

**SECRET**

I 0100-50      U-1A-95      PAGE 31      IN 7-19

S-E C R E T 021322Z AF 77 STAFF

CITE CARACAS 32956

TO: DIRECTOR.

KNITTEL CYBAT PLV 7.0 - FODRULL 2450 XER

LAUREN FROM T. 100.0

1. AS OF 11:40 A.M. 2 MARCH 1977 MR. EUGENE M. P. 10 11 P. M., ASSISTANT U.S. ATTORNEY FOR THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA AND E. LAWRENCE HARRIS, ASSISTANT U.S. ATTORNEY FOR THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, MET WITH REPRESENTATIVES OF FBI AND REQUESTED WHATEVER LEADS AND INFORMATION VERIFICATION INVESTIGATIVE AGENCIES COULD PROVIDE IN ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN ORLANDO B O S C H AVILA AND THE ASSASSINATION OF FORMER CHILEAN AMBASSADOR AND CABINET MINISTER ORLANDO LETELLIER.

2. WASCARLET RELAYED ON 29 APRIL THAT CTE, C G A, C I A, CHIEF OF OPERATIONS, OF DISIP, HAD SAID THAT DISIP HAS EXPRESSED DISSATISFACTION WITH THE LACK OF ASSISTANCE GAVE TO HIM IN THE INVESTIGATION OF THE REVELLIS INVESTIGATION. DISIP OFFICIALS WERE SURPRISED AND UNHAPPY WITH ALL OF THIS ALLEGED STATEMENT, SINCE DISIP OFFICIALS HAD EXTENDED COURTESIES, COOPERATION, TIME AND INFORMATION TO PROPER BUREAU HAS LIMIT IN

S E C R E T

RICARDO MORALES / 201

T 410000

11/10/75

1700 02

IN 1 1912

TOP SECRET MAY 77

CARACAS. DISIP OFFICIALS HAD FACILITATED PROPPER'S INTERVIEW AND DEBRIEFING OF CARLOS BOSCH AND THEY HAD PROVIDED PROPPER WITH ONE PIECE OF EVIDENCE WHICH PROPPER APPARENTLY WAS SEEKING EAGERLY, A MAP OF THE UNITED STATES DELINEATING AREAS OF RESPONSIBILITY TO INDICATE THAT GUILLERMO N O V O, AND ISIDORO ROYO, CUBAN EXILES, WERE TO HAVE JURISDICTION FOR CUBAN BATTLE ACTIVITY IN WASHINGTON, D.C., WHERE THE RECENT COORDINATION OCCURRED. PROPPER WAS CONCERNED THAT A MAP INDICATING AREAS OF RESPONSIBILITIES WOULD DISCLOSE SOMEONE ELSE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT AREA, AS THE ROYO BROTHERS WERE PROPPER'S FINEST LUTS.

3. GARCIA ALSO SAID THAT RICARDO M O R A L E S, A DISIP OFFICIAL, HAD BEEN SUMMONED BY PROPPER TO APPEAR IN COURT AS A WITNESS. MORALES WAS CONCERNED THAT ONCE WITHIN THE JURISDICTION OF THE U.S. COURTS, HE COULD BE CHARGED WITH UNSPECIFIED VIOLATIONS; THAT MORALES, WHO IS IN THE U.S., HAD DONE THIS NOTHING.

4. WE ARE LEAVING THIS INFORMATION VIA THE AMEMBARI CHANNEL BECAUSE OF POSSIBLE SENSITIVITY CONCERNING REFERENCE TO ALLEGED ACTIVITIES OF A U.S. OFFICIAL. IF HIS DOES NOT PERCEIVE ANY SUCH SENSITIVITY, HE OF COURSE WOULD HAVE NO OBJECTION TO REMOVAL OF THIS CABLE

SECRET

1		2		3		4		5		6		7		8		9		10		11		12		13		14		15		16		17		18		19		20		21		22		23		24		25		26		27		28		29		30		31		32		33		34		35		36		37		38		39		40		41		42		43		44		45		46		47		48		49		50		51		52		53		54		55		56		57		58		59		60		61		62		63		64		65		66		67		68		69		70		71		72		73		74		75		76		77		78		79		80		81		82		83		84		85		86		87		88		89		90		91		92		93		94		95		96		97		98		99		100	
---	--	---	--	---	--	---	--	---	--	---	--	---	--	---	--	---	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	-----	--

1 610050

E1A49J

PAGE 00-03

1 610050

TOP: 020700Z MAY 77

DATA 1 1 1 1

FROM THE PLVKADET CATEGORY.

5. FILE: 75-2-20/3, 200-12-200/1. E2. IMPDET.

SECRET

CABLE SEC DISSEM BY 41

TOTAL COPIES 21-2

SECRET

REPRODUCTION BY OTHER THAN  
ISSUING OFFICE IS PROHIBITED

PERSON/UNIT NOTIFIED

ADVANCE COPY ISSUED-SLOTTED

ACTION UNIT

41A8

ACTION #

I  
N  
F  
O

RF. FILE.

VR

4EPSIEG2

chidms, D004, 4C14,

STAFF

1	4
2	5
3	6

T 812745

EIAB26

PAGE 21

IN 266922

TCR:292234Z APR 77

CARA 32949

SECRET 292205Z APR 77 STAFF

CITE CARACAS 32949

TO: DIRECTOR, LA/MIAMI

RYBAT WMINTEL REAM

DOC. MICRO. SER.

JUN 02 1977

MICROFILMED

FILED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
APR 11 1977	
FBI - MIAMI	

1. ON 28 APRIL 1977 WKDIET-5 REPORTED THAT RICARDO MORALES NAVARRETE (SUBJECT OF 201-2285923), AKA "EL MONO", IS RUMORED TO HAVE KILLED IN MIAMI A CUBAN EXILE BY THE NAME OF ROBERTO PARSONS. WKDIET-5 SAYS THAT PARSONS WORKED FOR BKHERALD AND UNDERTOOK SEVERAL CLANDESTINE TRIPS TO CUBA. HE SAID AT TIMES PARSONS HELPED GET PEOPLE OUT OF CUBA FOR A PRICE. PARSONS HAS BEEN MISSING SINCE DECEMBER 1976. THE EXACT REASON FOR HIS ALLEGED MURDER IS UNKNOWN.

2. FOLLOWING ARE TRACES ON ROBERTO PARSONS: ACCORDING TO JMWAVE-1302, 16 FEBRUARY 1968, AN AMCLEVE-15 MIAMI CONTACT WAS PROBABLY IDENTICAL WITH ROBERTO PARSONS RAMIREZ, BORN 12 JULY 1930 IN GUANTANAMO. PARSONS WAS A BKHERALD AGENT FROM 1965 THROUGH 1967 WHEN HE WAS TERMINATED ON 30 NOVEMBER WITHOUT PREJUDICE. HE WAS USED IN INFILTRATION AND INFILTRATION OPERATIONS AND OCCASIONALLY REPORTED GRATUITOUSLY

SECRET

RECORD COPY

8201-779687

29 Apr 77

201-285923

Kathy  
Skiba  
Tuba EV2

CABLE SEC DISSEM BY _____ PER _____		TOTAL COPIES _____		RUL BY _____	
PERSON UNIT NOTIFIED _____		<b>SECRET</b>			
ADVANCE COPY ISSUED SLOTTED _____		BY _____		STAFF _____	
ACTION UNIT	FILE	VR	177	1	4
ACTION P				2	5
				3	6
T 810745		E1A208		PAGE 02-02	
IN 266922		TOR: 2920342 APR 77		CARA 32949	

ON THE DSE AND DGI.

3. INDEX PARSONS, FILE: 75-120-20- 201-0205923.

E2, IMPDET.

SECRET

12-04-77

# The Incident

by Taylor Branch and John Rothchild

How two mild-mannered reporters, on the trail of a Washington bomber, landed in Caracas and ran afoul of the Venezuelan secret service, warring Cuban terrorists, the Miami police, the State Department, the C.I.A., the F.B.I. and the most dangerous man alive—all this, and their mothers didn't know a damn thing about it

## Are There Pay Phones in Caracas?

They are on the Pan Am night flight to Caracas, three hours away from at least a hundred murder stories and a lot of steaming intrigue.

"What are our chances of getting through this alive?" asks Rothchild.

"Well, that all depends on who you talk to and how paranoid they are," says Branch. "Our friends in Washington used to be simple journalists and policy analysts. Now they are three-pay-phone men. That means you can't call them without using three pay phones. You call them up and all they'll say is 'phone number one.' Then they go to pay phone number one and you call them again. Then they ask you for the number of *another* pay phone near yours, and they call you on that one."

"What do you talk about?"

"Things like pay phones and letter bombs and whether the Feds can be trusted. The last time I called they told me we would be walking into four nests of known killers: the Cuban exiles in Venezuela, the Venezuelan secret police, the C.I.A. and the Chilean secret police."

"Is that true?"

"Well, it's true that all those people are down there," Branch says, "but I don't think they would be after us."

Rothchild does not look reassured. He does not like the way Branch reels off the life histories of all the C.I.A. Cubans he has known, especially since the point is, always that the situation is too complicated for words. "Tell me," Rothchild says gravely, "did you tell your mother you were going to Venezuela?"

Branch squirms at the cruel question. He wants to appear as knowledgeable and confident as possible, because he has dragged Rothchild into this adventure on less than a day's notice. "No, I didn't tell her," he admits. "It's too complicated. But I think we'll only have one point of danger."

"When's the point of danger?"

"Well, we may get into the prison and get our answers," Branch replies, "or we may get them from people in the Venezuelan government. Either way, we'll know who did the murders and who paid the killers and what other murders they've done. That's what we hope, anyway. If we get that information, we'll be hot until we get rid of it. We'll have to phone it out of

*The Incident* continued



Orlando Bosch

Ricardo Morales

there and then run like bandits."

Branch looks out the airplane window and pictures Orlando Letelier lying in the middle of Massachusetts Avenue, his legs blown off at the thigh, his torso pulverized, detectives all around. On the curb nearby sat his passenger Ronni Moffitt, her eyes frozen, holding her throat. The bomb in Letelier's car had blown a sliver of metal through Ronni Moffitt's carotid artery, and she was drowning in her own blood. Her husband sat nearby, suffering from shock, watching his wife die. She was twenty-five. The killers were the kind of people who would machine-gun a whole crowd of people in a public square just to hit their mark. They wouldn't care about the others. Ronni Moffitt could just as easily have been half the people Branch knew in Washington. The next day Jerry Ford rode right over the bloody spots in the road on his way to a reception for the president of Liberia; he never said a word about Washington's first gangland-style political assassination. Unwise to talk about it, especially if the force behind the murders is most likely the government of Chile. The military junta there overthrew Salvador Allende with a big boost from the C.I.A., which is still thick as thieves with the generals. Letelier was ambassador to the United States under Allende, then foreign affairs minister, interior minister and defense minister. He had been jailed and tortured by the generals after the coup, then, a year later, deported, and in September of last year he was stripped of his citizenship.

From the day of the murder, Branch had been pondering the bomb he thought was used on Letelier—C-4, a white, odorless dough resembling Silly Putty. Branch had heard many Cubans tell tales about C-4 and its predecessor, C-3. It was the C.I.A.'s favorite substance for sabotage in the war against Castro, and thousands of Cubans were trained in its use. Branch had not been surprised when evidence came out that Cuban exiles might have pulled the Letelier job, but he was surprised by tips he received that they had also killed hundreds of others on a big spree in the Caribbean. God, there is something big going on, he had thought. And all his sources and his instincts told him the answers were in Venezuela, of all places.

It was now October 21, one month to the day since the Letelier murder.

"So you decided to take a little trip to Caracas too, I

guess." It is Hilda I., a reporter for *The Miami News*, standing in the aisle, looking down at us. She is a specialist on Latin terrorism in Miami.

"Looks like it," says Branch, shrugging. So much for the secret trip. Yet he is inclined to trust Inclán, even though he and Rothchild had met her only that day, while going through clips at the morgue of the *News*. The three work out a way to make contact in Caracas. Branch is embarrassed at being a little reserved. Inclán is candid, her face cheerful and open.

Inclán leans over and whispers, "Listen, I think you should be careful. There's something strange going on. This flight is crawling with cops and prosecutors from Miami."

Branch and Rothchild turn their heads in unison, and their necks sink down into their shoulders. There are two young Latin men in the back with neatly trimmed beards, unisex hairdos and brightly colored shirts. There are several men in the front who do not look like ordinary passengers. Rothchild decides there might not be any ordinary passengers.

"What are they doing here?" Branch asks bluntly.

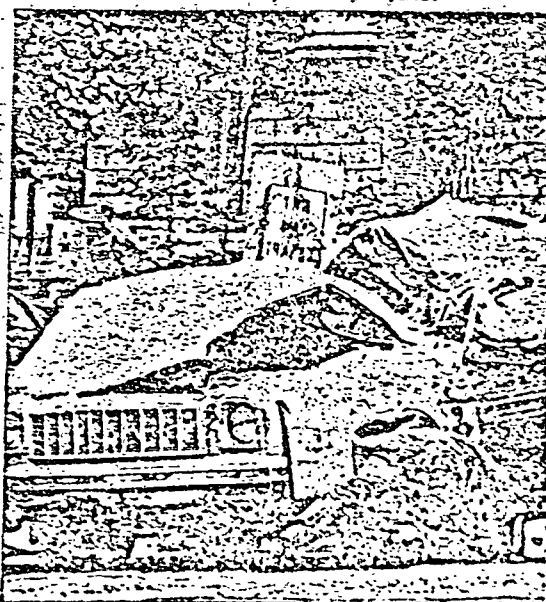
"Who knows?" says Inclán. "I know these guys from Miami. They give me tips sometimes. But now they aren't giving me the time of day. I don't understand them, so I'm going to act just like they are. I don't think you should let them in on what you're up to, either."

"Those cops are Cubans, aren't they?" Branch asks.

Inclán nods. Branch worries. Cubans on the Miami police force are a strange lot, he has heard. The cops want to infiltrate Cuban terrorist groups and drug-running organizations, but sometimes it turns out that the terrorists and drug runners are infiltrating the cops.

Branch and Rothchild exchange signs of bewilderment as Inclán drifts back to her seat. "Jesus Christ,

Orlando Letelier's bombed car, Washington, D.C.



continued

John," Branch mutters. "I figured we'd be in for some scrapes, but I never thought it would start before we even got there." Then he's all business. "I've got to give you a quick briefing on our main man while we have the chance. We may not have as much leisure time as we expected."

Branch pulls down their dinner trays and spreads out a pile of notes and news clippings. Then he pulls out a police mug shot. "Meet Orlando Bosch," he says.

Rothchild stares incredulously at a porcine Cuban man with a thin moustache and thick lips. "He looks like the headmaster of a military school."

"I know," Branch says, "but he's a killer. He's also a pediatrician. This whole thing's like that—yin and yang, Boston Strangler and Mad Hatter all mixed up." Branch eyes the mass of clippings and notes, wondering where to begin. "It would take all night to go through what I've heard about Bosch, so I'll get you up to Letelier as quick as I can for now. The background is simple: Bosch has been a political terrorist—what they call an action man—ever since the late Forties in Cuba. He worked for Castro, then for the C.I.A., and then he denounced the C.I.A. He has been an anti-Castro outlaw since the mid-Sixties, always telling the Miami Cubans not to trust the C.I.A. in their war against Castro. Now most of the hard-line Cubans believe him. Bosch is the patriarch of Cuban terrorism."

Branch pauses, then flips briskly through the clippings. "Bosch got arrested and indicted pretty regularly all through the Sixties. He usually got off. The witnesses against him tended to sweat a lot and forget things on the stand, if they even showed up. In general, Bosch had a threefold operation: first, political terror against Castro sympathizers; second, ordinary crimes like extortion from rich people and companies to finance the political terror; and third, all kinds of wars and feuds with his terrorist rivals. Finally, Bosch got nailed in 1968 for shelling a Polish freighter in



John Rothchild Hilda Inclán Taylor Branch

Miami harbor. He got ten years, but he was paroled in 1972. That brings us to his international period."

Branch picks up one particular clip and holds it in readiness. "Bosch went underground two years after his parole and the pace of Miami bombings escalated. So did terrorist bombings against Castro's embassies all over the world. Then, in 1974, important Cubans started getting knocked off in gangland-style murders. A lot of groups, including Bosch's, took credit for them. The word was that C.I.A. stooges were being eliminated. Bosch became a phantom. Mysterious figures with names like Ernesto would pop up in the Miami press to speak for him. Here's a *Miami News* clip from this period. It's headlined 'Bosch Declares War on Castro.' Hilda wrote it. She's the last American reporter to interview Bosch. Shortly after it came out, Bosch slipped out of the country."

While Rothchild studies the clips, Branch continues. "He got arrested in Venezuela about two years ago. The Justice Department decided not to ask for his return to the United States despite all he's wanted for. That's weird. Then the Venezuelans turned him loose and he left with a bunch of Chilean bodyguards and a big pile of money. I heard all kinds of stories about Bosch being down in Chile with the Pinochet junta there, bargaining. Now the stories jump to February of last year, when Bosch got arrested in Costa Rica right before Kissinger visited. The rumor is that he was plotting to assassinate Kissinger. Bosch got out of Costa Rica somehow, and pretty soon there was a secret meeting in the Dominican Republic of all the major Cuban terrorist groups, which the Dominicans allowed, of course. There was a negotiated truce, and the terrorists united under Bosch in an umbrella group called CORU, supposedly with the support of several juntas in Latin America."

"Now in the last month there has been the Letelier murder," Branch continues grimly. "The terrorists showed that they were not afraid to kill in the United States, right in the capital. They have even threatened to kill one of the F.B.I. agents on the Letelier case. And his fiancée. The anonymous threats show they have collected a lot of intelligence about the agent's life. The F.B.I. is upset. Then, two weeks after Letelier was killed, terrorists blew up a Cuban plane near Barbados, killing seventy-three people. Castro blamed the C.I.A. and canceled the anti-skyjacking treaty. The terrorists loved it; Castro and the Americans getting



ROTHCHILD



mad at each other. Then Bosch got arrested in Venezuela again, along with a whole bunch of Cuban exiles. Stories have been seeping out in the Venezuelan press linking Bosch with both Letelier and the Cuban plane. I picked up similar stories in Miami. My sources there tell me the Cubans in jail are almost all former C.I.A. men, F.B.I. informants and a few veterans of the Venezuelan secret police, the DISIP. Some people say DISIP has tortured the hell out of these guys, but other people say DISIP is in bed with them—holding them under protective custody till the heat blows over. It's the biggest damn mess you ever saw."

"You folks wouldn't mind telling me who you are and what you're up to, would you?"

Rothchild and Branch look up at the man standing in the aisle. He wears a leisure suit with a flashy shirt opened to his sternum, showing a lot of tan and some tufted chest hair.

"Well," says Branch, "I'm not sure. What are you doing? We're just thinking about racetracks and Cubans and stuff like that."

"Come on now. You can tell me," the man urges.

"Don't tell him anything," says Hilda Inclán from behind. She is laughing as if it were a game, but her eyes signal a warning.

Branch is way off-balance. "I'll take the fifth. Why don't we start with you?"

"Okay," says the man, smiling. "I'll play it your way, friend. My name's George Yoss. I'm an assistant state's attorney out of Miami." He flashes an ID card. Branch and Rothchild can't believe it. He seems more like a condominium salesman who wishes he could be a golf pro. "Is that right, Hilda?" Branch asks.

"Yeah, but he's being a bad boy tonight," she replies. "Tell him to mind his own business, whatever that is."

"Okay," says Yoss, "I'm going to give you one more chance. I know you're a journalist. Why don't we start with who you work for?"

Branch looks down and notices that his hands have been covering up the news clippings unconsciously.

"These gave me away, eh?" he says weakly. "I'll tell you what. You've got me a little paranoid. Why don't you give me the name of your hotel and I'll call you when we get our feet on the ground? We can talk this over."

"Why don't we start with who you work for?" Yoss persists. He is still kidding, but there is an edge to it.

"You may need me down here. You never know. This is a strange country and you guys could find yourselves on the next plane out. I'll give you one more chance."

"I think I'll lay low for the moment," Branch says.

Yoss makes a few more thrusts, then saunters off.

"Maybe I was too set on getting into the country on the sly," Branch says. "That sure didn't work out. This fight's like a goddamn convention! Tell me, Hilda. None of the Cuban cops is named Raúl Díaz, I hope?"

"That's Díaz right behind you," she replies.

"Oh, shit!" says Branch. He turns slowly in his seat and finds himself staring at one of the handsome Cubans.

"You must be Taylor Branch," Raúl Díaz says with a smile.

"And you're Raúl," Br. gives him a limp handshake and stumps down in his seat. Hilda Inclán shakes her head and walks off.

"Who's Raúl?" asks Rothchild.

"He's Rolando Martínez' son-in-law. One of the Wargate guys. I spent a lot of time with him in Miami."

"What's so bad about that?" asks Rothchild.

"I don't know. It's just that he probably knows who my Cuban contacts are, and I don't know what the hell he's up to. You see, some of the people who have been telling me about the terrorists are right-wingers and some of them are left-wingers. I don't care about anything except the Letelier murder, but I think it would be healthy for us if we could keep the two groups separate. The only way we can do that is to stay kind of incognito."

"You're doing great so far," Rothchild says. His mind has been wandering over the Bosch briefing. "What makes you think we can get into the prison to see Bosch and his friends?" he asks. "And why would they want to talk to us?"

"It's a long shot," Branch answers. "But Bosch is in a tough spot. The Castro government wants him, and Bosch knows that would mean curtains for him. He also knows that he could get killed any day in Venezuela by either his friends or his enemies. He may figure that his best chance to survive is to come to the United States. What we hope is that he wants to get some of his story out in the American press to force the government to turn the screws and get him back in the States. That's what I hear from some of our Venezuelan contacts. I don't know if it's true, but they are pretty high up. Now even if we can't talk to Bosch and the other prisoners directly, we might get stuff indirectly from the Venezuelans."

"What happens if all the Venezuelan contacts turn out to be flaky?"

"Then we'll just have to poke around," says Branch.

"I have a lot of names. There's only one guy I know down here personally. He's a Cuban named Ricardo Morales. I interviewed him back in 1974, just before he came to Venezuela. People in Miami tell me he's way up high in the DISIP, the secret police. I don't know what he's doing now, but he might be a good fallback if nothing else works out."

Rothchild is encouraged. At least Branch knows one real person. "What's he like?"

"He's one of the most cynical people I've ever met,"

Branch replies, "but I liked him anyway. He doesn't have any illusions about the business he's in, and he makes fun of all the people who do. Ricardo is an old operator, even though he's only in his late thirties. He worked for Castro's secret police. Then he worked for the C.I.A. as an explosives expert. He fought for the Agency in the Congo in the mid-Sixties, and then became an F.B.I. informant. He's the guy who got Bosch convicted in 1968. Small world, isn't it? He surfaced in court with everything on tape. Then all hell broke loose. Morales' car was blown up. He survived but blamed Bosch for trying to kill him. Morales himself was indicted for first-degree murder, but he got off. He's a survivor if there ever was one."

"So he must hate Bosch, then," says Rothchild.

"Well, yes," says Branch. **continued**

"It sounds like Bosch and Morales have tried hard enough to kill each other," Branch hesitates and then decides not to tell Rothchild that some of the old C.I.A. Cubans in Miami believe Bosch and Morales have patched things up. Branch does not believe it and it would make things too garbled. "It's amazing that the Venezuelans would have a guy like Morales high up in their security apparatus," he says absentmindedly. "I mean he's a Cuban, and he has worked for Castro, the C.I.A., and the F.B.I., and he's a veteran of gangland-type warfare. It's like finding a West German high up in the C.I.A. and then discovering that he has also worked for the KGB and the Shah of Iran. But from what I hear, that's a pretty common background to have down here. There are Cubans all over Latin America."

Branch begins packing up the newsclips. "I'm paranoid as hell about this plane," he says. "We're supposed to get a call at the hotel around midnight. That gives us an hour to get through customs and get settled. I want to hustle away from these guys and make sure we're on time."

#### A Greeting from Rómulo

Rothchild and Inclán notice a huddle of shady five-footers lurking in a dark corner beside the airport entrance. They must be a Venezuelan tour group, Rothchild thinks, waiting for a bargain flight out of the country. I'm not going to get paranoid about everything I see. But the group stares at the passengers; their suits blend so well into the shadows that all you see are their mirror sunglasses. They look like a display of Foster Grants at the back of an unlighted drugstore.

They stop looking only when the Miami assistant state's attorneys and cops, the same ones who have been bugging Branch on the plane, go over and give some of the men in the shadows warm, Latin embraces. Inclán thinks it is a meeting between the Miami law-enforcement contingent and the Venezuelan secret police. She catches up in the line and says she has recognized one of the people in the police huddle as Ricardo Morales, the mysterious Cuban who is supposed to be Branch's fallback contact in Caracas. Branch is stunned. First he is reading clips about Cubans and cops, and the Cubans and cops start fingering him on the airplane. Now Morales.

"Give me your papers and follow me!" a voice booms suddenly. It belongs to a man in a turtle-neck sweater and leather jacket. A flunky moves next to each reporter in the line. There is nothing to do but hand over the passports and follow.

Turtleneck and his gang herd the reporters into a special room at the back of the airport. He disappears into another office, leaving them alone with an old man seated behind a desk. There is furious typing coming from the adjacent room, into which Turtleneck has disappeared. His flunkies keep running

back and forth from one room to the other.

In about ten minutes, Turtleneck returns and hands each of the reporters a citation—in triplicate. Rothchild, translating for Branch, doesn't remember the legal definition of the word *citación*. He does, however, recognize a word farther down in the document—*arrest*. *Citación* means jail. The reporters are being summoned to attend some kind of meeting in a sinister-sounding room, D-034, in a building somewhere in Caracas at nine a.m. the following day. The letterhead belongs to DISIP.

Turtleneck keeps saying it is all routine—just sign the citation and everybody can get a good night's sleep. While Rothchild struggles to understand the fine print, Inclán tells him she thinks it might be a mistake to acknowledge the summons. It might conceivably be construed as an admission of something, and the reporters don't know what it is for. Inclán decides to try an offensive to get information. She whips out her notebook as if to write a traffic ticket and asks Turtleneck what his name is. He doesn't answer. She repeats the question and finally he mumbles, "Inspector Rómulo."

"That's all there is to it?"

"Yeah. Just Rómulo."

"Who ordered you to do this?"

"I don't know. I can't say. It's just a procedure."

"Why is this happening to us?"

"It is so because it is so."

Inclán writes that down.

Branch, whose rudimentary knowledge of Spanish often led him to offend the Cuban community in Miami—where he would mean to say "what a grand wedding this is" and end up saying "what tremendous tits you have"—is getting a headache trying to keep up with the conversation. "Isn't there somebody who speaks English here?" he keeps asking.

"That's all right," says Rothchild. "The guy isn't saying a damn thing in Spanish, either." Inclán agrees.

The reporters get nowhere. Police keep circling, and an evasive Rómulo keeps cracking his knuckles, pacing back and forth between rooms, thrusting pens into the reporters' hands like a door-to-door salesman pushing magazine subscriptions. Inclán asks him if they will go to jail for not signing. Rómulo says, "No, you won't go to jail for that, and I don't care what you do. My orders were to hand you this *citación*, and that I have done. The rest is entirely up to you."

Inclán decides to accept the summons but not to sign it, based on Rómulo's assertion that it remains in force no matter what. Branch and Rothchild go along after a brief huddle. Rómulo is definitely peeved. He hands each of them a summons in an envelope and tells them to leave.

"I don't understand how they picked us out," says Inclán in the cab. "Especially you, John. You're not even coming as a reporter. They couldn't have gotten us off our documents." The

logical explanation is that someone on the plane tipped off the Venezuelans. But why?

Branch thrashes around in his spy world for answers. Nothing seems to fit. The three of them theorize all the way to the hotel, and they can only settle, like Alexander Haig, on a sinister force. Branch is still sure that the summons will be lifted as soon as he can talk to his friendly contacts in Venezuela. Rothchild keeps looking out the window for a tail.

#### A Visit to a Small Hotel

The taxi drops them off at the Anauco Hilton, where Inclán is staying. Branch offers to carry Inclán's bags. The lobby, amazingly, is filled with the same DISIP lunkers; they have managed to move their whole scene intact. They are leaning against walls and sitting on the couches. Branch looks toward the elevator in time to see the Miami attorneys and cops scurrying to get inside, frantically pushing buttons to get the door to close. They are as jittery about seeing the reporters as the reporters are about seeing the Venezuelan goons. And the most jittery of all, in the middle of the elevator, is Ricardo Morales himself. Morales is staring at the ceiling, trying to avoid eye contact, and Branch has the feeling that Morales is scared. It is the first time he has seen fear on the face of this hardened veteran of Congo wars and Castro plots and murders. Seeing Morales scared makes Branch scared. He warns Inclán not to go anywhere or do anything—just to call him when he arrives at his hotel, the Avila.

Back in a taxi Branch is going through another run of Cuban politics. "I don't know, John," he says. "Maybe Morales is behind all this, but I can't figure out why he's doing it. He sure looked as if he's in trouble. He could have been making some secret deal with those cops. Something he knows about one of those bombings in Miami. Morales might not know that we were on the flight by accident. He might think we were tailing the cops."

Rothchild is trying not to listen. The only sure contact he thought Branch had has suddenly turned into a potential enemy. Rothchild is petrified by the thought that Branch has gotten in over his head. "I think we are in more trouble," he says. "Look behind you."

This time there is a tail. The other car is right on their bumper as they wind up the back streets of Caracas. "They aren't even pretending not to be following," Rothchild says. "I don't think that's a good sign."

Branch, overwhelmed, keeps looking at the car behind them. "You know," he says with a smile, "this is the first time I've ever been tailed." Rothchild feels as if he is being cranked through the roller of Graham Greene's typewriter.

They reach the Hotel Avila, a Casablanca-type place at the top of a hill. It seems deserted until Rothchild looks down from a balcony near their room. There are people pulling into the driveway in small cars, and they have

**Continued**

walkie-talkies and revolver bulges at the waists of their plain dark suits. They station themselves around the hotel entrance and even in the flower beds. They have the place surrounded.

There have been no phone calls—or at least that is the word from the desk. Branch paces nervously around the room. He thinks that something he already knows about C.I.A. Cubans and terrorism must be the key to what's happening, but he doesn't know what it is. He tells everything he knows to Rothchild, going all the way back through Prio and the pre-Castro student movement. Rothchild thinks Branch has lost his mind. It is fear, he figures. Branch realizes that Rothchild is lying down on the bed pretending not to be awake, that he has fallen into a stupor. It is fear, Branch figures.

Then a call comes through, but it is not the contact Branch awaits. It is Inclán, who has been denied a room at the Hilton (even though she had a reservation) and she can't reach anybody at the U.S. Embassy. She wonders what the hell is going on. Branch tells her the situation at the Avila, but she decides to come over; there are lots of rooms and at least the reporters can show some solidarity.

It takes a long time, too long, for Inclán to show up. Branch wanders downstairs; Rothchild waits by the phone for calls that never come. There is an uproar at the desk. The clerk is telling Inclán there are no rooms available even though the bank of keys is behind him in full view. He holds that position for about five minutes, then retreats to "there is some problem with you people. I can't give you a room." He seems scared. Everybody seems scared. Denying a woman a room at three a.m. in Venezuela is a serious violation of the chivalric code. The three reporters talk about it, but they can't sit down or move around without being followed, almost mimicked, by cops. There are now at least six of

them in the lobby at all times. Inclán decides she will sleep on a couch in the lobby, and she wonders if she should put on her nightgown for the goons. She sets her bags beside one couch, and the bellhop directs her over to a better one with a gracious flourish; he could have been opening the door to the wedding suite.

After vainly scouring the lobby for pay phones, the reporters agree that they have to make a move for the room so they can talk near a phone. The three make their way up the stairs like Cary Grant tiptoeing between bedrooms. To their relief, no one stops Inclán.

Branch offers Inclán his bed, saying he will sleep on the floor. Rothchild doesn't say anything, but his paranoia tells him it is foolish to give the Venezuelans a chance to arrest them under the pretext of immoral conduct. Rothchild keeps opening the door because of his paranoia; Branch keeps closing it because of his. He doesn't want to be listened in on. Branch and Rothchild are not communicating much with each other by now. Each is worried that whatever he says the other will think it is crazy.

Inclán tries to phone her editor in Miami, but it becomes clear after about an hour of excuses that the desk clerk isn't going to put through her call. Local lines still seem to be available, but whom to call? Branch has his list of connections, but these people are in their own delicate situations and Branch doesn't want to blow their covers by calling at four a.m. on what is certainly a tapped line. Inclán can't get an answer at the U.S. Embassy. Rothchild has nobody to call, and that is one of his problems. Since he is so unconnected with the story, he is sure that the police will figure he is the heavy—a deep-cover C.I.A. man out of retirement from the Everglades.

By elimination, the reporters can think of only one person in Venezuela that they could contact. Inclán has

figured out, from her visit to the Avila Hilton, what floor Ricardo Morales is staying on and she thinks she knows what his room number is. Her plan is to call him directly. It is clearly a desperation move. Inclán rings up Morales at the Anaeco Hilton, apologizes for the hour and begins to explain her predicament, but it is clear things are not going well. Morales apparently is denying that he is Morales. "You aren't Ricardo Morales?" Inclán asks incredulously. "You know me and I know you. I talked to your nephew in Miami yesterday. His family is fine and he sends his warmest regards."

There is a pause and Inclán begins to sound like a panelist on *What's My Line?* "You've never heard of a Morales? Who are you then? Your voice sounds familiar. You're not a Venezuelan. You sound Cuban. Are you a Cuban?" Morales says he is tired of being interrupted in his sleep; he hangs up the phone.

An air of resignation has settled over the room. It is almost morning and the goons are still standing by the bushes. The reporters are under some kind of house arrest and they feel caged. They wonder why Morales has just denied being himself. Maybe all this is happening because they know who he is and Morales fears they will ruin his cover identity. Or maybe Morales doesn't want Branch to reveal his background to anybody in Venezuela. The reporters kick this notion around, but it doesn't fit. It seems preposterous that the Venezuelans don't know about Morales' previous lives, which are talked about all the time in the Miami rumor mill.

Branch paces around the room, trying to make his mind catch up with his fears. He even asks Inclán whether she is guarding some secret that might have caused the trouble. Inclán says no and politely doesn't return the question. The reporters already trust each other instinctively, but the spy world threatens to swallow them up, too. They decide there is nothing to do except try anything to reach the outside world in the morning before getting shuttled off to the DISIP.

Inclán goes off to the lobby for some sleep on her couch. Branch tells Rothchild the rumor about the rapprochement between Morales and Bosch, saying he'd even heard Bosch had been staying in Morales' apartment. But it doesn't make any sense. Nothing does. Branch babbles on until he finally runs out of nervous energy. "Well, John," he says, smiling thinly as he sinks onto the bed, "I was right about one thing. I told you it wouldn't be a boring weekend."

#### Morales Takes Over

It is five-thirty a.m. and somebody is pounding on the door. Rothchild, a light sleeper, jumps out of bed. He opens the door just a crack, and then the door is thrown back so hard it bangs against the wall like a gunshot. A man in a green suit with a long walkie-talkie hanging from his belt bursts past Rothchild, throwing on all the lights.



continued

"Pack!" he yells. In half a second he is all the way across the room. "Pack!" Branch sits up straight in bed and in the most plaintive voice Rothchild has ever heard him use, a mixture of recognition, terror, disappointment, confusion and pleading, says just one word: "Ricardo?"

It is Morales all right. Branch watches him snatch back the curtains to check the balcony, then dart around the chairs. "Pack!" There is a rhythm to his order. He is moving like a cat, frenzied but in total control. Rothchild feels the energy coming off him in waves. He slips into the bathroom to piss just to get away from Morales, but he is so scared that nothing comes.

More orders come out in staccato bursts—"Get those bags closed! Give me your passports! Give me your airline tickets!" Branch and Rothchild are convinced that he wants to destroy the documents before he kills them. Morales leaves the room within two minutes, but his performance leaves so much afterlife that Rothchild and Branch don't do anything once he has left. They don't call anybody, they don't sneak off the balcony, they don't even say a word to each other.

Both of them jump off the floor when the phone rings, then look dumbly at each other. Branch picks up the receiver, grunts, and puts it down. "All the guy said was, 'He is waiting,'" he tells Rothchild. Branch's own voice sounds far off to him.

Inclán has had rough going downstairs, maybe rougher than the other two because she is alone and also because she is not yet a U.S. citizen. Morales wakes her up with the same staccato commands. She thinks maybe he is going to take her away and have her deported back to Havana. She is so scared that she locks herself in the bathroom and doesn't come out until she hears the other two reporters stumbling downstairs with their bags.

Morales twists the knife with a little humiliation. "Pay your bill!" he yells. Branch doesn't think he should have to pay for the hospitality he has received, but he pulls out his wallet without a second's hesitation. "Pick up your bags! Let's go!" The reporters are hustled out of the lobby, past a squadron of sunglasses. Morales is already ahead of them, barking orders on his walkie-talkie. It is still dark.

The reporters are put into the back of a car. Morales and a driver are up front. Nobody is talking much. Branch is wearing his best suit, which he does not remember putting on during Morales' brutal prodding. Now he thinks maybe something deep in his unconscious had ordered him to look his best. Rothchild is terrified that they are traveling in a private car instead of an official police car. His fear of being officially detained is rapidly being replaced by a fear of being unofficially bumped off. He keeps looking back at the car full of goons that is following close behind as they career down the mountain at one hundred twenty kilometers an hour.

The car is heading out of town now,

the populated areas and into those areas where executions and accidents take place. Branch is desperately trying to make contact with Morales. He mentions some people from Miami that he and Morales had once talked to together. But every time Branch drops a name, Morales turns the volume up on the radio. He leaves it that way, blaring, until the questioner gives up and sits back in his seat. But desperation creates another question, another try, which ends in another mambo blast. Branch gives up on the name-dropping and even tries some spy-world guilt production. "Rip would not like what you are doing to us," he says. "Rip would be ashamed." Rip Robertson was Morales' gun-toting case officer in the Congo operations. Rothchild thinks Branch is foolish to bring up the Congo and remind Morales how little he cares for human life. Morales says nothing. He just gives the radio knob another twist.

Inclán is taking the personal route again, talking about this nephew she has seen, mentioning other relatives of Morales who live in Miami. Morales isn't answering her, either. He is getting tired of the radio. Now he just leans his head over against the door to get some sleep. Watching Morales nod, the fury turned off like a light, Branch's mind is filled with memories of Miami Cubans telling stories of legendary agents who would drop off to sleep just before landing in Cuba on a C.I.A. commando raid. He never quite believed the stories, but he thinks Morales' nap is very effective theater. Rothchild is also watching the nap. Every time Morales nods, Rothchild thinks he is ducking so that the bullets from the car behind won't hit him. Rothchild ducks, too.

After about twenty minutes of driving, the road flattens out and the reporters can see the airport in the distance. Morales mentioned "airport" once back in the hotel lobby, but the reporters were never sure he intended to take them there. If he were just planning to expel them, it would seem that he could afford to be more communicative, more curious about what the reporters were doing, more worried about the kind of story they might write about him. But Morales asked no questions. Rothchild knew from Branch's incessant briefings that Morales wore a lot of hats: terrorist as well as informant, mercenary as well as cop, bomber as well as representative of a government. It might be more paranoia to think he would kill them, but all last night's paranoia had come true.

The reporters know one thing: they have stumbled onto a story that is big enough and sensitive enough that top people in the Venezuelan DISIP are interrupting their sleep and risking diplomatic reprisals to scare the hell out of them. It isn't routine in Venezuela, one of the few South American countries left with any sense of freedom of the press. There is something big going on, and the reporters don't know, as they speed through

Cara whether they will ever get to find out what it is. Nobody, after all, knows where the reporters are, and the only thing on their side, besides some vestigial compassion that might reside somewhere even in goons, is the sense that world opinion would be on Morales' back if they did get tortured or killed. But that's just the point—world opinion was on the terrorists' backs about the Cuban airline crash and about Letelier and Moffitt. They killed them anyway. They didn't give a damn.

The car pulls up at the airport. It is less than eight hours since the reporters entered the country, and they have talked to nobody except Morales, the goons and each other. Their best guess is that Morales plans to keep it that way.

#### Breakfast at Ricardo's

Morales marches the group through part of the airport lobby and then up some back stairs, past the meteorology room and into the tower section. They arrive at a locked, knobless door with a small pass-through window, and Morales has to knock before it is opened from the inside. They have arrived at the goon control center. There is a four-drawer cabinet where the DISIP police file their guns and bullet clips like memos. There is an old couch, a few desks, and in an adjoining room some bunk beds. All the people from the night shift are still there, including Romulo, in the same turtle-neck and the same leather jacket. The most impressive new lurker is a character they call "El Largo," or "The Long One."

It is clear now that the plan is not torture, it is deportation, but the reporters sense that the plan could easily be changed. Morales is stalking between rooms, giving orders and making calls, and when he looks at the reporters he seethes with anger. Inclán and Branch are directing more questions at him from the couch. He answers only with contemptuous looks.

No one is prepared for what happens next. Morales walks out with a wide grin on his face. He clasps his hands together like a waiter and cheerfully addresses the reporters: "Is anybody hungry? Are you ready for some breakfast?"

The reporters follow Morales dumbly down the maze of corridors. They decide there is something oriental about recent developments, and they are convinced Morales could show them great courtesy one moment and yank out their toenails the next. They follow Morales down the corridors until they come to a small dining room that appears to be reserved for airport personnel. Branch gives fleeting thought to the idea of making a scene, but he decides Morales would not have brought them here unless he controlled the area. Besides, Branch realizes, he does not have the courage to make a scene in front of Morales, who still has the reporters nearly paralyzed with fright.

Morales lays his big walkie-talkie down on the table and snaps for a

continued

waiter. "Well, will you have?" he asks. "Sturgeon?"

The reporters had figured breakfast was probably a ruse, so they think about food for the first time. It is a struggle. Rothchild's stomach is filled with embalming fluid. He feels queasy looking at the menu. Branch asks only for coffee and an order of toast. Rothchild follows suit. Morales looks disappointed and urges them to eat more heartily. Inclán orders eggs and Morales looks pleased. He orders a sumptuous breakfast for himself. It arrives promptly.

"Well," he asks grandly, "who do you think will win your election, Carter or Ford?"

The reporters exchange the look, familiar by now, that signals their agreement that absurdity has reached new heights. They mumble offhand answers as Morales listens intently.

"You don't really have much choice, do you?" he asks. "I mean, you have two guys who don't have any ideas and don't have any backbone, right? And neither one of them can command anything or stop anything, so it doesn't make any difference, right? At least that's what I get from *Time* magazine."

Inclán tries to change the subject. She asks Morales about his position in the DISIP and gets no response. She mentions Morales' nephew, whom she knows in Miami, and Morales parries the remark. Suddenly a cloud comes across his face.

"What's the matter with you?" he demands. "Why aren't you eating?" He points down at the dry toast, which Branch and Rothchild have been picking at like wafflers at Communion. "Aren't you hungry?"

Branch nods yes; Rothchild nods no. "You told me you hadn't gotten any breakfast, so I give you breakfast," Morales declares angrily, waving his arms. "If you are not hungry, you are liars! What's the matter with you?"

The reporters are exasperated. "We are afraid and confused," says Inclán, "because nobody will tell us why this is happening to us. I am a reporter like all the other reporters down here. I want to interview Orlando Bosch like I did once before..."

"Never heard of him," interrupts Morales. He gives us an exaggerated shrug and a quizzical look.

Inclán shakes her head in despair. "Oh, come on. You testified against him eight years ago in Miami and now he's the most famous prisoner in Latin America. He's in your jail."

"Did he make *Time* magazine?" asks Morales.

"Yes," says Branch.

"I guess I missed it," says Morales. He pauses, then turns to Inclán. "You should not be running around asking so many questions," he says sternly. "You are a woman. Women should be at home having babies and making their men happy. Nothing else."

Inclán is rattled. "I can work as well as most other reporters," she says.

Morales shakes his head vigorously. "No you can't. You are a hundred miles

away from reality." He looks off and says again.

"I don't think so," says Inclán. "I think you are."

"No," says Morales. "You are a hundred miles from reality, and I am a hundred years from reality. You understand the difference?"

"I don't know what I understand," says Inclán. "I know something about you. Taylor says he talked to you about your background in Miami and you talked to him like a friend. He says you were nice and now you are..."

"I am not nice," snaps Morales. "You know what I used to do in Cuba when I was a kid? I sent anonymous death wreaths to my friends. All the time. Is that nice?"

Branch does not like this subject or the faintly homicidal look he sees before him. He decides to make another stab at levity. "Look, Ricardo," he says, "I'm upset that you and your men have kept me from seeing anything about the last game of the World Series last night."

"The World Series," he says, his eyes opening wide. "Let me tell you about the World Series. It is just like the world everywhere: the Reds are winning and the Yanks are losing!" Morales breaks into laughter. Something snaps in the reporters and they laugh, too, uncontrollably. Fear floats out of their mouths and they feel better.

Branch wades in to reestablish contact. "Look, Ricardo," he says gamely, "I can't help thinking this is some kind of mistake. I want to be straight with you. All I'm interested in is the murder of Orlando Letelier. That's what I came down here for, and I want..."

"He's the guy who got blown up in Washington, right?" Morales breaks in. "I think I saw that in *Time*."

"That's right. He was blown up right around the corner from my apartment."

"Well, what are you doing in Venezuela? I was killed in Washington!" Morales demands.

"Because I think the people who conspired to kill him are here. That's what my sources say, and it has even been in some of the Venezuelan newspapers."

Morales looks disgusted. "You shouldn't read the newspapers," he says tightly. "They lie. And you should investigate that murder in Washington instead of coming halfway around the world."

Branch tries another tack. "I don't understand what's behind this, Ricardo. You aren't like you were the last time I saw you, in 1974. Don't you remember? It was at night in Miami Beach, and you brought your girl friend over to the house I was staying in. And Fotingo Silva was there. And Tamayo was there. We talked almost all night about the Congo. Why have you changed? Is there something..." Branch stops because of what he sees on Morales' face.

"You are lying!" he explodes. "I have never heard of Ricardo Morales! This is the first time I have ever met you, and it is the first time you have met me! Understand? I have never seen you before in my life! If you say different you are lying! And bad things happen to liars!"

Inclán comes to Branch's rescue. "I have seen your picture," she says, "and I'm sure who you are. If you're not Morales, then what is your name?"

"I don't answer personal questions," Morales says, smiling, trying to look shy.

"I think maybe you figure there's a little spy conspiracy here," Branch observes, stabbing in the dark. "But there isn't. John and I are old friends, but we just met Hilda yesterday. She is interested in Bosch and his friends because of the bombings in Miami and the Cuban plane. We are interested in them because of Letelier. The three of us just happened to come down here on the same plane."

"Oh, really?" says Morales dubiously. "I guess you are good friends now."

"I guess we've gone through something together," says Rothchild.

"Now you have something in common," he nods, feigning tenderness. "Let's see, what else is there? Have you all been married?" The reporters nod. "How about divorced?" The reporters nod again. "Once?" They nod again.

Morales holds up three fingers. "I have been divorced three times," he says, "after four kids. I haven't seen them in seven years." This hangs in the air.

"Do you miss them?" asks Inclán.

"Not the children," Morales says softly. "Just the wives sometimes. I don't miss much. You know I haven't slept in two years." The reporters give each other significant looks, like shrinks attending a primal-therapy session.

"If you are going to kick us out of the country, you should at least let us call our families," Inclán says. "My editors are going to be worried. We

continued

have appointments and those people don't have any idea where we are. Why can't you let us make at least one phone call?"

Morales has shed his melancholy and slipped into a new persona. He is eager. "You're right," he says. "I'll call them. Anybody you want. Tell me who your appointments are with." He pulls out a pen in a flash. Branch blinks. He is startled by how fast Morales moves and how fiercely he snaps the point down.

The reporters glance knowingly at each other. They share a vision of Morales hauling their contacts down to DISIP's welcome wagon. We're not that dumb, they think.

Inclán tells Morales to call her editor at *The Miami News*, a safe, serious call. Morales spells out the name letter by letter, as he writes on his napkin like a schoolboy taking down his homework. He is putting on a show. He looks at Branch.

"Tell Orlando Bosch it doesn't look as if I'll be able to make it this trip," Branch says. "He's in the DISIP prison."

The reporters giggle, but Morales deadpans. "T-e-l-l O-r-l-a-n-d-o B-o-s-c-h."

"You've spelled Bosch wrong," says Inclán. "It's B-o-s-c-h."

"I'm sorry," says Morales.

Morales keeps writing. "You are a funny one," he says jovially. He looks up. "Anybody else?"

"Yes," says Branch. He has been trying to think of one of his contacts in Venezuela who would not be vulnerable to Morales but whose clout might impress him. Any name is a risk, but he decides to take one. "Tell the governor of Caracas that I won't be able to see him. His name is Diego Arias. Do you know him?"

Branch studies Morales for a reaction, but there is none.

After breakfast, as the procession goes by a pay phone, Inclán suddenly announces, "I'd like to make one call to the American Embassy." She breaks step and marches toward it, the first sign of overt resistance. Morales freezes Branch and Rothchild with a malicious glance and walks with her, shaking his head. Support goons appear from around corners. They seem relaxed. Morales fingers his walkie-talkie. Inclán gets to the phone and starts fumbling for Venezuelan change and her phone numbers. Morales leans up against the wall near the phone. He looks amused. His body seems to twitch a little under his suit, as if he might need some exercise.

Branch and Rothchild keep telling themselves that Inclán is making a futile gesture, but they admire her. "She's got more guts than we do," whispers Rothchild.

Branch and Rothchild watch her lift the phone from the cradle, but they don't think she has the change or the number. She is nervous. She looks Morales in the face, which is probably a mistake. He stares at her, shakes his head, and hangs up the phone gently.

An hour later, Morales suddenly mobilizes his entire office. Some of his men grab the reporters' suitcases and vanish. Others take off for unknown destinations. The rest fall in around the reporters and Morales leads them briskly out the door.

Rothchild figures they have just enough time to make the ten a.m. flight to Miami that he had seen posted on a board some time earlier. He senses an end coming and feels some relief. But when the entourage emerges on the airport's main concourse, Morales turns toward the exit into Caracas, not toward the planes.

"I thought you were putting us on the plane," says Branch. "Where are we going?"

"To the other airport," says Morales. His mind is elsewhere.

"What happens if we make a fuss when you put us on the plane?" Inclán asks. "What then?"

Morales' face is taut but breaks into a tour-guide smile. "You will either leave Venezuela nice and happy, or..." He pauses. "Or you will leave nice and happy." He delivers the last line with a lilt, as if making a rhyme. The reporters absorb the menacing smile and fall silent.

Several cars screech up to the curb. Once loaded, they take off at the usual torrid pace. Branch feels panic opening trapdoors under his lungs and he leans over to Rothchild. "Holy shit, John," he whispers. "I don't think there is another airport in Caracas."

After racing a quarter mile down the road, the cars turn abruptly into a parking lot. The reporters are baffled by the rush and the short trip but relieved to be staying near the airport. They figure they are headed for a plane from a different direction, but Morales leads them through another maze of corridors and into a new holding room. It has a big waiting area with two rooms partitioned off on the side. The doors are metal with no handles. They lock from both sides.

Morales vanishes, leaving Rómulo and El Largo in charge. Rómulo's fingertips do push-ups on his desk while he looks on, stone-faced. Rothchild gets the impression that Rómulo likes to stare at blank walls more than at people. El Largo, who seems to be a notch above Rómulo in the pecking order, moves into one of the partitioned offices and stays almost continuously on the phone. He reminds the reporters of his presence from time to time by loudly sucking phlegm up his long spiny nose.

After about ten minutes, Branch starts pacing away from Rómulo. "God damn it," Branch spurs, "I don't think we know enough about Morales to make him do all this. He's going to a lot of trouble to seal us off from Venezuela, but it doesn't make sense that he would do it just because we know who he is."

"Why not?" asks Inclán.

"Because," says Rothchild, "what we already know is going to come out anyway if he kicks us out of the country."

"I think maybe Morales is more

worried about what we might find out if we ever get out of his clutches," says Branch. "I think maybe it's the fact that this terrorism is organized internationally. Bosch moves around on illegal passports and has fancy fundraising dinners with supposedly respectable people in lots of countries. He's supported by at least part of a lot of governments. And this stuff looks cross-national—Cubans killing Chileans and so forth. Now look at how Venezuela fits in. It's kind of an entrepôt for everybody on all sides. The government is in a real pickle. It has to get along with the military juntas that have taken over most of Latin America, and it also has to get along with Castro. This country is filled with left-wing Chilean exiles and right-wing Cuban exiles. Letelier is buried here, which is a tilt to the left, but the people who helped conspire to kill him might well be right in the DISIP, which is full of Cubans like Morales. President Pérez [Carlos Andrés, of Venezuela] has got his own little Watergate here, because his own government is tangled up with both the terrorists and the anti-terrorists. This whole country is like a tinderbox. The government is making little gestures to both sides, trying to keep the lid on."

"Okay," Branch continues. "Let's assume that Morales is not bootlegging us out of the country on his own. That seems stupid to me. Let's assume that at least the people in the interior ministry know what's going on. And let's assume they're afraid we'll get into the country and find a story that goes something like INTERNATIONAL TERRORIST ORGANIZATION HEADQUARTERED IN VENEZUELA. OPERATIVES MOSTLY CUBAN. EXILES WITH CIA AND FBI TIES. VENEZUELAN GOVERNMENT PLAYING BOTH SIDES. And we go on to say that Bosch has brought a lot of Latin governments around to his position, which is that it's better to trust each other than to trust the C.I.A. Now, what I'm saying is that a story like that would really screw up the Venezuelans, especially if it's fleshed out. It's the last thing the government here needs right now."

"So what side is Morales on?" asks Rothchild.

"I think he's on both sides," says Inclán.

"I think so, too," says Branch, "just like the government. Morales is in the underworld of both sides."

Inclán thinks for a moment. "There's only one big problem," she says. "If they're so afraid of a story like that, why do they let other reporters stay and just throw us out? Why do they pick on us?"

"I don't know," Branch sighs. "I don't know much about the correspondents here. They're getting some stuff out, but my impression is that they cover nine countries and just fly in for the coups and earthquakes. That still doesn't make us so special. But maybe we are to Morales. We know him. He knows Hilda knows a lot about Bosch and Miami connections. He knows that I got pretty deeply into the C.I.A. Cubans. Then he sees us with the pro-

continued



cutors. That may have been too much for him to take chances with us. I don't know. Maybe he thinks we're C.I.A."

#### Swords on the Runway

El Largo picks up the three passports off Rómulo's desk and points them toward the locked door like a baton. "Vamos," is all he says.

The metal door is unlocked by El Largo, and once again the DISIP cortege appears from nowhere. They escort the reporters down another staircase and cut toward an immigration stall in a large room that is completely isolated. It is a busy part of the day at a major airport, but the DISIP keeps finding these empty halls and empty rooms to stick the reporters in.

Something about approaching this immigration stall, which is not attended, and knowing he will pass through it and get on an airplane and not find Letelier's murderer starts to galvanize Branch. There is a tiny passage to go through and El Largo is motioning them to walk on, but Branch is having these visions of the bombed car outside his apartment and he is getting mad. The madder he gets, the slower he walks. "We can't just get on this plane," he says to Rothchild. "We have to at least do something." He and Rothchild, and then Inclán, behind them, go into a stall—not a complete stop, but they are slowing it way down. Morales might have clamped down on this little insurrection in a second, but El Largo seems merely agitated. He is getting in front of the reporters, pleading and begging, pulling with his arms as if they are all connected by an invisible rope.

In complete exasperation, he starts sputtering threats. "If you don't move through here, I am going to use *the force*!" Two guards go running down to the end of the room, apparently to go find the *force*, which turns out to be four young soldiers in green fatigues and paratrooper boots.

With the army behind them, the reporters continue their shuffle. Two move ahead a few feet and one hangs back. Then the members of the armed forces plus the DISIP people surround the straggler, prodding him along, while one of the other two breaks away to the same spot the straggler just vacated.

Out of a picture window the reporters can see the plane being gassed up. It is VIASA, the Venezuelan airline, and not Pan Am. Inclán, finally expressing some paranoia herself, says, "Well they could blow us up on the plane, but they wouldn't sacrifice a Venezuelan plane. They don't have that many of them."

They have been dragging on this walk for almost forty minutes now, and they can see the busloads of tourists being flushed back out from their vacations. The buses are stopping at the back stairway of the plane. Then Branch gets his idea. "In here where there is nobody to see us we can't do much," he tells Rothchild. "But out there, in front of all those tourists, we can get some help. Let's go." Rothchild

and Branch huddle with Inclán. They huddle the plan and agree. Then all three abandon their shuffle, to the surprise of the herders, who have been pushing all along. Suddenly they are their quarry running off in front of them. El Largo doesn't catch on right away, but he knows that whatever the reporters want to do, it must be the wrong thing. So he starts running after them, yelling, "Stop!" Branch and Rothchild hit the double glass door with Inclán and El Largo and the army just behind. They all pour out onto the runway to the curious looks of hundreds who are lined up to get on the plane.

For the first time since they landed in Venezuela, Inclán is visibly upset. She rushes out to the line of passengers, screaming in Spanish and English that she is a woman reporter whose dignity has been trampled on by the secret police. The police, who are massing behind her in greater numbers than ever before, don't know quite how to deal with this. The passengers don't know whether to accept her as a lunatic traveler whom they don't want with them on the plane, or to believe what she is saying, which would be unpleasant. Most of them pretend that nothing is happening and go on up the ramp.

Branch, meanwhile, has planted himself on the stairs that lead to the front cabin of the plane. He is sitting down and his hands are clenched to the rails like a Quaker chained to the White House fence. Rothchild is sitting on the steps just below Branch, and they are being surrounded by a brigade of reinforcements; the sword company. The men in brown uniforms have circled them, and they pull the swords a few inches out of their long scabbards ready to hog-stick Rothchild and Branch into the airplane. Behind them officials and police seem to be pouring out of the doors and official jeeps are screeching up and screeching off, and Rómulo has even showed up again.

The captain of the airplane, a Venezuelan, comes down the same ramp on which Branch and Rothchild have been doing their sit-in, and he has a scowl on his face. Venezuela has enough trouble developing tourism and here is his plane being held up and his passengers' last memory of Venezuela will be these goons with swords and blackjacks prodding Americans up the ramp. He steps over Branch and goes right down to the huddle of secret police, where the current brains of the operation, Rómulo and El Largo, are standing. The captain proceeds to chew them out, tell them that they are idiots to pull a show like this and that he will not take passengers on his airplane if they are loaded by force. The security risk, for one thing. If these people are that dangerous, then why should they be flying on his airplane?

El Largo and Rómulo don't quite know how to handle this sudden obstacle. They get a let's-talk-this-one-over-buddy look on their faces and go into a huddle with the captain. They also defer to even higher authority, a beefy cop named Camargo, who is wearing a short-sleeve shirt. Camargo arrives in

the middle of the scene, looking like the frustrated director of a runaway cast. There are now dozens of DISIP men in plain clothes, a few representatives from about four different military detachments, frantic jeep drivers, airline authorities, pilots and ground-crew personnel, all crowding around to watch or take part in the action. Camargo looks skyward, thinking under pressure, and gets his idea. "Why don't you let me go with these people?" he asks the pilot. "If I take them to Miami, I guarantee there won't be any funny stuff on your plane." Rothchild thinks this is a little ironic. The reporters come down to investigate one plane bombing and return under guard so that they can't pull one off themselves.

The pilot doesn't think too much of Camargo's idea. "Do you have a U.S. visa?" he asks Camargo. "No." "Then, do you know what they will do to you when you get to Miami? Much worse than whatever you have done to them here." Camargo doesn't like the way that sounds. He scraps the plan, and the captain returns to the plane.

The reporters aren't sure of what they have just done. They have scored a theatrical victory—just look around at all these cars and soldiers and distressed officials—but they don't like the prospect of lunch with Ricardo Morales. Nobody seems to be running to call the American Embassy or any other outside help, so the plan is a qualified failure.

The three of them head back to the passenger line, where people are still loading, and start writing phone numbers on little scraps of paper—the numbers are of editors in Miami, friends, and even mothers. They try handing them out to boarding passengers. The reporters are received in this effort like Salvation Army collectors at the race-track. Only a few of the passengers actually take the notes, but just to make sure, the DISIP people are picking them off at the higher end of the line. Some passengers even go out of their way to hand over the notes, with an air of having done their civic duty. It develops into a kind of assembly line; notes in and notes out, the DISIP goes collecting just as fast as Inclán, Branch and Rothchild can scrawl.

It is now, with the plane about to close its doors, that Branch comes up with another plan: send one, leave two. Branch still is hoping he can break the Morales logjam and get out into friendly territory, where his contacts are waiting to help him. Inclán speaks the best Spanish and seems the most adept at handling inspectors and bureaucrats. They will stay and Rothchild is chosen to leave. Branch reminds him, in front of the sword brigade, that he is an "expectant father," but Rothchild needs no encouragement. He instantly calls for the captain and explains that he wants to get on the plane. The captain hesitates, then agrees, and Rothchild runs for the stairs. As he passes Branch and Inclán, Branch sticks one page of phone numbers in his pocket and, as a diversionary tactic, clumsily sticks another note in his hand, this one in full

view of the cops. As the sword carriers are frisking Rothchild, the second note is triumphantly confiscated. They don't know that it says "Joe Morgan" on it. The name of the great Cincinnati second baseman will go somewhere into the DISIP files.

Halfway up the ramp, Rothchild senses that the pressure has somehow been reversed, that now the DISIP wants to keep him on the ground. Several cops are following him as if they want to get ahead and stop him at the door. He scurries inside the plane and rushes back to a seat; they are still following him. He has his seat belt buckled almost before his ass hits the cushion, and the two cops reach out as if to grab him, then change their minds and abruptly leave the aircraft. But they quickly return. They tell Rothchild in a very friendly tone that his friends down on the ground want to have a word with him and that he better unbuckle and come down. Rothchild is so agitated he believes them. He gets as far as the plane entrance, the top of the stairs, when he hears Branch yelling, "Get back." He bowls over a stewardess on the way to his seat.

The cops are not through yet. They return with another ploy: Rothchild has not filled out the necessary papers and he must return to an office in the airport. "Are you sure this isn't a trick?" Rothchild asks. "No, no trick. Just a procedural matter." Rothchild tells them he isn't moving an inch until he talks to the captain.

Out his little window, Rothchild sees further agitation on the runway. They have brought up a car and they are trying to force Branch and Inclán to get into it. Camargo is flailing his arms like a giant windmill, determined to get all three reporters together—on or off the plane. The reporters are equally determined to split up. Branch and Inclán keep telling Camargo that they will not move from the runway until the plane takes off. They want to stay in plain view of all the passengers, fearing that the goons will grab Rothchild once the other two are safely out of view. Branch and Inclán keep encouraging each other and making jokes about how incredible all the commotion has become. Workmen in orange suits are crouched in the shade, smoking cigarettes, and several hundred gawkers are spread out in a semicircle like fans in the bleachers.

Camargo tries a whole string of tricks to get Branch and Inclán out of sight. Will they move into the airport, please? No. He goes off into a huddle and comes back. Will they get in the car so they can get out of the hot sun? No. Will they get in the car if he promises they can watch the plane from there? No. After one huddle, the mood changes and several goons swing little brown blackjacks. Branch and Inclán say a prayer, refuse to move and wave ostentatiously at the airplane. The goons shove and menace but then go off again. Rómulo comes back with his gun pulled, looking like a crazed assassin. Camargo soor yanks him back to the goon huddle. The plane starts taxiing

on the runway and Camargo says, "You've won. Let's go." The reporters huddle and say not until it's off the ground. Camargo looks furious and barks a command to his walkie-talkie man. The plane stops immediately and sits in the middle of the airstrip. Camargo controls the tower, the reporters conclude. The game, played by inches and bluffs, goes on for nearly an hour.

#### Camargo Plays Hardball

Branch and Inclán are spread-eagled against the back-door openings of the goon car, facing each other, when the jet finally takes off. They have held this position for the last fifteen minutes or so of the cat-and-mouse game. The roar of the jet engines sets off tremors in Branch's gut, and he is flooded with relief. He feels tears welling up.

Rómulo is now wearing his gun tucked inside his pants at the navel. His turtleneck is soaked with sweat. He and Camargo and the head blackjack man escalate their nudging again, and extras crowd in behind them. The reporters, talking over the roof of the car, decide that the plane will not be called back. They get in the car. Rómulo sits next to Branch, and Camargo takes the front seat. They peel off down the runway with other cars following.

"How long will it take the plane to get to Miami?" Inclán asks Camargo.

"A little more than three hours," says Camargo. "It has to stop in Maracaibo."

Branch shivers and asks Inclán to translate the Spanish to make sure he heard right.

"I thought you said it was a direct flight to Miami," Inclán says in disbelief.

"It is going direct to Miami, señora," replies Camargo, "but it is stopping in Maracaibo."

The reporters discuss with renewed horror the fact that Maracaibo is still in Venezuela; they envision the DISIP people paying a call on Rothchild. Ca-

mal grins at them. His lips slant in one direction, and the upper row of his front teeth slants in the other, making an X. Branch thinks Camargo must file his teeth. He inches away from Rómulo until he is almost in Inclán's lap.

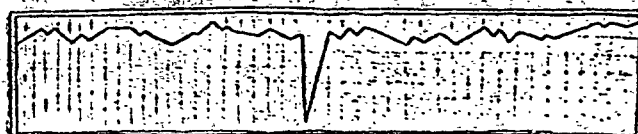
Three hours later, Camargo summons the two reporters to his office after more consultation with Central Caracas. Only one thing has changed, he says graciously. Both their visas have been officially revoked; they are ordered to leave at three-thirty. The reporters ask why, and Camargo shrugs.

Without warning, the session is interrupted when one of the younger goons strolls in and hands Camargo a brand-new Jim Palmer baseball glove and a box of six baseballs. The reporters are astonished.

"Excuse me," says Camargo, who begins to pound his fist in the new glove. He is beaming. He and Branch start talking baseball, with a bewildered Inclán translating. A bond is formed: Camargo lets Branch pound his fist into the glove.

Camargo is now expansive, as if the reporters were guests in his home. He says he knows a lot about the United States and walks over to a corner where there is a stack of framed diplomas on the floor. He flips through them and hands Branch a diploma from the U.S. Army School of Special Warfare. It is signed by General Joseph W. Stilwell, Commandant. Then he hands Branch a certificate from the International Police Academy, a training school for the world's policemen. It has closed after a dose of scandal, Branch wonders if all the DISIP goons have been trained by the Agency; he would like to meet their American contacts.

Rothchild has landed in Miami. He goes straight to *The Miami News* and causes an uproar with his story. The editors there have been worried about Inclán since she missed her check-in call six hours ago. The managing edi-



"Any suggestions on who to get rid of?"

continued



tor calls the American Embassy in Caracas and lifts it off the ground with rage. The embassy promises to investigate immediately. Rothchild begins to reconsider his views on newspaper editors.

Camargo comes into the holding room wearing the look of a man who has just accomplished something.

"Your visas have been officially confiscated," he announces.

The reporters look at him blankly. "What's new about that?" asks Inclán. "You have had them all day."

"Now they are permanently confiscated," says Camargo. He shows them a new Venezuelan seal stamped on each one. Over the seals, someone has scrawled, "Visa fue revocada."

Before the reporters have time to figure out what this signifies, Camargo gives the order to move out. He says the plane is late. The goon squads materialize.

Inclán explains to Branch that they are in big trouble. Even if Camargo lets them go, she says, they could be stopped ten feet outside the airport and asked for their papers. They could be slapped in prison for the "revocada" on their passports. For the first time they are not on solid legal ground. Branch shakes his head wearily and tells Inclán they have lost a round of hardball.

They follow a triumphant Camargo to the plane.

#### Epilogue: More Pay Phones

On October 24, two days after the reporters left Caracas, Deputy Interior Minister Marco Tulio Brunicelli talked with the press to clear up the matter. Brunicelli said Hilda Inclán had arrived carrying documents that "did not conform with national norms," and that "she was cordially asked to leave the country because it is necessary to comply with our laws." As for Branch and Rothchild, he declared that they "expressed solidarity with their colleague and decided to leave the country."

That same day, Branch was checking with Cuban sources in Miami to find out why Morales had turned on him. He received worse than a cold shoulder, and some of his best Cuban friends told him to stay out of Miami. The most loyal veterans of the C.I.A.—people who had spent years denouncing and exposing terrorists as a detriment to the anti-Castro cause—now supported the terrorists and expected nothing but opposition from the Agency. "If you don't help the good people fight Castro," said one old C.I.A. Cuban, "then we have to help the bad ones do it. There's nothing left but terrorism." Branch was stunned by how rapidly the anti-C.I.A., pro-terrorist trend had progressed in even the two years since he had left Miami. C.I.A. loyalists were now in very short supply. The last defectors were Cubans whose secret histories stretched back to the Fifties and Sixties, when their anti-Communist movement was in the American mainstream. The C.I.A. trained the Cubans to work by stealth—to lie, smuggle weapons, move illegally in and out of countries, make bombs

strike secretly against Castro targets. Some of them were "official" terrorists, who would stoically accept long jail sentences rather than reveal a C.I.A. secret. Now they were no longer official.

Rothchild was back home in the Everglades. On Monday he received the first of several phone calls from a man identifying himself as a "consultant to the government of Venezuela." He wanted to give Rothchild some money to write about Rothchild's background. Very weird, thought Rothchild. He began to worry that his trip to Caracas would follow him.

Press reports from Venezuela quoted Interior ministry officials in Venezuela as saying that Ricardo Morales "did not cause the expulsion of the American journalists." In an official statement on October 26 the ministry said Morales "does not even work for the DISIP."

A few days later, Branch received a letter from someone in Venezuela who was working on the terrorist network. It came by messenger and read like Sherlock Holmes: "The key to this thing—whatever it is—is Morales, and the key to him is something you already know. It seems that something he once told you or knows you know will click with something you would be likely to hear here, or would reveal something here, that he didn't want out. Think."

Branch went to see Eugene Propper, the assistant U.S. attorney in charge of the Letelier investigation. Propper wanted to know about the Venezuela trip because he was thinking of going there himself. The leads pointed there, he said. He asked questions about the Cuban terrorists, Branch outlined what he knew. He took a reading of Propper and was satisfied that he wanted badly to solve the case. Branch only worried that they were both way over their heads. His worries skyrocketed when Propper asked to see a copy of *The Miami News*, which contained articles about Morales and the Venezuela trip.

Propper knitted his eyebrows and scrutinized the *News* as if it were a moon rock. Something gave Branch a sinking feeling. "The *News* and the *Herald* in Miami have an awful lot of stuff about terrorists," he said. "You have all that, don't you?"

"I don't think we get them," said Propper.

"You have to have them," Branch pleaded. Propper made a couple of unsuccessful phone calls around the Justice Department and said he would get these newspapers from the Library of Congress as soon as possible.

Branch knew what it must be like to call the police station in the middle of a robbery and find its phone disconnected. He recovered and offered to do anything he could to help, even to go back to Venezuela.

"I've only got one major reservation," he said, "and that is the informant problem. You have to rely on the F.B.I. and the C.I.A. to investigate, and the fact is that most of the suspects and likely witnesses are old C.I.A. and F.B.I. men of some sort."

Propper said it could be handled. The F.B.I. people on the case would arrest their own mothers if they had to. The terrorists had threatened to kill an F.B.I. agent. The Bureau had two hundred agents on the case. It was the biggest thing in the F.B.I.

"What about the Agency?" asked Branch. "Look, I don't think the C.I.A. had anything to do with these murders, but the terrorists are using their old C.I.A. connections in more ways than one. The Agency is in a bind. It has created a monster. The whole world of secrets in Miami has turned upside down. But I'll bet those old pros over at the Agency aren't about to sacrifice their security and secrecy to help solve a murder."

Propper said he was getting cooperation, reams of stuff in fact. Branch asked him to test it. "Ask them for their file on Luis Posada," he said. "I know they've got one on him. He came into the Agency through the M.R.P. before the Bay of Pigs. Ask the Agency what it has about Posada's involvement with a bootleg assassination attempt against Castro in 1965 involving a guy named Herminio Diaz. Diaz was caught and killed in Cuba. Now, if the Agency doesn't have anything on that, they're just giving you a lot of smoke." (Posada is the Cuban detective from the DISIP now held by the DISIP for the Cuban de Aviación bombing.)

Propper agreed. (On a later visit, Propper would say he was getting Agency cooperation but declined to give Branch any details.)

On November 4, the State Department responded to Branch's request for a position statement on the Venezuelan expulsion, which the U.S. Embassy in Caracas had been investigating. A State Department representative read a portion of a press briefing as follows:

Q: What did he (Branch) say and what's the State Department going to do about it?

A: He described the dealings he and two others had with the Venezuelan authorities at Maquetia Airport when they arrived there last week. I'm not going to discuss details of what he said. That would be for him to do, if he wishes. Our Embassy has expressed our concern over this incident to the appropriate Government of Venezuela officials.

An hour later, an agitated woman from the State Department called back. "Mr. Branch," she said, "I'm afraid there's been a big mistake. That briefing that was just read to you does not constitute the department's public position. It is a guideline."

"What is a guideline?"

"It is a policy draft setting out what the people here are authorized to say in response to inquiries. What you have there is what we would have said had we been asked. But it is not what we have said publicly. We have no record of being asked on the record, although some reporters may have inquired privately, in which case we would have responded according to the guideline."

"So what is the State Department's position, then?"

continued

The woman went on to say, in so many words, that State was holding steady at an expression of concern.

That afternoon, Branch met with Propper and the senior F.B.I. agent on the Letelier case. The agent was convincingly determined to solve the murders. Branch sketched out what he knew again. The agent advised him strongly not to return to Venezuela, observing that the DISIP was perfectly capable of chopping off his hands and assembling a dozen Venezuelans within thirty minutes to swear it was an accident. He felt the F.B.I. had to put away the killers, who had come to Washington in order to check the terrorists' boldness. Otherwise Washington could gradually turn into Miami, and Miami could turn into Beirut.

Branch agreed and asked if the F.B.I. was planning a trip to Venezuela. The

agent replied that he was not sure of the Bureau's own physical safety there, and that furthermore the F.B.I. did not have jurisdiction for such a trip. He outlined the restrictions on the F.B.I. and C.I.A. as they apply to cases that are both domestic and international, criminal and related to the national security. It added up to catch-22, but it did not destroy the agent's confidence.

Branch's confidence, however, was low. He was just offering to do what he could again when a call came through for Propper. The agent became excited and asked Branch to excuse him. On the way out the door, Branch overheard the salutation: "Is that you, Joe?" asked Propper. "Listen, are you calling from a pay phone? Okay. Give me the number of another pay phone near there and I'll call you back." #

CABLE SEC. INSTRUCTIONS

231

TOTAL - 3

ADMIN INTERNAL USE ONLY

REPRODUCTION  
ISSUING OFF

ADVANCE COPY INFORMATION

AT 11:00 AM

FILE

VR

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

cl/sid

0 072115Z MAR 77

FM UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE HQS (ID/FIB)

TO CIA HQS OPERATIONS STAFF/LIAISON GROUP ATTN: BETTY SANDY-GA-1  
INFO USSS LIAISON DIVISION

BT

UNCLAS CITE USSS 2830 07MAR77 1615EST

SUBJECT: NAME CHECKS

FILE: C02-33115

REFERENCE IS MADE TO TELCOM THIS DATE. HERewith ARE NAMES FOR  
NAMECHECKS. RESULTS SHOULD BE DIRECTED TO IRS WINNER, THIS DIVIS  
(634-5862 OR 5310 SECURE). ALL INDIVIDUALS ARE THOUGHT TO HAVE  
BEEN BORN IN CUBA AND TO BE CURRENT MEMBERS OF THE CUBAN EXILE  
COMMUNITY HERE OR ABROAD.

AGUIAR, FELIX 6-8-52

ALFONSO-RUIZ, HECTOR FRANCISCO 5-12-39 - Refer to FBI

ALVAREZ-LAZARO, JESUS ESTEBEN 12-26-49 - Refer to FBI

ARCE, SIXTO LORENZO 5-9-41 - Refer to FBI

ATENZA, ORLANDO 7-21-38 - Refer to FBI

BLANCO, HUMBERTO 4-14-40 - NP 8 mar 77

BOLLO, ARMANDO 1-4-40

BORRERA-VEGA, HECTOR ALBERTO 7-30-44 - Refer to FBI

BORRERA-VEGA, RAUL ALBERTO 7-7-43 - Refer to FBI

CARBALLO, ROBERTO 12-10-38 - Refer to FBI

CALATAYUD, ANTONIO 10-3-39 - Refer to FBI

CALVINO, WILFREDO 2-14-50 - Refer to FBI

CARBONELL-ARENES, HECTOR AUGUSTO 10-1-40 - ND

CARDENAS-GARCIA, JUAN JORGE 3-29-38 - Refer to FBI

CARRILLO-CALLAS, GUIDO MAXIMILIANO 9-8-42

CARRILLO, LUIS EUGENIO 11-25-30 - NP 9 mar 77

CASTILLO, GUSTAVO 4-28-46 - Refer to FBI

CASTILLO, PABLO GUSTAVO 4-28-46 - NP 9 mar 77

CASTRO-PAZ, EULALIO FRANCISCO 6-4-42 - Refer to FBI

CEJEDA, RAUL 1-15-42

CIMENARES, ANTONION 6-28-25 - Refer to FBI

CRESPO, LUIS ALBERTO 7-24-41 - Refer to FBI

DECASTROVERDE, CALDO IGNACIO 1-15-41 - Refer to FBI

DELAUVA GONZALEZ-ABREU, ANTONIO RAFAEL 11-27-50 - NP 9 MAR 77

DELAUVA GONZALEZ-ABREU, ANTONIO RAFAEL 11-27-50 - NP 9 MAR 77

DELAUVA GONZALEZ-ABREU, ANTONIO RAFAEL 11-27-50 - NP 9 MAR 77

DELAUVA GONZALEZ-ABREU, ANTONIO RAFAEL 11-27-50 - NP 9 MAR 77

DELAUVA GONZALEZ-ABREU, ANTONIO RAFAEL 11-27-50 - NP 9 MAR 77

DELAUVA GONZALEZ-ABREU, ANTONIO RAFAEL 11-27-50 - NP 9 MAR 77

DELAUVA GONZALEZ-ABREU, ANTONIO RAFAEL 11-27-50 - NP 9 MAR 77

DELAUVA GONZALEZ-ABREU, ANTONIO RAFAEL 11-27-50 - NP 9 MAR 77

DELAUVA GONZALEZ-ABREU, ANTONIO RAFAEL 11-27-50 - NP 9 MAR 77

DELAUVA GONZALEZ-ABREU, ANTONIO RAFAEL 11-27-50 - NP 9 MAR 77

DELAUVA GONZALEZ-ABREU, ANTONIO RAFAEL 11-27-50 - NP 9 MAR 77

DELAUVA GONZALEZ-ABREU, ANTONIO RAFAEL 11-27-50 - NP 9 MAR 77

DELAUVA GONZALEZ-ABREU, ANTONIO RAFAEL 11-27-50 - NP 9 MAR 77

DELAUVA GONZALEZ-ABREU, ANTONIO RAFAEL 11-27-50 - NP 9 MAR 77

DELAUVA GONZALEZ-ABREU, ANTONIO RAFAEL 11-27-50 - NP 9 MAR 77

DELAUVA GONZALEZ-ABREU, ANTONIO RAFAEL 11-27-50 - NP 9 MAR 77

DELAUVA GONZALEZ-ABREU, ANTONIO RAFAEL 11-27-50 - NP 9 MAR 77

DELAUVA GONZALEZ-ABREU, ANTONIO RAFAEL 11-27-50 - NP 9 MAR 77

DELAUVA GONZALEZ-ABREU, ANTONIO RAFAEL 11-27-50 - NP 9 MAR 77

DELAUVA GONZALEZ-ABREU, ANTONIO RAFAEL 11-27-50 - NP 9 MAR 77

DELAUVA GONZALEZ-ABREU, ANTONIO RAFAEL 11-27-50 - NP 9 MAR 77

DELAUVA GONZALEZ-ABREU, ANTONIO RAFAEL 11-27-50 - NP 9 MAR 77

DELAUVA GONZALEZ-ABREU, ANTONIO RAFAEL 11-27-50 - NP 9 MAR 77

DELAUVA GONZALEZ-ABREU, ANTONIO RAFAEL 11-27-50 - NP 9 MAR 77

ADMIN INTERNAL USE ONLY

201-285923

ADMIN. INTERNAL USE ONLY

REPRODUCTION BY OTHER THAN  
ISSUING OFFICE IS PROHIBITED

NON AGENCY MESSAGE

*Thurs*  
*Friday*  
*Answer*  
*Secret*  
*Service*  
*Dec 09*

T 658107 EIA026

PAGE 02

NC 55281

TOR:072247Z MAR 77

ELIAS-NAZIN, JOSE 3-19-20 *ref-NPII OR*  
ENCINOSA, PEDRO 4-27-49 *ref-NPII OR*  
ESPINOSA, MANUEL, REV. 37 YRS. 1940 *ref-NPII OR*  
ESTRADA, ARMANDO LOPEZ 3-15-39 *ref-Memo OR*  
GONZALEZ, FELIPE LUIS 11-10-22 *ref-Rpt to FBI OR*  
GONZALEZ, AVELINO LAZARO 11-10-50 *ref-NPII*  
GONZALEZ, VALENTE JORGE LUCILO 10-31-41 *ref-NPII*  
HERNANDEZ, RAUL ADOLFO 8-9-32; 8-9-41 *ref-Rpt to FBI OR*  
HERNANDEZ-RAMIREZ, VALENTIN 11-8-42 *ref-Rpt to FBI OR*  
IZQUIERDO-DIAZ, NESTOR 3-20-36 *ref-Rpt to FBI OR*  
JIMENEZ-ESCOBEDO, GASPAR EUGENIO 10-6-35 *ref-Rpt to FBI OR*  
JUNCOSA-PENA, RALPH 1-15-41 *ref-NPII OR*  
LABRADA, RAFAEL GONZALEZ *ref-Rpt to FBI OR*  
LAZO-RODRIGUEZ, JESUS 5-7-46 *ref-Rpt to FBI OR*  
LOPEZ-AVALOS, ROGELIO 12-30-27 *ref-Rpt to FBI OR*  
LOZANO, BIENVENIDO 3-22-44 *ref-NPII OR*  
MANSITO, GIL S. 9-1-43 *ref-NPII*  
MARIN-DUARTE, GUSTAVO *ref-Rpt to FBI OR*  
MARIZAL, FRANCISCO 10-4-38 *ref-NPII OR*  
MARQUEZ-HERNANDEZ, JUAN BAPTISTA *ref-Rpt to FBI OR*  
MENDOZA, ORLANDO *ref-Rpt to FBI OR*  
MENENDEZ, GALIS *ref-NPII*  
MORALES, RICARDO NAVARRETTE 6-14-39 *ref-Rpt to FBI*  
MORENO, RAFAEL *ref-NPII*  
MUNIZ, ANTONIO 3-25-48 *ref-Rpt to FBI 11 MAR 1977*  
NOVO-SAMPOL, GUILLELMO 6-6-39 *ref-Rpt to the FBI*  
NOVO-SAMPOL, IGNACIO ROBERTO 6-7-38 *ref-NPII*  
ORZCO-CRESPO, RAMON IGNACIO 2-1-34 *ref-NPII*  
ORROND, CIRIO D. 10-21-48 *ref-NPII*  
PARENTE, PEDRO ANTONIO 8-16-46 *ref-NPII*  
PARSONS, ROBERTO 10-7-30 *ref-Rpt to the FBI*  
PATRICIO, JOSE 7-6-47 *ref-NPII*  
PAZ-BELLO, EDUARDO ALEJANDRO 10-13-52; 10-23-51 *ref-Rpt to the FBI*  
PEREZ-ALAMO, DUNNE 11-32 *ref-Rpt to the FBI*  
PEREZ-FRANCO, JUAN *ref-Rpt to the FBI*  
PEREZ, JULIO *ref-NPII*  
PE-12 VALLEE, RAFAEL 12-3-49 *ref-NPII*  
PILERO, RAMON 11-27-31 *ref-NPII*  
PINEDO, FELIPE *ref-NPII*  
PONSUEZ, FRANCISCO MAYAYO 3-9-32 *ref-Rpt to the FBI*

ADMIN. INTERNAL USE ONLY

CABLE SEC DISSEM BY 7 PER LA TOTAL COPIES 19 RUN BY

PERSON UNIT NOTIFIED

SECRET

REPRODUCTION BY OTHER THAN  
ISSUING OFFICE IS PROHIBITED

ADVANCE COPY SENT BY LA NOTED DSN-DO-DO BY RD AT 1845

STAFF PRECEDENCE

LA 8  
ACTION: I  
N  
F  
O  
DP FILE VR IP/DMS, C14, SIA  
SIA/FL, EPS/EC 2

1	4
2	5
3	6

T 596336

E1A536

PAGE 01-01

IN 184747

TOR 1113332 FEB 77

CARA 32190

SECRET 1113262 FEB 77 STAFF

CITE CARACAS 32190

TO: PRIORITY DIRECTOR,

WINTEL KMSTONE

REF: CARACAS 32143 (HVC-7589) (w/177816)

1. FYI: AMBASSADOR WAS UNIMPRESSED WITH EITHER IMPORTANCE OF REF INFO OR URGENCY IN GETTING IT INTO VENEZUELAN GOVT HANDS. HE THINKS REPORT MAY REPRESENT MORE BRAGGADOCIO ON PART OF RICARDO MORALES THAN ACTUAL PLAN OF ACTION AND HE PRIVATELY FEELS EXCITEMENT IN DEPARTMENT OVER THIS SORT OF THING IS BIT OF TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT. NONETHELESS, TO DO OUR PART, HE ASKED STATION TO GIVE GIST OF REF TO WKSCARLET-9 AT NEXT LIAISON MEETING SCHEDULED FOR 11 OR 12 FEBRUARY.

2. FILE: 201-0285923, E2 IMPDET.

FILE	100-5-10000
INDEX	100-5-10000
FILE	100-5-10000
FILE	100-5-10000
FILE	100-5-10000
FILE	100-5-10000
FILE	100-5-10000
FILE	100-5-10000
FILE	100-5-10000
FILE	100-5-10000

SECRET

RECORD COPY

201-285923

11 Feb 77

1

### THE 1994 BIRTH AND DEATH RATES

DATE THE ORDER

500

### NEAR-ORBIT ESTIMATES AND RESULTS

**INFO: FILE**

10/10/85, PES/INT,  
SIA/EL

0 884274  
0 DISSEM BY: 25  
0 NO DISSEM  
0 RETURN TO PER  
0

UNINTEL INTEL KMSTONE Y

REF: CARACAS 32143 | IN 177816 | {HVC-7589} 4

1. ON 9 FEB, THE ACTING DEPUTY FOR ARA IN STATE INQUIRED RE THE POSSIBILITY AND FEASIBILITY OF PASSING GIST OF REF INTEL TO APPROPRIATE REP OF VENEZUELAN GOVERNMENT ON AN URGENT BASIS. Y
2. HEADQUARTERS HAS AGREED TO FORWARD REQUEST TO STATION WITH SUGGESTION THAT THE AMBASSADOR BE CONSULTED AND THAT HE MAY WISH TO HAVE THE EMBASSY PASS THE INFORMATION DIRECTLY TO AN APPROPRIATE VENEZUELAN OFFICIAL AS COMING FROM PERSONS OUTSIDE OF VENEZUELA. Y
3. PLEASE ADVISE ACTION TAKEN. Y
4. FILE: 201-0285923. E2 IMPDET.H

7/28	X	WASH FIELD
7/29		ALL DAY
7/30		WASH
7/31		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/1		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/2		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/3		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/4		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/5		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/6		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/7		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/8		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/9		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/10		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/11		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/12		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/13		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/14		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/15		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/16		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/17		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/18		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/19		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/20		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/21		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/22		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/23		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/24		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/25		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/26		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/27		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/28		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/29		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/30		WASHING THE TRUCKS
8/31		WASHING THE TRUCKS

201-285423

9 Feb 77

DATE: 9 FEB 77  
ORIG: T.J.DESMOND:RP  
UNIT: C/LA/PNC  
EXT: 1033

AC/LA/OPS - J. MATHEUS (DRAFT)

C/LA/RR - L.E. BORING (DRAFT)

T.J.DESMOND (DRAFT)  
C/LA/PNC

**AUTHENTICATING OFFICER**

E 2 IMPDET  
CL BY: 003355

CLASSIFICATION  
SECRET

RECORD COPY

DISSEM BY IID PER J

TOTAL COPIES

SECRET

EJ: IMPDET  
CA: 874 006687

PERSONS BY IT ACTIVATED

ADVANCE COPY ISSUED/CLASSIFIED		AGENCY MESSAGE	
ACTION UNIT	FILE, VR, <del>10000</del> , EPS/EG 2, IP/DMS, IID, PCS/INT 5.	1	4
LA 10	ADD/D, CI 4, CA 4, CA/SOG 4, SIA, SIA/IC,	2	5
ACTION #	PCS/ITC 4.	3	6

T 579185

EIA789

PAGE 01

IN 177816

TOR: 042055Z FEB 77

CARA 32143

SECRET 042032Z FEB 77 INTEL

CITE CARACAS 32143

TDEIRDB-315/01346-77  
HVC-7589

TO: PRIORITY DIRECTOR INFO PRIORITY LA/MIAMI

WNINTEL INTEL KMSTONE

SUPDATA: ERWAOO FOR SOURCE DESCRIPTION FOR WKDIET-2. SOURCE  
PARA 2 WKDIET/WKDIET-5 DIRECTLY. SOURCE PARAS 4 AND  
5: WKDIET/WKDIET-2 DIRECTLY. NOT FOR LIAISON.  
OD OBJECTIVE: J.1. NO INDEX. FILE: 201-0285923.  
(NOTE: SHOWN TO AMBASSADOR AND FBI AT CARACAS.)  
CL. BY 035133.

FILED: 042032Z XXXX

IID COMMENT: LIFTER CABLE SENT.

ACTION	
FOR	FORWARDED
FOR	FOR
FOR	FOR
FOR	FOR
FOR	FOR
FOR	FOR
FOR	FOR

SECRET

RECORD COPY

201-285923  
4 Feb 77



# Intelligence Information Cable

PRIORITY

IN 177816

WARNING NOTICE  
SENSITIVE INTELLIGENCE SOURCES AND METHODS INVOLVED

STATE INFORMATION DIA, ALL INFORMATION IS TO BE TREATED AS UNCLASSIFIED  
(SY/I/PIB,E/TT/OA) SS/IO FBI SECUR I&NS DDA FAA(ACS-20) PAGE 1 OF 3 PAGES

Classified by Reporting Office Exempt from General Declassification Schedule of E.O. 11652 Exemption  
Category 3B (3) Impossible to Determine Date of Automatic Declassification

FURTHER DISSEMINATION AND USE OF THIS INFORMATION SUBJECT  
TO CONTROLS STATED AT BEGINNING AND END OF REPORT

THIS IS AN INFORMATION REPORT, NOT FINALLY EVALUATED INTELLIGENCE

SECRET

CITE TORRDB-315/01346-77

DIST 4 FEBRUARY 1977

REPORT CLASS SECRET WARNING NOTICE-SENSITIVE INTELLIGENCE  
SOURCES AND METHODS INVOLVED--NOT RELEASABLE TO FOREIGN NATIONALS--  
NOT RELEASABLE TO CONTRACTORS OR CONTRACTOR/CONSULTANTS--  
DISSEMINATION AND EXTRACTION OF INFORMATION CONTROLLED BY ORIGINATORS.

COUNTRY: VENEZUELA

DOI: LATE JANUARY -3 FEBRUARY 1977

SUBJECT: POSSIBLE ATTEMPT BY RICARDO MORALES TO GAIN THE RELEASE  
OF CUBAN EXILE LEADER ORLANDO BOSCH BY FORCE

ACQ: VENEZUELA, CARACAS (4 FEBRUARY 1977) FIELD NO. HVC-7589

SOURCE: SEE BELOW.

1. SOURCE OF PARAGRAPH 2: A CUBAN EXILE WHO MAINTAINS CLOSE  
CONTACT WITH OTHER EXILES. HIS RELIABILITY HAS NOT BEEN ESTABLISHED.
2. IN LATE JANUARY 1977 RICARDO MORALES NAVARRETE, A  
CUBAN-EXILE WHO IS AN OFFICIAL OF THE VENEZUELAN DIRECTORATE FOR THE  
SERVICES OF INTELLIGENCE AND PREVENTION (DISIP), SAID THAT HE IS  
PLANNING TO GET CUBAN EXILE LEADER ORLANDO BOSCH OUT OF JAIL  
BY FORCE. THE VENEZUELAN GOVERNMENT, MORALES SAID, INTENDS TO TRY  
AND CONVICT BOSCH OF CHARGES IN CONNECTION WITH THE 6 OCTOBER 1976  
BOMBING OF A CUBANA AIRLINER AND INTENDS TO USE BOSCH AS A SCAPEGOAT.  
MORALES SAID THAT HE IS CURRENTLY ENLISTING THE SUPPORT OF UN-

SECRET



IN 177816

TDFIR DB-315/01346-77

WARNING NOTICE  
SENSITIVE INTELLIGENCE SOURCES AND METHODS INVOLVED

PAGE 2 OF 3 PAGES

**SECRET**FURTHER DISSEMINATION AND USE OF THIS INFORMATION SUBJECT TO  
CONTROLS STATED AT BEGINNING AND END OF REPORT.

(classification)

SPECIFIED CUBAN EXILES TO CARRY OUT HIS PLANS TO GAIN BOSCH'S RELEASE.  
(SOURCE COMMENT: MORALES DID NOT EXPLAIN WHAT TYPE OF FORCE WOULD  
BE USED TO GAIN BOSCH'S RELEASE. MORALES IS AN UNSTABLE INDIVIDUAL AND  
IS CAPABLE OF USING FORCE TO GAIN HIS ENDS.)

3. SOURCE OF PARAGRAPHS 4 AND 5: A VENEZUELAN WITH A WIDE  
VARIETY OF CONTACTS AMONG VENEZUELAN SECURITY OFFICIALS. HIS RELIABILITY  
HAS NOT BEEN ESTABLISHED.

4. ON 3 FEBRUARY 1977 MORALES SAID THAT HE INTENDED TO LEAVE  
VENEZUELA FOR MIAMI, FLORIDA, LATER THAT DAY. MORALES SAID THAT HE  
EXPECTED TO BE IN THE UNITED STATES FOR APPROXIMATELY ONE WEEK.  
(SOURCE COMMENT: THE REASON FOR HIS TRIP IS NOT KNOWN.)

5. MORALES CONTINUES TO RECEIVE HIS DISIP SALARY DESPITE AN  
EARLIER SCANDAL CONCERNING HIS DISIP STATUS. (FIELD COMMENT:  
FOR AN EARLIER REPORT ON MORALES SEE HVC-7548, TDFIRDB-315//11772-76,  
OF MID-NOVEMBER 1976, FROM ANOTHER SOURCE OF UNDETERMINED RELIABILITY.)  
MORALES HAS RECENTLY RENTED AN EXPENSIVE APARTMENT IN A FASHIONABLE  
AREA OF CARACAS. THE RENT ON WHICH IS ALMOST EQUAL TO HIS DISIP  
SALARY.

6. FIELD DISSEM: EMBASSY, FBI AT CARACAS.  
REPORT CLASS SECRET--WARNING NOTICE-SENSITIVE INTELLIGENCE

SECRET

IN 177816

TDFIR DB-315/0134E-77

WARNING NOTICE  
SENSITIVE INTELLIGENCE SOURCES AND METHODS INVOLVED

PAGE 3 OF 3 PAGES

**SECRET**

FURTHER DISSEMINATION AND USE OF THIS INFORMATION SUBJECT TO  
CONTROLS STATED AT BEGINNING AND END OF REPORT.

(classification)

SOURCES AND METHODS INVOLVED--NOT RELEASABLE TO FOREIGN NATIONALS--  
NOT RELEASABLE TO CONTRACTORS OR CONTRACTOR/CONSULTANTS--DISSEMINATION  
AND EXTRACTION OF INFORMATION CONTROLLED BY ORIGINATORS.  
CLASSIFIED BY RECORDED REPORTING OFFICER. XGDS-2.

ADVANCE COPY TRANSMITTED TO: STATE, DIA, ARMY, NAVY, AIR, JCS, NSA, SWS, TREASURY,  
CIA/OPSCEN, SS/ID, FBI, I&NS-DDA,FAA.

**SECRET**

201-295923

~~SECRET~~

[illegible]

192 5/23/1962

**LAURENCE (AND DEBITES)**

Chief, Latin America Division

**2263**

Ricardo Morales Navarrete (201-285923)

#### ACTION REQUIRED - REFERENCES

**WARNING NOTICE-SENSITIVE INTELLIGENCE SOURCES AND METHODS INVOLVED**

1. The information provided below is taken from a Santo Domingo Station liaison report transmitted to Headquarters under HDCA-11074, dated 29 November 1976. The information dated 29 August 1976 was received by the liaison service from one of its agents assigned to Miami, Florida. It is being sent to you for information only. All information below was reportedly stated in testimony at the trial of the Cuban terrorist Rolando Otero in Jacksonville, Florida, and Antonio Gonzalez had obtained immunity from prosecution. The declarations he made were corroborated by Cubans Ciro Orizondo and Manuel Revuelta, former comrades of Otero in the Frente de Liberacion Nacional Cubano (FLNC).

2. According to Antonio Gonzalez, there have to be in Miami up to 500 pro-Castro agents operating; that in a supposed plot to kill Fidel Castro in Venezuela, there had been with him and Rolando Otero, a Cuban named Ricardo Morales and infiltrating into the affair, he tried to frustrate the plan. Gonzalez also said that Morales, supposedly worked for the "CIA in the Congo" and actually is an agent of the Government of Venezuela, used to investigate those Cubans who enter and exit from Venezuela. Gonzalez also said that in reality, Morales is a Castro agent.

Distribution:  
Orig & 2 COS, Caracas

Lemuel E. GALLAGHER

25 JAN 1978

RECORD COPY

E2 IMPDET  
CL BY 007255

**CROSS REFERENCE TO**

## RESEARCH SYMBOL AND NUMBER

DAF

~~HYCK-10659~~

**CLASSIFICATION**

24 January 1977

**NOB** **NOT** **NOB**

~~SECRET~~

ORIGINATING

201-285923

**888-888-8888**

**QUESTIONS**

189

1583

C/LA/PNC/V--Robert N. Andrews: pm

1715

COORDINATES

OFFICE SYMBOL

DATE \_\_\_\_\_

GEORGE S. HARRIS

REF ID: A51364

341 1972

10-5-11

**COPY 12 - MEMPHIS**

14-00000

100

Charlotte Ruston-Videla

53 1984-1985 VOLUME CONTENTS

# DISPATCH

State cable dated 15 Feb 77

State cable dated 1 May 77

State cable dated 22 Nov. 77

State cable dated 22 Nov 77

FBI Report dated 26 April 77.

Re: Ricardo Amal Morales Navanette  
Registration Act

FBI Report dated 21 July 77

Re: Unknown Subjects: Explosion in  
Car driven by Orlando Leticia-  
Victim (Deceased), etc 21 Sept. 77

THIRD AGENCY MATERIAL

---

SECRET

DD DOCUMENT EXTRACT

THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION CONCERNING THE SUBJECT OF THIS 201  
DOSSIER HAS BEEN EXTRACTED FROM ANOTHER OFFICIAL DD FILE.  
PERSONS PERFORMING NAME TRACES ARE CAUTIONED THAT THE DOCU-  
MENT FROM WHICH THIS EXTRACT WAS PREPARED CONTAINS ADDITIONAL  
INFORMATION PERTAINING TO THE SUBJECT AND SHOULD BE REQUESTED  
FROM ID/FILES.

MORALES NAVARRETE, RICARDO

201-0295923

SEX M

075-008-010

CARA-33792

27 JUL 77

HVC-07716

P4

LOC VENE. FORMER OFFICIAL OF DICTATORATE  
FOR SERVICES OF INTELLIGENCE AND PREVENTION  
/DISIP/. WARNED MRS OF COORDINATED UNITED  
REVOLUTIONARY ORGANIZATION /CORGU/, GUSTAVO  
CASTILLO AND FRANK CASTRO /201-0742365/ OF  
DISIP REPRESSION AGAINST CUBANS IN VENE.

DATE 09 SEP 77

09538675

201-285923

SECRET

E2 IMPDET CL BY 054979

SECRET

DO DOCUMENT EXTRACT

THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION CONCERNING THE SUBJECT OF THIS 201  
COSSIER HAS BEEN EXTRACTED FROM ANOTHER OFFICIAL DO FILE.  
PERSONS PERFORMING NAME TRACES ARE CAUTIONED THAT THE DOCU-  
MENT FROM WHICH THIS EXTRACT WAS PREPARED CONTAINS ADDITIONAL  
INFORMATION PERTAINING TO THE SUBJECT AND SHOULD BE REQUESTED  
FROM IP/FILES.

MORALES, RICARDO NAVARRETTE  
201-0285923  
SEX M

201-011-009/43  
DCNC-00066/77  
20 SEP 77  
P11

ENTERED USA LATE 60. RECRUITED AS RADIO  
OPERATOR AND MBR OF PARAMILITARY INFILTRATION  
TEAM FOR MISSIONS INTO CUBA BUT NEVER USED.

DATE 10 FEB 78

09579154

201-285923

SECRET

E2 IMPDET CL BY 054979

SS/42/

SECRET

FHP: , , , , ,

STAFF

ACTION: LA-8 (OR1) INFO: FILE, VR, CI-4, EPS/EG-2, IP/DMS-2, ODPD-D,  
SE-8, SIA, SIA/FL, (28/A)

78 0207450

PAGE 001  
TOP: 112030Z JAN 78

IN 0207450  
CARA 35189

S E C R E T 112005Z JAN 78 STAFF

CITE CARACAS 35189

TO: DIRECTOR.

NNINTEL RNMUM CKLEG WKSCARLET

REFS: A. DIRECTOR 144358  
B. CARACAS 35019 TOO OLD  
C. CARACAS 33784 TOO OLD

1. STATION LIAISON OFFICER MET WITH SUBJECT OF 201-0952786 AS PART OF ASSESSMENT OF SUBJECT'S KNOWLEDGE OF SOVIET PERSONNEL AND ACTIVITIES IN VENEZUELA, AND TO DETERMINE HER POTENTIAL AS POSSIBLE UNILATERAL SUPPORT ASSET AGAINST SOVIET AND BLOC TARGETS.

2. DURING DISCUSSIONS, SUBJECT MENTIONED THAT ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS IN PAST SHE HAD NOTED ON SURVEILLANCE REPORTS OF CUBAN EMBASSY THAT A VEHICLE BEARING LICENSE PLATE REGISTERED TO MINISTRY OF INTERIOR ENTERED WITH SOME FREQUENCY. HOWEVER, ATTEMPTS TO IDENTIFY THE PERSON TO WHOM VEHICLE ALLOCATED ALWAYS WERE RETURNED TO HER WITH INSTRUCTIONS TO FORGET THE ENTRY AND TO STOP MAKING REFERENCES TO IT IN HER REPORTS. SHE FINALLY WAS ADVISED THAT THE CAR WAS USED BY (AT THAT TIME) COMISARIO RICARDO M O R A L E S NAVARETTE (201-0285923), AND THAT SHE SHOULD REFRAIN FROM MAKING FURTHER INQUIRIES OR FORM INCLUDING THAT LICENSE PLATE IN HER REPORTS. SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, SUBJECT WAS REMOVED FROM RESPONSIBILITY OF MONITORING AND ANALYZING CUBAN ACTIVITIES IN VENEZUELA AND RESTRICTED TO THE SOVIETS AND SOVIET BLOC.

3. FILE: 201-0952786; 201-0285923. E2, IMPDET.

CROSS FILE COPY FOR  
201-285923  
DO NOT DESTROY

END OF MESSAGE

SECRET

# OUTGOING MESSAGE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10

SIGNAL CENTER USE ONLY  
AGE 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
CLASSIFICATION  
MESSAGE HANDLING INDICATOR

SECRET

13-2

021635Z

CIA

MESSAGE REFERENCE NUMBER

133734

CONF: 4/148 INFO: FILE 419/205, 465/110, 401,  
4PCS

0 INDEX DISSEM BY: 44  
0 NO INDEX  
0 RETURN TO PER 54  
0 # PAGES # 132

TO: FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.4

ATTENTION: INTELLIGENCE DIVISION 4

SECRET WARNING NOTICE - SENSITIVE INTELLIGENCE SOURCES AND METHODS

INVOLVED//NO FOREIGN DISSEM 4

CIR-316/04224-77 4

SUBJECT: RICARDO ANIBAL MORALES NAVARRETE, FOREIGN COUNTER-  
INTELLIGENCE - VENEZUELA 4

REF: FBI CABLE DATED 221805Z NOV 77, SAME SUBJECT 4

1. YOU ARE ADVISED, IN RESPONSE TO THE REFERENCED QUERY, THAT  
THE CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY HAS NO OPERATIONAL INTEREST IN THE  
ABOVE SUBJECT. ~~OUR STATION IN CARACAS NOTES THAT THE SUBJECT MIGHT  
FALSELY CLAIM SOME SORT OF RELATIONSHIP WITH THE AGENCY IF ARRESTED,  
BUT IN FACT NO SUCH RELATIONSHIP EXISTS.~~ 4

2. CLASSIFIED BY RECORDED REPORTING OFFICER. EXEMPT FROM  
GENERAL DECLASSIFICATION SCHEDULE E.O. 11652 EXEMPTION CATEGORY  
S8 (2). IMPOSSIBLE TO DETERMINE DATE OF AUTOMATIC DECLASSIFICATION. 4

|CABLE SEC: PLEASE PROVIDE A COPY TO IP FOR FILING IN 233-285923  
AND 17-2-18.1

DATE:  
ORIG:  
UNIT:  
EXT:

CROSS FILE CODE FOR
201- 285923
10 NOT RECORDED

RELEASING OFFICER  
CLASSIFICATION  
SECRET

COORDINATING OFFICER

AUTHENTICATING OFFICER  
E 2 IMPDET  
CL BY:



# OUTGOING MESSAGE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10

SIGNAL CENTER USE OF  
 AGE COM ACT TYP WRD DO

OMF 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

PAGE 2

CLASSIFICATION  
 SECRET

MESSAGE HANDLING INDICATOR

DATE TIME GROUP

CITE

MESSAGE REFERENCE NUMBER

CONF:

INFO: FILE

CIA  
 133734

0 INDEX DISSEM BY:  
 0 NO INDEX  
 0 RETURN TO PER

ORIG: LA/CO/CI (FAUST X1325); COORD: DC/LA/CO (CENTRAL);  
 C/LA/VCE/V (AMORI); DC/LA/SR (DISTEFANO); AUTH: C/LAD (WARREN);  
 REF: C/PCS/LSN/ID (KUNH 3-3)

*Logma*  
 LH, ET3

DATE: 30 NOVEMBER 1977  
 ORIG: OWEN FAUST  
 UNIT: LA/CO/CI  
 EXT: 1325

*Steven K...*  
 C/PCS/LSN/ID  
 RELEASING OFFICER

DC/LA/CO *[Signature]*  
 C/LA/VCE/V *[Signature]*  
 DC/LA/SR *[Signature]*  
 COORDINATING OFFICER

*[Signature]*  
 C/LAD  
 AUTHENTICATING OFFICER

CLASSIFICATION

SECRET

IMPDET  
 CL BY:



SIGNAL CENTER USE OF

ONE AGE COI AEP TUB TPO JMO DCI PAGE CP PAGES

## SUMMARY

**S E C R E T**

### WEA-4.27 HANDLING INDICATOR

**STAFF**

**DATE-TIME GROUP**

**CON**

[illegible]

130272

0 INDEX DISSEM BY: 44  
0 NO INDEX  
0 RETURN TO PER  
0 NO INDEX #

CONF: *LA 8* INFO: FILE *11/10/10, 12/10/10, 1/11/11, 2/11/11, 3/11/11, 4/11/11, 5/11/11, 6/11/11, 7/11/11, 8/11/11, 9/11/11, 10/11/11, 11/11/11, 12/11/11, 1/12/12, 2/12/12, 3/12/12, 4/12/12, 5/12/12, 6/12/12, 7/12/12, 8/12/12, 9/12/12, 10/12/12, 11/12/12, 12/12/12, 1/13/13, 2/13/13, 3/13/13, 4/13/13, 5/13/13, 6/13/13, 7/13/13, 8/13/13, 9/13/13, 10/13/13, 11/13/13, 12/13/13, 1/14/14, 2/14/14, 3/14/14, 4/14/14, 5/14/14, 6/14/14, 7/14/14, 8/14/14, 9/14/14, 10/14/14, 11/14/14, 12/14/14, 1/15/15, 2/15/15, 3/15/15, 4/15/15, 5/15/15, 6/15/15, 7/15/15, 8/15/15, 9/15/15, 10/15/15, 11/15/15, 12/15/15, 1/16/16, 2/16/16, 3/16/16, 4/16/16, 5/16/16, 6/16/16, 7/16/16, 8/16/16, 9/16/16, 10/16/16, 11/16/16, 12/16/16, 1/17/17, 2/17/17, 3/17/17, 4/17/17, 5/17/17, 6/17/17, 7/17/17, 8/17/17, 9/17/17, 10/17/17, 11/17/17, 12/17/17, 1/18/18, 2/18/18, 3/18/18, 4/18/18, 5/18/18, 6/18/18, 7/18/18, 8/18/18, 9/18/18, 10/18/18, 11/18/18, 12/18/18, 1/19/19, 2/19/19, 3/19/19, 4/19/19, 5/19/19, 6/19/19, 7/19/19, 8/19/19, 9/19/19, 10/19/19, 11/19/19, 12/19/19, 1/20/20, 2/20/20, 3/20/20, 4/20/20, 5/20/20, 6/20/20, 7/20/20, 8/20/20, 9/20/20, 10/20/20, 11/20/20, 12/20/20, 1/21/21, 2/21/21, 3/21/21, 4/21/21, 5/21/21, 6/21/21, 7/21/21, 8/21/21, 9/21/21, 10/21/21, 11/21/21, 12/21/21, 1/22/22, 2/22/22, 3/22/22, 4/22/22, 5/22/22, 6/22/22, 7/22/22, 8/22/22, 9/22/22, 10/22/22, 11/22/22, 12/22/22, 1/23/23, 2/23/23, 3/23/23, 4/23/23, 5/23/23, 6/23/23, 7/23/23, 8/23/23, 9/23/23, 10/23/23, 11/23/23, 12/23/23, 1/24/24, 2/24/24, 3/24/24, 4/24/24, 5/24/24, 6/24/24, 7/24/24, 8/24/24, 9/24/24, 10/24/24, 11/24/24, 12/24/24, 1/25/25, 2/25/25, 3/25/25, 4/25/25, 5/25/25, 6/25/25, 7/25/25, 8/25/25, 9/25/25, 10/25/25, 11/25/25, 12/25/25, 1/26/26, 2/26/26, 3/26/26, 4/26/26, 5/26/26, 6/26/26, 7/26/26, 8/26/26, 9/26/26, 10/26/26, 11/26/26, 12/26/26, 1/27/27, 2/27/27, 3/27/27, 4/27/27, 5/27/27, 6/27/27, 7/27/27, 8/27/27, 9/27/27, 10/27/27, 11/27/27, 12/27/27, 1/28/28, 2/28/28, 3/28/28, 4/28/28, 5/28/28, 6/28/28, 7/28/28, 8/28/28, 9/28/28, 10/28/28, 11/28/28, 12/28/28, 1/29/29, 2/29/29, 3/29/29, 4/29/29, 5/29/29, 6/29/29, 7/29/29, 8/29/29, 9/29/29, 10/29/29, 11/29/29, 12/29/29, 1/30/30, 2/30/30, 3/30/30, 4/30/30, 5/30/30, 6/30/30, 7/30/30, 8/30/30, 9/30/30, 10/30/30, 11/30/30, 12/30/30, 1/31/31, 2/31/31, 3/31/31, 4/31/31, 5/31/31, 6/31/31, 7/31/31, 8/31/31, 9/31/31, 10/31/31, 11/31/31, 12/31/31, 1/32/32, 2/32/32, 3/32/32, 4/32/32, 5/32/32, 6/32/32, 7/32/32, 8/32/32, 9/32/32, 10/32/32, 11/32/32, 12/32/32, 1/33/33, 2/33/33, 3/33/33, 4/33/33, 5/33/33, 6/33/33, 7/33/33, 8/33/33, 9/33/33, 10/33/33, 11/33/33, 12/33/33, 1/34/34, 2/34/34, 3/34/34, 4/34/34, 5/34/34, 6/34/34, 7/34/34, 8/34/34, 9/34/34, 10/34/34, 11/34/34, 12/34/34, 1/35/35, 2/35/35, 3/35/35, 4/35/35, 5/35/35, 6/35/35, 7/35/35, 8/35/35, 9/35/35, 10/35/35, 11/35/35, 12/35/35, 1/36/36, 2/36/36, 3/36/36, 4/36/36, 5/36/36, 6/36/36, 7/36/36, 8/36/36, 9/36/36, 10/36/36, 11/36/36, 12/36/36, 1/37/37, 2/37/37, 3/37/37, 4/37/37, 5/37/37, 6/37/37, 7/37/37, 8/37/37, 9/37/37, 10/37/37, 11/37/37, 12/37/37, 1/38/38, 2/38/38, 3/38/38, 4/38/38, 5/38/38, 6/38/38, 7/38/38, 8/38/38, 9/38/38, 10/38/38, 11/38/38, 12/38/38, 1/39/39, 2/39/39, 3/39/39, 4/39/39, 5/39/39, 6/39/39, 7/39/39, 8/39/39, 9/39/39, 10/39/39, 11/39/39, 12/39/39, 1/40/40, 2/40/40, 3/40/40, 4/40/40, 5/40/40, 6/40/40, 7/40/40, 8/40/40, 9/40/40, 10/40/40, 11/40/40, 12/40/40, 1/41/41, 2/41/41, 3/41/41, 4/41/41, 5/41/41, 6/41/41, 7/41/41, 8/41/41, 9/41/41, 10/41/41, 11/41/41, 12/41/41, 1/42/42, 2/42/42, 3/42/42, 4/42/42, 5/42/42, 6/42/42, 7/42/42, 8/42/42, 9/42/42, 10/42/42, 11/42/42, 12/42/42, 1/43/43, 2/43/43, 3/43/43, 4/43/43, 5/43/43, 6/43/43, 7/43/43, 8/43/43, 9/43/43, 10/43/43, 11/43/43, 12/43/43, 1/44/44, 2/44/44, 3/44/44, 4/44/44, 5/44/44, 6/44/44, 7/44/44, 8/44/44, 9/44/44, 10/44/44, 11/44/44, 12/44/44, 1/45/45, 2/45/45, 3/45/45, 4/45/45, 5/45/45, 6/45/45, 7/45/45, 8/45/45, 9/45/45, 10/45/45, 11/45/45, 12/45/45, 1/46/46, 2/46/46, 3/46/46, 4/46/46, 5/46/46, 6/46/46, 7/46/46, 8/46/46, 9/46/46, 10/46/46, 11/46/46, 12/46/46, 1/47/47, 2/47/47, 3/47/47, 4/47/47, 5/47/47, 6/47/47, 7/47/47*

TO: PRIORITY CARACAS.4

UNINTEL - RNMUM Y

REF: DIRECTOR |\*| 4 13027/

1. SUBJECT REF IS LIKELY TO BE ARRESTED BY THE FBI FOR FAILURE  
TO REGISTER UNDER THE FOREIGN AGENT REGISTRATION ACT. WITH YOUR  
CONCURRENCE, WE PLAN TO TELL THE BUREAU THAT WE HAVE NO OPS INTEREST  
IN MORALES. PLS ADVISE.4

2. FILE: 201-0950534. E2 IMPDET.H

ORIG: AC/LA/VCE (AMORI X1033); AUTH: PCS/LSN (KUHN); REL:  
AC/LA/VCE (AMORI).J

\*SIG CENTER: PLS INSERT DIR NUMBER

P. 121	X	TRAVEL PROGRAM
P. 122		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 123		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 124		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 125		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 126		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 127		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 128		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 129		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 130		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 131		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 132		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 133		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 134		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 135		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 136		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 137		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 138		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 139		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 140		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 141		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 142		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 143		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 144		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 145		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 146		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 147		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 148		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 149		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 150		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 151		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 152		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 153		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 154		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 155		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 156		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 157		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 158		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 159		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 160		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 161		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 162		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 163		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 164		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 165		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 166		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 167		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 168		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 169		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 170		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 171		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 172		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 173		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 174		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 175		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 176		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 177		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 178		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 179		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 180		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 181		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 182		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 183		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 184		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 185		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 186		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 187		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 188		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 189		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 190		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 191		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 192		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 193		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 194		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 195		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 196		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 197		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 198		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 199		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 200		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 201		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 202		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 203		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 204		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 205		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 206		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 207		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 208		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 209		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 210		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 211		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 212		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 213		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 214		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 215		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 216		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 217		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 218		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 219		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 220		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 221		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 222		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 223		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 224		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 225		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 226		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 227		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 228		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 229		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 230		TRAVEL (2, 3)
P. 231		TRAV

DATE: 23 NOVEMBER 1977  
 ORIG: ALBERT/AMORI:CK  
 UNIT: AC/LA/VICE  
 EXT: 1053

AC7LA/VCE

**DISCUSSION**

**SECRET**

### COORDINATING COMMITTEE

RECORD COPY

NS 17326

E 2 IMPDET  
CL BY 007667

# OUTGOING MESSAGE

OMF 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

CLASSIFICATION  
SECRET  
MESSAGE HANDLING INDICATOR  
STAFF

DATE-TIME GROUP  
251731Z

CITE  
DIRECTOR

MESSAGE REFERENCE NUMBER

130271

CONF: /LA 8 INFO: FILE 4/LSN/10

DISSEM BY: 441  
0 NO INDEX  
0 RETURN TO PER Sep  
0 # FILES # 132

TO: CARACAS-4

UNINTEL RNMUM 4

1. FOLLOWING IS TEXT OF FBI CABLE DATED 22 NOVEMBER 1977.  
THIS INFO IS FOR ADDRESSEE BACKGROUND ONLY, NOT TO BE DISCUSSED OR  
OTHERWISE DISCLOSED OUTSIDE RTACTION WITHOUT PRIOR HQS AUTHORIZATION:4

[SIG CENTER: PLS TRANSMIT ATTACHED FBI CABLE - IN 473160 -  
BEGINNING WITH "RICARDO ANIBAL MORALES NAVARRETE; FOREIGN. . ."]

2. NO FILE. E2 IMPDET.H

\*\*\*\*\*ORIG: LA/VCE/V (MORGAN X1715); AUTH: PCS/LSN (KUHN);

REL: AC/LA/VCE (AMORI).P

\*COPY ATTACHED

*Morales*

DATE: 23 NOVEMBER 1977  
ORIG: RUSSELL MORGAN:CK  
UNIT: LA/VCE/V  
EXT: 1715

*[Signature]*  
AC/LA/VCE

CLASSIFICATION  
SECRET

COORDINATING OFFICERS

*[Signature]*  
PCS/LSN  
E 2 IMPDET  
CL BY 007667



ABLE SEC DISSEM BY		PER		TOTAL COPIES		RUN	
PERSON/UNIT NOTIFIED						REPRODUCTION BY OTHER THAN ISSUING OFFICE IS PROHIBITED	
ACTION UNIT		ISSUED SLOTTED		BY		AT	
		RF		FILE		VR	
ACTION #		I		N		O	
		1		2		3	
		4		5		6	
		7		8		9	
T 247513		EIA236		PAGE 22		IN 356141	
TOR:261852Z JUL 77				CARA 33796			

EXILE COMMUNITY: BETANCOURT HAS NOTIFIED THEM THAT HE IS STUDYING THE SITUATION BEFORE REPLYING.

C. AMBASSADOR MET PRESIDENT PEREZ FOR BREAKFAST MORNING 28 JULY. NOTHING WAS MENTIONED ABOUT CUBAN EXILE SITUATION.

2. WHAT WE COULD HAVE AS BASIS OF THIS WHOLE SITUATION IS CUBAN FORGERIES OF LETTERS FROM BOSCH TO BRING PRESSURE ON CUBAN EXILE COMMUNITY IN VENEZUELA WHILE REMAINS ALMOST TOTALLY ANTI-CASTRO. IT IS INTERESTING TO NOTE LETTERS PASSED BY CUBAN AMBASSADOR TO PRESIDENT PEREZ WERE TYPED, NOT HANDWRITTEN, AND ONLY SIGNED BY BOSCH. IN ANY EVENT, AMBASSADOR STRONGLY DISTRUSTS WKTANGO-1 IN ANYTHING INVOLVING CUBAN EXILES AND SUSPECTS THAT RICARDO MORALES IS EMOTIONALLY, IF NOT MENTALLY, UNSTABLE AND A CUBAN AGENT(SO DO WE). COS DISCUSSED GENERAL SITUATION WITH AMBASSADOR THIS MORNING. AS OF NOW, AMBASSADOR DOES NOT WANT TO GIVE ANY INFORMATION TO VENEZUELAN ON CUBAN EXILES EXCEPT ON ESTABLISHED TERRORISTS AND ADVANCE NOTICE OF IMPENDING TERRORIST ACTIONS, LEAST OF ALL DOES HE WANT US TO DEAL WITH WKTANGO-1 ON THIS SUBJECT.

3. SINCE THERE APPEARS TO BE SEVERAL GAMES WITHIN GAMES BEING PLAYED HERE, AND SOURCE OF REF B IS WKTANGO-1 (ONE OF THE MAJOR

SECRET

TABLE 1: SEC INSEMB BY PER TOTAL COM 13

PERSON UNIT NOTIFIED **SECRET**

REPRODUCTION BY OTHER  
ISSUING OFFICE IS PROHIBITED

ADVANCE COPY ISSUE SLOTTED		BY	DATE	TIME	STAFF
ACTION UNIT	I N F O	RF	FILE	VR	1
					2
ACTION #					3

.T 047813

EIA236

PAGE 03-03

IN 358141

TOR:281852Z JUL 77.

CARA 33796

PARTICIPANTS.) RECOMMEND REF B NOT BE  
DISSEMINATED UNTIL PICTURE IS CLARIFIED.

4. FILE: 75-120-26. E2. IMPDET.

**SECRET**

S E C R E T		ALL INFORMATION BY OTHER 105 JING. OF. ALL IS FROM	
ATTACHMENT 100-100000-100000		STAFF	
1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8
T 038993 EIA651		PAGE 01	
TOR:252324Z JUL 77		IN 354509	
		CARA 33784	

S E C R E T 252151Z JUL 77 STAFF

CITE CARACAS 33784

TO: DIRECTOR INFO FM/NEW YORK.

WNINTEL RYBAT REAM

REFS: A. DIRECTOR 269199

B. CARACAS 33655 (IN 341544)

1. ANY ADDITIONAL INFO WE MAY OBTAIN ON NATURE OF  
MORALES CONTACT WITH SLFAT-1 WILL BE CABLED TO ADDRESSEES.

AT THIS POINT ALL WE HAVE IS INFO PROVIDED IN REF B.

2. WHILE IT POSSIBLE, WE DON'T THINK THAT MORALES  
CONTACT WITH SLFAT-1 IS RESULT OF A WKTANGO-1 DIRECTED  
RECRUITMENT OP. WE ARE MORE INCLINED TO BELIEVE THAT THIS  
IS SOME SORT OF STRANGE LIAISON OR DOUBLE-AGENT OPERATION,  
PROBABLY SUGGESTED BY MORALES HIMSELF, OSTENSIBLY TO MAKE  
HIMSELF USEFUL TO WKSCARLET. IT HAS BEEN MENTIONED BEFORE,  
AND WE HAVE LONG SUSPECTED, WITHOUT ANY HARD EVIDENCE, THAT  
MORALES MAY BE A CASTRO CUBAN AGENT. IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE  
THAT HE HAS COINED THE VENEZUELAN GOVERNMENT, OR WKTANGO-1,  
INTO BELIEVING THAT HE HAS SOME SPECIAL ENTREE WITH SLFAT-1.

ALL-IN-ALL, BASED ON OUR PRESENT KNOWLEDGE OF THE CHARACTERS

S E C R E T

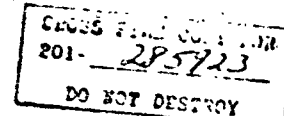




TABLE NO. DISSEM BY		TOTAL COPIES		RUN BY		REPRODUCTION BY OTHER ISSUING OFFICE IS PROH	
PERSON UNIT NOTIFIED				SECRET			
ADVANCE COPY ISSUED SLOTTED		BY		AT		Z	
ACTION LINE		RF		FILE		VN	
ACTION #		1		2		3	
ACTION #		4		5		6	
ACTION #		7		8		9	
ACTION #		10		11		12	
ACTION #		13		14		15	
ACTION #		16		17		18	
ACTION #		19		20		21	
ACTION #		22		23		24	
ACTION #		25		26		27	
ACTION #		28		29		30	
ACTION #		31		32		33	
ACTION #		34		35		36	
ACTION #		37		38		39	
ACTION #		40		41		42	
ACTION #		43		44		45	
ACTION #		46		47		48	
ACTION #		49		50		51	
ACTION #		52		53		54	
ACTION #		55		56		57	
ACTION #		58		59		60	
ACTION #		61		62		63	
ACTION #		64		65		66	
ACTION #		67		68		69	
ACTION #		70		71		72	
ACTION #		73		74		75	
ACTION #		76		77		78	
ACTION #		79		80		81	
ACTION #		82		83		84	
ACTION #		85		86		87	
ACTION #		88		89		90	
ACTION #		91		92		93	
ACTION #		94		95		96	
ACTION #		97		98		99	
ACTION #		100		101		102	
ACTION #		103		104		105	
ACTION #		106		107		108	
ACTION #		109		110		111	
ACTION #		112		113		114	
ACTION #		115		116		117	
ACTION #		118		119		120	
ACTION #		121		122		123	
ACTION #		124		125		126	
ACTION #		127		128		129	
ACTION #		130		131		132	
ACTION #		133		134		135	
ACTION #		136		137		138	
ACTION #		139		140		141	
ACTION #		142		143		144	
ACTION #		145		146		147	
ACTION #		148		149		150	
ACTION #		151		152		153	
ACTION #		154		155		156	
ACTION #		157		158		159	
ACTION #		160		161		162	
ACTION #		163		164		165	
ACTION #		166		167		168	
ACTION #		169		170		171	
ACTION #		172		173		174	
ACTION #		175		176		177	
ACTION #		178		179		180	
ACTION #		181		182		183	
ACTION #		184		185		186	
ACTION #		187		188		189	
ACTION #		190		191		192	
ACTION #		193		194		195	
ACTION #		196		197		198	
ACTION #		199		200		201	
ACTION #		202		203		204	
ACTION #		205		206		207	
ACTION #		208		209		210	
ACTION #		211		212		213	
ACTION #		214		215		216	
ACTION #		217		218		219	
ACTION #		220		221		222	
ACTION #		223		224		225	
ACTION #		226		227		228	
ACTION #		229		230		231	
ACTION #		232		233		234	
ACTION #		235		236		237	
ACTION #		238		239		240	
ACTION #		241		242		243	
ACTION #		244		245		246	
ACTION #		247		248		249	
ACTION #		250		251		252	
ACTION #		253		254		255	
ACTION #		256		257		258	
ACTION #		259		260		261	
ACTION #		262		263		264	
ACTION #		265		266		267	
ACTION #		268		269		270	
ACTION #		271		272		273	
ACTION #		274		275		276	
ACTION #		277		278		279	
ACTION #		280		281		282	
ACTION #		283		284		285	
ACTION #		286		287		288	
ACTION #		289		290		291	
ACTION #		292		293		294	
ACTION #		295		296		297	
ACTION #		298		299		300	
ACTION #		301		302		303	
ACTION #		304		305		306	
ACTION #		307		308		309	
ACTION #		310		311		312	
ACTION #		313		314		315	
ACTION #		316		317		318	
ACTION #		319		320		321	
ACTION #		322		323		324	
ACTION #		325		326		327	
ACTION #		328		329		330	
ACTION #		331		332		333	
ACTION #		334		335		336	
ACTION #		337		338		339	
ACTION #		340		341		342	
ACTION #		343		344		345	
ACTION #		346		347		348	
ACTION #		349		350		351	
ACTION #		352		353		354	
ACTION #		355		356		357	
ACTION #		358		359		360	
ACTION #		361		362		363	
ACTION #		364		365		366	
ACTION #		367		368		369	
ACTION #		370		371		372	
ACTION #		373		374		375	
ACTION #		376		377		378	
ACTION #		379		380		381	
ACTION #		382		383		384	
ACTION #		385		386		387	
ACTION #		388		389		390	
ACTION #		391		392		393	
ACTION #		394		395		396	
ACTION #		397		398		399	
ACTION #		400		401		402	
ACTION #		403		404		405	
ACTION #		406		407		408	
ACTION #		409		410		411	
ACTION #		412		413		414	
ACTION #		415		416		417	
ACTION #		418		419		420	
ACTION #		421		422		423	
ACTION #		424		425		426	
ACTION #		427		428		429	
ACTION #		430		431		432	
ACTION #		433		434		435	
ACTION #		436		437		438	
ACTION #		439		440		441	
ACTION #		442		443		444	
ACTION #		445		446		447	
ACTION #		448		449		450	
ACTION #		451		452		453	
ACTION #		454		455		456	
ACTION #		457		458		459	
ACTION #		460		461		462	
ACTION #		463		464		465	
ACTION #		466		467		468	
ACTION #		469		470		471	
ACTION #		472		473		474	
ACTION #		475		476		477	
ACTION #		478		479		480	
ACTION #		481		482		483	
ACTION #		484		485		486	
ACTION #		487		488		489	
ACTION #		490		491		492	
ACTION #		493		494		495	
ACTION #		496		497		498	
ACTION #		499		500		501	
ACTION #		502		503		504	
ACTION #		505		506		507	
ACTION #		508		509		510	
ACTION #		511		512		513	
ACTION #		514		515		516	
ACTION #		517		518		519	
ACTION #		520		521		522	
ACTION #		523		524		525	
ACTION #		526		527		528	
ACTION #		529		530		531	
ACTION #		532		533		534	
ACTION #		535		536		537	
ACTION #		538		539		540	
ACTION #		541		542		543	
ACTION #		544		545		546	
ACTION #		547		548		549	
ACTION #		550		551		552	
ACTION #		553		554		555	
ACTION #		556		557		558	
ACTION #		559		560		561	
ACTION #		562		563		564	
ACTION #		565		566		567	
ACTION #		568		569		570	
ACTION #		571		572		573	
ACTION #		574		575		576	
ACTION #		577		578		579	
ACTION #		580		581		582	
ACTION #		583		584		585	
ACTION #		586		587		588	
ACTION #		589		590		591	
ACTION #		592		593		594	
ACTION #		595		596		597	
ACTION #		598		599		600	
ACTION #		601		602		603	
ACTION #		604		605		606	
ACTION #		607		608		609	
ACTION #		610		611		612	
ACTION #		613		614		615	
ACTION #		616		617		618	
ACTION #		619		620		621	
ACTION #		622		623		624	
ACTION #		625		626		627	
ACTION #		628		629		630	
ACTION #		631		632		633	
ACTION #		634		635		636	
ACTION #		637		638		639	
ACTION #		640		641		642	
ACTION #		643		644		645	
ACTION #		646		647		648	
ACTION #		649		650		651	
ACTION #		652		653		654	
ACTION #		655		656		657	
ACTION #		658		659		660	
ACTION #		661		662		663	
ACTION #		664		665		666	
ACTION #		667		668		669	
ACTION #		670		671		672	
ACTION #		673		674		675	
ACTION #		676		677		678	
ACTION #		679		680		681	

41		21-2		SECRET		REPRODUCED BY OTHER THAN ISSUING OFFICE IS PROHIBITED	
ADVANCE COPY ISSUED SLOTTED		STAFF					
4LAS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
4EESIEG2	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
T 510745	E 14528	PAGE 21	IN 256922				
TOR:292034Z APR 77				CARA 32949			

SECRET 292205Z APR 77 STAFF

CITE CARACAS 32949

TO: DIRECTOR, LA/MIAMI

RYBAT WMINTEL REAM

1. ON 26 APRIL 1977 WKDIET-5 REPORTED THAT RICARDO MORALES NAVARRETE (SUBJECT OF 201-2285923), AKA "EL MONO", IS REPORTED TO HAVE KILLED IN MIAMI A CUBAN EXILE BY THE NAME OF ROBERTO PARSONS. WKDIET-5 SAYS THAT PARSONS WORKED FOR BKHERALD AND UNDERTOOK SEVERAL CLANDESTINE TRIPS TO CUBA. HE SAID AT TIMES PARSONS HELPED GET PEOPLE OUT OF CUBA FOR A PRICE. PARSONS HAS BEEN MISSING SINCE DECEMBER 1976. THE EXACT REASON FOR HIS ALLEGED MURDER IS UNKNOWN.

2. FOLLOWING ARE TRACES ON ROBERTO PARSONS: ACCORDING TO JMWAVE-1302, 16 FEBRUARY 1968, AN AMCLEVE-15 MIAMI CONTACT WAS PROBABLY IDENTICAL WITH ROBERTO PARSONS RAMIREZ, BORN 12 JULY 1930 IN GUANTANAMO. PARSONS WAS A BKHERALD AGENT FROM 1965 THROUGH 1967 WHEN HE WAS TERMINATED ON 30 NOVEMBER WITHOUT PREJUDICE. HE WAS USED IN EXFILTRATION AND INFILTRATION OPERATIONS AND OCCASIONALLY REPORTED GRATUITOUSLY

SECRET

RECORD COPY

CROSS FILED COPY FOR  
201-225923  
DO NOT DESTROY

S E C R E T

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

100-443887-100

**STAFF**

• • • • •

25

FILE

VR

•

• • • • •

7

—

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

9

**Abstract**

\_\_\_\_\_

9

---

**Keywords:**

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

10

---

11

---

\_\_\_\_\_

1

---

\_\_\_\_\_

1

T 510745

3245

PAGE 22-22

IN 266922

TCR: 292034Z APR 77

CARA 32949

ON THE DSE AND CGI.

3. INDEX PARSONS, FILE: 75-120-28, 201-0285923.

E2. IMPDET.

**S E C R E T**

[illegible]

**S E C R E T**

**STAFF**

04233-5

**DIRECTOR**

[illegible]

029666

DISSEM BY: 41

## THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

OTHER TO PER

0-2-4

TO: CARACAS INFO LA/MIAMI.Y

WINTEL KMSTONE 4

REFS: A. CARACAS 32949 [IN 266922]

B. CARACAS 32958 | IN 268419 | X (NOT NEEDED LA/MIAMI) Y

1. PARA 2 BELOW IS THE TEXT OF A MESSAGE WHICH WAS SENT TO THE  
FBI ON 4 MAY, BASED ON REFS. PLEASE PASS THE INFORMATION TO THE  
LEGATT CARACAS: 4

2. A. ACCORDING TO A VENEZUELAN SOURCE WHOSE RELIABILITY HAS NOT BEEN ESTABLISHED, RICARDO M O R A L E S NAVARRÉTE, CUBAN-BORN NATURALIZED VENEZUELAN CITIZEN, IS RUMORED TO HAVE KILLED ROBERTO P A R S O N S, ANOTHER CUBAN EXILE, IN MIAMI, FLORIDA. SOURCE SAID THAT PARSONS HAS BEEN MISSING SINCE DECEMBER 1976 AND THAT THE REASON FOR HIS ALLEGED MURDER IS UNKNOWN. U

B. PARSONS IS PROBABLY IDENTIFIABLE WITH ROBERTO  
P A R S O N S RAMIREZ, BORN 10 JULY 1930 IN GUANTANAMO, CUBA. HE  
WAS OF OPERATIONAL INTEREST TO THIS AGENCY FROM JULY 1965 UNTIL  
NOVEMBER 1967. 4

C. A DIFFERENT SOURCE WHO IS USUALLY RELIABLE, REPORTED ON

**DATE:**

**ORIG:**

UNIT:

**EXT:**

B 201-779687

**RELEASE OFFICER**

### COMPARATIVE RESULTS

**CLASSIFICATION**

**S E C R E T**

RECORD COPY

[illegible]

201-285423  
+ 7744 77

E 2 IMPDET  
CL BY: 007255

PAGE OF PAGES  
2

### MECHANISMS OF ACTION

**DIRECTOR**

**INFO: FILE**

0 INDEX DISSEM BY:  
0 NO INDEX  
0 RETURN TO PER

0 - PLEB #

D. THE ABOVE INFORMATION IS BEING MADE AVAILABLE TO THE  
LEGAL ATTACHE IN CARACAS. NO FURTHER DISSEMINATION IS BEING MADE. U

3. AMONG THE CLOSE ASSOCIATES PARSONS LISTED IN HIS PRQ PART I COMPLETED IN JULY 1965 IS ANTONIO BUSTILLO PEREZ (201-0756656), A MEMBER OF THE WKTANGO-1 GROUP. (WASHINGTON 026922) U

4. FILE: 201-0285923; X REF: 201-0779687{PARSONS}. E2 IMPDET.H

COMMENT: REPORTED ABOVE INFORMATION AND STATION TRACES WHICH INDICATED THAT PARSONS WAS OF PREVIOUS OPERATIONAL INTEREST TO JMWAVE.

ORIG: C/LA/PNC/V-ANDREWS}; COORD: ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~C/LA/OPS-~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~;  
 LA/COG-ILATRASH}; LA/CAR-AMES}; AUTH: <sup>BUSTOS</sup>PC/LA/PNC-DESIGN}; REL: AC/LA  
 LAUDER}-8

DATE: 4 MAY 77 *RM*  
ORIG: ROBERT ANDREWS:PM  
UNIT: C/LA/PNC/V  
EXT: X1715

AC/LA

**CLASSIFICAÇÃO**

**SECRET**

**C/LA/OPS**

LA/COG

LA/CAR

**COORDINATING OFFICER:**

C/LA/PNC

2. JIM DET

CL BY: 007255

# OUTGOING MESSAGE

18.2  
SIGNAL CENTER USE ONLY  
OMF 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

CLASSIFICATION  
**SECRET**  
METHOD OF HANDLING INDICATOR

DATE TIME GROUP

CITE

MESSAGE REFERENCE NUMBER

CONF: 4LA 8 INFO: FILE 4110ms, 4LSN/10, 4PCS, 4C1.2, 4PCS/ITC 4

CIA

080328

0 INDEX DISSEM BY: 41  
0 NO INDEX  
0 RETURN TO PER SOP  
0 FILES # 132

TO: FBI//INTELLIGENCE DIVISION INFO DEPT OF STATE//SY/TAG,  
IMMIGRATION AND NATURALIZATION SERVICE//INTELLIGENCE DIVISION.Y  
SECRET--WARNING NOTICE - SENSITIVE INTELLIGENCE SOURCES AND  
METHODS INVOLVED--NOT RELEASABLE TO FOREIGN NATIONALS--NOT  
RELEASABLE TO CONTRACTORS OR CONTRACTOR/CONSULTANTS--DISSEMINATION  
AND EXTRACTION OF INFORMATION CONTROLLED BY ORIGINATOR Y  
CIR-316/01585-77 Y

SUBJECT: RICARDO MORALES NAVARRETE Y

ON 23 APRIL 1977

1. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ A VENEZUELAN SOURCE WHOSE RELIABILITY HAS  
REPORTED THAT  
NOT BEEN ESTABLISHED, RICARDO MORALES NAVARRETE, CUBAN-  
BORN NATURALIZED VENEZUELAN CITIZEN, IS RUMORED TO HAVE KILLED  
ROBERTO PARSONS, ANOTHER CUBAN EXILE, IN MIAMI, FLORIDA.  
SOURCE SAID THAT PARSONS HAS BEEN MISSING SINCE DECEMBER 1976 AND  
THAT THE REASON FOR HIS ALLEGED MURDER IS UNKNOWN. Y

2. PARSONS IS PROBABLY IDENTIFIABLE WITH ROBERTO P  
RAMIREZ, BORN 10 JULY 1930 IN GUANTANAMO, CUBA. HE WAS OF OPERATIONAL  
INTEREST TO THIS AGENCY FROM JULY 1965 UNTIL NOVEMBER 1967. Y

3. A DIFFERENT SOURCE WHO IS USUALLY RELIABLE REPORTED ON 29  
VENEZUELAN

DATE:  
ORIG:  
UNIT:  
EXT:

PER	X	DATE	23 APR 77
BY		TIME	1400
FILE		INITIALS	
REMARKS	316/01585-77		
223	201-285423		
224	5 MAY 77		

B 201-779687

RELEASING OFFICER

COORDINATING OFFICERS

AUTHENTICATING OFFICER

CLASSIFICATION  
**SECRET**

RECORD COPY

E 2 IMPOET  
CL BY: 007255

# OUTGOING MESSAGE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10

SIGNAL CENTER USE ONLY  
 COI ALP TOS TPE MPO OCT  
 ONF 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

PAGE 2 OF 2

CLASSIFICATION  
**SECRET**  
 MESSAGE HANDLING INDICATOR

DATE TIME GROUP

CITE

MESSAGE REFERENCE NUMBER

CIA

CONF:

INFO: FILE

030328

0 INDEX DISSEM BY:  
 0 NO INDEX  
 0 RETURN TO PER  
 0 # FILE #

APRIL 1977 THAT MORALES HAS GONE INTO HIDING IN THE UNITED STATES  
 TO AVOID A COURT APPEARANCE IN CONNECTION WITH THE INVESTIGATION  
 OF THE DEATH OF FORMER CHILEAN OFFICIAL ORLANDO LETELLIER.

4. THE ABOVE INFORMATION IS BEING MADE AVAILABLE TO THE  
 LEGAL ATTACHE IN CARACAS. NO FURTHER DISSEMINATION IS BEING MADE.

5. EXEMPT FROM GENERAL DECLASSIFICATION SCHEDULE OF E.O.  
 11652 EXEMPTION CATEGORY 5 B (2). IMPOSSIBLE TO DETERMINE DATE OF  
 AUTOMATIC DECLASSIFICATION. XGDS-2.4

BASED ON: PARAGRAPHS ONE AND TWO: CARACAS 32949 (IN-266922)

WKDIET (WKDIET-5)

PARAGRAPH THREE:

CARACAS 32958 (IN-268419)

WKMAJOR (WKSCARLET-9)

OBJECTIVE: J-1

ORIG: LA/PNC (KENNER X9454); COORD: DC/LA/PNC (DESMOND); C/LA/COG  
 (LATRASH); C/LA/AN (BEARDSLEY); C/LA/OPS (DI STEFANO); PCS/ITC  
 (WARNER - TELECOORD); AUTH: AC/LAD (LAUDER); REL: C/PCS/LSN (

DC/LA/PNC Burns  
 C/LA/COG DeMonte  
 C/LA/AN DeMonte  
 C/LA/OPS DeMonte  
 PCS/ITC - (E. WARNER - TELECOORD)

LA/RR C. Bauer

DATE: 3 MAY 1977  
 ORIG: H. KENNER: LW  
 UNIT: LA/PNC  
 EXT: 9454

RELEASING OFFICER

COORDINATING OFFICER

CLASSIFICATION

**SECRET**

EX-200 EMPDET  
 CL PY: 007255

LA/Reg  
 ET-3 Regis A #  
 ATTN: TS Abelle

MAY 00 77

Whe