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DIE PIRATENCHRONIK (Chronicle of Piracy) By Wolfgang Schreyer. (East Berlin: Kongress Verlag 1961 Pp 200)

This book, more carefully prepared and better written than the usual run of Communist propaganda, is an exposé of postwar aerial spying and other illegal overflights perpetrated by the United States. The U.S. "case histories" are set against a background of Nazi air espionage practices which occupies the first third of the volume, and a brief transition pictures the United States as the inheritor of the fascist tradition:

The war had scarcely ended when the anti-Hitler coalition . . . was shattered against the American pretension to world mastery. The American monopoly groups, whose representatives had taken over the leadership after Roosevelt's death, turned U.S. foreign

¹ In *Spy Ring* (London, 1961), reviewed in *Intelligence Articles* V 4, p. A41.

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policy toward a new, dangerous course . . . toward the closest cooperation with the same German heavy industry in the interests of which Hitler had unleashed the second world war. The defeated competitor could now become a partner.

Schreyer is not always so heavy-handed, however. Frequently he shapes his propaganda with a defter touch and now and then even manages a more-in-sorrow-than-in-anger tone. The last three paragraphs of the book, an epilogue to the U-2 story which fills more than half the U.S. section, are among the best:

Two Officers

On 1 May 1960 a thirty-year-old lieutenant colonel flew over a strange land at a height of nearly 21 kilometers and at a speed nearly as great as the speed of sound. Unnoticed, he assumed, he photographed a rocket-testing field. From such a field was launched, on 12 April 1961, a twenty-seven-year-old major who soared fifteen times higher. Twenty-five times faster than sound he circled the earth; when he looked down, he viewed continents and oceans in a bluish haze. His spaceship contained no photographic equipment. As we saw, a few editors and militarists celebrated the first flight as a technical accomplishment, that is what the whole world said of the second.

Both flights, each in its own way, shock the earth's peoples. Both pilots had wagered their lives. What moved them to do so? Did they fly on behalf of their governments? Certainly, and thus two social systems suddenly revealed their faces. There were also personal motives. Francis Powers did not want to lose his pay. He hoped to become an independent businessman some day. Yuri Gagarin dared to dream of something different. He was gripped by the great human dream of a thrust into the universe.

Both officers, sons of simple people, belonged to the elite of the flyers of their countries. They were sport-hardened, highly trained men. But their deeds were as different as the spring day and the autumn night. Air spy or world space pioneer—there is no doubt about what a stout-hearted, highly gifted pilot would choose today. If choose he could. And we dare to hope that in this way the flight of Gagarin will help the comrades of Powers. For he brings their commanders closer to the insight that while their weapons are still being forged, the day of peaceful competition has already dawned.

The author has trouble with one of his episodes, that of the C-130 which crashed with a crew of 17 in the Armenian SSR on 2 September 1958. It was this same Wolfgang Schreyer who had produced a story of the crash which, published in 1960 in the East Berlin weekly *Neue Berliner Illustrierte* and

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digested in the Soviet magazine *Ogonet*, said 11 of the crew parachuted to earth and were captured and imprisoned as spies. When the U.S. Ambassador in Moscow thereupon requested clarification in the light of Khrushchev's earlier denial that the Soviets had shot the plane down or knew anything about the eleven missing men, the editor of the East German magazine was summarily dismissed, along with several colleagues, and Schreyer received a rap on the knuckles. His present expurgated version leaves the plane's plunge to earth unexplained, but the shooting down and capture of the American flyers has disappeared.

Schreyer's use of precise statistics, photographs, and a wealth of well-explained technical details and his persistent display of sophistication in intelligence matters all suggest that he had more official help than the usual pre-packaged bundle of newspaper clippings and other aids furnished propagandists. One suspects that this time, perhaps by virtue of his earlier faux pas, he was afforded the collaboration of an adviser from the East German or Soviet security service.

Die Piratenchronik is most likely to be propagandistically effective among the smaller, uncommitted nations. One of its sections carries a chart listing American incursions "into the young, independent countries of the group of anti-imperialistic states in order to carry out the business of the Dulles brothers," in which Southeast Asia, the Near East and Cuba figure most prominently. The author largely avoids the common Communist error of keying his language and concepts to a Marxian audience. It would not be surprising if one or more translations of the work were forthcoming.

The instruments of U.S. power—chiefly our armed forces, our diplomatic representation, and our intelligence services—are among the main deterrents to Communist domination of the world. They are therefore the principal Communist targets. The Communist ink-bombs do not have to be ingeniously conceived, well-engineered, or even unerringly aimed, they just have to be abundant. And they are. What can we do to counter them?

One course of effective action suggests itself. Schreyer's book and others like it are not the flowering of spontaneous artistry or scholarship that they pretend to be. His fly-leaf

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reads "Kongress-Verlag Berlin", but if truth serum could be used as a developer for secret writing, we'd find in larger letters, "Made in Moscow." And it is this fact which can be dug out and exposed in all its variants. The Communist authors and the Communist publishing houses are vulnerable to a comprehensive investigation which would reveal their sources of income, the amounts paid, the assignment of themes from higher levels, the Party's later editing of manuscripts, the role of the intelligence services in the planning and timing of propaganda, and all the other links between the controlling political organs and the hired hacks. We can prove that Communist publications are neither objective reports of scientific fact nor independent creations of art, but merely synthetic fabrics woven and cut to order. And by so doing we can strip these products of that aura of veracity—or at least sincerity—with which centuries of truth-seeking have endowed the printed word.