course, to 'stop Nasser') with the predictable result that Nasser sent Egyptian troops back into the Yemen and reopened the conflict. This was hardly news to Adnan, having advised the King against going along with *this particular instance* of co-

operation with the CIA, and he knew better than I did what kind of moves Nasser was likely to make from that time on. Adnan and I, separately, had been called on by our respective friends in Langley to perform a special service: as 'well-informed private individuals' (a phrase much used by the CIA in describing an especially important category of intelligence source) we were to have an official, off-the-record exchange of ideas on the emerging crisis in the Middle East, and come up with suggestions that the tame bureaucrats would like to have made but couldn't.

Adnan and I saw eye to eye. 'But let's not get carried away,' Adnan said. He said we should prepare a preliminary estimate of the current situation, so written that it would only arouse appetites for anything else we might have to say. The duration and benefits we would gain from cooperation in the future would depend on the intensity and endurance of those appetites.

Adnan said, 'If we can't change the rules we must change the game. In the game we've got going now the best move a player can make is to squeak. What we've not got going is a conflict. What about a race!' His personal philosophy, as he had explained it to me the evening before at Rasputine's when the hour was late and the conversation had become maudlin, was 'When Adnan wins, everybody wins.' That is the outlook with which he wanted the Americans and Saudis to face the world together.

'Adnan,' I said as I left him, 'what are you *really* up to?'

He smiled and said, 'Only to make money, enjoy it, and feel good about myself.'

'And what does it take to make you feel good about yourself?'

'That is a question I hope we'll answer together.'

Something about Adnan's exuberant show of goodwill reminded me of something a Mossad friend had said only a month earlier: 'When two persons, groups or nations want the same thing when only one of them can have it, conflict is inevitable.' This was a bit of wisdom Adnan had yet to learn.

Chapter 22

NASSER'S POINT OF NO RETURN

From Paris I went to Cairo, where I found Zakaria's 'Egypt first' policies not yet dead but dying, and about to kick off the most interesting gameplay episode I've ever seen, before or since. In a final effort to get his boss, Nasser, committed to an 'Egypt first' programme, Zakaria requested the famous American statesman and financier, 'Honest Bob' Anderson, to select a group of American millionaires who were personal friends of President Johnson and bring them to Egypt to see at first hand what he was trying to do. He hoped, through them, to arouse the Johnson administration's interest in a 'wheel that was trying to stop squeaking', as Anderson was later to put it to Johnson. The idea was accepted, and in the early part of 1967 Mohammed Habib of the Egyptian Embassy in Washington accompanied a number of wealthy Texans to Egypt to be charmed by Nasser and to get favourable impressions of the Egyptian economy which they could take back to President Johnson. The trip was successful, but, in order to follow up on the good impressions, Zakaria had to trim down the army, fire the government employees who had little or nothing to do, and put the nationalized industries back into competent private hands. Up to that time the Egyptian people had accepted austerity measures as their national duty, but after the visit of the Anderson-Habib group Zakaria seemed to be demanding more sacrifices from them than they were worth in terms of increased American aid to Egypt.

So, finally, the American Embassy's reporting officers had the sort of thing they could get their teeth into: rising discontent of the masses! The result was that back in Washington there was not only increased approval of Zakaria's 'pro-American' policies but also sympathy. The Israelis, as we were beginning to learn, could deal with enemies but they didn't like competition. From the moment they observed a modicum of pro-Zakaria

feeling in Washington, the Nasser government was doomed.

A series of events then followed that has been reported in as many different ways as there have been reporters. The world doesn't need yet another. But, for purposes of understanding the series of gameplay moves that followed, the version accepted by the CIA is the most helpful. Examined as a case history, we see the Israelis outplaying that master gameplayer, Gamal Abdel Nasser, right down to the ground, drawing him into trap after trap and clobbering him thoroughly as he walked into them, yet in the end being treated to the unholy spectacle of his rising to greater heights of popularity than ever before and turning defeat into glorious victory – but a victory that served their purposes more than his.

The story, oversimplified a bit for use in CIA Training classes, begins with Zakaria's 'mistake'. The first move, however, seems to have been a report, leaked by the Israelis to the Egyptian Ambassador in Brussels, outlining a statement made by the American representative at some NATO meeting. According to the report, this representative had announced that his government's attempts to 'work with the Arabs' in developing plans for the defence of the Middle East had come to an end, blaming their 'failure to co-operate' on Nasser's subversion, anti-American propaganda pumped out through Radio Cairo, and Egypt's ever increasing friendship with the Soviet Union. The report concluded with the assertion that the US was already working on plans for the defence of its interests in the Middle East based on Turkey and Israel.

This was followed by a number of hit-and-run border raids into Syria and Jordan that the Israelis claimed were 'punishment' for Palestinian raids into Israel, but when Nasser was unable to get any hard information on any unusual Palestinian activity at the time he saw the Israeli behaviour as being part of the groundwork for the creation of a 'Turkish-Israel Axis'. (Don't ask me to explain the connection. All I know is that, as Hassan Touhami explained it to me at the time, *he* saw a connection, and he convinced me that Nasser also did.) Finally, when an Israeli raid destroyed a whole Syrian village, Samu, the Israelis loudly proclaimed that the purpose of the raid was not mere punishment, but the destruction of a base the Syrians were building for massive guerilla and sabotage attacks into Israel launched by regular Syrian troops. After a similar attack on another Syrian village, Israel's Prime Minister Eshkol, as a theatrical aside, dropped a reminder that the American Sixth Fleet was parked nearby in the Mediterranean prepared to enter the fray to back Israel should the Syrians decide the moment had arrived for a showdown war with Israel. (The Syrians, being Syrians, immediately fell into the trap by announcing in various ways that, yes, now *is* the time for such a war.)

There was provocation after provocation combined with a masterly programme of disinformation which shaped up into two parts: Nasser was made to believe that a massive Israeli assault on Syria was imminent, one designed to show that Egypt was powerless to come to Syria's defence. The world was made to see things the other way around, i.e. that Nasser was preparing to attack Israel. Then came the most astute move of all. In coded military wireless messages which the Israelis knew the Soviets would intercept and decode, they conveyed the impression that they were only bluffing. Then the Soviets, as the Israelis certainly knew they would, advised Nasser that he could safely get away with some dramatic show of strength which would show his Arab admirers that, once, again he was their hero and protector.

Still in a state of high confusion (and, I suspect, seeing himself outplayed), Nasser decided that the cheapest and easiest 'show of strength' he could make would be to demand the withdrawal of United Nations troops from the Egyptian-Israeli border on the Red Sea to be replaced by troops of his own. For purposes of the moment, the mere demand would have been enough, but to the surprise of everyone, including Nasser, the UN Secretary-General, U Thant, obliged. Nasser was thus stuck with the move; he could hardly have backed down from it without an intolerable loss of face, so he followed up with the only move he could make: he blockaded the Straits of Tiran, thereby denying the Israelis access to their only port, Eilat. To make matters worse, these actions brought forth the applause of other Arab nations, mainly Syria, and Nasser felt compelled to make the kind of speech any Arab leader would have made under the circumstances. It included such phrases as 'We are now prepared to confront Israel' . . . 'We are now ready to solve the problem of Palestine for once and for all' . . . 'We will decide the time and the place and not let Israel decide.' Heady stuff, and it went down with Arab audiences. It also went down with Israeli leaders, who had been awaiting just such an opportunity.

As for what happened next, I speak from personal experience. Two days before the Israelis took advantage of the opportunity that had been presented to them on a silver platter, the Egyptian Foreign Minister told Richard Parker of the American Embassy that Nasser had meant exactly what he had said, and that our government would do well to seek some means of 'defusing the situation'. On the following morning, I dropped in on Zakaria Mohieddin on my way to Beirut to hear pretty much the same words, but at the same time to be told that during the night the air had been thick with messages between Cairo and Washington with the result that all sorts of peace-making efforts were forthcoming from the United

States and that he, Zakaria, a Vice-President and number-two man in Egypt, was to meet Vice-President Humphrey on an American battleship in the Mediterranean. There, the two would arrive at some agreement, *any* agreement, which would enable Egypt to bow to world opinion and, in the interests of peace, withdraw its troops from the buffer zone. Nasser would then magnanimously invite the United Nations troops back into their position.

'That,' said Zakaria, 'will be that.'

I said, 'Zakaria, at noon I am supposed to take an aeroplane to Beirut, but a plane for London leaves at about the same time. After hearing what you just said I'm going to be on it. I'm going to get as far away from the Middle East as I can. The Israelis would be crazy not to seize the opportunity Gamal has given them. They've been waiting for it for years, and they know they may never get another like it.' I did just as I said. And, while Zakaria was packing his bags in the fond hope of meeting Vice-President Humphrey, the Israelis struck. And what a strike! They hit Egypt, Syria and Jordan at the same time, destroying the air forces of all three, killing thousands of their soldiers (while themselves losing less than seven hundred), and taking bits of their territory which (except for Sinai, released later in an agreement with Nasser's successor, Anwar Sadat) they still hold.

And Nasser was finished, right? Wrong! On the evening of 9 June, the day after Nasser had accepted the ceasefire, he went on Radio Cairo, made a *mea culpa* speech which had the whole country weeping, and announced his resignation. Without having discussed it with any of his ministers beforehand, he announced that Zakaria Mohieddin was the new President. I didn't arrive in Cairo until the next day, but I'm told that as the speech blared forth from loudspeakers all over town automobiles stopped, people on the sidewalks stood still, the *baladi* music that usually screeches out of the cafés fell silent, and, except for the loudspeakers, you could have heard a pin drop. As the speech ended all hell broke loose: automobile horns blowing, people standing in bus lines weeping and repeating over and over, 'Gamal, Gamal,' and people on the sidewalks who had been walking singly and in pairs drawing together to form crowds and even mobs.

Hassan Touhami, who had been at Nasser's house with Zakaria and others, told me as he drove me in from the airport that the scene there was something like the ruckus that I imagine breaks out in pet shops from time to time. Nasser had not yet told a single friend or associate, not even Abdel Hakem Amer or Heykel, what he intended to say in his speech – although, of course, elaborate arrangements had obviously been made

for installation of the loudspeakers and for mob control. Hours later when a government official who looked remotely like Zakaria tried to work his way through the crowds in front of Nasser's house he had his clothes torn off him. All that day and the next, messages poured in from all the Arab world urging Nasser to stay in office and to 'avenge the day!' To the satisfaction of both Arabs and Israel (who needed Nasser the enemy, not Zakaria the moderate), Nasser accepted 'the will of the people'.

To me, this was an unforgettable lesson, the general outline of which I was able to infer from radio and newspaper reports I got in London. Arriving in Cairo on 10 June, I learned from Hassan as he drove me in from the airport that my belongings had been moved from my apartment on the Little Nile to a suite on the tenth floor of the Hilton, a happy spot which I kept for the next two years. I spent the next two days talking to such Egyptian friends as I could reach (not, alas, Zakaria – who was deep in hiding, no doubt fearing that, as some reversal of fortunes, he'd be found and made President after all), friends in what was left of our Embassy, and various British and American newspapermen who'd crowded into the Hilton bar. I spent a couple of days writing up a report for my clients, then I flew to Paris for a meeting with Adnan, then to Washington, where I learned that my friends in the CIA had followed developments from the start, but had seen more clearly than I had that Zakaria's 'pro-American gestures' hadn't been taken seriously by the State Department and the White House. They'd even gamed out the whole series of events, seeing that Zakaria 'just wasn't playing the right game', as one of them told me.

Two weeks later I went back to Cairo, where I found that my Egyptian friends had learned their lesson all too well. Abdel Hakim Amer, Chief of Staff of the Egyptian army and Nasser's closest friend, was holed up in his house, licking his wounds and smoking hashish; Zakaria had once again resigned as Prime Minister, to retire to his farm in Mahalla el-Kubra to raise mangos; Heykel had replaced Amer as Nasser's friend and confidant. From that time on, Heykel's status as middleman and conciliator between Nasser and what was left of the American Embassy – which, diplomatic relations having been broken, had become the American Interests Section of the Swiss Embassy – was all but official. In fact, from that time on all my visits to Nasser were in the company of Heykel, Hassan Touhami, my normal escort, having temporarily deserted me. In our first meeting after the fracas, Nasser received me warmly, especially when I said I believed it would be possible for Egypt to continue mutually beneficial relations with the 'West' by having good relations with non-political and utterly pragmatic American business concerns, while behav-

ing in any manner he thought necessary towards what he perceived to be 'American political interests'.

Without explaining how, where or when, he said he had just heard more or less the same words from our mutual friend, 'Honest Bob' Anderson. I said that, yes, I had heard much the same words from a Saudi international businessman (meaning Adnan Khashoggi) who believed that mutually beneficial behind-the-scenes relations with Saudi Arabia were similarly possible. The outcome of this meeting was a total overhaul of my consulting work. The next day, I met with Jim Vanderbeek of Standard Oil of Indiana's Egyptian subsidiary, Pan-American, who hired me as a consultant under an arrangement whereby his company would pay me a nice fee and pick up my tab at the Nile Hilton. Then I went to Beirut, where I took on as client a nationally known designer and manufacturer of business machines and computers, a major construction firm and a company which developed and sold advanced electronic equipment. I promised them all special treatment in Egypt and, with Adnan in mind, in Saudi Arabia.

I could promise more than that. My reporting to clients I already had was given a tremendous boost by my having not only predicted the Six Day War, as it had come to be called, but also its outcome, the effects it would have on their various interests, and the effects it *could* have if they would only ride with the punch and be johnnies-on-the-spot to radiate goodwill and optimism as they visited Cairo after it was all over. I took advantage of the boost, in fact, to accelerate the attempt I had already started to establish a 'private CIA' by use of confidential arrangements with politically astute members of the client companies. Guidelines for my service were these:

1. In the case of each client, the objective would be to provide its home office with the intelligence it needed to make sound decisions on whether or not it could continue to operate, both profitably and with safety for its personnel, in countries where it already had investments.

2. In all cases, we would obtain information *in* a particular country (as opposed to information *about* a country) by means that were entirely open and above board.

3. Our main source of intelligence (as opposed to mere 'raw information' – gossip, rumours, etc.) would be the informed opinions and estimates of company members. We systematically interviewed all employees of client companies whom we found to be particularly knowledgeable and particularly capable of interpreting local events in the light of local cultures.

4. Eventually, I convinced my larger clients (the oil companies, mainly)

that their government relations offices should be manned by bilingual personnel who were skilled not only at springing from jail employees who'd offended local sensibilities while out on the town but also at eliciting information of a general nature from the police and security agencies with which they maintained contact for the purpose. My value came from the fact that I took information coming from *all* the government relations offices, melted it down, then sent it back in separate reports tailor-made to the needs of each separate client.

5. By the time my areawide efforts were generally known (I'd made no secret of them), both these government relations offices and my own offices in Beirut and Cairo became the recipients of all kinds of rumour-mongers, information-pedlars, advocates of special causes, and conspiracy freaks – including, of course, a predictable percentage of *agents provocateurs* from the embassies (my own among them) and the local authorities. We followed the old rule of the intelligence analyst: ask not *what* is said; ask, rather, *why* it is said. 'Low-grade ore' it all may have been, but the aggregate of truths, half-truths and self-serving falsehoods shaped up into completed jigsaw puzzles that constituted understanding.

I owe such success as I've had to a tolerance for the controversy and to a certain skill at helping my clients adjust to it by dissociating themselves from our government's policies while not disowning them. A political consultant must be skilful at understanding and measuring the genuineness of anti-American sentiments while resisting the temptation to sympathize with them. Remember, while the hatred many foreigners feel for us may be genuine, they still take up our fads, look at our movies, listen to Sting on their Walkmans, and secretly admire us as *winners*. The American who 'goes native' to the extent of criticizing his government only makes a fool of himself. Peoples of other cultures like Americans who like them, but they deeply distrust those who come down to (or try to rise to) their level. Archie Roosevelt, a master at getting along with peoples of alien cultures, goes so far as to affect an atrocious Arabic accent just to observe this rule.

It was in the period after the Six Day War that I began to see how know-how acquired in successful covert political action operations was indispensable in a wide range of government-to-government activities outside the normal scope of conventional diplomacy and statecraft. From the late sixties until my 'final' retirement I was involved in a dozen or so of them. I got various governments to honour agreements with my clients that they otherwise would have broken, I broke logjams in important negotiations that were due to political misunderstandings (or, in some cases, correct

understandings), and, most of all, I followed up on US Government misplays on the international gameboard (in all cases with the tacit approval, and even discreet assistance, of the CIA) to work out formulae enabling my client companies to gain profitable contracts or to continue their work under contracts they already had. Adnan was a great help. Sometimes inadvertently and more often contrary to his real intentions, he brought a lot of money into the Copeland coffers. In a diversity of places including Zaire, Libya, Iran, Indonesia, Angola, the Sudan and Pakistan he was picking them up after snafus of our own. In a sense, we co-operated – often with only one or the other of us realizing it.

During the years following the 1967 war I saw Adnan only in jetset social conditions that were hardly conducive to serious conversation – Cannes, Monte Carlo, Paris and Beirut – but we had enough of those talks I mentioned a few paragraphs back for me to follow his activities. Then, beginning in 1970, I had a series of experiences that brought me back into contact with him. For example, the construction company that had been my client decided to discontinue my monthly fee and to recompense me, instead, by paying a percentage of the value of the contracts I helped them to land. As a starter they threw into my lap a bid for a job in Kuwait that had all but fallen through, thinking I could somehow salvage it by ‘putting it in a political context’. What kind of political context did they have in mind? None in particular. They’d leave it to me to concoct something suitable since, after all, that sort of thing was supposed to be my speciality. If I succeeded they would pay me 2 per cent of the gross value of the contract.

At that time they didn’t know what the eventual gross would be, since it was specified in our agreement that a construction ‘programme’ was being contemplated, that the first contract would inevitably lead to others, and that we would renegotiate percentages when the others came up. After all, company representatives argued, it might be better strategy to take a comparatively small ‘pilot’ job provided it optimized chances of getting other contracts later on. Provisionally, the ‘target’ job for which I was to reopen negotiations was just over a million dollars, 2 per cent of which, for the benefit of you readers who are not mathematically inclined, is twenty thousand.

So I go to Kuwait and come back having landed an agreement in principle for over a *hundred* million dollars, earning me, according to my contract, the sum of two million dollars. Moreover, when the company lawyers went to Kuwait to iron out details there was no haggling at all, so they couldn’t claim that I hadn’t done all of the job and so wasn’t entitled to all of the commission.

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But let's be reasonable. A person can't make two million dollars for less than a week's work, not a person like me anyhow. I realized it even if the company hadn't already done so. So after the lawyers came back from Kuwait with the good news, I met in Paris with them and their top executives who'd come over from California to celebrate the deal and, after less than an hour of discussions, I settled for one hundred and twenty thousand dollars and a consultancy fee at twenty thousand dollars a year for the four-year duration of the contract, a total of two hundred thousand dollars – or one-tenth of the amount legally agreed upon. This was in addition, of course, to champagne and pats on the back at the time and much goodwill for the future. I had no complaints; I was happy with the deal.

Now let's get back to Adnan. Right after the 1967 war he signed an agreement with the Lockheed Corporation which would pay him 2 per cent commission on every Hercules aircraft sold to the Saudi government. But, as sale followed sale, Adnan explained to Lockheed executives that the Saudi government wasn't just assembling hardware willy-nilly but, instead, was building a 'defence system' which he, Adnan, had been instrumental in designing. Thus, his percentage was raised from two to fifteen, and the sales accelerated from the hundred millions to a *billion* or more, giving Adnan a commission of over one hundred million dollars.

But let's be reasonable. Nobody, as the sainted Senator Church was later to claim, is worth one hundred million dollars in one throw of the dice. But Adnan stuck to his guns, and he got it. Moreover, by a similar sale he made for Northrup Aviation, Lockheed's competitor, he made another one hundred million, to be followed by sales to various other companies winning him commissions of forty or fifty million each. You see, Adnan just wasn't smart enough to realize that he had to be 'reasonable' as I had been. When we discussed the two deals at his birthday party in Monaco in 1970 he guffawed loudly over the advantage of being 'just a little bit stupid', advising me that it wasn't too late for me to consider a lawyer. In his case, when Lockheed once gave the slightest hint that they weren't going to pay off he let them know that he would go to any legal lengths to get what was coming to him, and that if they resisted they were going to find themselves in a game of 'chicken' against an adversary willing to go for broke. But when I took his counsel and sought legal advice, I couldn't find a lawyer who would take me seriously.

Then in 1974, a London merchant bank hired me to take an apartment in Washington to keep an eye on the aftermath of the Watergate scandal

to see if I could spot the precise moment that Nixon would resign so that it would know when to buy or sell gold and dollars on world markets. By a process similar to the one I had used in advising my oil company client whether or not the Suez Canal was to be opened, I made a fairly accurate guess that he would make the fatal announcement on the day that he actually did make it, and my client happily paid my fee. My oldest son, who was increasing the family fortune by exploiting American and British youth's insatiable appetite for 'rock and roll', increased it even further by using my tip to exchange his dollars for pounds sterling (or maybe it was the other way around, I forget), so he decided that I should hold on to the suite of rooms I had taken in the Wardman Tower in order to keep an eye on Stateside political developments which might offer similar opportunities in the future. He paid my basic expenses to keep a diary of political developments and another of ups and downs of the gold and money markets, and match them to see if I – or he – could infer patterns of cause and effect.

Then I made a consultancy arrangement with one of my former oil company clients whereby it paid enough of a fee to cover my administrative expenses. So I had a ringside seat as the nation's post-Viet Nam conscience went to work. Demolishing the Nixon administration only whetted the appetites of the so-called 'investigative journalists' who were going to work on the CIA, the multinational corporations, and sundry groups and individuals who espoused old-fashioned patriotism. The KGB, there was reason to believe, was making less use of old-fashioned Communism as it had existed in America in the thirties and more of the fashionable anti-anti-Communism that Tom Wolfe portrayed in his article on 'radical chic'. Anti-anti-Communists *loved* the boobs on the right; they, too, were 'useful idiots'. But they loathed and feared the intelligent and well-informed few whom the general public was likely to take seriously.

On the day before he was sacked, Jim Angleton dropped in on me to show me a batch of translations of Kremlin documents that Mossad agents had given him. Even allowing for a bit of Israeli editing on the way between Moscow and Washington, the documents made it convincingly clear that the offences the Soviets were planning had no relationship whatever to the defences our top military officials were planning. Angleton said he had discussed the content of the documents with a recent defector who said that after Viet Nam began to go sour, his KGB unit had spotted the American sense of guilt with the elated sense of discovery of a laboratory technician who has just found an antidote to a previously incurable disease. Upon the recommendation of this unit, the KGB decided to throw its entire psy-war machinery behind efforts to

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exacerbate and inflame it, not so much by pumping materials through its own propaganda channels as by staging events throughout the world which leftist elements in our media were sure to pick up and misrepresent. The defector named Chile, the Philippines, South Korea and Zaire as special targets, not because they were particularly evil in either Soviet eyes or our own, he said, but because the events that could be staged in them 'made better television'. They would both capture the imagination and horrify the American public and be irresistible to the media.

But it was inside the US itself that the KGB found the most exploitable issues. In the seventies, even such 'single issue' groups as the abortionists and anti-abortionists were valuable to Soviet strategy so long as they expended their energies in intramural warfare, with each putting its particular issue above the general national good. Ethnic minorities were especially valuable: Greek-Americans for effectively opposing any defence plan the Pentagon could devise that involved co-operation with the Turks; Jewish-Americans for effectively undermining Arab-American relations; Arab-Americans for effectively opposing any plan for the security of our Middle Eastern oil supply that might have involved co-operation with Israel. The sum total of their pressures, added to those that were identifiable as subversive, comprised an assault on our national security that was more effective than anything the Soviets could possibly have achieved on their own. Soviet strategists sought an America in which political leaders had to gain and hold the support not of 51 per cent of their various constituencies but of twenty-five separate 2 per cents, plus a 1 per cent awaiting the moment when it could swing the election towards whichever side made the highest bid. It suited the Soviet for us to be preoccupied with a 'domestic game' in which a lot of different groups vied for their respective special interests in a way that would be reflected in our moves on the international gameboard. It was during my Wardman Park period that, observing my country professionally for the first time in twenty-five years, I began to see its leaders so held down by domestic concerns that they couldn't get behind a bi-partisan 'foreign foreign policy' that best served the welfare of the country as a whole.

I wouldn't like my readers to think that I spent the time in my Wardman Tower suite thinking only serious thoughts and having serious conversations. Not at all. In the frivolities department, I was aided and abetted by the lovely Veronique Rodman, Henry Kissinger's former confidential secretary. While working for Henry, she had fallen in love with his longtime friend and assistant, Peter Rodman, and as the wedding day came near, it seemed inadvisable for them to work in the same office. So

she came to work for me. Being both beautiful and smart, not to mention socially adept, she not only arranged parties and handled my administrative problems but also helped me with those of my chores which, out of deference to my oldest son and my oil company client, were comparatively serious. One of them was following up on what Jim Angleton had told me about the KGB's exploitation of the various ways in which we were working against our own national interests.

Incidental to his thought that he might one day put Hollywood behind him to become Secretary of State, my oldest son, Miles III, suggested that to help him broaden his horizons I should turn my specialized talents to my own country. He said that, as an intellectual exercise, I should 'game out' what KGB political activists might accomplish if they were to use the CIA's own techniques on the American political scene. He said he didn't want the views of intelligence professionals but, instead, he wanted an idea of how solid, right-thinking Americans such as himself would see the dangers. So, with 'A Dozen Ways to Destroy America' as a working title for the paper we would produce, I had Veronique interview a number of compatriots, all stalwarts of the right, for their suggestions. What I wrote up as a consensus was interesting for two reasons. First, it showed how some particularly influential Americans thought that what we were doing to ourselves was almost exactly what the Soviets would like to have done to us if we hadn't beat them to it. Also, it gave us some fascinating insights into the thinking that would later establish Ronald Reagan as the most popular President of this century.

To me personally, the most eye-opening lesson was that American right-wingers, like their British counterparts, base extraordinarily strong opinions on extraordinarily little knowledge. I had always assumed that those who give us our ideological guidelines are divided not so much between the left and right, or the 'doves' and the 'hawks', as between the pragmatists, who insist that before we take any action we should have a fairly clear idea of what its consequences might be, and the utopians (or idealists), who believe we should always do 'the right thing', hang the consequences. But I had taken it for granted that it was we on the right who were consistently pragmatist – or 'results-oriented', as my old BA&H colleagues used to say – and that utopians were to be found exclusively on the left. I had just learned that intellectuals on the right had more or less the same conviction-to-knowledge ratio as their counterparts on the left, and that they were even *more* utopian: they adjusted information to ideas instead of vice versa.

As much as I agreed with the views that went into 'A Dozen Ways to Destroy America', I suddenly saw them as an outgrowth of uninformed

opinion. My political kin were right for a lot of wrong reasons, and they had assigned roles for themselves that I couldn't accept. For example, they saw themselves as comprising a 'bastion' (as in Cowper's 'a bastion against God's will', except the other way around) when, according to my understanding of the English language, 'defence' would have served the same purpose, or 'bulwark' if they wanted a more literary epithet. And the more I listened to the cassettes the more I heard the voice of Old Testament *hate* that was contrary to the New Testament values that I had incorporated into my *modus vivendi*. I felt any moves we might make on the international gameboard with the words of Deuteronomy chapters vi-vii in the backs of our minds would lead us into difficulties which even a country as powerful as our own couldn't handle.

As I was winding up my eight years of keeping an eye on the Carter and Reagan administrations, my sons and other tycoons of the film and recording industry pooled their resources and made tax-exempt contributions to a variety of philanthropic institutions, from something called 'The Ethics and Public Policy Center' to a group speaking up for 'American-Americans', i.e. that minority that owes its loyalty to just one country, the United States, and doesn't divide it between the United States and Ireland, Greece or Israel. Their last contribution was a planeload of food and medicines to Bob Geldof's 'Bandaid' for starving East Africans. Since my sons could more easily afford their money than their time, I agreed to go along with the delivery. After visiting a refugee camp where thousands of people were lying on the ground starving, I had talks with a top government official who: (1) referred to those of his fellow countrymen who were lying on the ground as 'horizontal', and those who could stand on their feet and shoot guns as 'vertical'; (2) remarked that six million fewer Africans was not such a bad idea; (3) implied by other remarks that his government owed more in appreciation to the Soviets than to the Americans and Western Europeans because they supplied arms with which the 'verticals' could support a government operating 'for the good of all the people' while we Westerners only supplied goodies which would prolong, but in no way cure, the misery of the useless 'horizontal'. I saw that I had some rethinking to do on the 'we-they' implications of the Old Testament.

Chapter 23

THE AMERICAN EMBASSY HOSTAGES, AND IRANGATE

Before I wind up this somewhat labyrinthine account of my life, I must describe two cases in which I was involved during the Carter and Reagan administrations. I do so for two reasons. First, I want to put on record my very minor role in them so as to put to rest various inaccurate references to me that have popped up in official accounts. More important, I offer them as examples to illustrate some of the points I have been labouring.

The first* was set off by a toast President Carter offered the Shah of Iran at a dinner hosted by the Shah in the Niyavaran Palace, Teheran, on New Year's Eve 1977. It included the sentence, 'The cause of human rights is one that is shared deeply by our people and by the leaders of our two nations.' As all the guests knew, our two nations shared nothing of the kind. The American Ambassador, a guest at the function, had only a week earlier signed an Embassy report saying that corruption in high places was probably beyond control, and that even Iran's middle classes were becoming disenchanted with the Shah. The Minister of Court, Amir Abbas Hoveyda, also a guest, had at about the same time advised the Shah against launching an anti-corruption campaign because it would only be received with guffaws both by the persons to be investigated (some of whom were among the guests) and by the general public.

Parallel to the Iranian public's awareness of governmental corruption, and certainly one consequence of it, there was a rapid growth of fundamentalist Islam violently opposed to the Shah. In a report dated

*In the following pages, alterations of text have been made at the request of the US Government to remove items still covered by departmental security regulations.

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25 July 1977, the Embassy had informed Washington that Iran was becoming 'infected' with it as it spread from neighbouring countries, and that it was arousing the whole of the peasant population from the state of anomie that had until then kept it politically inert. At the time of Ajax, it had no part in the political dynamics of Iran; political gameplayers could ignore it entirely. But from about the middle of July 1977, the 'masses' were becoming a powerful factor in Iranian politics. With effective leadership, they could have become a factor that political strategists couldn't safely ignore. Back in 1953, it had been easy to persuade street mobs to substitute 'Death to the Shah, long live Mossadegh' for 'Death to Mossadegh, long live the Shah', but with Islam as the motif it wouldn't be so easy. A drastic overhaul of our political action methods was needed.

Another Embassy report of roughly the same date gave details of how General Nimatallah Nassiri, head of Savak, the Shah's intelligence and security service, was carrying out the Shah's orders to deal with the two problems, government corruption and the accelerating hold of radical Islam on a substantial portion of the Iranian population. Interpreting the phrase 'human rights' rather more loosely than either the Shah or President Carter had in mind as they exchanged toasts on New Year's Eve, General Nassiri had instituted a nationwide programme to arrest all Iranians 'causing problems' incidental to governmental corruption, and to suppress all demonstrations of a religious nature. It was generally known throughout Iran, especially among foreign observers, that Nassiri saw little distinction between the two problems, seeing all the fuss about corruption as having been instigated by religious zealots.

So what were we to make of President Carter's felicitous toast? The Iranian government's press release omitted the part about human rights, quoting him as having said only that 'Iran is an island of stability in one of the most troubled parts of the world,' and that 'No country is closer to us with regard to our mutual security.' It was duly noted, however, by Ardeshir Zahedi, the Iranian Ambassador in Washington and the Shah's son-in-law. He took it as further proof of what he already had reason to suspect: the US Government's experts on Iran were in sharp disagreement among themselves, with the result that no consolidated 'estimates of the situation' were getting through to the President. Consequently, the world's most powerful and outspoken defender of human rights was offering his government's unqualified support to the Shah of Iran. This would be good news, Ardeshir told Kim Roosevelt when the two lunched together after he, Ardeshir, had returned to Washington following the Christmas holidays, if it weren't for the fact that President Carter was offering it in ignorance.

The Shah, however, took Carter's statement in good faith, apparently oblivious of the fact that neither the American Embassy in Teheran nor the American press shared their President's naivety on the matter of human rights in Iran. Late in 1977, one of the Ayatollah Khomeini's sons had been killed in circumstances suggesting that Savak was probably the perpetrator. From his exile in Iraq, the Ayatollah issued an acrimonious statement formally blaming the Shah, and the Shah, buoyed up by President Carter's assurances, responded that the time had come to 'destroy the Ayatollah'. He would do so by means of a propaganda campaign, the first step of which would be an article in a leading Teheran newspaper accusing the Ayatollah of a variety of sins ranging from paedophilia to consorting with Communists.

The article was published on 7 January 1978, setting off riots throughout Iran that were followed by some fairly heavy-handed repressive measures by the army, the police and Savak. The Shah's troubles were just beginning, and, as he got more deeply into them, he alternated between having Savak jail the leaders, beat the soles of their feet and pull out their fingernails, and ordering them released so they could go back into the streets even angrier than they'd been before.

For the next few months, Ardeshir and Kim discussed the situation in Iran several times, largely with reference to their common experience in 1953 when Ardeshir was a key figure in Ajax following the Shah's choice of his father, General Fazlollah Zahedi, as the Prime Minister to succeed Mossadegh. Ardeshir kept complaining to Kim that the US Government was bombarding the Shah with conflicting advice, lacking the specialized expertise that Kim had offered twenty-five years earlier; then, in May, he came right out and asked Kim if he'd go to Teheran to discuss with the Shah a repeat performance of 1953. Kim was almost twenty years older, and there had been some dramatic changes on the gameboards, international as well as domestic, but Ardeshir was convinced that Kim's *kind* of thinking might, if nothing else, untangle the babble of suggestions that were being inflicted on his government.

During the first week in June, Kim, Ardeshir and I had a caviar and vodka lunch at the Iranian Embassy over which Kim and I pinned Ardeshir down on the seriousness of his suggestion. Had he told the Shah he had asked Kim to visit Teheran? Had there been any suggestion of an Ajax-type operation to deal with pro-Khomeini religious leaders? What, if anything, had the Shah said to other Americans about the possibility of Kim's joining the flood of visitors to Teheran? Most important, what reason was there to believe that the Shah would receive Kim, and listen to his advice? Ardeshir assured us that the Shah *had*

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mentioned both Kim and Ajax, but he admitted that there had been no specific mention of inviting Kim to Teheran – not specific enough, anyhow, to satisfy Kim.

Some worthwhile ideas did come out of the luncheon meeting, however. Kim had earlier told me on the telephone that he was beginning to feel that the Shah had 'had it', but at lunch he was not pessimistic, only cautious. Before he'd agree to go to Teheran himself he wanted a bit of reconnaissance, so he said to Ardeshir, 'If anyone can orchestrate the kind of operation we're talking about, our friend here is the one who can do it. If after looking the situation over Miles says it can't be done, it can't.' He went on to say that he wasn't suggesting that I go to Teheran to plan either 'another Ajax' or some other kind of covert political action, but simply to determine the whole range of possibilities – if, indeed, there were any. To our surprise, Ardeshir readily agreed and, winking at me, said he knew it was in my nature to respond to a challenge, especially one in my much vaunted field of expertise. Overlooking the fact that I was myself twenty-odd years older than I had been at the time of Ajax, it was inconceivable to him that I wouldn't return to Washington with some red-hot scheme of action.

So I went – but with the understanding that I should avoid crossing wires with the CIA, the Embassy and any miscellaneous envoys who might be visiting Iran from Congress or the White House. It was unthinkable that the US Government, even with Carter as President, didn't have *some* plan of action in mind, and Kim and I had both had infuriating experiences with operators outside the government barging ahead with wild schemes of their own on the assumption that the CIA and the State Department were idly twiddling their thumbs simply because they weren't in on their secret plans. The complete story of my two trips to Teheran are of little importance to this particular case history, but here is a summary of the first one.

I left Washington for Teheran on 9 June 1978, arriving there two days later. On the aeroplane, I was seated next to a young man from the State Department's Bureau for Human Rights and Refugee Affairs, a nice kid and an engaging conversationalist who'd never been outside the Western Hemisphere, who knew no more about Iran's history, language and culture than he'd learned from Amnesty International brochures, and whose entire employment history before joining the State Department had been a year working with a student protest movement. He had the enthusiasm of youth, however, and was all set to tell Ambassador William H. Sullivan, a veteran diplomat of some thirty years, how he should go about forcing the Shah to rectify his deplorable record on

human rights. Over meals and many drinks, we became great friends. I told him I was a CIA agent going to Teheran as a special emissary of President Carter to plot with Savak chiefs a military takeover of Iran. It was to be followed, I told him, by a pogrom in which all Communists and religious leaders of any importance would be publicly executed so that the Iranian people would thenceforth be able to enjoy free speech without fear of intimidation from either the extreme right or the extreme left.

Since this is for the record, I must say that I was *not* the 'nameless American business tycoon' who, as reported by an Embassy despatch, told the Shah, in effect, to 'sit tight, the cavalry is coming'. The truth is that I didn't see the Shah at all; after my meeting with Savak, I decided not even to seek an appointment. After checking into a suite in the Teheran Hilton, I went straight to the magnificent villa which served both as Savak headquarters and as a guest house for visiting Mossad officers, where I spent several hours on one day with the Savak chief, General Nimatallah Nassiri, and several hours on the next with his deputy, General Nassir Moghaddam.

General Nassiri, whom I'd not met before, received me warmly when I identified myself as a friend and associate of Kim Roosevelt and gave him the password that Kim said he'd accept as credentials. I found him to be even stupider than Kim had said he'd be, but after he told me to what lengths he'd go to save His Imperial Majesty I could well believe him to be as 'fiercely loyal' as Kim had described him. As it happened, he had just received word that he'd been relieved of his Savak duties to become Ambassador to Pakistan and was being replaced by his deputy, General Moghaddam. Anyway, I spent a morning and a lunch with him during which he regaled me with some fairly bloodthirsty details of how he could have put an end to the demonstrations within a week if only the Shah had given him free rein.

The only item of intelligence value I got out of him was an admission that he believed the situation to be beyond salvation, although he thought it could still be brought within control if the Shah would only stop vacillating, stop listening to the 'Americans', and give unambiguous orders for a crackdown. Only the week before, he said, the Shah had been softened by advice of the American Ambassador, William H. Sullivan, to release some of the troublemakers Savak had arrested as a way of 'reducing tensions'. 'What could we expect of these people?' Nimatallah asked, throwing up his hands in an oriental gesture of helplessness. 'Are they going to get down on their knees and thank us, or are they going to figure that we're now on the losing side so we want to ingratiate ourselves with them?' Could he reasonably expect that a lot of prisoners who'd had

the soles of their feet beaten, their heads shaved and their fingernails pulled out to be *grateful* upon release? Were they going to kiss the ground and say, 'Gee, the Shah isn't such a bad guy after all,' or were they going to escalate their demands for vengeance? He said that the Moslem *moharram* festivities would take place in six months, and that unless the crackdown occurred before *ashurah*, the day on which thousands of the devout parade through the streets slashing at themselves with sharp objects, the Shah would be finished.

My only 'substantive' meetings with intelligence officials in Iran were with General Moghaddam, the new Savak chief, and a top-flight Mossad liaison officer who was billeted in the Savak villa. With these two, I spent a morning going over lists of persons already in jail and persons who *ought* to be in jail but weren't because the Shah was afraid of their families. I was also shown military road maps of Iran marked with operational landmarks, and crowd-control diagrams that seemed to be updated versions of the ones Kim had used back in 1953. Had he shown all this to his CIA contact? Yes, he said, as the Mossad officer smiled broadly, but he was a new officer who'd only been in Iran for a few weeks, and he didn't yet have a feel for Iran and Iranians. Moreover, he spoke only such Farsi as he'd learned on a cram course, and no French at all. In fractured English, he'd discussed with Nassiri and Moghaddam only one aspect of the current mess: how to anticipate a sudden move against the Shah like the one that had ended in the beheading of the King, the Regent and Prime Minister Nuri Sa'id in Baghdad in 1953, and how to whisk the Shah out of the country beforehand.

An Embassy official's assertion that I 'didn't have the common courtesy' to pay a call on Ambassador Sullivan is untrue. It is true that I hadn't intended to pay a call, but after my Savak meetings I thought I should at least let him know I was in town. So I stopped in at the Embassy and, learning that he was too busy to see me, I left a note apologizing for not having asked for an appointment beforehand, adding that I'd seen 'some interesting Iranians' and would be available at the Hotel Intercontinental if he wanted me to tell him about them. He didn't call. I did *not* call on the CIA station chief, courtesy calls on station chiefs by loyal alumni not being a normal part of CIA protocol. I did, however, run into him in the hallway as I was leaving the Embassy building and we exchanged broad smiles. That was all. This chance meeting, however, led to an encounter with someone else.

The Cat Lady! Twenty-five years longer in the tooth, but still spry and vaguely pretty even in a black dress and without make-up, she was a sight for sore eyes. Within seconds, it became clear that she was up to the

minute on the latest revolutionary gossip, and just the one to give me a worm's-eye view of the deteriorating situation. The CIA station chief, whose competence and imagination had somehow been missed by the DCI, Admiral Stansfield Turner (otherwise he'd have been sacked or transferred back home to a desk job), had passed along to her word of my presence in town despite the fact that she was no longer on the CIA payroll. She told me all about it when, upon returning from my call on the US Embassy, I found her making herself at home in my Hilton suite. After serving as Embassy code clerk and wireless operator for some seven or eight years, her husband had been sacked for selling commissary supplies on the Iranian black market and had gone into large-scale smuggling. He and Cathy had 'gone native', and in a big way. They had one of those houses on the edge of town that were typical of residences of rich underground characters who like to live in luxury but must avoid advertising the fact to the police and tax authorities.

After an exchange of warm greetings, we left the hotel by the service exit and she took me to it. In an unpaved street in a slum area near the railroad station and behind a mud wall, the house on the inside was an oriental palace, a seraglio from *The Arabian Nights*. It was here that I spent the next four days, no doubt providing the basis for the report some twit on the US Embassy staff sent to Washington on me alleging that most of my 'mysterious visit' had been spent in a whorehouse. Without realizing it, the twit was doing me a favour because I was seeing not whores but the *crème de la crème* of Iranian criminal society, the Iranian Mafia, one might say. Singly and in groups of two or three, she brought in a whole human toolkit of assassins, thieves, smugglers, arsonists and you name it. And, like financially successful criminals in America and Britain, they had the mentalities of right-wing capitalists, and were therefore unreservedly pro-Shah. 'If you are planning anything,' Cathy said, 'these boys are your heavy artillery.'

Finally, I must mention the tour Cathy gave me of Teheran, a repetition of the one she'd given me just before the Ajax operation in 1953. With photocopies in my lap of the maps and charts General Moghaddam had given me, we rode around the city long enough for me to game out the movements the army might make in order to prevent the amassing of mobs in the several vulnerable points in the Shah's defences, and the directions in which mob organizers might move the crowds to bypass attempts to divert them. I even checked out positions from which snipers might be placed, to shoot either at the police or at demonstrators so as to further inflame their passions. Most important, I returned to the café to which the Cat Lady had taken me twenty-five years earlier, this time with

her oldest son, Tom, one of the three who, the last time I saw them, were sawing the family cat in half. Despite the changes all around, the place was still there! Even the habitués looked the same, although they were clearly second-generation. Anyway, my talks with them took me to this simple conclusion: the situation in Iran had changed so dramatically that intervention would have to be at a level the American people wouldn't tolerate, and the Carter administration couldn't handle even if we did. In 1953 we didn't have the mullahs to contend with, and three-quarters of the Iranian people were apathetic, neutral or amenable to influences of the sort we could bring to bear. Moreover, this time the students were turning nasty, and students have parents. The government could gain breathing space by having the army mow down demonstrators, but afterwards there would be no popular rejoicing such as we had seen back in 1953. On this recommendation both Ardeshir and Kim agreed, and that was that.

In between my two trips to Teheran there was a crescendo of confusion and indecision in Washington. The situation in Iran had clarified, but President Carter, national security adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance were still trying to get a grip on ways and means. They were consulting both academics, such as Professors James Bill, Don Wilbur and Richard Cottam, who knew Iran well but had romantic notions about the Iranian 'people', and pragmatists like Gary Sick of the NSC staff, a no-nonsense naval officer who'd served in the Persian Gulf, but none of it was what I would call 'operational'. For example, they talked to Dick Helms, who'd been Ambassador to Iran after leaving the CIA, and to Kim Roosevelt, whose thirty-page post-mortem of Ajax had been all but ignored, but, as they told both of them, they were only 'touching base'. In fact, just as Kim thought he was making a few points a junior member of the White House staff, one who'd never been to Iran or anywhere else in the Middle East, opined that the Shah wouldn't then be in so much trouble if Ajax hadn't planted the seeds.

Well, no one in the White House, the State Department or the CIA consulted *me*. If anyone had, my reaction would have been a paraphrase of Groucho Marx's remark about not wanting to join any club that would have him as a member – although, as it happened, I knew rather more about operational exigencies than the fake experts who had the ear of the White House, including those who subsequently wrote books about the fall of the Shah. I knew less than Henry Precht, Carl Clement, Jack Miklos and Charles Naas at the State Department, Gary Sick of the NSC staff, and Professors Bill, Wilbur and Cottam outside the USG, but I understood better than these gentlemen how to sift through the conflicting opinions

and come up with dependable conclusions. But under Jimmy Carter, a policy conceived and perfected in heaven couldn't have worked, for one reason: his advisers lacked the guts to knock their heads together. All through November and December of 1978, the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* were reporting the Vance–Brzezinski controversy, and much of what they were saying came directly, word for word, from top-secret memoranda. When the moment of truth drew near, everyone in Iran who could read a newspaper knew that the US Government was so divided that it couldn't effectively sustain *any* course of action. So the decisions in Iran that counted were those based on the assumption that what the US Government might or might not do wasn't a consideration worth fretting about. The Ayatollah knew there wouldn't be any American opposition; the Shah knew there couldn't be any American support. So, regardless of whatever might have emerged from White House deliberations, the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* had already determined the outcome. Or, to be fairer and more accurate, those who gave them the stories about the controversy had determined it – as was, quite possibly, the purpose of the leaks in the first place.

The purpose of my second trip to Iran, a few days after the Shah had fled the country and three weeks before the triumphant return of the Ayatollah Khomeini, was strictly business. I had been employed by a leading New York merchant bank to find out where the flight of capital was going, and to figure out how to channel it towards the bank. I still had my findings from the previous trip, however, and I just couldn't bring myself to let all my carefully collected materials go to waste. Once there, it took me less than a week to identify most of the escape routes for the headlong flight of capital, and to get the names and addresses of rich and influential Iranians who had already fled the country, so I spent the second week seeking indications that there might be an eleventh hour reversal of the situation. I found none. On the contrary, I found the British Embassy expecting the worst, not only for Iran itself but for British citizens in Iran, and members of the US Embassy beginning to toy with the notion that the Ayatollah Khomeini was not such a bad guy after all, and that we had much in common with him. When I got back to Washington, I told Kim that I saw little hope for anything Ardeshir might be planning short of the creation of a government-in-exile.

During the following months, the US Government waited patiently for Iran's 'theocratic revolution' to melt down to a form of democratic popularism we could live with. But then the 'students' seized the US Embassy, thus beginning the fourteen-month ordeal of Americans held hostage. Since most of my readers are old enough to remember this

frustrating episode in American–Iranian relations, I’ll not offer yet another account of it, but say only that the Carter administration did just about everything it possibly could have done to dramatize the situation, to let the Iranians know the enormity of the advantage they had gained over us, and to show the world our powerlessness to do anything about it. Suddenly, the experts who’d contributed the most to White House confusion over ways and means began to appear regularly on television talk shows to explain how things would have been different had their particular advice been followed. Those who knew the least about Iran and American–Iranian relations had the strongest and most dogmatic views. But there was unanimous agreement among all of those who did understand American–Iranian relations that President Carter was playing right into the hands of the mullahs, and demoralizing the few influential Iranian officials we knew who wanted to bring the mess to an end. What did they think President Carter should do? Well, he should shut up, for one thing. Then he should put someone like Captain Silk in charge of a task force, and let him get on with planning and directing a save-the-hostages operation without Vance, Brzezinski or anyone else looking over his shoulder. I didn’t know it at the time, but that was exactly what *was* happening.

One day Jim Angleton, enjoying his retirement after being sacked from the CIA, brought to lunch a Mossad chap who confided that his service had identified at least half of the ‘students’, even to the extent of having their home addresses in Teheran. Although he didn’t pass the details on to me (I had no use for them anyhow), he gave me a run-down on what sort of kids they were. Most of them, he said, were just that: kids. Were they Communists or religious fanatics? Both – or neither. They were ‘frenzied’, caught up in the kind of mass psychosis that seizes mobs of all kinds, from spectators at college football games to street riots. Their ‘theme’, as he called it, was determined and kept aflame by some ten to fifteen older persons who were professional ideologues, i.e. actual KGB agents or mercenaries motivated by a mixture of ideology and money. How many were there? At any given time, there could be as few as eighty or as many as a hundred and twenty, meaning that there were sometimes as many as forty of them spending the night in their homes or out on the town. It was convincingly implicit in his remarks that, among those who managed to get out of the compound every now and then, Mossad had at least one agent and probably a lot more.

Several days after this conversation, Veronique received a telephone call from a young man in the State Department she’d gone out with a few times. He asked if she could tell him where to find Steve Meade. This was

early in the week; Steve, it happened, was due to visit me in the Wardman Tower the following weekend, and she told him so. Along with several other old CIA political action types and their wives – Kim and Polly Roosevelt, Archie and Lucky, Gene and Joan Milligan and a half-dozen others – we were going to have one of our periodic reunions. Why did he want to see Steve? He said he couldn't tell her over the telephone, so she invited him to lunch.

I've said that in those days I didn't go out of my way to squeeze secrets out of US Government personnel; I was, however, a sympathetic listener, and this particular young man had a lot on his mind that he wanted to get off his chest without having to worry about it winding up in the *Washington Post*. Without citing particulars, he said that his boss and mentor, Cyrus Vance, was on the verge of resigning as Secretary of State because he didn't want to be associated with some 'irresponsible' plan that the National Security Adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, had sold the President. So why did he want to see Steve and other old-timers in the derring-do department? He wanted to ask how *we* would extricate those hostages if the job were given to us, and he clearly wanted to hear us say, with our unassailable voices of authority, that it couldn't be done.

Well, I surprised him. I said it *could* be done, but it would have to be done by Iranians (Kurds, Qashqais or maybe some element of the Iranian army), not by Americans. He asked if I would think through what I had just said, write it down and tighten it up as a serious proposal. I said I would do better than that. When Steve and the others arrived for Saturday morning brunch, we would all discuss the problem, and I would write up our views as a team effort.

Thus, on Saturday morning, 22 March, Steve, Kim, some CIA old-timers whose names I am forbidden to reveal and I got together on a plan that would almost certainly have worked, and that would have caused the US Government a minimum of embarrassment if it hadn't. Oversimplified for present purposes, here were its main features:

The operating group: the first step would be to identify one or more groups inside Iran that had good reasons of their own to fear the way things were going under the Ayatollah Khomeini. There were several that we knew of (tribal, occupational, religious, political or even military). Any one of them, or several in combination, were capable of getting into the Embassy compound, neutralizing any resistance, removing the hostages and transporting them to some assembly point outside Teheran.

The approach: a Farsi-speaking CIA agent, preferably not American,

would approach the leader or leaders of this group (or groups) and, with him (or them), work out a plan that he (or they) could accept. Naturally, an essential part of this first meeting would be inducement. What would the group want by way of reward? We'd have to be prepared to give it to them. Whatever they'd want couldn't cost nearly as much as what it would cost to launch a totally American operation.

Co-operating 'students': the first task of the chosen group would be to make contact with one or more of the students, taking advantage of the fact that as many as forty of them could be at their homes or out on the town at night. As I remember our plans, we only needed three or four key agents, depending on them to line up enough others to take out the leaders and disorient the others.

Cover, disinformation and intoxication: the operation would be under cover from beginning to end. There would be at least two layers of cover and innumerable disinformation ploys designed to point the fingers of blame – or credit – in all directions except the right one. Even the raiders themselves might be made to believe that they were working for the Libyans or the Iraqis, for some plausible Moslem splinter group or even an element of the Iranian government itself.

The mob: the techniques of mob creation, control, reversal and neutralization used by the CIA in those days remain secret. I can say, though, that in my day we didn't deal with what we called the 'peoplescape' after it was on the streets but before it got there, e.g. by picking up mob leaders and professional agitators in the early morning before the mob formed and replacing them with ringers of our own. Also, until they were discontinued during some governmental display of high morality, we had the chemical means to turn angry mobs into happy ones. (It was rumoured that wags in the FE Division used to spray the stuff among guests at their Georgetown parties.)

Assault on the target: first, the target would be 'softened' with the aid of agents among the students – e.g. by means of narcotics in food and drink. Then it would be entered by Iranian-appearing men in police or army uniforms claiming that they only wanted to move the hostages to more secure locations, not to free them. For some reason that I now forget, we decided that the attack would take place in the daytime, not at night as originally intended, in which case various diversions (explosions, fake fights, etc.) were to take place near the entrance to the compound.

Counter-counter-attack: unlike those overt covert CIA operations we read about in our newspapers today, the sophisticated CIA political action operations of my day observed the Leninist principle of putting

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greater emphasis on weakening and misdirecting the opposition than on strengthening our own capacities. For this particular operation, our 'counter-counter-attack' was to be mainly administrative sabotage whereby we would screw up government communications, send police units off on wild goose chases and provoke distrust and dissension among the faithful.

For present purposes, I omit the more complicated features of the plan; anyway, they depended upon these six elements: reliance on local resources locally motivated; complete secrecy; complete delegation to supervisors in the field; disguise of all movements so that they'd appear to be mere relocations of the hostages instead of rescue; administrative sabotage of local defence and security forces, and certain behaviour-altering drugs provided by the CIA's psychopharmaceutical unit.

We worked out a plan in rough in the course of a Saturday brunch, and Steve, an old friend of his from the Pentagon and I spent all of Sunday tightening it up and putting it in acceptable staffwork language. On Monday morning, the young State Department chap picked up a copy, saying that the head of his section (whatever it was) would use it as an alternative to some plan proposed by Dr Brzezinski to which Secretary Vance objected. Steve's Pentagon friend had taken a copy with him the evening before, saying that it was much more feasible than anything he'd seen, and that he'd try to sell it to his superiors as one that could actually be used. Naturally, I sent a copy to a friend in a planning unit out in Langley, who made no comment. We didn't learn until later that perhaps a dozen different persons and groups, private as well as governmental, had been asked to submit either suggestions for approaches and 'guidelines' of complete plans like those my weekend guests had concocted.

On Thursday, 3 April, there appeared on my doorstep a representative of a national newspaper syndicate saying that he knew about our plan and would like to publish it the following Sunday in two hundred or so of his newspapers, one of them being the *Washington Star*. At first, I told him he was out of his mind, but after a moment's reflection it occurred to me that there could be only one explanation for his knowing about our plan. If our plan was actually to be used, a leak could only have been the work of some disgruntled or disloyal US Government employee wanting to sabotage the operation. But since it was *not* going to be used, the leaker's purpose could only have been to embarrass the do-nothings in the government – the argument, of course, advanced by the newspaperman. Moreover, it occurred to me that the newspaperman was an old-timer

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who'd been a friend of Allen Dulles, Frank Wisner, Dick Helms and other top people in the Agency, trusted by them all, and that he'd hardly be a party to any irresponsible use of a leak coming his way, even an especially hot one. His clinching argument was 'Look, I'm not suggesting that you write about what the US Government is going to do, but only what it *could* do if it weren't for the soft-headed liberals running our government.'

Okay, I said, but I've got to check it out somehow with Langley. I normally use my own judgement in such matters, but there is almost certainly a lot of thinking out there that I couldn't – and shouldn't – know about. But this was not the manuscript of a book on which I'd been requesting clearance, it was a set of concrete suggestions for the solution of a problem that a lot of US Government strategists more qualified than I were puzzling over at that very moment. So here's what I did: on the following Saturday morning I sent a copy of a plan to the home of a very high-level CIA official, simply announcing that it would appear in the *Washington Star* the following morning if no one called me from Langley to tell me it shouldn't. I sent it out by messenger at ten o'clock in the morning. Then I asked the messenger if my friend had received it. Yes, he said, saying that he'd found a middle-aged man fitting the description I'd given him mowing the grass at the Arlington address I'd given him, and that the man had received my envelope without signing a receipt. Two hours later I called my friend to ask if he'd received the document. 'What document?' he said. Then he laughed, showing none of the bewilderment he'd have shown if he hadn't known what I was talking about. So I called the newspaperman to give him my okay, and the next morning readers across the nation were reading a sanitized version of our plan, complete with cartoon illustrations, on the first two pages of their Sunday features section. It was a sensation.

But nothing like the sensation that occurred the following Friday when news broke about a rescue mission that actually *had* been attempted. I was told about it in an early-morning telephone call from Steve's friend at the Pentagon, who said that ninety members of the US army's anti-terrorist Blue Light outfit, and as many more navy pilots and crewmen, had come to grief in an Iranian desert as they were assembling for a last-lap move into Teheran where they were to attack the US Embassy head on in an attempt to free the hostages. A helicopter had collided with a transport plane, killing eight of the team and making a dog's dinner of the assembly site, and the rest of the invading force had piled into their helicopters and fled back to safety. The bodies were left behind for the Iranian authorities to find. Obviously, there had been a colossal disaster. Anyone knowing anything at all about such things would instantly realize that if there were

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a hundred or so uniformed servicemen 'in the trenches', so to speak, there had to be as many as a thousand in support of them, army, navy and air force.

There being a ten-hour time difference between Iran and Washington, the news was already in the streets of Teheran where there was in progress the kind of uproar anyone knowing Iran would expect. For one thing, street rioters had seized the body bags containing the charred remains of the American servicemen and were waving bits of them aloft for the television cameras; as was to be expected, the 'students' had moved the hostages from the Embassy compound to different places throughout the city, announcing that they'd be ready for the next American assault when it came. (This move, incidentally, was exactly the same as the one that, according to my plan, we were going to fake with operatives in Iranian uniforms.)

I spent an hour on the telephone swearing up and down to callers, some governmental and some private, that I'd known nothing of the raid, and that if I had known about it I wouldn't have written up my thoughts for the newspapers. Then I spent the day doing radio and television interviews, and the next morning, a Saturday, I was invited to the Pentagon where Steve's friend and a colonel I hadn't met allowed me to read the plan on which the operation had supposedly been based. They said they'd taken no part in devising the plan, and hadn't even known about the operation until they'd been summoned to the Pentagon upon news of its failure, but they'd been directed to prescribe terms of reference for a massive Pentagon investigation of the fiasco that was to follow.

I passed the next six weeks or so digging into the background of the operation – I mean *really* digging into it, objectively and with the eye of an expert on this 'sort of thing', not in the manner of other investigative teams that were either seeking excuses, hunting witches or trying to make points for the upcoming election. Nothing I was able to learn about the operation itself could persuade me that it was a sound one, although in the end I had to agree with my friends in Langley that it wasn't as ill-conceived as newspaper accounts suggested. But the conclusion that emerged was this. It was the *kind* of operation, in both substance and character, that the US Government could be expected to produce under the given circumstances, although the history of operations like it pointed only to failure. The operation that my old CIA friends and I concocted during the weekend of 22 March would have *worked*, and no less a person than President Carter later admitted that it would have. But it would never, never had gained the approval of that National Security Council

level group that on 11 April debated the pros and cons of the operation that was actually run.

Nor would it have gained the approval of any comparable NSC group under any other President of the United States from Kennedy to Reagan. The important question at hand, the *only* really important question to be answered as we ponder this particular case history, is: why? What is there about our democratically elected US Government that would cause its heads to opt for a kind of operation that has a history of failure over a kind that has had few out-and-out failures, and *no* failures that have received embarrassing publicity?

Case number two begins in 1982 when Adnan Khashoggi visited Washington to call on Bud McFarlane, the National Security Adviser, to discuss some ideas he had for bringing about peace in the Middle East. Bob Shaheen, as was his custom (even in the White House!) surreptitiously taped the conversation with one of those cassette recorders fitted into a briefcase such as you buy in 'spy supply' stores along Fifth Avenue, New York. The next day, Bob played the cassette for me in Adnan's Manhattan apartment, and I discussed it with Adnan over lunch. Clearly, Adnan had given McFarlane a masterful account of his activities during the preceding months, dazzling him with the names he had dropped. He'd talked to practically every Middle Eastern and European leader of any consequence, learning that they had ideas complementing his own. I could tell from the tone of McFarlane's voice that he'd been impressed.

As I listened to the cassette, so was I. I asked Adnan if I could make a few alterations to take into account some developments in Washington that I knew and he didn't, and he said okay. But he added that I should bear in mind that what he had really been trying to convey to McFarlane was an overview of the whole Middle East situation such as would lay the groundwork for a major project he was in the process of working out: having President Reagan sponsor a 'Marshall Plan for the Middle East' as a way of bringing to an end the Arab-Israeli conflict, solving the problem of homeless Palestinians and ending the strife in Lebanon.

I did the job in such haste that it was hardly my best effort as a piece of literature, but it presented Adnan's idea accurately enough, and in language suitable for Washington receptivities. Bob put it into a fancy jacket under the title, 'A Marshall Plan for the Middle East', and Adnan sent it to McFarlane with copies to King Fahad, King Hussein, President Mubarrak, Prime Minister Peres and (through King Hussein) President Saddam of Iraq. I put a copy under an appropriate cover letter, and sent it to my contact in the CIA.

During the following four years, the idea grew exponentially, developing a life of its own and being plagiarized by both government officials and private citizens sensing career opportunities. At the same time, Adnan continued his discussions on both sides of the fence, on the Arab side including the PLO's Arafat and on the Israeli side including not only Peres but also David Kimche, Israel's most astute diplomat, cryptodiplomat and intelligence strategist. I, too, kept my oar in. I even visited David in Israel in hopes of furthering a kind of Khashoggi-Kimche partnership that would combine the talents of both, a case of one plus one adding up to rather more than two.

Four years later, during a week with Adnan on his yacht, I was awakened from an afternoon nap to be informed that my old Savak friend 'Manouche' Ghorbanifar had slipped aboard and that he and Adnan wanted me to join them in the library. Manouche had won a special place in the hearts of CIA old-timers by being the first Iranian in the Agency's history to flunk a lie-detector test, thereby demonstrating that he actually knew the difference between a lie and the truth. If he had insights on the latest developments in Iran I wanted to hear them. I suspected that he'd also have some ideas on how to bring the situation there back to normal, and in several hours of conversation he showed that he did. Adnan asked if I could give them the same treatment that I had given his 'Marshall Plan for the Middle East' four years earlier and I said I'd be delighted. Adnan *then* said (and here I want my readers who've heard other versions of the Irangate story to pay close attention) that he was as impressed as I was, but that he intended to forward this second paper to McFarlane over his signature *only* as an appendix to the 'Marshall Plan' paper. So far as he was personally concerned, he was attracted to Manouche's proposal only to the extent to which it could be tied into plans for overall Middle Eastern peace.

So I returned to Oxford, hurriedly wrote up the paper as a straightforward and unelaborated representation of Manouche's ideas as I understood them, and took one of Adnan's small aeroplanes to Geneva, where the three of us were to have our next meeting. But during the two hours of flight I began to have apprehensions. At first, I had been taken in by what I saw in Manouche's ideas, the elements of a classical political action operation of a kind that I well understood. It was too late to pull off another Ajax (although I remained convinced that an Ajax-type operation would have worked had it been tried before Khomeini-mania had got out of hand), but I could easily conceive of an operation of the old-school variety such as Frank Wisner's special operations staff could have pulled off. There was one problem, however. A political action operation such as

the current situation in Iran required would involve dealing with Iranian officials who were not only hostile to the United States but out of reach to the American mom, apple pie, corner drugstore and baseball mentality of those who were making and executing foreign policy under the Reagan administration. There were a few old-timers left in the CIA who could manoeuvre effectively in strange cultures, but Bill Casey, Reagan's campaign manager turned Director of Central Intelligence, had shunted them aside in favour of gung-ho paramilitary types such as those active in Central America.

I wish I could claim to have voiced these misgivings when I met Adnan in Geneva, but I can't. The only concern I expressed was for Adnan himself, since there were compelling reasons at the time why he should stick to his role as 'international businessman/statesman', and avoid any involvement that would cause him to be labelled, more aptly than ever, an 'international arms dealer'. I returned to Oxford under the impression that he had agreed. He said explicitly, in fact, that he would thenceforth give Manouche any help he could within reason, but that he would avoid any involvement himself. When I got back to my cottage in Oxford there was a message on my telephone answering machine from Adnan's former CIA case officer in Washington asking, 'What in hell have you and Adnan been up to?' but I didn't at the time infer from it that Adnan and Manouche had gone further in their planning than they had led me to believe, and that Washington knew anything that I didn't. In reply to the phone call, I wrote up a report of my two meetings, added a sentence or two about my misgivings, and put the whole thing out of my mind. That, I thought, was that. I didn't hear about 'Irangate', or Adnan's involvement in it, until a month or so later when Nasri Nashashibi called me from Geneva and, with a voice shaking with Palestinian indignation and horror, called my attention to the *Time* magazine cover story about Adnan.

Between the spring of 1984 and the time when stories about Irangate appeared in *Time* and elsewhere, Adnan's parties had dwindled. Besides, with rumours flying around about his supposed bankruptcy, he thought that a low profile was in order. But the day after Christmas 1986, he called to say that happy times were here again and to invite me down to Marbella for the usual New Year's Eve extravaganza. I went, only to learn upon arrival that this year there were no celebrities or high-flying jetsetters but only Adnan's extended family and a sprinkling of local royalty to lend tone to the occasion. Also, the usual midnight welcoming of the New Year was not what I had come to expect. Instead of horns blowing and bells ringing, there was Adnan's tame guru intoning 'ummMMM' as the clock struck twelve, and a moment of reverential

silence followed by a round of kissing in which the men kissed not only the ladies but also the other men. Adnan's main purpose in giving the party was to dispel rumours that he was going bankrupt, but he also wanted to have a kind of Monday morning quarterbacks' review of the Irangate situation with me and Manouche, who was there for the whole party weekend with his attractive wife Gigi and his teenage kids, who spoke English with well-schooled American accents.

The setting for our talks was ideal, reminiscent of the West Indies hideaway which the CIA of my day used for leisurely interrogation of Soviet defectors. We had several sessions, in which neither Adnan nor Manouche were in the least bit contrite; they only wanted to consider what, if anything, might be salvaged from the operation. Neither (and I was, and am now, sure about this) had any interest in the Contra part of the deal – if, indeed, they knew about it at all. Adnan's interest in the affair was confined to the extent it could be fitted into his overall plans for peace in the Middle East, and Manouche only wanted a follow-up to the progress he had made with the Ayatollah Rafsanjani, speaker of the Iranian parliament. His presentation, in French and English, made these points: (1) Ayatollah Rafsanjani was the certain successor to old Khomeini, already in his eighties and in poor health; (2) he was already in the process of creating a power structure that reconciled and balanced his country's diverse political elements – 'true democracy', Manouche called it, meaning that the result was truly representative of the country's political energies, and not the mere product of a 'free democratic election' by a people who didn't know their own minds, and who'd follow any glib demagogue who captured their imaginations (on this point, incidentally, Manouche displayed an impressive knowledge of what comprised an effective power structure in a country like Iran); (3) our chances of destabilizing or overthrowing the Rafsanjani regime that would succeed the Ayatollah Khomeini's were negligible, so we'd do well to face the fact that the Islamic Republic was there to stay, and to make the most of it; (4) anyhow, Rafsanjani wasn't such a bad chap; for our purposes, he was the best possible leader in sight, being uniquely capable of understanding that Iran's severe internal problems couldn't possibly be solved except in conjunction with a foreign policy that included an accommodation with the US Government.

But here was the most interesting bit of information Manouche had to convey: he and 'others' (unnamed, except that Adnan's lawyers, he said, had been a great help) had already established the means to keep Rafsanjani informed on day-to-day goings-on in the world and, at the same time, to 'educate' him gradually on enough basics so that he'd

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understand the significance of the various items reported to him. Manouche showed me some sample reports, written in English that was grammatically correct but so phrased that it would translate easily into Farsi. They were first-rate, on a par factually and analytically with what President Reagan got from his National Security Adviser. They were so much like the stuff that Issa Sabagh used to cook up for us to give President Nasser that I suspected the CIA hand in them – a suspicion, incidentally, that I still harbour.

Finally, Manouche gave us a detailed – and, I thought at the time, hilarious – account of the visit to Teheran of McFarlane and Colonel Oliver North to make the arms-for-hostages swap. To start with, they had gone over in the middle of Ramadan, the Moslem month of fasting in which Iranians are not at their best hospitalitywise. Second, the Iranian officials who were to receive the delegation had never heard of McFarlane or North, and their titles meant nothing to them, a detail that was magnified out of all proportion to its real importance by the early arrival of the aircraft, keeping the visitors fidgeting angrily while the Iranian reception committee was held up in traffic on the way to the airport. Then there were the ‘negotiations’, if they may be called that. Manouche had envisaged a scenario in which both sets of representatives would sit down on the same side of the table to work out common problems, but McFarlane launched into the discussions from the position of an adversary, suspicious of the Iranians without realizing that they were suspicious of him. Manouche had understood that the first step was to build mutual confidence and credibility, but McFarlane’s first words, in effect, were, ‘We’ll do this for you if you will do that for us,’ insisting that if the Iranians didn’t make the first move the negotiations were off. The details I got from Ghorbanifar were coloured in the Iranians’ favour, of course, but they were more or less confirmed by an account I got later from a British friend who, by means he didn’t divulge, had followed the whole thing as a fly on the wall. He said it could fit into one of the films my daughter makes on ‘How Not to Deal with Orientals’ – while, for some reason I can only guess, an experienced Farsi-speaking CIA alumnus who’d come along for the ride sat quietly on the sidelines not opening his mouth.

I didn’t write up the Marbella interviews for anyone in the CIA – not then, anyhow. Instead, after a week of thinking over what I’d heard, I got on an aeroplane to Washington and made an oral presentation to persons to whom my friends in Langley had directed me as being thenceforth responsible, on orders from President Reagan, for getting to the bottom of the Irangate affair. I told them all that I’ve just written on the previous

pages, except that I added boosts for both Adnan and Manouche in terms of their respective cultures, neither of them being American citizens owing us any particular loyalty. I said the same for David Kimche. I said that to complain that he was acting against American interests was not only unrealistic, it was also a bit silly. Israel is a sovereign state, a player in its own right, and not a satellite of the United States. We must expect its strategists to make those moves that benefit Israel, whatever their effect on purely American interests. David saw in Adnan's 'Marshall Plan', with the appendix on Iran, several opportunities lying entirely outside that paper's grand objectives, and unrelated to any purely American interests. For example, the paper implied a rationale by which to justify the shipments of arms to Iran which they were already making. Also, it offered an opportunity to win brownie points with the US Government. If the Americans were to accept the plan, the Israelis could turn their ongoing secret arms deals with Iran into a means of helping the US Government to solve one of its greatest geopolitical problems. Third, it offered yet another means to prolong a stalemate in the Iraq-Iran war, relieving onerous pressures on Israel in a hostile environment. Finally, Israel would acquire a major customer for arms being manufactured by its burgeoning armaments industry, then amounting to over a third of its profitable exports.

So as I saw the Irangate mess, from what little I knew of it (and I knew nothing of all the tricky financial arrangements, or of the diversion of arms-sale profits to the Contras), both the Iranian and the Israeli players made exactly the moves we should have expected them to make – should, indeed, have *anticipated* their making as we devised our own moves. This brings me to an opportunity (I thought I'd never get to it!) to restate an important maxim in my own casebook: *you can hardly win a game if you don't even know you're in one*. Our home team thought we were in one game while we were really in another – and they compounded their mistake by sending in behemoths with clubs instead of a few multi-cultural persuaders with stilettos up their sleeves.

When I finally got around to writing a report for friends in the US Government, I began by saying that there were still a few opportunities stirring in the ashes of the affair, then I went on to list them as follows.

The key figures in Iranian life, both political and religious, had been awakened to the possibility of a mutually profitable relationship with the United States – also to the dangers of *not* having such a relationship.

Even the Ayatollah Khomeini, while not appreciably moderating his view of the United States as the 'Great Satan', had begun to admit that

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there might be some advantages to Iran in 'limited co-operation' with American intelligence agencies in monitoring the Soviet-Iranian border.

Both the Iraqis and the Iranians had been shocked into a realization that prolonging their war, whatever its eventual outcome, was sure to have disastrous consequences for both.

In the end, I was persuaded that in leaving these possibilities dangling the Reagan administration was making a mistake, and that perhaps Manouche Ghorbanifar was right when, in speaking of his compatriots, he said, 'We are in the position of a patient whose body has been opened for heart surgery, but whose doctor has fled the operating room, except that there is another doctor waiting in the wings ready to take over' – by which, of course, he meant the Soviets.

This leaves in the air, of course, the matter of the US Government consorting with sponsors of terrorism and holders of hostages while urging our European allies to join us in outlawing them. But seeing this as a flaw in the operation misses the whole point of secret operations. All governments occasionally, in secret, depart from publicized policy when there is some marked advantage in so doing, and when the departure can be kept not only secret but plausibly deniable. Instead of assigning high-profile amateurs to the task, the US Government should have used expendable low-profile professionals who understood the standard caveat, 'If you succeed you'll get no thanks, and if you fail we never heard of you.'

In fact, in European intelligence communities the only complaint I've heard was at the *way* the operation was handled, not at the operation itself.

Chapter 24

COUNTER-DISASTER THEORY AND THE 'ANT COLONY'

On a cold and rainy London morning a week or so after I'd decided to write this book, I got a telephone call from a good friend of mine, the vice-president who heads the European operations of an oil company that was my client at the time of my retirement. With a voice taut with anxiety, he said he needed a 'great personal favour', and he requested that I meet him urgently at his London residence, a few doors down the street from our family house in St John's Wood. Although it was before nine o'clock in the morning, already gathered in his library were the company security chief over from New York, the company's London solicitor, and a silent middle-aged gentleman in an Oxford grey suit whom he didn't introduce. The problem, which he explained after taking me into the next room out of earshot of the others, was the disappearance of his twenty-five-year-old daughter, Clementine, two evenings before.

Facts immediately available were simple. During a Sunday night buffet dinner and musical evening such as 'Bob', the vice-president, gave for twenty-odd guests every month or so, the daughter excused herself, bundled herself up against the cold rain and, without explanation, left the house with her imperial-sized poodle, Arafat. By midnight she hadn't returned. Knowing that late hours were not Clementine's style, especially on a Sunday when she had to go to work the next morning, Bob and his wife began to worry. Then, in the course of a routine telephone conversation he had with the company president, 'John', every Sunday at midnight (only seven o'clock in New Canaan, Connecticut), he mentioned Clem's disappearance and, to his surprise, John seized upon it. John asked a few pointed questions about Clem's personal habits, and

said that if she hadn't shown up by nine o'clock the following morning Bob should call the company security officer in Manhattan, regardless of the fact that it would be, to him, 4 a.m. in the morning. The next morning when Clem still hadn't shown up Bob did as John asked. The security officer took the company plane a few hours later, and there he was sitting in the next room with the British solicitor and the dour unidentified gentleman in the grey suit.

So what was expected of me? 'Find the girl,' said the security officer. Why me? Why not the police? 'No police,' he said, 'just take my word for it.' Well, I *wouldn't* take his word for it. I'd been asked to do a personal favour requiring talents and contacts that, at seventy-odd years of age, I'd outgrown many years ago. Ten years earlier I would have taken a company assignment without question, but if I was going to do a personal favour at my age I wanted to know all the details. I turned to Bob, shrugging. 'Look,' he said, 'I don't know any more than you do why this is not just a family problem but a company matter, so it's part of the personal favour I'm asking that you join me in my ignorance and help me do whatever it takes to find Clem. But the company will certainly pay your fee, whatever it is.' The security officer, who turned out to be one Jerry Kowalski (his true name) and a very nice guy, immediately got off his high horse. He explained that he'd joined the company only a few weeks earlier straight from the FBI to find his new bosses exercised about international terrorism in general and the possibility of kidnapped company executives in particular. 'I'm not supposed to tell you this,' he added, 'but the Bureau has a file on Clementine. She's recently been seen with some pretty strange people' – meaning, I immediately surmised, members of CAABU, the Committee for Anglo-Arab Better Understanding, whose meetings I knew she attended.

So *that* was it. There was apparently a sensitive security angle of the public-relations variety, but, besides that, both John in New York and Bob in London had decided that finding Clementine called for improvisation rather than ordinary police investigation. Despite the fact that I had been off active duty for some time, my ongoing study of international terrorism made me just the man. And Bob knew, even if John didn't, that if Scotland Yard were needed I'd be able to go to the right people there without Bob finding out about it. If he *did* find out about it, Bob knew, I was beyond the company disciplines that bound him as it bound any company employee who wanted to keep his job.

So I put aside immediately the order to stay away from the police. A call to the St John's Wood station produced within minutes my friend, PC Pat Cummings, who was just going off duty. He agreed to hold off for as long

as he could in not telling his 'guvnor' about the problem and, feeling a bit foolish, Bob and I joined Kowalski and the constable in a door-to-door search around Primrose Hill, where Clem usually walked the dog, hoping to find someone who might have seen her. We found several people who'd seen her enter the park but none who had seen her leave, and we found Arafat sitting calmly in the 'stay' position outside a pub at the north-east corner of the park. The pub, it seemed for the moment, was the end of the trail. So we went back to Bob's house to collect our thoughts.

It didn't take more than a few minutes to worm out of Bob the grudging admission that Clem *was* seeing what, to New Yorkers, might seem like 'some pretty strange people'. While insisting that she was 'just an ordinary American girl' without any political hangups, he admitted that she had views on the Arab-Israeli conflict born of having gone to school in Lebanon, and that she'd occasionally be sought out by old schoolmates, some of whom were Palestinians. Turning to me, he said that if we didn't get any leads in London, even after turning to Special Branch, Scotland Yard, I should go immediately to New York to find out from John exactly what he had in mind when he got so excited over the telephone the previous Sunday night. Speaking for the first time, the man in the Oxford grey suit said that, as the company's comptroller for 'special projects', he had been authorized to pay my expenses and a fee large enough to compensate me for agreeing to perform duties that were rather below my age and social status.

Having just started the writing of this book and being involved in international terrorism as a CIA loyal alumnus, I saw the favour I was doing for Bob as an opportunity too good to miss. So I spent a week in London visiting friends in Scotland Yard, MI5, SIS and the American Embassy bringing myself up to date on what Palestinian groups might be doing in London in the way of kidnapping, recruiting, laundering money, tying in with the Irish Republican Army and other terrorist groups, or whatever. Then, with as much local background as could be crammed into my mind in one week, I went first to New York and then to Washington. In New York, I found that the kind of activity that might have accounted for Clementine's disappearance was regarded as a problem calling only for defence and prevention, without any reference to Palestinians or other groups that might enjoy sympathies in oil-producing countries. In Washington, I found counter-terrorism becoming a growth industry, with politicians calling the shots and a lot of self-styled experts picking up the pieces. My talks in the two places didn't give me any leads to the question of Clementine's disappearance, but it awakened me to its implications and introduced me to the hypothetical environment

in which the US Government was trying to deal with international terrorism.

I could go on to describe the developing wilderness of mirrors, but for the purposes of this book, an autobiography, from here on I will comment only on how the Clementine experience led to 'counter-disaster', my personal version of catastrophe theory as understood by any gameplayer who knows better than to draw to an inside straight. The single trail of activity that started out in Bob's London residence on a cold autumn morning split into two, then into four, then into sixteen and so on until it snowballed so as to cover parts of Europe, Africa and the Middle East, to involve a hundred or more diplomats, intelligence agencies and police investigators, to discover previously unknown terrorist, quasi-terrorist and covert political groups of a dozen nationalities and religious persuasions, while almost totally bypassing the missing Clementine – although she *was* found somewhere along the line, but by a fluke that was only incidental to the general search. Our London team that kicked it off was almost entirely forgotten, so much so that when I attended a seminar in Geneva a year later the overall investigation was presented as a case history by a panellist who, although an old associate of mine, was totally oblivious of how it had started. Anyway, contemplation of it all is what prompted me to turn catastrophe theory upside down, and call it 'counter-disaster'.

Kowalski got the critical lead in the search for Clementine in a manner illustrating the point to which this recital has been leading. He did it as the result of dialling a wrong number on his telephone! Well, it wasn't *quite* that simple: by accidentally reversing the digits of a number he was calling in Hampstead – or, more likely, by having some number he'd known in the past pop out of his subconscious – he found himself on the line to a house in north-west London that, as determined by subsequent enquiry, had been used as a transit station by a Libya-supported assortment of terrorist mercenaries. Since the telephone number was unlisted and known only to a tight circle of trusted confederates, the person who answered Kowalski's call assumed he could talk freely, and before he realized his mistake Kowalski had wormed out of him remarks indicating that he was aware of a 'missing American girl'. His and Scotland Yard's follow-up led to the fanning out I've just described, one that caught up the missing girl like a bit of flotsam in a flash flood.

The point is that this particular call, being only a mistake, was a shot in the dark having a 15,000,000 to one chance of hitting its target, odds no professional gambler could take any more seriously than he would take the odds in favour of drawing a winning number in the Irish sweepstakes.

My son Stewart, the family genius, thinking the whole thing very funny, explained that it was just a case of 'synchronicity', the silly notion of old Karl Jung that the Police had just made a phonograph record about. ('I'll have Sting come over and sing you the explanation,' he said.) But I had a better idea. I plotted out the whole investigative effort in the shape of a family tree, with the original stimulus at the bottom and the responses branching out as they, in turn, became stimuli leading to more responses, and I wound up with an array of branches and limbs that was otherwise meaningless but expressed a common thrust. But more than that, it showed a lot of false starts and blind alleys, all reflecting this common thrust, indicating that most of the persons involved in it had lost sight of what they were after and, sooner or later, had either gone off tangentially in pursuit of unrelated problems that had cropped up in the course of the investigation or had begun chasing leads just for the sake of chasing leads. I charted on to a transparency all the activity I could identify as having a clear, purposeful relationship to the basic search; then I superimposed it over a tree indicating everything that had been done after the original stimulus that might otherwise not have been done. Then I studied the branches that remained uncovered on the bottom sheet to identify what I defined as the 'system', meaning the way any group of people, whether related formally or only having common cultures and basic motivations, could be expected to behave in response to *any* recognizable challenge. Such a group would set off in pursuit of a single object or a narrowly defined problem; it would soon generalize that object into a category or class, while broadening its interpretation of the problem; then its various parts would wind up chasing off in a lot of different directions and widely differing notions on what the effort was all about, but with a kind of common spirit remaining intact.

Naturally, it's been flattering to have my colleagues class me with Albert Einstein, John von Neumann, René Thom and James Burke, but in all modesty I must confess that, in the form I originally introduced it, counter-disaster theory was nothing more profound than an illustration of how pure science relates to applied science in any field of investigative activity. But let's consider it alongside what I said in earlier chapters about game levels, and about how any individual player is seething internally with individually motivated elements something like those that make up the human body. Then apply it to the behaviour of a player on the international gameboard of particular interest to us, the US Government.

For purposes of discussion, let's take the National Security Council. This consists of the President, the Vice-President, the Secretary of State and the Secretary of Defense, with its statutory advisers, the Chairman of

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the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Director of Intelligence. Supposedly, it meets once a week to ponder the 'integration of domestic, foreign and military policies relating to national security', as established by the National Security Act of 1947. The basis for its deliberations is supposedly provided by a person whose title is merely Assistant to the President, but who is generally known as the National Security Adviser. With his staff of forty-odd people, he's supposed to collect all intelligence coming to the White House, from the CIA and a dozen other agencies, and compile it into briefing papers that spell out exactly what, at a given moment, the dangers to national security are.

The arrangement ought to work, but for purposes of explaining my counter-disaster theory, let us consider a 'worst possible scenario', the administration of President Reagan. To advise President Reagan on international affairs there was a Secretary of State who, although admittedly a man of high intelligence and proven competence, not only was without any appreciable experience in dealing with foreign persons or governments but was conspicuously lacking in a 'feel' for cultures other than American, and who was inclined to wax emotional when confronted with people who didn't appreciate and respect 'American values'. The Director of Central Intelligence was also a man of superior wisdom and proven competence, but he had demonstrated these qualities not in a career of intelligence-gathering and analysis but in his performance as Reagan's campaign manager. Finally, only one of those in the string of national security advisers who served in this position for any time at all had had any experience that would give him even the smallest inkling of what national security was all about, and the experience of that one (as even his closest friends now acknowledge) was a case of a little knowledge being a dangerous thing.

As I've said, the national security and intelligence set-up under President Reagan was not an ideal one; those of the past have been better and the one now shaping up under President Bush is likely to be *much* better. But it's in the nature of things that the system that acquires and processes intelligence, summarizes it and gets it into the in-basket of the President of the United States will inevitably be subject to corrupting influences and therefore less than perfect. My personal opinion is that, if Lee Iacocca tried to run the Chrysler Corporation on intelligence as poor as that which goes to the President of the United States, bearing on international affairs, the Chrysler Corporation would be bankrupt in a year.

But the United States is *not* going bankrupt; or at least we can say that its chances of losing the international game are much less than the thrust

of dependable intelligence indicates. This brings me to my counter-disaster theory, and to what in the old CIA we used to speak of as the 'ant colony'. According to the catastrophists, the mere flick of a butterfly's wings can cause a tiny current of air that will infinitesimally alter the direction of a more forceful current of air, and the aberration will multiply exponentially until a hurricane shapes up where there might otherwise have been peace and quiet. A crackpot in Lower Slobovia can take a shot at some local politician and set off a chain of events leading to the Third World War. For want of a horseshoe nail a kingdom can be lost. But according to my counter-disaster theory there is an inexorable undercurrent, a kind of dumb intelligence that permeates middle levels of the State Department, the Pentagon, the CIA and the White House, the components of which are somehow mobilized behind a common purpose without their knowing it, or even knowing each other. Routinely and without fuss, they turn their bosses' tactical mountains into strategic molehills, then quietly relegate them to the back pages of our newspapers. Professor Greenglass, chief hexapodist in Jim Angleton's counter-espionage unit, used to tell us that the individual ant is virtually brainless, but that the ant colony, *as a colony*, possesses an amazingly effective intelligence. That's the way it seems to be with our 'ants', the US Government secret society of staff officers that's so secret that even its members are unaware of its existence. A close examination of potential disasters defused so as to have become barely worth reporting shows that our top decision-makers prescribe the policies we know about (e.g. 'We do not negotiate with terrorists') but that, ultimately, they don't determine the direction they take.

I'll give you an example. Shortly after the terrorist hijacking of the Greek tourist ship, the *Achille Lauro*, President Reagan's principal advisers decided that the appropriate counter-move would be to bomb the supposed sponsor of the raid, the Libyan government of Moammer Qadhaffi. So we did. It was a mistake, and, although some of them wouldn't admit it, professionals in our diplomatic and intelligence services saw it as a gross error of judgement. But President Reagan, George Shultz, Caspar Weinberger, Bill Casey and others at the top of our government hailed the raid on Libya as a great success, and boasted publicly about how it had silenced Qadhaffi and brought about at least a temporary halt in international terrorism. (You remember the incident. The Secretary of State denied that its purpose had been to kill Qadhaffi, although he added with a sly grin that if Qadhaffi *had* been killed there wouldn't be a weeping representative of the US Government at the funeral.)

You'd think, wouldn't you, that the US Government would then behave as though it had solved a problem. If our top officials really believed their self-congratulating, wouldn't they relax, cut the budget for counter-terrorist protection, and return to their husbands those Foreign Services wives who'd been brought home from posts designated as especially terrorism-prone? But no, the guard arrangements around our diplomatic installations abroad were *increased*, wives and families were brought home from an additional ten or fifteen posts (including even such an unlikely one as Barcelona, which had two Spanish army tanks parked outside it for the following year), and the budget for counter-terrorism was increased by more than six *billion* dollars.

During the following year the number of attempted terrorist actions almost doubled, but most of them were nipped in the bud by a new vigilance in our overall security system and by the replacement of self-appointed 'advisers to the White House on international terrorism' with true professionals. Following our raid on Libya, young pro-Soviet army officers gained control over Qadhaffi, and made improvements in Libyan-sponsored terrorist activity as suggested by Soviet advisers. But CIA officers at the working levels ('ants') quietly arranged penetrations of the new terrorist-training and recruitment centres that were growing up in countries other than Libya, and worked up new operations that resulted in the terrorists attacking each other instead of us. All this went on with top people in our government, including the director of the main organization that was responsible for it, appearing not to notice. But here is my point. As they were doing it, even the ants were seemingly oblivious of the fact that their actions contradicted the notion that the air raid on Libya had been a success.

So I have great faith in the effectiveness of our government as a whole, and in the inner resources that save it from itself, even if I'm sometimes doubtful of its leadership – not of the leaders themselves, Presidents Reagan and Bush will be relieved to hear, but of the leadership system under *any* democracy. In particular, there has been our capacity to make even a bad policy succeed simply by throwing all our weight behind it. We've bumbled through many times in the past, but there are signs that we may be losing what we need to concentrate our strengths and our capacity to counteract the forces that undermine them. Moreover, there are reasons to suspect that our strengths may be of the wrong kind for imminent dangers, the strengths of a lion or an elephant attacked by swarms of killer bees. We could take on a war with another great power tomorrow, and probably win. But, even with the help of the Israelis – *especially* with the help of the Israelis! – we couldn't defeat the Iranians,

the 'Arabs', the world of Islam or the whole Third World if it should turn against us. We have reason to believe that Soviet strategists well understand this, and that the Third World War that they envision will be one of ourselves against shapeless forces of the Third World, with Soviet Russia ostensibly aloof from it. So while I continue to be optimistic about our prospects, I can think of several ways in which I'd like to see us pull up our socks. An autobiography is not really the place to expound them; in any case, most of them are implicit in what I've already said in this book. But I will add something about that field of activity in which I claim a certain amount of expertise. As I understand 'covert political action', I have been singularly successful at it, sometimes removing serious dangers to the security of the United States and sometimes only enabling my business clients to hold out, profitably, in parts of the world where they would otherwise have been thrown out. My activities have never been an embarrassment to my clients, to my country or to myself. Since this is an autobiography, it's not inappropriate for me to add that they have brought me enough in fees and bonuses to make comfortable retirement possible, and to give me enough spare time to write a wordy autobiography.

Those who argue that covert political action should be banned want to abandon the solution without fully considering the problem. The results-oriented leaders on whom we must ultimately depend start their deliberations at the problem end. They may decide that it's better to leave the problems unsolved rather than risk solutions that may cause yet more problems. But if they decide that the problems are so serious that we've *got* to solve them, they consider the complete range of possible solutions. If they see that means more effective and less costly and less risky than covert action are available, they should certainly turn to them. But if they see that there is no other way, they should emit mournful sighs and, with perfunctory regret, authorize covert political action. The question is no longer 'whether'; it's 'how'.

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From the personal point of view, the years between my two Iranian case histories, 1981 to 1987, were the most satisfactory of my life. First, there was the matter of age. The late twenties and early thirties are great, but don't let any oldster tell you different: if you've still got your health, the late sixties and early seventies are better. In the first place you've already had whatever success you're going to have, and you can coast. Or, as I'm doing, you can look back on your life of accomplishment, or the lack of it, and make sense of it where it didn't make sense as you were going through it, and see in sobering perspective what seemed irrevocably disastrous at the time. Also, by the time you're sixty-five you ought to have plenty of money – if, that is, you realized in your youth that 'The future belongs to those who plan for it,' and remembered that the past was once the future.

The year from July 1980 until about July 1981 was especially great. On 16 July 1980, Cynthia, Veronique, Suzanne, Mayo and other friends gave a big party at Cynthia's lovely home in Virginia to honour my sixty-seventh birthday, then I spent the rest of the summer touring the South making 'Bush for President' speeches, switching to 'Reagan for President' after George lost the Republican nomination. As election time neared, I rallied a number of former CIA officers to form something we called the 'Bush League' to ensure that on international affairs George Bush would be the best-informed Vice-President in history. On election night, I had a great party in my Wardman Park suite attended by all my close friends, British as well as American. Miles III okayed my budget for another six months, and I upgraded my living accommodation at the Wardman Tower, taking over (appropriately enough) the suite formerly occupied by Perle Mesta, 'the hostess with the mostest' of *Call Me Madam*, and

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also taking on Amanda, a marvellous cook who could whip up a buffet dinner for forty people after only a few hours' notice. Caroline and Jeremy Rugge-Price (Jeremy, as Sloane Rangers among my readers will remember, once ran La Chaumière in London) came down from New York just to teach her how to make *jambalaya*.

The following January, my brother Hunter came up from Birmingham, bringing with him a lot of Alabama supporters of George Bush, and my Bush League friends and I gave an inauguration brunch in my suite for George and Barbara Bush. That evening Veronique and Peter Rodman, Leila Maw and I had ringside seats at the official inauguration party. From January to March, I kept getting calls from old oil company, airline and banking clients offering double what they used to pay me for prognoses of what was in store for them under the new administration.

In February, my friend, Ernest Lefever (or 'Doctor Lefever', as his receptionist always says in answering his telephone) ran into trouble with his appointment as Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights Affairs because of some scandalous information that his Carterite predecessor had dug up on him, and I dashed back from a week at my home in Britain to help him save his job, and to counter all the ugly rumours that were being spread about him. We failed, but Miles III coughed up another £25,000 grant to help him off to a new start with a revitalized Ethics and Public Policy Center, and Ernie saw to it that my table of eight guests were given a place of honour at his next great dinner, one honouring Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger. Later, Ernie and his Ethics and Public Policy Center hosted something he called 'an evening with Miles Copeland' to which he invited thirty or so like-minded celebrities, and I got a lot of applause for what I said about the then state of the world.

Meanwhile, with Veronique's help, I was myself giving some great dinners for rising personalities in the Reagan administration – for example, one for Lucky Roosevelt, whom the new President made his Chief of Protocol, and the ranking Ambassador in the US diplomatic service. I don't remember, but I suppose I gave a party for Peter when he became head of the State Department's Policy Planning staff; anyway, both he and Veronique were always helpfully on hand as I threw my major affairs, the purposes of which were only excuses. So, of course, were Peter Witonski when intelligentsia were being fêted, and Greg Copley when I had in various persons who could rightly call themselves strategists. Greg, incidentally, is worth special mention because he stands out as one of the world's few leading strategic thinkers who includes in his definition of 'war' all the ancillaries of major conflict, including those which achieve desired strategic ends without actually fighting.

I say all this only to point out that the early days of the Reagan administration were a heady period in my life, one without reference to which this autobiography wouldn't be complete. But it was the following seven years, the wind-up of my life in covert political action, that I may safely label 'significant'. As amateurs began to take key foreign-policy spots in the Reagan administration – an industrial engineer and union negotiator as Secretary of State, a construction company executive as Secretary of Defense, his former campaign manager as Director of the CIA, and a California lawyer to head the NSC staff – American corporations having worldwide interests relied more and more on their own foreign policies. I suspect that diminishing governmental responsibility for happenings on the international gameboard was one reason they had voted for Ronald Reagan. In fact, we heard Edmund Burke's 'That government is best that governs the least' in more than one of the pro-Reagan speeches that some of them made. In one of the speeches he wrote for the less literate of our industrial tycoons, Peter Witonski had Henry Ford II saying, 'Every time the government tries to handle our affairs it costs more and the results are worse than if we'd handled them ourselves,' a sentence he'd lifted from Benjamin Constant's *Cours de politique constitutionnelle* written in 1818, and that quote had its share of repetitions.

But enemies of Big Government, including President Reagan himself, overlooked one budding feature of the new administration. What its amateurs lacked in knowledge and experience they made up for in enthusiasm, due at least partly to the fact that they were oblivious to what a rough game they had so suddenly found themselves in. We were *all* taken by surprise by the swarm of lobbyists who descended on them claiming to be experts on various aspects of foreign affairs. The carpet-baggers, as we soon called them, knew little or nothing about their appropriated specialities but they had lines of chatter that were consistent with preconceptions of most Reagan appointees; they had the lobbyists' knack of gaining entrée to this or that member of the Presidential staff, and then to getting themselves on to television talk shows over the label 'adviser to the White House'. An ever widening chasm appeared between these jokers and their mushrooming 'institutes' and those of us who were getting bigger and bigger fees for giving advice on security questions to private corporations.

At the same time, former policemen, FBI agents and CIA contract personnel were exploiting for all it was worth the crescendo of publicity about 'international terrorism'. Individuals, pairs and groups of three or more were setting themselves up as 'security consultants', and selling

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their services, complete with expensive electronic equipment, to super-rich Americans whom they'd frightened into believing that they and their families were special targets of kidnappers. By 1985, the sale of security services and equipment in the United States alone (closed television circuits, guards, dogs, electric fences and alarm systems, etc.) was a twenty billion dollar a year industry.

As for myself, as soon as the Reagan administration had installed itself safely in office it decided that it could get along quite well without me, the fact that the Carter administration had paid dearly for the same mistake having escaped its notice. I was kept busy, however, as major American corporations operating on an international scale began to play down their American character, to call themselves 'multinationals' (or 'transnationals'), to dissociate themselves from the US Government and its foreign policies, and to rely on their own intelligence and security resources.

We were soon living in two different worlds. Some of us, both in and out of the government, saw it coming when, only a few days after his inauguration, the new President announced that terrorists violating the 'rules of international behaviour' would suffer 'swift and effective retribution'. Immediately thereafter, he began directing the creation of various inter-agency committees to mobilize the nation's resources in a 'war against terrorism', strongly implying to State, Defense, the CIA, the FBI and the Treasury Department's Secret Service that until further notice the 'war' was to be the dominant foreign policy of his administration. At the State Department there was already an 'Office for Combating Terrorism' headed by Ambassador Anthony Quainton, a career foreign service officer with the good sense to realize that neither he nor anyone else in the department knew very much about the subject. But soon there were a dozen or more new committees and 'working groups' designed as much to dramatize the administration's concern with the problem as actually to solve it – a Counterterrorism Center (CIA), and Emergency Support Team (also CIA), a Joint Special Operations Command (Pentagon), Delta forces (army), and a Terrorist Incident Working Group, to name but a few.

These all had their parasitic growths in the form of self-styled experts, only a minuscule few of whom had ever had any first-hand contact with terrorism, terrorists or the conditions that spawned them. Also to spring up were a variety of 'institutes', some of them based in universities seeking grounds for financial contributions, some of them covers for psy-war operations against the Palestinians and émigré groups known to sponsor terrorist operations, and some the brainchildren of experts on Washington itself, i.e. fast talkers with the wit to recognize governmental gravy trains when they saw them.

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By the second or third year of the Reagan administration, Washington was awash with misinformation and disinformation on terrorism, urban terrorism, international terrorism, 'state terrorism' and something called 'institutional terrorism', but it was the drama of the whole thing that interested the Soviets. The US Government was sinking into exactly the dilemma that best suited the purposes of Moscow's Leninists as they've begun to blossom under Gorbachev. In materials easily available to the US Government without recourse to espionage, they had made it clear enough that in their version of the Third World War the United States would be forced into a variety of situations in which it would feel compelled to play the role of a powerful nation but, for all the world to see on its television sets, it would in fact, be powerless. With the Reagan administration in office, an entirely new brand of 'useful idiots' was available.

While all official Washington was embroiled over definitions, jurisdictions, priorities and such questions as whether or not the Soviets were behind most if not all international terrorism, the international oil companies, the airlines, the banks and major construction firms were working with governments of countries where principal targets of sabotage, kidnapping, assaults on individuals and various forms of terrorism were located. The effort was entirely low-profile and unpublicized – and effective. It wasn't entirely independent of the US Government, though, because we had the unwitting co-operation of the ant colony. Also, despite the havoc wrought on it by Admiral Turner under the Carter administration, the CIA still had in it a hard core of linguistically competent area specialists and the US Government's few authentic experts on terrorism who – well, let us say 'kept in touch'. Anyway, of the companies that sought the advice of myself or of others providing the same kind of service, from then until now there has not been one employee kidnapped, one physical installation sabotaged or one aeroplane hijacked.

As I write this, President Reagan is saying his goodbyes in Washington, President-elect George Bush is busy with his transition team helping him prepare to move into the White House a month from now, and I am rejoicing in the probability that President Bush, having had a businessman's view of the world, will have the good sense to leave well enough alone. I hope he will appoint to top foreign affairs posts mature and responsible individuals who will worry less about doing right than about avoiding wrong. In international affairs, if not necessarily in domestic ones, Edmund Burke's observation relating the value of a government inversely to its enthusiasms seems particularly apposite.

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Why do I keep having this nagging feeling that, even after all I've said here has been read and digested by our President and his advisers, the US Government's behaviour in national security matters is going to continue just as it would have done if I'd saved my breath? Since this is an autobiography, I suppose I'd better wind it up with an answer to the ultimate autobiographical question: how do I see myself fitting into this less than ideal world that I've been fantasizing? Some years ago, I was asked by a dignitary who is a friend of mine to help him compose a few hundred words as his contribution to a symposium entitled 'This I Believe'. Although he'd led his life according to firmly construed principles and operational guidelines (e.g. 'Honesty is normally the best policy, but exceptional cases do arise'), he had no idea how to go about expressing them. I wasn't able to help him. When the book finally came out it included statements of forty-odd British and American dignitaries from Viscountess Astor to Harold Stassen, and it was clear that none of them could offer more than an approximation of what had guided him or her through life. It happens that I have no such difficulty. Put simply, I see life as a game.

I must tell you a tale about my daughter, Lennie, when she was seven or eight years old – well, not quite the original tale, but as retold by my old drinking buddy, H. Allen Smith, late at night to bawdy friends. The factual basis of the story begins as Lennie enters the aviary in our Beirut villa to find Oscar, her pet parakeet, lying dead on the floor of his cage – you know, flat on his back, his little feet sticking straight up, and his eyes represented by crosses like those you see on dead animals in cartoons. Well, Lennie went into hysterics. She shrieked, howled, and beat her head on the floor until I thought I'd better call a doctor to tranquillize her.

But I had a better idea. I pulled her down next to me on the veranda swing and, in a soothing voice, began to put the tragedy into perspective. I said, 'Look, Lennie, it's not the end of the world. Things like this *happen* to us; death is a fact of life. Tell you what I'll do. We'll have Hagop prepare a coffin, Mommy will trim it in Damascus brocade, we'll have Father Pierre say a prayer over little Oscar and we'll put him in the coffin. Then we'll invite all your friends, and we'll have a wake – ice cream, games, bags of candy for all your friends, the works. Then we'll put Oscar in one of your toy boats, and, as we stand on the shore singing songs and waving goodbye, we'll sail him out into the Mediterranean. You know, a Vikings' funeral.'

By this time I was carried away with my own eloquence, and Lennie was eating it all up. I really had her attention. But then a funny noise came from the aviary, and it got louder and louder. Lennie and I got up from the

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swing and went into the aviary to find Oscar as good as new, quite alive, sitting on his perch scratching himself. Lennie and I stood there for a few seconds, aghast, then Lennie turned to me and said, 'Let's kill him.'

You see what I'm trying to say? If people properly *dramatize* it, if you see it is only an episode in life's game, any disaster becomes bearable – even, in some perverse way, enjoyable. In March 1986 Peter Rodman and I had a horrible car accident in which Peter, being younger and more athletic than I, broke only a few ribs while I broke almost every bone in my body and had to spend six weeks in hospital, most of the time in pain. But, you know, I actually enjoyed it. I'm quite serious. I'd never been in one of those accidents you see on television or read about in the papers (Lord knows, I'd been in damn near everything else), and actually being in one was an *experience*. I spent all the time I wasn't ogling the nurses thinking of how I would one day write it all up.

Through all the preceding pages I've been speaking of 'games', 'gameplans', etc., until those of you who've read this far are no doubt sick of it. But I've done so, maybe overdoing it, to lead up to this autobiographical point: I've found that if you see life as a 'game' – a term I use as military, political and business strategists use it, not in its frivolous sense – you gain several advantages. One of them is that you can take every event as it comes, neither losing your head over the happy ones, nor being brought down by the unhappy ones. In an article I once wrote for *The Ecumenical Quarterly*, 'Is There Life After Birth?', I argued that we are all born, we all die (some of us too soon), and between these two occasions we do a lot of things, good and bad, as we try to tip the balance in favour of the good. But what's important is that we do things that *interest* us, and that our lives are good, instead of bad, to the extent that we equate 'interesting' with 'meaningful'.

So what is 'meaningful'? Every individual has to define it for himself. But, borrowing a few words from Sir Norman Angell, at whose feet I used to sit during the months in the late thirties that he lived in New York, I'll say this. The judgements upon which depend the character of our society are dictated more by emotional forces than by rational ones, and they can be blind and evil as well as good. Sir Norman used to insist that anyone, with a minimum of practice, can discipline the irrational forces that exist within us all. I've forgotten the routine that he suggested, but I have one of my own to recommend. I argue that the mere realization that 'life is a game' is discipline enough.

My wife insists that to say life, or anything else, is a game is to trivialize it, but she's only being put off by the fact that the word 'game' suggests only those free-for-alls she played as a teenager at Wickham Abbey. She

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was furious when I emerged from hospital to describe the previous six weeks as 'an interesting experience'. So for the benefit of readers like her, to whom the word 'game' suggests only cricket and rugby, I must emphasize that here I'm writing exclusively of 'serious' games, those that the famous mathematician John von Neumann and the famous economist Oskar Morgenstern wrote about in their monumental work, *The Theory of Games and Economic Behavior*, and those that I wrote about in my monumental textbook for the CIA, *Non-Mathematical Games for Innumerate Intelligence Officers*. The 'life is a game' outlook that I prescribe doesn't trivialize; it only makes a person see things in their proper perspective, 'maximizing benefits' and 'minimizing losses', to borrow terms from von Neumann and Morgenstern. It also gives you the standards by which to decide what is maximum and what is minimum.

Think about it. Just mulling it over will make you a better person even if you don't get the true 'key' point which I've been making since the first page of this book.

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