H COOPER

LAWR LINGER

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MAKING SPIES

A TALENT SPOTTER'S HANDBOOK

Secrets exist at all levels of society, and worldwide, spies are employed to ferret out the most potent secrets. Russian spies in Silicon Valley, Washington, D.C., and Route 128; U.S. spies in Moscow, Beijing, Israel, Libya, South Africa and Nicaragua; Israeli spies in the U.S., Egypt, Russia, Syria and Lebanon; French spies in New Zealand.

Where does it all begin? What kind of people are recruited as spies, and how? How does the spymaster content the disillusioned agent? Is a spy blackmailed into action by his employer? Is espionage as action-packed as movies lead us to believe?

Modern spies are made—not born—and authors H.H.A. Cooper and Lawrence J. Redlinger show you how talent spotters find just the right stuff in a potential spy to transmogrify that raw material into the polished agent. The delicate challenge of keeping the spy contented—and locked in—is also detailed.

Think twice before committing an act of espionage. There is much more to this clandestine profession than technological gadgets and an exchange of information. As soon as you have made an illicit sale, your customer knows *your* secret, and you're suddenly locked in for life. You have become a mole, a leak, an informant. You are HUMINT.

Be first a student of espionage. Learn the expectations and pitfalls of being an agent before you decide to play this dangerous game. Know of espionomics, spychology and of sexpionage. Be aware of the unending deception, and psychological dangers of wearing too many masks.

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H.H.A. COOPER
LAWRENCE J. REDLINGER

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A TALENT SPOTTER'S HANDBOOK

PALADIN PRESS
BOULDER, COLORADO

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Making Spies: A Talent Spotter's Handbook
by H. H. A. Cooper and Lawrence J. Redlinger
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To
The Right Honorable Lord Houghton
of Soworby, C.H.

PREFACE

This book is essentially about finding very special people; transforming them into spies through temptation; using them, and ensuring their total loyalty. It is a manual for making and managing spies, and is quite timely given the current rash of spy trials and the promise of more to come. Yet it is also timeless in the questions it seeks to answer. How are bright, loyal, committed people recruited? How are they properly trained? How are they properly managed so that they not only do their jobs, but remain steadfastly committed to the goals and ideals of the organization? The authors do not treat these questions lightly by loading the text with war stories; instead they provide thoughtful consideration of the issues.

Espionage may or may not be an illicit undertaking, but it is certainly clandestine; for this reason, there is a paucity of good literature about its organizational and management dimensions. This book provides welcome relief. It ties the netherworld of espionage to modern, mainstream management practice. Spymasters are, after all, managers in a most interesting and peculiar universe. This volume distills their experiences in a way that makes it eminently useful, not only to those who are in the business, but to those in business itself. Making spies and handling assets *may* be unique to espionage agencies, but the practices of success are not. For the modern manager, there is a great deal to learn from spies and spymasters.

INTRODUCTION

There have always been spies and there will always be spies.[1]

Nikita Khruschëv

While there are many contenders for the world's second-oldest profession, spying must be considered a hot favorite for that number two spot. And a profession it most certainly is, involving a careful process of selection and induction; rigorous, supervised training; a lengthy commitment; high standards; and judgment from one's peers. Spying, properly undertaken, has all the hallmarks of professionalism—and all its stultifying aspects. Hence the phenomenon, Gentleman (and the not so gentlemanly or ladylike) Amateur. Yet both are alike in this: spying is, exclusively, an undertaking for practitioners. There are old spies and young spies, master spies and mediocre spies. There are spies in training and, occasionally, retired spies. But there are no non-practicing spies. Spying is a great game, but as far as the players are concerned, either you are in—or you are out.

For most, then, espionage is a spectator sport, something to be watched with fascination from the sidelines. The fascination is constantly fed by a vast army of fiction writers, whose works are occasionally more revealing, and certainly more colorful and entertaining than non-fiction can ever be.[2] An interest, then, in spies and spying is perennial and

endemic among a public constantly in search of vicarious thrills. The prosaic does not make good copy, and much espionage is routine, unexciting, and not very rewarding, materially or spiritually. For the most part, the public diet has to be supplemented with a heavy dose of fantasy.

Yet, every so often, we are treated to glimpses that seem to suggest that truth in this strange netherworld may well be more fascinating than the fiction that usually portrays it. People are provoked to want to know more about real spies. How did they ever get into that curious business? Are they a breed apart? Why do they do it? Who admits you to the profession? Is there a way out after you are in and have decided, perhaps, that the game is not altogether to your liking? This book sets out to explore these intriguing matters and, incidentally, to lay the foundations for other forays into the thickets where the secrets of spies and spying are hidden.

Secrecy is the bedrock upon which espionage is founded. It permeates and tints every corner of the spies' world.[3] The principal task of the spy, narrowly defined, is to ferret out, observe and report upon that which others would rather remain hidden. The spy is the seeker after secrets, and the communicator of those secrets to those for whom they have some value, but who, ordinarily, would not be privy to them. It is this primary characteristic that distinguishes spying from ordinary research and the work of investigation undertaken by a host of those professing other skills. The spy is not after information or material items that are on display for all, nor those items that might have been laid aside or buried in the ordinary course of usage. The spy seeks that which is deliberately secreted or which is hidden from view because its secret character is essential in some way to the protection of its value, or its utility in some other regard.

Spying necessarily involves a venture into the realms of the forbidden. It requires, at best, a calculated breach of somebody's security—those barriers, however frail, that have been erected to keep out those who have no business with whatever is secret. At its worst, spying requires the negotiation of perils that put the spy's very life on the line. In many

ways, the spy is an instrument of last resort. Why go to such lengths when there are easier ways of obtaining what is desired? Secrecy demands protection, and the spy is the violator of that protection.

Secrecy in this context has another pertinent dimension. In order to be able to do the job, the spy must work secretly. Spying is quintessentially a clandestine operation. Secrecy is the spy's own protective mantle. When the spy is discovered or revealed, he or she[4] loses all usefulness and probably much more. The spy works to discover and communicate secrets under the cover of his own veil of secrecy. All this groping around in the dark for the camouflaged obliges the spy, metaphorically, to develop a very special kind of night sight. It is necessary not only to accomplish the mission, but to enhance the safety of the operative engaged in it. The spy must become a kind of chameleon, blending in with the surroundings, and having the innate capacity to change coloration when the lights go on. Secrecy is, then, both a barrier and a boon to the spy's labors.

Espionage is a jealous mistress. She rarely takes kindly to dalliance with other pursuits. To do the job, the spy must engage in a variety of activities. These may be highly absorbing and may even take a lifetime to achieve proficiency. Spies become doctors, lawyers, engineers, data processing professionals, confidential secretaries, janitors, or housewives. Or they may become spies after being any of those or engaging in a myriad other occupations. But these undertakings, however interesting and worthwhile in themselves, are always ancillary to the business of being a spy. They are designed to facilitate the primary activity or to provide protective cover for it. Whatever his other failings in the department of allegiances, the successful spy quickly develops an appreciation of where his real loyalties lie—namely to his profession. All spies enjoy this in common, and this is perhaps the reason for the empathy so many feel for others of their kind, regardless of the master they serve.[5] The spy is on the road to perdition when his love for spying is on the wane or is overtaken by some other attraction. It is then that the ire of the jilted mistress can indeed be cruel and unforgiving. Many who have

embraced her have found, to their cost, how difficult it is to escape her cloying clutches. Spying simply does not fit those who engage in it for the practice of anything else. There are really no second careers for old spies—except as spies.

This loyalty to the profession above all rather than the client facilitates all manner of conversions, from defections to the multi-agent syndrome. Yet through it all, the spy remains essentially a spy. Those who become spies are signing on for life. Spying is curiously addictive; it gets into the blood. The call does not come, always, at the same time of life. Some answer it at a comparatively early age, to find themselves in servitude to its lure until their usefulness is finally spent. Others take up the calling much later in life, through some exigency or crisis. Yet, if their activities are not peremptorily curtailed or terminated, they too find that what they have picked up is far from easy to lay down. Spying becomes a way of life and, moreover, one that must be carefully hidden from most of those with whom that life is lived. The spy's life as a spy is the one that really counts, for without it, he may have no other life to live.

The secrecy of the spy's profession imposes irksome limitations to which he must learn to adjust. A modicum of secrecy is probably necessary for mental equilibrium; most people cherish their own little dark corners, some secret space they wall off from their fellows. But the secrecy of the spy is much more than a special kind of privacy. It involves no less than a life of total pretense. The spy can rarely acknowledge his vocation, and then only when survival itself seems in question. The spy who boasts of his exploits is not likely to remain in business very long. A natural pride in what one does for a living has to be repressed and must find other channels of expression. It is not the subject for small talk at cocktail parties or in the boudoir, natural locations for its ventilation and profitable employment.[6]

Recognition of the spy by others (except for denigration or disgrace) generally comes posthumously or when his professional potential is deemed to have been utterly exhausted. The truly great spy must content himself in the knowledge that he has carried his secrets inviolate to the

grave. This is a heavy burden. Most people who have done anything exciting, unusual, even outrageous, hasten to trumpet that fact from the mountain-tops. The restraint of the spy, then, does not come easily. The subjection to a regimen of secrecy, to the guarded approach to all of life's little situations, takes a heavy psychological toll.

There is something of an ambivalence at work here. The guilty, if they have a secret, at least know the origins of their inner compulsion to blurt it out—and that in their own interests they must remain silent. Those who feel no guilt but must remain silent anyway must necessarily have some artificial inducement to do so. Bursting with pride at the secret within, they can share it with none of those who really matter to them. For these, a safe outlet must be provided that will drain off the need for confession and provide a quiet solace.[7] The spy must, for his own safety and that of his enterprise, remain solitary in a crowd. The loneliness is compounded when he stands, unrecognized and unrecognizable, amidst those for whom he has the greatest of affection. Here is a great cause of vulnerability and one that has been the downfall of many a spy. Those whose business is the making of spies need to pay the closest attention to this inherent area of weakness.

This book takes as its starting point the premise that spies are made, not born. The artifice in this process embodies thousands of years of training. Some have abilities and predilections that make them more apt to be made over as spies; much like soldiers, schoolteachers or seamstresses.

The making of a spy is a complex and technical process. It is the inimitable craft of the great violin maker that shapes the instrument and unlocks its musical potential. Of course the wood of a Stradivarius is rather special; even the master would have been hard put to extract such tones from a lump of teak. Even Mrs. Beeton would have been hard put to make much of an omelette out of half a dozen rotten eggs. Good ingredients are a *sine qua non* in this process of making spies. Their selection facilitates the work of those whose job it is to turn out the finished product. The great talent spotters go about their work with all the élan and ruthlessness of

a French chef doing his morning marketing. Good spies are not plucked fully ripe and from the bushes, nor are they usually detected in the bud by those who work on the quota system.[8] Talent spotting calls for very special skills in the recognition of blemishes and inward imperfections, as well as degrees of ripeness. Selecting the wrong ingredients can not only ruin the confection; it can produce severe indigestion and even a fatal colic.

The process of fabrication is entrusted to many hands and is directed by many minds. The different components of the process will each be examined in their turn, but it will suffice here to say that each "spy factory" tends to have its own distinctive, recognizable molds and the end product is often, to the connoisseur, as identifiable as if it carried its makers' mark. Perhaps there is some inevitable pride of craftsmanship at work here; nevertheless, it is dangerous for spies to go about sporting labels, "Made in the USA" or "Made in the USSR."

Therein is another area of weakness that requires notice in the course of the present work. With all this talk of artifice and fabrication, there is still room for inquiry whether there is such a thing as the self-made spy. This is something more than the volunteer or one who plays some auxiliary role in the spying process. This is the full-grown, fully finished article. While such a creature is perfectly possible, he has become *rara avis*—if for no other reason than that those utilizing his services will insist, for their own ends, in making him what he must become.[9] Whatever stellar qualities the spy might be thought to possess, by himself or others, these are of little value (and may even be hazardous) until they are brought firmly under control. The very fibre of espionage is discipline, the subjection to a rhythm generated and transmitted by others. Even those who have learned the step on their own must recognize the beat and move to the time if they are to dance at all.

Earlier, a very narrow and precise definition of a spy was suggested. In strict parlance, such a definition would serve, but it is clearly too restrictive for the present purposes. Spying, as it is comprehended in the present work, most

certainly ranges above and beyond the simple acquisition of secret information, or even tangibles, and their conveyance to those commissioning or prepared to commission the undertaking. It encompasses operations of a much more extensive character, involving a wide range of secret maneuvers designed to influence events. Many of these operations involve manipulations of closely held information in some way or another, but the common characteristic is the subtle, secret interplay of human relationships designed to bring about or to frustrate certain courses of action. The secret operatives engaged in these transactions may not have information acquisition, retrieval, or transmission as their assigned tasks. Their only compatibility with those more properly designated as spies lies in the clandestine nature of their work and the ways in which they are sought out, selected, trained, and retained for the job in hand. For John Q. Public, these are spies. They are the characters that people the fiction he reads and they represent images he conjures when he thinks of spies and spying. To the uncritical mind, James Bond is just as much, if not more of a spy than more prosaic, real-life information gatherers like the Rosenbergs or Richard Sorge.

There is much more to the matter than even this stark contrast might suggest. The world of spies and spying is thickly populated by a host of minor characters, bit-part players, as it were, whose activities require management and understanding by those who would see the big picture. Spying, even in these days of high technology, is a people-intensive business. It requires an acute sense of the proper management of human assets. The business of spying most usually requires getting one or more controlled human beings close to other human beings who have something to impart or who can be influenced in some way or another. While the acquisitive aspects of spying remain dominant, these other maneuvers and what they portend cannot be overlooked.

Spying, then, in the context of this book, will be invested with this more generous meaning. All secret agents who take part in clandestine operations, whatever their purpose, will be regarded as spies for examination and study here. Carried

to extremes, such generosity of interpretation might wreak havoc with the taxonomy. A hired assassin like Stashinsky[10] has little but being clandestine in common with the spy who tries to steal and purvey information garnered from, say, IBM; one is a murderer, the other a thief. But what of the Swallows and Ravens,[11] whose prime task, operationally, may be to compromise targeted others in order to bring them under their own service's control? These degrees and standings will be appropriately noticed in the text, but the material under consideration will also include all that lies between the two extremes.

There are those whose principal utility, in the present context, resides in having access to or possessing secret information which they are prepared to part with, in abuse of their proper functions, in return for some benefit to themselves. Theirs is really a perversion of responsibilities, albeit a vital one, in this process of the illicit acquisition and transmission of secret information or other items of value. They are clearly more than mere conduits, for they voluntarily participate in, even make possible, the abstraction and diversion of what is at stake here. Yet are they spies, in the conventional sense?

The riveting importance of this matter is apparent from a most cursory review of contemporary events.[12] These entrepreneurs are the sinews about which much of modern espionage is built. It is this category of operative that is most earnestly sought by the talent spotters of foreign powers eager to despoil the U.S. of its most treasured technological and defense secrets. A peculiar modern circumstance encourages these activities. In our free, capitalist society, much crucial information bearing upon the national security is necessarily in the care of private contractors, controlled only through the most tenuous relationship with the government. Personnel employed by the multitude of defense contractors who regularly serve the needs of the armed forces offer a particularly inviting target for the talent spotter.

In former times, one thought of spies and spying in terms of governmental action, the clandestine services of one nation operating essentially against government, or government-

controlled targets, in another. Espionage in the private sector, while rife and growing, amounted mostly to the theft of trade secrets and ranged from sharp, reprehensible business practices to outright roguery.[13] Nowadays, the distinctions are so blurred as to make the boundaries quite meaningless. The full might of the KGB and the GRU is likely to be felt less in the environs of the Pentagon and Foggy Bottom than in Silicon Valley and along Route 128. Here is a large and vulnerable target population possessed, metaphorically, of the combination to the nation's safe. This circumstance has opened up the game of spies and spying as never before. It is far from sounding the death knell on conventional industrial espionage and may actually have given it a shot in the arm. Nor has it rendered nugatory intelligence efforts directed through more conventional channels at regular government personnel. What it has done is to enlarge exponentially the field of activity, especially in the matter of talent spotting, the selection of likely prospects, and their recruitment as agents. For the purposes of a talent spotters' handbook, then, these prospects constitute an important and somewhat novel class that cannot be ignored. Those concerned with the making of spies have amply demonstrated their interests in this category of client material and provided some striking examples of how it is handled.

The question therefore, What is a spy? is capable of soliciting the widest range of answers. There is a real danger in this of the whole subject drowning in a morass of semantics. Those engaged in the making of spies must have a clear blueprint from which to work. It is incumbent upon the analyst to search out the common threads from the answers to the questions posed. While it is clear that the spy must live a life that is at least a partial lie, this tells us more about the individual than it does about spies and spying. After all, much the same thing could be said about many other persons who are manifestly not in the business of espionage, however unsavory, otherwise, their activities might be.

By the conventional standards of morality, most spies must be adjudged to be thoroughly unprincipled. The spy must be ready not only to sell his own grandmother, but to

deliver. Again, such unscrupulousness is far from being confined to the world of espionage. It would certainly seem that central to all spying is some sort of abuse of trust or confidence. Regular responsibilities are overridden by the dictates of the twilight life the spy must lead and by the secret activities in which he is engaged. The development of special trust and confidence is often necessary to get close to that which is to be acquired and disposed of illicitly; the entire relationship is a sham, a means to an end. While this is clearly treacherous, it is not definitive of the issue before us, because it is something shared with others we would not normally regard as spies. What does emerge from this speculation is that however efficient and effective the work of the spy, it is far from being wholly admirable, even when it is done on *our* account. What the spy has to do and how he has to do it, seem to offend against basic principles of common decency. There is something rascally about the spy, and not in the lovable sense. While acknowledging that the spy may well be able to do that which cannot be done by any other means, most would agree that his exploits, however much they might be lionized in print or celluloid, have rather more of the jackal about them. There is a basic, unforgivable dishonesty about spying that takes some of the glitter off the triumph. While "all's fair in love and war," what the spy does often seems to be a gross abuse of both. Spying is effective—so too may be cheating.[14] Both leave a bad taste in the mouth.

How, then, to construct a workable blueprint from this diversity of functional characteristics and underlying commonalities? It is already clear that no short, simple definition is quite adequate for our purposes. The narrower, finely focused definition excludes too many characteristics of the greatest practical interest to the talent spotters. Yet it is equally evident that the broad, general guidance, however valid, serves as no blueprint whatsoever. With such plans in hand the tank designer might well end up with a submarine, for both are weapons systems. Those engaged in making spies need a more exact idea, from the outset, of the finished product; the issue of definition cannot be shirked by those undertaking to write a text of this kind. For the present pur-

poses, then, the following is offered:

> A spy is a person who trades illicitly in secret information or other closely held items of value, or who seeks, by clandestine means, to influence others to do that which is contrary to the interests they purport to serve.

This definition is expressly designed to exclude from consideration most of those who engaged in what have come to be euphemistically referred to as "special operations." These secret operatives, sometimes described as "spies of action,"[15] might include assassins, saboteurs, forgers and other useful rascals such as those employed, often with great effectiveness and distinction, during World War II by the British SOE and the United States OSS. While sharing the clandestine character of the world of espionage, these activities are really quite different in scope and function and are more on a par with international terrorism, set in a slightly more respectable frame.[16] In this latter regard, it might be pertinently observed that much depends on the angle from which the picture is viewed. From the present perspective, however, the exclusion demanded by the definition is pressed on other, more practical grounds: the qualifications for employment are quite different, and the talent spotter's task is oriented accordingly.

In one most important respect, it may be suggested only half-facetiously, making spies is not very different from making pies: the cook has the option of starting from scratch, with largely unprepared ingredients; or using, in varying amounts, materials that have already been subject to some degree of confection elsewhere. This is clearly a subject to delight the purists and one capable of considerable debate on the merits. That debate need not be opened here, but it is worth pursuing the analogy a little further to observe that there are limits to which even the most finicky of pie-makers might go. How many go to the lengths of churning their own butter, milling their own flour, growing their own apples? Or to take matters further back yet, growing their own wheat

expressly for the purpose? Some activities do demand such punctilious, personal attention to detail, but clearly, this is not one of them. In our society, the division of labor has already imposed its quotas and conferred its benefits. Most cooks start their work somewhere along the line, choosing from their vantage point what they need for the job in hand from what others have developed before them.

Few, indeed, are the spy makers who truly have the luxury, or even the professional inclination, to start from scratch. Most start with rather more than the prepared pie crust, while others purchase the shop-baked article ready-made and decorate it at home to their own liking. While the purists may well look upon this as cheating, these efforts have to be viewed more precisely in the context of situational and circumstantial factors. Time and opportunity are both substantial factors that must be taken into account. The talent spotter's work is greatly affected by such considerations. Some spies, unquestionably, are made virtually from scratch. The raw ingredients are carefully sought out and selected, and they are unhurriedly assembled in the right proportions, with the necessary corrections being made as matters proceed. Such a leisurely process is only possible when there is no immediate need for the viands. Some who go in for this sort of thing very seriously do, and are able to, take the long-term view.[17] They are not cooking for immediate consumption but are preparing the products of their art for some sumptuous feast a long way down the road. This calls for planning the menu carefully and selecting comestibles that will not spoil with keeping. It may also be inferred that those engaged in such an exercise have a suitably large and ventilated larder where these confections might be stored until the time for their use has arrived.

The USSR is one country that is inclined to take the long-term view. Where possible, it does fabricate its spies from scratch, often enough from its own native materials. Such a process has many advantages, but also more than its share of drawbacks. Suffice it to say here that for all the refinements and delicacy of the chef's art, Mother Russia does not disdain a quick snack of shop-bought goods when hunger calls and

the price is right. Sometimes such meals have proven exquisitely satisfying and as good, if not better than, those anticipated from the more elaborate preparations.

There is another most influential factor closely associated with the matters just discussed. Spying depends for its success upon the principle of access. The spy must be in, or be able to get into, a favorable position to do whatever has to be done. Getting the right spy into the right place is an art in itself, and a maneuver that may take years to accomplish. Some operations are wholly predicated on such an accomplishment—there is simply no other way to do the job. By way of contrast, penetration, the very essence of the process, may be more easily effected from within. This may be no less of a lengthy process, but its mechanics and the techniques involved are different. Here, there are those already in contact with what is to be acquired or tampered with, and the trick is to effect their conversion so that they may serve those undertaking the operation as "assets in place." In the one case, something alien has to be introduced into the environment from the outside, while in the second instance something already within has to be altered to serve the intruder's purposes. Both require careful preparation if the undertaking is to be properly managed, but the emphasis, and the direction and focus of the management effort, are quite distinct in the one from the other.

In both cases, the primary requisite is finding someone to do the job. In the case of those who are prepared from scratch, there may, at the outset, be no very clear idea of what that job might be; the individual is simply selected, early on, and trained to become a spy.[18] This is rather like training someone to be a soldier with no particular war or theater of operations in mind. The agent in place is, often enough, already in the middle of the war; he may indeed be one of the enemy's own troops. It is not easy (or, perhaps, even desirable) to make over such material in another image. Careful performance evaluation is needed in all cases. There is perhaps a tendency to be overly trusting of our own handicraft. Those we have raised from seed, as it were, tend to be regarded as of our own flesh and blood and consequently free

from blemish, or at least any to which we might admit. We are much more wary of strangers, even those who seem to have proven themselves in battle on our account. There is an inclination to keep them on a tighter rein and to manage them less indulgently. Such sentiments are prone, at times, to drive out the more rational considerations based on utility and service. Those recruited from inside the enemy lines are never quite "our" spies in the same way as those we have painfully nurtured and introduced into hostile territory from our own ranks.[19]

Yet, basically, all spies have to be sold on the idea of spying, even if they have partially sold themselves on the notion. For those who are prepared from scratch, the indoctrination is a slow and deliberate process designed to permeate, indelibly, the very fibre of the being exposed to it. Training is a long, arduous, complex, and often fascinating procedure in the course of which virtually a new being is created. The intellectual and material investment in such an endeavor is truly enormous. The whole undertaking is not merely a matter of winning over hearts and minds, but of retaining them, through thick and thin, on a long-term basis.

There are many elements capable of eroding allegiances, even those so painstakingly forged under near-perfect clinical conditions. Perhaps this last is the greatest source of vulnerability, for the real world contains infections and contamination against which no amount of laboratory innoculation is truly proof. Old spies become hardened against almost any imaginable sickness, having caught most of them in mild doses and survived. They develop a coat of cynicism which they affect wearing with a certain weariness that is deceptive to the unwary. The "baked goods" variety are sold on spying more opportunistically and are generally regarded as a more speculative investment though nevertheless capable of producing considerable dividends. There is often more concern, here, with the capture than with the retention. These are precarious investments for both parties and artifice must substitute for indoctrination to keep the relationship in being. Those recruited from within are apt to be much more independent and capricious, at least at the start. There is

often less of a job selling them on the idea of spying (especially if the right currency is found quickly enough) than in persuading them to sign a long enough lease to make a proper conversion worthwhile. A majority of these opportunistic recruits are rapidly milked dry and then discarded. Talent spotting is, accordingly, often quite different in the two cases. In one, what counts is the ability to perceive, and lock onto, those qualities that indicate a willingness to give a lifetime of faithful service. In the other, what is required is the nose for someone who has something to trade and the ability and willingness to deliver. Some specialize in one or other of the two areas.

For the most part, making spies from scratch is today an impossible luxury. Like large aircraft carriers, they continue to have their advocates, but their use is limited by a variety of factors. Only the richest and most powerful nations can reasonably contemplate such a luxury and then only when the anticipated return can be expected to be commensurate with the time and money invested. The USSR has always favored such a procedure and there is considerable logic to the choice. The loyalty factor obviously predominates, but the nature of the target is also highly influential.

In contrast to the Soviet system, the nations of the free world are relatively open and exposed to infiltration from without. It is almost ludicrously easy for a Soviet spy to enter the U.S. and operate there. Getting close to anything of value takes time, but this is rarely a problem.[20] Spies who undertake work of this kind are given years of arduous preparation so that they may infiltrate, without arousing suspicion, the societies within which they must live and work. The U.S. is a multi-racial society in which the greatest diversity of ethnicity and culture are to be found. Vagaries of language or dress excite little curiosity, especially in large urban areas, and newcomers, legal and otherwise, are accepted with a casualness and friendship that facilitate integration. Police attention is slight and, unless the stranger commits a serious breach of the law, he can expect to go about his business without coming to the notice of the authorities. Official documents are comparatively few and quite easily

procured.[21] Mainly, all the spy has to do to gain a satisfactory foothold is to lie about himself a little—and that is a requisite part of his professional equipment.

With such excellent preserves upon which to poach, it is hardly remarkable that the Soviets should have favored making their spies from scratch and placing them in strategic locations where they might operate to good advantage. Provided they comport themselves correctly, such spies are virtually impossible to detect in a free and open society; the only danger comes from the effects such a society might have upon them. That so many resist the temptations of the West says much for the initial work of the talent spotters, the thoroughness of the indoctrination process, and the effectiveness of the methods of retention.

No such fine pastures are open in the USSR to foreign spies; the nations of the West must content themselves with culling intelligence by other means. While penetration of the denied areas from the outside is not impossible, the closed nature of the Soviet system and the nature of Soviet society makes the elaborate preparations for infiltration by spies prepared from scratch a matter for humor or the fiction writer rather than a serious endeavor in espionage. While necessity may well be the mother of invention in this area, the U.S. has shown a much greater willingness than the Soviet Union to employ strangers, using modified, "off the peg" spies rather than the home-tailored variety.

The exigencies of economics tend to shape the spy's world more than ever, as do the principles of scientific management. The objectives of espionage have remained constant: namely to get at that which cannot be got by other means. But the ways in which these objectives are attained have undergone radical change in response to the demands of the modern information society. There is no sense in spending half a lifetime training a spy when the information he might obtain can be more easily procured from *The Wall Street Journal* or *The Economist.*[22] Spying, in its proper sense, has to be reserved for the serious business. Penetrating the upper echelons of the other side's governmental apparatus, and especially its own intelligence services, is serious business.

Getting any well-prepared and trustworthy spy into a critical, decision-making position takes time and much patience.

These "moles," as they have come to be known, are sometimes animals of a different hue that have expressed an inclination to play the part, but the spymaster's dream is always to create his own and to watch with professional pleasure (and profit) as he begins to burrow his way upward through the organization into which he has been introduced. Nowhere, perhaps, is the distinction between the two systems more sharply pointed up than in this: while it is not difficult to imagine a Soviet mole, produced from scratch, being introduced into the secret services of the West and rising to a position of responsibility commensurate with his abilities, it is very difficult to envisage the reverse.[23]

More frequently, the long-term career spy, especially if recruited and trained in the West, is removed from the scene of the action. His work is no less important for that; but his role and functions are different, so as to make the best use of his preparation, special skills, and loyalties. The emphasis is on networking, with carefully constructed, and concealed, lines of responsibility and reporting. Increasingly, the carefully crafted career spy is the manager of other spies, the architect and overseer of their work. Others are the keys that unlock doors, that abstract the secrets, that do his bidding. These are mere worker bees in the busy hive. They are rewarded appropriately for their efforts, but they cannot expect promotion or line responsibilities of the kind reserved for their controllers. There is nothing democratic about the spy services of any of those nations pretending to democracy: All spies are equal, but some are more equal than others.

No modern development has so changed the management of spies and the operations of spying as the electronic processing, storage, and retrieval of data.[24] The changes, and an understanding of them in the context of modern espionage, are worthy of a book to themselves.

In the earlier days of these striking technological advances, the focus of concern was wrongly aimed. This remarkable progress was seen by some as the displacement of the human

spy by electronic marvels. Certainly, the reach of the five human senses was extraordinarily extended by the new and ever-improving technologies. But to see matters only in the light of a competition between ELINT and HUMINT (Electronic Intelligence and Human Intelligence; see Bob Burton's *Top Secret: A Clandestine Operator's Glossary of Terms;* Paladin Press, 1986) was to miss, altogether, the real issues involved in the change; spies have always looked for the keys to unlock the gates of the castle, the strong-box, the vault, wherever the secret plans might be kept. Matters in this regard have not been altered by the electronic revolution. Laying hands on the secrets remains the objective; only the nature and the form of the key have changed. Even in this, there is nothing terribly new, for spies have been accustomed to the job of looking for passwords and seeking the keys to ciphers and codes for hundreds of years. And, during all this time, their primary methods of going about the business have remained very much the same—namely to find the human being entrusted with the key, and some way of prying or easing it out of his possession.

Spying is a people business and will ever remain so regardless of the relentless advance of the new technologies. But, something truly fundamental has been changed by these technologies, giving spies and spying a new dimension. Through the appropriate procedures, information can now be accessed at a distance. For certain kinds of information, stored under certain kinds of conditions, it is no longer necessary to perform superhuman, Houdini-like feats to bypass the barriers of physical security. It is unnecessary to steal or tamper with bulky dossiers or to photograph their contents *in situ.* Computer-held records have shown themselves to be frighteningly vulnerable to loss and depredation of all kinds. Electronic data banks have given birth to an entirely new breed of amateur spy—the hacker, whose penetrations of even the most sophisticated system by the most primitive means is a portent that none concerned with issues of information security can afford to ignore.

Far from decreasing the need for the spy and diminishing his importance in the field of espionage, electronic data pro-

cessing and the other marvels of modern surveillance techniques have actually enhanced and enlarged it. For behind every machine is a human being whose weaknesses and foibles can be exploited to make the equipment serve different masters. There is an exquisite irony about this turn of events. Those who have really secret information to communicate can no longer trust the telephone; that which man hath learned to scramble, other men might unscramble. Long walks in public parks or idyls on quiet lakes, far from lip readers and the electronic ear, are now the order of the day. The great secrets are no longer committed to writing, certainly not by those with a real appreciation of security. And most would agree that it is sheer lunacy to entrust really secret information to a computer.

All of which leads to a somewhat absurd system of information classification based, more or less, on how serious it would be if the secrets were lost. It seems here, too, that all secrets are secret, but some are more secret than others. The really critical secrets are, as ever, kept *in pectore* by their guardians. Here, then, is the true goal of the spy, and as more and more tends to be kept informally by its human custodians, fearful of the vulnerability of their craftily constructed repositories, so the work increases of prying it loose. The age-old techniques of the spy are as valid as ever; human beings and what influences them have not changed these thousands of years. But the spy has had to become something of a technician not only to get into a position where he might do the job, but also to select and interpret the information he is seeking in whatever form it might be found. This presents another nice problem for modern spy managers, for it is no use sending an expert cat burglar after information that is in a form that might be obtained only by means of computing skills which he does not possess.

In the final analysis, spies and spying come down to an exercise in using people. The most successful spy, especially the spy manager, is one with a finely developed sense of what human beings are all about and how they function, but also with the ability to see and treat them as things. The spy needs an ultra-fine sense of detachment: humanity, human

feelings genuinely felt, is always the spy's undoing. No wonder such creatures have to be made (or remade); surely they can never have been born. Spying is a matter of life and death. The spy puts his life on the line, very often literally, the moment he takes up his profession. Those who cannot take the heat, in Harry Truman's words, ought to keep out of the kitchen. Espionage is not work for the tender or the faint-hearted; nor is it labor for the naive. The hallmark of espionage is an almost complete lack of trust in everybody and everything. In most cases, spying requires a calculated breach of trust by those undertaking it. The spy must be prepared to discard people and principles alike when the need arises.

All this may be neatly rationalized, but it cannot be washed away. Those Frankensteins in the business of making spies ought not to delude themselves that they are creating anything more gentle than monsters. Even the sapient Baron Frankenstein himself had some rather unpleasant surprises as a result of his labors. The standards and practices of the average department of human resources have little or no application in the realm of spies and spying. Those who would make spies must understand and be able and ready to exploit the ugly side of human nature. They must school themselves in what has elsewhere been called *spychology.*[25] Above all, they must know how to keep their creations under control; a spy who is off the leash presents a singular danger to his own master. Retention is just as important as recruitment and, accordingly, receives the appropriate amount of attention in the present text. All that need be said here is that retention can never be taken for granted; people and circumstances change with the passage of time. The defection of a spy is always a serious matter. It must always be accounted a possibility in the best regulated of establishments. Certain consequences can be readily foreseen as a result. The problem is always how to exercise the necessary foresight so as to be able to minimize the harm likely to flow from the defection. The nice distinctions between democracies and the totalitarian states tend to become blurred in the face of such contingencies. Fact is not so far removed from fiction on these

occasions, that fiction could well be quite factual.

A brief word must be said about style. If all spies were fabricated by a common process and to a common plan, this would be a dull subject; the fascination of the subject lies in the diversity of techniques employed. Style is a compound of a great many factors, but it is recognizable in the end product. Just as there is something distinctive in the work of the great *couturières* so, too, is style discernible in the world of espionage. There is a crudeness, an unfinished quality, about some spies and their spying, that contrasts notably with the delicacy and finesse of others. We may despise the very notion of espionage, we may feel nothing but contempt and odium for those who engage in it, but we can never overlook the elegance that marks some from the rest. Spies who are crude, rough, unfinished and, in a word, clods, jar the senses. Perhaps this was the most damning criticism of the espionage services of the USSR during the period immediately following the end of World War II. Even their triumphs seem to have been diluted by a certain inelegance that was not wholly the work of their detractors.

Styles change, and so do the techniques that produce them. This is important to remember, for the process of making spies is a constantly evolving thing, like fashion in art and clothing. An espionage service, and its products, can become simply outmoded, old-fashioned. This is a matter of style rather than outlook or direction; it can happen in other fields, as witness the card-punch computers. As technology changes, so must the style to accommodate it. Style in the recruitment of spies is largely a matter of discovering and gauging contemporary, popular appeal, and packaging the approach in the right way. Sartorial elegance ought not to be mistaken for style; the rumpled Columbo has just as much appeal on account of style as the impeccable James Bond. Even the crude have style in the appropriate context and driven by the right kind of artifice. Style is a personal thing, even when it becomes institutionalized. What works for one may well not work for another. Making spies, even under emergency conditions, can never be an assembly-line process.

This book rests on the thesis that good spies cannot be

made out of poor material—their basic flaws are too prone to show up at a later date. And, after all, who wants to be part of a process that makes bad spies? Selecting the right material calls for special talents. In another, similar field, that of private security personnel, the plaint is often voiced, "Well, we all fish out of the same pool." Yet some private security service companies are quite demonstrably better than others. Wherein lies the quality that distinguishes these, if it is true that all are limited to fishing from the same pool?

There are informed differences of opinion on that score, and much of the opinion offered is clearly biased, proceeding as it does from the fishermen themselves. Most favor the flattering explanation that their superiority is due to the improvements they have effected in the "fish," by way of training and other artifices of transformation. Having taken the common fish from the common pool, something they would modestly admit to have been within the competence of any of their fellow fishermen, they have by their own remarkable magic turned it into something quite different, a credit to their own organization, something made in their own image.

There is no doubt that some components of this now-substantial industry do have better arrangements for effecting the transformation than do others. But these impact more properly on what we call retention. They are part of the process of what we call socialization, part of becoming something else and wanting to stay that way. The unacknowledged secret of the whole matter is that these people are simply better fishermen. They know the best places to fish, they use better tackle, and more appealing lures. Very much the same may be said of spies and spying: The pool is large and the fishing is better in some spots than in others. What really counts is the technique of those who fish, knowing how to choose the right bait, and casting it correctly upon the waters. This is indeed a gentle art, for the fish must be taken live and undamaged if they are to serve the purpose. The talent spotter not only knows the best pools in which to fish, but when they are biting and how they are best taken. The talent spotter's art has, accordingly, a necessary primacy.

Writing a manual of any sort is a difficult task. Who shall it serve: the novice, the intermediate, the advanced student? The interested layperson or the practitioner? There are so many gradations in the hierarchy of practitioners, each having unique needs and many, in truth, having personal manuals. Clearly, serving the interests of only one category might raise the boredom quotient of others. We have no pretensions, then, to being all things to all men; nor even most things to any particular class among them. We simply attempt to set down, systematically, what might usefully be said about a very complex subject. If what is compressed between the covers of this small book should assist in making easier or more comprehensible the tasks of those in this most intriguing field of endeavor, it must be accounted an unanticipated bonus. For the rest, perhaps, *anch' io sono pittore.*

SOME KEY POINTS TO REMEMBER

1. Spies are people who trade illicitly in secret information or other items of value, or who seek, by clandestine means, to influence others to do that which is contrary to the interests of those they purport to serve.

2. Those who become spies are signing on for life. Spying is a professional vocation. Spying, however, even when done on our account, seems to offend basic principles of decency in rules of conduct.

3. Spying requires a life of almost total pretense which involves deceiving lovers and strangers alike and abusing their trust. The hallmark of espionage is an almost complete lack of trust in everybody and everything. Spies must be prepared to discard people and principles when the need arises. Successful spying requires real detachment from human feelings while pretending to be attached.

4. The subjection to a regimen of secrecy takes

a heavy psychological toll, and makes being a spy lonely. It also provides an area of great vulnerability, to which those who are spymakers must pay very close attention when recruiting, training, and managing talent.

5. Talent spotting calls for very special skills involving acute evaluation of the psychological, ideological and social strengths and weaknesses of potential talent. Successful spy managers have a finely developed sense of what human beings are about, what motivates them and how they function, yet spy managers must also be able to use people as things.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. With the development of electronic surveillance techniques, the importance of the human element in espionage has been reduced. Do you agree or disagree? Why?

2. Even though making spies can never be an assembly-line process, why might various "spy factories" turn out recognizable end products?

NOTES

1. Cited in *The CIA*, Stephen Goode, New York: Franklin Watts, 1982, page 70. The full significance of this cynicism can only be appreciated when the observation is situated in the historical context of the U2 affair. It is more revealing of the Soviet attitude toward these matters than Khruschëv's theatrical posturings designed to wreck the Paris summit of 1960.

2. "Helms liked the standard spy stories in which secret agents are given impossible assignments and carry them out with the sort of neat dispatch so lacking in life." *The Man Who Kept the Secrets: Richard Helms and the CIA,"* Thomas Powers, New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1979, page 54.

3. An indispensable starting point for any serious study of secrecy in government is *The Politics of Lying,* David Wise, New York: Random House, 1973.

4. While spymasters are very far from being equal opportunity employers, espionage is a profession open to both sexes, as the circumstances of the case dictate. For convenience in this text the masculine pronoun has been used throughout, save where the spy referred to is clearly a woman.

5. The following interesting observation is made in *Operation Splinter Factor,* Stewart Steven, Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, 1974, page 234. "Like all professions, spying has its own jargon which crosses international frontiers. As one former SIS man told me, 'I feel I have more in common with my Soviet adversaries than I do with my neighbors in Surrey.' It's a point of view shared by most of the professionals."

6. For a strikingly amateurish contrast, see that mine of information, *The Falcon and the Snowman,* Robert Lindsey, New York: Simon and Schuster, 1979, especially page 306.

7. A remarkable exception (who must, incidentally, have caused considerable concern to his Israeli masters on this account) was Wolfgang Lotz, who shared his secret life in its entirety with his wife. "At first Waltraud had been amazed by the open way in which I went about my business. But as I'd told her, there were various kinds of spies, ranging from the nondescript, grey little man who kept very much in the background, drawing no attention to himself, to extroverts like myself who kept themselves so much in the limelight that no one suspected them for a moment." *The Champagne Spy,* Wolfgang Lotz, New York: St. Martin's Press, 1972, page 72.

8. It has been rather lightheartedly said: "With Allen Dulles in place in the CIA, young idealists joined the 'Company,' underwent their training, and then sallied forth to save the world. It was all supersecret, superexciting, supernecessary. Professors at Yale, Harvard, and other prestigious institutions recommended their best students to the CIA, and the agency kept expanding." *Ike's Spies,* Stephen E. Am-

brose, New York: Doubleday, 1981, page 176.

9. One of the very last may well have been the remarkable Julius Silber, who worked, outside of the control of the regular German espionage services, as a censor in the British Postal Service throughout World War I. His work and its success were unknown until Silber chose to reveal them himself in 1925.

10. For this interesting if rather less than well known character, see *KGB: The Secret Work of Soviet Secret Agents,* John Barron, New York: Reader's Digest Press, 1974, pages 313–319. See also, *The Secret War for Europe,* Louis Hagen, New York: Stein and Day, 1969, pages 123–150.

11. See *Sexpionage,* David Lewis, New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1976.

12. See, for example, the issue of *U.S. News and World Report,* August 12, 1985, the cover of which is dedicated to "How Soviets Steal America's High Tech Secrets."

13. For an interesting example of this genre, see Abbott v. US, *239 F.2d 310* (1956).

14. On this generally (with a little bit about espionage thrown in for good measure) see *Cheating,* J. Barton Bowyer (a thinly disguised *nom de plume)* New York: St. Martin's Press, 1982.

15. See, for example, *Anatomy of Spying,* Ronald Seth, New York: E. P. Dutton, 1963, page 298.

16. Those interested in exploring these matters unemotionally could well commence with *Warfare in the Enemy's Rear,* Otto Heilbrunn, New York: Frederick Praeger, 1963.

17. For a good overview of this, see *Women in Espionage,* J. Bernard Hutton, London: W. H. Allen, 1971.

18. This was certainly the Soviet *modus operandi* during the 1920s and 1930s. See, on this generally, the remarkable thesis offered in *Too Secret Too Long,* Chapman Pincher, New York: St. Martin's Press, 1984.

19. For an incomparable account of these sentiments from antiquity, see *The Art of War,* Sun Tzu (tr. James Clavell), New York: Delacorte Press, 1983, "Employment of Secret Agents," pages 144–149.

20. Anyone who doubts this might well reflect upon the

experience of one Lee Harvey Oswald as it is detailed in the careful research of Edward Jay Epstein, in *Legend: The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald*, New York: McGraw-Hill, 1978, pages 191–193.

21. For an authoritative, in-depth look at what might be required, see *The Criminal Use of False Identification: Report of the Federal Advisory Committee on False Identification*, Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1976.

22. Or the Government Printing Office. For a revealing example, see *White Tie and Dagger*, Andre Tully, New York: William Morrow, 1967, page 167. "Then, on a trip to the Government Printing Office to pick up a collection of bland pamphlets, Monat asked casually if there was any material available on the port of Baltimore. After a short wait, he was handed a fat book published by the U.S. Army Engineers describing the Baltimore port to the last rivet. He also bought a catalog listing similar reports on other American ports, and in the course of the next few weeks he and his assistants picked up the complete set of eighteen volumes. The cost was twenty-five dollars and change." Try that in Vladivostok!

23. For some interesting observations on this, see *Warriors of the Night*, Ernest Volkman, New York: William Morrow, 1985, pages 167 et seq.

24. On this, see the seminal report "Security Risk Assessment in Electronic Data Processing Systems," Robert H. Courtney, Washington, D.C.: National Bureau of Standards, 1975.

25. See "Spychology: The Human Side of the Gentle Art of Espionage," by H. H. A. Cooper, 29 *Chitty's Law Journal*, October 1981, pages 251–259.

FINDING THE RIGHT STUFF

Of course no one knows for certain what makes a good agent and unless you are able to look on the whole business of espionage and sabotage as a tremendous gamble you shouldn't be involved in it. At best you can only lay down a few basic qualities of character to look for and then tell yourself that no one can assure you that any given agent really has them. Nerve? Certainly. But what passes for nerve under even the most rigorous training may turn into a devastating blue funk when the chips are down and the agent finds himself on his own among enemies. Patriotism and loyalty? Of course. But who is to say these will not fade under torture and turn the most steadfast operative into the most dreaded of all espionage weapons, the double agent? Intelligence? Without it your man is dead, for once in enemy territory and on his own completely, his very motion, his every act must be considered and "forethought" in a way he had never previously conceived.[1]

Robert Hayden Alcorn

There is a persistent and widespread popular belief that there exists the typical spy. The characteristics with which this imaginary creature is endowed are not always consis-

tently articulated, but the belief is sufficiently extensive and strong that a commonly recognizable composite could be constructed from interviewing a sufficient number of people. Most of the notion of what the spy ought to look like, how he ought to comport himself, and what he ought to do is the stuff of legend.[2] It bears little relationship to the spy in real life. It is not usually of much positive value to the talent spotter or recruiter.

The stereotype does, however, have some interesting negative aspects. It serves as a useful smokescreen or "dazzle" for real spies, enabling them to go more comfortably about their work in the midst of those who, blinded by their preconceptions, would never dream such persons were engaged in the business of espionage. The belated revelation that so-and-so was a spy always comes as a shock to such people because by reference to their own mental construct of the spy, he did not seem to fit the part. The other negative aspect resides in the fact that many who are certainly not spies or engaged in any way with spying, are invested by some with those qualities that are thought of as certain identifiers of the spy. While it is not exactly welcome for some, and positively embarrassing for others, if not outright dangerous, to be so misidentified, the error is not always wholly unpleasing for those who are the object of it. Hence there are some who have, quite innocuously, basked in the role created for them, and these "false" spies, too, have contributed to the camouflage that is so welcome to the real spy trying to do an effective job undetected.

In truth, there is no such thing as a typical spy, any more than there might be said to exist a typical college professor,[3] businessman, or auto mechanic. There is, rather, a collection of attributes, qualities and skills which, in different times and different places, have value for those needing to know something, do something, or procure something requiring the services of those we have called spies. Different things are needed according to the case. This fact alone is sufficient to negate the existence of some prototype with which the spy might be measured.

By definition, the spy lives a life of deception. It is hardly

surprising, then, that so many should be deceived. Nor is it very remarkable that this deception, or self-deception, should extend to the attributes of the spy, the qualities that combine to make him what he is. It is worth pausing to reflect upon the nature of, and reasons for, this misconception of the components that are supposed to go into the making of the spy. A responsible, careful writer (but one who does not have a personal background in espionage), has opined: "The fringe of espionage is peopled by many curious characters. The profession of spying is hardly one that attracts persons of responsibility, ambition, or who possess the sort of talent and character associated with good citizenship. Spying is essential [sic] for misfits, for rebels, and for cranks."[4] Harsh words, but they reflect a popular enough sentiment among those unconnected with the business of espionage. The spy is not looked on as a wholesome character, even by many who must, perforce, associate with him in a professional capacity. He is regarded as a cheat and is grossly mistrusted by all, save those he can dupe for the purposes of what he must accomplish.

It is easy enough then to focus on these character defects, on the negative side of the spy and his work, and to assume that it is largely on account of these unfavorable qualities that he is so well suited to so disagreeable a business. In short, no decent person would be a spy. Nor is it suggested that these popular sentiments are wrong and not worthy of expression.[5] The spy is, probably, more than worthy of the abuse that is heaped upon him by these good people. The mistake lies in supposing that it is these bad qualities that make people good spies; that, indeed, it is only such attributes that qualify them to be spies at all. On the contrary, some of those infected, or even infested, with such weaknesses may become good spies in spite of, rather than because of, these characteristics. They are not, for themselves, to be sought out as desirable qualities any more than they would be in other walks of life, *unless* they have some direct bearing upon the functions to be performed.

The same author quoted above says of that unhappy, controversial, and minor figure Stephen Ward, "As a poten-

tial member of the espionage service, Ward ranks very low. Riddled with character imperfections, and unable to keep anything to himself, he would have been useless to any intelligence organization. Like so many others he was fascinated by the supposed glamour of the business of espionage, the successful pursuit of which requires very special qualities of mind and nerve."[6] All of which is true enough in its way, but Dr. Ward did in fact have a remarkable and proven utility by his facile entree to those in high places. He was an osteopath with many trusting patients among the mighty; that he was prepared to betray the trust reposed in him by others, even a professional trust, to lend himself to making introductions that might have been exploited for the purposes of espionage was simply an added advantage. Dr. Ward was useful, in these respects, in spite of his defects rather than because of them. He might well have been quite useless for other purposes in espionage. But so, too, might Christine Keeler as a prospective hostess at an afternoon tea given by the Duchess of Devonshire. It comes down, simply, to this: is the person apt, with all his strengths and weaknesses, for the task at hand? It is function rather than morality that dominates the issue here.

At the risk of laboring the point, the matter must be pursued from two other directions; it will then become apparent how much depends upon the definitional question: what do we mean by a spy? (We can make little progress with our search for the right stuff while lingering doubts remain on the issue.)

A certain purity of language in the intelligence community enables it to deal with some of the matters raised here. A distinction is made between those who actually do the dirty work and those who run and control them on behalf of some official entity. It is the former who are regarded as spies, whether they be referred to euphemistically as agents, or operatives, or anything else.[7] They have no sustainable claims upon those who employ them; the arrangements under which their services are procured are irregular and informal to the highest degree; even the methods by which they are remunerated being made in a form convenient for compromising the

spy while leaving no trace of the paymaster; their services are deniable, so they get no credit for their successes and their employers no blame (at least officially) for their failures.

But there is a limit to the layers of insulation that can practically be provided in these arrangements. The buck has to stop somewhere, and stop it does with the individual assigned to run the spy in the field. Whatever the duties of this individual and whatever the tricks of tradecraft he may employ to distance himself from his agents, for his own security and that of his operations, it is pure sophistry to argue that he is anything but an elevated extension of their work.

This would be highly offensive to many of those good souls who, as regular and recognized employees of their government's intelligence services, argue that they are not spies at all, but intelligence officers. The man known to us as Rudolf Abel was loath to see himself as a spy[8] and his American colleagues might well appreciate his point, in purely intellectual terms: he was a Soviet officer, running a network of spies as an illegal. Others spied to his orders; he was an intelligence officer directing and controlling their work. Such sophistry cannot be accepted here, for the dirt clings to the coins however many handle them, and all who touch them in the course of the common transaction must be considered tarnished by its effects. The distinction is perfectly comprehensible; the attempt to escape the stigma that attaches to the concept of the spy is vain. The rank and file, the toilers in the fields, are seen as disreputable and unacknowledgeable—though their work be of the highest value to those for whom it is undertaken. It is thought necessary to give the officer class, that controls and directs this motley crew, a different status, to preserve the gentlemanly illusion. Much the same considerations govern the management of the French Foreign Legion, the utility of which is as unquestionable as the dubious character of those who serve in its ranks, but it draws its officers from the regular corps of the French Army.

Such delicacy lends a certain air of unreality to discussions of the subject, but it is an important factor to take into con-

sideration when selection and recruitment are the issue. There are many who would be unfitted by character and temperament for the "officer" role who are, nevertheless, ideal as spies. But the management of rogues cannot be left to the angels and if it is, it is unlikely that they will long remain unblemished.

The second point, which follows upon the first, shows once more how our uneasy consciences require some soothing balm over what the spy has to do, and how he has to do it; the characterological quotient that is supposed to allow him or impel him to function. In time of war, these awkward distinctions are blurred or disappear altogether. Under the pressures of war, the commandment, Thou shalt not kill, becomes Thou shalt not kill except in the service of thy country. Thou shalt not spy (for it is an evil occupation) becomes similarly transformed, so to act when duty reveals in the one who is called some special qualifications. There is nothing insincere or hypocritical about this; much the same sort of thing attaches, in all nations, to the public executioner. There is a necessary evil about wartime service as a spy that does not yet get carried over to peacetime. Hence, our continuing discomfort, and our semantic evasions. Killing in the service of one's country is tolerated as an ugly necessity of its time.

A similar attitude is taken towards undisguised espionage against one's nation's enemies in time of war. If patriotism does not grant absolution for all sins committed in the course of espionage for one's country, it does, at least, serve to excuse most of them.

There is something paradoxical in all this that is worthy of our attention. We would like the spy, always, to be brave and good and true—provided he is our spy. We can indulge our fancies in this way during times of war, yet we must persist in seeing a basic rottenness in those who can do what the spy has to do. Spying involves doing bad things; *ergo* those who do them must be fundamentally bad. We might accept that in time of war the good guys do bad things for the greater good, but even then, there are no bugles for spies. No wonder some cleave so ardently to the tired respectability of the appella-

tion "intelligence officer."

With this curious paradox in mind, we must ask what is the right stuff for the making of spies? Do we focus upon the good or on the bad? On the characterological peculiarities that lead those inclined to this life of useful deceit, or upon the incongruities that make what they do valuable to those who might employ them? The answer depends very much on what you want the "stuff" for, what you mean by "spy," and what you expect such a person to be able to do for you.[9]

The eternal problem for those in the business of recruiting spies is how to make "good" people do "bad" things in such a way as to best serve the interests of those who employ them. Those who recruit, train, and eventually employ spies are never under any illusions about the nature of the human material with which they must work. The term "good" thus takes on a special meaning in this professional context. In the first place, "good" means competent—able to do the required job with an acceptable level of skill. While it is facile to brand many who have meddled in espionage as misfits, failures, frauds, and obviously lacking in character, a talent spotter would have to have very special reasons for recommending the use of an evident bungler. But "good" has a more particular characterological meaning here. The best spies are those who have a strong moral fiber, a commitment that outweighs and overrides any other shortcomings. This is not merely an intellectual commitment to some cause, but belief in the essential rightness of what is being proposed. It is not difficult to see how service to one's country might be enlisted in procuring the performance of undertakings that might otherwise be repugnant on a personal level. The "good" individual is the one who accepts the notion of owing such service and is prepared to submit to the requisite discipline in performing it. The "good" individual is the one who wholeheartedly believes that it is wrong to steal, but is able to reconcile his conscience upon the point when the larceny is required of him by some higher authority in which he can believe. (The converse of "good," in this context, is the amoral individual who is totally indifferent to any such considerations, who is oriented only by the dictates of capricious

inner compulsions, and whose behavior is not constrained by a higher authority. For example, there are professional hitmen who operate strictly to a code of their own fashioning. They ply their trade unemotionally, in accordance with a curiously restrictive morality that precludes them from exercising their skills, for example, for purely personal reasons; it is essential to the business that their judgment be unaffected by such considerations.)[10]

Finally, "good" must also mean capable of forming rational, sensible appreciation of the matters committed to the individual. A good many spies have exhibited psychopathic or sociopathic tendencies, and these may in some measure be characteristic of the breed.[11] None of this is in any way inconsistent with what has been said, for such individuals, while failing to conform to the dictates of conventional morality, nevertheless have strong codes of their own which orient their behavior. Such persons, however deformed their thinking by other standards, are clearly capable of rational functioning so as to make them useful operatives, and capable of adequate appraisal by those who must evaluate their performance. (No one, save under the most special circumstances, would wish to recruit the obviously psychotic as a spy.)

The right stuff, then, is comprised of "good" persons whose strong principles can be bent without breaking to their employer's will. The good spy should have a satisfactory belief system that can be reinforced from time to time and which can be relied upon to hold when the going gets rough. The "bad" are the antithesis of those who possess the desired inner strengths. They have nothing to sustain them in a crisis; they lack the moral fiber that might enable them to hold a consistent course. Most people are a mixture of "good" and "bad;" the so-called ideological spy tends to be "good," while those who are more mercenary will be more likely to display the "bad" characteristics. "Good" people make the best spies, but the practical workings of the paradox are to be seen in this: it is contrary to their natures, ordinarily, to put their abilities to work in this arena. A higher or transcending morality must be introduced to persuade such per-

sons that what might otherwise seem bad to them is, in reality, a greater good. This process, a kind of alchemy of ideas, will be later discussed at some length. It is a reverse alchemy, to be sure, for it involves the transmutation of gold into a base metal. It is simply necessary, here, to note the process and its importance in the world of spies and spying—it plays an interesting part in the recruitment process. Given that other qualities and considerations are present, the recruiter (and the talent spotters before him in some cases) must reflect on whether such a transformation is possible or desirable. There is something of a conjuring trick about this, for it is an illusion which is produced rather than the effecting of a change in objective reality. A great deal of self-delusion is generated, which is adroitly exploited not only for recruitment, but for retention as well. This is a most effective process, where the conditions for it are right, and has the result of suppressing the more conventional moral approach and allowing the artificially created one the fullest rein. Something like a sustaining faith is substituted for those principles that would ordinarily have guided the subject's behavior and view of life.

The right stuff is an amalgam of willingness and capability. There are many who would be more than willing to spy, but who simply have no talent for the job. There are others who have the talent, and more besides, who are resistant to the lures of espionage. While the first category may not be entirely useless, it is the second that excites the talent spotter and constitutes the raw material for the exercise of the alchemist's art. It is generally easier to overcome the resistance of those who have the capability but initially lack the willingness than it is to impart the necessary skills to those who, however willing, simply have no talent for the job. The methodical search for the right stuff begins with

1. Knowing, precisely, what will best serve your purposes for the job in hand.
2. Knowing where those likely to meet these ideal specifications are to be found.

Conventional employment opportunities are advertised

publicly; these announcements indicate what is required by job title or a more extensive job description. The resultant applications enable recruiters to make an appraisal of the labor market and to select from among those qualified to fill actual vacancies. These advertisements are posted where they are most likely to attract those candidates it is desired to reach. While even the most clearly worded and tightly drawn advertisement will always attract a host of persons manifestly unqualified for the position (especially in hard economic times), advertising is most useful for the recruiter; it brings the available talent to him for inspection. Advertising does not guarantee a good response, but it does stimulate the available labor pool.

Advertising may be more subtle and informal; the word is put out that hiring is in the offing and the appropriate responses are stimulated by this *sotto voce* announcement. The success of this method, from a recruiting perspective, depends upon: knowing precisely what you want to fill the job opening in question; stating the requirements in the appropriate terms so as to generate useful responses; knowing where to post or circulate your advertisement so as to reach the class of candidate from whom a response is desired.

This is all a bit like knowing in which pool to cast your line for the kind of fish you wish to catch. There is little point in casting for trout in a pool that contains only catfish. The recruiter operates from a static position. He baits his traplines and settles back to see what happens.

Sometimes the state of the market is such that nothing is required of the recruiter to generate a flow of applicants to his door; employment opportunities are common knowledge, a part of the folklore of the market. There is no need to advertise, the state of the market is an advertisement in itself. Then, the recruiter does not even need to create or apply the stimulus—conditions are already such that the responses he seeks will come of their own accord. The pool from which he might draw is already full enough to satisfy all his requirements, and he has only to draw from it at will. This is a happy position, indeed, though it might cause some dangerous indulgence in some, apathy in others, and at worst, the

atrophy of the recruiter's talents. Few areas of endeavor are over-supplied for very long. In most cases, the recruiter, even in the best labor market, must take a more active role to see that his positions are properly filled by the best qualified applicants. The good recruiter simply becomes more discriminating. He refines his techniques on the assumption that by so doing he can improve his catch.

Likely prospects are drawn to the attention of the better recruiters (those who seem to have the most to offer) by a system of referrals. A filtering process takes place, so that only the better qualified are directed onwards to receive the appropriate attention. The filter or buffering role is most usually undertaken by those who, after a study of the market phenomenon, interpose themselves between the recruiter and those wanting employment. These persons, whatever they may be called—employment counsellors, agents, scouts—are really talent spotters. It is their job to find both the pool and the fish, and to make a living at what they do. Talent spotters live by results; their knowledge and good judgment are what keep them in business. If their referrals are sound and the parties are happy, other business will follow, provided the market conditions are right. These individuals fulfill a useful function under rather special conditions: There must be a thin market in the commodity sought; special qualifications of an uncommon nature are required for the job in question; circumstances make direct contacts between the parties inadvisable or difficult to arrange. These intermediaries, then, serve a useful, at times indispensable, function, and acquire a unique fund of marketable expertise in the process.

Even in the most exiguous of markets, one does not openly advertise for spies, though government agencies may advertise for intelligence officers and research personnel, and sometimes the solicitation is a euphemism for the less salubrious term. A more interesting form of advertisement is a solicitation for information. While appealing most directly to those already in possession of what is sought, it also indirectly encourages those who do not have it to become spies in order to obtain it. An example of this is the U.S. Govern-

ment's campaign against corruption encouraging "whistle-blowing" by employees; the use of informants in criminal cases is based upon much the same principle. Advertising has to be a delicate exercise, with a certain amount of cloaking euphemism. Most usually, such advertising is covert and designed to conceal its purpose and to protect the identities of prospective employers.

Fortunately for recruiters, there are always those in every age and every place who are ready and willing to spy.[12] Some of these may have the aptitude for the job, as well as fulfilling the other requirements the recruiter is seeking. As in other markets, where the nature of the employment is alluring for some, there will be those eager to peddle their services. An experienced writer on this subject tells us:

> One of the many myths pinned on secret intelligence by imaginative journalists is that no espionage services will accept a spy who volunteers his services. In the real world of secret operations, volunteers have produced some of the greatest coups. 'It's the walk-in trade that keeps the shop open' is one of the first bits of operational wisdom impressed on newcomers to the business.[13]

Naturally enough, these approaches are viewed with a certain amount of suspicion, especially if they are too direct, over-anxious or enthusiastic, or the person concerned has a known involvement with another intelligence agency.[14] But they are very rarely rejected out of hand, and careful recruiters will give them the appropriate consideration after initiating tests and taking precautions. Volunteers can only be properly appraised on a case-by-case basis, and their final utility depends upon a complex of factors, but generally they will have been impelled to offer their services by quite solid considerations that require skilled, professional evaluation. Volunteers usually have something to offer, but it is rarely worth as much as they think it is, and there may well be sound reasons to decline the offer to spy.[15] Recruitment of the volunteer may eventually proceed like that of other spies,

but the initial shadow cast by the volunteer usually remains to color the relationship—especially if the volunteer has defected from a hostile camp. Suspicion will linger, to flare up on occasion, and the volunteer will be tested and placed under more rigorous scrutiny than one chosen for the job through some other recruiting procedure. Espionage is a business in which the volunteer is looked upon with less regard than others, even when the record speaks in his favor.

Most spies, then, are recruited by referral. The referral is maybe made by a talent spotter because he has been approached by the potential spy and has a unique knowledge of what he is capable of doing; because he has a special, clandestine relationship with those who employ spies; because he is intimately familiar not only with the market in general, but with the particular requirements of his clients; or because what he is capable of doing is broadly known to or suspected by those who approach him. Clearly in the latter the covert nature of the business is something of a handicap. A talent spotter can hardly hang out a shingle, indicating interest in representing potential spies. The principal difficulty lies in this, that while he may have the full confidence of those desiring to recruit through him, with the consequence that he will be regularly approached by such clients, it cannot be expected that he will be recognized by those with whom he will most probably have only a one-time dealing.

The problem for the would-be spy is identifying an individual he might confidently approach with his proposition. This is a matter to give serious pause to all save the most foolhardy. No spy wants to make a wrong approach, revealing these dangerous intentions to one who might put an end to his putative career there and then.[16] Spies do not generally have an informal association for employment purposes, or a network on which they might rely for these delicate personal affairs. Spying is a lonely job, especially when vending one's services; and spies, collectively, do not develop anything resembling an institutional memory upon which they might be able to draw for the answers. The potential spy might have something extremely valuable to communicate, but be frustrated in his endeavors to do so because he does

not know how to get the attention of those who might recognize its worth safely. The police spy, the informer, is not usually under as serious a handicap, because he can usually find a satisfactory way to approach those he knows might be interested in his services.[17] But, even here, if possible he will seek out an identifiable individual, rather than the organization itself, to act as a personal conduit. Thus, the recruitment and management of such informants takes on a very personal character, which is protective in the extreme and highly compartmentalized. The contact comes to regard those with whom he deals as "his" informers, and develops a sense of personal responsibility towards them which may even become antagonistic to the institutional interests he serves.

Other types of spy are less fortunate in their search for a neutral, understanding channel into which they might direct themselves. Even professionals serving the "other side" have more than a little difficulty on this score. To say that the whole business of espionage is one in which mistrust flourishes is trite, but extremely pertinent in the present regard. It is difficult enough (and sometimes most unwise) to trust those with whom working relationships have already been established. How much more difficult then to trust those who represent an unknown quantity and who are, often manifestly, mistrustful of those who have approached them. The most important stock-in-trade for the go-between, the talent spotter, is trust. He must be trusted by those for whom he undertakes the task of finding and introducing the right material. This, wherever and however he might begin, is largely a matter of establishing the right track record; he who establishes a reputation of finding and delivering the right stuff will keep his clients. How does he engender a similar, useful trust in those with whom his dealings lack such a history?

It is clear that such talent spotters attract potential spies to their stable because of who they are or because of what they do. Some of the more obvious magnets are effectively depolarized because taking advantage of who they are would be an abuse of their position or function and against the tacit

conventions that govern this subject. Thus, diplomats and officers of the armed forces on assignment abroad for their countries are obvious focal points for approaches by those with spying propositions. Convention dictates ignoring the acceptance of such overtures unless the practitioners become so blatant about what they are doing as to be manifestly abusive of the rights and expectations of the nations to which they are accredited. Quasi-diplomatic entities, especially trade missions, are similar, acknowledged focal points for the spy's approach.[18] Others are less obvious, yet no less reliable conduits and connections, including university professors,[19] lawyers, and ministers of religion. Time, place, and circumstances are factors that must be taken into account by those assessing the potential worth to them as a channel in making the approach.

But the talent spotter, especially if he aspires to make a living from his endeavors, cannot content himself with a passive role; personal magnetism, in itself, is no advertisement. To be of value to their clients, talent spotters must have merchandise to deliver. For the majority, this means going out into the marketplace to find the merchandise, assessing its worth, and wooing it to the point where it might be deliverable. This is an exercise calling for great delicacy of touch. The good talent spotter must combine the qualities of an expert appraiser and the consummate seducer. He must be imaginative and resourceful, yet with his feet firmly on the ground. He must, above all, exude integrity in a world where that commodity is noteworthy for its absence.[20] He must be secure and smooth in his approach, without being obviously devious. Spies may be looking for any straws in the wind, but they generally want something more substantial when they come to make their grab. They are looking for those with ostensible connections in the right places. Generally, spies in pursuit of those who might recruit them tend to look for a certain substance that they know themselves to lack. Good talent spotters need connections, techniques, and something of the bedside, if not the bedroom, manner. They have to find suitable ways of displaying all three without being too obvious about it or condescending to those with

whom they would deal. All this, too, must be done under a cloak of secrecy that provides the requisite confidentiality for their transactions. Clearly, this is not work to be done in a hurry. This part of the spy-making process calls for long, careful simmering. The talent spotter must have a nice sense of timing if his skills are to be brought into play successfully. The talent spotter, once he has recognized his quarry, must resist the temptation to pounce or to act over-hastily. Spies are nervous creatures, even when they are still in the making, and they are easily frightened off.[21]

Markets, functioning as they do through the laws of supply and demand, are reflections of their time and place in the overall scheme of things. Demand for information, which cannot be supplied licitly through regular channels, generates a market in those who claim to be able to supply it, as well as a host of intermediaries prepared to serve, in their own way, the needs of the market. Just as regular markets tend to establish themselves in specific locales, so too do the places where illicit transactions occur, and for much the same reasons. During World War II, Lisbon and Ankara were hotbeds of espionage, as were Bern and Stockholm. It is not coincidental that West Berlin and the Federal Republic of Germany figure so frequently and egregiously in the spy novels of the frigid days of the Cold War.[22]

Needs tend to focus and concentrate espionage activity, and to bring out of the woodwork, as it were, those with claims to be able to satisfy those needs. The tremendous technological strides of the last few years, especially in the area of electronics, has done very much the same sort of thing. This is preeminently a field in which knowledge is the key to progress. Much of the requisite knowledge is stored under human control or is reposed in the minds of certain persons working in vital areas of the high tech industries. Getting this knowledge out of the custody of those to whom it rightfully belongs or wresting control of it from those entrusted with its keeping is work for the spy. All the time-honored techniques of talent spotting and recruitment are to be found in play in the areas around Silicon Valley and Route 128, to name but two of the better-known concentra-

tions of high technology within the U.S.[23] Other areas of the U.S., less notorious, are also prominent locales for spies and spying, for the matter does not revolve around the commercial/industrial complex solely in a private sense, no matter how important these trade secrets might be to their proprietors. The Cold War has long been fought on the soil of these United States with a white-hot intensity. The most vital secrets relating to the national security, in the broadest sense, are held not by members of the armed forces, but by civilians employed by defense contractors throughout the country and, in some cases, overseas. The full weight of the state espionage services of the USSR and the Soviet Bloc countries has long been directed at discovering America's secrets—those of an economic and technical nature as well as those having a strictly military application. America's technological lead is precious, not only as a pillar of support for her economic leadership in the world but as an arm of defense against well-prepared and ruthless enemies. There is an enormous market for spies and spying here, and the traditional boundaries marking what was for long known as industrial espionage have long since been eroded. Those looking for the right stuff in such a market have a staggering variety of materials from which to choose, for this market, in particular, is strongly moved and heavily promoted by significant economic factors.[24] The talent spotters are those with an intimate knowledge of this market; who know what is available; what is wanted; who has it, or can get it; and how much it is worth to those who want it. They have the right connections, and they know how to use them to advantage. Again, it is obvious that the line between legitimate business and the world of the spy is often a very fuzzy one indeed.

Spies are recruited on their actual or potential worth. There is a centrality about this proposition that dominates the entire recruitment process. Talent spotters focus upon some candidates because they are already in a position to be of immediate use. Such persons are, for example, already in possession of secret information and have signified their willingness to part with it or have given indications that they might, without too much difficulty, be persuaded to do so.

The core of the espionage process is access; a competent spy in the right place at the right time is worth a great many multiples of his weight in gold. One who is already close to the secrets and has the means and the willingness to reveal them, obviously has a major ingredient of the right stuff. In many cases, the search for the right stuff will be concentrated upon those with access to the subject of the operation, in the hope of finding among them one or more with the characteristics that will allow them to be appropriately managed for these purposes. Having discovered those who *can* do the job, largely an objective, situational evaluation, the focus turns upon a personal assessment of those so identified so as to be able to discover who, among them, would be *willing* to do it. It is here that the characterological factors come to the fore. The talent spotter, having found his quarry, needs to penetrate his psyche so as to determine what might best be offered as an inducement to get the job done. This is rarely as difficult a matter as finding a person with the right access to what is required in the first place.

The other process operates essentially in reverse. An investment is made in a suitable individual with the objective of introducing that person into the environment where he will eventually be in a position to do what is required. In effect, a gamble is taken on the possibility of future access. Here, the individual is selected on his potential and the selection process will focus upon the personal qualities that suggest an ability to do what is required at some later date. Those who are recruited in this latter way are those whose promise has been registered at a relatively early age. They are not yet established and are in a formative stage, both personally and professionally. These are long-term prospects, and spotting and developing them call for different skills from those of the first category of subjects.

Those with actual access to what is required have, most usually, an ephemeral quality. They need to be discovered, or their offer taken up when they are ripe for exploitation. They usually have something to trade which is appropriate to a specific time and place. Consequently, there is an expendable quality about such persons; spying is incidental to

their lives and they have no commitment to it. There is an opportunistic quality about such spies that has to be taken into account in their control and management. They are like a ready-made key that is found and can be illicitly used until its owner discovers it to be missing and changes the locks. Those in whom the appropriate investment has been made require more skill in the finding but they are, in the long run, more durable and infinitely more versatile.

While the espionage talent spotter uses many of the methods and techniques of the executive headhunter, it must never be overlooked that his objectives are illicit, and that the pursuit of his business is likely to get him into the most serious trouble if it is detected by those who are the target of his spies. The spotting and recruitment of spies is never wholly free from risk, but it is obviously very much more dangerous in some places and under some circumstances, than in others. Recruiting spies under conditions of actual conflict may be hazardous in the extreme. But the broad, general principles outlined in this text remain, essentially, the same; greater caution has simply to be exercised in their application under hazardous conditions. Security has to be adjusted according to the circumstances. It is obviously a much simpler matter to spot suitable prospects and proceed to the recruitment stage in San Jose than it would be in Sverdlovsk. The opportunities for recruitment in denied territories are substantially inhibited by the restrictions placed upon travel and unsupervised contact with likely prospects. All talent spotters and recruiters need some suitable cover to disguise their real purposes, both for their own protection and to permit them to exercise their true functions. The more solid the cover, the less likely it is that an approach might be made by those wishing to volunteer themselves for the work of spying. This poses a number of awkward operational dilemmas.

A number of broad, operational assumptions have to be made in cases where recruitment must take place under these highly restrictive conditions. It may be assumed that there does exist, within the USSR, a pool of recruitable material and that there are disaffected subjects who, if they can be

reached, will be capable of supplying information to the U.S. and its allies, or otherwise affecting matters according to the dictates of those who would secure their services. The preliminary difficulty lies in identifying the market and pinpointing those individuals who might be susceptible to an approach of the right kind. The secondary difficulty is in establishing contact with those so identified in such a way as to gain their confidence and develop an atmosphere within which the recruitment process might take place. Overcoming these difficulties is fraught with perils on both sides, but, it may be further assumed, and the history of these matters reinforces such a view, that where the motivation is sufficiently great, the risks will be taken and a means to overcome the difficulties will be sought.[25]

The risks are great on a purely personal level for those who must make the contact and on the international and institutional levels for those who initiate or take advantage of it. Even for the most experienced, it is not always easy to recognize, and avoid, a provocation, and the omnipresent air of surveillance does not encourage fool-hardiness or a response to the bizarre or desperate approach. Talent spotting under such circumstances is confined to the diplomatic circuit, trade and cultural visits, and the occasional trained "tourist." It is not that the USSR is lacking in dissidents or spy material that might be used by the West, but rather that the opportunities for scouting the market have been severely reduced. Most useful recruitments take place outside the USSR or in the bloc countries, where security, though not necessarily more lax, has loopholes of which advantage might be taken. In the Soviet Union, outside of the tightly controlled diplomatic, commercial, scientific, and cultural circuits, talent spotting involves recruiting a suitable agent outside the USSR who can act as talent spotter and connection-maker within. Naturally, this takes courage and a commitment of a rare order. Fortunately for the West, intrigue is in the genes of the diverse peoples of the Soviet Union, and dissidents have never been a rare commodity. In bridging the gap between those who would serve and those who would procure their services, appeal has been made to a wide variety

of overriding loyalties and linkages--Judaism, Pentacostalism, Islam and other enduring bonds that Communism and even the severest measures of the police state have been unable to repress. Utilizing this body of disaffection, with all its attendant difficulties, has still proven a good deal more feasible over the years than starting from scratch and introducing the carefully nurtured and prepared agent into the Soviet Union from outside.

Very much the same considerations pertain to the potential for penetrating clandestine organizations, particularly terrorist groups. Intelligence concerning such organizations is indeed sparse in the extreme, because terrorists do their very best to make themselves spy-proof. Terrorism, thought of by many as the scourge of our times, has a long way to go before reaching its true potential. For obvious reasons, it has never been easy to secure reliable information from within these small, tightly knit groups and it has grown increasingly difficult as their sophistication and skill levels have increased.[26] They use many of the ruthless methods of the totalitarian state to protect their integrity and are favored both by their small size and the general air of fear they are able to engender in all who have dealings with them. Even the smallest of such groups, however, is rarely monolithic. There exists a diversity of criteria, both operational and ideological, and the seeds of future power struggles lie dormant within many groups, awaiting the right conditions for fertilization.

There is, then, a potential spy-market in every terrorist group, however small, in which the right stuff for the making of a spy is to be found, and the type of individual attracted to the terrorist undertaking is often, by nature, excellent material for the conversion. The problem, as ever, is the creation of conditions under which the talent spotter might operate and under which recruitment might take place; in short, making the connection. Short of an induced defection, a phenomenon which is developed on lines similar to those which operate in hostile intelligence services, the matter can only be managed by maneuvering the talent spotter uncomfortably close to the group, as close as it might allow, in

some peripheral or supporting role.

All terrorist groups nursing any political ambitions whatsoever eventually become vulnerable, as they have to rely more and more upon their support groups and affiliates for communications, supplies, and other logistics. However hard-core the operational and command personnel, they simply cannot always deal with the outside world (with which they are at war) in an antagonistic fashion. They need a buffer, some person or persons to cushion the shock between the opposing cultures, whether it be in an active negotiation or to get the message across to the masses. No group can sustain the purity of violence forever, or even for very long. The "peripherals" on which it must come to rely are, by reason of their functions, accessible, and especially as the strain of the terrorist role increases, often enough amenable to the right kind of approach. It is not difficult to devise one which appears to offer them that which they eventually come to desire most—namely, a safe way out. Some, at least, are willing to risk their necks to earn it.

If the right kind of connections can be established, it is usually easier, for many reasons, to recruit an existing terrorist as a spy than it is to introduce a prepared spy into the group from outside. Only one prepared to act the part of an Ievno Azev[27]—with the fullest consent of the legitimate authorities he risks his life to serve—can hope to exist for long as a spy in a terrorist cell. Those already in can sometimes be made to see that they have little enough to lose, and perhaps something to gain by taking the gamble. The trick lies in getting the talent spotter close enough to find out who that might be, and to be in a position to do something about it.

The establishments of higher learning remain the great recruiting ground for spies (as well as terrorists) and familiar territory for espionage talent spotters, as they are for recruiters from more respectable professions. Here, amid the ferment of ideas and the vivid enthusiasms of youth and the perennial disillusionment with the state of things, are to be found those malleable souls who may, one day, be in the right place at the right time when the appropriate tug is given

to the leash. In most developed and developing nations, the university still provides the best—sometimes the only—entry into the circles of real power, the places where decisions of importance, affecting all walks of life, are taken. Traditionally, the university has been the stamping ground of talent spotters seeking potential in the young ideologue waiting to be molded into the future spy. It should be pointed out that the university, with all its rich potential, is a market completely open to all. In the interval between the two world wars, England's Cambridge University supplied many promising recruits for the country's intelligence services, while, at the same time, talent spotters and recruiters for the GRU and KGB were hard at work, and the fruits of their toils did not become apparent until the notorious spy scandals that rocked the U.K. during the 1950s and 1960s. The Soviet recruiters were especially astute in their appraisal of the market—knowing, that is, where to look for the right stuff—because not only were Oxford and Cambridge replete, at the time, with disaffected intellectuals in pursuit of direction, but these two centers of learning supplied some 80 to 90 percent of all those who would reach senior positions in the public service.

While the market has substantially broadened in many countries, including the U.K., the university remains one of the most significant recruiting grounds for the future spy, for the material, the predispositions, and the price are generally right. Universities overseas, particularly in the developing countries, play a significant role in the political, if not always the economic, life of their nations. They are often over-populated with students who are neither very studious nor who have very great expectations of putting an advanced education to profitable use in the service of their own societies. Activities within these centers of higher studies are rarely well policed or administered, and traditional academic freedoms carried to sacrosanct lengths in some countries have resulted in universities harboring in their midst, for long periods, professional troublemakers of all kinds, who have only the vaguest claims to be students and are often not even registered as such. Such problems are not unknown on the campuses of the U.S. These establishments are hotbeds of

intrigue and fertile fields for the recruitment and nurturing of terrorists of all complexions and spies of every imaginable hue. Finding the right stuff in such a human hodgepodge requires the exercise of extraordinary skills and a higher-than-usual degree of discrimination among talent spotters and recruiters alike. Nevertheless, some extraordinary opportunities for espionage recruitment do exist, especially among foreign students at American universities, many of whom will return to their native lands to occupy influential positions and who, in many cases, are students in the U.S. because of status, power, or privilege at home.

While most talent spotting and recruitment in the university setting focus upon future prospects and their cultivation for as yet unplanned operations, it must not be overlooked that many mature students are, nowadays, in the process of advancing their careers through the medium of higher education and may well have an actual rather than a potential value as spies.[28]

In summary, establishments of higher education, particularly universities, offer more than ordinarily fruitful opportunities for talent spotting and the recruitment of spies, because they are frequented by so many who are peculiarly fitted, intellectually, situationally, and by temperament or disposition for spying; because the environment and purposes of these places make for good evaluation of likely prospects; and because it is easy to meet and make suitable connections with them under the conditions provided by such places.

It is evident that finding the right stuff involves not only identifying and appraising those who might show actual or potential promise in the field of espionage, but also the possibility of making the right connection so the projected relationship might develop and blossom. There must be a suitable forum allowing not only for the meeting of the parties, but for a mutual feeling out of ideas and purposes. Even a brief, casual connection can have important future consequences, but there must be the opportunity for a more extended follow-up if its possibilities are to be fully explored. The right stuff may be discerned by the experienced talent

spotter at the moment of contact, but he will need time and a suitable environment to confirm his initial impressions and make his moves. Talent spotters and recruiters need situations that will enable them to retain and demonstrate their command of the relationship. They will avoid undue intimacy in order not to compromise their objectivity in these early stages or to force matters in a way that might later prove inconvenient when disengagement becomes necessary. The good talent spotter knows that he must hand over the making of the spy to others after his own mission is accomplished. He must be careful not to raise expectations or set a tone inconsistent with what is to follow.

The right stuff may be found whenever the right kind of people can be expected to congregate on suitable terms. The settings vary with the requirements; the talent spotter must have a feeling for the time and place. In or near garrison towns, drinking establishments where members of the armed forces are frequent customers offer good opportunities for covertly observing behavior, assessing prospects, and striking up an acquaintance in a perfectly natural manner. Trade union meetings and picket lines, especially in hard economic times, are other useful hunting grounds, where common interests can be expressed in a non-artful setting, in a way leading to the further development of the relationship.[29] Scientific meetings, too, with their thinly disguised, show-off atmosphere afford excellent opportunities for the watchful talent scout, especially where these involve a mixture of nationalities and take place on turf unfamiliar to the prospect under observation. Minor political gatherings associated with strongly felt social issues of a local, regional, or national character are another good talent spotting and recruiting ground, because of their extroverted nature, bordering for some on exhibitionism, and the natural scope offered for almost unquestioned involvement. The anti-nuclear movement offers a particularly good example of this kind. The now-familiar Friday night "beer bash," at which employees are accustomed to let down their hair and which has become almost institutionalized at some of the nation's high tech companies, is a most useful talent spotting and listening post.

The total stranger, provided he is familiar with the milieu and the routine, is rarely out of place and even more rarely challenged, especially if he arrives prudently and with an attractive companion after things are well underway.

It should always be borne in mind that those who have shown the makings of the right stuff in one department—student politics, the trade union movement, the War on Hunger—might later be encouraged, under discipline, to apply their talents in other arenas. A true talent for espionage is not limited by narrow, doctrinal considerations. The good talent spotter will make full use of the opportunities presented in those areas of activity in which he personally feels most comfortable. It goes almost without saying that he will need the right credentials of presence and familiarity with the medium into which he introduces himself to perform effectively.

Finding (and recommending) the right stuff requires much more than attention to and interpretation of appearances. Along with personal evaluation must go the most thorough of background checks. All documentary material must be subjected to careful scrutiny and painstakingly verified before it is accepted and passed on. Items in doubt should be appropriately flagged and drawn to the attention of those whose job it is to clarify them. The talent spotter cannot afford to take anything for granted, even the most seemingly insignificant of matters, for these have a habit of surfacing later, at inconvenient and embarrassing moments, à la "Lonsdale" circumcision.[30] Clearly, time constraints impose their own limits on these exercises. In periods of crisis, especially during wartime, the exigencies of recruitment override the niceties of full enquiry. But the talent spotter and the recruiter must be careful to avoid the dangers of their own preconceptions in these matters. It should no more be assumed that Nelson Rockefeller could not have been a communist than it should be that J. Robert Oppenheimer must have been one.

Finding the right stuff is a painstaking process and while hunches and intuition certainly play an important part in it, the whole matter cannot be given over to gut feelings. The well-prepared talent spotter will have made a careful study

of any serious prospect before making his approach. Ideally, he will know his subject thoroughly before engaging in any serious discussions and certainly before tipping his hand. Rejection is a much more serious business in the world of spies and spying than it is in that of human courtship. Much more than a bruised ego is at stake if the approach misfires—especially if the projected recruitment fails in a particularly sensitive place or at a sensitive time. The talent spotter must be very sure of his ground before he makes his move. Those tempted to act in haste in these affairs all too often, as the saying has it, repent at leisure. The talent spotter cannot afford to take a cavalier attitude towards his responsibilities; far too much is at stake. A failed approach may sully the ground over which others might, more successfully, have hunted. It is inexcusable when the failure results from the talent spotter or the recruiter having failed to do his homework, and besides, those who have not done their homework are unlikely to recognize or appreciate the right stuff when they see it.

KEY POINTS TO REMEMBER

1. There is no typical profile of a "spy"—just attributes, qualities and skills which at different times and in different places have value for those needing to know something, or procure something. The central question is whether there is a fit between the strengths and weaknesses, the characteristics of the person and situationally based tasks at hand. Related questions concern the difficulty of managing the characteristics of the person, the liabilities, and the costs and benefits involved. The key issues are functional ones.

2. The eternal problem for those in the business of recruiting spies is how to make "good" people do "bad" things in such a way as to best serve the interests of those who employ them. "Good" in this context connotes ideally an acceptable level of physical competency, an acceptable

level of moral commitment, the disposition to serve even if the tasks be personally odious, the capacity to accept requisite discipline, and the capability of forming rational judgments about the matters at hand. The right stuff is comprised of "good" people whose characteristics can be bent, hopefully without fracturing, to the employer's will. In reality, not all potential recruits possess all of the ideal characteristics and it is not necessary that they do so. The talent spotter must assess if, given the task, there is enough material with which to work.

3. It is generally easier to overcome the resistance of those who have the capability for becoming spies but lack, initially, the willingness, than it is to impart the necessary skills to those who, however willing, simply lack the necessary talent for the job. Those who are disaffected are easier to recruit than those who are not. Successful talent spotters must know precisely what will best serve their purposes and must know where they are likely to find those with ideal specifications. Talent spotters live by results; their knowledge and judgment are what keep them in business.

4. The most important stock-in-trade for the talent spotter is trust. He must be trusted by those for whom he undertakes finding the right material; he must have a successful track record to keep his clients in a business where mistrust flourishes.

5. Talent spotters cannot rely solely on being receptive to potential spies. They must actively search for the right material while maintaining a secrecy about their endeavors. They must, when talent has been found, nurture it, evaluate it and assess its needs. Such recruitment should never be a hasty process.

6. Talent spotters need a suitable cover to disguise their real purposes because recruitment of spies is a risky and dangerous proposition. This is

especially so in denied territories and in and around areas of information related to national economic well-being and security. However, the more solid the cover the less likely it is that volunteers will make approaches. Thus successful talent spotters must develop veiled interaction strategies.

7. Successful talent spotters must maneuver themselves as close to the target group as is possible. The smaller and more tightly knit the group is, the more difficult it is to penetrate. However, since all groups have dependencies on and linkages to other support groups, it is more a matter of finding the right approach. Where talent is to be found depends on the time, the place, and requirements of the tasks to be done.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. After talent has been spotted, what specific steps must be taken before making an approach?

2. Under what conditions would we attempt to recruit "marginals"; under what conditions might we wish to recruit those at the center? How might this vary with time constraints and task requirements?

NOTES

1. *No Bugles for Spies,* New York: David McKay, 1965, pages 1-2.

2. There is a charming naiveté about the following, from *Time,* June 17, 1985, page 22. "If Arthur Walker was an unlikely spy, young Michael was almost unimaginable in the role. He was a good dancer, loved surfing, and was gregarious. Michael was popular with girls in his senior class, which voted him its 'best-looking' male graduate."

3. "It is difficult to determine how the media developed the image of the sexy college professor with the corduroy

jacket and the ever-present pipe. He may be alive and well on the silver screen and in the pages of best sellers, but he is not in abundance at the Faculty Club or meetings of the American Association of University Professors." *The Lecherous Professor,* Billie Wright Dziech and Linda Weiner, Boston: Beacon Books, 1984, page 131.

4. *The Great Spies,* Charles Franklin, New York: Hart, 1967, page 37.

5. For an interesting résumé of these attitudes in the United States as contrasted with those assumed to prevail in the Soviet Union, see "Where Spies Are Superstars," *Time,* June 17, 1985, page 28.

6. Franklin op. cit. supra note 4 pages 45–51. Dr. Ward figured prominently in what came to be known as the Profumo affair, a notorious political scandal that rocked the UK in 1963. Dr. Ward apparently committed suicide while in custody. Christine Keeler, then 19 years of age, had been introduced by Ward to John Profumo, the Defense Minister, while she was also in an intimate relationship with the Soviet Naval Attaché in London.

7. Miles Copeland reports: "The word 'agent' is one that is so misused as to cause mutual bewilderment when intelligence officers talk to laymen, even informed politicians and journalists. Frank Wisner, when he was head of the CIA's 'dirty tricks department' once told me he had to read popular literature about spies 'just to find out what everybody meant'." *Without Cloak or Dagger,* New York: Simon and Schuster, 1974, page 106.

8. It is worth recalling that this convicted master spy never did confess to spying, but, in one of his few confidences on the subject with his very able defense counsel, "He began by deploring the fact that fiction writers exaggerated and distorted the true role of the twentieth-century spy, who often was merely a fact-gatherer." *Strangers on a Bridge,* James B. Donovan, New York: Atheneum, 1964, page 270. Donovan's book tells a great deal about this fascinating and complex personality and what is known of his work.

9. See, on this, "The Talent Spotters," in *The Fourth Man,* Andrew Boyle, New York: Dial Press, 1979, pages 86–100.

10. An interesting insight is provided by G. Gordon Liddy who writes: "I had received no orders to kill Dean and certainly wouldn't be presumed so irresponsible as to do so on my own account." *Will,* New York: St. Martin's Press, 1980, page 335. It is worth recalling his pride in ". . . stressing the necessity of fidelity to the code of the intelligence officer." Ibid., page 337.

11. Compare "Psychopath as Terrorist," H. H. A. Cooper, 2 *Legal Medical Quarterly*, No. 4, December, 1978, pages 253-262.

12. For some fascinating insights into the developmental aspects of the processes discussed here, see *High Treason,* Vladimir Sakharov and Umberto Tosi, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1980. "School snitches grow into professional informers who supply grist for the KGB dossiers," page 25.

13. *Mole,* William Hood, New York: W. W. Norton, 1982, page 33.

14. See Copeland, op. cit. note 7 at pages 24-25.

15. *Time,* June 17, 1985, reports: "Authorities say Whitworth was the man who last year posted three letters in Sacramento to the FBI. Two offered information about a significant espionage system in return for 'complete immunity' from prosecution. The third letter indicated that the man, who signed the letters only 'RVS, Somewhere, USA', had changed his mind about becoming an informant. Asked why the FBI had not followed up on the first two letters, U.S. Attorney Joseph Russoniello in San Francisco explained: 'Not knowing who you're dealing with, whether it's Jack the Ripper or the greatest master spy since Mata Hari, an offer on the blind to do business is not the way we do business,'" page 22.

16. This is a particular concern for the professional, who may feel it quite unsafe to approach a rival intelligence service because he knows of, or suspects the existence of his own side's mole in that service who might betray his approach. See the notorious case of the putative Soviet defector Volkov. Hood op. cit. supra note 13 page 37.

17. On this, generally, see "Informants," in *Police Narcotics Control: Patterns and Strategies,* Jay R. Williams,

Lawrence J. Redlinger, and Peter K. Manning, Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1979, pages 251-351.

18. On pre-World War II Soviet trade missions and their espionage role, see Boyle, op. cit. supra note 9 pages 99–100.

19. "On every large campus there is usually someone who serves secretly as the CIA's talent scout. At Yale, for example, during the early 1950s, it was Skip Walz, the crew coach. John Downey, who was imprisoned by Communist China in 1952, was recruited off the Yale Campus in 1951." *The Invisible Government,* David Wise and Thomas B. Ross, New York: Random House, 1964, page 226.

20. Boyle observes, op. cit. supra note 9, page 450: "The first casualty of the expulsion which shook the foundations of Whitehall after the flight of Burgess and Maclean in 1951 was the traditional public school convention of mutual trust obtaining between colleagues who shared the same privileged social backgrounds. Nobody could be considered safe anymore."

21. An excellent source for detailed critical study on all of the foregoing is the Appendix G of *KGB: The Secret Work of Soviet Secret Agents,* John Barron, entitled "The Practice of Recruiting Americans in the USA and Third Countries."

22. Recent events have highlighted this once more. Thus, the London *Financial Times*, Monday, September 2, 1985, page 14, "The Espionage Jungle": "Because of its strategic position, West Germany always had been a happy hunting ground for intelligence agents of all colours and nations. East Germany, especially, has made efforts there out of all proportion to the possible rewards."

23. It is interesting to compare the report in *Newsweek*, November 12, 1979, page 43, "Spying on U.S. Business" with that to be found in *U.S. News and World Report,* August 12, 1985, page 38, "Silicon Valley: No. 1 Soviet Spying Target."

24. See, for example, *The Wall Street Journal,* Thursday, April 29, 1982, page 6, "Convicted Spy Gave Polish Agent Details of Stealth, B1 Bombers and F15, CIA Says." "The CIA said the Polish agency paid only $110,000 for the infor-

mation, despite its much higher value to the Soviets."

25. Most instructive in this regard is Sakharov's book cited at note 12.

26. See, for example, "Spying on Terrorists—It's a Tall Order," *U.S. News and World Report,* July 8, 1985, page 30.

27. For a good account of this fascinating Russian, who actively served, simultaneously, the Okhrana and a number of terrorist groups, see *Terrorism: From Robespierre to Arafat,* Albert Parry, New York: Vanguard, 1976. On the problems and dangers of such penetrations in a U.S. domestic setting, see *Deep Cover,* Cril Payne, New York: Newsweek Books, 1979.

28. This is, especially, the case in the burgeoning data processing field where many, in useful positions of actual worth to a recruiter, are seeking through the medium of higher education a level of self-improvement in the more conventional market.

29. Harry Gold, the lynchpin in the breaking of the Rosenberg case, who acted as Soviet courier to Klaus Fuchs while the latter was in the U.S., was recruited in such a setting. "The beginning was a relatively innocent one," he said. See *The Rosenberg File,* Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton, New York: Holt Rinehart and Winston, 1983, page 23. This is an excellent and reliable source for the study of different facets of the recruitment process.

30. "Gordon Lonsdale," aka Conon Molody, the Soviet spymaster, tried and convicted in England in connection with the Portland spy ring, had a carefully prepared cover. He had assumed the identity of a deceased Canadian. Proof was offered, in the person of the medical practitioner who had performed the operation, that the real Gordon Lonsdale had been circumcised. The Soviet spymaster had not. See, on this, the observations of Ronald Seth, *Anatomy of Spying,* page 55. See, too, Franklin, op. cit. cupra note 6 page 212. There are some subtle indications that his capture, conviction, incarceration, and subsequent exchange did not terminate his active career in espionage.

BAITING THE HOOK

The most imporant secret of salesmanship is to find out what the other fellow wants, then help him find the best way to get it.[1]

Frank Bettger

"Your man sounds like a normal agent," he said. "What was the handle on him?"[2]

Charles McCarry

With the identification, evaluation, and recommendation of the epionage prospect, the work of the talent spotter is essentially at an end. But the intricate, lengthy process of the making of a spy has scarcely begun. Others must now take up when the talent spotters bow out of the picture, without discontinuity. At this moment, the work of the recruiter has begun to take shape. The right stuff having been found, a process of persuasion must be initiated so that this delicate human material might consent to, or acquiesce in, being turned into a spy.

Talent spotting and recruitment, while discrete functions, may nevertheless inhere in the same individual. Some espionage organizations are large enough to compartmentalize the work discussed in this book. For others, such a division of labor, schematically useful though it might be, is a luxury that available resources do not permit. Clearly, there are sub-

stantial advantages in the assignment of what are essentially quite different tasks, to different entities. There are important security advantages, especially if the recruiting operation is an intensive one or is extended over a lengthy period or directed at some particular area. Moreover, the talent spotter, attentive as he must be to the preliminaries, can often have a useful independence or be employed in this field on a casual or occasional basis. The recruiter, on the other hand, will be a regular member of the organization he serves, and it is with him that the embryo spy's true induction begins. The talent spotter has thus a disposable, disclaimable quality that might be useful in a pinch; if he makes a mistake and courts a rejection, he can be disowned. Not so the recruiter, for there the real, solid relationship begins.

First impressions are always important; the recruiter is apt to make a lasting impact on the recruit.[3] If he is nervous, inefficient, vague, or unwelcoming, the recruit will, himself, be ill at ease, unsure of himself, uncertain what to expect. Even if he has something valuable to offer, and has himself initiated the contact, he may well have cause to be concerned about his welcome. The air of intrigue may be an excitement for some, but it is the sense of initial unease that is the most pervasive. The nature of spying creates suspicions that must be dispelled before they affect the potential relationship.

The first task of the recruiter is to put the recruit at ease, to give him reassurance, and to introduce him, cautiously, to the organization that it is hoped he will serve. These early moments are crucial to the development of matters, for the potential spy still has the option to cut and run. It is the task of the recruiter to get the hook into him as deeply, as quickly, and as painlessly as possible so that he can be brought firmly on board. The hooks are many, and the laying out of lures is a business requiring much skill and a profound understanding of human nature. The recruiter must have a good understanding of the different kinds of bait and what makes a particular kind more acceptable to some than to others. Nothing is so likely to frighten or turn off a prospective spy as being offered the wrong bait—it feels like an insult. The message comes over loud and clear: these

people do not understand me.

The good recruiter makes an intensive study of the reasons people do what they do.[4] Human beings are so complex, so varied in their approaches and reactions to life's many situations that it is not useful to attempt to create a taxonomy of all possible responses, nor would such a compendium be a practical, operational guide. Human beings are liable to do the unexpected. Nevertheless, most people can be expected to meet certain standardized approaches with resistance, while others are conducive to a warm and smooth reception. A naive person will respond differently from one who is more worldly, cynical, or just better prepared.

The responses of most normal people are determined to a substantial degree by the pleasure/pain principle. The approach promising pleasure will be favorably received; that which is registered as painful sets up negative feelings which inhibit or frustrate the aim of the approach. Of course, what gives pleasure to some may well induce displeasure or even pain in others. Sometimes such reactions are quite superficial and not even correlative to the reality of the situation. Broadly speaking, however, we tend to react to what is proposed to us according to whether it makes us feel good or bad, and it is usually hard to separate these feelings from the person who makes the proposition. We learn to like those who propose things that give us a good feeling—particularly if their behavior in this regard is consistent in our experience of them. We can accept a disagreeable proposition from one we like, because he is able to interpose our feelings for him as an inducement. This is subtle manipulation of our feelings that we may or may not recognize at the time. A liking for the person who makes the approach does not guarantee its success, but it certainly helps, and it may be the factor that dictates acceptance when what is proposed is not of itself congenial. Conversely, an active dislike of the person making the approach may well bring about a rejection on this account alone, so that the merits of the matter are not examined at all.

Reactions in the area of spies and spying are often visceral rather than carefully reasoned; the parties have a gut reaction

to each other that is either positive or negative. It is more important that the recruiter project, right from the start, good vibrations about himself than about what he has to propose. If he has to sugar-coat the pill, it is as well that he have a good bedside manner. However cleverly he might have baited the hook, he is not going to get close enough to engage it if the subject is put off by some personal aspect that arouses distaste, dislike, or a disinclination to deal further. Furthermore, the potential spy does not usually come into this business predisposed to like those with whom he must deal. He may enter the transaction with distaste, shame, fear, bravado; it is the job of the recruiter to overcome these negative aspects and to make him feel comfortable, to make him feel good about himself and what he is doing. Only then is he in any real condition to examine the bait.

People tend, then, to do that which gives them pleasure, and to avoid that which is likely to bring them pain. Some are quite easily pleased and take their pleasures on a very basic, uncomplicated level. Their requirements are simple and easily satisfied. Others are more devious in seeking satisfaction. Most people learn that there is no free lunch; that life is a series of transactions in which something has to be surrendered to obtain that which is more desirable. Of course, many go through life in constant search of something for nothing and sometimes they are successful in their quest. But these small, occasional successes are simply bucking the system; sooner or later the piper has to be paid.

The espionage recruiter, recognizing these verities, must become something of a salesman as well as a purchasing agent for those whom he represents.[5] In order to get what he wants, he must know what he will need to give, and what he is able to give. The good salesman is the one with whom people like to do business. He makes them feel good with their bargain. He cushions the loss of what they have had to give up by focusing their attention on what they are getting. There are some who have an innate flair for salesmanship; they enjoy dealing and human interaction. For others, such transactions are always painful, no matter how necessary or frequent they are. The good salesman makes a thorough

study of the other person's requirements to discover what it really is they hope to gain from the transaction. A thorough understanding of this is needed to avoid structuring the deal in the wrong currency. On a purely superficial level, for example, a spy may appear ready to sell secrets for money; it would seem that the only thing to be settled is an agreement on the price.[6] But suppose the real motive of the spy is not economic; that payment, though important, is a subsidiary consideration. Suppose the spy is driven by a deep-seated need to revenge himself on those whose secrets he seeks to sell: real satisfaction can be given only by one who has perceived this ulterior need and can structure the means to meet it.

The difference between a mere shop assistant and a true salesperson is within the common experience of most of us. Those with a true feeling for sales know their merchandise and their customers. While their function is to facilitate the appropriate exchange of values, they know that it is really their expertise that helps the deal along. There is a great difference between a trade and a satisfied customer. The recruiter of spies wants satisfied customers. These are most likely to serve his organization over the long haul and are the least likely to be the source of future headaches. The satisfied customer is not necessarily the one who has struck the smarter deal, but the one who feels he has been properly taken care of by those with whom he deals.

Choosing the correct bait requires a prolonged and avid study of human nature. How to induce someone to begin something may require something very different from what would be needed later, to keep them doing it. A relatively large portion of bait may be needed just to get matters started. This has to be figured into the total worth of the transaction and any negative consequences have to be discounted from the outset. The appeal of what is offered is all-important. A child may well prefer a bright, shiny nickel to an old and tarnished dime; value is usually in the eye of the beholder, and such self-deception is not confined to the very young. Taking advantage of such weaknesses is often very shortsighted in both sales and the recruitment of spies.

Any advantages that accrue from driving a hard bargain quickly dissipate as the subject acquires more sophistication and comes to realize the true nature of what has happened. The experienced recruiter will strive for fairness—that which is perceived by the recruit as a fair deal, in his own currency.

Spying, as we have constantly emphasized, is a deceitful business; deception and cheating are at its very core. Incongruously, the spy, in the recruitment process, is looking for the very antithesis of deception. He is looking for evidence of a trust that is in striking contrast to that which must characterize all his dealings if he is to function effectively as a spy. For the spy, there is something rather disgusting and cautionary in the story of "Cicero," Elyesa Bazna, the enormously successful Turkish agent working for the Germans in the British Embassy in Ankara during World War II. While acting as a valet to the ambassador he was able to gain access to some of the most secret documents passing through a key diplomatic station. The audacity of his operation (he stole the ambassador's key while the latter was at his ablutions) made the Germans very suspicious of Bazna, and he was paid for his nefarious services in forged British currency. Such a story of the biter bit has little humor for the prospective spy. Those who are in the market for a long time must eschew the temptation to engage in such practices, whatever the short-term advantages. An unsavory reputation of this kind can make future recruitment more difficult by making all bait seem tainted.[7]

It is important for the recruiter to understand that not all his bait will be judged by the same criteria. Whatever the real worth, what he has to offer may be of little appeal to some, and a major lure for others. All human beings have their own peculiar concepts. GRU Colonel Oleg Penkovsky (Alex), for example, apparently had little concern for material benefit, but was intensely interested in the trappings of rank and privilege. Such idiosyncracies must be catered to by the recruiter and knowledge of them must be passed on to those who will handle the spy as he progresses through the system. Men who could not be persuaded to undertake a mission for any amount of money will sometimes

risk their lives for a coveted scroll of parchment.[8]

These things have a logic and inevitability of their own. Who is to say such trinkets and conceits are worthless when some are prepared to do anything to acquire them? To those who are not so motivated, these things appear strange indeed. The point is well illustrated by the U-2 program, a most imaginative spy program that depended primarily upon the willingness of a human being to pilot that extraordinary craft over exceedingly hostile territory, in the knowledge that if anything went wrong his death was assured and his mission would be disclaimed by his country. Indeed, these hazardous missions were premised upon the annihilation of both aircraft and pilot if they should fall prey to the rapidly advancing technology of Soviet missile artillery. As President Eisenhower put it in his memoirs, the operation assumed that ". . . in the event of a mishap the plane would virtually disintegrate. It would be impossible, if things should go wrong, for the Soviets to come in possession of the equipment intact—or, unfortunately, of a live pilot. This was a cruel assumption, but I was assured that the young pilots undertaking these missions were doing so with their eyes wide open and motivated by a high degree of patriotism, a swashbuckling bravado, and certain material inducements."[9] Nevertheless, someone at the CIA evidently did not understand matters in quite the same light as the president, for Gary Francis Powers was equipped with a parachute that, in the moment of truth, he used to advantage;[10] he did not fire the explosive charges that would have caused the disintegration of the aircraft; and he preferred to take his chances with the dreaded Russians rather than employ the cyanide capsule, which he had been provided to avoid falling alive into hostile hands. Obviously, Powers did not share the assumptions of his employers, or he reneged on the bargain. The bait was sufficiently attractive to induce Powers to undertake this extremely dangerous enterprise, but the hook did not sink in deeply enough to keep him to his part of the bargain. It might be argued that this was hardly a recruiting failure, but this is to take the narrow view of the matter. It is hardly of value if Johnny accepts the King's shilling, dons the uni-

form, and then fails to fight. The issues in recruitment and those in retention really lie along the same continuum.

People who are unequivocally motivated by greed are probably the easiest to recruit. There are those who are manifestly prepared to sell their own grandmothers. The most important questions in dealing with such rogues is whether a satisfactory price can be struck, and whether they will deliver. The legendary Mata Hari was a member of this category, but most of those who dealt with her offers to spy found her asking price ludicrously high and had serious doubts as to whether she could deliver what she promised.[11] Most of those who are motivated by greed have an exaggerated idea of the worth of their services. While these people are generally uncomplicated in their desires, however unrealistic their demands, the exploitation of greed for these purposes does have its drawbacks. Money, by itself, is never a good handle. It cannot purchase exclusivity, much less allegiance, for the spy who is greedy will sell to any convenient purchaser.

The reliability of spies greedy for money must always be seriously in question. A careful study of the case histories of a representative sample of those motivated by greed for money is not encouraging. Most spies in whom the dominant motivation is greed for money seem to share a Samuel Gompers philosophy.[12] They tend to make themselves expendable through their importunity; they are quickly wrung dry by those who use them and are discarded with little regret.

Money is the life blood of any espionage organization, and, judiciously used, it can purchase information, influence, and much else besides. But too large a supply of money, and too lax a control over its expenditure, may make the recruiter both incautious and slothful. For it is undeniably easy to recruit spies for money. It is among the most alluring inducements, a bait that many find hard to resist. Getting value for money is quite another matter, and most experienced organizations keep a tight control on the expenditure of money—preferring to establish the relationship on a different footing, and using money prudently, as a carefully measured reward for good service and in such a way as to forge a "han-

dle" on those who receive it.[13] Money thus becomes ancillary to the main recruitment effort and its use is directed towards the reinforcement of the relationship rather than as a device to initiate it. Money is not quite the root of all evil in the world of espionage, but certainly greed for it has been the downfall of a great many spies, and a continuing source of disappointment to those who hoped, unwisely, to profit from its investment in this way.

Inducements that are calculated to lure the selected quarry onto the espionage hook may be divided into two broad classes. There are those who are alluring by providing something desirable, and there are those, more subtle, who permit the potential spy to avoid or evade something he does not want. We see here the practical aspects of the pleasure/pain principle in action: there are some who can be persuaded to engage in spying for the prospects of pleasure, and there are others for whom such a positive bait is no inducement at all. These may well be lured into espionage to avoid pain. Fear is a most powerful inducement for those who seem to have it in their power to alleviate that fear or to increment it. The bait covering the espionage hook in this latter instance is the threat.[14]

Fear is the hidden persuader of many who would not succumb to other, more attractive blandishments. Fear is a powerful recruitment tool, particularly if it is delicately and judiciously used. Fear, subtle or obvious, lies close to the core of blackmail, one of the most effective tools of espionage since the earliest of times. Those who are blackmailed into spying do not love those for whom they engage in espionage, but fear is a powerful persuader and one of the most difficult hooks from which to escape. It is a bait that needs constant maintenance and attention, to see that it is still firmly on the hook and has not deteriorated or gone stale. Yet, withal, it is very economical and few are immune to its deadly qualities. There are few human beings who are totally free from fear of some sort or another. The use of fear permeates the entire business of espionage; there is no spying service that does not make use of it, for it always lives in the background. Even those organizations that do not

utilize it directly for recruitment purposes must always take it into account. The spy is locked into a never-ending struggle with fear—fear of exposure, fear of capture and punishment, fear of being unable to do the job, fear of the nameless, fear of fear itself.

It would be no exaggeration to classify fear as a major, if not the major, dynamic of espionage. For many spying services, it is the most important weapon in the recruitment arsenal; they simply frighten people into spying for them. In our times, massive fear is not difficult to generate or maintain. The Nazis proved themselves masters of the techniques involved, and these have been refined, improved, and passed on in even more vibrant form to their legatees of our age. Fear and the varied methods of blackmail are commonly employed by all police states, and the ordinary informer of the most benign law enforcement authority is often enough a prisoner of such uses of fear. Fear is the basis of all deterrence thinking, however much it might be clothed in the respectability of other principles of government, designed to ensure obedience to the rules. In the world of espionage, however, this use of fear is turned upside down. People are frightened into doing, rather than desisting from, things that are otherwise proscribed; things moreover that they might well have naturally resisted doing. Fear deforms people's natures, it erodes scruples, it overrides moral considerations and, at times, even good sense. It may be denied, it may even be confused; it can rarely be ignored, and that only at serious peril.

It is self-evident, then, why fear plays such a large part in espionage. Yet its principal operational utility lies in the fact that it does not inhibit the spy's ability to function, and may even, under some circumstances, actually enhance it. An experienced writer has put it very well, in a work of fiction: "Towfik did not like his work. When it was dull he was bored, and when it was exciting he was frightened."[15] Many spies develop their own personal devices for the conquest of fear. Few are able to evade the hook, or escape its barb, once they have been lured or driven into it. (Perhaps the only real antidote to fear is a greater dose of fear—but this is really

no cure at all, just a kind of anodyne.)

Sex, in all its many guises, is an exceedingly powerful and almost universally employed bait of the espionage recruiter. In some cultures, times, and settings, it is an inducement without peer. Adroitly employed, it is at least as dynamic and potent as raw fear, but considerably more enduring in its effects. It is interesting to observe, in the espionage context, that sex is to be found in both the pain and pleasure modes, and either, according to the dictates of the situation, is likely to be effective. The human sex drive in many is powerful to the point of being irresistible. The cravings and longings it generates cannot be disciplined or denied, and their satisfaction leads to behavior which is often imprudent to the point of being dangerous to those who engage in it, and sometimes irrational in the extreme. Otherwise responsible persons, occupying positions of great prestige and influence, are betrayed into acts which, if taken advantage of, reduce them to impotence and ridicule. The temptations of sex are great, even for those with a comparatively low sex drive. Even the very basic need for human companionship and a seemingly sympathetic, understanding human ear can be exploited by the recruiter of spies. Loneliness and a lack of sexual contact are comparatively easy matters for the recruiter to address once the situation has been accurately evaluated. The sexual gambit is always one to be considered by the recruiter, regardless of whether the spying prospect is a man or a woman. Sex will often act as the passkey to secrets that are locked safely away from other forms of aquisition.

Sexual pleasure, then, is a powerful bait, and the recruiter of spies can cater to all tastes and pander to all cravings. Satisfaction can be geared to demands and measured out in doses commensurate with the anticipated benefits to be derived from the exercise. The discreet and intelligent use of sex is most effective as an ice-breaker. It can be used to open doors and effect introductions that might otherwise be closed to those bent on spying. The beautiful female spy is the stuff of all best-selling espionage novels, but anyone who has watched the facility with which a beautiful woman can

attract men eager to get to know her and to share their confidences with her can appreciate how narrow is the distance, in this regard at least, between fact and fiction. Sexual allure can be relied upon to accomplish much of the recruiting groundwork, provided the right kind of sexual bait has been selected for the job and it is played out on a secure line. This is live bait and, on occasion, has been tempted off the hook and into the jaws of experienced barracudas who are themselves accustomed to fishing these waters and are not averse to supplementing their regular diet in this way.[16]

The pleasure principle in these encounters is self-evident, and the variants too numerous to be displayed or even categorized here. Sex, in these of its positive, albeit exploitive aspects, is used for the purposes of entrapment. It is here that the principle of pain enters the scene, and this, too, has a large number of variations that readily suggest themselves to even the most casual student of the subject. Sexual favors can be withdrawn, causing the most acute sensations of loss and inducing, in some, pangs akin to madness. True love, as well as unalloyed lust, can be manipulated in this way to the spy recruiter's advantage. But many sexual encounters, in the realms of espionage, are expressly set up with the purposes of blackmail in mind. They are professionally designed to create an embarrassing or inconvenient situation that may be used as leverage. At the moment of exploitation, sex begins to merge indistinguishably with fear.

Any and all sexual preferences may be exploited by the recruiter of spies. The recruiter is simply looking for a handle of a suitable kind for the subject of his attentions. Sex is just another currency, another way of getting the job done. In the sexual arena, there is a seemingly inexhaustible range of human emotions to be played. An angle can almost always be found that is of value; it is simply a question of choosing the right one for the case in hand. These sexual aspects have assumed enormous importance in recruitment and operational procedures for some espionage organizations. There seems to be something singularly appealing in this to the orderly, Teutonic mind. The Green Room and the Salon Kitty served the German spy machine well in different eras,

and sex continues to be an important and favored weapon in the armories of both the Federal Republic of Germany and of the services of its East German counterpart, despite their differing ideological orientations. The Japanese espionage services between the two World Wars invested very heavily in sex as recruitment bait and as an operational espionage tool. Perhaps none have come to rely more on its use than the espionage services of the Soviet Union, and the various applications utilized by them have elevated "sexpionage" to a high art. Both men and women have been most cunningly used as sexual bait and the pleasure principle has always been most economically tied to the principle of pain that is destined to follow it at the appropriate moment. Every imaginable variant has been employed by the USSR, not infrequently with spectacular success. While sexual satisfaction has rarely been followed by sincere ideological conversion, the bonds created have often lasted over long periods of time, and have attained a strength and maturity that has belied the true character of the relationship.

Unusual sexual preferences, especially those that are illegal or are the subject of strong social disapproval, readily lend themselves to exploitation by the recruiters of spies.[17] Arranged indulgence in them provides a ready-made handle and one which, in these days of high-resolution photography and graphic sound effects, is not difficult to evidence. Despite the far-reaching social changes in recent years in those countries in which indulgence in homosexual practices was a crime, it continues to be a sexual phenomenon of considerable value to the recruiter in the world of spies and spying. Even in a world where every homosexual was out of the closet and the laws were such that the possibilities of blackmail on this account were reduced to a minimum, the nature of such activity and the lingering opprobrium attaching to it would still leave considerable scope for the imaginative recruiter.[18] The emotional aspects of homosexual encounters and relationships can be exploited as easily and in much the same way as those deriving from their heterosexual counterparts. It is still probably true that a much greater social stigma attaches to those who are entrapped through homo-

sexual practices (such as those used by the USSR to such effect in the case of John Vassal—a British naval clerk convicted of spying for the Russians) than those caused to depart from the strict path of duty by succumbing to the allure of a pretty woman, like John Profumo.

Human sexuality, regardless of changing mores and social attitudes, will remain a vulnerable area that can be probed and exploited by those concerned with the practice of espionage. Few warnings and no amount of training suffice wholly to eradicate these primeval urges. The boudoir and the motel room will continue to figure prominently as places for the exchange of secrets and the recruitment of spies, as well as battlefields upon which the more seasoned spies can expect to earn their laurels. Sex is one of the most alluring baits for the espionage hook, even in these days of growing awareness and sophistication. On the face of it, sex appears to reign supreme in the spymaster's arsenal, but like money, it can become a double-edged weapon. Even the most professional seducer can be counter-seduced, bringing disaster upon the operation. Sex rampant is no more easy to control than the plague. Every package of sexual bait ought to carry the explicit warning to those who would employ it: *Sex. Handle with Care!*

In truth, every human vice and weakness can be exploited as an inducement by the spy recruiter who has correctly deduced signs of it in his quarry. Those weaknesses that establish a state of dependency leave the subject especially vulnerable. Some of these dependency states are hard to disguise and furnish a useful handle for those who would take advantage of them. Prime among such conditions is drug dependency, an addiction to or habituation with illicit substances. There is a combination useful to the shrewd recruiter: the substance upon which the subject has come to depend has a debilitating effect upon his moral fiber and his ability to resist doubtful propositions; a drug habit is expensive and can become a financial drain of considerable magnitude, leaving those dependent vulnerable to an approach suggesting an assured supply. A most powerful handle is to be found in the illegal nature of the habit or the addic-

tion itself. The drug user, being outside the law in sustaining his vice, leaves himself open to all kinds of pressures, from those applied by law enforcement authorities to induce him to "snitch," the so-called "twisting" process, to the most pernicious blackmail. The drug-dependent spy can generally function effectively enough to satisfy the demands of his masters, but his impairment will rarely allow him to wriggle free from the hook once it has sunk deeply enough into his flesh.

Those holding sensitive positions who are drug users, even on an occasional, social basis, must always be accounted a security risk in some degree; the extent to which drug use has become prevalent in the U.S. Armed Forces must give rise to considerable concern from a security perspective. Many of those affected by addiction or habituation are too poorly paid to sustain an expensive drug habit, but are in positions of sensitivity or able to acquire information or render services to others in return for money or drugs. Such persons are easy prey for the recruiters of hostile intelligence services, who rarely risk courting a serious rebuff when they make their approaches. Few of those approached are likely to realize, with any clarity, the security implications of the matter until it is too late to escape from the clutches of the tempters, and fewer still are likely to have the sophistication to report the matter to those who can take the appropriate action. Most remain prisoners of their dependency and the fears instilled in them by what they have done to nourish and sustain it. For many, drug dependency simply paves the crooked path from social disapproval through criminality to irreversible treachery.

No spy is so potentially profitable nor theoretically so easily set upon the path of espionage as the one who is ideologically motivated. What others do out of fear or through greed, dependency, or lust, the ideologically motivated spy does out of love or hate. The ideologically motivated spy is driven by ideas, by the force of his own belief system.[19] Those ideas may be self-generated or they may be planted and nurtured by others. Those who embark on a career of spying for such reasons enjoy an essential fitness about what

they are doing that is both pleasing and sustaining. Their beliefs satisfy something within their make-up which provides the drive for what they do and justifies, for them, their activities. The ideological spy may come to have doubts about himself, what he is doing, and those he serves, but only as his belief systems begin to disintegrate. At the point of entry, these are strong, intact, and often of a compelling intensity. Such persons seek no other reward (although they may, not inconsistently, accept one) than the privilege of being allowed to serve, through espionage, that in which they believe. The strength of these feelings, and the direction in which they are already pointed, facilitates the recruiter's task. If the talent spotter has done his job well, the potential will have been carefully studied and the appropriate way of exploiting it designed.

Ideology is powerful, persuasive, and persistent, but, for the recruiter of spies, it is most useful among the young. The inexperience of youth and typical fervent belief in a cause are a deadly combination leaving those in whom they inhere extremely vulnerable to the approach of the recruiter. Some ideologies have an extraordinary appeal to youth. They have a hold over the mind that precludes a rational self-examination of their strengths and weaknesses. Those who are captivated by them are reduced to a state of mindlessness where questions of what is right and wrong become, objectively irrelevant. This is the stuff of which cults are made.[20] Ideologies are stern taskmasters; they demand constant service and sacrifice. The true believer is only too ready to pay the price, whatever it might be. He asks only for the chance to be allowed to throw himself onto the pyre or to impale himself upon the stake. The most effective ideologies are those which blatantly pander to these needs; that demand, constantly, service and sacrifice from the faithful.

The true believer has the ideal quality for the spy: he asks nothing more than to be allowed to be directed, told what to do in the name of that in which he believes. All human beings need to believe in something, but the true believer (à la Eric Hoffer)[21] needs more than most to believe, and be allowed to demonstrate his faith positively. It has been well said that,

"In order to believe, you don't have to think, know, or comprehend; it saves a lot of mental energy if you are ready to accept, unquestioningly, what some prophet or dogma tells you."[22] Even for those who ordinarily have no stomach for violence, espionage provides a vehicle for rendering the requisite service or tribute demonstrating the proper degree of faith.

The positively motivated ideological spy acts out of love for a cause, a party or political line, a religion or a cult, or some nationalist abstraction such as patriotism. But ideologies also have their negative side. They can be (especially in the phase of disintegration) the root cause of betrayals, of espionage motivated by hatred for some idea, or what it has come to represent. Ideologies can be replaced by other ideologies which are able to exert a more powerful attraction. This reversal of polarization produces a monster, a Whittaker Chambers; true believers characteristically remain true believers even when the object of their devotion changes. They then carry with them a dangerous capacity to hate that which they loved, and a fierce willingness to translate that emotion into a demonstration of the transfer of allegiance. Those capable of the highest degree of love are perhaps those who are also capable of exhibiting the largest capacity for hatred when disillusioned.[23] It is not difficult to exploit the emotions of those who nurse a deep hatred against those upon whom it is proposed to spy; it is difficult to determine whether this hatred springs from ideological or other reasons. Those whose hatred springs from an ideological source will often enough be content to spy for no other reward than the satisfaction of damaging those they hate, while others are more interested in the receipt of material rewards for their endeavors. Christopher Boyce, the Falcon of that unlikely, unattractive, amateur duo that did so much harm to the national security of the United States, was an ideologically motivated spy whose hatred for his country led him to sell the secrets with which he was entrusted to representatives of the USSR. Yet he was not averse to receiving the material rewards to which his treachery entitled him. Colonel Oleg Penkovsky of the Penkovsky

papers fame was another ideological spy whose hatred of the system he was sworn to serve led him to a massive betrayal, from which the West appears to have derived significant benefits. His co-defendant, the remarkable British agent, Greville Wynne, whose own motivations seem to have been at least in part ideological, makes the following interesting observations on Penkovsky:

> Often I had been asked the question: But Penkovsky was born a Russian. Therefore, whatever his feelings about the government, was he not a traitor to give away secrets that might threaten his country?
>
> My answer is this:
>
> We live in a democracy, and the governments which come and go, which we have the power to affect, are temporary teams endeavouring to deal with our problems by methods that differ but slightly. Whether Socialists or Tories are in power, to give away our secrets would be a betrayal of the freedom we take for granted. Too much for granted in my opinion.
>
> But supposing Britain were shanghaied by a gang of criminals who, once in power, could never constitutionally be thrown out? Suppose that to raise your voice against the government meant life imprisonment or death? Suppose we had secret police and no free elections? Would you still say that to work against the government was an act of treason?
>
> Penkovsky thought not, and I agree with him.[24]

When powerful ideologies clash, the conditions are exceptionally good for the making of spies. The recruiter must know how best to utilize the resultant release of energies.

Ideology, then, is a powerfully attractive bait for those who are characterologically, circumstantially, or by inclination predisposed to nibble upon it. In an age in which the rapid diffusion of information and opinions has stirred the

consciousness of mankind to new levels of awareness, the competition of ideas is intense. As a result, there is a superabundance of bait which the recruiter of spies may draw upon for his hook. There is a little bit of the ideologue in almost everyone, and appeals to this side of human nature are employed as a matter of course in conjunction with the other hidden persuaders that constitute the armory of the recruiter of spies. People like to think that they do these things as a result of their beliefs rather than on account of some more sordid, mercenary motive.

But this bait is of a most delicate character to handle effectively. If it is handled clumsily or without the proper care and attention, it soon begins to smell offensive. The hook requires the most careful concealment. Because the ideologically motivated spy is often a volunteer, there is sometimes a tendency to treat him with unwarranted suspicion. Those whose gratification has such a subjective, personal basis are hard for the more materialistic to comprehend. Those transactions based upon a more solid, tangible set of values are more readily understood by people in this business. Yet, the ideological spy, once he has proven his worth to the satisfaction of his masters, is accorded a respect and status that are denied those whose motivation is of a baser kind.

Money, rather than honors, has always seemed to be the appropriate reward for the spy, especially those who betray the trust reposed in them by the victims of their enterprise.[25] They and their activities are deniable and those who have profited from the use of their services will rarely lift a finger to assist them when the game turns sour. The ideologically motivated spy, on the other hand, if he keeps the faith, may rack up a number of points in his favor, which may impel his employers to do something on his account in his hour of need. While this may stop short of outright acknowledgment, at least during his lifetime, there may well be a significant effort on his behalf, notwithstanding that he may have been in receipt of a stipend for his work.

There is a tacit recognition that belief needs special reward for its reinforcement and, in a rather self-serving way, some special sort of recognition *pour encourager les autres.* The

cases of Eli Cohen,[26] the remarkable Israeli spy who penetrated to the upper reaches of Syrian society, and the incomparable Richard Sorge[27] are most instructive in this regard. The USSR has established something of a tradition in this area.[28] Those who spy solely for monetary gain are discarded without ceremony once their usefulness has been exhausted. It is made clear that nothing beyond what they are paid for their services is considered to be due to them. If they are caught, they are abandoned to their fate. The Portland spy case neatly demonstrates the distinctions: Houghton and Gee were promptly discarded by the Soviets once the operation was blown. The Krogers, long-time professional spies, whose ideological dedication to the Soviet cause over the years had been proven without question, and who had received heavy sentences for their pains, were elaborately ransomed. Good faith is important to the ideologically driven and a record on the point is important to the recruiter. From a recruiting standpoint, the Soviets were prepared to treat Boyce as ideologically motivated, though of unproven, long-term worth, whereas their view of his partner, Lee, was that he was simply a dangerous, money-grubbing amateur whom they would have liked out of the picture as quickly as possible.

For those to whom it has the appropriate appeal, money as a bait has an immediacy that few other inducements can match. In the world of espionage, it usually comes down to a matter of how much and how often. Given that money will do the trick, the recruiter is limited mainly by the size of his budget and the value to him of the spy's product in relation to the asking price. Such transactions generally have a hardnosed quality about them that is readily understandable to those who participate in them. The need for subtlety largely disappears once this medium of exchange appears mutually agreeable.

Transactions involving the ideologically motivated are much more complicated; no visible value passes, save in the most incidental of senses. The recruiter has to find a way of transforming the prospect's intellectual cravings into something receptive of the right approach for the case in hand.[29] These energies are often diffuse, unfocused, and unconnected

in any immediately realizable way with espionage. There may exist an unspecified desire to help "the cause," or the predisposition recognized in the subject may be even more vague than that. In many nations there is among the youth an aversion to war (understandable enough in an age capable of destroying all life on earth in a conflict between the great powers). A general desire for peace, often peace at any price, has been shared by many generations since the end of World War I. These understandable pacifist feelings have been adroitly exploited by the Communists since the early 1920s and the idea of "working for peace" has been a stock recruiting technique in every age—in our own it has taken on a particular strength and poignancy.[30] The idea of working for world peace, harmony among nations, the Brotherhood of Man, has a strong, almost universal appeal. It requires no analysis or deep consideration to establish its desirability, and certainly no investigation of the provenance of the invitation or the motives of those who extend it. Any who oppose the idea must, automatically, be war-mongers, to be fought with every ideological weapon available, including espionage. It is not hard to see shades of Greville Wynne in this argument, though he himself was far from being a pacifist.

In our own times, fear of a nuclear holocaust lends a peculiar urgency to the message of working for peace. A most insidious part of its appeal is its respectability; some of the most conservative elements in the West are to be ranked among the "peaceniks." Working for peace is not *per se* an outlandish type of bait, the kind that might be expected to appeal only to the politically radicalized or disaffected. The God-fearing as well as the godless can comfortably join hands through the medium of such a message. It cuts across all ethnic and cultural boundaries. It has the innate capacity to override good sense. Skillfully employed, it is an excellent vehicle for cloaking the true intentions of the recruiter of spies. Many, in their youth, indulge in a temporary flirtation with the politics of the Left; only rarely does anyone come in middle age to a conviction of the essential fitness of what is comprehended under this banner.

In youth, peace and the politics of the Left may be an irresistible combination. Those under its spell are ripe for the attentions of the recruiter of spies. Many are in need only of being shown the *way* to serve. Yet it is no easy matter converting this raw energy into something disciplined, directed, and purposeful. Some are too readily frightened off by the direct approach. Patience and a sure touch are essential here. The trapping of those who are lured by the bait of ideas is often a lengthy process leading from an awakening of consciousness, through the undertaking of small but regular, relatively innocuous commissions, to the eventual maze of compromise from which there can be no escape. The good recruiter deliberately leaves the purpose unclear until the prospect is safely and securely hooked. The recruit is slowly sucked into the network, often with the aid of others of his own ilk with whom he can identify. Peer pressures are used and the appeal is frequently couched in very personal terms by reference to unique experiences or feelings pertaining to the life of the person to be recruited. Michael Straight, who was recruited by the Soviets while at Cambridge University in the 1930s, writes most instructively of the process. Straight, scion of a wealthy, well-connected family in the United States, became involved in left-wing politics while at Cambridge and was deeply touched by the death of a close friend during the Spanish Civil War. He was an intimate of many of those whose treachery to Great Britain was exposed during the 1950s and 1960s and which did so much to sully the excellent relations that had hitherto existed between the U.S. and British intelligence communities. He was himself recruited by agents of the Soviet Union through members of the Cambridge Circle, notably Anthony Blunt. His inner turmoil, his actual recruitment, his assignment, eventual escape from the toils, and his recantation make interesting reading. When told to return to establish himself in the United States, he cannot understand the reasoning behind this. He demurs:

> My home, my family, my friends, my interests were all in Britain. Why, then, would I go back to

America?

"Your father worked on Wall Street," said Anthony. "He was a partner in J. P. Morgan. With those connections and with your training as an economist, you could make a brilliant future for yourself in international banking."

"I don't want a brilliant future in international banking," I said. "I have no interest whatever in becoming a banker."

"Our friends have given a great deal of thought to it," said Anthony. "They have instructed me to tell you that that is what you must do."

"What *I* must do? . . . What friends have instructed you to tell me . . ."

"Our friends in the International. The Communist International."

"They instructed *you?* . . . . You are a part of it?"

Anthony nodded. "My instructions are to inform you of your assignment, and to assist you in every way that I can."

"My assignment? What assignment?"

"To work on Wall Street. To provide appraisals, economic appraisals, of Wall Street's plans to dominate the world economy."

"Why on earth would anyone suppose that I'd take on an assignment like that?"

"For the same reason that John went to Spain."

I had no answer to that. After a moment, I said, "Why do they tell me this now?"

"Because of John's death."

"I don't understand."

"It will be necessary for you to cut all your political ties. It had been assumed you would do that after you left Cambridge, but . . . this way seems . . . more convincing."

"More convincing? I still don't . . ."

"Since John was so close to you, and since you have obviously been so affected by his death . . .

> this seems to be the logical time to make the break."
>
> "Seems to whom? Who would . . ."
>
> "To our friends. Our friend," said Anthony, correcting himself. "He has given a great deal of thought to it."
>
> "How would he know what I . . ."
>
> "He knows you and respects you."
>
> "Then why doesn't he . . ."
>
> "He would like to talk to you himself. He regrets very much that he is not permitted to identify himself to you."
>
> We sat in silence. I fumbled with Anthony's sentences, trying to make sense out of them.
>
> "You want me to stage some kind of nervous breakdown," I said, "some crisis of belief."
>
> "It will be seen that way. Everyone knows," Anthony continued, "that your loyalty was to John rather than to the party. It will come as a blow to them, but in time they will accept it."
>
> "I stage a break with all my friends," I said. "I leave my home and my family. I go back to a country that I barely remember. I live a life of deceit . . ."
>
> "John gave up his life, remember that."[31]

Michael Straight did as he was bidden. No ordinary man this, not easily pushed around, no obvious handle by which to twist and manipulate him against his will. Only the power of ideas, and a hidden hand in the shadows. Straight himself was puzzled—remains, perhaps, puzzled—by the forces that moved him. He writes:

> Do psychiatrists point out the innate submissiveness of the youngest child in each family? I expect so. In any case, for the reasons I have mentioned, and no doubt for others I cannot discern, I failed to reject Anthony's scheme out of hand. If my

> reasons seem unconvincing in 1983, so be it. It is hard for a man, said Cato, to live in one age and be judged by another.[32]

What Michael Straight has told us about the processes by which he was recruited and managed more than makes up for any harm that may have resulted, in his case, from these youthful indiscretions. Especially noteworthy are the recruiter's subtle play on deeper, unrefined feelings, as yet still at work in the subconscious, relative to the death of the friend. There is a sharp understanding of the youthful mind here and an acute perception of the psychology of *this* individual that can only have come from an intimate knowledge of his personal life and innermost thoughts. He was clearly well-studied before this particular approach was decided upon and essayed. Note, too, the indirections and the non-specific nature of the suggested mission. Nothing too alarming is as yet suggested, nothing illegal, disloyal or, as yet, in conflict with other interests. Only the hint of a duty to serve, to serve the cause for which the late, dear friend had given his life. No suggestion of a reward for services to be rendered; even the hint would have been indelicate, like offering to pay a Spanish grandee for the privilege of shooting partridge on his estate. The privilege of being allowed to serve is its own reward to the faithful. The true believers only ask for the chance to work themselves to death, as did Boxer in Orwell's incomparable modern fable *Animal Farm*. What has been displayed here is the most refined form of the recruiter's art. The ideological lure is for the highly skilled, for it is a fine battle of wits and only the master baiter can hope to land the fish, breathing and intact, by means of its employment.

Baiting the hook, then, in all the many forms that are possible, is really concerned with finding the appropriate device for overcoming scruples. Some people have more of these than others and while some would not stoop to steal money from those they love or from those by whom they are employed, they can rest easy in their consciences when it comes to stealing their secrets and communicating them to

persons not authorized to receive them. Even the most psychopathic have their scruples, a code of prohibitions regulating their conduct. The recruiter of spies is not really concerned with the abstract morality of all this, but he must take these feelings into account as a practical matter. He is concerned to find ways of getting people to do things they might ordinarily be averse to doing. The recruiter might measure his options by reference to the degree of resistance he is likely to encounter. If those against whom the espionage operation is directed can be seen by those to be persuaded to engage in it as "the enemy," the degree of resistance will probably be slight; he may even have to contend with unwanted volunteers. On the other hand, persuading people to spy upon those they perceive as friends is never easy, and brings all kinds of scruples to the fore.

The recruiter is primarily concerned with the induction of the new spy into the system, hooking him and drawing him into the network. Others will be concerned with finding ways of keeping him happy and productive and retaining his services over the long haul. The scruples of those who have never engaged in spying are different from those who have already been in the game for a while. Attitudes change once a degree of commitment has been established. Spying is a little like criminality in general in that the first step is usually the most difficult to take.[33] Once that step has been taken, the recruiter's job is done and the novitiate spy becomes the responsibility of someone else who will mold him. But the way that first step is taken, the helping hand, the nudge or the push given by the recruiter, will help to form the relationship the spy will develop with his masters. When all is said and done, those who take up the task where the recruiter leaves off have one basic inquiry: "Did this spy come to us out of love, or fear?" A quick, professional look at the bait will usually provide an accurate answer.[34]

KEY POINTS TO REMEMBER

1. The first task of the recruiter is to put the

recruit at ease, to give him reassurance, and cautiously introduce him to the organization it is hoped he will serve. The recruiter must hook the recruit as deeply, as quickly, and as painlessly as possible to the organization. To do so, it is more important that the recruiter project positive vibrations about himself than about what he has to propose.

2. Good recruiters must make an intensive study of the reasons people do what they do. Human life is a series of transactions in which something has to be surrendered to obtain what is more desirable. The espionage recruiter must be both a salesman and purchasing agent for those whom he represents. He must understand the subtleties of the exchange relationship he enters: he must know what recruits truly need and want, and what he can offer. He must satisfy the recruit by making him feel that he has been taken care of properly. However, incentives required at the beginning may not continue to work. Furthermore, even though spying is a deceitful business at its core, the recruit is looking for the very antithesis of that treatment.

3. Inducements calculated to lure the recruit may be divided into two broad classes: those which the recruit desires and those the recruit wishes to avoid. Fear has a central place in espionage. All spies must deal with it and all spy services use it as an inducement in a variety of forms. Sexual favors are a powerful and universally employed incentive. They can be given as a bait, and their denial can be used as a continuing threat—working, as it were, both the agony and ecstasy. As an element in blackmail, sex merges with fear as an incentive. Drug dependencies are particularly powerful because of the cost of the chemicals and their addictive nature. The central idea of the incentives—the handles and hooks—is to create depen-

dencies—whether monetary, sexual, or drug-related.

4. The recruiter's task is made easier when handling an ideologically motivated recruit. Ideology is powerful, persuasive, persistent, and best applied very early to the young. The inexperience of youth and fervent belief are an excellent combination for a recruiter; they make the approach easier. Yet it is not easy to convert this raw energy into something disciplined, directed and purposeful. Recruitment may become a lengthy process, from an awakening of consciousness, through small missions to eventually a maze of compromise from which there can be no escape. The good recruiter deliberately leaves the purpose unclear until the hook is secure. Ideological recruitment requires an intensive study of the recruit's innermost being.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What are the stages of recruitment? How might they differ given different types of "hooks?"
2. Which type of spy recruit do you prefer? Why?

NOTES

1. *How I Raised Myself from Failure to Success in Selling,* Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice Hall, 1972, page 141.

2. *The Secret Lovers,* New York: E. P. Dutton, 1977, page 31.

3. In another, but equally apt, context the point is made that "an interesting informational tug-of-war takes place in a job interview situation. The interviewer, especially in the first or second interview, is reluctant to tell you much about the company and its problems . . ." *The Robert Half Way to Get Hired in Today's Job Market,* Robert Half, New York:

Bantam Books, 1983, page 156.

4. A highly recommended work on this subject, generally, is *Influence: How and Why People Agree to Things,* Robert B. Cialdini, New York: William Morrow, 1984.

5. For a similar, extended development of these ideas see *Special Problems in Negotiating with Terrorists,* H. H. A. Cooper, Gaithersburg, MD: International Association of Chiefs of Police, 1982.

6. Some recruiters take a somewhat jaundiced view on this. An experienced recruiter has been heard to say: "Show me someone who won't do it for money, and I'll show you someone who hasn't been offered enough."

7. Much the same considerations govern the practice of hostage negotiation. See *Hostage Negotiations: Options and Alternatives,* H. H. A. Cooper, Gaithersburg, MD: "Good faith negotiation with hostage takers," pages 51 et seq.

8. "'A man wouldn't sell his life to you, but he will give it to you for a piece of colored ribbon,' William Manchester asserts, in describing his World War II experiences as a foot soldier." Cited in *In Search of Excellence,* Thomas Peters and Robert J. Waterman, Jr., New York: Harper and Row, 1982, page 268.

9. Dwight D. Eisenhower, *Mandate for Change,* New York: Doubleday, 1963, page 546.

10. "'The CIA promised us that the Russians would never get a U-2 pilot alive,' John Eisenhower declared, his eyes flashing. 'And then they gave the S.O.B. a parachute.'" *Ike's Spies,* Stephen E. Ambrose, 1981, page 279.

11. The literature on Mata Hari is more voluminous than her importance to the subject of espionage would warrant, but the point made here is worth consideration and is well-documented. Her case might be usefully compared to that of Stephen Ward, mentioned earlier in this text.

12. This important figure in the U.S. labor movement, when asked what his members wanted, is reported to have answered in one word: More. For the recruiter, the question must always be: How much is more?

13. This is beautifully portrayed by Charles McCarry in *The Last Supper,* New York: E. P. Dutton, 1983, page 129:

> Without preamble, in a loud voice, Wolkowicz asked Bulow to bring him a document in Russian. Bulow's eyes flickered over the room again, looking for signs that Wolkowicz's grating voice had been overheard.
>
> "I can't possibly do that," Bulow said in a startled whisper.
>
> "I don't mean a *secret* document," Wolkowicz bellowed. "It can be anything—rip a notice off the bulletin board."
>
> "Why would you want such a thing?"
>
> Wolkowicz put a forkful of food in his mouth and talked as he chewed. "Humor me," he said. He wanted it for the simplest of reasons: if Bulow would steal even the smallest thing from his masters, on Wolkowicz's orders, and accept money for it, then Wolkowicz would be his new master. It was the first step. Bulow knew it was the fatal step.

14. "The secret police can be as rough-edged in recruiting informants as in interviewing detainees. Typically, 'We won't do harm to them,' the KGB agent says to his potential informer with regard to his associates, 'We just want to know the spirit of the people.' But what if the potential informer politely declines the invitation to become a part of the KGB apparatus? In that event, the KGB agent is well armed: 'We can still do anything we want to you,' he will imply." *Secret Police,* Thomas Plate and Andrea Darvi, New York: Doubleday, 1981, page 216.

15. *Triple,* Ken Follett, New York: Arbor House, 1979, page 25.

16. See, on this, *Women in Espionage,* J. Bernard Hutton, "Women Spies Who Trap Spies," pages 185 et seq.

17. Homosexuality has always lent itself most readily to exploitation. "In 1960 two young mathematicians, William H. Martin and Beron F. Mitchell, defected to Russia. They held a news conference in Moscow, describing in detail the inner workings of the NSA. They were soon discovered to be

homosexuals, a fact which led to the resignation of the NSA's personnel director, and the firing of twenty-six other employees for sexual deviation." *The Invisible Government,* page 206.

18. See, for example, the recent case of seven British servicemen accused of selling secrets to foreign agents while stationed in Cyprus. "Sex Spies and Secrets," Intelligence Report, Lloyd Shearer, *Parade Magazine,* August 18, 1985, page 14.

19. Alcorn's "Duval" is such a type. ". . . I can remember his saying to me the first time we talked that he had two strong loyalties in his life, to America and to France, and for that reason he was volunteering for action in any manner we thought might be helpful to the Allied cause." *No Bugles for Spies,* page 2.

20. See, on this, generally: "Changing Worlds: Observations on the Process of Resocialization and Transformations of Subjective Social Reality," Lawrence J. Redlinger and Philip K. Armour, *Violence and Religious Commitment, Implications of Jim Jones' Peoples' Temple Movement,* Pennsylvania State University Press, 1982.

21. *The True Believer,* New York: Harper and Row, 1951.

22. *Strange Sects and Cults,* Egon Larsen, London: Arthur Barker, 1971, page 2.

23. Consider, for example, the case of Elizabeth Bentley.

24. *Contact on Gorky Street,* New York: Atheneum, 1968, page 19. This book provides an excellent sketch of Penkovsky and his supposed motivation.

25. The philosophical basis for this may, perhaps, be best appreciated from a reading of "The Sufi and the Tale of Halaku" in *Wisdom of the Idiots,* Idries Shah, New York: E. P. Dutton, 1971, page 125. Napoleon Bonaparte applied this philosophy quite unashamedly.

26. *The Shattered Silence,* Zwy Aldouby and Jerrold Ballinger, New York: Coward-McCann, 1971.

27. *The Case of Richard Sorge,* F. W. Deakin and G. R. Storry, London: Chatts and Windus, 1966.

28. See, on this: *Spy Trade,* E. H. Cookridge, New York:

Walker, 1971.

29. In this regard, what is known of Harry Gold is of incomparable value to the student of these matters. He apparently made (and had no desire to make more) very little out of his espionage work for the Soviet Union; indeed, overall, he may have been financially out of pocket. His curious, Walter Mitty-like character, obviously, received the nourishment it craved. See *The Rosenberg File,* passim, for a good treatment of the materials.

30. See the treatment, passim, of this important technique in Deakin and Storry, op. cit. supra note 27.

31. *After Long Silence,* New York: W. W. Norton, 1983, page 102.

32. Ibid., page 105.

33. "At first Gold's conscience was troubled by the prospect of deceiving Dr. Gustar Reich, the director of research at Pennsylvania Sugar . . . In the months and years that followed, Harry Gold found the rewards of his new role outweighed the burden of guilt he felt for betraying his boss, his colleagues, and his family." *The Rosenberg File,* page 29.

34. Perhaps the final word may be allowed to Sir Kenneth Strong, a distinguished authority, and General Eisenhower's Chief of Intelligence, 1943–45. "There have been few spies who risked their lives purely for financial gain. Maybe a few insignificant figures have done so on the fringes of the business, but for the most part the risks, the endurance and the degradations associated with the most challenging espionage tasks have called for more powerful motivation." Hagen, *The Secret War for Europe,* page 11.

THE ART OF THE ALCHEMIST

My first reaction to being approached by American intelligence was one of curiosity. "You don't look like a spy," I said to Brad. He didn't like the observation. "I'm not a spy," he said flatly. "A spy is a grubby little person who sells secrets for money, or maybe a fine person who works for another country because he doesn't like his own. I'm a career government employee, an intelligence officer, a manager of spies."

"You want me to be a spy?" I asked.

"No, an agent," Brad spoke in simple terms, as if explaining to a child. "An agent is not always a spy, but someone who helps us, one way or another. If you work for us you will be put under a contract outlining your duties."[1]

David Atlee Phillips

By virtue of discipline something resembling a contract comes into being between the leader and his subordinates.[2]

Charles de Gaulle

This is not a book about the making of those who would call themselves "intelligence officers" nor about those who see their work as managers of spies. It is about the "worker

bees" of the espionage hive, the toilers after honey who may be called "agents," or just plain "spies." The spy, "the grubby little person who sells secrets for money," or "the fine person who works for another country because he doesn't like his own," or the agent, "who helps us, one way or another" are all shaped by the organizations that have recruited them and make use of what they have to offer. They are turned into spies by those who are not spies, whose job it is to implement the policies and attain the goals and objectives set by higher management. Every organization in the intelligence community guards jealously its "Order of Battle" (who is who, and who does what), but in the non-clandestine portions of their operations, something like a regular table of organization is not difficult to put together.

But such a clarity of organization does not filter down to the murky levels with which we are concerned here. Most spies, even were they interested in such esoteric incidentals, would be hard-put to say exactly where they fit into the scheme of things. For most intelligence agencies, the spy is an indispensable but incongruous appendage of a vast, largely unconcealed operation. Such agencies are like inverted icebergs, yet it is the portion below the waterline that communicates the air of secrecy to the whole. Few spies ever worry unduly about their relationship to the organization, unless they are translated into something other than spies and brought more closely and definably within the fold. For the working spy, the organization is some large, nebulous thing that controls his destiny by means he can only guess, and through channels to which he has no access. The good spy is not naturally incurious about such matters; he has to be taught.

While the larger espionage agencies do make use of many of the organizational and management tools common to business and government in at least a part of their operations, the very nature of spying makes its direction and management more akin to those of a criminal enterprise. The clandestine informality is essential to the principle of plausible denial. When the spy is caught with his hand firmly in the cookie jar, no one will acknowledge having dispatched him about

the business. Only when these undertakings become thoroughly "Watergated" does a semblance of truth begin to take shape,[3] by which time the matter is substantially moot for the unfortunate spy. It would be a naive spy, indeed, who expected to receive anything in the nature of a formal job description, or even, in most cases, a job outline.

Yet in a less formal sense something like a performance plan is developed, and the spy is periodically evaluated on the basis of this by his managers. He is expected to be regularly productive and to live up to certain expectations. Though a spy who anticipates being put under contract enforceable by, or even capable of being produced before, a court of law is a fool, something resembling a contract certainly is created as part of the relationship between the parties. The spy comes to learn what is expected of him and what he might be entitled to by way of return. But, whatever its true nature, it is unlike any other contract of employment or agency into which the spy is ever likely to enter. His obligations are not defined for him from the outset, but materialize as performance proceeds. There is almost an element of slavery about this, for, not only does the spy, once he is engaged, find that he is not in a free market, but any attempt on his part to escape might well result in his being "terminated with extreme prejudice" ("tweeped," in the argot of the trade). Up to a point his "employer" is able to demand more and more of him, and as matters proceed, he is in a position to require less and less as recompense. How matters turn out, in any particular case, depends very much on the conditions of recruitment; an evaluation of the spy's prospective worth; the extent of the investment in him; and the techniques of management designed to keep him happy, productive, and on the job. In all spying relationships, a kind of homeostasis is reached, and the trick of contentment lies in keeping the balance right. Yet the spy is not entirely defenseless in all this, for there are some elements in this complex process that work in his favor. Serf or not, he represents something of more or less value; he is somebody's asset. Somebody in this mysterious hierarchy is responsible for his performance and productivity, and can be called to account by the ultimate

owners of the investment for any mismanagement.[4] The experienced spy comes to learn his "rights" under this strange arrangement, and finds out when and in what form he might appeal to higher authority for a review of the situation.

For practical purposes, there is no such thing as a freelance spy. There is very little room for independent entrepreneurs. Even the slickest peddler of secrets becomes entangled in an inescapable web once he starts to ply his trade. Those who are allowed to give the appearance of entrepreneurial independence are obviously suspect, and those with whom they seek to deal will treat them accordingly. Every spy, in every transaction, is "owned" by someone else; none is his own master. Those who believe, like the hopelessly amateur Daulton Lee, that the uniquely valuable nature of their merchandise gives them the whiphand, are usually quickly and often unpleasantly disabused of the notion. Entrepreneurial independence is antithetical to the root principles of espionage as it is practiced professionally. Independence has a powerful operational role, but the limits placed around its exercise are designed to preserve the master's interests and everything is done to prevent accidental contamination in the process.

It is no accident of design that spies and spying, with their intimate relationship to the arts of war, have from the earliest times come under the influence of the military set of mind. Sun Tzu, the great Chinese Master of War, tells us:

> Of all those in the army close to the commander none is more intimate than the secret agent; of all rewards none more liberal than those given to secret agents; of all matters none is more confidential than those relating to secret operations.[5]

Many espionage services still retain in their organization and nomenclature, vestiges of their military origins, long after they have ostensibly passed to civilian control. This is more than a mere anachronism. It serves to underscore something that is central to the practice of espionage: discipline.

What is required of the spy is akin to an act of submission. Spying without discipline is voyeurism of a most dilettantish kind. It serves little useful purpose beyond the relief of idle curiosity. It is a morbid, sterile activity in contrast to the vibrant, purposeful character of espionage. The spy who cannot accept the dictates of discipline is not likely to remain very long in the business of spying. Discipline is a universal requirement for clandestine service. Knowledge is power, and in the right hands secret knowledge is the most powerful of all. But it must never be overlooked that the spy is an agent, a mere trustee of the knowledge he acquires through the exercise of his profession. Those holding contrary beliefs are dangerous indeed—they are the stuff of which double agents are made. The primary task, then, of those we call alchemists, is to create a proper sense of discipline for the spy inducted into the ranks and to generate the atmosphere within which and establish the machinery by means of which it is to be imposed. It is this that creates the "contract," the sense of mutual rights and responsibilities providing the framework within which the work is to be undertaken.

Discipline cannot exist in a vacuum. It is this more than anything that makes the anarchist spy alchemy so difficult to place upon a proper theoretical foundation. Discipline requires an established hierarchical framework for its proper exercise. Discipline is conformity with a body of rules and procedures through the submission to authority; however vague, mysterious, unseeable, or unknowable, there *must* be someone in charge from whom the mandate to act, or refrain from acting, comes.[6] There must be an organization capable of transmitting the orders, and of ensuring compliance with them. Without such a structure, discipline becomes a meaningless concept. A system of self-imposed and self-policing compliance has no utility in the realms of espionage.

The acceptance of discipline is an essential prerequisite to the making of a spy. The mechanisms and techniques by means of which it is instilled in the putative spy are the props and tricks employed in the art of the alchemist. Great

differences exist between the competing philosophies of espionage and the services that give them form and substance. While the idea of discipline is common to all, the ways in which it is inculcated differ widely in nature as well as degree. Broadly speaking, spies are either kept under tight discipline, in which their every action is directed and controlled with regular, minutely prescribed reporting procedures and the absolute minimum of individual discretion in any department; or they are kept on a looser rein. There are rigidly authoritarian espionage services and those which play the disciplining process with the lightest of touches. And there are those that fall between the two poles. Ultimately, of course, the gun is always there. Sometimes it is pointed directly at the head, with the action obviously cocked; sometimes it is loosely holstered, but in full sight; and sometimes it remains concealed in the desk drawer, but those it is meant to influence are never unaware of its presence and import.[7] Those who have shown a disposition to use the iron fist on occasion can afford to keep it encased in the silken glove most of the time. A reputation for ruthlessness is earned by being ruthless. A service that has disposed of most of its heads, down to Lavrenti Beria and maybe even beyond, obviously starts with a certain advantage in this regard.

Obviously, discipline in spies is not instilled or induced by such crude allusions. The process is altogether more subtle, especially during those early days when the hook might not, as yet, be too firmly in the flesh. Discipline is not punishment or a calculated use of terror; it is an indispensable adjunct to the tradecraft the spy must be taught to do his job effectively. The spy is a soldier in a silent war.[8] Like so many of those in the trenches, he can see only a very small part of a much larger picture, and he is probably quite unable to appreciate the true significance of what he does see. He must be brought to realize this and to understand the importance of conforming his actions to the requirements of those directing him. For many would-be spies, this is a harder adjustment to make than any required by conscience. It means unquestioning obedience to an unseen, unseeable presence.

Those directing spies from these invisible centers of energy take on qualities usually reserved for a deity. It is an awesome responsibility, for they do not have a deity's advantage of infallibility. If the system is to work, however, they must be able to generate in the psyche of the spy the impression of a reasonable approximation to it. It helps enormously if the spy already belongs to or believes fervently enough in the tenets of an authoritarian discipline—like, for example, Communism. It makes the transition so much easier when the spy is placed under the control of those who are actually going to orchestrate and direct his activities in the field. To say, and to believe unquestioningly, "Center knows best," is to evince the first signs of the alchemist's transformation. It is the creation of the professional disposition to take orders and to execute them in an uncritical fashion. The spy will be taught how to think, observe, report, and act in conformity with the requirements of those whose interests he has submitted to serve. But first, he must be taught to obey.

All alchemy contains its own mystery, either as to ingredients or process. Were it not so, the transmutation would be something much less intriguing. Alchemy is a kind of magic, an elaborate production creating an illusion that is sometimes as effective in deceiving those engaged in it as it is in entertaining incidental spectators. The mystery is all part of its power and appeal, its hold over the human mind. It is an essential part of the dynamic that induces the belief that it really is possible to transform base metal into pure gold. As long as the power and its source are not subjected to too close an analysis, the process might even seem to work. Uri Geller has a large following and there remain many intellectual titans who are unconvinced that his magic is born of common trickery. His success in what he does is posited upon the strength and persistence of such beliefs. The magician's audience gives itself over to belief; if it sees deception, so be it, it is entertained.

Such beliefs are essential to the practice of many arts. The alchemy of espionage, the transformation of people into spies, is concerned primarily with beliefs and attitudes,

and only secondarily with skills and abilities. It is easier, in this process of making spies, to teach people how to do the things that will serve your ends than it is to correctly affect those other aspects of their formation that will ensure that they give, and continue to give, good service. The alchemist must induce the desire to serve the unseen faithfully. Those who handle spies are the priests and ministers of this strange religion we know as espionage. They carry the word down from on high. They are the regular intercessors between the comunicant and the unseen, awesome deity that directs and controls his actions.[9] Discipline is induced and enforced by a thousand little actions which make use of this mysterious, remote bond. In its perfected form, the handler seeks to create a state of dependency while still leaving the spy functionally operational. Mystery is an important part of the bond, and the clandestine nature and concealment involved in the practice of espionage itself lends an acceptable camouflage to what might otherwise be intellectually unwelcome to some questioning souls.

Espionage is permeated with notions of organic and operational security, procedures designed to insulate every part of the undertaking from all the rest so that it might remain intact against those forces that would roust it out and destroy it. The spy learns early to curb his curiosity about the larger scheme of affairs in which he is involved; he becomes accustomed to operating on a need-to-know basis. He quickly comes to appreciate how his own safety and that of the organization of which he has become a part are interconnected.[10] He learns that a little knowledge about some things can be dangerous, specifically to his own health. There is a large measure of unarticulated fear in this process. The spy is made to feel that his continued safety and well-being are largely dependent upon his strict adherence to the rules that are being prescribed for him by his handlers. And that this is so because those rules have been promulgated and handed down from on high expressly with his own, personal needs and safety in mind.

In this stage of his elaboration, the spy is placed under a chain of command that makes itself constantly felt, yet

which he cannot see, or even, sensibly, reach out towards. But it has an omniscient awareness of him and all his doings. It sends him things: material rewards, admonishments, requirements, friends and helpers, constant reminders of its presence and its place in his life. This unseen presence is capable of reflecting moods: urgency, anger, approval, solicitousness, sorrow, concern, and a myriad more.

Yet there is something charmingly incorporeal and powerful—therefore comforting—about all this. For the alchemy works upon another principle: Many of those recruited and incorporated into the world of espionage have a most fervent desire to belong, to be cared for, noticed, given a place at the table. This is particularly true of those who have felt a lack of these things in their personal lives in other departments.[11] The clever alchemist often begins his process of transformation by cultivating his subject through a sense of appreciation. Skillfully done, this is very difficult to resist, for the newly recruited spy is very vulnerable, like a crab that has recently shed its shell. The spy knows that he has left one world for another. He needs to see tangible evidence of love, protection, fellowship to compensate him for what he has had to leave behind. This is all a part of the stage of initiation, and its duration, sophistication, and firmness will all depend on how much of an investment is to be made in this individual; clearly, the one-time asset, the "Kleenex spy" of the disposable kind, will receive less attention in these regards than one who is hoped to have a long and productive career. But those who are in the business of spying over the long haul can never afford to be cavalier about these matters. There is more than a professional pride at work here; the priests and ministers themselves must believe if they are to serve the unseen deity well. By communicating this caring to their charges, they are insuring the investment, whatever its size, and enhancing the prospects of its lasting productivity.[12]

This initiation phase is very important for the future spy, for it helps to set the tone of the whole relationship. It is here that his real potential is assessed, flaws evaluated, corrections considered, and the decision made to proceed

with the making of the spy, or to phase him out of the system. If matters are allowed to continue beyond this stage, phasing out painlessly might be difficult, for both parties to the transaction have become compromised. It is not always easy to determine where recruitment ends and initiation begins. The two phases flow naturally into one another, and they are best regarded as being all part of the same seamless web. A good practical illustration is provided by harking back to the experience of Michael Straight. At a certain juncture, it was felt that his "conditioning" had proceded to the point where direct instructions concerning his future might be conveyed to him, instructions that were both unwelcome and inconvenient, thus challenging his commitment. It is clear that a very thorough appraisal of his potential and adhesion to the cause had been undertaken before this approach was made. Those who made it were not wrong in their assessment of how it might be received and handled by Straight. It is evident that no incalculable harm would have resulted from an outright rejection of the whole scheme by Straight at the stage he was approached about the matter by Blunt. Those who directed that the approach be made certainly knew their man; the way in which Straight was handled took account of his youth, his relative isolation and unsophistication, and the lack of challenging alternatives. Straight stood on the threshold of life; an appeal in similar, almost imperious terms, to an older Straight would have been almost bound to fail. Even the young Michael Straight did not submit without protest. His account of what transpired is as revealing of the processes of persuasion applied in his case as it is of the tortured state of his own mind. He writes: "In the evening, I returned to Anthony's rooms. I told him that I would not return to America to live out my days as an international banker. I said that the prospect of a life of deceit was repugnant to me. I pleaded to be released from the commitment that had been imposed upon me in the name of my dead friend."[13] It is clear that Straight already felt unable to reject the imposition out of hand. It is too strong, too authoritative in nature and it proceeds from a mysterious, unfathomable source. Anthony Blunt

was the only point of contact; who knew what lay beyond? Those orchestrating these matters had marked their man well. They had accurately appraised his inner turmoil and correctly gauged his likely reactions. Even his language, in our times, is revealing and redolent with indecision; one who pleads has already acknowledged the power of those to whom the plea is addressed.[14] He has effectively placed his fate in the hands of others. He is then given every consideration by those in authority, the unseen; he is treated seriously. "Anthony nodded. He'd praised me for not collapsing the night before. He promised to carry my plea back to his friend. He assured me that it would be considered very carefully. He said that he would let me know their decision within a week."[15] Already the beginnings of a useful discipline are beginning to emerge; the parameters for its perfection and future exercise are being erected on these foundations.

Those who are prepared to listen to the salesman's arguments have traveled a long way down the road to making a purchase. The door has not been slammed in the salesman's face and, whatever this consideration portends, it at least holds out the hope of continued dealing. The matter has not been foreclosed, and there are favorable signs in the hesitancies exposed in these exchanges. But the deal is far from being concluded, and the skill, patience, and persistence of the alchemists becomes even more apparent as matters proceed. At the appropriate time, Anthony is ready to convey the response:

> Careful consideration had been given, he said, to the arguments that I had made. It was conceded that my staged break with the Communist movement in Cambridge would cause a good deal of consternation among my fellow students. It was granted that I was more British than American. If I refused to become a banker that would be accepted. But my appeal was nonetheless rejected. I was to go back to America, and I was to go underground.[16]

The deity, here, has both smiled and frowned. There is an implicit acknowledgment to the novitiate that there has, indeed, been a contact with the godhead and that some concession has been obtained thereby. It is equally clear that the outcome of his case depends less and less upon withdrawing from those who have arrogated to themselves the right of judgment than upon the arbitrary exercise of some unseen power upon the life of Michael Straight. A certain firmness of tone is creeping into these communications. Concessions have been made on important points, but essentially, the edict has been uttered, and it has to be obeyed. Here the lines of conflict are quite sharply drawn; there can be no further backing down by either side. The die is cast. It is a tribute to the judgment of those who were so skillfully playing Straight that he still would not countenance a break, a rejection at this time.

Submission was, as yet, incomplete. Straight was not, even now, prepared to surrender on all points without a fight. As he tells it, "I had regained some strength by then. I protested against the decision that had been made. Anthony listened to my protest. He never raised his voice.[17]

Authority is now indisputably acknowledged. But there is a "gentlemanly" quality about all this that is in perfect tune with the times, the place, and the personalities of those involved.[18] These are two cultured individuals arguing with exasperating abstraction and reasonableness. It is hard to believe that millions of Kulaks have died and the great, ruthless Soviet purges have proceeded from the same fountainhead of power from which these debatable decisions have flowed. Different horses are for different courses.

To continue:

> He would carry back my appeal once more, he said. This time it would be considered in the highest circles in the Kremlin. It might take weeks to resolve the issue; the time would be granted to me, on one condition; I would have to start my staged breakdown at once. For if my apparent break with the Communist movement were to be based upon my reaction to John's death, it could not be delayed.[19]

Here, Straight has at last reached the Supreme Court; his case is directly before the deity itself. But the matter is contingent upon something reason cannot refuse. The court has granted an injunction to preserve a wasting asset, an injunction it cannot, will not, lift. Only a refusal to recognize the court's jurisdiction could have saved Straight at this time, and matters had already proceeded too far for such a course to be contemplated by the supplicant. "That was the bargain offered to me. I accepted it."[20] What else, indeed, could he have done?

The alchemist needs more than mere pliancy to work his wonders. He needs his subject in a vice before he can really start to effect the transformation. There are as many ways of locking down the person being worked over as there are varieties of human material. What will work with one will not be effective, or may even be damaging with another. The salesman has to find a way of propping the door open while he is making his pitch. Those who cannot be brought to listen will never heed the word of command when it is given. Mystery, again, is the principal aid to the alchemist's art. Some need only have it communicated to them: You have been chosen.[21] Such notice can be of itself tantamount to an authority that has to be obeyed. Others will protest incredulously, or for mere reassurance, Why me? These latter can often be persuaded by evidence of the painstaking accumulation of knowledge concerning them that has been acquired in their case. Such knowledge properly communicated can be overpowering; the subject bows down before such omniscience. It is not wise to argue with authority that clearly knows so much.

Sometimes, a more tangible device of entrapment is needed before the putative spy can be brought to the point where a definite proposition can be addressed to him. He must be compromised in some way, driven into a corner from which there is no obvious escape. This calls for a certain delicacy of touch if the merchandise is not to be damaged in the process. Nothing must be done to alienate those from whom cooperation is expected in the future. The victim must be led gently down the path to perdition. This is

most usually effected through use of the principle of reciprocity. It is hard to refuse a favor to one who has, apparently, freely and most generously extended favors to you, which you have accepted. Adroitly employed, a sense of obligation is engendered which most human beings would find difficult to elude. Those cultivating the spy will press favors upon him, without, in the initial stages, asking for anything in return. This is clearly a matter in which sensibilities must be catered to in order to avoid giving offense or having one's motives suspect. Reciprocity obliges most people to respond in kind; the trick is to escalate the exchange to the point where a more compromising engagement can be undertaken. The exchange must be brought to a point where each item can be taken as an earnest of good faith, rather in the way rings are exchanged in a betrothal ceremony. Announced or otherwise, the exchange has come to take on a deeper meaning. It can be construed as an advertisement to the outside world that the nature of the relationship, what might be expected of it, has changed. Every relationship of an enduring kind tends to develop its own menu of wants and expectations. The degree to which this can be forcefully pushed by their respective sponsors depends to a large extent upon a trading on the presumed self-interest of the other party. What does he expect to get out of the relationship? The exchanges, their nature, escalations in their value, provide a useful barometer for those seeking to carry the relationship beyond it present confines.

In some relationships, the parties have no scales over their eyes. Each knows, and acknowledges with a certain frankness, what the other wants. In certain circumstances in the world of espionage, such an open display of purpose facilitates the proceedings; with such an understanding, however crude, the parties to the transaction can cut out the frills and get down to brass tacks. This will usually be the case where the person required to spy is in urgent, imperative need of something from the other side, the drug addict turned informer, for example, who agrees to spy for the police in return for some favorable review of matters pending against him.

Most of these transactions have, however, to proceed with greater delicacy. In the first instance, there must be a genuine give and take, leading to a real commitment on the part of the spy—one from which it would be inconvenient or embarrassing to withdraw. In this game, people are played against people. A most careful matching of styles, personalities, attributes, and attractions is undertaken by the alchemist; often reduced to a personal level before the desired results can be attained. Sexual attraction is frequently introduced as an element in the equation at this point.[22] However this is done, the object is always essentially the same: namely to separate the spy from his status as a free agent. Gradually, choice is eroded, so that those who would employ the spy are able to convert from asking favors to demanding responses.

The book *Double Agent*,[23] being the story of John Huminik, a young technically adept businessman recruited by the USSR in the 1960s, offers some interesting insights into the development of these different approaches. (Huminik worked from the outset under the direction of the FBI, and these materials must accordingly be considered with care by the professional student of the subject.) Huminik, on account of his background, activities, and associations, must have seemed an interesting prospect to the Soviets, who evidently suspected his *bona fides* from the start. Nevertheless, both sides played the game by its elaborate set of developing rules, although the Soviets seem to have gotten the worst of it, ending up several thousand dollars out, as well as suffering a diplomatic defeat for no return whatsoever. Huminik was cultivated by a series of Soviet intelligence officers through professional associations of which he was a member. These contacts ripened into two personal relationships, which were designed by the Soviets to establish a framework within which Huminik might be developed as a spy; he was in fact eventually engaged as a "consultant" for just that purpose. (It is immaterial that Huminik was acting as a double agent, for it is not likely, given similar circumstances, that he would have been recruited and developed differently even had he been sincere in his relations with the Soviets.)

Huminik had a small, marginal business, the nature and potential of which were clearly of no interest, from an espionage perspective, to the Russians. The interest for them lay in his incidental technical knowledge, his associations with defense contractors, his security clearances, and his access to secret materials in a variety of national security-related areas. The business, however, was of substantial materiality to the question of what might be done with Huminik, for, if it were genuine—and they seem eventually to have concluded that it was—its financially strapped condition and the obvious struggles of its young owner offered them a useful handle. Both sides danced the original minuet with some delicacy and taste; Huminik's needs were couched in such a form that the issue of what he might eventually be persuaded to do in order to satisfy them never arose. The handle, extended by Huminik and grasped by the Soviets after some considerable hesitation, was Huminik's desire to secure a trade agreement for his struggling company to do business with the Soviet Union. This was a genuine enough aspiration, and one which could, leaving aside any unsubstantiated duplicity on Huminik's part, have been something which the Russians might well have fastened upon to obtain from him the appropriate *quid pro quo*. They appear to have eventually dealt with Huminik on the footing that he, his business, and his purposes in developing his relations with the Soviets were all genuine enough. They were careful in their inquiries and not over-hasty in their dealings, but they never discovered, until too late, that they had become the victims of a spiritual forerunner of ABSCAM.

Some very remarkable alchemy is at work throughout this case (we are rather less concerned with what Huminik was doing to the Russians than with what they believed themselves to be doing to and for him). While Huminik's relationship with the Russians began innocently enough with the usual social contacts and exchanges, it would have been obvious to anyone, even without benefit of guidance from the FBI (as, indeed, it was obvious to Huminik) that they intended to develop him into an agent. Quite early in the relationship, Dr. Stupar, the Soviet scientific counsellor for

the Embassy, a metalurgist who had been admitted to the Washington Chapter of the American Society for Metals, in which Huminik was active, made what Huminik described as a play for his soul. The following, interesting exchange took place in the course of a relaxed, social evening:

> "John, you know that certain elements of the U.S. think that it is not a good thing for a Russian diplomat and an American citizen to be seen together. Therefore, I must take certain precautions to prevent bringing trouble to you. I will tell you now: never call me at the embassy."[24]

An element of mystery is now introduced into a perfectly straightforward relationship. An air of conspiracy, of something not quite proper and above-board is suggested. And the warning note of security is sounded: this is being done for reasons of safety, Huminik's safety. At this stage, presuming Huminik to be innocent of that which really drove his actions in this case, he could have severed the relationship. If it continued, it could only, logically, assume another, more compromising form. It did indeed continue, with visits not only with Stupar, but with other Russians; Huminik was ostensibly interested in these contacts for the purpose of furthering the prospects of doing business with the Soviet Union. The likelihood of such an agreement was constantly dangled before him in rather vague terms during this time, but it is clear that the Russians were mainly interested in finding out more about him, assessing his potential value to them, and trying to determine if he were "a plant."

Huminik's evaluation was a lengthy one, as well it might have been. It was characterized with cautious, exploratory forays on the Russians' part and a constant importuning for a "trade agreement" on the part of Huminik. For whatever reasons, he seems to have passed the test. Before leaving for the Soviet Union, Stupar carried matters forward somewhat. In a noticeably conspiratorial atmosphere, he made the first of what were to be a series of escalating requests for assistance in obtaining some small items "which my country can-

not easily obtain." So small a request, hardly illegal, so difficult to refuse, especially after the hospitality that had been enjoyed. The request was, however, linked to something else—suggestive yet hardly of itself likely to set off alarm bells. "In order that we may proceed with a trade agreement, I must show my boss that you have good faith and are interested in the Soviet Union, and in me as its representative."[25] Here, we have a mystery, the great unseen, Stupar's "boss," who like Anthony Blunt's "friend" is a mysterious, powerful being who can do great things for the supplicant, should he choose. But he needs a tangible gesture of submission, a token of respect and servitude. This is the same psychology as that used by con men to bilk old ladies of their bank savings or to persuade a "sucker" to part with cash for a share of the contents of a wallet the crook and his accomplice have "found." Already a pattern of security procedures, innocuous enough in themselves, was developing. Dr. Stupar returns to Moscow, but, within the year, his successor has called to take up matters anew. The round of lunches begins again. In Huminik's own words:

> On this thirty-first day of March, 1965, Revin embarked on the first stages of getting me to commit espionage for the Soviet Union. It began like this: "Say John, I wonder if you could help me obtain some reports which I cannot so easily get? The reports are listed on this piece of paper?"[26]

Nothing really so very difficult. Nothing, as yet, clearly illicit or beyond the bounds of a friendship punctuated with constant hospitality over more than two years. And, after all, Huminik did want that trade agreement rather badly, and his new acquaintance, Revin, Dr. Stupar's replacement as Huminik's "handler," had indicated that he was now in charge of the "procurement."

Now the hook is in sufficiently deep for a couple of sharp tugs. Huminik starts to complain about the delays, wanting to see some results and saying that he doesn't want to take dangerous risks in getting sensitive information while Revin

strings him along. This must have been a very satisfying response to the ploy, and Huminik is to be congratulated on his performance, under the circumstances. Revin's reply is equally interesting to the keen student of these matters: "You know that I care about you. I'm doing everything in my power to help you. It's just that my boss must have proof of your sincerity toward my country."[27] An intriguing blend, here, of the personal and the impersonal, the caring and the remote. But now the unseen "boss" is asking for more than a token of good faith; he wants a show of sincerity. The subtle change is significant, for Huminik has still not received anything but promises while his own status has altered considerably and what are now becoming demands can be made in his case. Huminik (shades of Straight!) demurs: This is a dangerous business, I have enough problems, I don't need any more. His new status is now acknowledged by Revin who says, "Now, John, there is no problem. I will take care to protect you from any problems. I like you a great deal and will always make sure no harm will come to you. The Soviet Union has always taken care of its friends."[28] The striking similarity of the language to that of seduction should be noted. Note, too, that now the name of the deity is directly invoked; the priest has spoken.

The alchemy appears to be proceeding according to the book; the right incantations have been uttered and changes in the substance are to be discerned. But then a complication is introduced that is certainly not in the formula: Huminik manages to get caught up—publicly—in the revolution in Santo Domingo. Huminik's experiences during that interlude read peculiarly, even today, and it is hardly surprising that they should have given much concern to the Soviet camp and raised the need for an urgent reevaluation. The mutual apprehensiveness of Huminik and Revin comes over very strongly in the book. Both had much to lose: Revin his career, and Huminik, possibly, his life. Revin decides to proceed on the basis that Huminik is genuine, exactly what he says he is, a hard-up, small businessman trying desperately to build a market. The exchanges are fascinating:

> "Can't you see, we are both suspicious of each other and nothing good can come of our relationship? I'm taking a tremendous chance, putting my security clearance in jeopardy, when I meet with you—a Soviet diplomat. It's dangerous! Just too dangerous for me to continue."
>
> "John, I only want to be sure. My career would be ruined if I make a mistake and recommended you as a person friendly to my country, and then found out that you were some kind of secret agent. I don't need trouble—so we can see that it's a risk for both of us can't we?"[29]

Note, again, the language very close to that of a lover's encounter. The impression is heightened:

> He now spoke with the authority of a Russian general. "You know, John, that I am an important man in my country."
>
> And with complete arrogance he continued, "I can do wonderful things for you. That is, if you work very closely with me—very closely!" He stared at me almost hypnotically.[30]

This is the producer talking to the starlet whom he wishes to seduce upon the casting couch. Given that the starlet is unsophisticated and greedy enough for the part—and the producer not too unappealing—this approach works. When we speak of alchemy in this context, then, we are talking of the alchemy of such transactions; it is rarely difficult in such cases to determine why those involved in such transactions say and do what they do. Knowing this, the results are fairly predictable.

Perhaps nowhere in the literature is a more detailed and authoritative account of the exercise of the art of the alchemist to be found than in John le Carré's remarkable novel, *The Little Drummer Girl.*[31] It is widely acknowledged that this master of spy fiction comes very close to real life in much of what his art depicts, but, from a professional per-

spective, he seems to have surpassed himself in this extraordinarily detailed account of the spotting, recruiting, training, and launching of Charlie, a young English actress, whose confusion and talents make her an ideal candidate for conversion into an Israeli agent for entrapment of a much-sought Arab terrorist. At times, le Carré seems almost to lose himself, and probably much of his lay audience, in his fascinating description of the processes involved in effecting the conversion. Those interested in these processes and their dynamics have much to learn from a careful study of this work.

Charlie is, in effect, being cast for the starring role of an elaborate charade. She is a small but vital component in an imaginative operation designed to smash a dangerous terrorist organization harmful to Israeli interests. She is spotted as a likely candidate for the part through her somewhat dilettantish flirtation with left-wing affairs that have given her a peripheral involvement with the Palestinian cause. She is the subject of intensive research efforts before moves are made to draw her into the operation. On close scrutiny, what is used is seen to be a more-than-usually complicated version of the casting couch procedure. It is involved for the same considerations afoot, in real life, in the case of Michael Straight: certain things had to be done if the operation were to be successful, and there was no time for decisions to be communicated or agreements to be concluded; the job had to be started right away. Charlie is, therefore, started, unwittingly, on the road to stardom, acting a part for which she has yet to be screentested, handled adroitly by her leading man and performing to the gentle tugs of the puppet master, who will later incorporate an edited version of this important preamble into his final production.

But there comes a time when it is operationally necessary to let Charlie in on the secret, or at least as much of it as she needs to know. Here, the alchemist has to get to work in earnest; a simple seduction will not do in this case. This is a remarkable portrayal of the alchemist in action, mixing his brews and potions, administering them in judicious doses to his captive Galatea. He has to be sure his subject does not

wriggle away in this lengthy, involved process, and the vise on his workbench has to be a strong one indeed. Charlie is kidnapped and securely held while the wearying exposure of her naked soul is undertaken, and she is cleansed and purged of her old anxieties and allegiances. When the new life is, at last, breathed into her, she awakes, metaphorically, to find herself a part of a new, extended, Israeli family. She belongs, and she belongs with all the fervor of a new-found convert to a very demanding religion. She is ready to serve. She is ready to sacrifice. Above all, she has been primed to obey. Her submission to the authority she has seen displayed is complete.

Sex is cunningly employed in this entrapment. It is there, palpable, but, to Charlie's chargin, never consummated. The tension that builds in her is unbearable, but it is transformed into mystical experiences of the deepest kind that are more enduring and binding than a conventional sexual relationship could ever have been for her. She is drawn closer and closer to the brink of something into which she longs to fall, but she is being held back by forces stronger than her own longing that she can but dimly comprehend. She feels these mysterious forces, yet she cannot divine their origin. She is strongly attracted to this strange man, "Joseph," who has entered her life so inexplicably and she senses that what she feels is returned. Yet he makes none of the conventional moves, and appears not to be disbarred for any of the conventional reasons. In the Parthenon scene,[32] the alchemist's love potion is administered with consummate delicacy. It is powerful and bewildering to the senses. Charlie is bowled over and angered at the same time. She is enchanted by the sorcerer's magic and totally mystified.

This is not mere entertainment or an exercise in literary license. The hand of the skilled espionage professional is much in evidence throughout this carefully crafted, intricate plot. Charlie was of an intensely passionate nature and with an actress's mercurial temperament. Both qualities were essential to the success of the operation, but they had to be accurately measured, then tamed, brought under discipline. Charlie's emotions and loyalties would, during the course of

the operation, be put to the sternest test. She would be put through the painful charade of an invented love affair with the younger brother, Michael (in Israeli hands), of the wanted terrorist. Michael was "impersonated" throughout by her handler, "Joseph," thereby increasing her confusion and imposing an enormous burden upon her already strained emotions. The ultimate test would come when she would, at last, be brought into actual physical contact with the target of the operation; in effect, this highly impressionable young woman would be required to choose, both figuratively and in the flesh, between Palestine and Israel. The preparation for this final graduation, as it is depicted in this book, is a remarkable triumph of the alchemist's art. Charlie is excellent raw material, but it is the process of purification and refinement that turns her into the pure gold that ensures the success of the operation. A less sensitive and professionally well-informed reporter than le Carré would have been content to have turned Charlie into "Joseph's" mistress and hoped this sexual bond might have done the trick. Here, more realistically, a closer attention is paid to the competition and the more likely course of the titanic struggle for Charlie's soul. It is a true triumph of the intellect over the primitive.

The transformation of Charlie, the provincial repertory actress, into Charlie, the terrorist's moll and counterintelligence lure, is believably recounted by le Carré with a wealth of professional detail. The critical scene opens when Charlie, abducted, confused, and furious, is introduced to the alchemist himself, Marty Kurtz.[33] Her anger discharges itself in all directions. Kurtz has both to channel it for security reasons and to preserve it as fuel for the complicated conversion process he is supervising. He is himself under enormous pressure from his own boss, who, in turn, is under pressure from the Israeli cabinet. All want quick results. This is not an operation in which the alchemist can adopt leisurely measures. All are after results, tangible proof that something is being done to halt the onslaught upon Israeli interests. Time is a luxury no longer in Kurtz's budget; the conversion process has come down to a one-shot deal, either it works or it doesn't. Charlie

is brought, much against her will, apprehensive yet defiant, still smarting from "Joseph's" betrayal, his rejection of her advances, before a group of strangers in whose presence every veneer of protective covering is stripped from her. She is left psychologically naked and defenseless.

Yet these people are not unkind to her; they clearly get no joy from her suffering and embarrassment. Gradually, it is communicated to her that they need her, want her, that they are prepared to take her for what she is, warts and all, that she represents something very valuable to them. Charlie is bombarded with a torrent of words, too much and too many for her saturated senses to filter discriminatingly. Right at the outset, prisoner as she is, she is told she can opt out, leave, go home. The scene is full of contradictions, an overpowering physical presence and an intellectual challenge to which she is invited to rise as an equal. Her convictions challenged on the Arab/Israeli conflict, she bleats pathetically, "I just want peace."[34] Here is the ideological vulnerability, the iceberg's tip of all Charlie's submerged political ideals. But there is a hard strain of practicality here. Charlie is being offered a job, she is told, an acting job. Her curiosity is engaged; she stays, she listens. It is through the words that the process flows, and this alchemist is a master with words. To her baiting, her challenges, he replies with a solemnity that establishes his dominance. "He had the authority to talk that way. He had the answers children long for."[35] He had his candidate pinned, for, as he reports to his boss, ". . . a lady who consents to listen is a lady who consents."[36] (Note the parallel with Straight, who consented to listen when his instincts told him to get up and walk away.)

John le Carré then shows through Charlie a crucial point in recruiting:

> She lowered her gaze to the table, partly to escape his scrutiny, partly to conceal her growing excitement. For that was another thing Kurtz counted on, which most intelligence professionals forget too soon: to the uninitiated, the secret world is of itself attractive. Simply by turning on its axis, it can draw the weakly anchored to its centre.[37]

Here, indeed, is a powerful catalyst, and one frequently overlooked in the making of a spy. John Huminik was so successful because he *wanted* to be a spy. He enjoyed the excitement, the arcane exchanges, the hint of danger in everything he did. This factor is the vital determinant in some cases, while in nearly all it accelerates the process of transformation. For the most powerful potion to work its magic, there has almost always to be a catalyst, a facilitating element that completes the circle of the reaction. In Straight's case, the death of his friend and the circumstances surrounding it touched the right nerve. It is knowing when to toss the catalyst into the cauldron that really counts in this business.

Charlie's final catharsis leaves her drained, purged, ready to be filled with a new liquid by those who are, by now, satisfied that the vessel they have constructed is sound enough to contain it:

> She hardly cared. They wanted her. They knew her through and through; they knew her fragility and her plurality. And they still wanted her. They had stolen her in order to rescue her. After all her drifting, their straight line. After all her guilt and concealment, their acceptance. After all her words, their abstemiousness, their clear-eyed zeal, their authenticity, their true allegiance, to fill the emptiness that had yawned and screamed inside her like a bored demon ever since she could remember. She was a featherweight, caught in a swirling storm, but suddenly, to her amazed relief, theirs was the commanding wind."[38]

Charlie had been made, made over, but she is, as yet, a void. As if to symbolize the annealing stage she is passed back to "Joseph," her controller, who will handle her throughout the rest of the long operation. Now their relationship is stronger, there is a different bond between them. The old longings remain, but now there is discipline and purpose. The vessel is made, it must be tested, and then filled. Only then can it begin to serve its intended design.

POINTS TO REMEMBER

1. The primary task of the alchemist is to create a proper sense of duty and discipline in the spy inducted into the ranks and to generate the atmosphere and machinery for imposing them. It is this which creates the "contract," the sense of mutual rights and obligations under which the work is to be undertaken. The alchemist must create in the recruit a commitment to the organization.

2. For all practical purposes, there is no such thing as a freelance spy. There is in fact no room for independent entrepreneurs, and to enter into spying is to become entangled in the web. Every spy, in every transaction, is "owned" by someone. The spy is somebody's asset and someone in the hierarchy is responsible for the spy's performance and productivity and can be called to account by the ultimate owners of the investment for any mismanagement.

3. Entrepreneurial independence is antithetical to the root principles of espionage. Discipline is absolutely central to the practice of espionage. The spy must submit to the dictates of discipline because the spy is the mechanism for getting information and merely the trustee of the knowledge acquired. Spies who begin to believe otherwise are extremely dangerous to any organization and should be dealt with accordingly. Acceptance of discipline is an essential requisite to making a spy. The arts of the alchemist are the mechanisms and techniques by which discipline is instilled and the props and tricks employed to maintain discipline during the life of the asset.

4. Discipline, however, is neither punishment nor the calculated use of terror. It is an indispensable adjunct to the tradecraft and the spy must be

taught if he is to do an effective job. The spy rarely sees or comprehends the big picture and he must be made to realize this reality; he must understand the importance of conforming to the demands of his control—an unquestioning obedience to an unseen organization. The trick is to get the would-be spy to deify those directing him. When this happens, it is a clear sign of the alchemist's success at creating a professional disposition to take orders and to execute them in an uncritical fashion. The spy will be taught many things—how to think, observe, report, etc., but first he must be taught to obey.

5. The principles of mystification and deification always involve personalization of rewards and demands while at the same time revealing the omniscient awareness that the "organization" has of the spy and what he is doing. It demands; it has moods; it rewards and punishes; it loves and provides an identity anchor. It provides an entity to belong to, to have a place in, to be noticed by, and which cares. Successful manipulation of these elements can have profound effects on those who lack such things in their daily personal and work lives.

6. The alchemy of espionage, the transformation of people into spies, is primarily concerned with beliefs and attitudes and secondarily with skills and abilities. In its perfected form, the handler seeks to create a state of dependency while still leaving the spy functionally operational. The spy must learn to curb any curiosity about the larger scheme of affairs in which he is involved, and that this is for his own and the organization's safety. The spy must be made to feel and believe that his continued safety and well-being are largely dependent upon strict adherence to the rules prescribed by his handlers.

7. The amount of time and resources invested

in the initiation and socialization should be directly related to the projected length and productivity of the spy's career. One-time assets should receive much less attention; on the other hand, proper socialization, communication of caring by the organization, and finding the right mix of compensation are critical for insuring the investment made and enhancing prospects for lasting productivity.

8. The initiation phase sets the tone for the whole relationship. The alchemist assesses the materials, assays flaws, and considers corrections. It is here, again, that a decision is made as to whether to continue or to terminate the process vis-à-vis making the spy.

9. With great patience and delicacy the alchemist can set up a series of transactions that implicate the initiate deeper and deeper. The transactions are founded on the norm of reciprocity, but gradually the spy is moved from doing favors to employment, and with employment to assignment and the necessity to respond accurately and appropriately.

QUESTION FOR DISCUSSION

1. Discuss: ". . . to the uninitiated, the secret world is of itself attractive. Simply by turning on its axis, it can draw the weakly anchored to its centre."

NOTES

1. *The Night Watch,* New York: Atheneum, 1977, pages 3–4.

2. *The Edge of the Sword,* New York: Criterion Books, 1960, page 30.

3. The unfolding of the *Rainbow Warrior* case provides a fascinating illustration of this in action. The Tricot Report,

described as "whitewash" by even the friendliest sections of the French press, should be contrasted with the later revelations. Little of this is of much comfort to the French agents held by the New Zealand authorities, despite suggestions they be returned to France as "they were only obeying orders." President Mitterand seems to have been somewhat more fortunate than President Nixon.

4. How this might come about depends very much on the organizational structure of the espionage institution in question. The matter, generally, defies the endeavors of researchers. It has, for example, been observed that: "Noticeably absent in the literature on the CIA are vigorous efforts to understand its organizational dimension." "Studying the CIA: An Agenda for Research," Glenn P. Hastedt, *Conflict Quarterly,* Summer 1984, pages 21-38 at page 35. The organization of spy management is notably murky.

5. *The Art of War,* page 147.

6. This was the central issue in the *Rainbow Warrior* case, just as it was in Watergate. The fact that some lonely operative might have obstructed inquiry by sacrificing himself for the good of the High Command, à la Liddy, does not alter the fact.

7. Wolfgang Lotz's professional observations regarding Egypt are of interest in this regard: "At the disposal of the two agencies was any number of unpaid spies and informers. Practically every servant, doorman, taxidriver, shopkeeper, hotel employee, writer, vendor and beggar was a potential or actual police informer who would report on anyone he came into contact with. To refuse to do so would have resulted in the cancellation of one's working or business permit or worse." *The Champagne Spy,* page 10.

8. Greville Wynne understood this very well. "I was a soldier and I must behave as a soldier (just as later in the Soviet Union I behaved as a businessman because I *was* a businessman)." *Contact on Gorky Street,* page 24.

9. For a good example of this intercessory role in action, see *Mole,* page 107.

10. Whatever the other demerits of "Gordon Lonsdale's" book *Spy,* New York: Hawthorn Books, 1965, he

is probably reliable enough in what he tells us of these matters in his own service. See, for example, pages 32–33.

11. "Harry Gold was a shy, awkward child with few friends and no natural allies. As he grew older, he came to see himself as a solitary victim of social injustice." *The Rosenberg File,* page 24. There are thousands of Golds waiting to be discovered and befriended.

12. A frequently voiced criticism of CIA case officers in Vietnam was that they did not seem to care.

> Occasionally there were head-on collisions between pilots and case officers. On one mission in Laos tempers became really frayed. "Why don't you admit it's a failure," Cooper shouted. "You're going to get a lot of people killed."
>
> "You don't understand the big picture," was the CIA officer's pompous reply.
>
> "Sure I understand the big picture. You're trying to get up the ladder in the organization and be another William Colby, but you're trying to get me killed so you can get there."

Air America, Christopher Robbins, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1979, page 38. The truth of the matter, as is so often the case, is less important than the impression.

13. *After Long Silence,* page 103. Michael Straight is a most sincere, historic witness to much that is otherwise obscure.

14. This point is worth attention in connection with kidnap and hostage negotiations. It would have been especially well appreciated by Stalin and those who followed his line in these matters.

15. Idem

16. Ibid., page 104.

17. Idem

18. Straight himself says, "If he had been overbearing, he would have antagonized me." Ibid., page 105.

19. Ibid., page 104.

20. Idem

21. This may usefully be compared with the process used in the selection of the Dalai Lama. The acceptance requires a process of conditioning that is subtle, intense, and deeply ingrained. It is not often that this will be the case in the recruitment of spies, other than in a wartime situation.

22. There are many contemporary examples from which to draw. "Mr. Miller, when first introduced to Mrs. Ogorodnikova, was obviously impressed by her glamour and her sexual advances and even more, possibly, by the brandy and margaritas she plied him with. Miss Scranage, from her suburban past, found herself moving in the higher ranks of Ghanaian politics, with a lover who was related to the Ghanaian leader himself." *The Economist*, July 20, 1985, page 20.

23. John Huminik, New York: New American Libary, 1967.

24. Ibid., pages 25–26.

25. Ibid., page 38.

26. Ibid., page 43.

27. Idem

28. Idem

29. Ibid., page 105.

30. Ibid., page 106.

31. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1983.

32. Ibid., pages 91–93.

33. Ibid., page 101.

34. Ibid., page 105.

35. Ibid., page 107.

36. Ibid., page 108.

37. Ibid., page 109.

38. Ibid., page 138.

TRAINING IN TRADECRAFT

The fact that the spy possesses all the qualities of character enumerated in the previous chapter does not mean that he is capable of participating actively in espionage without further ado. The qualities are, in fact, prerequisites which will make it possible for him to perform the technical details of operation more perfectly than he would otherwise be able to do.[1]

Ronald Seth

Another striking aspect of the orientation of the excellent companies is the way they socialize incoming managers. *The first element, of course, is recruiting. The screening is intense. Many of the companies we talked to are known for bringing potential recruits back seven or eight times for interviews. They want to be sure of the people they hire, and they are also saying to the would-be recruits, "Get to know our company. Decide for yourself whether or not you can be a good fit with our culture."*[2]

Thomas J. Peters and Robert H. Waterman, Jr.

Surveillance exercises were on the streets of New York; sometimes Jack would be joined by colleagues who acted as a team. I tried to elude them.

> *Once I purchased a ticket to a Broadway show where a friend from my acting days was stage manager and through his good offices slipped out through the stage door to Shubert Alley. Jack was leaning against a wall waiting and shook his head in disgust at such an obvious ploy. I considered the whole thing fun and games, and enjoyed it, even if my feet were sore. But Jack was bored, and often mentioned how anxious he was to get back to overseas operations. Later I realized why he thought it was so dull. I was a neophyte in the intelligence business, taking the freshman course. It was some years later before I graduated into the more esoteric graduate schools of tradecraft.*[3]
>
> David Atlee Phillips

The vessel that is to become the fully fledged spy has been carefully and cunningly selected and crafted. Yet it is still empty of that which will make it operationally useful to those who have so painstakingly fashioned it. Spies need to know how to do what is required of them. Even the most transient and amateur have to be taught to operate in a way that gets the job done and does not bring discredit upon those for whom they work. Those with the anticipation of a longer career in espionage will have a substantial period of socialization, comprising many carefully graduated phases of instruction, before being finally admitted to the ranks of the professionals among whom they will ply their trade. This elaborate process is designed, basically, to do two things: First, the potential spies must be furnished the technical training, the means to acquire and communicate secret information in conformity with the procedures and practices of their employing organization; second, they must be taught how to do all the things their jobs may require of them safely, to protect themselves and others with whom they are associated.

Tradecraft is, then, the practice of all those tried-and-true things that enable a spy to do his work in the safest possible

way. Tradecraft is an amalgam of artifice and adaptation. It is a blend of substance and process. It is discipline in action. In many ways, it is the very antithesis of doing what comes naturally. This is yet another way in which we see that spies are made rather than born, and that the making is an involved and often lengthy business, varying according to the exigencies of the situation and the degree of investment to be undertaken. Some take more readily to this necessary adaptation than do others. For some, tradecraft is always "fun and games," almost, at times, embarrassing and ridiculous. For others, tradecraft is the apotheosis of espionage, the trappings that give spies and spying their secret meaning, adding a delicious thrill to what is so often a prosaic enterprise.

Tradecraft is the embodiment of all those techniques, actions and reactions in which the fiction writers delight. It is secret writing, miniature cameras, lock-picking and letter-opening, electronic eavesdropping, clandestine trysts and dead-drops, passwords and code signals, recognition and avoidance, and much more. Depending on the time and place and nature of the assignment, the spy may be trained as an assassin, a saboteur, a forger; taught how to protect himself with a variety of black arts, offensive as well as defensive. Even such unfamiliar forms of personal transportation as parachuting and scuba diving may be part of his tradecraft curriculum. Some of these skills may be truly exotic and have only slight or occasional application—especially during wartime when prospective spies are given a smorgasbord of courses on the theory that some of it is bound to come in useful sooner or later. Some of this is taken light-heartedly by those exposed to it, but these things are not just designed to make the spy feel more like the popular image of the spy. Tradecraft is a very serious business and these patterns of behavior, in constant review and modification, represent the best experience has to offer in guiding the spy in how to go about tasks and to be secure in performance. The spy who does not take tradecraft seriously is unlikely to remain a spy for very long.

As with any other collection of skills, there are those who have amassed a vast quantity of experience and expertise in

the School of Life—the School of Hard Knocks—and those whose qualifications proceed from a relatively untried theoretical base, the product of long, often gruelling, carefully thought-out training. Most spies acquire their knowledge of tradecraft through a blend of the theoretical and the practical; most tradecraft is picked up by career spies in the course of prolonged on-the-job training. For the serious spy, tradecraft becomes a kind of second nature, a kind of permanent body armor that he never doffs, but frequently checks and adjusts for comfort and effectiveness levels. There are some very effective spies whose use of tradecraft is comparatively modest; they are never called upon to exercise the more arcane techniques, although they may have been trained in them. Even in time of war, few will be called upon to exercise their skills with weapons or unarmed combat; still fewer are the 007s on whom a broader license to kill has been conferred and are specially trained and equipped for the purpose.

Tradecraft, for the vast majority of spies, is a thing of the intellect; the weapons that are required are those suitable for engagement in the battle of wits. The spy, like many of the higher criminals whose work and behavior are so similar to his own, lives—or dies—by his wits. Knowing the right thing to do under the circumstances must be coupled with the technical knowledge of how to do it and the judgment as to when the employment of that know-how is appropriate.

Tradecraft is a great socializing force; it is these common practices that cut across all borders, giving spies of all complexions and persuasions an understanding they all can share and appreciate. The need for tradecraft is universal, for all spies do pretty much the same thing for very much the same reasons. The differences are in detail and degree rather than in kind. Spies, from whatever service, can readily appreciate each others' problems and cast a respectful, professional eye over the way they are tackled, for they have to cope with much the same kind of thing themselves.

For all spies, most tradecraft is concerned with *cover,* building and developing it, and employing it operationally. It must never be forgotten that the spy is a clandestine opera-

tive; he lives and works, figuratively or really, undercover. Spies have to be, or appear to be, something other than what they really are to be able to get the job done.

Tradecraft is, then, the calculated practice of deception for the purposes in hand. How much or how little may be needed is dependent upon what is being done, where, by whom, how, and why. What tradecraft provides for the spy is an arsenal of options that experience suggests may be appropriate for the circumstance. Cover can be designed to protect the spy himself from discovery or inspection, or what it is he is doing. A disguise or a false identity alters the spy so as to permit him to engage in activities that might otherwise not be possible; the use of invisible writing fluids enables him to transmit secret messages between the lines of a seemingly innocuous communication. Cover is both a necessary adjunct to the operation itself, enabling it to be successfully performed, and a necessary, secondary shield to prevent it being discovered and frustrated. These two functions can rarely be separated with logical rigor in any particular case.

It is the career spy, naturally enough, who will receive the greatest grounding in tradecraft and who will graduate through its ever-demanding maze of complexities. Even the most amateur spies will be required to learn a modicum of tradecraft, for their contacts or controllers will be professionals who are not only eager that the job be done correctly by their own standards, but are naturally insistent on safeguarding themselves and their operations. Indeed, the meshing of these professional requirements with what, to the amateur mind, often seems mere theatrical inconveniences so as to produce a mutually acceptable pattern of behavior is often one of the greatest challenges for the tradecraft practitioner.

Amateurs take extraordinary risks in espionage and are imperiled by an absence of a true grounding in those principles that might enable them to operate more safely.[4] They are emboldened by the fact that they so often get away with outrageous behavior for long enough. They rarely realize the concern this gives professional handlers, who may seem to them overly nervous, sensitive, or even, in the superiority of their own ignorance, just plain stupid. Although it may all

look like an exciting game to begin with, the amateur soon gets bored and careless and friction quickly develops.

There are perhaps faults on both sides. All too often, the amateur is seen as a short-term investment, to be wrung dry and discarded as quickly as possible. Little energy is expended training such an asset, for in terms of profit and loss, such endeavors seem to be unproductive, and even a dangerous indulgence. Who knows but what the imparting of too much tradecraft to such a creature might not rebound uncomfortably at some later date? It is all too easy for the professional to proceed from a posture of contempt for the amateur's ignorance. This is dangerous for both parties, but more especially for the professional, for it is he who controls the operation and is ultimately reponsible for its success or failure. Most people tend to perform more conscientiously and effectively when they are intellectually satisfied with the soundness of what they are being required to do.[5] Things that are second nature to the security-conscious, trained professional may seem petty, burdensome inconveniences to the carefree amateur. Bringing the two viewpoints into operational harmony requires much patience, and the kind of explanations that provide intellectual conviction while preserving operational security.

Amateurs are rarely convinced of the need for some of the elaborate procedures in which they are instructed; they have too much the flavor of the most improbable kind of spy novel. This is particularly the case where meetings have to be arranged and suitable cut-outs cannot be employed. For the professional handler, this is always a most hazardous proceeding; he must as a matter of habit, especially if he is a member of one of the intelligence services and in a perennial posture of confrontation, regard himself as being under surveillance by the other side. The evidence of recent times shows these cautionary attitudes to be appropriately founded. Embassies are most carefully watched and the procession of visitors they constantly receive and entertain is monitored and recorded. Any amateur spy, in the U.S. or abroad, who goes seeking, uninvited, his Soviet contact in any of that country's embassies, is likely to receive a severe

tongue-lashing, if not something worse. The most elementary principle of tradecraft is the maintenance of distance so as to protect all those who are on the job.

Perhaps the most serious and valuable of the career spies is the one for whom an entirely new identity is manufactured. This represents a very heavy investment in time, money, and energies and is undertaken when a commensurate benefit can be reasonably anticipated as a result. As a matter of tradecraft alone, a great deal is involved. The manufacture and assumption of cover has to be undertaken with great thoroughness before any acts of espionage can be initiated. Much more is involved in these cases than the casual adoption of different names and some of the accompanying social appurtenances. In the extreme cases, an entirely new person is fabricated and inserted into a prepared social slot.

Most spies have, at some time or another, to take on different names to conceal their true identity and purpose, and a certain amount of tradecraft is associated with successfully carrying off these deceptions. Most usually, these arrangements are quite informal and may involve little more than introductions under a *nom de guerre,* hotel registrations under the false name, or the purchase of airline tickets in the assumed identity. These maneuvers usually have some small, local utility and are a part of the spy's ordinary professional equipment, to be used on a case-by-case basis. While some training in these matters is usually necessary, and always desirable, what is involved, operationally, can generally be handled by common sense and the application of a little natural deviousness.

The taking on of a new identity is quite another matter, and involves a great deal of work not only for the candidate for the transformation, but also for the organization that sets about trying to effect it. The guiding principle in all cases has to be consistency; the individual and his new persona must match without a discernible flaw. There must be no seams in the web that might cause it to fall apart when subjected to the natural tensions of everyday living.

For the spy who is taking on a completely new identity, there are severe psychological costs, that although psychic-

ally covered do not necessarily go away. Indeed, they can surface years later under stress, and forever collapse the forged identity. In addition to the psychological costs, there are social dangers as well. The spy does not ordinarily manufacture the new identity alone; others have known the spy before and during the manufacturing process, and can expose the spy for what he or she is. Should they not be friendly, such people must be avoided at all costs—a chance encounter can be disastrous. The more people—on either side—who know the truth, the more treacherous the situation and the more precarious the spy's constructed identity and the surrounding world he inhabits.

The spy, in being transformed, must learn the correct point of view, the correct and detailed culture that permeates and surrounds the forged identity. Details of birth, childhood, schoolmates, injuries, obvious and obscure memories that could be checked by suspicious others must be internalized; and they must match the tracings left from the past. Moreover, the spy, once transformed, may be required to pursue and destroy others from his "real" own side. He may be required to participate in the elimination of those who inhabited his authentic past as a demonstration of loyalty, and he must learn to cope with the way his new colleagues treat the kind of person he can be shown to be.

In learning the details of culture that are taken for granted by those born into a particular society, the spy must deeply suppress habits of body and habits of mind. Not just memories of dates and places, but nuances of speech and posture must be mastered until they come as naturally to the spy as they do to those born into the society into which he is inserted. Untoward gestures can arouse suspicion. Compatibility must be carried to extremes.

This all leads to a tenuousness in human relations. In the spy's cultural training, all the emotions humans come equipped with are suppressed. While for some this is no problem, for others, the deception of friends and lovers becomes an increasing burden. One lies about being in love; one lies routinely. Acts of friendship have a calculated duplicity; relationships are actively manipulated. People are used and

sometimes destroyed. And through it all, the spy must suppress the desire to share, the need to disclose a little bit of what is really going on. This is especially true for spies who have gone into deep cover—who for years burrow into a setting or organization. Unlike the mole for whom such creatures are named, such spies go deep, leaving no surface traces.

The problem of human relations also burdens the not-so-reconstructed spy. In these cases, the unburdening, if there is to be any at all, must be to the case officer. Indeed, the need to disclose and the case officer's willingness to listen, can become a powerful bond that creates in the spy a deep psychological dependency. Such a dependency, properly understood, is a powerful tool in management. If these needs are not met by the case officer, other sources of satisfaction will be sought.

Also of key importance is the fact that the transformed spy *knows* that he can be found out: however strong the denial, the spy lives daily with the knowledge he is a phony. Tradecraft is a defense against the lowering of the guard. Spies must watch their normal reactions in situations as well as those that are not so routine. They must be able to withstand, on a daily basis, the assault of knowing how those intimates around them really feel about people from the "other side." They must participate in their own dehumanization process, while psychologically isolating themselves from it. This is an anesthetising process, a numbing of the real feelings. The urge to scream, however strong, must be sternly suppressed.

A curious case arises, of course, when two such individuals from different agencies come into contact with each other. Layer upon layer of defense is erected against such contingencies.

But the strain goes further. For the spy, to be really accepted, he must develop real attachments to the new world and those with whom it is peopled. Yet at the same time he must remain alienated from them without them knowing it. This is a perversion of human behavior in which few can engage without assistance. It requires more than mere commitment; it calls for extensive resocialization.

Thus, much more is involved than is the case with an actor learning a part, although, as we saw in the case of Charlie, a thespian background can be turned to good account.[6] The transformed spy has to *become* a new person; he must shed his old life and ways and take on, wholeheartedly, the new, as though they were his own, *ab initio.* Personal history and individual biography must be erased and reconstructed. Some have a natural flair for this, and, indeed, are able to carry off the deception many times over the course of a career. With others, it is solely the product of tradecraft, a learned artifice that is put on and taken off like protective clothing. This is truly living the lie, a process that some, like Michael Straight, find repugnant, while others (with perhaps more of the psychopath in their complex natures) revel in it beyond the point of excess.[7] It is, for some, a kind of dressing up, that both appeals to the exhibitionist instincts, the peacock in all of us, and nourishes that secret, inner core that gets a special satisfaction from knowing that the externals are all sham while the part within, the true self, remains intact and safe from inspection.[8]

Many of those with a truly criminal nature and manifestly criminal purposes share these experiences and emotions with the spy, who undergoes, for professional reasons, a change of identity.[9] And many of the methods and means of effecting the transformation will be very much the same and are now known, fairly well, to quite a large audience. The spy will usually have the advantage that he will not need to work alone in the process of manufacture; there is a useful division of labor between the spy and the organization that helps to make things easier and more believable.

Yet there have been interesting cases of identity transformations made by spies without a great deal of aid by others. One of the more famous cases, though controversial for many reasons, is that of "Sidney Reilly," called "the ace of spies."[10] "Reilly" was born in South Russia in 1874; his mother was a Russian of Polish descent; his father, a colonel in the Russian army, had connections with the Court of the Tsar. The family was Catholic and considered part of the minor aristocracy. His Christian name was Georgi. He is said

to have exhibited a keen mind and a skill for languages. When he was fifteen his mother fell ill and his father summoned a Jewish physician from Vienna who cured her. Georgi ended up going to Vienna with the physician to study medicine and chemistry, and stayed for three years.

During this time he became involved in student life and joined a small university society called "The League of Enlightenment"—seemingly an innocuous social club that discussed current affairs over coffee. It was then Georgi received a cable indicating his mother was extremely ill and that he needed to return home. About to leave, he encountered some friends, one of whom, the secretary of the "League," asked him to deliver a letter to Odessa. The letter was said to be urgent and since the secretary did not want it held up by customs officials, Georgi was persuaded to sew the letter into the lining of his coat. Some argue it was young Georgi's anxiety about his mother that lead him not to question the reasoning behind sewing a document into the lining of his coat.

Upon his arrival in Odessa, young Georgi was arrested by Ochrana (a Tsarist forerunner of the Cheka) and accused of being part of a revolutionary conspiracy. The "League" was not innocuous, but at its core Marxist. The letter Georgi carried was part of a conspiracy, and even though seemingly he did not know what was in it or to whom it was to be delivered, he was held for a week in solitary confinement. Had it not been for his family's connections, he might well have disappeared forever at this time. (These details are germane to the points that follow.)

Upon getting out of prison and returning home, Georgi learned that his mother had died, and that his family was deeply concerned about his involvement with Ochrana—perhaps more so than his mother's death. We are told that one of his uncles

> made the revelation which was to provide the motivating force throughout Georgi's life. It was then that the embryo Sidney Reilly began to take shape. To the assembled family, his uncle exclaimed:

> "What can you expect from a dirty little Jewish bastard!"[11]

The secret was out, and his whole world collapsed. Georgi was a bastard, and a Jew in a country that was very anti-Semitic. His mother had lied to him all these years; his name was in fact Sigmund Rosenblum. He foreswore his family, left his home, exchanged his finery for some workmen's clothes and shipped out to South America carrying, it must be presumed, a great deal of psychological distress.

In Brazil, Sigmund began to elaborate new elements of his reconstructed identity. He worked at a large number of different jobs, learned fluent Portuguese, and changed his name to "Pedro." He became a cook on a British expedition into the jungle and saved two British officers' lives by staving off a native attack and leading the officers back from the jungle.

> By the time they reached Rio, Pedro had revealed something of himself. He admitted that his real name was Rosenblum and that he had originally come to Brazil from Russia. The British, who owed their lives to someone they believed to be a Portuguese cook, were amazed at the young man who spoke several languages so fluently and was obviously well educated.
>
> Who his family was or how he came to be in Brazil he refused to say, but in gratitude for saving his life and leading them out of the jungle, Major Fothergill, the leader of the British party and a wealthy man, gave him a cheque for £1,500. It was Fothergill, too, who somehow fixed up Rosenblum with a British passport and arranged for the young man to accompany him by ship back to England . . .
>
> In London, the twenty-two-year old Rosenblum rapidly merged himself into the life of his new British friends. In the clubs of St. James's, his natural charm, which was to be one of his greatest assets through life, usually overcame the preju-

> dice against his Jewish name. He described himself as being of German origin and shed the name Sigmund by changing its diminutive "Siggi" into "Sidney."[12]

After a couple of love affairs, Sidney took a holiday to Italy where, among other things, he wrote to Major Fothergill about local Italian politics and Fothergill, who really worked for the British Secret Service, then saw the potential for Sidney. In the years to come, Sidney would change his last name to "Reilly." Reilly continued to accumulate identities and wives throughout his colorful career—so much so that in 1918 the Cheka arrested "no less than eight women who . . . admitted to being Reilly's wife."[13]

The key points in Reilly's life are that a total social collapse of his world led to a personal reconstruction of identity and morality. This coupled with his extraordinary innate skills, made the constant building of new identities possible. That he did so with minimal organizational help is most instructive—as are the psychological costs he, and all those around him, paid for the deception.

It is in open, pluralistic societies that the massive transformations of identity, as well as the more petty, day-to-day deceptions, can be put into practice. No society can consider itself truly immune to the wiles of the deceiver unless it is small and isolated as to be able to keep all associated with its affairs under constant watch from the cradle to the grave.

Social organization is intimately linked to this question of personal identity. For those engaged in the process of manufacturing identity, a detailed knowledge of the social organization of the corpus into which the spy is to be inserted is an essential prerequisite. The individual acquires his identity through a process of acknowledgment or recognition by the group; he is a stranger to it until these processes are completed with the appropriate formalities demanded by the case. We are accredited by others, however much we strive alone toward the attainment of some end. For social purposes, we are what others believe us to be; we are creatures of impression, from whom some sort of validation may be

demanded from time to time. The trick, for the spy intending to assume a credible new identity, is to know and to send those signals that will cause him to be acknowledged and accepted for whatever it is that he wishes to become or to be known as representing. These signals are peculiar to the social psyche of each human organization and are the product of ethnic, cultural, religious and other, diverse social phenomena.

Some societies are almost mystically awed by documentation; a man is a doctor of medicine *because* he has a parchment scroll declaring that he is. Another is a judge because his accreditation is delivered to him before the populace with great ceremony that it may be publicly witnessed and the source of the authority known. Yet how are the judge and physician recognized, as such, outside those orbits within which their respective professions are practiced? While it might be hard, in some cases, for an impostor to take his place in the clinic or upon the bench (but not, generally, too hard), the claim to be a doctor or a judge, at social gatherings, is usually a much simpler matter and would only in the rarest of circumstances call for more than the production of a convincing piece of professional patois, and almost never for documentary evidence of the professional persona. This penchant for documentation and uncritical acceptance of others works very much in favor of the well-prepared spy, as it does in the case of the common criminal confidence trickster. People simply deceive themselves. The system of social accreditation is ineffective or is inadequate for the purposes of accurate recognition.

In all societies, the manufacture of a new identity is largely a matter of manufacturing the right papers, and knowing how and when to display them to advantage. Who and what you are is largely a matter of what your documents say you are. In such societies, the secret of impersonation lies in the production of documentation of impeccable authenticity. The documentation is questioned before the bearer. If the documents appear to be authentic, they are held to confer the authenticity upon those who carry them. The first step, then, in the manufacture of a new identity, is the fabrication of

documents that are complete; that carry the necessary authority for conviction; that will pass professional scrutiny as being genuine; and that can patently be related as pertaining to the bearer. Often considerable research is necessary before documents can be obtained, prepared, or altered that meet all these requirements satisfactorily. Most societies guard (to a greater or lesser degree, according to their prevailing political philosophies and degree of security awareness) the basic documentation of social certification.

Bureaucracy generates a great deal of official paper of all kinds. Generally speaking, the "closed" societies, particularly those of a totalitarian persuasion, tend to generate, and rely upon, the greatest quantities of documentation for the purposes of personal identification and sociopolitical usage; without the right kind of identification, the individual is a non-person. Such an individual not only has no identity to display that will permit him to be recognized, but will be unable to function in society for want of that documentation that will permit him to work, to move about, or even, in extreme cases, to eat.

Documentation becomes an instrument of social control. It can be granted or withheld in a discriminatory fashion. Jews in Nazi Germany, and in some of the occupied territories, had to carry special documentation, much as South African Blacks did until May 1986, showing their inferior status and their lower entitlements to the necessities of life. The yellow Star of David became a social identifier for European Jews during World War II in much the same way that the convict's striped uniform marks out and segregates those who are forced to wear it.[14] Documentation, particularly that of the most favored kind, assumes a considerable importance in such countries; it is a basic fact of life and status.

In more benign societies, possession of the right kind of documentation is scarcely a matter of basic survival, yet for those who would lead a full, a fulfilling life, certain kinds of documentation, all referring back to a basic, personal identification have come to be regarded as indispensable. In what we are pleased to call democratic societies, few spies could

function effectively without a driver's license. Obtaining a driver's license, in many countries, is almost the equivalent of acquiring a personal identity document and, indeed, has tended more and more to function as such. It is accepted almost universally as attesting to the identity and personal particulars of the holder (often after the most perfunctory of inspections), and will enable the person who can produce it to conduct such important economic transactions as opening a bank account and collecting mail addressed to the license holder.

Almost every society has a key, identifying document, and the spy must learn what this is, how to acquire it, and how it is used in the society in question. In many parts of the world, record-keeping and the issuance of official documents are not attended with the scrupulousness and regularity that mark these procedures in the more advanced societies of the world. It is relatively easy, given knowledge, money, and influence, to acquire all the trappings of a new identity that has the merit not only of validity by reference to the state of issuance, but a reasonable acceptability throughout the world, through unfamiliarity with the true criteria of verification. How many people, for example, outside of those entrusted with the tasks in the countries concerned, could verify, at sight, the authenticity of a Bolivian passport, or one from Chad? In these days of greater and greater reliance upon documentation, if a piece of paper seems to be what it purports to be, it is accepted at face value—especially if it is in the right condition and bears the "right" seals and signatures. And the holder of one piece of "authentic" paper can, with the right tradecraft, parlay it into other more useful pieces of paper, forming the foundation of another more important identity. Here again the trick is to choose not only the piece of paper that will pass inspection, but one of a mainstream kind that will not raise inconvenient inquiries for the bearer; the Caucasian spy does not want to be one of the few holders of a North Korean passport, even if authentic in every respect.

The spy, then, laying the foundations of a new identity which he is to assume, must engage in something in the nature of a paper-chase. It is usually only necessary to find

the right end of the thread. In the United States, for example, the key to initiating the process is to procure a birth certificate purporting to show the person named thereon to have been born on a particular date and in a particular place in the U.S. This is the key to the acquisition of other documents, especially a passport, Social Security number, and driver's license. But, in a country as bureaucratized as the United States, great care must be exercised to avoid entanglements as the complete picture of the "new" person is constructed. This must be a person who has not previously left a paper trail of his own, for a fragment misplaced or inconsistent with the whole can lead to unravelling of the entire carefully woven skein. Most espionage organizations have at their disposal skillful forgers, and as a part of the organization's normal work, materials are routinely collected for adaptation or doctoring where necessary—driving licenses, passports, etc.—that have been lost or mislaid by their rightful owners, or that have been stolen from them. But authentic, unaltered materials are to be preferred. Their employment is less problematical and the probability of their passing even the most rigorous of inspections very high.

But, even in the worst of cases, the modern spy tends to be favored by the heavy outpourings of the conventional bureaucracy, for the human element becomes dulled by repetition and familiarity. Documents of identity are rarely inspected with the rigor that is required to detect imperfections or inconsistencies, especially if the spy is skilled and well-trained in their employment. Where the document has some less critical purpose, its production is often a mere formality. A spy's false identity, provided it has been prepared with a modicum of circumspection can be expected to hold up under most circumstances. Only if he gets himself into serious trouble can it be anticipated that his antecedents and the documentation intended to authenticate them will be subjected to a serious examination.[15] In such a case, the spy will have to make an on-the-spot judgment whether it is wise to persist in the deception or to confess and try to make amends. The course adopted will depend on what is at stake and the likely consequences of being revealed in one's true

light. The spy may well be able to admit to a falsification of his identity without being forced to admit to the graver offense of espionage.

While all this is scarcely in the nature of a formality, the really hard part for the spy comes with the creation of the real person who is the embodiment of all that he is registered as being by the documents he carries. Having a diploma on the wall does not necessarily make a man a physician or a lawyer; there comes a time when, to lead the life of the license, he must treat patients, counsel and defend clients. If a man has documentation that says he is a factory worker in Gdansk, and the papers are simply a cover, tradecraft must supply the know-how. This is not merely a matter of technical knowledge, it is a question of relationships.[16] In even the most primitive society, people are identified by those to whom they relate; indeed, in the very primitive societies, names and styles of address reflect precisely that. People have memories; they recognize and recall those with whom they have had dealings in the past. If the name and affiliations do not fit the story and the person who is telling it, suspicions, or worse, may arise. Tradecraft, here, is concerned principally with teaching the spy how to tell a convincing, consistent story. If he claims to have attended a particular school, in a particular city, at a time when someone meeting him later had also been in attendance, it would seem strange indeed were he unfamiliar with the arrangement of the classrooms, the names and characteristics of the teachers, and those of at least some of the more prominent fellow students. The matter becomes even more complicated when the spy has taken on the identity of a real student of that establishment, now perhaps deceased, who might have been expected to know his former schoolmates quite well. In such situations, the spy must always expect the unexpected. Tradecraft prepares him for dealing with it.

Sometimes, the exposure of a spy is purely fortuitous; he has the bad luck to encounter something that could not reasonably have been anticipated. At others, the preparation has been at fault; the spy had, all along, an Achilles' heel which a well-aimed arrow was bound to find. Such was

the case with the Soviet spy known as Gordon Lonsdale, convicted in the UK following the breaking of the spy ring he had directed to acquire secret information concerning Britain's naval weaponry. Lonsdale, Konon (or Conon) Molody, was a practiced, professional spy of very considerable talent and experience. He had worked earlier, in the U.S., under the direction of the spy known as Rudolf Abel. He was thoroughly familiar with the tools of espionage and an accomplished master of tradecraft. To operate in England, he had adopted the identity of a Canadian citizen, and he had excellent, authentic documentation to prove it. The person whose genuine identity he had assumed was now deceased, so he had nothing to fear from a confrontation. Being far removed from Canada, it was the remotest possibility that he would be subjected to an inconvenient encounter with a real Lonsdale who might have been instrumental in exposing him; after all, he *might* have been another Lonsdale. But the issue of his true identity became important after his arrest, and the authorities undertook a painstaking investigation. The mistake in Lonsdale's story was small, but significant; it was sufficient to establish that he was not who he claimed to be. The original Gordon Lonsdale, to whom the identification genuinely belonged, had been circumcised as a small child; the doctor who had performed the operation was able to produce his records and testify to the fact. The Soviet spy had never been circumcised and even the best tradecraft in the business would not serve to explain away this inconvenient fact.

A great deal of training is involved before what is usually termed a *legend* can be satisfactorily adopted. The legend is like a suit of clothes rightfully belonging to another. The spy must learn to wear it comfortably, if not elegantly, so that it will pass for his own. A high degree of linguistic competence is a prerequisite for such an impersonation.[17] Much schooling is needed in the subtleties of the appropriate colloquialisms, and the greatest care must be taken in such matters, for language is a living thing and subject to considerable change over time. Nothing is more revealing of artifice than the out-of-date expression. Especially prone to the commission of such

gaffes are those natives who have long lived elsewhere and after exposure to and absorption of an alien cluture, return to the land of their birth believing themselves to be still perfectly compatible with its customs and culture and thus indistinguishable from those of its denizens who have never been away. Many a spy has been caught through such elementary errors of judgment.

However adept the pupil, however great his natural ability and advantages for the job in hand, he needs the closest and most careful supervision in undertaking this development. He cannot be expected to look in a mirror and by himself check the fit and appearance of the clothes into which he has climbed. The many facets of tradecraft need to be imparted with a master's touch. Everything that goes to make up this important part of the making of a spy calls for highly specialized treatment, the type of knowledge that comes from a lifelong study of a very narrow range of subject matter. A spy who is going to pose as a French businessman has to wear the right suits, with the right cut and style for the impression he wishes to create. They must be worn with just the right touch and bear the correct labels, as well as exhibiting just the appropriate amount of wear and tear. It is hardly to be expected that the detailed, up-to-date knowledge of what is required for compliance will be possessed by the same individual who is an expert at avoiding street surveillance, or who has an expert knowledge of small arms. Training in tradecraft becomes very compartmentalized; the knowledge of many experts is conferred upon the spy with the object of ensuring that his cover is as complete and convincing as possible.[18]

But, in the end, the effectiveness of their combined endeavors depends upon the aptitude of the pupil and how well he responds to the instruction he is given. Perfection itself is to be avoided, for the spy must make mistakes to appear human. But the mistakes he makes must not be fatal to his cover or those which are likely to sap his confidence in himself and the role he is to play. Only repeated drills, under the close supervision of an expert handler, can detect and correct those flaws requiring this kind of attention. As it

is important that the spy go into his role properly authenticated down to the last label, it is no less so that he never be detected in possession of compromising material and, in particular, the paraphernalia of espionage. A good memory is a highly important asset for a spy, for it is essential to reduce recorded material of a sensitive nature, codes, names, addresses, telephone numbers, etc., to an absolute minimum.[19] Few spies are able to trust their memories in life and death matters to such an extent, and most are forced to confide important details, often of a highly compromising nature, to writing in some form or another. Training in the appropriate tradecraft techniques recognizes the need and seeks to minimize the security risks attendant upon meeting it.

For the spy, tradecraft can, and frequently does, make the vital difference between detection and evasion, between life and death. It is the protective aspects of tradecraft that come to take on the greatest personal significance for the spy. It is often in retrospect that the somewhat esoteric things imparted in the course of training are seen to be worthwhile and to have made the difference between success and failure. Indeed, almost every operational failure, in the realm of espionage, can be expressed in terms of a failure of tradecraft. We must constantly remind ourselves that spies are human beings. Performance is not always even; some perform better than others, and those others, too, have their peaks and valleys of performance. The spy in action, especially under wartime conditions, is under great stress—something which, in itself, is capable of markedly affecting performance. Some spies work well under stress, remembering and applying what they have been taught, while others show a noticeable deterioration in performance.[20] Tradecraft provides minimum standards of performance in the areas with which it is anticipated the spy will be concerned. As the principles of tradecraft are imparted to the spy by experienced instructors, his weaknesses can be observed and evaluated and a determination made as to his likely, overall effectiveness.

This is well illustrated by Nigel West in his account of British Secret Intelligence operations in France during World

War II. The United States had entered that war as a neophyte in matters of intelligence, having no organized service capable of systematically undertaking the many-faceted work of espionage. Such a service had to be built up from scratch, in the middle of a world conflict. What had taken other nations centuries to create and develop had to be constructed by the U.S. literally almost overnight. That it was done with any degree of success at all must be accounted a remarkable achievement. It is also perfectly understandable that those who had been in the game for a much longer time should have had the gravest reservations about the ability of some who were so eager, with so little preparation and experience, to rush out to bat. While the British intelligence community was generally not averse to exploiting whatever resources the United States might bring into the game, it was extremely loath to alter its tempo, change the game plan, or relinquish, in the slightest, its overall control. More seriously, SIS was unwilling to allow the fledgling OSS to get into the game at all in some areas, putting all sorts of obstacles, real and fancied, in the way of meaningful participation. Eventually, however, a reluctantly agreed upon operation was designed to give OSS the experience of working with SIS in the field. As recounted by Nigel West:

> SUSSEX was an extremely ambitious plan, which involved parachuting sixty two-man teams into northern France to undertake short-term intelligence gathering missions. Each team would be equipped with a portable wireless transmitter and would report military information to a special message centre, which would in turn relay the material on to the invasion forces. The teams would not require sophisticated cover since they would have specific, limited objectives, and would simply remain in position until the Allied forces overran them.
>
> The SUSSEX plan had originally been a joint Anglo-French project, but, in spite of some misgivings in Broadway, it was offered to OSS.[21]

It is obvious that, apart from the considerations already outlined, the implementation of such an undertaking was going to call for careful recruitment and selection, and a great deal of training in tradecraft. What Nigel West has to say about these things is most instructive:

> The SUSSEX operation got underway in November 1943, when the first of the agents attended a special training course at Milton Hall in Leicestershire. The course lasted a minimum of twelve weeks (with one week's leave towards the end) and included parachute practice, wireless operating, map reading, unarmed combat and a five-day survival exercise in hostile territory; the agents were given intelligence objectives in Horsham and the local police were alerted to look for enemy spies. Those agents that revealed their true identities to the police were dropped from the final part of the course.[22]

Training in tradecraft is not a cosmetic exercise. It is designed to supply substantive knowledge of an essential kind and to provide practice in its use and application to the tasks in hand. Such training demands stern evaluation and testing; those who flunk the course must be regarded as unqualified for the work for which they were trained. Tradecraft calls for demonstration. It is not idle theory to be passively received, stored away, or kept on the shelf for some possible future utilization. The trainee must be prepared to demonstrate that he is able to use what he has been taught to the satisfaction of his instructors. His life may depend upon it. Nigel West proceeds:

> When the SUSSEX school opened for business, there were no OSS agents on the course. OSS had agreed to supply half the 120 French-speaking agents needed, but it was unable to find enough suitable candidates. The SUSSEX agreement specified that the entire operation would be divided

> into OSSEX (the American teams) and BRISSEX (the SIS agents). Unfortunately, many of the first OSSEX recruits were French refugees who had fled France in 1940 and, after three years in America, had lost the sharp edge given to individuals who have experienced occupation by an enemy. They were also ignorant of many of the colloquial expressions, a handicap that might easily identify them as recent arrivals in France.[23]

Many espionage operations have to be mounted under severe time constraints, particularly in the course of a war. The clock, especially the training clock, has to be speeded up. Tradecraft is administered in massive, concentrated doses, and it is hoped the spy will be able to absorb and benefit from it without suffering any untoward side effects. But, such a procedure, however necessary, is always undesirable. When the candidates for the process have basic, irremediable defects, the medicine simply does not take. Failures in selection and recruitment *cannot* be made good through tradecraft; the training serves only to expose the inherent weaknesses. If the spy does not have the aptitude for learning the necessary elements of his craft, it is a waste of time subjecting him to the training process. This is a salutary lesson that should be taken to heart by all those concerned with the making of spies. On this point Nigel West continues:

> Of the few who were recommended by OSS, most were rejected by a BCRA screening as politically unreliable. Time was against OSS continuing its search in America, so it enlisted the help of the OSS office in Algiers, which supplied a group of candidates in December 1943. All failed the course.[24]

It will be recalled that all this was going on a mere six months before D-Day. There are some general lessons in this that are worth underlining. Spies cannot be made in a hurry. Whatever the exigencies of the situation, there is always a

heavy price to be paid as a result of a speeding up of the clock. Espionage is one of those things where what is done in haste is often repented at leisure, though the spy himself may not be around to repent. Intelligence networks that are destroyed through a change in government policy or philosophy, or as a consequence of economic stringency, cannot be recreated overnight. When complaints are launched about the lack of intelligence or its quality, these considerations should be kept in mind.[25] Training in tradecraft does not permit cutting corners. If it cannot be done right, it is usually better it were not done at all. Those who set the standards for training in tradecraft cannot be satisfied with mere adequacy, they must aim for excellence; survival may depend upon it. However, though SUSSEX was not an operational success, it was not as great a disaster as it might have been had the training failures been overlooked. As it was, the standards of selection, recruitment and, later, training were lowered to a point where the operation, as a whole, was put in jeopardy.

> . . . the OSSEX recruits had been sent into the field with only minimal training on wireless procedures. This had been brought about by the last-minute scramble to find OSSEX recruits. The all-important training course, therefore, had been reduced to enable the teams to meet the deadline for the invasion.[26]

Perhaps no espionage organizations have ever acquired so formidable a reputation in so short a time as those of the State of Israel. In the space of a few short years, since the founding of that country in 1948, the Israeli secret services have come to be recognized as some of the most effective operators in the world. Their exploits, as we have seen, are the stuff of which novels are made, and, in real life, Israel's spies have pulled off coups that have seemed by their daring, conception and success to belong more to the realms of fiction.[27] While a sense of urgency and a desperate instinct for survival have contributed much to the forging of this formidable intelligence apparatus, its continual testing and eval-

uation under conditions of almost constant combat must not be overlooked. Israeli spies have been honed by conflict of the most arduous and varied kind, over a period of more than forty years. It is no accident that they have come to place such emphasis upon training in tradecraft or that this has paid such handsome dividends. Israel's spies are a vital element in her national security. Recruitment and selection are very carefully undertaken, but it is training in tradecraft that gives the extra edge.

The extraordinary saga of Eli Cohen, alias Kamal Amin Taabet, is illuminating in many respects. Cohen, a remarkable spy by any standards, was executed in May 1965 after having successfully penetrated the highest echelons of Syria's military establishment.

It is not unusual for one country to acquire a highly placed spy in the governing circles of its enemies; this has been a goal of espionage services the world over from time immemorial. In those cases where success is achieved in this regard, the foreign espionage service has either been fortunate enough to fix upon a national who was seen, in his early days, as having reasonable prospects of getting to the top, and is cultivated accordingly, or there is someone already there who can be persuaded to betray his office in the interests of his country's enemies. Thus, the Soviet Union was very nearly successful when H. A. R. Philby became a serious candidate to succeed Sir Stewart Menzies as the head of the British Secret Intelligence Service (MI6), and may well have been successful in securing that position in relation to its sister service, MI5.[28] During World War II, the Soviets had the benefit of up-to-the-minute intelligence provided to the Lucy Ring, supposedly highly placed traitors within Hitler's high command itself.[29] But the case of Eli Cohen is remarkable, if not unique, because it involved the manufacture, from scratch, of a *foreign* spy, an Israeli, who was inserted into Syrian society and who managed from that point to work his way to the very core of the most sensitive parts of the Syrian government.

The operation involved finding and recruiting an individual willing to do, and capable of doing, a job that must have

seemed daunting to the point of impossibility. To make an Israeli a Syrian is no easy thing, especially when the chosen candidate did not hail from Syria in the first place, and important linguistic and cultural considerations had to be taken into account by those who were planning this deception. To propose this as a long-term operation designed to deceive those in the highest positions of power was audacious in the extreme. That it worked so successfully is a tribute to all who participated in the making and launching of Eli Cohen.

Cohen had given early, clear evidence of his dedication to the cause of the State of Israel. He had an early, near-disastrous involvement with the infant Israeli intelligence services in his native Egypt. His undoubted courage, commitment, and potential as a spy had not gone unnoticed, but he was, as yet, unformed. His final recruitment and transformation provide some most interesting material on training in tradecraft, and in particular the manufacture and development of the cover under which he was to operate. His death was due less to the effectiveness of any Syrian counter-intelligence measures, for the Syrian security services were just plain lucky in detecting him, than to a fatal failure of tradecraft. Long experience and continued success lead professionals in many fields to short-cut or take chances that would boggle the mind of the tyro. This is a deadly flaw that only the most rigorous training and the sternest discipline can hold in check. In Cohen's case, the training and discipline were excellent, but he was, probably, just plain exhausted. He had come almost to the end of his useful life as a spy, just when he was close to the pinnacle of the highest success. The temptation to go on must have been irresistible; it is hard for the subject to exercise an objectively valid judgment about his own capabilities at such times. He was left in the field just that little bit too long. It is too much to expect spies to know when to call it quits. Cohen had been four years in Damascus; during that time he had been unbelievably successful in acquiring secret information that the Israelis could have obtained by no other means. The stress under which he lived during all that time as he burrowed his way upward through

society in the very heart of the enemy capital can only be imagined. As he began to reach the very top, the strain must have become unbearable. Consciously or unconsciously, it began to affect his performance so as to override his years of training and experience in the field.[30]

There are important lessons in this for the masters of tradecraft. Standards of performance, even in—or perhaps especially in—the stars must be constantly monitored. The higher standards demanded by these complex operations call not only for a more intricate tradecraft to make them work, but for higher standards of performance. Those who are engaged in intrinsically dangerous business are allowed few, if any, mistakes. Espionage is unforgiving. Carelessness, an error of judgment, a deterioration in performance can all spell disaster. Tradecraft is a living thing; it is the spy's quality assurance.

A very competent outline of the training received by Eli Cohen is given in the book *The Shattered Silence.* He was sequestered and trained in a wide variety of espionage-related subjects by individual experts, who tutored him until he was deemed to have reached satisfactory standards of performance. It was exactly the training that might be expected to be given a spy about to be sent alone into enemy territory. This is, perhaps, always the easiest part for any espionage service. As Charles McCarry tells us in another of his superbly crafted espionage novels: "The other things you need to know we can teach you—knives, guns, poison, invisible ink. It's most enjoyable." [31] Cohen had other, more theoretical subjects to learn. He had to receive a thorough indoctrination in the convoluted political life of a more-than-ordinarily complicated country. The concentrated course he received would have been taxing enough for a competent graduate student with few other worries or responsibilities. We are told:

> As Eli's training entered the final stages, Syria became the focal point of his studies. A syllabus of books, films, documents, and intelligence reports that the Mossad provided guided him through

> the maze of political, military, economic and social background material which he had to absorb in order to strengthen his cover.[32]

But Cohen had an even more difficult preparation to make before his transformation could be embarked upon, one in which deep, psychological inhibitors were undoubtedly at work and which caused his performance to fall below the standards that might have been expected of so bright a pupil, so thoroughly imbued with a knowledge of Arab ways and culture. We learn:

> Toward the end of fall, Eli underwent a last phase of orientation, which unexpectedly proved the most trying. Yitzhak had arranged for lodgings in Nazareth, where a Moslem Kadi was to tutor him privately in the Koran. His teacher, Sheik Muhammad Soliman, had been told that the pupil was specializing in Oriental studies at Jerusalem University and needed outside instruction. Under the sheik's tutelage, Eli attempted to learn the five daily prayers of Islam and the customs for holidays and festivals. Although he practiced every Friday in a mosque, he was not completely successful in mastering the sacred texts. His failure to absorb the teachings of Islam would ultimately imperil the credibility of his cover.[33]

Once again, we see time as the enemy of thorough training in tradecraft. These nuances cannot be learned by rote or absorbed overnight, even by one receptive to them by inclination. It takes years, not months, to achieve the correct level of comfort in these unfamiliar surroundings, a fact that seems to be very well appreciated by the Soviets and allowed for by them in planning their training. To try to economize on these matters is always a mistake, and in this case, an expensive one. For Cohen had not merely to do, he had to *become* the Arab who would integrate himself into Syrian society at the level it was hoped he might become productive as a spy.

A suitable legend had to be constructed for him, which he would put on and live for however long the operation might take. Aldouby and Ballinger explain:

> As Eli's departure drew nearer, a briefing was dedicated to the cover story he would have to commit to memory. The Mossad, Yitzhak began, had "borrowed" the identity of one Kamal Amin Taabet, a deceased Lebanese Moslem of Syrian descent, who had been raised in Egypt and later emigrated to South America. Kamal was born in 1930 to Saada Ibrahim and a Damascene textile merchant, Amin Taabet, who had left Syria to find a better life in neighboring Lebanon. His elder sister, Aina, had died when he was three, a year after the family had moved again, this time to Alexandria. In 1946 a wealthy uncle emigrated to Argentina and, once established, urged the family to follow him. Kamal's father, who had been sorely affected by the postwar recession, readily accepted the offer. He sold his textile shop and, in 1947, left for Buenos Aires. After the Taabet's arrival, the two brothers joined a third partner in opening a store on Legazi Street, but the venture failed, and they were forced to declare bankruptcy. Amin Taabet died in 1956; Kamal lost his mother a half year later. He lived for a while with his uncle, while continuing to work for the Maradi agency, a travel concern in the capital. The Mossad, Yitzhak explained, had built the new cover around this authentic personage.[34]

It was Cohen's job to learn the legend and, eventually, to live it in the flesh. His remarkable success is now a part of espionage history.

Not all tradecraft is of such complexity or so demanding as the examples cited here. Most spies will need to be trained in little more than the techniques of secure communication, recognition and passwords, and the maneuvers necessary for

recognizing and evading surveillance. For many people, this is quite exciting enough. All the techniques of tradecraft, however simple or complex, are based on the same simple principles and are directed to the same basic ends. Training in them should be founded upon a sensible, economical view; no spy should be burdened with knowledge that he cannot or will not use in the course of his work. A spy whose task it is to steal secrets from an IBM computer to which he has regular, authorized access is clearly not going to need to be taught how to parachute or what is needed to effect surreptitious entries. He is unlikely to benefit professionally from a course in small arms or unarmed combat. These are unnecessary luxuries for the course of action contemplated for such a spy. On the other hand, instruction on how to avoid sophisticated EDP (Electronic Data Processing) security codes, and to be able to make the abstraction from the system without leaving "footprints" or a "signature" might well be an important exercise in tradecraft. Such a person is almost certain to require training in what is involved in setting up clandestine meetings to pass the purloined information; on packaging and passing it; and on the arrangements for payment. As in so many other walks of life, it is often the simplest procedures that work the best and which, in the end, give the least trouble for all concerned. For most practical purposes, anything that has to be written down is too complicated and is likely to give rise to security problems. Tradecraft is an area of espionage in which the operation of Murphy's Law is strongly in evidence, and those responsible for the making of the spy should bear this very much in mind. The following general rules are offered:

1. Training in tradecraft should be limited to that which is necessary to get the job done. The secrets of tradecraft should never be imparted for cosmetic reasons.
2. If there is not time to do it well, it probably ought not to be done at all. (Standards of training should never be lowered to accommodate special circumstances. If a satisfactory level of perfor-

mance cannot be reached, the operation should be re-evaluated.)

3. If it is necessary to tell the spy what he should do, he should also be told why he should do it.

4. Training is, itself, a specialized function. Some people have great knowledge but cannot impart it satisfactorily to others. Training in tradecraft ought not to be a fill-in assignment for field operations.

5. Attention to detail is the hallmark of quality. It is always the small, overlooked item that ruins the operation.[35]

POINTS TO REMEMBER

1. Tradecraft is the practice of all those tried-and-true things that enable a spy to do his work in the safest possible way. As such, tradecraft is a very serious business, and depending upon the assignments involved, can take on many different forms. That is, training must be relevant to the time, place and nature of assignments.

2. Much tradecraft knowledge is built up through prolonged on-the-job training. For serious spies, tradecraft must be even more than second nature, it must be part of the self.

3. Tradecraft involves knowing what to do, when to do it, how to do it, why to do it, and to whom it should be done without being uncovered as a spy. Thus, a critical feature of tradecraft is cover: how to build it, maintain it, change it and employ it operationally. Spies must successfully practice deception and to do so they need an arsenal of options and decision-rules about the conditions under which options should be exercised. Cover has two functions: it enables successful performance and it shields the operation from

discovery.

4. The investment in tradecraft training often varies directly with the uses to which the spy will be put. Career spies, thus, receive the greatest grounding in tradecraft. However, amateurs must not be seen automatically as short-term investments. Controllers need agents who can perform effectively, safely, and in a disciplined manner; and such concerns must include amateurs. The need for a safe and successful operation must be balanced against the degree of tradecraft imparted to amateurs involved.

5. Manufacturing a new identity is a heavy investment of time, money, and other resources and when successful, a consummate expression of tradecraft. In all societies, the manufacture of a new identity begins with the manufacturing of the right kind of paper, documentation of impeccable authenticity. Most important are the identity documents of the target society that are considered central. However, more is obviously involved than just new identity documents of a new name. Appearance must match demeanor, and demeanor must be no different from the behavior of those in the new world the spy must inhabit. For the organization involved, the work must generate not only the present person, but also the past. The biography or legend of the spy must have social correlates—places and other biographies that it meshes with as if it were real. Achievements, bank accounts, traffic citations, etc., must all be put in place for those who might check. The organization, especially when it is playing for high stakes, must go to great lengths to provide verification. This is because social organization is intimately linked with personal identity, and both leave tracings—tracings which for the successful cover must be as one.

6. While virtually every operational failure in

the realm of espionage can be expressed in terms of a failure of tradecraft, training in tradecraft cannot make up for failures in selection and recruitment. All three must be undertaken carefully and with great patience.

7. Performance must be constantly monitored, for the more complex the operations, the more intricate the tradecraft needed to make them work. Espionage is an unforgiving business and mistakes, carelessness, and performance deterioration can mean disaster.

8. Spies should be trained only in the tradecraft necessary for the work they must do. Tradecraft secrets must never be imparted for cosmetic reasons, nor should training be done hastily. Attention to detail is the hallmark of quality, because small, overlooked items ruin operations.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

What are the critical reasons for stating that:

(a) training should always be done by professionals who are specialists and excellent teachers and should never be a fill-in assignment;

(b) performance standards must never be compromised; rather than compromise, the operation should be re-evaluated; and

(c) if it is necessary to tell a spy what should be done, it is also necessary to provide the rationales for performing in a particular fashion.

NOTES

1. *Anatomy of Spying,* New York: E. P. Dutton, 1963, page 37.

2. *In Search of Excellence,* New York: Harper and Row, 1982, page 265.

3. *The Night Watch,* New York: Atheneum, 1977, page 12.

4. Harry Gold, for example, who never appears to have received any professional training in the very valuable work he performed for the Soviets, took some extraordinary risks. His "bad" work habits were eventually to prove his undoing, as much as any compulsion to confess. Yet, "Throughout his twelve years of work for the Soviets, Harry Gold had never faced any serious threat of exposure." *The Rosenburg File,* page 33. He was extraordinarily fortunate. His is not an example to follow.

5. "Suddenly Waltraud exclaimed: 'You really do enjoy this, don't you?'

"'Well, doesn't everybody enjoy doing things he believes are worthwhile?'"

Wolfgang Lotz, *The Champagne Spy,* page 42.

6. David Atlee Philipps confessed to such a background. Wolfgang Lotz credited his "inherited acting ability" with being a factor in his selection by Israeli intelligence. Maria Kruth, an East German spy convicted in West Germany in 1953 after a varied espionage career, had, ten years earlier, been an accomplished state actress. Hagen, *The Secret War for Europe,* pages 177–195.

7. Harry Gold, who operated under a series of aliases, including "Raymond," became a pathological liar, concocting the wildest of stories about himself and his relationships that obviously nourished his neurotic side in a very satisfying, if highly dangerous way. *The Rosenberg File,* page 31.

8. For revealing insights into these processes, see Dusko Popov's account of his extraordinary World War II career as a double agent, *Spy, Counter-spy,* London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1974.

9. An uncommonly useful source is *Catch Me If You Can,* Frank W. Abagnale with Stan Redding, New York: Grosset and Dunlap, 1980.

10. Reilly: *Ace of Spies,* New York: Penguin Books, 1984.

11. Ibid., page 24.

12. Ibid., page 27.

13. Ibid., page 96.

14. The Nazis cannot claim any originality in this. Islam had long perceived the need to identify both Jews and Christians in its midst in order to fulfill the religious precepts of the Holy Koran. Distinctive clothing and badging became an accepted part of life in Islamic communities. See *The Jews of Arab Lands*, Norman A. Stillman, Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society of America, 1979, pages 68-70.

15. Counterfeit identity is somewhat like a concealed firearm. It may long be carried without question, for it is not subject to challenge until it is used. It is put to the test in a critical moment, and the right to carry it is challenged, most usually, only where it is employed at such time.

16. Greville Wynne has said, admonitorily, though with some slight hyperbole, "You can train a plumber to be an agent. You could never ask an agent to pretend he was a plumber; he would be certain to give himself away." *Contact on Gorky Street*, page 24.

17. Stillman records that: "Another chieftain, Abu'l-Rafi b. Abu'l-Huqayq, was assassinated in bed by some of Muhammad's henchmen, who had stolen into Khaybar at night, aided by a Muslim who spoke the Jewish dialect of Arabic." Op. cit. supra note 10 page 17.

18. For a good example of the process in action, see *The Shattered Silence*, pages 103 etc., describing the meticulous training of Eli Cohen. An excellent fictional account is provided by Robert Littel in *The Debriefing*, New York: Harper and Row, 1979.

19. For a fascinating fictional account developing these points, see *Memory Boy*, Victor Canning, New York: William Morrow, 1981.

20. ". . . Gold sought relief from the tension of his double life in extended bouts of heavy drinking." *The Rosenberg File*, page 31. Drink and drugs are frequent but uneasy refuges.

21. *MI6*, New York: Random House, 1983, page 220.

22. Ibid., page 221.
23. Ibid.
24. Ibid.
25. Worth reading in this regard is *The Erosion of Law Enforcement Intelligence and Its Impact on the Public Security*, Report of the Subcommittee on Criminal Laws and Procedures to the Committee on the Judiciary, United States Senate, Ninety-Fifth Congress, Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1978.
26. Op. cit. supra note 17 page 222.
27. See, for example, *The Israeli Secret Service*, Richard Deacon, London: Hamish and Hamilton, 1977.
28. On this latter, see the controversial, well argued case of Chapman Pincher, *Too Secret Too Long*, expanding on his earlier writings.
29. See, on this, *A Man Called Lucy*, Pierre Accoce and Pierre Quet, New York: Coward-McCann, 1967. Although it has been argued, in some quarters, that the product of the Lucy Ring was Ultra intercepts leaked through this avenue to deceive Stalin, the evidence does not support this.
30. There is a real need for the decisive Tom Landry touch here. It is interesting that another Israeli spy has used a metaphor in keeping with the sentiment expressed here: "Life allows no replays." Evri El-Ad, *Decline of Honor*, Chicago: Henry Regnery, 1976, page 196.
31. *The Last Supper*, page 73.
32. *The Shattered Silence*, pages 109–110.
33. Ibid., pages 114–115.
34. Ibid., page 115.
35. El-Ad makes an excellent point: "But when one deals with human beings, I had learned the hard way, one can always expect the unexpected." Op. cit. supra note 26 page 213.

KEEPING THE SPY CONTENTED

"If he was a Communist, trusted by the Russians to repair these machines," Christopher said, "why did he do it? How *did he do it?"*

Robin Darby shrugged his sharp shoulders. "Who knows?" he said. "I suppose he was disillusioned with Soviet life. Agents are very strange, you know. We did pay him a hundred thousand pounds."[1]

Charles McCarry

The idea of being loyal to an organization and the organization being loyal in return was quite popular.[2]

Marilyn Moats Kennedy

We are creatures of our environment, very sensitive and responsive to external rewards and punishment. We are also strongly driven from within, self-motivated.[3]

Thomas J. Peters & Robert H. Waterman, Jr.

The making of a spy, however intellectually satisfying, is never an end in itself. Spies are made to be used, exploited even, in the secret search for knowledge and the means of influencing events. Moreover, spies do not have a long shelf-

life; they are in the peak of condition only when they are gainfully employed doing that for which they were created. An unemployed spy quickly loses his professional edge and becomes not only a less effective performer, but, in some cases, a danger to himself and the organization he serves. Spies are not made for ornamentation; they are work horses. Spies are not created in the abstract. They may be fabricated for some undetermined, future employment, but they must be constantly cultivated and managed if they are to be ready and in the peak of condition when the call comes. Above all, the spy must never be given the impression that he has been forgotten or overlooked by those who have made him what he is. More than most of us, spies need constant stroking if they are to remain loyal and productive to those who require their services. The spotters, the recruiters, the trainers, all have faded away into the background once they have played their respective parts in the spy's professional formation.

Now it is the turn of the "strokers," who will guide, nurture, praise, chide, and generally manage the spy's work for the rest of his productive life. In the main, these will now be the only contact he will have with the organization he serves. They are, at one and the same time, his lifeline and his hardline. Their job is to keep the spy contented, productive, and under discipline. They are the channel through which his instructions will come from on high and the conduit through which he will relay this own work product. Without this link, he could not function effectively in the interests of those who employ him. It is his connection with another world, the contents, designs, and character of which he can only imagine. He enters that world and is a part of it only through this reality in human form that controls him. The case officer, control, or handler is the spy's supervisor in the field. He is in a unique position *vis-à-vis* his operative, because he is able to control the relationship in a way that few supervisors in non-clandestine situations can; there is no "open door" or "speak-up" policy in the world of espionage. The disatisfied spy has, normally, no way of appealing to his case officer's supervisors. The case officer is there to take the heat from both sides of the veil. It is his responsibility, in

relation to his own operations, to see it is not pierced.

The case officer is a combination paymaster/field services supervisor-*cum*-father confessor. He must work with the low-key ruthlessness of an orange juice extractor with an efficient filter. Others, before him, have helped make the spy. He, alone, can make the spy work productively. He must be a master of tradecraft and time schedules, impressing upon his spies not only what he requires them to do, but how he requires them to do it. He must be a shrewd judge of human nature; he must know what makes people, especially spies, tick, and what keeps them happily ticking on time. Indeed, Miles Copeland has suggested, "The most important question for the case officer is, 'Why do my spies do what they do'"[4] This question is capable of many answers, short or long, in the abstract.

It has been observed that: "Today's spies, the theory goes, work mostly for kicks or money. They carry no ideological brief for the countries they spy for, unlike the Rosenbergs and the Philbys of old. This may be read either as a symptom of a general breakdown of values or, more likely, of the particular breakdown of individuals."[5] This last point is the one of real importance to the case officer; as a working spychologist, he may be interested in general theory, but as a practical operations officer he is concerned with the values of this particular spy, what makes him tick, what will keep him pleasantly ticking. The reasons spies do things are as old as espionage itself and have probably not changed significantly in our own day.[6] Certainly nothing that has recently been written on the subject would suggest that.[7] But there are two points worth making in this connection. On a par with developments in other areas of social communication, there is a much greater popular inclination to explore and talk about the reasons people do these things. There is not only a larger audience; more ordinary people are interested in these matters because, in our times, many of them have an opportunity to become spies, an opportunity they could never have enjoyed in former times. *Attitudes* towards spying are changing because a class of spies is now being courted that is larger, less homogeneous than before. The motivations

are no different, but the enlargement and alteration of the target population makes the examination of individual motivations for constructing a useful taxonomy much more difficult. By way of analogy, it may be observed that attitudes towards income tax evasion were very different in the days when it was a sport only of the very rich or those who paid enough tax to make it worthwhile. Sharing the wealth and the tax burden have not, however, changed people's *motives* for dodging taxes.

The second point is of even greater importance, if only because it is so frequently overlooked. It should be important to every case officer worth his salt: *Every spy, even the most ideologically oriented is, in truth, working for himself.* Whatever considerations of organizational loyalty, or loyalty to a cause, are present or inculcated in the course of the spy's career, this is what drives them, deep down. The rest is just fuel, what keeps them on course, and going. Any case officer deluded into believing anything else is unlikely to enjoy any great success. Along with all his other qualities, then, the case officer must be a healthy cynic; if he is not already that way inclined by nature, the job will make him one. He must, however, avoid displaying his cynicism—many of his charges might not only mistake its character and purport, but may well resent it. The spy, especially the ideological spy, needs to be sustained with a strong dose of his own denial, an extremely sensitive substance easily corroded by the strong acid of cynicism.

Yet, despite these very stern institutional requirements, there is a very human side to the work of the case officer that demands close and constant attention. Spying is a very lonely, often frightening and sometimes dangerous business. Whatever enthusiasm the spy may have for his work and what it brings to him, he is bound, sooner or later, to come up against the common adversity of his profession. Chronic lack of trust is the endemic disease of espionage, affecting all who engage in it, often fatally. Spying, almost by definition, requires the setting aside of all trust; there is no confidence so sacred it cannot be broken, no bond or relationship proof against perfidy. None are what they appear to be; all are to

be mistrusted. The spy who lets anything approximating trust into his life carries around with him a time bomb that will surely destroy him. For safety's sake, theirs as well as his own, the spy must lock the nearest and dearest out from this secret part of his life.

This, of course, is thoroughly abnormal for the relatively well-adjusted human being, and very debilitating. Even those with a true mastery over their feelings and a profound understanding of the demands of their profession live close to the edge of the precipice. Those who engage in spying on a long-term basis are rarely aware, until it is too late, of the cost to them in the form of human companionship. Their relationships tend to become superficial; they cannot exchange the deeper confidences that would strengthen them. The spy dare not do anything that might allow another human being to gain a hold over him by learning of his secret life. By becoming a spy, he has effectively made himself an outcast and, like all outcasts, he must seek substitutes for the warmth of the human relationships he has had to forego. The effects upon spies vary from case to case, but they are almost always profound and, sometimes, lead to quite marked changes in personality. Almost invariably, as the balance sheet unfolds and comes to be considered in detail, there are feelings of regret, almost of grieving. This is not a price that many have in mind when they become spies; it is only when they have become fully committed that the account is presented. The result, from the spy's perspective, is almost invariably the same: a search, varying in intensity, urgency, and anxiety levels, for substitutes. Some find solace in an endless series of superficial relationships with little real satisfaction for either party. Others turn to drink or drugs, losing themselves in a fantasy world where they can share their confidences with insubstantial creatures they believe will never betray them. Others, with suitable encouragement and a fine sense of professional pragmatism, turn to their case officers.

There is no more awesome burden for the average human being than the secret that cannot be shared. The triumphs are muted, the failures intensified if there is no other person with whom they can be discussed and appraised. The case officer

becomes father confessor, sounding board, and practical therapist for the spies he is running. Some need him more than others in these roles. Even the most resilient will need to turn to him occasionally for reassurance and advice on intensely personal matters for the simple reason that they have nowhere else they can reliably turn. The spy and his case officer are sewn into the same sack with the rattlesnake. They share the same universe of knowledge and many of the same dangers. A bond grows between them that is the best substitute for trust that can be found in this business. For many, it might even seem indistinguishable from trust, for the case officer has an extraordinary power over the spy, which he cannot abuse if he is to do his own job effectively. The spy depends upon his case officer; he has to, for he has nobody else. That is why it is such a traumatic experience for a spy when a case officer to whom he has related well is replaced. A symbiotic relationship develops between the case officer and the spies he is running.

That relationship is stronger, potentially more dangerous for both parties, in some cases than in others. The danger, for the case officer, is the threat that it poses to his objectivity. He *must* maintain the right degree of professional detachment. Case officers can, and do, become very attached to their agents. After all, a substantial portion of their own careers is invested in them, how well they perform, how productive they become, how little trouble, for the case officer, they are likely to cause. In developing these relationships, the case officer must always have one eye fixed upon those to whom he, himself, must report. His lack of professional detachment quickly shows as poor judgment; the case officer, unlike the spy, has a relatively conventional career ladder to climb. He is subject to formal evaluation procedures, and his aptitude for this demanding work is constantly under review, often by those who have not, themselves, followed a similar career path. The case officer's superiors demand a consistently clinical approach. Emotion of any kind makes them extremely uncomfortable. Yet, these relationships are by their very nature almost guaranteed to generate the type of human interactions that erode

objectivity and detachment. The case officer who is too cold, too businesslike, too patently uninterested in his spies as human beings is not going to get very good results. The case officer must be more than an efficient, impersonal avenue of communication. He must be seen as a caring, concerned human being. And he must be able to do this without compromising himself or his integrity. For, it must always be remembered, the case officer is all the spy will, ordinarily, ever see of the organization for which he is working. If the case officer manifestly does not care for the spy as a human being, it follows, by extension, that neither does the hidden, unseen, mysterious organization. This is a conclusion that no organization desires. Many have been turned off organized religion for much the same reasons. How different might the Michael Straight story have been had he liked and respected "Michael Green," his Soviet case officer?

One of the most penetrating, sympathetic, and illuminating treatments of the relationship between the case officer and his agent is to be found in Graham Greene's engrossing novel, *The Human Factor.*[8] Green, a former SIS officer whose mordant humor permeates his novels (and occasionally spilled forth in his work as an intelligence officer), draws a fine, authentic picture of his spy, an elderly, nondescript member of the British intelligence establishment who has been a long-time Soviet spy. *The Human Factor* was written in the wake, the wash almost, of the scandals that rocked the British secret intelligence services in the post-war period and led to a most uncharacteristic (and many would think regrettable, near-American) washing of dirty linen in public. Perhaps the most outstanding characteristics of the British secret intelligence services was that they were, truly, secret. Spies and spying were the legitimate subjects of fiction, good and bad, but, until the post-war period they never received serious, reliable, scholarly non-fiction treatment. Even today, the works that study these services have a sterile, descriptive character; there are many who will, from conviction, carry their secrets to the grave. They tend to deal with events and exploits rather than human feelings, and the personalities who form the subject matter of such treatises are devoid of

those qualities that shine forth from the better biographies. There are wooden, mechanical figures who seem anxious to escape back into the woodwork from which they have been rousted by the general fumigation that followed upon Burgess, Maclean, Blunt, Philby, et al. Despite the literary production and gossip of the last years, the workings of the British secret services have (thanks in part to the Official Secrets Acts) managed to remain less well-known than most.

It is the well-informed works of fiction, like those of Greene, that have breathed life into the wraiths that inhabit the "true life" acounts of British espionage. Graham Greene's Castle, the double agent nearing retirement, is the epitome of the faceless bureaucrat. A rather dull man, of fixed, monotonous routines, well-respected, he is the last person who might be suspected of double-dealing and treachery in the service of a foreign power. He is engaged in his department in processing intelligence from Britain's former African colonies. He is privy to an ultra-sensitive contingency plan for the defense of South Africa involving Great Britain, the United States, and the Federal Republic of Germany. Since the book was published, its subject matter and the treatment of apartheid have taken on a new dimension and it is worthy of a study on this account alone. Castle has a departmental colleague, Davis, on whom suspicion falls when it is discovered that information is being leaked. Davis is Castle's junior and a very much more flamboyant personality, careless at his job, an obvious drinker, a sharp dresser, a gambler, hopelessly in love with an unattainable major-general's daughter. In all, at first glance, a much less reliable servant of the realm than the dull, self-effacing Castle. But it is Castle who is the security risk, and an examination of his history and the nature of his relationships makes that risk very plain. It is this human factor that gives Graham Greene's story its poignancy and meaning. He writes that, "A man in love walks through the world like an anarchist, carrying a time bomb."[9] It is Castle's love for his wife and his adopted child that has made him what he is, a traitor to his own service and a dedicated agent of the Soviet Union.

Castle's rendezvous with his Soviet case officer is a mas-

terly account of tradecraft. The meticulous watchfulness, the almost ritualistic steps taken to avoid surveillance, the meeting with his unknown contact, are all set out with convincing authority. Castle's thoughts and feelings as he proceeds towards his important rendezvous are examined. He is duly apprehensive, and has had some small cause for concern so he is more than usually preoccupied with the details of what he is doing and what is the best course to cover all possible bases: ". . . he decided that taking too much care could sometimes be as dangerous as taking too little—simplicity was always best, just as it paid to speak the truth whenever possible, for the truth is so much easier to memorize than a lie."[10] He proceeds to a house in a quiet suburban neighborhood. There, he has a pleasant surprise.

> The door opened on a familiar face he had not expected to see—eyes of a very startling blue over a wide welcoming grin, a small scar on the left cheek which he knew dated from a wound inflicted on a child in Warsaw when the city fell to Hitler.
>
> "Boris," Castle exclaimed, "I thought I was never going to see you again."
>
> "It's good to see you, Maurice."
>
> Strange, he thought, that Sarah and Boris were the only people in the world who ever called him Maurice. To his mother he was simply "dear" in moments of affection, and at the office he lived among surnames or initials. Immediately he felt at home in this strange house which he had never visited before: a shabby house with worn carpeting on the stairs. For some reason he thought of his father. Perhaps when a child he had gone with him to see a patient in just such a house.[11]

Castle's case officer had been changed. He had felt ill at ease with him. Now Boris, his old case officer, was back. The use of his given name, such a rare occurrence with him, immediately evokes a special kind of intimacy and affects the whole of his being in a positive way. He couples Boris, in his

thinking, with his wife, Sarah, his mother, and his father. Boris is one of a very small family for Castle, and to be dealt with accordingly.

Boris explains:

> "They decided to send me back after your last report," Boris said. "The one about Muller. I'm glad to be back. I like England so much better than France. How did you get on with Ivan?"
>
> "All right. But it wasn't the same." He felt for a packet of cigarettes which was not there. "You know how Russians are. I had the impression that he didn't trust me. And he was always wanting more than I ever promised to do for any of you. He even wanted me to try to change my section."[12]

The keen student of these matters will notice many illuminating things in this brief exchange. Boris is not a Russian (he is, in fact, a Pole), and the two men have a common, unarticulated understanding about Russians, their qualities, their "foreignness" that cements the bond between them. Attention to these ethnic characteristics is of subtle importance in keeping the spy contented;[13] it is almost as important as the way his case officer handles him. For this reason, the Soviets have often seen the advantages of using bloc nation personnel in their contacts with agents in the West rather that their own nationals. Notice the easy, matter-of-fact way in which Boris identifies himself and what he is doing with the vast, omniscient, all-powerful organization that lies behind him. He is saying, "They know all about you, your work is important and appreciated and receives the attention it deserves. They have sent me back to you." He is telling Castle: This is an organization that can make things happen, you are not alone, they care about you. This understated message is not lost upon a professional like Castle, who is in a moment of crisis and needs reassurance of a very special kind. Castle opens up. He ventilates feelings that would be impossible with another "supervisor."

"I think it's Marlboroughs you smoke?" Boris said, holding out a packet. Castle took one.

"Boris, did you know all the time you were here that Carson was dead?"

"No, I didn't know. Not until a few weeks ago. I don't even know the details yet."

"He died in prison. From pneumonia. Or so they say. Ivan must surely have known—but they let me learn it first from Cornelius Muller."

"Was it such a great shock? In the circumstances. Once arrested—there's never much hope."[14]

(Sarah, Castle's wife, is a South African black, as is her son, Sam, Castle's stepson. She had been run as an agent by Castle, whose true position in South Africa had been unknown to the authorities there. Castle himself had been under suspicion and would have been arrested for a violation of the South African Race Relations Act had it not been for doubts about whether he might be entitled to diplomatic immunity. Sarah and her son had been spirited out of the country by Carson, a dedicated communist friend of Castle. Now, Castle finds himself in a strange professional involvement with Cornelius Muller, the head of the South African security forces, after seven years. Casually, after dinner at Castle's home, Muller informs Castle of Carson's death in prison. The secret life of Castle is convincingly interwoven with his professional responsibilities, but it is his feelings that Greene is so well-equipped to portray, that are so interesting, and so frequently absent from the non-fiction accounts of these matters.)

The exchange cited above is worthy of comment on a number of counts. Note the small gesture of thoughtfulness with the cigarettes; this is the sort of touch that marks the superior case officer, like the salesman who remembers his customer's birthdays. Castle puts his case officer and the organization to a stiff test. There is a crisis of confidence here. Did they know about Carson's death and keep it from Castle? Did they not know—or care—how much this man

meant to Castle? Was the organization callous, indifferent? These are important questions for Castle. The whole future relationship hangs on the answers he may receive. He questions abruptly, accusingly. Boris answers in a way that calms and reassures him, but his mistrust of Ivan is evident in his riposte. Perhaps only Boris is the good guy, perhaps Ivan is more typical of the organization as a whole? Again, Boris is able to set his mind at rest. Greene continues the dialogue:

> "I know that, and yet I'd always believed that one day I would see him again–somewhere in safety far away from South Africa–perhaps in my home–and then I would be able to thank him for saving Sarah. Now he's dead and gone without a word of thanks from me."
>
> "All you've done for us has been a kind of thanks. He will have understood that. You don't have to feel any regret."
>
> "No? One can't reason away regret–it's a bit like falling in love, falling into regret."[15]

Here, we see something curiously reminiscent of the real-life exchange between Michael Straight and Anthony Blunt. There is something akin to survivor's guilt and it is adroitly fastened upon by the case officer and turned to good account. The agent is shown as expiating his guilt through service in the name of the dead friend. Castle is mollified, his anger and suspicion disarmed. What follows is singularly instructive:

> He thought, with a sense of revulsion: The situation's impossible, there's no one in the world with whom I can talk of everything, except this man Boris, whose real name even is unknown to me. He couldn't talk to Davis–half his life was hidden from Davis, nor to Sarah, who didn't even know that Boris existed. One day he had even told Boris about the night in the Hotel Polana when he learned the truth about Sam. A control was a bit

> like a priest must be to a Catholic—a man who received one's confession whatever it might be without emotion. He said, "When they changed my control and Ivan took over from you, I felt unbearably lonely. I could never speak about anything but business to Ivan."[16]

Castle's feelings about his case officer emerge in all their intensity. His loneliness, his sense of isolation is unbearable to him at times. He has nobody to whom he might turn except his case officer, and, if he should fail him—as Ivan evidently did—his discontent is complete.

> "I'm sorry I had to go. I argued with them about it. I did my best to stay. But you know how it is in your own outfit. It's the same in ours. We live in boxes and it's they who choose the box." How often he had heard that comparison in his own office. Each side shares the same clichés.[17]

Again, recall Blunt. Here, Boris implies that he has carried the matter to higher authority, but to no avail. He emphasizes again in understated fashion his own importance as the visible link with the unseen. *He* knows the channels, and what they will bear. He has an access that Castle has not. Castle, a professional, does not need this spelled out for him; he and his case officer share a common shorthand. These amenities exchanged, the two proceed to the business of the meeting. Castle has been obtaining information for the Soviets concerning Britain's CBW (Chemical and Biological Warfare) capabilities, but this is not why he has requested the meeting. He proceeds:

> Castle said, "It's time to change the book."
>
> "Yes. Is that all? You gave an urgent signal on the phone. Is there more news of Porton?"
>
> "No. I'm not sure I trust their story."
>
> They were sitting on uncomfortable chairs on either side of the desk like a master and a pupil.

> Only the pupil in this case was so much older than the master. Well, it happened, Castle supposed, in the confessional too that an old man spoke his sins to a priest young enough to be his son. With Ivan at their rare meetings the dialogue had always been short, information was passed, questionnaires were received, everything was strictly to the point. With Boris he had been able to relax. "Was France a promotion for you?" He took another cigarette.[18]

There is a tacit acknowledgment of status here, and with it, a concern is beginning to surface. Castle is feeling his age. He would like to quit; he is beginning to doubt his usefulness and his ability to deal with the storm he sees gathering on the horizon. Boris glimpses these concerns, but he does not press, easing his agent into a position where information will flow freely. Whatever concerns he has, he does not allow them to show. He is able to field Castle's question facilely and incorporate it into his own probings.

> "I don't know. One never does know, does one? Perhaps coming back here may be a promotion. It may mean they took your last report very seriously, and thought I could deal with it better than Ivan. Or was Ivan compromised? You don't believe the Porton story, but have you really hard evidence that your people suspect a leak?"
>
> "No. But in a game like this one begins to trust one's instincts and they've certainly made a routine check on the whole section."
>
> "You say yourself *Routine.*"
>
> "Yes, it could be routine, some of it's quite open, but I believe it's a bit more than that. I think Davis's telephone is tapped and mine may be too, though I don't believe so. Anyway we'd better drop those call-signals to my house. You've read the report I made on Muller's visit and the Uncle Remus operation. I hope to God that's been channeled differently on your side if there is a leak. I

> have a feeling they might be passing me a marked note."[19]

Castle's concerns are almost palpable. There is a security flap in his own department. What is behind it? Is he suspect? Are they setting a trap for him? He has good reasons to be concerned and his professional senses allow him to make a special evaluation of the danger. He is concerned lest sloppiness on the other side expose him in this peculiarly sensitive area where the finger of suspicion would be pointed directly at him. He has, too, the unspoken fear of every professional spy that a mole on the other side, who knows of his existence and reports, might expose him. The mole, as such, is not a predator; but many spies fall prey to moles and defectors.

Boris reassures him and stresses the importance of his work on Uncle Remus "in the long term. . . ."

> "There is no long term for me, Boris. I'm over retirement age as it is."
>
> "I know."
>
> "I want to retire now."
>
> "We wouldn't like that. The next two years may be very important."
>
> "For me too. I'd like to have them in my own way."
>
> "Doing what?"
>
> "Looking after Sarah and Sam. Going to the movies. Growing old in peace. It would be safer for you to drop me Boris."
>
> "Why?"
>
> "Muller came and sat at our own table and ate our food and was polite to Sarah. Condescending. Pretending there was no color bar. How I dislike that man! And how I hate the whole bloody BOSS outfit. I hate the men who killed Carson and now call it pneumonia. I hate them for trying to shut Sarah up and let Sam be born in prison. You'd do much better to employ a man who doesn't

> hate, Boris. Hate's liable to make mistakes. It's as dangerous as love, Boris, because I love too. Love's a fault in both our services."[20]

The true nature of Castle's winter of discontent reveals itself, and his case officer has to grapple with the problem. Castle is valuable, vital to them. He must be kept safely on course. How to turn this hatred, this anger—and this love—to good account? Boris does not argue, nor does he cajole. He questions, and lends a sympathetic ear to the answers he receives. Castle believes his service is testing him to see if he will lose his cool. He is being pulverized between two millstones. Boris tells him not to worry so much and to take his sleeping pills. He reminds him that he is always there to talk to when the depression settles too heavily. Castle asks for a whisky and Boris pours him a generous measure, observing non-judgmentally that his agent seems to be hitting the bottle a little too hard. Again, it is the observation of an understanding friend, not a critical supervisor. Talk turns to the ultimate concern: what if Castle is under threat of being exposed and has to escape? Boris smoothly reassures him, all arrangements are in place, he will go first and his wife and child will follow. "You can trust us, Maurice. We'll look after them. We know how to show our gratitude too. Remember Blake—we look after our own."[21]

After a final weak remonstrance and another jab at the departed Ivan, Castle agrees to soldier on. Boris has successfully played on Castle's guilt over Carson's death, his feelings of his responsibilities as a "naturalized black," and his desire not to concede the victory to Cornelius Muller and his kind. Boris has cunningly united the love and hate in Castle and channeled it purposefully to do the will of his own service.

Graham Greene concludes: "Like a manic-depressive Castle had had his outbreak, the recurrent boil had broken, and he felt a relief he never felt elsewhere."[22]

This is a superb example of keeping the spy contented. It shows this being accomplished through a shrewd understanding of what the spy really wants and giving him the illusion that he is, or will be getting it, in full measure, as his due.

Castle is never made to feel he is asking for anything to which he is not entitled. He is praised, soothed and reassured by one who seems really to understand him, to whom he can relate in the small ways that are so important. His vanity, so important to those whose lonely lives leave little else for consumption, has been appropriately taken care of. But there is more than tea and sympathy here. There is a solid passing of important information that those who lie behind Boris can consider and evaluate, and the reluctant spy is kept on the job.

The case officer who is a mere bureaucrat accepting and filing reports from his spies is unlikely to be very successful at keeping them contented. And, if he fails to do that, he is unlikely to keep them productive very long, and his own career is likely to suffer. While maintaining the proper degree of professional detachment, the case officer must involve himself in the life of his spies to the point where his authority has a moral base that has meaning for them; the spy must believe in his case officer so that he can continue to believe in himself and in what he is doing. The case officer is there to receive, as comfortably as possible for both parties, the confession. He may not have the authority to grant absolution, but he ought always to be able to find practical ways of easing current dissatisfactions.

Contentment, for the spy, has many shades of meaning. Few spies are ever truly content, and none is probably content for very long. There are many sources of disenchantment. Few spies are very far-sighted. Most live for the day, exhibiting the psychopath's penchant for instant, short-term gratification. For those who go into the espionage business for thrills, the excitement soon palls. Those who enter it to resolve some temporary embarrassment are usually equally anxious to leave the business as soon as the immediate solution to their problem has been found. Those who are ideologically motivated often have a much longer road to travel before disillusionment sets in, but invariably it does. There is a common source for much of this discontent. Spies are constantly under pressure from many directions at once. The spy knows that what he is doing is wrong in the sense

that it can get him into serious trouble if he is caught. He may blanket the notion with a heavy cloud of denial and he may genuinely be unaware of the precise unpleasantness that could befall him, but the knowledge of all this is always somewhere in the back of his mind. There has to be some sort of compensation to counter-balance these feelings, something that makes it all worthwhile. If that compensation is diminished or marred by something contributed or subscribed to by those for whom he is spying, serious discontent sets in. This usually occurs when pressure is put upon the spy to do or provide more than he believes he had committed himself to undertake.

Often, simple insensitivity is at the root of these problems.[23] They are not too dissimilar to those that arise in a more conventional employment setting, where the job specifications are not fully discussed or laid out precisely so both sides are able to appeal to something that assures them that everyone is living up to the spirit, as well as the letter, of the bargain. But, unlike these "straight" jobs, the regular avenues of discussion and redress are not there for the servants of espionage. There is only the case officer, and the contact he provides is infrequent, often furtive, and there are other matters of pressing urgency to be dealt within the time allotted. Gripe sessions, under such conditions, are almost an obscene luxury. So the dissatisfaction persists and festers, until it breaks out virulently in some form that is certain to sour the relationship. Sometimes, too, as we have seen, the case officer himself is the problem. He does not relate to his spy in a way that would facilitate the communication of the problem. Some are too forbidding, too remote, too impatient, too pressured themselves to perceive a problem. Neither the contact nor its surroundings will generally provide an environment in which these matters might surface favorably if the basic chemistry is not right.

Case officers, too, have their problems. Patrick McGarvey writes:

> Despite the seemingly adventurous tinge to the job of collecting intelligence abroad for the CIA, it

> should be stressed that the work routine abroad is considerably duller than one would suspect. The typical case officer with CIA spends an entire career without ever actually recruiting a new agent. Rather, he is assigned those already on the payroll when he arrives at a new station. He spends most of his time filling out innocuous contact reports and keeping his operational files up to date with the trivia of intelligence that the bureaucracy requires, such as making weekly assessments of his agent, his problems, his job, and his accessibility to target information, and providing justification for the continuance of his agent on the payroll. The typical case officer, too, is somewhat frustrated in terms of promotion and assignment to a level of responsibility commensurate with his age and experience.[24]

A typical Soviet case officer, or control, would find little to disagree with the content or emphasis in this passage, and colleagues from other services would also find much in it descriptive of their own professional lives and problems. In truth, the case officer is mostly a harried bureaucrat with his own problems, at the very end of a more or less lengthy chain of responsibilities leading down to the spy. Bureaucracies lack the personal touch; the case officer, often overworked and underpaid, is supposed to provide it. Quite often, his own training and experience in these matters are inadequate to enable him to discharge the duties efficiently. Many become case officers at a young age, when sensitivity is in short supply and not to be squandered at work or play.

Case officers are also under pressure from the great bureaucratic machine above them, which processes, evaluates, and develops requirements to be passed on to the spies below.[25] These requirements are often quite unrealistic, in a human sense. They represent quite unattainable goals for the spies, although they are important desiderata in somebody's work plan. The case officer is under pressure to see that these requirements are met; he is often too cavalier in the way he

communicates them.

The increase of pressure upon the spy, in these circumstances, may be exponential. He is often staggered at being presented with demands for so very much more than he had supposed himself to have undertaken. The deepened commitment that such an undertaking might involve is something that might well unhinge him altogether. It is hardly just a matter of adjusting the price of his services upward for what is now additionally imposed upon him. The situation is rarely handled in a gentle, gradual manner. The pressures make themselves felt in sudden, intense, and for the spy, sometimes unpleasant ways. He is suddenly brought face to face with the consequences of his refusal. It is rarely so simple a matter that he can refuse outright, however strong a position he may believe himself to occupy. The spy becomes painfully aware of the hold his masters have over him. The pressure starts to build and, if he is unable—or unwilling—to deliver, unpleasantness may quickly follow. Even the most valuable spy finds himself subject to these pressures from the great, unseen, impersonal bureaucracy his case officer represents. Most are treated more roughly than Maurice Castle. Time is often of the essence in these matters. Little is left for expenditure on civilities.

The true-life story related in *The Falcon and the Snowman*[26] contains many instructive examples of what is being discussed here. It will be recalled that the espionage represented by the activities of Christopher Boyce and Daulton Lee constituted an invaluable, wholly unexpected bonanza for the Soviets, to whom they offered their work product. Having examined the original merchandise, the Soviets had no doubts about its authenticity or value, but there were a number of aspects about the case that puzzled them and made them suspicious. Boyce and Lee were volunteers, part of the walk-in trade. It is natural enough that they should have been regarded, in the first instance, rather less than seriously or worse, as a hostile plant. The original contact was made by Lee, hardly a person to inspire confidence in those with whom he dealt. But Lee claimed to be acting in representation of someone he refused to identify (in itself

anathema to the professional intelligence officer) who had access to the information that was to be passed. It is clear that the Soviets had the gravest doubts concerning the truth of this story, but the obvious alternative, that Lee himself was the one with access to the information, seemed even less probable. At a second meeting, after the original delivery of secret information had been evaluated, we are told of what passed when Lee returned with his second consignment of cipher cards:

> Okana said that he and his associates were pleased with the delivery; a few moments after they sat down, he gave Daulton an envelope. Daulton felt it, but couldn't resist looking inside; there was a deck of $100 bills, but he couldn't tell how many.
>
> "To peace," Okana said, and they both raised their glasses. Okana stressed that his country had great admiration for Daulton's friend who was doing such a service for the cause of peace.[27]

It is noteworthy that the Soviets have not changed their overall appeal to the ideologically motivated in more than sixty years. The same threadbare argument of working for the cause of peace is still pressed into service whenever it seems appropriate to the matter in hand. Some Soviet case officers may even have come to believe in themselves as apostles of peace. In the present case, there existed considerable uncertainty over the motivation of whoever it was supplying this extremely valuable information. The ideological approach was therefore pointedly and promptly reinforced with a healthy dose of money. The Soviets did not yet know exactly what they had, but they were anxious that it did not, in these sensitive, early stages, slip from their grasp. The account continues:

> After they ordered dinner, Okana removed a piece of paper from the inside pocket of his suit coat and began to read a list of questions in English that he

> said he would like Daulton's friend to answer. The questions were pointed and specific: Exactly what kind of facility does the friend work in? Who are his superiors? What kind of encryption machines are employed, the model and serial numbers? On what radio frequencies and band width are the messages broadcast? Exactly what satellites are manufactured at the plant where the friend works? What are their functions and orbital parameters? The list went on. . . .[28]

The reasons for this "shopping list" are sufficiently clear. There was a need to elicit this valuable information on its own account, but it was also necessary, if further, fruitful business were to be done, that the true source of supply be more explicitly identified and evaluated. The Soviets remained at an unacceptable disadvantage while the "friend" supplying the information remained in concealment; they had no hold over him and would be unable to control him. All this had, of course, been dimly—but quite accurately—perceived by Boyce. A thoroughgoing professional would have kept it that way, even to the point of sacrificing Lee. Boyce, however, was no professional, as the Soviets would soon learn.

> Okana seemed to be playing a game with him. When he mentioned Daulton's friend, there was a spark in his eye that seemed to be saying: There isn't really a friend, is there? You work in the defense plant, don't you? Though the Soviet agent never said he believed that Daulton and his friend were one and the same, Daulton was sure that Okana believed it anyway. Daulton painstakingly copied the list of questions on a sheet of blank paper given him by the Russian, and then the conversation turned to talk of war and peace, and Okana said that he was certain that in Daulton's lifetime, the Soviets would rule America.[29]

We can only speculate on the tone and content of the report the Soviet agent would have made following this contact. It is likely that the small detail of Lee's greed would not have escaped his notice and would have been the subject of appropriate comment. He must, however, have remained puzzled at the responses his small, casually inserted tests evoked. Either Lee was a consummate actor or there really was a hidden friend who was the author of the information, for the laborious copying down of the questions had either to be an elaborate pantomime for the purposes of concealment, or evidence of a monumental ignorance concerning the answers that might be required to them.

Clearly, at this point, the Soviets had to remain noncommittal in their attitude and had to keep Lee contented, for he was all they had. The contact could have been broken off at that point without any guarantee of its resumption. Their patience and the amount and type of bait they laid out produced the right reward. But, by now, the true identity of the vendor, his location and the position he occupied had become matters almost as important as the quality and value of the information he was delivering. It was of little use in this game to be able to evaluate the agent if the principal remained elusive. Boyce had repeated his injunction to Lee not to reveal his name and Lee had told him not to worry, reassuring him, "They think you're black."[30] Boyce's confidence in his courier was grossly misplaced.

> For the Russians, learning the identity of Daulton's source had become an obsession. Apparently satisfied now that the diminutive American who delivered the documents was not himself employed in a sensitive government job, they continued to press Daulton for his friend's name. In September he gave part of it to them.[31]

The Soviets must, by now, from their other inquiries have divined that they were dealing with amateurs, but they could not yet be certain how many. The rather infantile

Lee could well have been representing a syndicate, have been chosen for the very qualities that made him seem so insecure to deal with. But they could not, at this stage, dispense with him. They met him, again, and wined and dined him royally so that he observed of his Soviet contact, "He'd order fifty-sixty-dollar bottles of wine. I bet he was telling his control that I had expensive tastes and he had to order good wine to keep me happy."[32] However far off the mark this uncharitable observation may have been, Lee was perceptive enough to notice the purport of the exercise. The Soviets *had* to make sure he was contented; for the moment, as we have said, he was all they had. A more professional spy, in Boyle's position, would have tried to ensure that matters stayed that way. Once the Soviets had elicited even part of a name, their evaluation of the situation must have been confirmed as far as Lee himself was concerned. We are told:

> "Now tell us who this mysterious friend of yours is," Okana said near the end of the meal after brandy had been ordered. The Soviet Union, he said, was prepared to pay Daulton much more money—hundreds of thousands of dollars—if the Russians were sure the material he provided was authentic and they knew the source.[33]

They had evidently read this man quite exactly. He was weak and avaricious. It was merely a case of being patient, and persistent, and launching the inquiry at the right moment. They were evidently now persuaded there was a genuine source for this material and that it was imperative to be able to draw from it as quickly as possible without having to continue the charade of going through this inconvenient, and expensive, intermediary.

> Daulton was now very nearly drunk and tried to keep up his resistance, but the promise of more money tantalized him. And when they gave him yet another business-size envelope fat with cash, part of his resistance finally melted.

> "His name is Cristobal," he said.
>
> Cristobal's father, Daulton went on, was a former agent of the FBI who was now director of security for a large American defense company. He had helped Chris get a job highly placed in the security field at TRW. He repeated that Cristobal was disgusted with his government and wanted to help the Russian cause. Daulton spelled out a few more specifics of the job and that he knew about the function of the code room in handling messages between the CIA headquarters, Australia and other countries.[34]

Lee had now substantially reduced his own utility to the Soviets. He had at last, if his information checked out, provided them with the details needed to locate and identify Boyce. They were not yet ready to jettison Lee, but the time was fast approaching when he would no longer be needed. He was asked to sign receipts for the money he had already been paid, which he did, and pressed to urge his friend to procure the frequencies on which the messages were broadcast. Okana suggested that "Cristobal" visit Mexico City himself for a technical debriefing, but Lee had not quite taken leave of his senses for he realized that then ". . . the Russians wouldn't need *him* anymore."[35]

He duly reported the Soviets' persistent urging with regard to the frequencies to Boyce, but he did not divulge his own indications. Boyce airily insisted that the Russians would have to take what was delivered. "We'll give them what we want to give them and that's all."[36] Had he realized how much his partner in crime had given away, his confidence might have been somewhat less forcefully expressed. He might also have been less inclined to play practical jokes, such as including a batch of nudes he had consigned to Lee for delivery. In truth, Boyce had conceived something of a contempt for those with whom he was dealing, further evidence of his own amateurishness; the money had simply come too easily. "It doesn't matter what we send them; they'll pay for it," he insisted.[37]

Eventually, Boyce was forced out into the open; he had to meet the Soviets himself "to recapture some control over his own destiny."[38] He and Lee met the Russians for the first time in Mexico City and were taken to the Soviet Embassy. The meeting was far from being a comfortable one, but after it, the Soviets were in no further doubt about the identity or bona fides of the man who had been supplying them with information. Relations between Boyce and Lee rapidly deteriorated under the unfolding of the evening's events.

What comes over very strongly, in the account given, is the pressure to which Boyce was subjected. He was literally deluged with questions. Throughout, the Soviets continue to insist upon Boyce's getting hold of the broadcasting frequencies, despite his own insistence that he had no access to them. Boyce agreed to try to get them, but stressed the risks involved, at which the Soviets backed away from the issue, indicating their urgings had been predicated on the information supplied by Lee to the effect that Boyce could obtain the frequencies. By the end of this long, drink-sodden evening, the Soviets had accomplished their major objectives: they had effectively split the two partners, and could now deal with the no-longer hidden principal alone; they not only knew Boyce, but now had an effective, permanent hold over him; and they knew that whatever idealism had impelled him into this business in the first place, he would work for money. It remained only for them to seek out a way of keeping him contented for the long term, after his present utility was exhausted. A long-term proposition was put to him, which, with whatever misgivings he may have had, he accepted.[39] Whatever plans the Soviets may have had for Boyce's future are uncertain, but it seems that in making their proposal, they were more interested in the present. They had to keep Boyce on the job a little while longer, until they had squeezed him dry. And to do that, they had to keep him contented. They knew that they would not have to do so for very long.

Keeping the spy contented is yet another study in artifice. It is an exercise rooted in expediency and self-interest. It is a device to aid in the spy's productive, on-the-job reten-

tion. Spies may be retired, phased out, or disposed of in other more permanent, less pleasant ways, but they are not allowed to break away on their own, or arrange their own futures. They may be terminated, with or without cause; they are not allowed to resign. Yet the unwilling spy cannot, as a practical matter, be forced to work forever; he cannot be safely sequestered in a life of servitude. Nor, without unacceptable damage to the image of the employing organization, can too many spies be terminated with extreme prejudice. Who would work for such an organization, knowing of such prospects, or believe in protestations that "we are good to our friends?" The spy is a loner. The collective outlets for the provision of job satisfaction open to those in more conventional occupations are denied to the spy. Unlike baseball players, spies cannot go on strike, and the prospect of being made a "free agent" is not open to them. In the espionage world, being traded is, however pleasant to contemplate, a consequence of some quite serious setback. Spies have no unions, and, for the most part are, professionally speaking, a solitary lot. Recognition has a bitter-sweet flavor to it, in the world of espionage. The successful spy has to remain unrecognized, unnoticed for what he is. He can only enjoy a quiet, secret satisfaction from his successes, if he expects them to continue. While it might have appealed to his sense of humor, Richard Sorge would have had little contentment in the knowledge that his exploits, that were to lead to an inglorious, unacknowledged death, would one day be commemorated by a postage stamp bearing his likeness. The Spy Who Came in from the Cold is, nowadays, popped all too quickly into someone's microwave.

In short, keeping the spy contented amounts to: seeing that he is satisfied with whatever he believes he was to receive in return for his services; giving him the impression that he, individually, is important and not just a very small cog in a very large set of wheels; keeping him safe on the job and giving him a useful feeling of security that is appropriate for the purpose and not harmful to the operation; providing him with the ever-present illusion of a safe way out if things go wrong.

Most spies are by nature, or become by experience, cynical. They do not expect to be adequately rewarded for their efforts, to receive medals or even sincere appreciation. They live out their lives with the Sword of Damocles hanging over their heads. But they do have a morbid, and justifiable, fear of being abandoned and are looking constantly for reassurance that their fears are groundless. Sometimes, that reassurance comes only from the track record of the organization that employs the spy: Remember Blake—we look after our own. The cynic might well respond, "I remember Sorge," but would usually keep it to himself. Most spies need more tangible, personal evidence that they are being taken care of, that a way out exists for them. If no such evidence is supplied, they will make their own arrangements and a spy who is allowed to do so by default already has one foot out his employer's door.

The only practical way out for the malcontent is a change of employers. This is the stuff of which double agents are made. In *The Art of War* we are told that "When the enemy sends spies to pry into my accomplishments or lack of them, I bribe them lavishly, turn them around, and make them my agents."[40] The bribe need not be—and often is not—in the form of money. It is simply a question of finding the right currency to give the spy what he does not believe himself to be getting, or able to get, from his present employers. Most double agents who take this way out for peace of mind quickly find that they have simply exchanged the frying pan for the fire. The transition rarely contributes much to their satisfaction. Spies who are doubled are either extraordinarily reckless, short-sighted, or in a bind from which no other form of extrication seems possible.[41]

A discontented spy is a security risk. A security risk may be defined as one posing the prospect of damage to the proper functioning of something upon which people depend. For an espionage organization, a security risk is something very serious indeed. It must be controlled, neutralized, or eliminated. Control is a high-wire act; it is tense, and uncomfortable—and temporary. It involves metaphorical saucers of milk, coaxing and cajoling, until the kitten comes down from

the tree. A security risk is never really under control until the agent capable of doing the harm has been neutralized, or extinguished. An espionage service has come to an unfortunate pass when such measures have to be contemplated, let alone activated. There has been something fundamentally wrong with the process of making the spy. Spies *are* Frankenstein monsters and are never intended to remain docilely in the laboratory. But by the same token, great caution has to be taken when they are unleashed; they might easily turn upon those who have created them. Each spy that is made should have a built-in mechanism to regulate and, as far as possible, assure his continuing contentment. Failing that, an alternative device must be installed to ensure the spy's self-destruction in the event of a malfunction.

The spy's level of contentment, then, is both the index of his efficiency and the key to his retention. It needs to be carefully, expertly, and sympathetically monitored. Fine-tuning is preferable to gross emergency adjustments. The delicate calibrations can only be really understood by those who have achieved an exact understanding of what makes this particular spy tick, why he does, and continues to do, what he does. Those who have made the spy must have laid well the foundations for those who are to manage him. Only in this way can the spy's inner drive be matched by the rewards of his external environment to bring about that useful, functional homeostasis that the human being knows as contentment.

POINTS TO REMEMBER

1. Spies must be employed to remain in peak condition. Spies not in peak condition are a danger to themselves and to their organizations. A discontented spy is a security risk. Spies must never be given the impression that they have been overlooked or forgotten by the organization; they must be given constant "stroking" by their handlers, the case officers. Spies must be made to feel

secure and must believe in the illusion of a safe way out if things go wrong.

2. Case officers must keep their spies contented, productive, and under discipline. They must effectively channel instructions and information to spies while shielding the organization; good case officers must be pragmatic psychologists, father confessors, sympathetic yet detached and objective. Good case officers emotionally manipulate their spies so that the spies have an enormous dependency on the case officers for a wide range of satisfactions and protections.

3. Every spy, even the most ideologically oriented, is in truth working for himself. Because espionage by its very nature undermines trust, and spying requires deception, spies must lock trust out of their lives. Relationships become superficial, people are instruments to be used, and human warmth is suppressed. No matter the reasons why spies begin spying, the result, from the perspective of the spy's reactions is almost always the same: a search, varying in intensity, urgency, and anxiety levels for substitutes for what has been lost. Good case officers know this, and become adept at controlling spies by providing and rationing the satisfactions and substitutes needed.

4. Good case officers must maintain a professional detachment in order to exercise good judgment. While caring for the spies under his management and being concerned about them, the case officer must not compromise himself or his integrity. The case officer who is a mere bureaucrat accepting and filing reports from his spies is unlikely to be very successful at keeping them contented, and failing to do so means that he is unlikely to keep them productive. While maintaining the proper degree of professional detachment, the case officer must be involved in the life of his spies to the point where his authority has a meaningful

moral base for them. Case officers represent the organization and spies must believe in the organization as well as in themselves.

5. Good case officers understand that there are at least as many sources of discontent as there are personalities of spies. All spies wish to be compensated adequately for spying—for doing something that can lead to serious trouble if they get apprehended. It is always a question of finding the right currency or combination of currencies of compensation (e.g., money, love, sex, security) for the spy in question. Compensation must be adequate and must be adjusted as requests for deeper commitments are made; this is best done gradually.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. In what ways might the bureaucratic organization of intelligence agencies hinder the adequate handling of spies by case officers?

2. What would be the ideal characteristics of a good case officer? What types of "stroking" and compensation might a good case officer need from his own handlers?

NOTES

1. *The Last Supper*, page 187.

2. *Salary Strategies*, New York: Rawson, Wade, 1982, page 57. This book, incidentally, and others by this talented author contains much of interest to spies and those responsible for their management.

3. *In Search of Excellence*, page 56.

4. *Without Cloak or Dagger*, page 146.

5. *The Economist*, July 20, 1985, page 20, "Suddenly, This Summer."

6. Per contra, see *Time*, June 17, 1985, "Very Serious Losses," page 19: "Equally disturbing are the shifting

motives for betraying one's country. Counterintelligence experts are discovering that most recent converts to espionage care little about politics, and are rarely trapped by blackmail. Mainly they are either hard up or greedy for cash."

7. One remarkable work that is suggestive of a contrary view is worthy of mention here, *Turing's Man,* J. David Bolter, Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1984. "Turing's man lacks the emotional intensity of his predecessor. He invests less of himself in his games precisely because the games he plays are not irrevocable. They are meant to be played to a conclusion and then reset and played again," page 224. But, as we have suggested, espionage, though a great game, in the Kiplingesque sense, is irrevocable. The antinomy here is worthy of extended study in an age of high tech espionage engaged in by Turing's man.

8. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1978.

9. Ibid., page 185.

10. Ibid., page 152. Compare the advice given to Avri El-Ad: "Above all, though, don't be overly security-minded. Nothing draws suspicion more than too much caution. Whatever the circumstances, act naturally, think logically. Cultivate yourself a habit; it may save your hide ten times over." *The Decline of Honor,* page 29.

11. Op. cit. supra note 8, page 154.

12. Ibid., pages 154-155.

13. For different, but equally understandable reasons, Russians desirous of making contact with the West are extremely suspicious of Russian-speaking strangers. See, on this, *Mole,* page 53.

14. Op. cit. supra note 8, page 155.

15. Idem

16. Ibid., pages 155-156.

17. Ibid., page 156.

18. Idem

19. Ibid., pages 156-157.

20. Ibid., pages 157-158.

21. Ibid., page 159.

22. Ibid., page 161.

23. "Like lovers, spies cannot be taken for granted."

Mole, page 107.

24. *CIA: The Myth and the Madness*, New York: Saturday Review Press, 1972, pages 60–61.

25. "It became clear that although the Tony Poes, the Schackleys, [sic], the true believers still existed, they were a dying breed. Instead they had been replaced by a new kind of CIA man—a Hugh Tovar, a Vince Shields. There is no mystery where this kind of mentality developed, of course. This new CIA man was little different in personality from a major personality type of twentieth-century America: the technicians and bureaucrats who build our space ships, design our automobiles, run our computers, staff our government agencies." *Air America*, page 140. This criticism should be studied in conjunction with what is written at note 7 above.

26. Robert Lindsey, New York: Simon and Schuster, 1979.

27. Ibid.

28. Ibid.

29. Ibid.

30. Ibid.

31. Idem

32. Ibid., page 127.

33. Idem

34. Ibid., pages 127–128.

35. Ibid., page 130.

36. Idem

37. Ibid., page 139.

38. Ibid., page 195.

39. Ibid., page 202.

40. Sun Tzu, page 146.

41. The case of Colonel Popov might be evaluated in this light. See *Mole*. Popov's story for betraying his own service is, if it is to be believed, that he had his hand deeply in the till and was about to be discovered. He had misappropriated funds for when he was accountable to pay for a love affair with one of his agents. This tale is, in itself, instructive on many counts.

LOCKED-IN FOR LIFE

If you love something,
Set it free

If it doesn't return,
Track it down and kill it.

Anon.

Had I been able to foresee where my first step toward Modiin Unit 131 was to take me, I would have avoided the journey. What lay ahead would demand of me the best part of my life. But I was not equipped with clairvoyance on that warm November day in 1952. I have no such powers now. My wisdom these twenty-odd years later, is the result of experience and hindsight. As yet the journey is not over; nor do I see an end beyond this writing.[1]

Avri El-Ad

If plans relating to secret operations are prematurely divulged the agent and all those to whom he spoke of them shall be put to death.

Ch'en Hao: . . . They may be killed in order to stop their mouths and prevent the enemy hearing.[2]

Sun Tzu

This is a book about the making of spies. The book about

the unmaking of spies has yet to be written. Such a book, were it possible to write it, would have the greatest utility for those in the business of making spies. Disposing safely of old, unwanted spies, or for that matter, young, unwanted spies is harder than getting rid of nuclear waste. Like radioactive material, the spy, once made, has an uncomfortably long half-life. Radioactive waste is inanimate, unfeeling stuff and the issue of disposal is, as far as the material itself is concerned, an unsentimental one. Only safety and efficiency are matters for discussion. But spies, yours and mine, are human beings. Whatever they may have done, to us or for us, we cannot ignore that fact; we see too much of ourselves in them to overlook the demands of their humanity.

But there is even more to this than considerations of humanity, however strong the urgings. There are issues of utility and expediency that cannot be overlooked. The spy, once made, is a most useful piece of property. Some are disappointing in performance, and fail to live up to what was expected of them. But, then, so do some computers, automobiles, and the like. The use of spies is hallowed by time and is almost universal. Hence, the spy takes on another, enduring value after his original purpose has been served and his potential, for his creator, well-nigh exhausted. If he is caught by the other side, by those on whom he has spied, he may yet, if he is not summarily disposed of, serve as an item of exchange in a deal to get something sought but otherwise unobtainable. Sometimes, he will simply be exchanged for another spy considered to be of equivalent value.[3] Espionage organizations will often go to inordinate lengths to get their own spies back after they have been caught. Again, this is not a matter of idle sentimentality here. Your spy in someone else's hands may well be turned against you. Of no lesser importance is the need to assure those still within your own ranks that they will not be abandoned when their turn comes. Some espionage services have erected this into a virtual professional ethic.

It may well be inexpedient and even short-sighted to kill those who spy upon us,[4] but it is at least morally defensible and perhaps in some cases, a sensible course to take. The real

problem arises with the safe "disposal" of our own spies after they have served the purposes for which they were created. There are no universal principles for "deactivating" the spy once he has been made and put into commission. None, at least, that will not fatally damage him as a fully functioning human being. Once we have made the spy, we have to trust to luck that he will stay with us, through thick or thin—or take practical steps to ensure that he does.

Once the spy has been made, he is literally locked in for life.[5] If he is set free, this is conditional upon his continuing "good behavior." He has become a part of something from which he cannot escape. Even a momentary brush with espionage leaves an indelible scar, like the mark of Cain. Those who have been turned into spies are vulnerable not only to those who have made them, but to others who would use them in the future. The spy simply has to live with the fact of having once been a spy. There is no escaping the fact. In even the most tranquil of circumstances far removed from the past, that fact is always liable to emerge with overwhelming relevance. Some espionage services keep spies they have made, and whose service they may no longer need for the moment, on a very loose leash. Others are given periodic reminders to be on good behavior. It is never wise for the formerly active spy ever to imagine he has been completely forgotten. A pertinent and poignant story is recounted by John Barron in his treatise, *KGB*.

> Lorraine DeVries [a pseudonym] was a kindly woman in her late forties who had given up all hope of marriage. But while working as a secretary at the Netherlands embassy in Moscow, she met a dashing Russian some ten years her junior who shared her interest in ikons. He was Boris Sergievich Kudinkin, a theological-seminary graduate employed in the foreign section of the Russian Orthodox Church. Advancing from strolls in the park to evenings at the theater and candlelight dinners, Kudinkin courted the older woman. He told her that he was trapped in a miserable mar-

> riage to a lamentably dull woman who, unlike herself, could not offer him the intellectual stimulation requisite to true sexual fulfillment. Eventually he became a frequent overnight guest in Miss DeVries's apartment.[6]

In the world of espionage, this is not an untypical scenario, and far from being an exclusively Soviet property. Vulnerable women in sensitive positions are of constant concern to the security services of all nations. This tale developed as expected, and eventually the lovers were confronted with compromising evidence of their relationship. Kudinkin was pictured as the one in jeopardy, whose cover and safety would be in peril were the scandal to be made public. Miss DeVries had the heavy onus cast upon her of "cooperating" to save her lover. Accordingly, she agreed to meet a "high official" of the KGB, Nikolai Butov, with whose assistance the matter might be straightened out. Butov indicated the seriousness of the matter and produced graphic evidence of her indiscretions with Kudinkin. In return for a promise to keep the matter under wraps, Miss DeVries signed a compromising statement pledging her future cooperation. The Russians had no use for her at that moment and the anguish of what had transpired caused her to have a nervous breakdown, resulting in her transfer away from her post in Moscow. About a year later, in the Middle Eastern capital to which she had been posted, the past caught up with her. As she was parking her car at her home, after driving from the Netherlands embassy, she heard, from the shadows, a voice call out to her in Russian: "One never forgets those who are in one's heart." It was Butov, the KGB control, who had come to activate her as a spy. Once such a claim has been staked, it is usually only a matter of time before payment is called on what is due. Sooner or later, the spy must expect to hear the dread voice calling out of the darkness. If it is not the voice of his erstwhile master, it may well be the voice of another hoping to lay some claim to his services. Those who have spied for anyone are doubly vulnerable to such approaches.

Spying, anywhere in the world, is always serious business. How serious in the particular case is usually brought home quite quickly to those who are caught at it. Their fate will depend very much on the time and place. Those caught spying in wartime can expect summary execution from even the most enlightened foe; a great many more can expect to suffer the most unpleasant torture before the blessed release of death is allowed to them. Even a mild flirtation with espionage can bring a lengthy spell in prison, even in peacetime, and some countries' penitentiaries are, themselves, a living death for those consigned to them. The spy who is caught and convicted can expect very little help from those on whose account he finds himself in this plight. Most spies go unacknowledged by those for whom they have put themselves in peril; there are no bugles, no banners for those who spy, and rarely, if ever, any medals they can actually wear.

All that remains for the spy who would survive is the possibility of striking a deal with his captors. Often enough, by this time, he has nothing left with which to deal; torture has withdrawn all his slight capital from the bank. Yet sometimes, circumstantially, the possibility of a deal does exist; for reasons beyond the spy's immediate ken his life is spared, for his captors have some further use for him. The famous British Double Cross system during World War II offers instructive examples of this.[7] For operational expediency, these spies are "turned" (secretly in the case of the Nazis operating in Great Britain) and are made the instruments of feeding false information to those who have sent them in exchange for their lives. Most captured spies are treated less generously and even their cooperation secures them only a temporary respite. In any event, there is no escape for them, for they have merely changed masters. A double agent is a spy who works simultaneously for two espionage services but is effectively under the control of only one of them. They are entirely at the mercy of their new masters, and they quickly find that any cooperation, even under duress, has fatally alienated them from those they formerly served. The spy who changes sides, *in extremis,* receives no sympathetic understanding; he is expected, as part of the bargain, to

destroy the evidence and bite on the cyanide pill.

The failure of Gary Powers to do just that was a source of great embarrassment to those who had sent him on his mission, an embarrassment that was to reach all the way up to the presidency of the United States. Failure to take the escape route offered by his employers left Powers no alternative but collaboration in a spectacular show trial that gave the Soviet Union important political and military advantages, as well as leaving them in possession of an important item of exchange for Rudolf Abel.

Circumstances may dictate that a captured spy be liquidated, whatever might be offered in exchange by those who managed his activities before his exposure. Such was the case with Eli Cohen, who was publicly hanged (after brutal torture and a carefully arranged show trial), despite the mobilization of world opinion and the very attractive offers made directly to Syria by the Israelis. The political situation in Syria at that time, the enormity of what Cohen had done, the involvement of prominent persons in power with this spy, and the damage to the collective pride of the country, all together practically precluded any arrangement that might have spared Cohen's life. It is also possible that, by the time any such arrangements might have been entered into, Cohen was already physically damaged beyond the point where he might have been considered a worthwhile item of exchange. Such cases must, however, be regarded as quite exceptional. The incentives for acknowledging the spy at all, much less making serious efforts on his behalf, are generally limited to the cases of highest national and international importance where the sponsoring country is left with little alternative but to admit its own responsibility. Such actions as are then taken tend to reflect a certain national self-interest rather than any belated sympathies for the predicament of the spy. Most professionals have these things drummed into their heads from the earliest days of their recruitment and training and learn to live with its meaning for them. The amateurs are (somewhat contemptuously) felt to have been well-enough compensated by what they have received in exchange for their services.

A very unusual case involved another Israeli spy, Wolfgang Lotz, convicted in Egypt in 1965 of a number of crimes of espionage that carried the death penalty. His exploits were even more colorful than those of Eli Cohen and the damage done to Egypt through his spying activities was probably no less severe than that inflicted by Cohen upon the Syrians. Yet a number of circumstances worked to the advantage of Lotz and, undoubtedly, combined to save his life. First and foremost, he seems to have been successful in deceiving the Egyptians into believing that he was a German gentile rather than an Israeli Jew. Unlike Gordon Lonsdale, the fact of never having been circumcized worked in his favor. Lotz and his beautiful wife had lived in high style in Egypt and had been able to move freely in the highest military and political circles, but their arrests did not compromise the ruling classes in quite the way that of Eli Cohen had done. The uncertainty regarding Lotz' true nationality and the sneaking suspicion that he may, in fact, have been hiding a Nazi past (something that would have told in his favor in the Egypt of that time) helped to save him from the torture to which he might otherwise have been subjected. The situation was thus ripe for a somewhat unusual offer which Lotz himself records in his autobiography, *The Champagne Spy*. After his initial interrogation, he is approached by Salah Nasr, at that time head of the Egyptian intelligence and security services:

> "Good evening, Mr. Lotz," Salah Nasr greeted me, "take a seat, take a seat."–Was it evening? I had lost all count of time. The heavy curtains in front of the window were drawn.
>
> "May I say that I am glad to have you with us," he said with an ironic smile, "although I am not sure you reciprocate the sentiment. But I am told you have decided to do the sensible thing and cooperate."
>
> "It seems I have no alternative," I replied. "It is the only way I can improve my situation."
>
> "Very true, very true. I will propose a deal with you, Mr. Lotz. Anything you say here will remain

> between us. The Prosecutor-General, who prepares the case against you, will not be told anything you reveal to us. Do you know who I am?"
>
> "No." [This was untrue, for Lotz had recognized Salah Nasr immediately, and his position and authority were known to him.]
>
> "Well it doesn't matter. We are intelligence officers. What we are interested in is information. It would not help me in any way to see you hanged. What would I get out of it? Nothing! On the other hand, it would definitely be to my advantage to keep you alive and well so you can work for us. Not now, perhaps, but later. Instead of hanging you will live, and very soon may be free again. We might keep you out of prison altogether. What you must do now is open your heart to us and tell us every single thing you know. None of it will reach the Prosecutor-General, you have my word on it."[8]

This was indeed an interesting approach and would have been both revealing and heartening to a highly trained spy like Lotz. It would have told him many things and, while matters might certainly take a turn for the worse at any moment, he knew that on the crucial issue of race his captors had deceived themselves, and had not only bought his own, well-constructed deception, but had gone further, imputing to him a background that he would never have risked claiming on his own account. The extraordinary good fortune of Wolfgang Lotz can only be appreciated by viewing his case against the wider world scene and the fact that Eli Cohen had, before Lotz and his wife came to trial, been exposed as an Israeli spy and publicly hanged in Martyrs' Square, Damascus. It would not have taken too great an effort to have proved that Lotz was an Israeli Jew and to have uncovered his true origins and record. Yet his luck held and formed the basis both of the offer that was made to him and his own responses. In the event, his handling of this opportunity was undoubtedly influential in saving his life. It is worth examin-

ing the further dialogue between Salah Nasr and Lotz as it is recorded.

> "What do you say to my proposal?" he was asking.
>
> "It makes sense," I replied smoothly. "You have my full cooperation."
>
> "Good. Tell me, Mr. Lotz, just why did you work for Israel? What made you do it? Was it the famous German guilt complex for killing off a few Jews during the war? Did they infect you with their ideology about Zionism, the Promised Land of the Jews, the small peaceful little country surrounded by hostile savages, all that rubbish? Did you feel you had to do something for them in order to right the wrong, to atone for the crimes committed by the German Nation?"
>
> "They mentioned it, but they realized very soon that this line of talk would not get them what they wanted. I was in this business for cash, not medals. I have enough of those from the Second World War. The days when I was willing to risk my neck for some high-sounding ideology are over. The only thing that counts in this world is what you have in your pocket." I hoped I was not overdoing the mercenary approach but he seemed quite satisfied with my answers.[9]

Historical circumstances favored the process of self-deception that led Salah Nasr astray in this instance. Egypt was at that time giving employment (and asylum) to a number of former, highly placed servants of the Third Reich, many of whom had, enthusiastically, welcomed Lotz as one of their own. His cover, which allowed him to operate under his own name and with legitimate credentials, was extremely convincing, even to the point of fooling many anti-Nazis. Lotz was, of course, German by birth, of a Christian father, and had operated for four years in Egypt as a prominent (and, ostensibly, very wealthy) member of the German com-

munity in that country. His own acting ability and the very professional training he received enabled him to develop just the right nuances of behavior that cast the impressions that nourished the self-deceptions of, among others, Salah Nasr.

> "We know, you must have received a considerable amount of money," he said, "but was there nothing else? No threats, no pressure?"
>
> "Well no, not really. They hinted, of course, that if I ever betrayed them the consequences would be most unpleasant. Their arm reaches far. But there were no actual threats."[10]

This last is extremely illuminating in the present case, for, if what is being suggested here were indeed true, it is strikingly indicative of what keeps the "mercenary" spy in place. He knows there is no escape; there is only a certain amount of protection by changing sides. But he must remain as a spy. (Reinhard Gehlen, and those who served in his remarkable organization, are worthy of study in this connection.[11])

Some are wedded to spying for life from choice; for others, it is a life-long marriage of convenience or necessity. Whatever the case, we hear in the words of Lotz the authentic voice of the professional on this matter, which must have sounded very convincing to another professional such as Salah Nasr. There is no escape from the profession, only from the particular perils of the moment. The respite is bought at a price and, sooner or later, it must be paid. Salah Nasr continues:

> "Are you sure there wasn't another inducement, apart from the money they paid you? A little blackmail perhaps, something to do with your past which they threatened to reveal?"
>
> There it was again: Obersturmbannfuhrer Lotz. I pretended to hesitate. Having them believe the story of my Nazi past would further conceal my Israeli identity and increase my chances of staying alive.

> "How could they blackmail me?" I replied. "They know nothing about me."
>
> "I don't quite believe that, Mr. Lotz. We know better. Why don't you tell us the whole truth, it will only be to your advantage."[12]

Indeed, it would, had there been any real prospect of truly doubling this remarkable agent. Nor can the Egyptian counter-intelligence officers be entirely faulted for the stand they took on the information available to them. It was far from implausible that the Israelis would have used an ex-Nazi in this way. Such a person would have been an ideal candidate for the matter in hand. It all turned upon proving that the Wolfgang Lotz in the hands of the Egyptians was *not* the man who had emigrated as a child to Israel with his Jewish mother and who had served in both the British and Israeli Armies. Stranger substitutions have, after all, taken place in the world of espionage. The reader is left to his or her own conclusions on the matter. The important thing, in the present context, is to observe that there was no escape for Lotz: either he is executed, by the Egyptians or the Israelis; or the Egyptians get his services; or the Israelis get him back. In the event, the last alternative was fulfilled.

A number of incidental points arise out of this fascinating case. First, it is evident that a really watertight cover takes an exceedingly long time to develop; it does not mushroom into being overnight. There is always the chance that someone from the past might one day appear on your doorstep. As Jerzy Kosinski pithily puts it: "A man's past cripples him: his background turns into a swamp and invites scrutiny."[13] Like a Nazi war criminal, the spy has to learn to come to terms with his past, his own real past as well as the legend he is trying to live. Second, nothing must ever be taken at face value.[14] In the world of espionage there are many strange loops. This simple proposition is often casually ignored by even the most sophisticated. It is this propensity that allows really brazen spies like Lotz to operate with impunity. Third, it is evident that luck plays a very large part in shaping the spy's fortunes. Thus Lotz lived to tell his own

tale whereas Eli Cohen, whose mission and methods of operation were so very similar, became the posthumous subject of his biographers.

One very interesting question presented by the Lotz case is, what do you do with spies if you do get them back? The Vitaly Yurchenko matter must be appraised in this light. Is getting them back at all a necessary gesture—*pour encourager les autres*—and nothing more? Does it, in fact, present more problems than it solves? Suppose the Israelis had been successful in negotiating a deal for the release of Eli Cohen, what would they have done with him after they got him back? Clearly, his utility as a spy, particularly in the Middle East, where his extraordinary talents would have had their greatest value, would have been severely limited. A repeat performance, along the lines of his Damascus exploits, could hardly be expected of him. Was his very lengthy and expensive creation, then, to be regarded simply as a one-shot deal? In terms of return, Israel certainly got full measure for its money, time, and trouble. Do we properly have to regard such as these as Kleenex spies, to be used for one good, hard blow and then discarded? It is worth pointing out that, unlike the exchanges of fighting men that took place in wars past, there is no gentleman's agreement when spies are exchanged that they will not take up spying once more. This would seem to suggest that both sides have discounted the likelihood of such a thing occurring. Does this mean that the useful life of the spy as spy is at an end? This can hardly be the case. Their experience is highly instructive and must be put to good use so that their successors in the service might profit from it; those who can no longer practice become consultants. At the very least, they have an important, if somewhat dated, story to tell. They must be thoroughly debriefed on their experiences, their mistakes (and those of their services) analyzed and corrected. They must be thoroughly examined to see how well their training and indoctrination enabled them to stand up in the face of interrogation, threats, and, perhaps, actual torture. They may even be "promoted" into an administrative or instructional position. Then, again, their passage through the veil may have quite

another meaning and purpose.

What is of major importance in these cases is the question of whether the spy retains his original loyalties or whether, as a result of his experiences, he has been altered or "turned."[15] A "turned" spy who is sent back to his former matters is a Trojan horse or, perhaps more apt in today's terminology, a carefully prepared car bomb waiting to be detonated within the gates. Those who originally made the spy will have tried to build in indicators that will signal such a change, but those who have been able to recreate the spy in the course of his captivity will be on the lookout for such indicia and will either remove them or refashion them for their own purposes. There is no way the original organization can be sure that it is getting back what it sent out and not some new, and dangerous mutant in return. It is always prudent to assume that, in the really important cases, some attempt at remodelling will have taken place; he will have been Yurchenkized. All that can be done is to wait, patiently, and test.

Meanwhile, there is no escape for the spy. Nothing, as we have said, can ever be taken at its face value. Much the same dilemma is posed by defectors. Are they genuine and what they represent themselves to be? Testing for the sort of substance that lends conviction to the story is never an easy matter. How does one test for sincerity whether it be in a defector or a returned spy? There is always the possibility of being convinced by one's own cleverness. The point made here is well illustrated by a very clever novel by Robert Littell, *The Defection of A. J. Lewinter.*[16] An American scientist, attending a professional meeting in Japan, walks into the Soviet Embassy and announces his intention to defect. By his action, he sets in train a complicated series of events, on both sides of the Iron Curtain, leading up to a remarkable denouement that carries a great deal of conviction. We are quickly introduced to the dilemma of the Soviet intelligence officer interviewing him. Is he genuine? There is not much time to find out. At first sight, Lewinter seems an unpromising prospect, he is not only in a seemingly unimportant specialization (from the Soviet's point of view), but, evi-

dently, entertains the wildest of ideas. But he cannot be rejected out of hand. Who knows what nugget of gold may be at the bottom of this basket? A statement is taken.

> "Why do you want to go to the Soviet Union?"
> "How can I even begin to answer that question?" Lewinter said. "I could tell you about the deterioration of the American dream—the pollution, the crime, the political corruption, the isolation of intellectuals, the drugs, the repression of dissent. But there's another reason. I'm part of that famous military-industrial complex. I've lived inside it. I know what I'm talking about. My country is in the process of constructing a first-strike arsenal. And as sure as we're sitting here some general in Washington is going to suggest we use it. I want to give you parity so that they won't be tempted. I want to give you MIRV."[17]

A decade or two ago, perhaps, such an exchange must have seemed improbable indeed. A good opening for a work of fiction, maybe, but hardly the stuff of which instructional manuals on espionage are made. A generation that has seen *The Falcon and the Snowman* made into a movie and the massive Soviet espionage effort now directed at the private sector to steal America's high technology secrets would be less inclined to dismiss the matter as being removed from real life. Granted its authenticity, then, we are concerned here only with its relevance for our present purposes. We are focusing on the dilemma of the Soviet interrogator: What does he really have here? What must he do to find out? Littell continues:

> It suddenly occurred to Pogodin that he was dealing with an insane man. In Pogodin's world, intelligence operations were long, tedious affairs in which hundreds of people labored over scraps of information, constructing a single piece of a jigsaw puzzle that might—perhaps—fit into some

> larger picture. Strangers didn't walk in off the street and offer you the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. And yet . . ."[18]

We have already met this situation in other contexts and we know that Daulton Lee, in real life, did indeed walk into the Soviet Embassy in Mexico City with just such a pot of gold. Nothing can be taken at face value. The cook or chauffeur who defects from some remote Soviet Embassy could, conceivably, be a ranking KGB officer, or otherwise privy to some extraordinary piece of intelligence uttered in his presence by a Soviet Ambassador who had underrated his intellectual capacity. The problem is how to test the veracity of the story. That Pogodin should suspect insanity is not unusual, given the abrupt switch from an improbable national waste disposal system (Lewinter's specialization) to the MIRV, but even this must be tested.

> "Let me tell you what's going through my mind," Pogodin said. Having interrogated hundreds of people, he had long ago discovered that candor was a powerful weapon—more so because it was the last thing people in Lewinter's position expected. "If you have what you say you have, it would be an important break for us. And you would naturally find us very grateful. But people don't walk in off the street with this grade of information. So I am obliged to consider the other possibilities. You may honestly believe you have this information; but you may believe it because other people want you to believe it. Knowingly or unknowingly, you could be a plant, someone sent to make us swallow false information. Or you could be a class-A nut. There are other permutations, but they're too complex to go into. So I put it to you: If you were in my shoes, what would you do?"[19]

Pogodin is not ruminating here on all the many ramifications of the matter, there simply isn't time, and he is not

interested in entering into an academic discussion. He has a job to do, and he invites Lewinter to cooperate with him in devising a test that will, at least, clarify the major issues. Lewinter takes up the challenge, as he must if he is to achieve his objective.

> "If I were in your shoes," Lewinter said, playing the game, "I wouldn't pass up the possibility that I'm at least as important as I say I am—and maybe more so."
>
> "Yes, you could," Pogodin said. "You don't know the rules of this game."
>
> "What are they?"
>
> "At this point in our relationship, you have to provide us with a token of your sincerity," Pogodin said. "Defection"—the Russian stressed the word—"is a delicate matter. You have to give us something to chew on."[20]

The wise defector, like the Christian missionary of old, venturing into pagan territory, will try to take along some material earnest in support of his claims. The Gehlen files, the Gouzenko documents, the Penkovsky papers clamor for serious attention. They may not guarantee the spy acceptance of his claims but they will assure him an audience while they are, like Lee's cipher cards, being checked out by the experts. Lewinter, seemingly, has no such evidence to present for examination. Here, we come head-on to the problem that must be considered in relation to the returned spy. He will have no material evidence that he is what we hope he may be. Like Lewinter, he is his own best evidence, of what he claims to be, but, like Avri El-Ad he may find that convincing those before whom he is brought for examination is beyond his competence without some material evidence he is lacking.[21]

> "Look," he said, "I could give you the formula for the trajectory of one of the decoys in a MIRV. You can cable it to Moscow. Surely, there must be someone there who can vouch for its value."

> Without a flicker of expression, Pogodin offered the green notebook to Lewinter.
>
> "Do you need a pen?" he asked politely.
>
> "No, thank you, I have my own," Lewinter said, and he began to write in a precise hand.[22]

This is a neat and believable solution, for it is something that a trained scientist with access might have committed to memory. It is the equivalent of the frequencies for which Boyce was repeatedly, and unsuccessfully, pressed. It was Lewinter's passport to the Soviet Union.

How can we be sure the returned spy is still ours, that he has not been "turned" as a result of his experiences? Is there an element of "coat-trailing" of which we must beware? That it is safe to keep him? *The Miernik Dossier,*[23] Charles McCarry's first spy novel, is probably his best. It is a neatly packaged and presented case study of an operation, the central purpose of which is to determine whether Miernik, a Polish employee of an international organization, is really a Soviet agent. The development of this theme is ingenious and believable, and we are treated to a sight of what purports to be the internal documentation on the operation held by the organization for which the field officer, Paul Christopher, is working. The operation ends, inconclusively, with Miernik's somewhat bizarre death, after which Christopher begins to have strong personal doubts not only about the operation and the methods employed but about whether Miernik was, in fact, a Soviet agent, a fact upon which the operation was premised and a conclusion of the organization's report. Christopher's own involvement, his personal relationship with Miernik and his sister, as well as facets of his own character have all to be taken into account in evaluating the possibilities. A portion of Christopher's own statement is incorporated into the *Dossier:*

> It's in the nature of our work that we never know how matters are going to turn out. We begin and end in the dark. There is an overlay of efficiency in everything we do. I'm convinced that there is

> no more intelligent or unemotional group of men on earth than ourselves. That, if I may say so, is our principal weakness. Because our people are so bright, because our resources are so huge, we consistently tinker with reality.[24]

This is a remarkably profound and perceptive observation. It has the most widespread application in this field. Those who make spies consistently tinker with reality, altering it to conform to their needs and the exigencies of the case. It breeds its own peculiar brand of uncertainty in consequence: nothing is inviolate; anything can be altered, from a document to a person. Ingenuity is not lacking in the devising of tests to measure reality. But what is reality? It is all too easily created and recreated in this strange world of espionage.[25] And if one side can create, another can recreate; this is as old as espionage itself. The crux of the matter is beautifully stated by McCarry:

> The Miernik operation is a classic example of this tendency. We began with a vague suspicion: that Miernik was being defected by the Poles. Tentative conclusion: Miernik is an agent. Obvious question: What is his assignment?
>
> What we had at the beginning was a set of assumptions. It was proper to test those assumptions. After all, that is our job. But the testing process—calling up our own resources and those of friendly services all over the world—creates an almost irresistible psychological force. We are experts in suspicion. We search diligently for evidence that will confirm our suspicions. To transform a supposition into a fact is the sweetest reward a desk man can know. We do it all the time, and usually we are right. But sometimes we are wrong, and I believe that there is no possible way for us to know this.[26]

The great British post-war spy scandals have to be evalu-

ated in the light of these observations. Following the defections of Burgess and Maclean, the position of Philby had to be most seriously considered. Suspicion had fallen on him and objective evidence was accumulating to suggest that he was, at the very least, a security risk. As McCarry observes, ". . . in a conflict between instinct and objective evidence, the latter must always win."[27] But was he still one of ours, or irredeemably one of theirs? Objective evidence was not conclusive on the point, despite the resources called up, and instinct won the day. It was unthinkable (then) that he *could* have been one of theirs; to accept such a proposition meant that something wholly unacceptable was wrong with the system. Of course, as we learned with hindsight, there was. Philby was with the greatest reluctance set free. He did not come back, and another more ruthless, perhaps less far-sighted service, would have tracked him down and killed him. SIS left him to his fate, but for the Philbys there can be no escape. They are, one way or another, from the outset, locked-in for life.

> All the evidence said to us: "Yes, Miernik is a Soviet agent." All the evidence, that is, which we saw fit to consider. Existing simultaneously with the information that confirmed our suspicions was a second body of evidence, like a planet identical to Earth on the other side of the sun, which just as conclusively demonstrated that our suspicions were incorrect. We hadn't the technique to see it. This is no one's fault; it is in the nature of our equipment.[28]

In this curious world of parallel universes[29] and altered realities we must sometimes confess that we simply do not have the equipment with which, fairly, to measure the evidence. We must revert to our instincts and listen to what they tell us on the matter. It is certain that in some cases, proceeding in this way will lead to injustices and unfairness, but it may well be the only way of proceeding. Above all, we must be cautious that we are not ourselves taken in by

our own cleverness, our own deviousness.

This is a good moment to return to Lewinter and the brilliant denouement. It has especial relevance for us here. After a lengthy process, the Soviet intelligence community accepts, on objective evidence, that Lewinter is a genuine defector. It follows that the information he has provided must also be regarded as genuine. It is necessary, in that case, to protect the integrity and value of the information he has supplied. Something in the nature of a disinformation exercise has to be essayed. A committee is established for the purpose. (The use of committees in espionage circles is worth an extended study on its own account.)

> "This brings us to the reason for the creation of this special working group. In order for the signature trajectories to be of any use to us, *we must first convince the Americans that we don't believe Lewinter.*"
>
> "Quite obviously, to keep them from substituting new trajectories," Savinkov said matter-of-factly. He was an old hand at this game.
>
> "Exactly that," Pogodin agreed. "If they believe we possess the trajectory signatures, they will of course change them. So we must devise a series of signals designed to convince our counterparts in Washington that we do not trust Lewinter, that we suspect him of being a plant."
>
> Once more the sound of traffic intruded into the room. Izvolsky began nibbling at his thumbnail. "Perhaps we could—" he said, and then shook his head. "No, no, they'd see through that easily."
>
> Both Savinkov and Dybenko were already lost in thought.
>
> "I suppose," Pogodin said, tapping the point of the pencil on a piece of paper and watching the pattern of dots develop, "I suppose we could always begin by sending Lewinter back."[30]

Simple, Machiavellian. It plays neatly upon the natural

suspicions—professional suspicions—of the other side. Beware of Greeks bearing gifts, whether or not they are accompanied by a Sinon to explain them.

This last observation of Pogodin's recalls to us an important defector returned by the Soviet Union to the United States, Lee Harvey Oswald. Was Oswald a Soviet agent?[31] The answer to that question, pregnant with historical significance, may well depend upon whether he was ever an American agent in the first place. Was his defection genuine, or was he a plant, a penetration agent, perhaps? What did he have as earnest to convince the Russians that like Lewinter he was worth their time and trouble? It has been suggested that he might have supplied information about the U2 flights and this, like the information supplied by Lewinter, would have been easily and conveniently transportable. But, if he did take it, was it genuine? The Soviets would have had to think long and hard about that one. The fact that Powers was indeed shot down is suggestive but far from conclusive. So also is his treatment while in the Soviet Union. Then he is sent back. Who is now trying to fool whom? Oswald's mother, for reasons, probably, of more than family pride, was convinced her son had been an American agent. Is our resistance to believe in these possibilities of the same origins as those that inhibited belief in the Burgess/Maclean, et al. scandal? That fatal myopia that prevented the Germans from discovering the truth about the double cross system during its long years of operation? (We should interpolate here that Daulton Lee made very intensive efforts to persuade his family and friends that his own espionage was being conducted on behalf of the CIA, and he may well have come, himself, to believe that.[32]) Let us suppose that Boyce, who had escaped from prison and was at liberty for some time had reached the Soviet Union. What should have been his reception there? Would he have been greeted, unreservedly, as a hero and given a post of some responsibility? Or, would he have undergone a gruelling time of testing and have been sent back, to much the same fate over here? What are we to read into the fact that he did not, apparently, end up in the Soviet Union? Or did he?

Here, again, we have the makings of an interesting conflict between instinct and objective evidence. The resolution of that conflict depends very much upon where you begin your suppositions and the provenance and nature of the evidence you choose to take into account. The equipment for the purpose is no better than it has ever been. Secret sources, even in peacetime, are rarely adequate for such tasks. Suppose Boyce was broken out of prison by the Soviets, not an impossible or implausible thing given their record in such matters. Why would they have wanted to do this? They owed him none of the debt contracted with, say, a Philby. His further utility to them can hardly have warranted such a step. But even supposing it to have been taken, why was he returned? The really hard questions begin if we are to follow that line. But suppose, alternatively, that Boyce was set free by, or at the behest of the United States intelligence community, conditionally, and with some operational purpose in mind. One can imagine the dilemma that would have presented for the Russians; it would have been in the nature of Oswald in reverse. Do they take him in? What do they do with him if they do? Is he a plant, a double agent, or what? The speculation, in the absence of objective evidence, is endless, but the engines of reason are exactly the same. Boyce can never be free, for he will always be tracked down. The only question, in his case, is which master he may eventually choose or be chosen to serve. Instinct alone may supply the answers. The only useful employment that remains open to the Boyces is to be found in the world of espionage.

The spy can be used as an agent of disinformation as much as a collector of information. Spies have been used to disseminate false information from time immemorial; this was an important objective of the double cross system. Thus we read in Sun Tzu's *The Art of War:*

> In our dynasty Chief of Staff Ts'oa once pardoned a condemned man whom he then disguised as a monk, and caused to swallow a ball of wax and enter Tangut. When the false monk arrived he was imprisoned. The monk told his captors about the

> ball of wax and soon discharged it in a stool. When the ball was opened, the Tanguts read a letter transmitted by Chief of Staff Ts'oa to their Director of Strategic Planning. The chieftain of the barbarians was enraged, put his minister to death, and executed the spy monk. This is the idea.[33]

The huge, post-World War II *Operation Splinter Factor*,[34] masterminded by Allen Dulles, was just such a gigantic ball of wax. Spies can be accredited and discredited by such means. The sowing of doubt and discord are common enough espionage objectives. Surely one of the most controversial, and puzzling, cases of this kind is that of the Soviet KGB officer Yuri Nosenko.[35] Nosenko offered himself to the CIA as a double agent in June 1962 while serving with the Soviet disarmament delegation in Geneva. He acted, ostensibly, as an agent in place for the CIA until January 1964, when he insisted on defecting. The question is still hotly debated today whether Nosenko was a genuine defector or a Soviet disinformation agent. Whatever the truth of the matter, he certainly divided the United States intelligence community on the issue, to the very definite benefit of the Soviet Union. Those who hold that he was a disinformation agent argue that his purpose, as conceived for him by his Soviet masters, was twofold: to lead counter-intelligence away from a highly-placed mole in the United States intelligence community and, to assure the authorities in the United States that Lee Harvey Oswald was not a Soviet agent acting under discipline at the time of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy.

Precisely where you finally come out on this matter depends very much on where you went in. Certain suppositions guided the investigations into Nosenko and his doings, but the crucial, objective evidence that might have tipped the scale proved, in the event, impossible, up till this time, to obtain. The issue seems to have finally been resolved in Nosenko's favor by a blend of instinct and expediency. He was provisionally given the benefit of the doubt and remains gainfully employed in the world of espionage, serving out his life sentence, in effect. He must always, however, fear the

emergence of new evidence that might change his status at any time. He is, most truly, locked in for life wherever he might turn, and his hold on life is only as sure as his continuing utility for those who hold him for the time being. He is the living proof of McCarry's thesis: sometimes we are wrong, and there is no possible way for us to know. We could, of course, simply have sent Nosenko back, but apart from the humanitarian considerations, it might well have sent an untimely signal to other, potential defectors whose genuineness we might have had less reason to doubt. Nosenko as a consultant to the CIA has, in effect, been neutralized, but the toxin generated by this foreign organism continues to persist in the body it invaded. Nothing in the world of espionage is ever strictly black and white, for, as we have repeatedly seen, the spy himself is delicately designed and created in different shades of unobtrusive grey. Nothing can ever be taken for granted, least of all the spy's own account of who he is and what he is doing.[36]

If getting back one's own spy involves the eternal riddle, is he still mine? it also requires consideration of the even more agonizing enigma: was he ever really mine in the first place? Even those who make spies from scratch are not wholly exempt from the implications of this. George Blake (Behar) had all the ingredients in his background for an involvement in spying, but he seems, at first blush, as unlikely a candidate to be an officer in MI6 as Sidney Reilly, and for much the same reasons. Born of a Dutch Christian mother and a Sephardic Jew in Rotterdam, Blake was brought up in Cairo in the family of one of his aunts who had married into the wealthy Curiel family. Blake's father, Albert William Behar, who died in 1936, had acquired British nationality after serving in both the French Foreign Legion and the British Army. Blake himself did not learn English until he was thirteen years of age and attending the English School in Cairo. From an early age he thus had close connections with the Middle East and all its entanglements, and was a cousin of the extraordinary and enigmatic Henri Curiel, whose involvement with members of several well-known terrorist groups in France during the 1970s as well as

his connections with the Soviet intelligence community make interesting reading.[37]

Blake found himself trapped in the Netherlands during World War II while visiting his mother, and seemingly acquitted himself valiantly as a member of the Dutch resistance. This in itself was an extraordinary feat, given his tender years, and the misfortunes that regularly beset the Dutch resistance as a result of the efficiency of German counter-intelligence efforts and general mismanagement from London. He was later recruited, still as a very young man, into the SIS. He served for a short period in occupied Germany on the staff of AMGOT, again, unusual for one so young, going thence to Cambridge University to read Russian. There is very little objective evidence relating to Blake's wartime service, and the impartial investigator is only too aware how much of this might have been fabricated.

Blake eventually entered the Foreign Service, another somewhat unusual achievement, becoming Vice Consul in Seoul during the Korean War, a posting that resulted in his capture by the North Koreans. He is variously said to have endured his harsh captivity with great fortitude, and to have been effectively brainwashed by his captors. Whatever the case, it does not appear to have diminished the regard in which he was held by his superiors in the Foreign Officer (of which SIS/MI6 is a part) and he went on, as something of a hero, to bigger and better intelligence assignments. Somewhere along the way he appears to have been recruited by the KGB, but the real question, as in all these cases, is: by whom was he controlled? He went to the Foreign Office Arabic language school at Shemlan in Lebanon and had an intimate knowledge of British intelligence networks in the Middle East. Curiously, he seems to have been kept well away from Philby, who had many of the same "beats," and there is something significant in this in the light of later developments. Blake served in the Federal Republic of Germany and Berlin and is regarded as having substantially served Soviet interests there.

After one of the shortest trials *(in camera)* in British history, fifteen minutes, he was given the unprecedented and

rather curious sentence by the Lord Chief Justice of forty-two years imprisonment on May 3, 1961. Had he served out his sentence, he would have been eighty years of age at the time of his release; most English murderers at the time served about nine years of a life sentence, and many were imprisoned for much shorter periods of time. In the event, he served only five years, after which he made a daring escape, ending up in Moscow, where he was awarded the Order of Lenin and the Order of the Red Banner. On the face of it, a real espionage success story. Or is it?

There are a number of engaging peculiarities about the Blake case, not the least of which is the fact that virtually everything that is publicly known about this interesting character has a single source, namely the British Secret Intelligence Service. Even the crimes for which he was convicted were evidenced by that service and it is difficult for an outsider, even one with the full resources of another intelligence service at his disposal, to make any independent assessment of the damage he is said to have done. And here we come to another curious circumstance. If the harm done by Blake was indeed as gross as it is alleged to have been, he could well have been tried for treason and promptly executed, for the death penalty could still, at the time, have been exacted for that crime. There would have been no practical reason to have shown mercy towards Blake, for clearly he would not have been in line to have been exchanged for a British spy of equivalent worth. Moreover, both the circumstances of his arrest and his conviction raise mysteries in themselves. He was out of the country when his case appears to have broken and he could, like Philby, easily have been whisked away from Beirut by the KGB. He returned, voluntarily, to the United Kingdom.

Why the trial, why the conviction? For this latter rested solely on Blake's confession and, had he retracted this, it is doubtful if the case against him would have held up in court. There was really no reason why this very experienced officer, who had suffered real hardship in North Korea, should have confessed. The "official" story is that Blake was an unpopular outsider and, accordinagly, no moves were

made by his colleagues on his behalf. There is no evidence, however, of a terror-stricken Blake going, paralyzed like a rabbit, to an unwelcome fate. There is, rather, all the appearance of an elaborate charade.

By the time Blake is said to have taken up with the KGB, the original penetrations of that service, effected pre-World War II, had begun to come under control; 1953, when Blake was supposedly recruited by the KGB, was a year of considerable turmoil and confusion for that service, following the deaths of Stalin and Beria. Was Blake another ball of wax? It would not have been difficult for MI6 to have facilitated Blake's escape, anymore than, conversely, it would have been to have ensured that he suffered a "nasty accident" while incarcerated. Many men have died in prison for far less than Blake is supposed to have done.

The question remains for the Russians, who got him, or got him back: is he one of ours or one of theirs? The question, even with the equipment available to the Soviet Union, can hardly have been an easy one to answer. Meanwhile, they must hold him on a short leash and hope that time will take care of him.[38]

There is no escape, then, for the spy who is "turned" or "doubled," for all he does is exchange one leash for another. His real and permanent master is espionage itself, which he must serve until death releases him from bondage. Lotz, Blake, Nosenko, Yurchenko, and others all share the same bondage with many of lesser ilk. So far as the issue of retention is concerned the question is simply: Do we keep them or do they? Where are they likely to do us the least harm? Everyone who makes a spy is, sooner or later, bound to face this dilemma, for at the heart of the making of the spy lies the issue of secrecy. The spy has been made to steal the secrets of others, but in the process of creation we have necessarily infused into him a knowledge of secrets of our own. He has become peculiarly useful to others on that account,[39] and our urgency towards him in the matter of retention is dictated as much by considerations of the harm he might do to us by reason of that special knowledge as it is by reason of his primary utility in our own service. When

the crunch comes, we are faced with a crisis of choice; do we set the spy free in the hope that he will come back to us voluntarily? Or do we let him go in the full knowledge that we must track him down, neutralize or exterminate him should he prove a nuisance? No spy can simply be allowed to take his services elsewhere, be it to "neighbors" or "cousins." Who knows what of ours he might take with him? And if he does come back, where has he been, and what contamination might he have brought with him? Retention here is less of a managerial ethic than a prescription for self-defense; it is avarice in action. Spies, once made, have to be hoarded, not necessarily for their own worth but for the harm they might do if they are simply let loose on the market. Two final observations are offered, then, in this regard.

- Do not make more spies than you need or can handle. The surplus is difficult to dispose of.
- If you have to track it down after setting it free, perhaps you didn't love it enough to begin with. Any spy that gets away can harm you, because he can't really leave the compound.

Every spy you make has the potential for harming you and your interests. This is a universal principle. The wise will bear in mind the above precepts pertaining to the ecology of spying.

POINTS TO REMEMBER

1. It is important for espionage services to attempt to get their own spies back after they have been caught, both because of the possibility of the spies being turned and because those still within the organization must believe they will not be abandoned should they ever get apprehended.

2. Just as important is the handling of the organization's own deactivated spies. How tight a leash is kept on deactivated spies varies by espionage service, but generally it is never wise for a formerly active agent to believe that he has been

forgotten. From an organizational point of view, the spy is released only with a promise of continuing good behavior and should be periodically reminded of such. As assets, deactivated spies may become useful again and thus, those who spy must understand they are locked-in for life.

3. Generally, it is better to turn an enemy spy and make him your asset than it is to terminate him. A third possibility is to hold the asset (spy) for the possible exchange value at some future date. Which decision or combination of decisions to make rests on several factors including but not limited to: a thorough debriefing to establish the current and future value of the asset; the probability of turning the spy; the projected future needs of the organization for a turned asset of a particular type; the organization's capacity for handling such an asset once he is turned loose; the probability that the asset's espionage service knows he has been apprehended; and the nature of the asset's espionage service (e.g., their commitment to exchanging caught spies, how they handle returned property, etc.).

4. Spies who are returned must be thoroughly debriefed on their experiences, their mistakes and the service's mistakes, and how well their training and indoctrination enabled them to withstand interrogation (and torture). It is crucial to establish whether or not the spy has been turned or altered, and it must be assumed that attempts to do so were made. Nothing can ever be taken at face value, and the returned spy, like the defector, must be tested and watched for indications of alteration. Should such indications be established, i.e., that a returned spy has been doubled, the matrix of decisions listed above in item 3 come into play.

5. It must be remembered that those who make spies consistently construct and reconstruct reality as needed, and that this breeds its own peculiar

type of uncertainty: everything can be altered; nothing need be as it seems; all must be evaluated in the context of suspicion. Nothing can ever be taken for granted, least of all the spy's own account of who he is and what he is doing.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Critically discuss the following statement and its policy implications for an espionage service: "Spies, once made, have to be hoarded not necessarily for their own worth but for the harm they might do if they are simply let loose on the market."

2. How would you determine if a returned spy had been compromised and "turned"? Be specific and thoroughly discuss the decision mechanisms.

NOTES

1. *The Decline of Honor*, page 21.
2. *The Art of War*, pages 147–148.
3. For the fullest treatment of this, see *Spy Trade*, E. H. Cookridge.
4. In his eloquent plea to save "Rudolf Abel" from execution, James B. Donovan argued: "It is possible that in the foreseeable future an American of equivalent rank will be captured by Soviet Russia or an ally; at such time an exchange of prisoners through diplomatic channels could be considered to be in the best national interests of the United States." *Strangers on a Bridge*, page 4.
5. Admiral Stansfield Turner has recently written: "Agee, once having become a traitor, would have found, as they all do, that there is no turning back. The Soviets will always apply the threat of exposure to keep their agents working." "Why Americans Become Kremlin Agents," *U.S. News and World Report*, August 12, 1985, page 32. This is not exclusive to the Soviets.
6. Page 117.

7. On this, see *The Double Cross System,* Sir John C. Masterman, New York: Avon Books, 1972. This book is a fund of fascinating information on which many have drawn.

8. *The Champagne Spy,* page 146.

9. Ibid., pages 146–147.

10. Ibid., page 147.

11. See *Gehlen: Spy of the Century,* E. H. Cookridge, New York: Random House, 1971. See also, as a useful rider to what is suggested here, *The Secret War for Europe,* Louis Hagen, pages 21–48.

12. Op. cit. supra note 8, page 147.

13. *Being There,* New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1970, page 139.

14. For a penetrating, tongue-in-cheek look at this in the realms of espionage, see the incomparable *Schrodinger's Cat III,* Robert Anton Wilson, New York: Pocket Books, 1981, pages 38-41.

15. Ronald Seth says of the spy, ". . . if his loyalty is suspect through anything he may say or do at anytime, then his usefulness as a spy immediately ceases to exist, no matter how great the measure of his other qualities may be." *Anatomy of Spying,* page 28.

16. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1973.

17. Ibid., page 8.

18. Idem

19. Ibid., pages 8–9.

20. Ibid., page 9.

21. The story of El-Ad's martyrdom on this account is told in his book *The Decline of Honor,* frequently cited in these pages, and is deserving of close, unbiased study.

22. Op. cit. supra note 16 page 9.

23. New York: Saturday Review Press, 1973.

24. Ibid., page 267.

25. Here we see a variant of Robert Anton Wilson's multifaceted agent, Tobias Knight, whose principal, mind-boggling preoccupation was to find out "what the hell was really going on." Op. cit. supra note 14 page 38.

26. Op. cit. supra note 23 page 267.

27. Ibid., page 268.

28. Ibid., page 269.

29. It is worth calling to mind that the *Schrodinger's Cat* trilogy is premised upon the theory of parallel universes and these intellectual puzzlements have a direct, practical application in the present context.

30. Op. cit. supra note 16 pages 229–230.

31. This is the central theme of Edward Jay Epstein's *Legend.* Epstein's evidence is worth studying in the present context.

32. "'Why don't you believe me?' he said, sobbingly. 'I'm working for the CIA!'" *The Falcon and the Snowman,* page 149. See also the case of Richard Craig Smith. "A man accused of spying says he passed military secrets to a KGB officer in Japan because he was working for the CIA as part of a plan to infiltrate Soviet intelligence, the *Washington Post* reported." *Dallas Morning News,* May 13, 1984. Smith was eventually acquitted.

33. Page 146.

34. For the full treatment of this, see *Operation Splinter Factor,* Steward Steven, 1974.

35. Again, Epstein, op. cit. supra note 31 should be consulted on this.

36. It is worth mentioning that these principles are often turned to positive account in the private sector. Jim Hougan writes: "Among free-lance spooks and their employers it often happens that such relationships are deliberately intimated when, in fact, they don't exist." *Spooks,* 1978, page 67.

37. See, on this, *The Carlos Complex,* Christopher Dobson and Ronald Payne, New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1977, pages 82–88. See, too, *The Terror Network,* Claire Sterling, New York: Berkeley Books, 1982, pages 47–66.

38. On this latter, see *The Care of Time,* Eric Ambler, New York: Farrar Straus Giroux, 1981.

39. This was an important objective of the Double Cross System. See Masterman, op. cit. supra note 7 at page 95.

CONCLUSION

Intelligence work is like an opium, you can become addicted to it.[1]

Aaron Yariv

Knowledge is power, and secret knowledge is the most powerful of all. The seeking out of secrets has, for many, a compulsive, almost pathological quality about it. Espionage for such people takes on the quality of climbing Mount Everest: it is done because it is there. Finding out the secrets of others while safeguarding our own is the very essence of spying. For those addicted to the pursuit it becomes a way of life and, for some, a way of death. But espionage is much more than the applied exercise of a particular kind of human curiosity. It is not an activity idly engaged in for its own sake. However satisfying to the egos of those engaged in it, spying does not, cannot, take place in a social vacuum. The secrets of one are hunted or sniffed out because they have some real, practical utility for some other, who is prepared to go to great lengths to get them and will offer value of some kind as an inducement to that end.

Espionage involves a transaction, most usually an illicit one, between two parties, one who wants something otherwise unobtainable at the expense of a third party, and the other who undertakes to supply that which is required, be it a tangible item of exchange or some advantage. That latter

party is the spy, and what he does in fulfillment of the requirements imposed upon him by the transaction is spying. While, theoretically, it is possible for the spy to undertake his work as an independent entrepreneur, in practice, the nature of the business and the character of the market tend to dictate, often quite strictly, not only what he shall do, but how he shall do it.

It is natural enough, in such a delicate business, that he who pays the piper should also wish to call the tune. But there is far more than a passion for process involved here. Those who engage in espionage on more than a casual basis insist on control of the most rigorous kind. They are interested in controlling not only the operation, but the very lives of those who undertake it. The requisite degree of control does not come easily or cheaply. Those who demand it must be prepared to invest a great deal to acquire it, and even more to keep it. Such an investment is only practicable, indeed possible, for nation-states, those sharing substantial economic interests, and major criminal enterprises. The making and running of spies becomes the function of organizations that develop their own distinctive techniques and methods of operation. Over time, these bodies take on and manifest a recognizable corporate culture to which those inducted are expected to conform.[2] Spies tend, therefore, to take on at least a patina identifying them with those by whom they are employed and, in some of the more extreme cases, are recognizable extensions of the collective personality of their masters. The extent to which the individual spy is submerged by these tendencies is a good test of who made him and by whom he is employed.

We have spoken of a distinctive psychology permeating the world of spies and spying, something we have dubbed spychology. Those engaged in the selection, recruitment, training, and employment of spies need a profound and penetrating understanding of what is involved in this discipline and its manifold applications. We have suggested, too, that there is a special ecology of espionage. At times, there is a veritable littering of the landscape with spies in all stages of manufacture and disintegration. Spies proliferate to the point where

everybody seems to be spying upon everyone else. Something much more than an exaggerated exercise of natural human curiosity is implied here; espionage in some societies, the so-called police states, takes on an all-pervading, offensive/defensive character that is a morbid sociopolitical phenomenon of a quite particular kind. When everyone might be a spy, it is doubly difficult to tell who the real spies are, and for whom they are working.[3] Social tensions run high, and the quality of life is markedly affected; the efficiency of espionage under such conditions is questionable; the ecology is simply saturated to the point where meaningful relationships are difficult to distinguish and classify. A kind of pollution poisons the social ambiance. Too much spying is not only wasteful and ineffective. It corrodes, and eventually destroys, the social fabric.

However necessary as an instrument of social control, espionage carried to excess can only lead to its own kind of Silent Spring.[4] Overemphasis on the importance of intelligence—and we do insist upon its importance—leads, inevitably, to espionage mania, government becomes more and more secretive, and ever greater numbers of spies are required both to protect and penetrate the resultant shrouds of mystery. This pathological form of espionage is the product of extreme suspicion and fear; it has a momentum of its own that is hard to control. But societies in which spying is endemic to the point of paranoia do not serve as useful examples for those in which espionage has a more delicate, refined function. As a weapon, spying, whether offensive or defensive, should be a rapier, not a bludgeon. Accordingly, we could introduce another concept, a kind of economics of spying.

It is sometimes useful to see spies and spying in terms of a special "espionomics." There is an illicit market in secret knowledge governed by its own laws of supply and demand. This gives rise, in turn, to a market in spies, those who service the needs of persons or organizations interested in the acquisition of the secrets of others, and all that implies. As is the case with all markets, there are many hidden forces at work creating movement and perspectives. Those forces have a

profound impact not only upon the making of spies, but upon how many are made and employed, and under what circumstances at any particular time.

All this is of much more than academic interest in our times. In the United States of America, we live under conditions of relative normality (by normality, we simply mean an absence of exceptional circumstances such as war, social upheaval, or those conditions which persist in the typical police state). Other nations of the Western alliance enjoy much the same quality of life, characterized by an absence of unfettered governmental intrusion into private affairs. In such countries, it is normal to enjoy, and put to use for one's own benefit, secret knowledge. Other kinds of knowledge are shared on a limited or restricted basis and those having no right to know are excluded from participation in the process. Secrets, whether public or private, do not reveal themselves to the benefit of those who wish to preserve their integrity; there is a protected, proprietary interest in secret information, regardless of how many are, licitly, let in on the secret.

The power represented by this vast reservoir of secret knowledge is the quintessential fuel of capitalism, the energy source of the system. Because of the nature of the system, much valuable information is largely or exclusively under private control. This is so even where that secret information may be utilized or applied for some wider public purpose or benefit. Many consequences flow from this, but there is one of particular significance in the present context. In the United States some of the most sensitive secret information affecting the national security is in private hands. The tasks of preserving its integrity, sharing it only with those authorized to participate in it, and applying it for the proper purposes, are undertaken by private individuals having the proper measure of proprietary interest in the item in question. Only secondarily are they aided by the public authorities concerned with the national security generally. This particular reservoir of secret knowledge is a most enticing target, not only for the enemies of capitalism, but for all who are regularly excluded from sharing in it. By its very

existence, it has generated a most vibrant, active espionage economy. We see this target receiving attention not only from those in the private sector, who might, formerly, have been thought to be interested in acquring a piece of the action, but also from the agents of foreign governments backed by all the resources at their principal's disposal.

These market forces have helped create a whole new world of spies who might not otherwise have found employment of this kind. Their unique value to those who have set their sights upon this irresistible target lies in their access to the various parts of the secret knowledge so attractive to those who would acquire it. They hold, metaphorically, and sometimes literally, the keys to the vault. Many are little different from common thieves and embezzlers; it is almost an insult to the profession to call them spies. Their numbers have grown exponentially, as the value of the prize and its vulnerability have come to be appreciated. America's secrets are under attack as never before and the new technologies, especially those concerned with the processing, storage, and retrieval of information, have contributed both to the inflation of the market and the development of new techniques for espionage. It is now possible to gain access to secret information surreptitiously, without leaving a trace of illicit entry, and, moreover, to do so from a distance. As a result, espionage has come to pose a whole new range of security problems and to alter, quite radically, many of the traditional concepts of loss prevention.[5] Those who would understand the "new" espionage would do well to study the economic underpinnings, for much that is novel is really but a shift of the market forces in response to the age-old, Who has what? Who would like to get hold of it? What is it worth? How can it be done? What will it cost?

There is a discernible ethics of espionage, a set of guiding principles and beliefs which, like all ethics, is subject to mutations and change. As espionomics have altered, especially in our own times, so, too, have attitudes towards espionage. Ethics is concerned with questions of fundamental morality, of what is right and wrong; such notions, even those dealing with the most basic of human issues, often vary widely from

one society to another. There are also substantial variations to be observed on the historical time scale. These forces are also extremely influential in determining not only how espionage is viewed by any particular society at any particular period of its history, but, directly related, how much of it is going on, who engages in it, and what sanctions are applied in an effort to curb it.

In many ways, there is a parallel here with the way a society looks at crime generally. The prevailing ethos establishes (often in contrast to the formal categorization and punishment of certain behavior) the stigmatization of such conduct or relief from reprehensibility. The criminal law is debased when the social stigma attaching to the proscribed conduct has been removed. Larceny loses its meaning when "everyone does it;" thievery takes on the character of a socially acceptable perquisite in many modern instances.[6] In the United States, attitudes towards crime in general have been markedly influenced by the social blight of street crime in the inner cities and violence, especially drug-related violence. There is a tendency, in extreme cases, to look upon much criminal behavior as being rather less than serious, provided no one was hurt physically. Conduct tends to be adjudged socially reprehensible less by reference to whether it is condemned by existing criminal legislation than by reason of its having resulted in violent physical injury to the person.

This "modern" attitude towards crime in general seems to have infected the ethics of espionage. A striking illustration is furnished by the confused reactions to admitted French secret service involvement in events leading to the sinking, in Aukland Harbor, New Zealand, of the Rainbow Warrior, a vessel belonging to Greenpeace, an international activist environmental organization. This group was actively opposing the French nuclear testing taking place in the Pacific. While denying responsibility for the bombing of the Rainbow Warrior, a manifest terrorist outrage in which a father of two small children was killed, the French aknowledged, in the clearest terms, having sent spies to New Zealand to keep an eye on the Greenpeace operation. This curiously

Gallic ethos would seem to suggest that while an espionage operation, in the territory of a friendly sovereign power, resulting in a death and violent destruction of property, must remain deniable, "mere spying" is not only acceptable, but almost an absolute right. While the French are hardly arbiters in the formation of world attitudes on these matters, the lack of significant uproar at what is suggested would seem to imply a tacit acceptance of the stated position by others having similar interests.[7] From our own perspective, it affords an interesting current measure of the contemporary ethics of espionage.

The practice of espionage is intimately connected with the art of government. It finds its place, however grudgingly, in the curriculum of the political scientist. The importance of secret intelligence and the means and methods of its acquisition cannot, therefore, be ignored by theorists, but there persists an uncomfortable feeling about it all, rather like including the subject of tax dodging, how to go about it and profit, in the syllabus for a masters degree in business administration. Espionage is anathema for the career diplomat, who is engaged in the honorable, overt representation of his country abroad. Yet it invariably dogs his footsteps throughout his career; indeed, a significant brush with espionage, if it is badly handled, may well put an untimely end to a promising diplomatic career. This is becoming more and more an occupational hazard for diplomats of all nations and all persuasions. Embassies the world over have become infested with "intelligence officers" under diplomatic cover, a thinly veiled euphemism for spies. There is no doubt that the concerns of the purists are rightly founded. The entire, delicate structure of conventional diplomacy is imperilled by the blatant disregard for the niceties that make the system work under the most severe of stress.[8] Diplomacy is in critical danger of being overwhelmed by the "everybody does it" syndrome. Many devices are employed to effect some sort of a division between the acceptable and the unacceptable. Diplomats try to preserve the bases of their legality and recognition by distancing themselves from the "illegals" who operate without benefit of international acceptability. Very often, ambassadors are

either kept in the dark by their nations' espionage services, or themselves choose to turn a blind eye to what is going on about them, often under their own noses. This is a very uncomfortable position for any ambassador, but one which may, especially if matters turn sour, be better than having to confess either to foreknowledge or, worse still, patronage of some espionage operation. Yet the embassy abroad remains a focal point for much espionage.[9] A country that lacks diplomatic ties with another on which it wishes to spy is under something of a handicap from the start. Most nations are content simply to try to keep the whole matter within sensible bounds. It is the abuses, as always, that tend to make the headlines. To adapt George Orwell's famous aphorism: All nations tend to be equally abusive of the privileges of diplomacy in these matters, but some are more abusive than others. Often enough, it is friendship that tends to be abused in this way.

Enough has been said here to demonstrate that the serious study of spies and spying must proceed from an inter-disciplinary basis. There are so many revealing, yet interconnected ways of looking at espionage. Each discipline makes its own distinctive contribution to the making of a spy. There are useful parallels to draw upon for instructional purposes in almost every department of life and human activity. Above all, espionage involves social interaction; it is the doings—the secret doings—of other human beings that give espionage its purpose and meaning. Finding out, without being discovered in the process, how others think, act, or are likely to act, and devising secret means to influence their thoughts and behavior, is what espionage is all about. The spy is a secret force at work in society. Understanding the nature, potential, and employment of that force is as important to the social scientist as, say, the understanding of electricity for students of the natural sciences. Spying, nowadays, is too much taken for granted. With the burgeoning of the Information Age, serious, interdisciplinary studies of what is involved in the practice of espionage have assumed a new importance.

While a thorough grounding in the theory of spying is a prerequisite for serious study, the importance of what is done in practice cannot be overemphasized. Espionage is

never an academic exercise. It is a serious, often deadly serious, practical pursuit involving all the resources of human cunning and ingenuity that can be brought to bear. The study of the practical, operational aspects of espionage is a highly demanding, not to say daunting task. By its very nature, the processes of the activity are concealed. Spies do not invite study while working, and many (including their employers) discourage serious investigation of their workings long after their operations have been consigned to history. Much of what we know about the careers of spies is pieced together long after they have ceased to function actively in the world of espionage. Some of this is undoubtedly a kind of apologia, officially sponsored or otherwise. The "true" story of any particular exploit is as hard to glean as the "true" story of some master criminal who, after conviction, has decided to tell all. We ought not to be too deterred by those undeniable difficulties. After all, substantial though the literature may be, can we be sure that we have the "true" story of Watergate, or of the assassination of JFK? All we can do, in these cases, is collect and weigh the evidence, then present our own conclusions.

In these conclusions, we would like to draw special attention to the role of the fiction writers in supplying evidence worthy of serious consideration by students of this subject. In a work of the present kind, the worth of substantial works of fiction is often underestimated, both as a source and as an authority for what is being advanced. A more balanced evaluation is needed in a subject area where what is fact, in an objectively verifiable sense, and what is a product of some flight of the imagination, are being constantly, and often quite deliberately, confused. The search for the truth, however that might be defined in an area where deception on the grossest scale is an accepted and integral part of the game, is greatly aided by the penetrating insights provided by those who write creatively and imaginatively of the matters into which we are inquiring. On occasion, they pass more closely the essential verities of espionage than those engaged in the more pedestrian tasks of setting down what are assumed to be the bald facts. Nor is the value of their creative

commentary to be overlooked. It is perhaps trite, but certainly very true that in this area one man's fact may well pass for another's fiction. The instructional value of what others have written is the best criterion by which the literature is to be judged, not by some artificial and often quite arbitrary determination of whether something is "true" so as to be able to categorize it "fact" or "fiction." One writer eloquently observed:

> For years I was schooled in the belief that history was "true" while fiction was just a "story" and it is now a continual source of pleasure to realize that history is just as much a creative act of the literary imagination as the novel and that both, in their best moments, serve the truth.[10]

Fact is often enough thinly disguised as fiction. There are many practical and quite sensible reasons for such a ploy. There are writers whose real-life experiences would pass for acceptable fiction but who are forbidden, by the understandable requirements of their erstwhile employers, from writing about them as fact. Happily translated into "fiction," they make not only some of the most entertaining reading, but also some of the most instructive. The trick, for those who would learn something of value, is to discover the art of discrimination. As in other fields of endeavor, experience leads soon enough to the ability to distinguish pure gold from base alloy. For the working professional, especially the case officer, the ability to make such distinctions takes on yet another dimension; spies can become quite extraordinarily creative when their livelihoods depend upon it. Much that is proffered as valuable intelligence, especially in quiet times, is the product of a lively imagination in its entirety or has been embroidered or prettied up beyond all recognition. There are many who are adept at sensing what it is their masters want to hear and set about providing it in quantities that are designed to satisfy without rousing suspicions. Much of such "intelligence" has a "choking doberman" quality.[11] Such stories are often extraordinarily difficult to peg as pure

invention, especially when they are authenticated by constant and authoritative repetition. Gresham's Law operates quite perniciously in the realm of espionage. The common currency of spies and spying is information. The currency becomes grossly debased when it is deliberately adulterated by the fabrication and dissemination of misinformation. Muddying the waters is a subtle protective measure, but only when the capability of distinguishing the true from the false is properly preserved.

Nikita Khruschev remembers a small difficulty in connection with the trial of Lavrenti Beria, last head of the KGB under Stalin. Merkulov, a close associate of Beria, held the key to the latter's conviction and information was sought from him. He agreed to cooperate, but as Khruschev remembers:

> A few days passed and Merkulov turned in a lengthy memorandum. It was absolutely worthless. It was more like a piece of fiction. This man Merkulov was something of a writer. He'd written plays and was good at fiction writing.[12]

Merkulov was later arrested and shot along with Beria, so his talents as a writer hardly served him well in the end. What is interesting is Khruschev's characterization of what he was offered by Merkulov. We see how thin is the line between fact and fiction and how much the assignment to one or other category depends upon the purposes and predispositions of those who receive the writing. We have preferred to select what has seemed enlightening from whatever source has sheltered such material, bearing in mind John Updike's perceptive observation that "Fiction is nothing less than the subtlest instrument for self-examination and self display that mankind has invented yet."[13]

It is paramount to bear in mind that spies and spying is a very human business. When the chips are down, there is no substitute for the human being, who gives this process its uncomfortable ambiguity and is most often the only instrument capable of removing it.[14] Espionage has recently

achieved an extraordinary degree of technical sophistication, yet the results of this progress in terms of what we really know about those matters others wish to keep secret from us is hardly commensurate with the expenditures incurred in attaining it. All too often, all our technology has gained for us is a volume of data that it has been beyond our abilities to comprehend. The eternal question for those in the intelligence business is: what does it all mean? Knowledge is not to be measured simply in volume and flow of data. Data that is ambiguous, susceptible of many different, perhaps even conflicting interpretations detracts from rather than adds to the power of those who have gained possession of it.[15]

Intelligence failures in modern times are due less to the fact that "nobody knew" than to the circumstance that "somebody knew, but nobody knew what it meant." At first sight, the problem would seem to come down to more and better analysis, a matter in which technology can certainly assist. It is clear, however, from a review of many cases, that the solution does not lie in this direction. Some of the most crucial data about what others are doing or intend to do is simply not susceptible of acquisition by advanced technological means; indeed, it may not, against the efforts of those determined enough to keep such matters secret, be capable of being acquired at all. Despite the remarkable technological advances, perhaps even because of them, secrets are kept, often for long periods. The key, as Sir John Masterman so pertinently observed, is a rare kind of integrity. When the seemingly unknowable is revealed, inquiry will show, almost invariably, human agency to have been responsible in some way or another for the revelation. A reliable spy in the right place at the right time is often the sole determinant of the debate about what it all means. A Richard Sorge, an Eli Cohen, a Kim Philby, or an "Alex" Penkovsky are sometimes the only source on which we can rely for information about the secret intentions of others.

With its unquestionable technological superiority, the United States has tended to neglect the development of the human resources on which, at bottom, all good espionage must rest. The United States, by comparison with other

countries, especially those within the Soviet orbit, has not shown itself as very adept at making spies. Its intelligence failures, so roundly criticized in the last few years, can mostly be brought back to that simple fact. It is interesting to speculate on the reasons for that neglect. It is certainly not for a lack of exploitable assets. The United States has a vast, multi-racial, multi-lingual population, with many recent ties to parts of the world in which it might be expected this country would have strong interests. Yet there has been an observable bias in favor of technology, suggesting a mistrust of these human resources bordering almost on contempt. There is something so distinctive about this rejection as to suggest that it is in some way reflective of deeply rooted traits in American society. Indeed, this has been strongly suggested in a recent plea for action to redress the resultant imbalance. As a primary reform, it is argued, this country should:

> *Develop human-intelligence sources:* This is probably the single most-cited recommendation, for it remains American intelligence's most serious deficiency. The problem, as noted earlier, is primarily cultural: there is no tradition of human-intelligence operations on the scale necessary for effective intelligence, especially in the foreign intelligence area. The answer is a long-term program to develop such a capability, and almost certainly the congressional intelligence-oversight committees will have to impose such a program (via funding imperatives.)[16]

We would certainly agree that the cultivation of human spies has been sadly neglected by the United States in favor of other means of intelligence gathering. Probably for much the same reasons, counterintelligence efforts have similarly suffered from the same kind of neglect.[17] It does seem, too, that there is something in our own system and our own attitudes towards spies and spying that runs counter to any serious efforts at changing matters overnight. We simply do not care overmuch for spies, not even our own, and what

goes into the making of them is viewed, largely, with distaste: it is, in Stimsonian terms, not quite a gentlemanly activity. The United States is still not quite ready to abandon the gentlemanly image it has of itself in this regard, notwithstanding those facts which suggest a very different reality.

But in our view, the greatest obstacle to a proper approach in the making and utilization of these human intelligence resources is a lack of patience. Spies capable of resolving the ambiguities suggested by other forms of intelligence work are not made overnight. The making of a spy, even one having only short-term utility and intended to be discarded, can be a lengthy and delicate business. Spy "factories" are no more easily set up than any other type of industry involving the conversion of human materials. The United States clearly has a superabundance of raw materials for the confection of spies. Whether it would want, at this stage of its history, to develop such an industry is something to which policy makers will have to give the most serious consideration. The United States has made spies in the past and is actively engaged in doing so at the present. What is being challenged is not whether it should go on doing so for the future, for we take it as a given that it will have to do so, but whether, and how, the manufacturing process can be improved so as to enable us in this, as in so many other fields, to keep up with the competition. Spies made in haste tend to come apart equally quickly. While the hasty manufacture of assets may, under some circumstances of expediency, be inescapable, it should always be recognized as an undesirable practice. Patience translates into fine workmanship and, ultimately, a more durable and worthwhile product. If the job is worth doing at all, and we would strongly conclude that it is, it is worth doing well. The same general principles govern the making of spies for all purposes, and the same care is required whatever might be the intended end of the operation. Shoddy workmanship is always an embarrassment. In the realms of espionage, much more than reputation is at stake.

People tend to do well that which is pleasing to them and which is in harmony with their belief systems. Those for

whom the trappings of the police state are offensive find it difficult not only to justify measures culled from such regimes in times of crisis, but to make them effective in application. It is this, more than anything else, that has tended to inhibit the development by the United States of a really widespread and effective system of espionage based upon human assets. It may well have been underestimated—though civil libertarians would doubtless disagree[18]—just how distasteful to the American psyche is the whole idea of spying. It has become fashionable in our own times to deride Secretary of State Stimson's utterance ("gentlemen do not read each others' mail") as being unrealistic and, perhaps, even unpatriotic, when viewed in the light of the nation's needs and the historic fact of Pearl Harbor (Secretary Stimson served under Herbert Hoover, 1929-33).

Yet it is not so much out of tune with the times as responsive to some deeper chord that sounds alarm bells in those with a real feeling for the meaning of the kind of democracy this country enjoys. Espionage, while it goes on all the time, is a cyclical thing, responding to the demands of the time and place. Similarly, attitudes towards spies and spying are not constant; they change according to the intensity and mood of the times as well as by reference to any measure of the current amount of espionage actually discernible. These changes in the collective sentiment are very important because they show that the Stimsonian ethos is not a permanent, immutable fixture on the American landscape. In recent years, the United States has been increasingly embarrassed by its seeming inability to penetrate violent, extremist groups who pose a threat to the lives and property of Americans. The urgent calls for the intelligence community to "do something" about the problem, which in the nature of things can only mean developing live human assets capable of spying on their fellows, indicates that a majority feel, at this time in our history, that such a procedure overrides any repugnance that might be generated as a result. The only outstanding issues seem to relate to whether such a thing can be done and whether it is likely to be effective. If the danger is evident enough, it would seem that sentiment

is set aside in favor of efficiency. Only later are the costs reckoned up by reference to abandoned principles and a lingering repugnance for the methods that have been necessary.[19]

We are far from persuaded that, in the present climate of intensified awareness of espionage directed at United States interests, there has been any significant change in the character or motivations of those engaged in it. This matter assumes a special importance on account of the increasing number of pronouncements to the contrary as the "spy wars" of our time heat up around the world. In particular, it is being suggested in some quarters that ideologically motivated spies, particularly those of the early Cold War era, are now a thing of the past, having been replaced by a more mercenary breed, in it only for personal gain. A trace of this line of thinking is already clear in 1983 in an excellent, well balanced, superbly researched book, *The Rosenberg File.* The authors observe, "The Rosenbergs' accusers, on the other hand, were oblivious to the fact that the danger to national security from ideologically motivated spies—already a vanishing breed at the time of the trial—was far less than the danger that would be done by allowing American justice to appear to serve as a handmaiden to Cold War politics."[20] We would argue that many of the same factors that were present during the time of the Rosenbergs' activities remain influential in the making of spies against American interests in our own times. Only the actors and the subject matter of their espionage activities have changed. Many of the "atomic spies" were genuinely persuaded, as a result of their own intellectual efforts or through the arguments addressed to them by others, that the cause of world peace (an enduring concept in the Soviet spymasters' arsenal), could best be served and that their objectives could best be attained through a "sharing" of America's most carefully guarded secrets in the area of nuclear weaponry. There are those who feel exactly the same today about other areas in which the United States presently enjoys a technological edge. If the "Star Wars" concept is viable, who can doubt that the same kinds of efforts to induce those in the know to part with the secrets will be made by the Soviet

Union? Those who have a real feeling for these matters would be prepared to lay odds that the proportions of those who succumb to the "peace" argument,[21] and those who are persuaded to betray the trust reposed in them for love, lust, or money will not be so very different from those operating during the first decade after the close of World War II. Those who are truly interested in the making of spies, as well as the catching of spies, would be well-advised to study, in great detail, the materials now available on the subject relative to that earlier era.

It has been well said that there are no bad soldiers, only bad officers. Similarly, a spy is only as good as the organization he serves. Spies, and the making of spies, cannot be usefully studied outside the proper organizational context. The organization does much more than impress its own distinctive style upon those it has created. It supplies the dynamic, that which makes the whole thing come alive and work. It makes no more sense, therefore, to study individual spies in isolation or in the abstract, than it does to study soldiers without reference to the armies in which they serve. How spies are selected, recruited, trained, and employed is very much a matter of organizations; while there are certain common steps, they are all danced differently. This is where the matter of style becomes important. But organizations are composed of individuals, agents who act in their name.

Spies are only as good as their case officers.[22] Those with experience of these matters will quickly perceive the essential truth in this. A good spy with a bad case officer quickly becomes inoperative, if he is not consigned to a worse fate. A good case officer can get much out of an indifferent asset, in much the same way that a good mechanic can keep a poor vehicle serviceable and roadworthy. Those who would make and employ spies productively should take this lesson to heart. The making of spies is not, in our times, a kitchen industry nor a proper pastime for the home hobbyist. This is not, by any means, to suggest that bigger is better, for the opposite may well be the case. What we do argue is that the process demands an attention to method and a division of labor that require specialized organization of functions and

talents. This is not an inexpensive business, but then the development and marketing of a quality product are invariably costly. Whether the expense can be justified almost always comes down to a matter of: do we need it, and is it worth the investment? There will always be a need for spies, however distasteful it may be to have to admit it. They cannot be bought or made on the cheap if they are to do what is expected of them.

POINTS TO REMEMBER

1. Finding out the secrets of others while safeguarding our own is the essence of spying. Espionage involves a transaction in which the buyer wants something otherwise unobtainable at the expense of a third party, and the seller undertakes to supply that something in exchange for something else of equal or greater value to him. The supplier is the spy and what he does to fulfill the transaction is spying. Thus, the existence of secrets of value creates the labor market for spies.
2. As a society places or key groups within a society place undue emphasis on secrecy, suspicion and spying proliferate. The extreme can be found in police states where suspicion dictates the assumption that everyone might be a spy and that even the smallest untoward comment might be commodity of value. In these circumstances spies saturate the ecology such that meaningful relationships based on trust become extremely difficult to establish. While we steadfastly insist on the importance of intelligence, overemphasis lends inevitably to heightened attempts at secrecy, a greater use of espionage, an increase in spies and spying, and an increase in suspicion that, once started, becomes difficult to control. Too much spying corrodes, weakens and finally destroys the social fabric.

3. The right to privately own, control and use secret knowledge is an essential component of competitive markets. In the United States, much of the sensitive secret information affecting national security is in the private sector, which is assumed to have a proprietary interest in preserving the integrity of the information, for it allows a competitive edge. For those who wish to compete, but do not have the secret information, a demand is generated—as is a powerful impetus for spywork.

4. Modern espionage has taken on an extraordinary degree of technical sophistication which has resulted in an enormous amount of data; yet knowledge cannot be measured simply by volume and flow of data. Many intelligence failures of modern times are due less to the fact that "nobody knew" than to the circumstance that "somebody knew, but nobody knew what it meant." The problem is most often not one of better analysis, but of lacking the human factor. A reliable spy in the right place at the right time can provide what is relevant: the creation of meaning. The value and relevance of information ultimately rests on the human factor.

5. Spies are only as good as the organizational process that created them, and moreover are only as good as their case officers. The process of making spies demands a specialized division of labor for selection, socialization, training and management. It also requires patience. Good spies, and hence, good secrets, are not usually cheap.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What are some of the historical, social and economic reasons the United States has placed so much emphasis on electronic information gathering devices rather than the human factor?

2. Critically evaluate the need for electronic and human information gathering in the contemporary context.

NOTES

1. *The Silent Warriors,* Joshua Tadmor, New York: The Macmillan Company, 1969, page 188.

2. On this, generally, see *Corporate Cultures,* Terrence A. Deal and Allan A. Kennedy, Reading, MA: Addison-Wesley, 1982. The extensive literature on organized crime is a mine of information on corporate culture.

3. This was the case in Iran prior to the fall of the Shah. "By the mid-seventies, the population of Iran was about 30 million; by this rough calculation, it may have been that one in every sixty Iranians was in some sense working for SAVAK. Factoring out children, the figure looms even higher." *Secret Police,* 1981, page 123.

4. "The Czechoslovakian secret police system is huge and is made up of so many overlapping divisions and subdivisions that it sometimes seems to collapse as a result of its own weight." Ibid., page 124.

5. For a comprehensive look at the problems, see *Computer Security: An Overview of National Concern and Challenge,* Louise G. Becker, Washington, D.C.: Library of Congress, 1983.

6. ". . . in a climate of rising expectations, unemployment and permissiveness, more and more people will be able to justify dishonesty and will see crime as an answer to their problems." *Corporate Fraud,* Michael J. Comer, Maidenhead, Berks.: McGraw-Hill (UK) Ltd., 1977, page 12.

7. See, for example, "The Silly Season Excels Itself," *London Financial Times,* September 2, 1983, page 15. The Rainbow Warrior was sunk on July 10, 1985, and the French press began leaking news of French secret service involvement about a month later. The Tricot Report admitted six French agents were spying on the ship but did not plant the mines that sank it. *Globe and Mail,* August 29, 1985, page 9.

8. The lives of regular, career diplomats were, undoubtedly, put in jeopardy by the not wholly unjustified claim by those who took over the United States embassy in Tehran in November 1979 that it was a "nest of spies."

9. A charming frankness in these matters is displayed by Charles Askins. "An attaché, and it doesn't matter whether he is Army, Navy, or Air Force, is an overt spy. He is snooping around continually trying to find out everything he can about the military of the country where he is assigned. This was my job in Spain but I found that no snooping was necessary. Anything I asked the Spanish they promptly told me. If this were not enough they'd take me and show me! They were friendly to a degree, cooperative to a point where I was considerably embarrassed, and all I need do to get anything I might want, whether information or the physical item itself, was ask for it." *Unrepentant Sinner,* San Antonio, TX: Tejano Publications, 1985, page 197.

10. William K. Robertson, Book Editor, Viewpoint, *The Miami Herald,* July 8, 1979.

11. On this phenomenon, of barely recognized relevance in the intelligence field, see the learned endeavors of Jan Harold Brunvand in his fascinating exploration of urban myths. *The Choking Doberman,* New York: W.W. Norton, 1984.

12. *Khruschev Remembers: The Last Testament,* Boston; Little, Brown, 1970, page 340.

13. *Esquire,* August, 1985, page 62.

14. "If anything is axiomatic in the espionage business, it's that expensive spy satellites may perform inhuman wonders but only the cleaning lady can tell you what's in the defense minister's wastebasket." "The CIA Today," James Horwitz, *Cosmopolitan,* March, 1985, page 271.

15. This is particularly true of photographic analysis. See, for example, "Can CIA Cratology Ultimately Outsmart Kremlin's Shellology?" Robert S. Greenberger, *The Wall Street Journal,* January 10, 1985.

16. *The Warriors of the Night,* 1985, page 375.

17. "'This country,' Wallop says, 'has virtually zero counterintelligence capability.'" *The Washington Post,*

August 19, 1985, "Spy vs. Spy: How Good Is U.S. Counter-intelligence?"

18. See, for example, *Agency of Fear,* Edward Jay Epstein, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1977.

19. Since 1980, there has been much veiled (and some open) talk of pre-emptive strikes against terrorists. In the nature of things, such an activity falls within the purview of what we have discussed in this book. It seems pertinent to recall the experience of a far from squeamish Israeli spy, Avri El-Ad, called upon to take part in just such a scheme: "And the enormity of the plan ate at me. We hadn't come very far if we, as the chosen people, had to resort to assassination." *The Decline of Honor,* page 126. Perhaps no work of fiction (or thinly disguised fact) is so illustrative of the moral issues as *Fall from Grace,* Larry Collins, New York: Simon and Schuster, 1985.

20. Page 328.

21. "Organizations such as the Women Strike for Peace, CISPES, the Mobilization for Survival and the U.S. Peace Council–which the FBI has characterized as Soviet-controlled." "Well Oiled Machine Aims at Contra Aid," John Holmes and Bill Outlaw, *Washington Times,* April 8, 1985.

22. Sir John Masterman writes: "It cannot be too strongly insisted that the most profitable cases were those in which the case officer had introduced himself most completely into the skin of the agent." *The Double Cross System,* pages 48–49.

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The literature dealing, in some way or another, with spies and spying is extremely copious. While most of it, given the nature of the subject, is entertaining, not all of it is equally instructive. Personal preferences tend to color choices, and the following selection, obviously, reflects these. Some students of the topic will undoubtedly have their own candidates for inclusion, while others would eliminate titles from the given list. Such an exercise is educational in itself. What is offered here is only a small selection, not the product of a full-scale literature search. It is worth bearing in mind that some of the authors mentioned below have other fine works on the same subject matter to their credit.

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