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Loren didn't waste any time wondering what to do with our new man Bill Todd. "I want you to get out into the provinces," he said, "and do the same thing Orrin did. But don't be so long about it. Take three days, meet the officers in charge, tell me what you see." Loren was no dummy. We got along famously and I felt he trusted my judgment, but he also wanted some confirmation.

Three days later Bill came back with as pessimistic a report as I had been making, less detailed, but equally negative. Somehow, though, seeing it with his own eyes didn't seem to affect his energy or upbeat attitude. "Well," said Loren after listening to Bill, "what do you think we ought to do?" "I don't know," Bill answered. "I don't know what you're going to do. But I sure as hell know what I'm going to do. I'm going to start finding out about these Vietnamese." Bill Todd had wanted to come to Vietnam for one consuming reason: to test the Vietnamese. And no amount of disappointment over the Agency's field programs was going to deter him from that goal.

Bill, it turned out, had a Ph.D. in clinical psychology and was an expert in psychological testing. A combat marine in the 5th Division during World War Two, he had gone back to school after the

war and got his doctorate. (Loren was also an ex-jarhead; the Agency seemed to have a predilection for them.) When Bill joined the CIA he was put to work with Dr. John Gittinger, a renowned psychologist who was developing a personality assessment test for the Agency's use. Bill Todd was one of Dr. Gittinger's first protégés.

After working with Gittinger in Washington, Bill had spent nine years in various Asian countries, administering the test. He had trained testers and test interpreters who worked all over the world, giving the assessment in a dozen different languages. He had gathered a raftful of documentation on the universal applicability of Gittinger's test, and now he was dying to give it to the Vietnamese, lots of Vietnamese. As a scientist with a scientist's curiosity, he was raring to do this. But as an Agency staff officer he was eager as well — because the Gittinger test, according to Bill, had specific operational implications.

As Loren predicted, Bill and I hit it off from the first. I liked him immensely; he was smart, observant, dynamic, funny, an astute judge of people. He was also one of the horniest men I had ever met, and a wild, unpredictable drunk. "Don't let him drink too much," Loren implored when he saw we were getting closer, and I didn't. Bill had arrived without a specified assignment, perfect to allow him to accomplish what he was after. He had also arrived under a cloud of some sort. "How come you're only a [GS] thirteen?" I asked him one day. "Well," he whispered, looking around, "I had some trouble in Hong Kong. But I don't want to talk about it, so let's just let it drop." "OK," I said, "it's dropped. But how come you can ask me all these personal questions and I can't ask you?" "Well, Orrin," he said, laughing, "you see, that's the way it works."

The one annoying thing about Bill was that he was always bugging me to take this test of his. But though I knew he was deadly serious about the test, I kept putting him off. The idea that a psychological assessment test might have some validity or might somehow actually be useful seemed silly to me, a bit of academic bullshit that had inexplicably made its way into the Agency's thinking. He was so persistent, though, eventually I gave in, mainly to get him off my back. "OK, Bill," I said finally, "you want to have your fun and games, go ahead and test me." Loren, though, kept refusing, despite the fact that he was getting pestered worse than I was. "That's all right, Loren," Bill would tell him. "I don't need the test. I know all about you anyway." Then a day later he would be at him again.

The evening I gave in I went to Bill's room prepared for an

ordeal. "You'll take it by yourself," he said when I sat down. "Then, after I score and evaluate it, I'll give you a verbal readout concerning your personality. Nothing derogatory, just a simple understanding of yourself, your capabilities, and how the tester might use the information to predict and manipulate your actions."

The test itself took about an hour and a half. It seemed like little more than a fairly comprehensive IQ test with questions asking for basic knowledge, others that tested recognition of spatial patterns, then digit span questions and analytical questions.

After Bill had scored my test he began interpreting it for me. "First I'll give you some brief information," he said, "then I want you to confirm or deny the results. OK? Number one, Orrin, you are sensitive to feelings, your own and those with whom you associate. You have a tendency to fantasize. For example, at school you probably spent a lot of time staring out the window and thinking of other things. You're what we call an Internalizer.' You're able to withdraw into yourself and follow your own lead. You're basically a loner, but not, you'll be happy to hear, psychotic. Just the kind of guy who can get satisfaction reading in his room rather than needing a crowd around. You are also flexible; that is, you can tolerate ambiguity well—you naturally see more than one side of an issue, or a person. You're good in situations that call for insight and interpersonal awareness. You're less effective in situations that require doing things systematically, by the numbers. This is basically what we call a 'primitive readout'—some of the personality traits you were born with, not necessarily those you might have adopted over the years."

As Bill read off the list I was surprised to find that I agreed with one point after another. The assessments he was making coincided closely with those I had of myself. Not only that, but as he expanded on his readings it struck me that he might be right about there being a practical use for all this. Evaluations of our own employees could help us decide what sorts of tasks they had an aptitude for and which to keep them away from. And what if we might also be able to test some of the defectors or prisoners? Was there some way that having a concept of their innate tendencies might make it easier to get information out of them, or use them ourselves? Might we, for example, be able to select likely candidates for collaboration?

These and other half-formed thoughts flitted through my mind. But mainly I wanted to know more about the test. The personality assessment, Bill told me, was based on an evaluative system that his mentor, Dr. Gittinger, had developed for a modified Wechsler

Bellevue Intelligence test. What we got first was an IQ score—and with all the work Bill had done on various forms of the test he was sure that the IQ scores were accurate from one culture to another. Second, the assessment could identify three basic components of personality. Number one, people were either Internalizers or Externalizers. Internalizers are quiet, resourceful, private—good at setting their own standards and goals. Externalizers are physically active, aggressive, sensitive to external cues—good at working in structured situations. Number two, people were either Regulated or Flexible. Regulateds like to do one thing at a time, a task they can concentrate all their energies on. They are orderly and persistent. They pay attention to details. Flexibles are more intuitive, empathetic with others. They use their imaginations better. Third, people are either Role Adaptive or Role Uniform. The Adaptives are sociable; they want and need people. Uniforms are loners.

These three components, Bill went on, are innate predispositions, "primitive" in psychology jargon. But they are modified by an individual's response to his environment. An Internalizer who grows up in a social group that values Externalizer-type behavior will make an adaptation, though underneath he will remain an Internalizer. The same environment will reinforce and enhance an Externalizer's basic traits. The assessment system had the ability to distinguish between "primitive" traits and these developmental compensations, or "contact," traits. These in turn could be differentiated from an individual's "surface" personality—the appearance he or she strives to project to others.

I was impressed with the overview Bill had given me, but more with the accuracy of what he had told me about myself. Now that he had me hooked, Bill couldn't wait to use me to help him out with this massive screening he had in mind. "You see," he said, "I brought the test along in Vietnamese, translated. All the paperwork is done. Now I have to train the best interpreters we have, two or three of them, to give the test, so I can administer it on a larger scale. I'll train you to give the test too; you can use it on your own people."

Over the next few days Bill gave me an intensive course in grading and evaluating the test, not going deeply into the subtleties of Gittinger's system, but providing sufficient understanding so that a layman could use it intelligently. Then we were ready to start testing the base's Vietnamese personnel, to judge the capabilities of our own interpreters and translators. That, we thought, would give us a very good insight into who to put in what positions. Secondly, Bill was really eager to start giving it to Vietcong. "They're oh-

viously just as smart as anybody else, maybe smarter, and I want to see what makes them tick. I want to know what their intelligence level is and their capabilities. Orrin, this test will enable you to get inside these guys. It will tell you that if you take someone and tell him to do a, b, c, d, e, f, and g, by rote, he's going to do it, because he's an Externalizer-Regulated-Adaptive, an ERA. He'll be prone to taking orders, he'll like working for a reward, and he'll be drawn to the task. You, on the other hand, you're an Internalizer-Flexible-Uniform, an IFU. You'd do it halfway, then you'd stop and think about it, and you'd start wondering why it should be done and whether you couldn't do it better some other way or if maybe you shouldn't be doing something else completely different. You'll be able to see who might respond to what kind of pressure, what their needs are, what kinds of tasks they like to do. You'll be able to see who's got a rigid mentality with room for only one loyalty and who can accept ambiguities easily, maybe work for two masters. This thing can give you a real leg up."

Over the next week we tested some of the base's Vietnamese personnel. First was "Chieu Hoi" Lan, our brilliant, beautiful administrative assistant and translator who worked primarily with Vietcong defectors. Then Mr. Lam, "Sonny," and Mingo, the three others we considered our sharpest interpreters.

I was really wondering how the Vietnamese might take to a test like this—something very far outside their cultural experience. But their reaction turned out to be almost exactly the same as mine. At first they were skeptical, but they took it anyway—their boss had asked them to, and they did have a sneaky curiosity about what it might be like. But then, when they heard Bill rattling off some of their personality traits, they were shocked. They couldn't believe that a test might enable someone to tell such things about them. Bill would say, "Well, on the basis of this segment of the test that's my assessment of such and such a dimension of your personality. Do you agree or not?" And Chieu Hoi Lan would answer, "Oh, my God! That's exactly how I think. That's how I do things. How do you KNOW that?"

So just as he converted me, Bill converted them. First he had them take it themselves, then he trained them to give the test in Vietnamese. And from that point on the test became part of the base's employment and promotion requirements. We gave it to all the Vietnamese employees in all the provinces—more than a hundred people.

As Bill and I continued to work together, we found that in many ways we complemented each other's thinking. We were both new

enough to Vietnam that we retained the determination not to give in to the immense frustrations of the job. Despite the failures of the Agency's programs and the apparently insuperable difficulties, both of us were still eager to find some way of cracking into that invisible target out there.

Both of us were also tired of living in the Monastery, with its one-room quarters and severe social limitations. As a result, Loren Snowcroft found himself under a certain amount of pressure to give us alternative housing. "Loren," Bill would whine in what he imagined was an ingratiating voice, "can't you see that Orrin and I don't enjoy living in monasteries? I know you might not be aware of it, but men occasionally do need companionship other than the kind they can get from their boss. And men like that, Loren, they don't function well if their lives go on without any solace for a long period of time."

"OK," Loren said finally, "I know exactly what you're getting at, in fact I'm way ahead of you. I've decided to give you my house. I've been wanting to move back into the Monastery anyway. The fact is, I'm lonely up there. Besides, I need to be closer to my work. Half the time I'm here at night anyway. So tomorrow I'll move down here and you guys can move into my place. How would that be?"

We were elated. Only a block from the Monastery, Loren's house was a large two-story white stucco affair that included a screened-in 'deck off the second-floor bedrooms that looked out over the beautiful Dong Nai and into the amazing sunsets. Perfect for a little private relaxation or occasional social functions. Bill decided to take the downstairs and convert the dining room into a bedroom, while I took the upstairs—three bedrooms, including a twenty-by-thirty-foot master bedroom with a big adjoining bath. Overnight my outlook on life seemed to take at least a small turn for the better.

I also hired a house "girl" to cook and clean, a young woman who had worked for Ron Ferris, the base's chief of support, the only other officer who lived outside the Monastery. Her name was Lan, and while she didn't speak much English, she was a good worker and had an attractive personality. In the normal way that these things seemed to happen in Vietnam, Lan and I soon found ourselves in more than just an employer-employee relationship, and this too made life seem a good deal sunnier.

One day, a month or so after Lan had come to work for me, I came home to find her in the kitchen cooking soup while a tiny fourteen-month-old Vietnamese girl played on the floor at her feet

The baby, she said in her sparse English, was To Thi My—her daughter. That was a surprise; it was the first I had heard she was married. "Well, where's your husband?" I asked. "*He di di mau*," she said. "He gone."

A few days later a skinny twelve-year-old by the name of Luu was slurping a bowl of Campbell's chicken noodle soup when I came back for lunch. As far as I could understand it, Luu was Lan's sister's daughter. Within a few days Get showed up, another skinny one who liked chicken noodle, and then Thanh, a boy this time, about eleven. These too, I was given to understand, were her sister's children.

Before long I had also met Tam, Thi, Da, Hong, and Hai—that made nine of them all together—all of them except little My were Lan's "sister's" children, or maybe her sisters' children. I could never quite get it clear, although I was pretty sure it couldn't be one sister unless she was pretty damn prolific and had the ability to produce children of the same approximate age who weren't twins. I had also been introduced to Lan's mother, a fifty-five-year-old matron who said nothing but smiled a lot, even though she had very few teeth to show and those that she had were black from chewing betel nut. She too was fond of soup. The whole thing was a laugh. It wasn't exactly subtle what Lan was doing. I had seemed to accept the first kid pretty well, and the second and third, so now I had been semiadopted by the whole one-pajama brood. My pantry closet began to swell with red-and-white Campbell's soup cans and my refrigerator with chicken and beef. As skinny as this crowd was there was nothing wrong with their appetites.

The fact was that I enjoyed the kids, and I enjoyed watching Lan deal with all of them, lovingly but with a firm hand. As often as not I would come home to find five or six of them in the kitchen or maybe playing on the upstairs porch. It was kind of a family affair; not an ordinary situation for Agency personnel, but I got a kick out of it and Loren didn't complain. Nor did Bill who lived under it.

Maybe one of the reasons Lan and the kids appealed to me was that my own family life at home had gone to hell long ago. My wife and I had been incompatible for many years, and although we still shared a house when I returned on leave, we had in effect been estranged for a long time and we both knew we were on our way to a divorce. My children, Cecile and Julie, had somehow managed to survive my long absences and their parents' problems and had emerged as independent young ladies. I missed them a good deal, but my marital situation, I knew, was a goner.

One day after the urchins had been coming over for a while I

decided to have a look at how Lan and these children lived. I found the building, down one of Bien Hoa's nameless back alleys, walked in past the bar that occupied the front and into a room that had a curtain for a door. It wasn't more than twelve by ten, the middle of it occupied by a Vietnamese-style plank bed with mosquito netting over it while a broken-down table with two chairs were pushed into a corner. There were no windows. On the bed were two of the kids, asleep for the afternoon siesta. The rest were on the floor, also fast asleep. It was hard to step in there over the bodies, and hard to breathe in the stuffy hundred-degree-plus heat.

That about did it. By this time all these children had taken to calling me "papa." I was their security of course, and Lan knew that I had developed a real affection for them, and for her too.

In April 1969 I was due for home leave. Although since leaving the Monastery my living situation had improved tremendously, I had not made huge strides as the regional interrogation director. The intelligence coming out of the interrogation centers was still minimal and unverified. The Reaper, John Pinossa's agent, was giving us consistently good information on Vietcong intentions and capabilities. But developing him had been a fluke, a result of fortuitous personal connections, and I for one didn't see where any other spies might come from. The Provincial Reconnaissance and Census Grievance operations were as bad as ever, and we had not been able to do anything about the special police with their multitudinous cutouts and "highly sensitive" operatives—none of which existed as far as I was concerned.

At the same time, I now felt that at least I knew what some of the possibilities were. I had been in Military Region Three for four months. I knew every man we had in the field, what each was like personally and what his capabilities were. We had managed to close the Binh Tuy office and were on our way to closing others. Bill Todd and I had been through the testing program with our Vietnamese employees and with some defectors as well. So we felt we had some insight into certain Vietnamese personality patterns.

Bill and I had also discussed time and again what our resources were and how we might make use of them. Of these, the *hoi chanh*—the defectors—were especially intriguing. These were Vietcong or North Vietnamese soldiers who had chosen to take advantage of the South's *chieu hoi*—"open arms"—amnesty program. They turned themselves in, were given amnesty as well as a government identity card, then were allowed to begin new lives as South Vietnamese citizens. And while desertions from South Vietnam's army

were always a problem, the number of desertions from the enemy had to be giving their manpower officers fits. From 1963, when the program was initiated, until 1975 more than 200,000 deserters were processed through the amnesty system.

Typically, when a *hoi chanh* defected he was "debriefed" on the spot by South Vietnamese army (ARVN) field interrogators looking for the VC locations and order of battle. Often the debriefings weren't gentle, but sometimes the Kit Carson scouts—defectors now serving as scouts for U. S. Army units—got them to go along and identify bunkers and camps. Once they were debriefed the *hoi chanh* would be sent to the province Chieu Hoi Center where they might be interrogated further, but where more commonly they would just sit around until their identities were confirmed and their official ID cards were issued. In the Bao Trai Chieu Hoi Center in Hau Nghia 800 former Vietcong sat around in the sun every day. In Tay Ninh there were another 450. Long An-600. Bien Hoa itself housed 1,300 in the barbed-wire compound just two miles from the Monastery on the road to Long Binh.

What that meant was that thousands of Vietcong sources were sitting right there, in our own front yard, day after day. By and large they were not eager sources; just because they had defected did not mean the *hoi chanh* had any intention of providing information on their former comrades. Nor did they want to involve their families, who had probably been supporting their work in the Vietcong for years. Consequently, their general approach was to try to get processed through the system quickly, say as little as possible, and lie if they did have to talk. But neither were they unfriendly; they had taken their amnesty and knew it might not be a completely free ride. I had talked with a number of them. I knew what the potential was, and I was also pretty sure I knew what it would take to get them to talk freely.

By and large these people had lived their revolutionary lives in the jungle on extremely sparse rations. They had subsisted—maybe for years—on meager supplies of smuggled rice, on jungle animals when they could get them, and on an occasional vegetable they might have managed to grow if they were able to stay in one place long enough. When they came out they were typically sick and emaciated, suffering from a variety of deficiency ailments. At the Chieu Hoi Centers they slept on cots in sideless tin-roofed sheds behind barbed-wire fences. They did not starve to death, but their nutritional situation wasn't great either. The Chieu Hoi Centers' food was neither bountiful nor appetizing.

I was sure that full cooperation from these people would be a

simple matter of giving them a little tender loving care and some decent food—fish and chicken, maybe even some shrimp to go along with their rice, some salad, a Coke. Give these half-starved people enough to sink their teeth into and they would start talking a mile a minute about their former units—where they were, what they did, who was in them, how they were organized.

I hadn't started plumbing these waters yet, for one reason. Stories we might get from the *hoi chanh* would no doubt sound interesting; some of the stories we were getting from prisoners in the interrogation centers also sounded interesting. But there was no way to corroborate any of them. Without the ability to cross-check facts, names, and places you just couldn't buy the information. Reports based on such intelligence would have to go out, as they were presently going out, marked "Possibly True." In other words, of little operational value. What we needed was the ability to check—a system that would help us determine whether whatever we heard was true or false and would give us the background to interrogate people intelligently, prisoners as well as defectors. With such a checking system in place, it was clear to me the *hoi chanh* could be immensely productive sources. Even more intriguing than the *hoi chanh* were the Vietcong legal cadres. The "legals" were the heart of the invisible Vietcong empire, and also its most vulnerable link. During the day they lived normal lives and carried South Vietnamese government identity cards. Then bingo, the sun went down and they went to work. They attended meetings at night, they went into the tunnels at Cu Chi or into other safe places. They got the VC directives and resolutions; they provided their own input. They did the propagandizing, the civilian recruitment, the military recruitment, the assassinating, the commo liaison work, much of the supply work. They were a shadow government. The South Vietnamese government—the GVN—may have ruled during the day, but these guys ruled at night.

And these people were living right under our noses. They were the ideal pool from which to recruit agents. In fact they were the only pool. As I told Loren, it was virtually impossible to take a prisoner out of an interrogation center and feed him back into the Vietcong. Number one, he's been kept in a shit hole and roughed up, so he hates your guts. Second, his family has already been notified because the South Vietnamese cops want the money to bail him out. Third, he's appeared before the province security council, so it's well known he's a prisoner. Consequently, none of his VC friends are going to trust him. But the legal cadres were in a perfect position to be made into double agents. They were not

suspected. They had open access to both sides. They had the ability to travel, to meet with us in safe houses. They were the one way to penetrate the Vietcong, exactly as the Vietcong had thoroughly penetrated the GVN. The trick was to identify and investigate them — to know who they were and what their backgrounds were, so that they could be approached intelligently. You had to be able to select the right cutout for each and offer him an effective incentive. Then, assuming your target went along, you'd have to know how best to service his needs as a double agent. But for that we needed an informational system, a data bank—in fact, the same kind of data bank we needed to interrogate prisoners and *hoi chanh* effectively. And that was precisely what we did not have.

But even though I had possibilities to contemplate, my mood was grim as I flew to San Diego for a two-week home leave in early April 1969. I had arrived in Vietnam five months earlier full of piss and vinegar, and in those months I had been able to do nothing more than define the problems and work out some of our potential resources. In terms of positive accomplishment, it wasn't much. I was not a happy man on that TWA 707 flying eastward over the Pacific. The Agency's programs were an undiluted disaster, and my personal efforts had not exactly made a dramatic change for the better.

The whole experience had been a frustration. I had gone to Vietnam with those first-team expectations. But what I had found were inexperienced people attempting to do a job that could not be done, at least not in the manner they were trying to do it. At home in the States, separated from the daily routine in Bien Hoa, I began to think about whether there was any point in my returning.

I hated the thought of going back just for the sake of going, to finish off my tour without getting anything done. Why subject myself to another year of life in that tragic country if there was no way to make a difference? On the other hand, maybe it would be better just to grin and bear it. If I finished the tour I would be in line for another assignment, with a good possibility of getting sent to Japan, my old love. I could put my Japanese-language background to work, hook up with old contacts, operate independently. It would be a great life.

If I went back. But there were other options. I thought about renewing contact with the San Diego district attorney, with whom I had interviewed regarding an investigator's job back when I had applied to the Agency, three-quarters of a year ago. The DA and I had gotten along well and he had told me that his plans were to open an office in El Cajon. He had wanted to appoint me chief investigator there. but the funds had not come through and the

Agency post had seemed more challenging at the time. Maybe he was in a position to hire me now.

One afternoon I was talking to my father, who had just retired from his job as a jet electrician at the San Diego naval air station. I told him about the problems in Vietnam and that I was contemplating quitting, although I hadn't yet made up my mind. He listened, then said he thought I ought to go back. As he talked I found myself thinking of Loren and Bill, and George Tanaka and Susie, some of the best people I had ever worked with. Could I just leave them hanging? Besides, I had never quit anything in my life. How could I do something like that now, at the ripe age of forty-seven? Somehow Lan and the kids also injected themselves into my thoughts. Lan was an extremely alluring woman—it would, I knew, not be easy to just give her up. Rather abruptly—my father was still talking, still giving me the benefit of his advice—I realized that I had made the decision to go back.

I knew that if I actually was going to return to Vietnam it would have to be on a new basis. There was absolutely no point in just filling a slot for twelve months. I had to go back with a plan of action.

I spent the next day or two thinking and remembering. For some reason, the observations I had made during my four months in country and the half-formed ideas that had been floating around in my head began coming together, impelled by the memory of my eleven years working with the Japanese security services. Suddenly the relevance of that training came into very sharp focus. And as it did I found myself thinking about my old friend Takahashi Yoshi.

Takahashi Yoshi was an intelligence operative with Japan's National Police; he was attached to the independent unit at Tokyo's Haneda airport. Haneda also served as one of the U.S. Air Force's primary airfields, and as an Air Force OSI special agent there I frequently partnered with Takahashi on cases involving the base's security.

One of the cases back in 1955 had involved a series of major thefts from the base exchange. As Takahashi and I narrowed down the list of suspects, we kept a close eye on all the Tokyo area hockshops and fences, hoping to establish the identities of our bad guys and get our hands on the stolen goods. Unfortunately, after weeks of surveillance, we had come up with nothing. As a result, I decided to bring in the prime suspects and put them on the lie detector. But after a full day of testing, the operator gave them all clearance. There was no doubt that they were clean, he said. Theirs were the best charts he'd seen in ages.

When the operator pronounced this assessment, Takahashi gave

me a quizzical glance, as if to ask if I really believed this stuff. Then, though I had put my participation in the case on hold, he and his Japanese partner went back to work, expanding their hockshop checks to other major cities and intensifying the surveillance.

Early one morning, a week later, the Japanese detectives walked into my office to announce that they had broken the case and arrested two of our original four suspects. Both of them had already confessed. Most of the watches, jewelry, and other stolen goods had been recovered from the Osaka hockshop that had received them.

Takahashi explained that he and his partner had continued their surveillance making good use of the "police box" system. In Japan each neighborhood or rural area has its own little police station manned by several officers who are stationed there for long periods and get to know everyone and everything that goes on in their little corner. They know all the residents, their relatives, their friends and enemies, their cars, bicycles, what they do for a living, when they come and when they go. All of this observation is unobtrusive of course, but thorough all the same. If you were to put together all the information of all those policemen in all of those boxes, you would end up with a comprehensive knowledge of the entire country. In our situation, the police boxes had done a good job of keeping tabs on the suspects in question and eventually Takahashi had what he needed to break the case. Total information had been the key, knowing everything possible about the suspects' lives.

The same faith in total information applied equally to intelligence work as to criminal work. On another case Takahashi took me with him to National Police headquarters to talk with the chief of the KGB-GRU oversight section. The size of the place had astounded me. At least seventy-five officers sat at their desks in the section, and it appeared that there must be another several hundred in the rest of the Foreign Bureau. All of them were perched in front of little wooden desks, two to a desk, and each desktop was covered with what looked like diagrams and charts. In the big open room it sounded as if they were all talking at once. When I asked what they were doing, the chief told me that each team was assigned to a particular Japanese target, say a Mr. Hajimoto, who might in some way be connected with the KGB or GRU. They were busily compiling data on everything that could be discovered about their man, combining information from the police boxes with their own surveillance and research.

"Eventually," the chief said, "when we put everyone's work together"—he gestured toward the room—"we get something like

this." And he pulled out a file on the Nisso Kyokai, the Japan Soviet Society. The file included a gigantic, detailed wiring diagram of the entire organization, with all the slots for committees, sections, and membership filled in, a complete Who's Who of the poetry section, the sports section, the musical section, and all the other sections. Mr. Hajimoto and all his colleagues were there, name, rank, and serial number. Most of the members of the society, the chief went on, were cultural figures of one type or another. They had joined because they were sympathetic to socialist ideals or because of a general interest in the Soviet Union or for social reasons or whatever. But a small number of individuals were members of the Japanese Communist Party, and examining the committee hierarchies and structures, one could see that these people were all in leadership roles.

In fact, the story the wiring diagram told was that through a small number of well-placed people the Japanese Communist Party was actually directing the Nisso Kyokai. Among other activities, the chief said, the JCP was able to orchestrate newspaper and magazine articles, making use of the Nisso Kyokai cultural people. Needless to say, the writing was all anti-American, violently opposed to the U.S. military facilities and to the Japanese American Security Treaty. In the same way the Japanese Communists controlled the Sohyo labor unions and various student organizations, which enabled the party to foment huge demonstrations against the bases or visiting American leaders.

What the National police also knew from their identification efforts and surveillance was the pattern of connections between Japanese nationals and the East Bloc intelligence world. From surveillance reports, I could see where members of the target groups had met with Soviet trade or cultural figures who were in reality KGB or GRU agents. As the chief walked me through the diagrams and charts, explaining how it all operated, I knew I was getting my first lesson in the who, what, where, when, and how of Communist front organizations.

A short time after my introduction to the KGB-GRU section I had transferred to the OSI's counterintelligence office. With criminal work no longer part of my assignment, my collaboration with the intelligence arm of the National Police intensified. And as my exposure to Japanese methods continued over the next two years, the lessons stuck and became ingrained. Like the police intelligence people, I developed a sixth sense about front organizations; I became attuned to what they did and how they did it.

Later, after I had been through OSI's intensive Japanese-

language training course in Arlington, Virginia, I went to work as liaison not only with the National Police, but with the PSIB, Japan's FBI. There my knowledge of Japanese procedures had expanded and deepened. The overall result was that I had become imbued with the Japanese approach to intelligence, especially with their insistence on thoroughness. They were fanatic collectors of information, always exerting themselves to achieve a comprehensive understanding of a person and his activities before making any overt moves against him. The same was true of their approach to an institutional target. Those agents sat in the vast space of the Foreign Bureau and the PSIB office day in and day out, each working on his own little piece of a giant puzzle. Their goal was nothing less than total knowledge. Without it one had no more than random bits and pieces, tantalizing hints of an effort by a superbly organized enemy. But with total knowledge, the opposition's pattern of contacts, activities, and priorities emerged before your eyes.

That was exactly what we needed in Vietnam. The fact that a data bank didn't exist meant that we would have to develop it from scratch, build it up, piece together the enemy. And in the process we would be developing the information we needed to interrogate suspects meaningfully, to give us the advantage. It would be a massive, painstaking job, and it would require time. But I knew it could be done—all those *hoi chanh* were just sitting out there waiting for us to get at them, thousands of them. If we used them properly they could make that motherfucker of an invisible enemy visible to us at last.