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P - Maclean, John  
P - Daniloff, Nicholas

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CH 1003 Campbell  
Robert

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(orig under Maclean)

# BANG BANG YOU'RE DEAD

## What Once Happened Only in Novels Is Now Real Life In a City Full of Spies, Exiles, and Dissidents

By John Maclean  
and Nicholas Daniloff

**A**s dusk settled on Foggy Bottom one evening last November, an automobile bore down on two pedestrians walking, with the light, across an intersection. There was no squeal of brakes. In fact, the auto seemed to aim, it was said later.

One of the pedestrians, noticeable even in the gathering darkness by a priest's white collar, was struck and dragged thirty feet. The car sped off, leaving its victim a mass of cuts and bruises.

The injured man was Ugandan Bishop Festo Kivengere, a prominent figure in the coalition that helped bring down Idi Amin. Eight months ago he was in political exile here, having fled Uganda after seeing his superior, Anglican Archbishop Janani Luwum, led off to be murdered by Amin's henchmen. Although Kivengere spent a day recuperating in George Washington University Hospital, he refused to report the hit-and-run to police. He also declined in an interview even to acknowledge the incident, which was related to us by fellow churchmen. Apparently, he feared reprisals against himself and his supporters.

The truth of the incident—whether Kivengere was simply the victim of a scared or callous driver, or whether he was being hunted on the streets of Washington as Orlando Letelier had once been hunted here by Chile's DINA, and if so whether his injuries were meant as a warning or were in fact a botched assassination attempt—lies buried with Amin's State Research Bureau; but the fact remains that what once was largely unthinkable in Washington is now possible—perhaps probable.

In a city swelling with émigrés, with

political refugees and dissidents, and with the foreign intelligence agencies assigned to keep watch over and occasionally silence their governments' critics, the murder of Orlando Letelier at Sheridan Circle almost three years ago was neither an isolated nor necessarily a remarkable act. Nor were the bombs that exploded in recent years at the Soviet and

Yugoslav embassies. Nor was the letter bomb sent by the Irish Republican Army that tore a hand off an employee at the British Embassy in 1973. Nor was the hail of bullets that killed Yosef Alon, an Israeli military attaché, as he stood in front of his Bethesda home. They were, instead, attacks staged in a war that respects few national boundaries.

Michael Townley, who pleaded guilty to murdering Letelier for Chile's secret police, said matter of factly at his trial that he considered himself and Letelier to be soldiers who met on a battlefield. All the evidence suggests that the soldiers in Washington are growing in numbers on both sides.

It wasn't always thus. Exiles used to head mainly for Geneva and Paris. Embassy Row used to be open to anyone outfitted with the right clothes. National Day celebrations brought out the professional freeloaders whose only credential was an appetite for hors d'oeuvres and champagne. Not anymore.

Now embassy partygoers must pass first the sentinels of the US Executive Protection Service and then the security men of the foreign host—the inevitable signs of reaction to a wave of terrorism that has swept the globe.

Perhaps because it has been involved so often in the past in international violence, the Israeli government has been among the most aggressive in protecting its diplomats. For several years after Alon's death, embassy staff here were required to live in apartment buildings with attended lobbies; rules stipulated that they choose apartments on the third floor or higher, but not on the top floor, presumably to discourage aerial attacks. Some of the most Draconian of those measures have now been relaxed, but the

