

OLD AS MOSES, IT'S A BIG INDUSTRY NOW

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No Business Like Spy Business

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"And Moses sent them (12 men) to spy out the land of Canaan," telling them to 'See this land, what it is; and the people that dwelleth therein, whether they be strong or weak; few or many; and what the land is that they dwell in . . . whether it be fat or lean. . . ."

Numbers (King James Version) 12:17-20.

By TOM LAMBERT

Los Angeles Times News Service

WASHINGTON — If spying is as old as Moses, its basic purpose is unchanged: find out as much as possible about Canaan.

If Moses started it, everybody's doing it now. And, given the appetite of states for information on their friends as well as their foes, nobody

shows any sign of giving up the intelligence business.

Intelligence - gathering is one of the world's prime industries today.

Billions of dollars, rubles, francs, pounds, yuan, yen and other moneys are devoted yearly to intelligence - gathering, a la James Bond or via such prosaic procedures as buying a road map or a telephone book.

AND, GIVEN THE upside down nature of some intelligence work, thousands of those dollars and other moneys are spent creating and distributing false or misleading information for the "opposition."

A spy's orders today may be more precise, elaborate and technical than those issued by Moses, but basically his instructions are comparable.

And he may not bring back to his master the cluster of grapes, the pomegranates or figs which Moses' agents returned to him — although in some cases they might be welcomed as significant intelligence data.

Instead, today's spy and his colleagues may be told to learn what they can about another country's military strength, or its factories' output, or its political aims, or the morale of its people.

TODAY'S SPIES also are vastly better equipped for some of their work than Moses' dozen agents, who had little more than their eyes and ingenuity to learn about Canaan and its people.

Today's spies have picture-taking satellites, computers, copying cameras, their codes and other devices which would baffle even agent Bond.

In some cases, these are merely the tools of the spy. In other cases—as with American and Russian satellites photographing closed areas of the United States, USSR and Red China — they may be the only intelligence gathering means available.

But a satellite or a spy's photo of an intriguing new factory in an accessible city or area may not satisfy an intelligence director, who wants to know what is being manufactured there even though it is closed to the public.

AND THUS A spy in person may be called on to learn what he can about the factory. How?

By recruiting a workman, perhaps, by searching doggedly for published information about the installation.

Perhaps by strolling across an adjacent field in the hope his trouser cuff or shoes will pick up deposits left on the ground or grass from the factory's chimneys, for analysis by the spy's chemists;

Perhaps by wading in a river downstream from the factory, in hope any waste emptied into the river will provide trouser cuff deposits for the analysts.

Two of the most striking developments in espionage the past few years have been the recognition of some spies, and some agents' turns toward the pen.

THUS, THE Soviet Union has acknowledged publicly and gratefully the work of its late Far Eastern spy Richard Sorge, and the exploits of Rudolph Abel, once based in Brooklyn.

The Russians permitted Gordon Lonsdale, once headquartered in London, to publish his so-called memoirs.

And they seem willing to permit British double-agent Harold Philby, now comfortably bedded down in Moscow, to detail for the world his incredible exploits — provided he can find a publisher.

In the United States, former Central Intelligence Agency Director Allen Dulles has published some carefully winnowed details of his work as a spy. And Western readers have been regaled with some of the doings and reflections of Russian intelligence Col. Cleg Penkovsky, executed as an American-British agent.

"SPYING WAS once a reticent profession, its practitioners scarcely ever putting pen to paper except in secret ink," the London Economist remarked wryly recently.

The comment followed a report that Philby was warning

up his typewriter, as the economist put it, "For the sale of his memoirs on how he tricked the British intelligence service for 30 years . . ."

"Today, the master spy is more likely to meet a literary agent than a firing squad," the Economist commented.

But the unpredictabilities of recognition and writing have

been more than matched recently by some other foibles of humankind in spies — as witness the Runge - Smith affair.

Soviet intelligence Lieut. Col. Yevgeny Runge recently packed up a bundle on his records as a spy in West Germany, gathered up his wife and small son, and turned himself over to Western authorities.