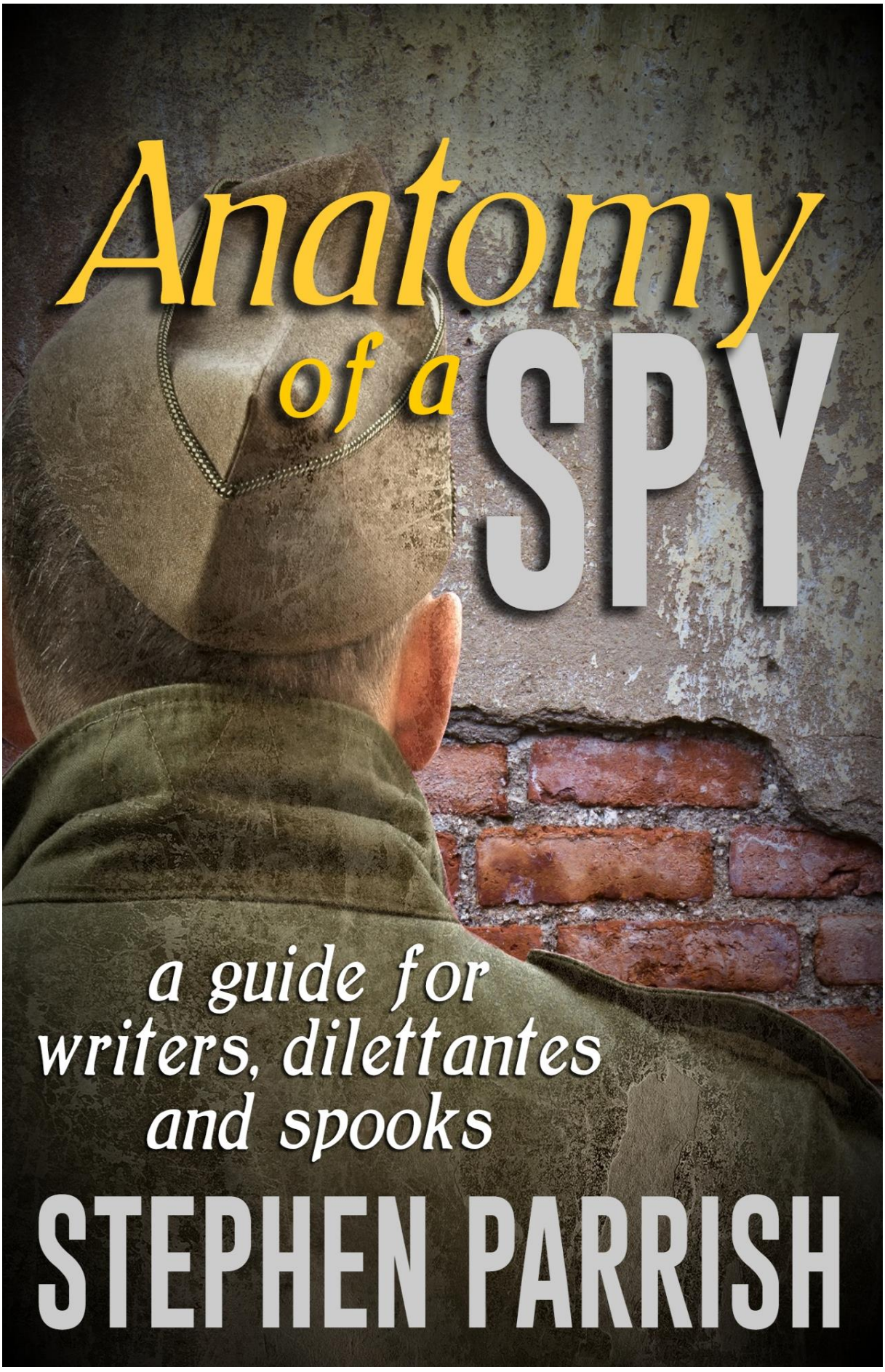
Anatomy
of a
SPY
a guide for
writers, dilettantes
and spooks
STEPHEN PARRISH

Anatomy of a Spy: a Guide for Writers, Dilettantes, and Spooks

Stephen Parrish

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For Starters

Anatomy of a Spy is a small peek into a knotty realm that often serves as a setting for books and films. I've written it primarily for storytellers, secondarily for readers and dilettantes. Spooks would nevertheless do well to listen too.

I had a close brush with a spy ring while serving in the 8th Infantry Division plans office in West Germany during the Cold War. I worked for Clyde Lee Conrad, who was caught selling NATO defense plans to Hungarian agents and was sentenced to life in prison. Others in the office received sentences ranging from 18 to 36 years.

I capitalized on my experience to write a novel, *The Feasts of Lesser Men.* Much of what I observed was left out of the novel, because it didn't propel the story, yet I feel it's important and interesting enough to share. Hence this guide.

I'll have little to say about the machinations of the counterintelligence world. I'm not the guy to write that book. But neither is a counterintelligence agent the best choice to write this one. Spies are so rare, or more accurately so rarely caught, most spooks never really get to know one. At best they follow paper and money trails, they accrue evidence, they build cases. But they don't generally get invited to the spy's home. They don't play chess with him, buy him beers, grill with him in his backyard.

So they can only describe certain parts of his anatomy. I'm going to focus on the other parts, the human elements that don't always fit into a case file or find their way into a biography. The stuff that comprises *character*, which is what drives every story.

I'll discuss spies in general and use Clyde Conrad as a case study. Thus the two themes of this essay—the anatomy of a hypothetical spy and the anatomy of a particular spy—will serve each other.

First we'll assemble an off-the-shelf spy. Then we'll try to prevent him from spying, we'll consider steps the government can take to make it all but impossible for him to complete his mission. This will give you, the writer, plenty of obstacles for your protagonist or antagonist to overcome. Finally we'll show you how to get away with spying.

We'll have you back to your keyboard in no time.

Aerial view of Rose Barracks, former home of 8ID Headquarters. The arrow points to the headquarters building. Courtesy FBI.

He's Not James Bond

Your boy doesn't have expensive gadgets at his disposal. At best a camera. Nor is he getting laid with any impressive frequency. If he were, he probably wouldn't be seeking to bolster his self-esteem by becoming a spy. Most significantly, your boy isn't a citizen who infiltrates enemy territory. He's a traitor who works for the enemy.

If you want him to wear dark clothes and camouflage face paint, to break into government offices at night with a flashlight clenched in his teeth, this book might not be of much use to you. Mind you, such books are written, and when done right, can be fabulous. Ken Follett's *Eye of the Needle*, for example: the spy was a native German who had planted himself as a "sleeper" in rural England prior to World War II. He mastered English, minded his own business, and waited for the war to start.

In my own novel, a native Russian woman marries a West Point graduate and "sleeps" in his shadow until she's activated to perform a task. Fun stuff. You can create any scenario you like. Make a high level bureaucrat a foreign-grown plant. Hell, make the president of the United States a plant. If done right, it could be a great story.

But it wouldn't be realistic. Fact is, it's too difficult to train someone to infiltrate bastions of security, to teach him a foreign language well enough to pass as native, to create a document trail that will stand up to rigorous background checks. During the American Civil War spies could infiltrate north and south, because the combatants were all but indistinguishable. Today it's far easier and more efficient to buy a spy than train one.

Thus the modern spy is necessarily a traitor to his country. Conveniently for foreign spooks, the United States Army has unwittingly concocted a recipe:

Take one army private. Pay him less than minimum wage. House him in crowded barracks and exact ridiculously demanding standards of his housekeeping. Work him twelve hours a day, including weekends. Order him to clean latrines, scrub pots, and peel potatoes. Punish him for every minor infraction, and perceive everything he does as an infraction of something. *Then give him a security clearance.*

Poverty

If the CIA were to write a manual on how to recruit a spy (and they no doubt have), it could be reduced to one sentence: *Identify a foreign national with access to classified material, preferably someone in spiraling debt, and offer him a great big pile of money.*

And it works, if you can identify a foreign national with access to classified material, someone in spiraling debt, and if you have a great big pile of money to offer him. Most turncoats don't do it for the money, however. Granted, they take the money, and in fact they insist on the money. But there's a deeper motivation. Stuart Herrington, in his book *Traitors Among Us,* quoted KGB doctrine: "Ego is second only to money as a motivator." In Michael J. Sulick's book, *American Spies*, the author likewise argues that money is the chief motivator, followed by ego, revenge, romance, simple thrills, ideological sympathy, and dual loyalties.

You could design an entertaining spy using any one of these. But if your boy is doing it solely, or mostly, for the money, his character anatomy—his psychological makeup—isn't going to be terribly interesting.

One of the lessons I've learned as a manager and supervisor is that money is not the most effective motivator. Give someone a raise or bonus, and her work may improve for a day, maybe a week. After that, she's the same employee she was before, no better, no worse. The good ones will remain good, the bad ones won't get any better. Employees want raises and bonuses, and they believe (and implicitly promise) their dedication and productivity will improve if they get them. But in fact they respond much better to a pat on the back, especially when it happens in full view of their colleagues.

I sold jewelry for several stores, each of which offered commissions. Jewelry retail managers and executives think commissions motivate salespeople. They don't, not really, not in my experience. Most salespeople, if they're motivated at all, are motivated by the rankings posted inside the office door, or the one that comes down from the regional office. My colleagues and I worked hard to climb those lists; we didn't dwell on the 1% or 2% we'd get by selling a larger engagement ring, or by talking a customer out of returning one ("Maybe she'll change her mind!"). Salespeople—and I believe all employees—are motivated more by recognition than money.

Clyde Conrad wanted to be a spy. He read spy novels. He was fascinated with crimes like black marketing, corruption, and money laundering. He thought most of his fellow NCOs and even some of the commissioned officers were up to no good of one kind or another. In his world spies were heroes.

Spooks seeking to recruit spies would do well to play up to intrigue as much as possible. What they're offering is one of the most exotic of professions, the "world's second oldest profession," an opportunity to play a role glorified by books and movies. "I'm a spy," your boy will say to his reflection in the mirror. After getting used to the idea, he'll smile when he says it. Before long the reflection will smile back.

Not that he would kick the money out of bed for eating celery. Rumors of Clyde's gold were valid; I saw at least some of it, a collection of coins that blanketed his work desk and represented, he claimed, a fraction of the whole. Like other colleagues who later testified before the grand jury, I concluded he was smuggling. He spoke of an extracurricular "business" and how it required slinking back and forth across international borders.

Your boy needs to be poor, otherwise the money he's paid constitutes a piece of the puzzle that doesn't fit anywhere—plot sequences without purpose or conflict. Fine, he's losing at the track. Whatever. But if you make this his only incentive for spying your story will be flat and lifeless.

Shame

I once stopped by an office of The Defense Mapping Agency to pick up an application. Incredibly, the receptionist—the *receptionist*—asked me if I'd ever had sex with animals. Dumbfounded, I answered that my first girlfriend had been something of a dog, otherwise no. The receptionist was not amused. She said, "If you've ever done it with animals, you can't get a

security clearance, and you need a security clearance to work for The Defense Mapping Agency."

I knew I needed a security clearance to work for The Defense Mapping Agency. What I didn't know was that I needed to convince the receptionist I'd never fucked a rhesus monkey before she'd give me an application.

But of course there was method to The Defense Mapping Agency's imbecility. In olden times your boy could have been blackmailed if he engaged in deviant behavior, or if he was gay. Knowing the U.S. government, anti-gay and anti-monkey-spanking rules are probably still on the books, at least so far as security clearances are concerned. But as you'll see later, there are more effective ways to prevent espionage than worry about what species of primate your boy is rump-humping during off-duty hours.

Clyde created a screen of sorts, one that was convincing to all who knew him. On the surface he was a dedicated NCO who had no tolerance for illegal behavior. During my tenure one of the plans clerks was caught with a joint in his barracks room. Clyde changed all the safe combinations, thus effectively ending the young man's employment, and the sergeant major had to transfer him to another position.

Why would a notorious spy, one who is putting hundreds of thousands of his fellow military members and allies at mortal risk, care if an expendable punk smokes some reefer? I'll leave that as a homework assignment.

Give your boy a deviant characteristic; maybe he plays creatively with unpeeled bananas and petroleum-based lubricants. Come to think of it, that might be of interest to the rhesus monkey. But only do it for color. The idea that your boy will turn coat when foreign spooks seat him under a swinging light bulb and present evidence of his monkey business is a stretch in today's liberal world.

Disgruntlement

Clyde was bored. In the spy novels he read, the protagonists were living dangerously, growing rich, and getting laid. He thought others in the division were living a life of intrigue, and if he wasn't also, he was missing out.

Sergeant So-and-So bought a new house. *Where did he get the money?* The company commander's wife was always shopping. Major Who's-It retired and opened a Persian rug concession. *He must have had connections.* There was a master sergeant in G5 who "brokered" used cars, gas rations, and—allegedly—vehicle registrations. When my wife and I bought a Fiat from a local dealership, he admonished me: "Why didn't you come to me first?" Clyde glowed with admiration for the man.

Turns out, people who believe others are essentially bad are more likely themselves to be essentially bad. At least that's the theory of some pre-employment tests designed to prune risky hires from the applicant pool. My experience is with the Reid Report, but they're all the same. A typical question is, "Do you think most cops are on the take?" Of course the overwhelming majority of law enforcement professionals are men and women of impeccable integrity. Someone who thinks most cops are on the take is—if he or she becomes a cop—

more likely to be on the take than someone who thinks otherwise. Thus such people can be identified and turned away early in the hiring process.

One kind of disgruntlement to consider when building a character is The Sins of the Fathers. FBI agent Robert Hanssen spent 22 years spying for Russia. He's presently serving a life sentence. One wonders how much his psychological damage is to blame: his father abused him as an infant, going so far as to spin him around the room until he puked. Later the elder Hanssen paid a driver's license examiner to flunk his teenage son and deny him a license. Just to watch him suffer.

Clyde wasn't psychologically damaged, nevertheless he was a crude kind of Diogenes, one who dispensed with the lantern. He believed everyone was corrupt at heart. Questions of morality are easy, even moot, in a dog-eat-dog world.

He wasn't disgruntled professionally either, except for his disdain for officers. But it would help if your boy were. One common cause of professional disgruntlement, especially in the military, is being passed over for promotion. Zoltan Szabo, a U.S. Army officer who spied for the Hungarians, was subjected to a Reduction in Force (RIFed) from captain to staff sergeant following his service in Vietnam. He subsequently launched a spy network that functioned for decades.

He's the guy who recruited Clyde.

Ideology

The thing with ideology is, if a spook approaching your boy detects it, i.e., your boy inexplicably believes in the enemy's cause, comes across as eager, and is already a traitor at heart—it's almost a sure sign he's being controlled and the spook will end up with a double agent on his hands. No thinking westerner during the Cold War wanted Russia to invade Europe and spread communism. Any American espousing such ideology was either a dipshit or was being coached.

During the Red Decade, the 1930s, sympathies ran high for socialism and "the Russian experiment." Not much since. Clyde certainly didn't root for the bad guys, he merely sold them documents. And he didn't think he was doing any harm. According to Danny Williams, author of *Damian and Mongoose*, he referred to spies as "workers."

To Clyde, espionage was merely a game. A serious one, of course—prison was at stake, and possibly capital punishment—but nevertheless a game. Because not only did classified documents often become obsolete within a year or so after their publication, sometimes sooner—assuming they were reliable to begin with—the other side already had them all, having bought them from other sources. The game served the players; it was in the best interests of the spooks to fear the other spooks. At worst all Clyde did, in his view, was update the Kremlin's files. If he hadn't sold them the stuff, someone else would have.

The first job he gave me, almost the moment I set foot in the plans vault, was to type a terrain walk. Terrain walks were unclassified, so they were something I could work on while waiting for my security clearance.

Whenever a new commander, say a brigade commander, was assigned to the division, he needed to see the terrain his unit would occupy during the exercise of the General Defense

Plan (GDP). We took him there by jeep or helicopter and stomped around for a few hours pointing importantly. It didn't take a genius to figure out that if Colonel X took command of Brigade Y—changes of command were published in *The Stars & Stripes*—and went out to examine Terrain Z, then most likely Terrain Z was where Brigade Y, commanded by Colonel X, would be positioned, if the GDP were implemented. By collecting such information, Clyde argued, enemy spies could make—and he was sure already had made—an accurate facsimile of the GDP.

At one time soldiers of the division began noticing that a certain ice cream truck always seemed to be nearby when they were on a training exercise. Thus a warning about it appeared in Annex B of the GDP, the intelligence annex. Soon afterwards the truck disappeared—no doubt because Clyde sold the updated document to his Hungarian contacts in Sweden. And no doubt the spooks who worked the ice cream truck replaced it with something else.

It didn't matter, as far as Clyde was concerned. We were 20,000 soldiers. We went camping in the German woods. We wore shoulder patches identifying our units. Germans love to go hiking and bird watching. Bird watching is difficult without binoculars. Therefore it was easy to plant agents among us. Even the most inept agent could see at a glance who and how many we were, the equipment we'd brought with us, and what we were up to. Clyde had a point.

The GDP was constantly being revised, which meant that any version Ivan acquired would soon be out of date. It was rewritten by each commanding general in turn, because each one needed to include on his resume that he had done so. What else is a division commander to do, during his two-year tenure, but tweak the General Defense Plan?

Clyde was the resident expert on classified documents. Staff members from other sections approached him to learn how to prepare the documents, how to stamp them, when to declassify them, whether to shred them. In this respect he was strict and professional. He conducted mini-training workshops for his clerks. I spent most of my time in the plans vault preparing or destroying documents.

He revealed what he believed to be the truth about military secrets, which included the tenets that spying was a game, that counterespionage was futile, and that secrets were the real cause of wars. "It is safer for all involved to divulge them. If we had no secrets we would have nothing to fight about, nothing to kill one another for. People who divulge military secrets are the true peacekeepers of the world." According to author Michael J. Sulick, convicted spy John Walker argued that his spying benefited the U.S.—by assuring Russia we had no plan to invade them. Convicted spy James Michael Hall argued he was protecting his country by making Soviet Intelligence spend their limited funds on relatively harmless information.

Most spies justify their espionage with twisted rationalization. Your boy will come up with something based on the setting or plot of your novel.

The Berlin Wall came down in 1989, effectively ending the Cold War, a scant year after Clyde's arrest. He argued through his lawyers that he was being tried for endangering something that no longer existed. All those years of surveillance and counterespionage were turned to dust by a handful of Berliners wielding sledgehammers. In 1992, two years after Clyde's conviction, the 8th Infantry Division cased its colors and shredded its General Defense Plan. To Clyde it must have felt like he was serving time for murder when in fact all he was guilty of was stabbing an already dead body.

I knew Clyde personally and can attest that his legal arguments didn't constitute mere rationalization. He believed in them. Unfortunately for him, arguing you're innocent of conspiracy to commit espionage because the cause you betrayed no longer exists is like arguing it's okay to plot someone's death because he's going to die anyway. Clyde died of a heart attack at age 50, having served ten years of a life sentence, most of them in post-Cold War Germany. In the end he was an anachronism, an oddity, a conversation piece. Obsolete.

On every army post in the world the national anthem plays at the end of the business day, typically 1700 hours. Every soldier in uniform who is outside and within hearing range must face the main flagpole, as the flag is lowered, and salute until the song is over. If you're in a vehicle, you stop the vehicle and wait. If you're indoors you don't have to do anything.

When Clyde was indoors he stopped work, went to the window, and watched the flag come down. I followed his example, as did others. Sometimes Clyde's eyes were wet when he turned away from the window.

Don't give your boy the enemy's ideology. Make him a patriot. It's more realistic, and it provides an opportunity for greater internal conflict.

*

That's our off-the-shelf spy. A middle-aged male. Not very successful. No accomplishments to brag about. Either poor, or in debt, or just greedy. Patriotic, believe it or not. Innocent, in his own mind. Bored. With *access*.

I've just described ten thousand men, in government, the military, and industry. Designing a spy for your story should be cake.

Rose Barracks, flagpole and original Wehrmacht parade ground. 8ID Headquarters is the large building at upper left. U.S. Army stock photograph.

Easier Than Shoplifting

It's easier to steal a top secret document from the U.S. government, one that (say) describes the location of nuclear arsenal bunkers, than it is to snatch a pack of Wrigley's chewing gum from Walgreens.

There are three parts of any espionage event: 1) Your boy, the guy being targeted. 2) Their boy, the guy approaching your boy. 3) The transfer of information between the two.

You can't do anything about their boy. It's like the gangly kid who stands under your daughter's bedroom window, serenading her with his adolescent voice. You can throw fruit at him, but you can't prevent him from returning tomorrow night. The most control you have is over your boy, the guy who's going to look in the mirror one morning and see a spy looking back.

The first thing your boy must have is access to the vault.

Security in the U.S. military and in government agencies like the CIA and the NSA is predicated on integrity. Which is ridiculous. A system built on trust is no system. Imagine a bank leaving its vault open all night on such principles. The only reason *you* wouldn't benefit is because you wouldn't be able to fight your way through the mob to reach the vault. Not everyone at division or corps headquarters needs access to the document vault. Few need it: the few who maintain the vault. So it's just a matter of vetting a handful of people. How hard can that be?

According to *Newsweek* Clyde hadn't (ever?) been polygraphed. I guess the Army was taking its cue from Walgreens. Despite the fallibility of the test (see below) it should be administered annually to everyone with significant access. Questions about personal finances and job satisfaction should be on the list. Reid Reports should be administered too, before giving anyone a clearance; they're quick, easy, and cheap. 90% or more of all spies and wannabes would be out of business if the government instituted these simple practices.

Care to make it 100%? Do the background checks. Yes, it's a hassle, and an expensive one. But the alternative is allowing terrorists to hijack a uranium shipment because you can't be bothered to interview your boy's previous employer, who would have told you the reason he was fired was because he spent his work time learning Arabic and reading *The Anarchist Cookbook*.

The counterintelligence community was reluctant to pose questions to Clyde and his colleagues when he was under investigation, for fear of tipping him off. The solution to that problem is to pose questions regularly and routinely. If doing so stops spies or slows them down, rather than catches them in the act, so much the better. Isn't the goal to prevent espionage to begin with?

Apparently not. Colonel Herrington went to extraordinary lengths to catch Clyde. He even arranged for Danny Williams to supply Clyde with classified documents, to earn his trust. He instigated spying to catch a spy. Note that we call counterintelligence agents "spy catchers" because it's sexier than "spy preventers." How many millions of dollars did it cost to trap

Clyde, when all they had to do was plant him in a chair, hook up a wire or two, and follow the wiggly lines?

That's the problem inherent in the system. Espionage prevention is no fun. There's no intrigue, no "get," in psychological profiling, in monitoring safes and copy machines. No glory for long hours of hard work. The government needs to take a cue from the retail sector and practice what it calls "loss prevention."

Want more ways to prevent espionage? Don't give significant access to junior enlisted military members. In fact, don't give them security clearances at all. Granted, there are many fine young men and women in the lot, but the problem is, they're young and untested. An E2 with a few months of military service behind him and a cursory background check (mainly just to discover whether he has a criminal record) has no business handling the unit's General Defense Plan or knowing the safe combinations. Yet what I've just described was Clyde's *typical* assistant document custodian.

Remove access from anyone who has been RIFed or passed over for promotion. Yes, it's kicking a man when he's down. But stunted upward mobility is the chief cause of disgruntlement in any industry, especially the military. The U.S. Army has 18 ranks, 23 if you count warrant officers. When you're near the bottom, you need a strong self-esteem to avoid feeling small. Nobody knows better than an army private which direction shit falls. By contrast, the Catholic Church, with more than a billion members, has four fundamental ranks: priest, bishop, cardinal, and pope.

Most of the rationale for flattening army rank structure is beyond the scope of this essay. At least do away with the distinction between commissioned and noncommissioned officers, between the elite and the lowly, the door and the mat.

Next, he needs time alone in the vault.

Nobody, but nobody, should be allowed in the vault alone. If two people are staffing it and one has to leave, the other has to leave too.

Our vault door had a small window. This was necessary so anyone inside could see who was ringing, before pressing a button and electronically unlocking the door. The problem for Clyde was, if you could see out the window, you could see in as well.

He solved this by arranging the safes—there were eight or so—and filing cabinets in an L-shape so they blocked the view into the rear half of the office. His argument was that it was insecure to turn a dial to a secret combination in full view of a window. Which was true, but the arrangement also created a barrier to the workspace on the other side of the safes, and anyone photographing documents in a sitting position would enjoy complete privacy. Sometimes when I buzzed the door Clyde would come out from behind the safes, gesture that I should wait a moment, then go back behind the safes to finish whatever he was doing before returning and opening the door.

As well as nobody being allowed alone in the vault, the vault must be free of private or secluded spaces. Replace the door window with a video monitor. Take a clue from Walgreens.

He'll need a way to reproduce the documents.

Assuming the first two conditions favor your boy, which is likely, he'll still need to snatch the stuff. No xerox machine should be in the vault; even in Clyde's day the army wasn't stupid enough to install one. However, there was one in the office immediately across the hall. There shouldn't be one on the floor. A third party, the constituents of which must be subject to the same vetting as the document custodians, should do all classified copying.

I thought nothing of it at the time, but sometimes when Clyde would go final on a classified document he would ask me to print out one more clean copy. I was the sole operator of the CPT, the only secure word processor in the section. Anticipating my response, Clyde would explain that the original document would be routed through the building, and therefore he needed a spare copy for desk reference. It sounded reasonable. After all, Clyde was the document custodian, and he knew what to do with the extra copy—stamp and log it. Now I know the documents I printed for him were delivered to Hungarian agents living in Sweden.

Copying takes too long. The chances someone will happen by and see what your boy is doing are unacceptably high. Even if the copier is miniature and easily concealed, if your boy is caught with it he's got some explaining to do. Which is why Clyde and his accomplices resorted to photography. With a little training your boy can shoot pages as fast as he can turn them. It's even easier with a video camera.

Clyde collected cameras and camera equipment. Yet I never saw him take a picture. In retrospect it seems funny; he wasn't the photographer type. What was even funnier was that he took his cameras and equipment with him to field training exercises, explaining that he might want to shoot some nature scenes while deployed. Of course he never did.

A routine background check would have ferreted this out: "Does he own photographic paraphernalia that exceeds the norm? Does he genuinely use it to support a hobby?"

Cameras shouldn't be allowed in the vault, which means personal telephones and similar devices shouldn't either. Nor any storage devices at all, including USB sticks. Be as diligent about this as TSA agents are about what can be taken on board an airplane.

Video monitors should be installed on the ceilings of the vault, and anywhere classified documents are xeroxed, aimed strategically to cover all spaces. The cameras must be dummies, because otherwise they'd record exposed documents and dials being turned to their combinations. But your boy needn't know that.

In westerns the cowboys don't tie their horses to the hitching post, they merely drape the reins over the cross board. The horse is unaware he can just walk away. The fake surveillance cameras serve the same purpose. Even if the wannabe spy *knows* they're fake, they'll intimidate him, because he'll never be 100% sure. Nothing freaks out a burglar more than a lens and a glowing red light.

Removing documents from the vault to shred and burn them, typically in an outdoor incinerator, creates an excellent opportunity to steal them. Again, a third party should do this, perhaps the same party responsible for xeroxing them. Shredding and burning must only be allowed to take place in the presence of at least two people. It's easy duty. You sit and watch shit go up in flames.

He must exit the building with his loot.

Of course, *your* boy will figure out how to switch the documents before burning them, or how to bypass other security protocols, but I leave that to you. It's the job of the security personnel to thwart him.

Search him. Every time he enters and exits the vault. It sounds drastic, but hiding documents on his person is the most common way your boy steals them.

According to Colonel Stuart, spy James Hall III, a signals intelligence analyst, made so many copies that his department posted a guard at the copier—not for security reasons, rather to keep reproduction costs down! Hall responded by removing documents from the building and photographing them in a safe place. If you can afford to monitor a copy machine to save five cents a whirl, you can afford to monitor a copy machine to make sure it isn't used illegally. The Hall case made counterintelligence professionals look like the Keystone Cops.

Your boy must be physically searched if he's entering or exiting a secure environment. His briefcase must be opened. Documents must be examined to determine whether they appear sensitive. No electronic devices must be allowed to come or go. Of all the advice I've offered, this one alone would result in the end of espionage as we know it.

His lifestyle must be mundane.

The way counterintelligence agents eventually nailed Clyde, when he was under suspicion, was by nonchalantly driving past his house and noting the license plates of cars parked in his driveway. It was that simple. After exercising patience during a long string of tedious days, they finally spotted a car with unfamiliar plates. They tracked the plates to a rental firm. The renter turned out to be a Hungarian born medical doctor living in Sweden. Knowing in advance, from a "mole" in Moscow, the document leaks were via Hungary, the spooks were now convinced they had their man.

Tip: your boy shouldn't have his document courier over for sauerbraten and cabbage.

He also needs to limit his travels to the ordinary. Clyde traveled often to Vienna and spoke fondly of the city. In fact my first visit was at his urging; he authorized a four-day pass. He told me to stop by the Hotel Sacher, home of the famous Sachertorte. Turned out, that's where some of the meetings took place during which classified documents were exchanged. Other meetings took place at the Gösser Bierklinik on Steindlgasse, and no doubt elsewhere.

Other ring members traveled to Vienna. Travel itineraries are among the easiest pieces of information for investigators to acquire. Tip: don't organize your boy's switches like business conferences.

Spies who earn significant money for their spying inevitably live beyond their means. They buy cars they can't otherwise afford. They redecorate too lavishly. They pick up the check. They believe themselves to be invisible, or else are unaware of their upwardly creeping lifestyles.

Tip: have your boy bury his loot in the yard. Don't let him touch it until after he retires. Once he starts to dip, he shows up on the radar.

The counterintelligence community has enough experience, now, that its eyebrows should rise when your boy collects gadgets, legal though they may be. Clyde decided one day to become a ham radio buff. The alarm bells should have gone off. He experimented with citizen's band radio until he figured out it wasn't secure enough for his purposes. The first time I visited his house he gave me one: "Here, I don't need this anymore." I didn't need it either, so I gave it to my father-in-law. I don't know who he gave it to, but somewhere, someone is giving Li'l Beaver a big Ten-Four using a device once deemed unfit for international espionage.

Although Clyde was confident he was untouchable, he didn't have the big picture. As documents began appearing in Moscow an alarmed mole flagged them. It was just a matter of tracing the possible sources of each document. And only one source—Clyde's vault—could have supplied them all.

Tip: your boy shouldn't flood the market with contraband.

He'll be under surveillance, but you'll need to employ some fiction writing skills to make it effective surveillance. Because of my association with Clyde, I've been watched and tailed, and frankly, the FBI needs to improve its training.

Tip to FBI agents: don't park outside the home or office of the person you're tailing. If you do, don't wear a blue suit and sunglasses. If you do, and your mark stands in front of your car and stares through the windshield at you and your government-issue haircut, shrug or something, and ask him what he wants. Don't pretend you don't see him. He's standing right in front of you. It reminds me of when my daughter played hide-and-seek for the first time. She backed up against a wall and covered her eyes with her hands, thinking that if she couldn't see herself, no one else could either. FBI agents can surely do better.

If you're pretending to be talking on the phone while tailing someone, talk. Don't just watch your mark for minutes on end without opening your mouth, unless you want to be immortalized someday in one of my books.

If you intend to break into your mark's hotel room to bug his phone, make sure he's left the hotel and is at least a couple of blocks away. Not merely in the elevator, on his way down. He might have forgotten something and return to his room. Also, don't take a panic-prone hotel employee into the room with you. I'll leave the reason for that as a homework assignment.

In general, act as though you're *visible*, because you are. And as though the person you're tailing is on the lookout for a tail.

Friends were calling Clyde, telling him, "They're asking questions about you." "Who is they?" Clyde wondered. The Keystone Cops, that's who. Surveillance is a lost art, but no one has to be happy about it. In Danny Williams's book he described embarrassingly bad surveillance, blundering agents practicing the most unsophisticated of techniques, almost like children playing Blind Man's Bluff.

*

Regardless of his status as a traitor to the Army and to the United States, Clyde was diligent in his work and he loved his country. No one in the building was as careful as he when it came to classified material, so much so that at the time I would have refused to believe he was stealing documents.

One could argue that in the quarter century since his conviction and sentencing surely some progress has been made to secure America's secrets. But security is still predicated on integrity, and therefore turncoats continue to pop up: Ana Belen Montes, arrested in 2001; Ryan Anderson, arrested in 2004; Paul Raphael Hall, arrested in 2007; Kendall and Gwendolyn Myers, arrested in 2009. It's anyone's guess how many more were never caught.

Espionage may be easier now, in the digital era, than ever before. Bradley Manning, arrested in 2010, and Edward Snowden, charged in 2013, are known to us only because they chose to share what they did.

I used to scoff at the idea of a spy behind every bush, until I had a brush with a spy ring, one that thrived for two decades. There's not one behind every bush, but I think it's fair to suspect there's one in every organization, at all levels of military, government, and sensitive industry. Most spies are never caught. The second oldest profession is doing almost as well as the first.

8ID Headquarters building (abandoned), front entrance, as it appears today. Photo by the author.

Don't Call Us, We'll Call You

Whether your boy is Dudley Do-Right or a damaged antihero, he'll need a foil, the foreign agent who is trying to pull him over to the dark side. Don't discard the possibility the agent is the protagonist; you'd be venturing into seldom-tested waters, which is usually a good place for a novelist to go.

Such foil agents are known as "recruiting agents." They're a special breed. As though it isn't exotic enough that your boy throws his comrades under the bus for a few bucks, here we have your *other boy*, whose métier is to coax your boy into throwing his comrades under the bus for a few bucks. You don't find jobs like that in the want ads.

In real life your other boy leads a team. However, simplicity is a virtue, in both real life and fiction: give all the responsibilities to as few characters as possible. Responsibilities include setting up secure communications, both with your boy and with the controller back home, creating dead drops, transporting documents, and so on. Regardless how many other tasks your recruiting agent must perform, and how important they are, his primary task is selling.

Yes, selling. We'll get to that in a minute. First, he must identify ("spot") and vet your boy as a candidate for approach: a middle-aged male. Not very successful. No accomplishments to brag about. Either poor, or in debt, or just greedy. Patriotic, believe it or not. Innocent, in his own mind. Bored. With *access*. The off-the-shelf spy we assembled above. Your boy.

Next he must decide whether to approach your boy cold, or to "develop" him. The former—arranging a meeting and offering money for documents, without perfuming the pig—lends itself poorly to fiction. As does a walk-in, a schmuck who volunteers his services as a spy (and who is almost always turned away), unless what he offers—or demands—is especially intriguing.

Development is best explained with an example. I'll use my own, from *The Feasts of Lesser Men*, because I designed the approach to be classical:

1. Burkhard Krupa, the recruiting agent, arranges for an "accidental" meeting with Jimmy Fisher, whom he has vetted and believes is a good candidate for approach.

2. Later Krupa again arranges a chance encounter with Fisher, and invites him to a private party, promising "interesting company." Of course Fisher, being a definitive opportunist, accepts the offer. The lure of sex—using a "honeypot"—is as old a tradition as espionage itself. A female honeypot is known as a "swallow," a male as a "raven." Honeypots are especially effective if your boy is a marine embassy guard, secret service agent, etc.—someone likely to lose his job if he's caught dipping into a honeypot—or is very happily married.

3. Krupa asks Fisher for harmless items: a telephone book and a corporate ladder, explaining he is merely a watch salesman seeking contacts.

4. Once Fisher delivers the telephone book and corporate ladder, Krupa asks for something more sensitive yet nevertheless still unclassified: a terrain walk. And he offers to pay for it. Since it is now evident Krupa is up to no good, Fisher balks. Krupa responds by threatening to expose Fisher's best friend as a homosexual (homosexuality was illegal in the Army when the story took place). Fisher is more concerned about his friend's well-being than

his own, thus the threat serves well in this, the carrot-and-stick phase of the approach. The carrot, of course, is the money.

5. Fisher delivers the terrain walk for cash, and in doing so crosses a line that is difficult to recross; he's now technically a spy. Krupa offers a much greater sum for a much more important document: the division's General Defense Plan.

6. By this time Fisher is conditioned. Whatever scruples he previously had are gone. Yet the law of diminishing returns, coupled with the ever-increasing risk of getting caught, convince Fisher the game must end. Krupa, to acquire one last document—the one he's ultimately after—fattens the carrot by offering Fisher a huge sum of money and lengthens the stick by threatening him with death.

7. There's only one way out for Fisher. But I'll leave that as a homework assignment.

The best recruiting agent is one who practices the three rules of effective selling:

Establish rapport. Your boy is more apt to buy a used car from someone he knows and trusts. He's more apt to pass documents to someone sympathetic to his own unique troubles.

Create interest. Your boy is more apt to buy a used car if it's a classic, if it has features—removable fender, vertical grille, etc.—that aren't available on other cars. He's more apt to betray his country if enticed with the kind of pay and intrigue he can't get from an ordinary job.

Overcome objections. Your boy is more apt to buy a used car if convinced its fresh coat of paint isn't hiding any rust. He's more apt to turn coat if convinced he isn't doing any harm to his country, rather is contributing to détente.

Your recruiting agent is a practical psychologist, a master at evaluating character. A man with all the answers. A good ol' boy who naturally puts people at ease. In other words, a salesman.

8ID plans office window (second floor, grilled), as it appears today. Photo by the author.

And He Went His Crooked Way

Clyde's Wikipedia article states he is "one of only five spies to have been considered to have made 'big money' ($1 million or more for spying)." I think this is naive. I don't know how much Clyde made—probably a lot more than $1 million—but it's absurd to think that only five men belong to this club, just because only five such men have been caught.

Your boy isn't going to be caught. Because there's really only one way to catch him, and that's to administer a polygraph. If he fails, he's caught. If he refuses to take one, he's caught. He needs to agree to the polygraph *and pass*.

To tell you the truth, your spy doesn't have to photograph, film, or copy *anything*. Foreign governments want copies because they're easier to verify as genuine. But many documents consist almost entirely of unclassified information, and the classified stuff they do contain—a grid coordinate, say—can be memorized. Even if there's lots of data to get out of the building, it can be memorized piecemeal. The information will be suspect, of course, but often it can be verified by comparing it to other sources. (Creating those sources adds complexity to your story.) Besides, there's nothing preventing your boy, if he's under control, from altering printed data, too.

A spy working in a vault for a three-year tour of duty, which can normally be extended to five years, has plenty of time to pass everything of interest, via notes written after work, without ever removing a scrap of paper from the building. If he's careful, there's no way to catch him.

Except by administering polygraphs regularly. And those are easier to beat than most people think.

First, don't try this at home, except for fun or research. I'm writing solely for authors who want to know enough about the subject to put a character through the paces. Also, my experience comes from being in the chair, not from administering the test. Most if not all polygraph technicians believe their tests are reliable, even infallible. Most if not all polygraph technicians want to keep their jobs.

Your boy wants to keep spying. They won't let him if he refuses to take the test. Remember Scott Peterson, the guy who dumped his pregnant wife into San Francisco Bay? When he refused the test, the whole country knew he was guilty, and investigators intensified their scrutiny. Your boy is not only willing to sit in the chair, he volunteers to do so. He convinces anyone who might suspect him—his boss, counterintelligence, your readers—that he's got nothing to hide.

Yet he's just sold the circuit diagrams for a new fighter jet to Ivan, by switching suitcases in front of the ancient Egypt exhibit at the local natural history museum. "Hook me up," your boy says. "I'll prove I've never laid eyes on those mummies." That's your first plot point.

The Mechanism

Your boy will be seated in a chair and the technician will strap a blood pressure/pulse monitor to his upper arm, rubber tubes across his chest and abdomen, and electrodes to

the tips of his index and ring fingers. The tubes (pneumographs) will measure his breathing. The electrodes (electrodermal plates) will measure his sweat production; the more sweat, the less resistance to a mild electrical current being applied.

There are various approaches to questioning, but you should keep things simple in your story. In general the technician will ask control questions (What is your address?) and relevant questions (Where were you at 2:00 p.m. on January 23rd?). The control questions allow the technician to establish a baseline, to which results of the relevant questions can be compared.

The Theory

When we lie we experience guilt and fear, which manifest themselves physiologically. Our blood pressure and pulse rise, our breathing increases in frequency and decreases in volume, and we sweat. We also twitch, sigh, grab the arms of the chair, and exhibit other signs of discomfort.

The first time I sat for a test, the technician showed me afterwards that my breathing rate had altered dramatically as I responded to one of the questions; in fact I had caught my breath for a second before answering. I told him my answer was nevertheless truthful. He administered the test again, and quite involuntarily I caught my breath again. He judged me to be lying.

It was my first lesson in lie detection theory. Because I happened to be telling the truth.

The Reality

Lies can in fact be detected by monitoring physiological reactions. A common symptom is not being able to look someone in the eye. Another is sudden involuntary movement; when interrogation tapes are rerun in slow motion, perps are often seen to twitch or make odd facial expressions that happen so fast they go unnoticed at regular speed.

However, we exhibit the same behavior when frightened, angry, jealous, etc. Just because I catch my breath doesn't mean I'm lying. It just means something about the question, or my answer to it, bothers me. It may also mean something unrelated to the issue at hand occurs to me—a disturbing thought triggered by the question—and I react involuntarily to it. It's easy to play word association games when someone is interrogating you. In my case, I objected to the question. I thought it was none of the technician's business.

A polygraph cannot determine whether your boy is lying; it cannot read minds. It can only register physiological reactions during questioning. Reactions can result from many phenomena other than deceit.

That's what your boy uses to beat the test.

The Hoax

Of course the polygraph technician knows everything I've just said. And any of them who read what follows will howl with indignation. Fuck 'em. You need to get your boy off the hook, so he can sell more classified documents.

The technician will employ tricks. He'll tell your boy the test is infallible. He'll snicker at the very thought that someone might conceivably beat it. He'll put on a good show. He'll describe a subject he tested an hour ago who thought he could beat the test and failed (when I first experienced that, I thought, how unprofessional of him to discuss another case!). He'll impress your boy with loads of gadgetry: how could all those wires not be doing their jobs? He'll ask your boy to tell an actual lie ("my parents were rhesus monkeys") to verify that yes, indeed (so he says), the equipment is working properly. He'll accuse your boy of something he didn't do, to gauge how he reacts while genuinely disputing an allegation. He'll keep your boy in the chair for three hours, to wear him down.

It's all mind tricks. It's all bullshit. The technician can only measure your boy's blood pressure, pulse, breathing, and sweat production (the latter of which seldom produces useful results). And *your* boy knows all this. He knows that what the technician is ultimately after is a confession. Unlike the test, a confession is admissible in court.

The Dodge

At the end of the test the technician will show your boy the results and point out the lies. The average person, when lying, and when confronted with physical evidence of it, will cave in. That's why polygraphs are effective, and why government agencies like the CIA employ them routinely on their own people. It goes without saying, then, that your boy must never confess to anything, no matter what evidence is presented, no matter how squiggly the lines appear on the graph. Yet he can't clam up. That's just as bad as refusing to submit in the first place.

Let's say he molested a child. (Yeah, I know, he was first accused of espionage, but let's pretend he only misplaced the documents.) If it were me in the chair, any question about child molestation would be troublesome, because I have a child. Any question about breaking and entering would be troublesome, because I was once robbed, and the experience made me feel violated. Questions about insider trading would be troublesome, because I've thought about doing it, and I feel weird about that. A little, anyway.

It takes preparation: your boy must predict every possible question that might cause a blip in the graph, and be ready to explain it. Ironically, if he's the one who committed the crime, that shouldn't be a problem. He has to be fast on his feet as well, but you can be slow, because your manuscript isn't due until next month.

What your boy really wants, of course, is for no blip to appear at all.

The Evasion

Assume he's going to have a physiological response to the question, "Are you telling the truth about misplacing the documents?" (Sorry, I know I said he molested a child, but it turned out to be a case of false identification.) *Your* boy, because he's a cold-blooded spy, will react even less than Dudley Do-Right. Still, the graph will do that zigzag thing it does, and he needs to flatten the zigs and zags.

First, he maintains a high level of anxiety *throughout*, by breathing more shallowly and rapidly than normal, by gripping and regripping the arms of the chair, by shifting his weight regularly. If he goes too far the technician will admonish him and possibly report him as uncooperative. It has to be subtle. Just enough to make him come across as high-strung.

Second, and this is the key, he must be prepared to subtly overreact during honest answers. If he catches his breath when he doesn't like something, as I do, then he should catch his breath before answering every question, honestly or dishonestly, to obscure the difference. Whatever he does when he lies, he does while telling the truth. During at least one honest answer ("Are you telling the truth about being born in a primate laboratory?") he should flinch ever so slightly. I'll leave the reason why as a homework assignment.

Your boy will be asked the same questions, over and over, not only by the polygraph technician but also by interrogators. He must answer all questions consistently. Since an elaborate lie is harder to remember than an elaborate truth, inconsistency is the best lie detector of all.

The site antipolygraph.org has downloads and links to more information. It is their position that "Anyone can beat a polygraph test." This is plainly false. It takes a cool head, and experience, and practice. Given enough of each, you might be able to pull it off. Your boy certainly can. He's been down this road before.

If you're a crime writer I recommend you make an appointment with a local polygraph service and experience all this for yourself. They're in the yellow pages. Just explain you're doing research for a story, and provide the facts of the case, including story elements you know to be false. Pretend you're the perp. And let me know how it goes.

Spy Central, the crucifix on the bridge over the Nahe, a casual gathering place for Bad Kreuznach spies before they continued to a cafe or watering hole. Photo by the author.

And Finally

I recommend Stuart Herrington's book, *Traitors Among Us*, to anyone seeking a detailed and comprehensive narrative of counterintelligence agents netting an elusive spy. But Colonel Herrington didn't know Clyde personally, thus his chapters depicting events from Clyde's perspective are woefully off the mark.

He portrays Clyde as a drunken, maudlin paranoiac, one who sat around pouting and "swilling beer." Nothing could be further from the truth. Danny Williams, who spent hundreds of hours with Clyde and pulled no punches in his own character sketch, never mentioned drunkenness. Retired FBI agent Joe Navarro, who now lectures about reading facial expressions and body language, referred to Clyde as "The Meister" when speaking to me about him. That's more like it.

I suppose he drank his share of beer, although in my presence he only drank wine. In the two years I worked for him and socialized with him I never saw him drunk.

Clyde's house was comfortable but not ostentatious. On my first visit he pointed out some works of art and a piece of furniture or two that he said were much more valuable than they appeared to be. It occurred to me at the time that he was doing well for a sergeant first class, but I didn't see anything I judged with certainty to be unaffordable. Some people put their money into cars or boats. Clyde, apparently, put his into his home.

The remarkable aspect of that first visit was the behavior of his wife, Anja. The four of us—Clyde's young son, too—sat on the back patio and drank coffee. Anja seemed to be sizing me up. She said little, but was content to drink her coffee and take long, slow drags from her cigarette while looking me over, as though I were reading for a part in a play.

Every spy, real or fictional, has his quirks, and Clyde was no exception. He fancied himself a genius, and therefore, by extension, a brilliant logician. Which had to mean he was an excellent chess player, even though he never studied the game. He was what real chess players call a wood pusher.

He also fancied himself a bluff artist. Perhaps he was, but the art was lost on me. During our first set of chess matches he played so badly it was obvious he was setting me up. I beat him several times while reading a novel, only looking at the board when it was my turn to move. Then he offered to play for ten dollars a game.

Tip: when a consistent loser opens his wallet, get him to open his sleeve as well. I beat him three times straight. By the third game he was giving it all he had. I was still reading the novel. At the end of the session he handed me thirty dollars.

During the next field exercise Clyde revealed he'd been studying chess openings, and dispensing with the customary bluff routine he set about diligently to lose $75. We played during later field exercises, but never again for money.

We spoke often about the existence of God during those nights in the woods. I never knew Clyde's true feelings on the subject (although I concluded he was an atheist), because what interested him wasn't the content of the debate, rather the debate itself. He was happy to take either side (God exists or doesn't exist) and argue vigorously. I never felt challenged during

these debates, yet I admired his patience and determination, even if he was often guilty of sophistry.

He had two plans for the defense of Germany. First, enormous trees—whatever species produces the greatest trunk diameter—should be planted closely together along the East German border to form a natural fence, to hinder the passage of tanks. What he failed to realize was, the bigger the tree, the more room it needed for its canopy. So if the trees were big enough to stop a tank there would be plenty enough space between them for a tank to pass through. Not to mention that if we have the technology to put a man on the moon we can probably knock down a big tree or two.

Clyde's second plan was an urban civil defense contingency. In the event of an invasion, everyone with a car should drive it into the city and park it—anywhere—so that it blocked the street. The rationale was, if the city were jammed up, the enemy couldn't navigate through it. Crafty, but the plan failed to address what would be done to prevent the enemy from going *around* the city, and it failed to provide for the city itself, which presumably would have to go on functioning. The plan also implicitly assumed the city's inhabitants would not be hankering to evacuate it.

Clyde had some college credits, but no degree. He was naive about what it took to earn a degree, especially a doctorate. He demonstrated this by sharing what he thought his stepdaughter ought to choose as a dissertation topic when she went for her Ph.D. Critical events in history, he believed, could be correlated to a periodic alignment of the planets. One only needed to chart these alignments, then make a cursory study of history to verify that profound events were taking place at the same time. It must be pointed out that Clyde's daughter was majoring in Spanish Language and Literature.

He had an entrepreneurial idea too, one he withheld from me, thinking I might steal it from him. Finally, after two years of working together, he spilled: drive-in theaters in Germany. They'd been successful in the States, but had never been exported to Germany (go figure). It stood to reason they would be just as warmly received by the Germans as they once had by the Americans.

I thought about Germany's long, cold winters and about all the closed and failed drive-in theaters I'd seen in the States, but I kept my mouth shut. Perhaps Clyde had been an expatriate for so long that he wasn't aware the fad, which had raged in his boyhood, was extinct in his native land.

He loved reading spy novels, which not surprisingly is a common trait among spies and wannabes. His favorite novel was *The Day of the Jackal* by Frederick Forsyth. He read it, he told me, at least twice a year. He also read Ken Follett, John Le Carré, and anyone else writing about international intrigue. But he demanded that his novels have a surprise ending. A twist in the tale was the single most important element a story must have, and he wouldn't know whether a book was any good, nor concern himself with theme, character development, etc., until he got to the end. At which time he was either delighted or he tossed the book aside.

One of Clyde's favorite discussion topics was scruples. He asked whether I would do such-and-such or such-and-such, and under what circumstances I would go so far as to do such-and-such. His questions became more specific as he tried to pin down my moral character.

Would I rob a bank if I could be assured in advance I wouldn't be caught? Would I turn in a family member who I knew had committed a crime? A friend? An acquaintance? A known

criminal? An enemy? Would I kill an ant? A rabbit? A man? Would I return a wallet I found on the sidewalk if it contained ten dollars? Ten thousand dollars? Would I interfere if I witnessed a mugging? An animal being abused? A stranger beating his wife? How much would I accept in exchange for not interfering?

Did Jesus Christ exist, and to what extent did his teachings, as purportedly documented in the Bible, constitute my ethical premises?

What did I respect most? Love most? Fear most?

He was clever at the game, and I felt like I was spread-eagle on a rotating disk, facing a circus knife thrower. The knives came ever closer until they outlined my body, my character, my soul.

In "The Silence of the Lambs," when Anthony Hopkins first appears as Hannibal Lecter, I saw Clyde. Sure, Clyde didn't bite people's faces off, but the way Lecter stood in his cell, almost at attention, knowing Clarice was approaching, knowing instinctively what she was about, even detecting the perfume she wore, was Clyde's way with people. Lecter is an exaggeration, a caricature, of Clyde. Many of the character's traits—the mystery, the paternal qualities, the psychological probing, even the voice and mannerisms—reminded me of Clyde.

He told me he had an acquaintance in Hamburg who would kill anyone for $500, and therefore I ought not ever get on his bad side. I didn't know whether to believe him. I thought perhaps he had read *The Day of the Jackal* too many times. Danny Williams quoted Clyde similarly in his book.

Apparently the blood thirst can be traced back to Vietnam. Clyde told me he and others, while on patrol, would sometimes have to corral groups of Vietnamese civilians, which of course they always suspected of being Vietcong. If anyone made a dash for freedom, they'd shoot him. So Clyde and some of his fellow soldiers would try to force someone to separate from the group—an old man, say, struggling to keep up—and treat him as though he were attempting to slip away.

They wanted to shoot someone, he said. They were trained to shoot people. They were conditioned to think of "gooks" as expendable. And they'd been placed in a dangerous environment, where their survival depended in large part on how much better they were at shooting than getting shot. The definition of a dog-eat-dog world.

I believe Clyde was content with prison life. Of course he missed the trips to Vienna, the dinners out, his family, the free life. But you can't have it both ways: you can't be a spy and be free and worldly too. I believe that subconsciously he wanted to be caught. He'd had the intrigue, the money, the exotic life; only the notoriety was lacking.

I gathered from the investigators who questioned me, and other writers who have documented the case, that it was their view Clyde made a conscious choice of targets to approach, people he vetted and judged to be approachable. But Clyde didn't approach anybody. He didn't have to. He had everybody.

For example, G2, the Intelligence section of the division headquarters, approached Clyde to take over coordination of their part of the GDP, Annex B. They came to him! The question in Clyde's mind was never whether an individual could be had, rather whether the individual was of value. The extent to which an individual took part in his "business" was not a function of vulnerability, and certainly not of morality, but only of value. This is the most difficult characteristic of the man to grasp because it demands a comprehensive understanding of him.

It also explains why I believe the sentences handed down to his subordinates were disproportionate to their crimes.

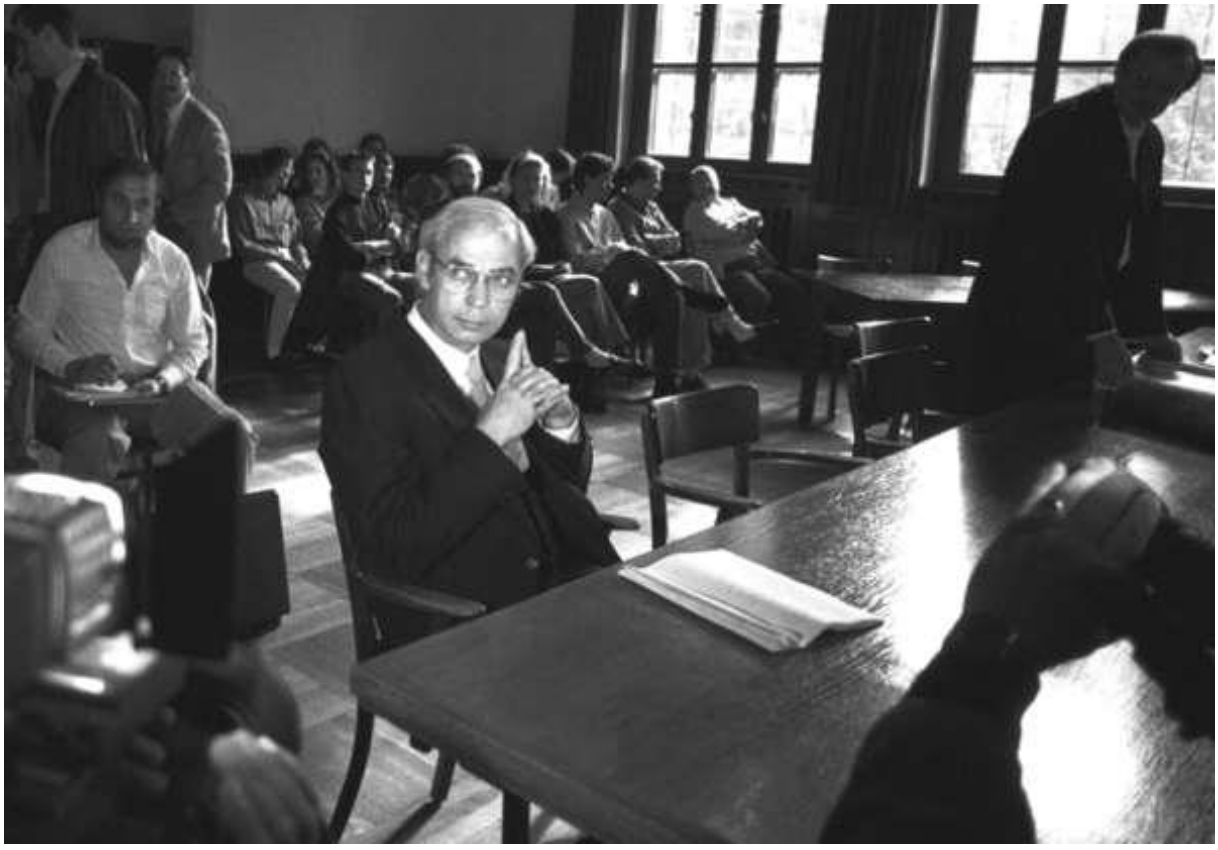
His subordinates—his victims, if I may use the word—approached him like they were approaching the edge of a cliff. They wanted to know what was at the bottom. As they got closer, and craned their necks to peek over the edge, the ground crumbled a bit and they backed off, thinking they'd spared themselves. But the cliff was an illusion. In approaching Clyde they gave him everything he wanted of them. The line they were made to cross, in as much as there was one, was the starting line of the relationship. There was nothing at the bottom of the cliff.

When arrested he refused to cooperate, and during ten years of incarceration he answered no questions, offered no information. He went to his grave loyal to his cause. This is consistent with the opinion he once shared about surrender on the battlefield: "There are only two ways a soldier leaves the field: victorious or dead."

Sergeant First Class Clyde Lee Conrad defies illustration. All I can do is list characteristics, and such a list does not constitute a portrait. If I could paint a portrait of him today, one that would provide enough insight to recognize the spy, I would have recognized the spy back then. He was complicated and multifaceted, brilliant in some respects and naive in others, gentle sometimes and other times frightful.

He had a bloated ego. He detested officers. He was amoral, apolitical. He considered himself a patriot. He was an adventure seeker, a cynic, a pragmatist, a perfectionist, a practical psychologist, and a blur.

He was a loving father, too. Give him that.



Clyde Lee Conrad in Koblenz, Germany, awaiting his verdict. Photo by Ken George. Used with permission.

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The Author at the CPT, 8ID Headquarters. Courtesy 8ID Public Affairs Office.