

WILL

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

G. GORDON

LIDDY

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"These men include professional killers who have accounted between them for twenty-two dead so far, including two hanged from a beam in a garage."

Mitchell gazed at me steadily, took another puff on his pipe, removed it from his mouth and said, "And where did you find men like that?"

"I understand they're members of organized crime."

"And how much will *their* services cost?"

I pointed to the figure on the chart. It was substantial. "Like top professionals everywhere, sir," I said, "they don't come cheap."

"Well," said Mitchell dryly as he brought his pipe back up to his mouth, "let's not contribute any more than we have to to the coffers of organized crime."

I didn't know Mitchell well enough to be able to tell whether he was being sarcastic or just objecting to the amount I had budgeted. I looked to Dean and Magruder for a clue. I found none. They just sat there, staring at Mitchell, like two rabbits in front of a cobra. Mitchell said no more, so I went on to the other operations.

RUBY concerned the infiltration of spies into the camp of Democratic contenders, then the successful candidate himself. COAL was the program to furnish money clandestinely to Shirley Chisholm of New York to finance her as a contender and force Democratic candidates to fight off a black woman, bound to generate ill-feeling among the black community and, we hoped, cause them difficulty with women. Once again Mitchell interrupted me. "You can forget about that. Nelson Rockefeller's already taking care of that nicely."

For each operation I explained what would be done in detail. EMERALD outlined the use of a chase plane to eavesdrop on the Democratic candidate's aircraft and buses when his entourage used radio telephones. I turned in the information intercepted from Robert Strauss as an example of what could be done on a much larger scale with proper funding.

QUARTZ detailed emulation of the technique used by the Soviet Union for microwave interception of telephone traffic, and I explained in detail the way it was done by the Soviet Embassy.

For use in gathering information at the Democratic National Convention at Miami Beach, Hunt and I had an option to lease a large houseboat moored within line of sight of the Fontainebleau. This would enable it to be used as a communications center for CRYSTAL—electronic surveillance. It was an opulent barge, with a lush bedroom featuring a large mirror over the big king-sized bed. We'd get our money's worth from the houseboat. It would double as headquarters for SAPPHIRE because it was from there that our prostitutes were to operate. They were *not* to work as hookers but as spoiled, rich, beautiful women who were only too susceptible to men

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who could brag convincingly of the importance of what they were doing at the convention. The bedroom would be wired for sound, but I disagreed with Hunt's suggestion that movie cameras be used. That wouldn't be necessary to get the information, might cost us the women recruited who might object to being filmed *in flagrante*, and, as I pointed out to Howard, there wasn't room to install them overhead anyway. Mitchell listened to that impassively, as did Dean. Magruder, however, wore a look of eager interest.

I presented a plan for four black-bag jobs, OPALs I through IV. They were clandestine entries at which microphone surveillances could be placed, as well as TOPAZ: photographs taken of any documents available, including those under lock. As targets I proposed the headquarters of Senator Edmund Muskie's campaign on K Street, N.W.; that of Senator George McGovern on Capitol Hill; one for the Democratic National Convention at any hotel, because we had access to just about anything we wanted through all the Cuban help employed in the Miami Beach hotels. One entry would be held in reserve for any target of opportunity Mitchell wished to designate as we went along. I looked at him questioningly, but he just kept sucking on his pipe, suggesting none.

Next I presented plans for GARNET: counterdemonstrations by groups that would attract media attention and be perceived by most Americans to be repulsive as they advocated the candidacy of Democratic candidates of our selection. The groups would also carry out disruptive tactics at fund-raising dinners and other affairs.

The largest disruption operation, however, was reserved for the Democratic National Convention itself. We had paid well to acquire the entire blueprints for the convention hall and all its support machinery. The plan I outlined, TURQUOISE, called for a commando team of Cubans—veterans of raids into Castro Cuba—to slip at night from apartments rented across the street to the rear of the hall, where the air-conditioning units were, and sabotage them by destroying the compressors and introducing a destructive grit into the bearings of the blowers. Even John Mitchell smiled as I asked them to imagine those Democrats, already hot under the collar from so much internecine fighting over the nomination, when, in the 100-degree Miami summer weather, all the air-conditioning went out, damaged beyond quick repair, and the temperature inside the hall reached 110 or more degrees.

I closed the presentation with a summary of the many different offensive and defensive intelligence-collection and disruption operations the plan made available, and with a final two charts. One, BRICK, summed up GEMSTONE cost breakdowns by units (RUBY, COAL, DIAMOND, etc.) and the total of nearly one million dollars. The last was the flowchart, which looked roughly like a ski jump

Hunt had proposed, and I agreed, that the men not lose anything either. They all worked, and when they did anything for us it cost them lost wages and commissions. Hunt and I calculated their losses generously and recompensed them.

Sloan wanted an accounting, and I gave him one right after he gave me the \$83,000. When I started to detail what I was using the money for, however, he said that wouldn't be necessary and hurried me out nervously. That was the only accounting ever requested or made.

Near the end of April Magruder sent word that he wanted to see me. I thought he had another unbudgeted project in mind and was in a cold mood when I entered. My assumption proved incorrect.

Magruder asked, "Gordon, do you think you could get into the Watergate?"

I knew just what he meant. I had targeted the DNC headquarters for later, when and if it became the headquarters of the successful Democratic candidate at their convention, so I said, "Yes. It's a high-security building, but we can do it. It's a bit early, though."

Magruder understood and replied, "How about putting a bug in O'Brien's office?"

Larry O'Brien was by now involved in gearing up for the Democratic convention and was spending most of his time in Miami. Our Cuban agents were studying how best to bug him there, and I'd been laying out money for information, buying off hotel employees, etc., so I said, "For that, it's a bit late."

"O.K." he said, "so he's in and out. There's still plenty of activity over there. We want to know whatever's said in his office, just as if it was here; what goes on in this office."

I thought the reference strange. Were I the Democrats, I'd want to bug John Mitchell's office down the hall, not Magruder's. I thought of the \$30,000 device I had ordered from McCord and said. "All right, we can do that."

"The phones, too."

"That's easy."

"And while you're in there, photograph whatever you can find."

I was disturbed by this turn of events because it was not the situation I had agreed to, nor outlined in GEMSTONE. My deal called for *me* to choose the targets and the timing. Once again, control was being taken away from me. In the intelligence business it is the consumer who tasks the agency with the requirement, but the professionals determine how and when to get it. That custom was being broken. This time, however, I couldn't blame Magruder. It was clear from his facial expression and manner of speech that he was just relaying orders. In an attempt to salvage the original agreement—that of my picking the time and place of the entries—I said, "O.K.,

Jeb, we'll do it, but remember, this burns up your optional entry right at the beginning. There are funds for no more than four, and the other three, if you remember, are already set."

Magruder didn't bite. "Get in there as soon as you can, Gordon. It's important."

I saw McCord and gave him the target. He promised to check out the interior of DNC quickly to get the layout. When I asked him if he'd have the listening device in hand soon, he assured me that he would.

J. Edgar Hoover died on 2 May and was laid out in state in the rotunda of the Capitol. His presence there attracted leftist activists like ghouls to a graveyard. An anti-Vietnam rally that week took place on the Mall, and police reports described the participants as marching under the Vietcong flag. Daniel Ellsberg and other radicals were slated to participate in another such rally, and once again Magruder called on me.

He alluded to the rally that had taken place. "The President is really pissed about that [Vietcong] flag being used on the Mall. They're gonna do it again. Do you think your guys could break it up and get it?"

"Get what?"

"The flag. Colson wants to give it to The Man."

I told Jeb I could probably bring up a team of Cubans from Miami to break up the rally, or at least cause a noticeable disturbance and sign of opposition. If there was a V.C. flag, a coordinated attack focusing on it should be able to succeed, but I had an objection: to bring up a contingent from Miami, feed, house, and return them would cost a lot of money—money I just didn't have.

"What about all the money you got from Hugh?" Magruder parried.

"Damn it, Jeb, that's all budgeted. GEMSTONE's down to a quarter of what I was promised to run it when I agreed to do this. I'm already running short with all these extras, like that bullshit pamphlet on Muskie you guys unloaded on me. If Chuck wants a V.C. flag for the President that badly, let *him* pay for it."

My reference to the Muskie pamphlet was just one of many little pet projects of someone or other I always ended up having to take care of. That particular one had been a phony attack on him as anti-environment, supposedly prepared by grass-roots opponents. I'd been stuck with the distribution of a pile of them and it had cost GEMSTONE money. I finally got it done through Segretti.

Magruder seemed to think Colson's whim of capturing the V.C. flag for the President was of sufficient importance to authorize me to draw \$3,000 from Porter for a quick trip by some Cubans. When I'd shifted from Porter to Sloan as my source of funds, I'd asked

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called for. I might not even get *that* if things got tight and the choice, for example, was between polling and intelligence.

I told Magruder that we intended to hit McGovern headquarters on the weekend of 17 June and would be bringing the men up anyway; that I had no hesitancy in requiring my wireman to get things working properly at no additional expense. Therefore, I added, we should be able to do it if it were just a quick in and out with a keyman and a guard in addition to the wireman. He said he'd let me know, and I told him I'd need a decision right away because of the short lead time involved. He promised to let me know on Monday.

On Monday, 12 June, Magruder called me up to his office again and annoyed me immediately by returning to the file cabinets in the DNC offices. I thought he was renegeing on his promise of a decision and asking for more information to cover the fact that he'd forgotten to get it. He asked how many file cabinets there were and their proximity to O'Brien's office. I said there were many locked files, and I was telling him that they had just the common push locks, that they weren't the file safe type, when Magruder suddenly became agitated and exclaimed, "*Here's* what I want to know." He swung his left arm back behind him and brought it forward forcefully as he said, "I want to know what O'Brien's got right here!" At the word *here* he slapped the lower left part of his desk with his left palm, hard. "Take all the men, all the cameras you need. *That's* what I want to know!"

There was a world of significance in Magruder's gesture. When he said "here!" and slapped that particular portion of his desk, he was referring to the place he kept his derogatory information on the Democrats. Whenever in the past he had called me in to attempt to verify some rumor about, for example, Jack Anderson, it was from there that he withdrew whatever he already had on the matter. *The purpose of the second Watergate break-in was to find out what O'Brien had of a derogatory nature about us, not for us to get something on him or the Democrats.*

Magruder didn't tell me what he either expected, or was afraid, we'd find in O'Brien's files. He instructed that we go in there with all the film, men, and cameras necessary to photograph *everything* in his desk and in those files. This time McCord was going in merely as an unpaid electronic hitchhiker, free to leave when he was through.

Early in the week of 11 June I spoke to McCord and told him to be ready to go in and repair or move the room microphone in O'Brien's office. McCord had let me believe that he had placed a room mike. I did not yet know that the malfunctioning transmitter was on another telephone. He gave me the accumulation of logs from the operating transmitter, which was by now considerable, and I set about editing them. There was some, but still not much, intelligence contained in them, but the bulk continued to be of a personal nature from a number of people.

I told all this to Hunt. He had been in contact with the Cubans in Miami, and he reported to me that they had been successful in setting up an operation in which some of the filthiest hippie types imaginable would pose as McGovern supporters. With the aid of our Cuban hotel employee accomplices, the hippies would be able to get into the hotel suite occupied by McGovern. Acting or actually half out of their minds on drugs, in full view of the press, they would, among other acts typical of their kind, urinate on the floor.

Hunt gave me the photographs from the first entry and I put them, together with the second batch of edited logs, into the usual two sealed envelopes for delivery to John Mitchell.

On 12 June McCord sent in his assistant from the observation post to report on the current interior arrangement at the DNC offices, and he obtained the location of all the file cabinets. With pride McCord told me that his man had posed as the nephew of a former Democratic National Committee chairman and been given a guided tour. The information helped me to calculate the time involved and the amount of film required. I decided to order that fifty rolls of 35-mm be brought along by the Cubans.

Gordon Strachan called me to the White House and told me that the original submissions from the electronic surveillance were unsatisfactory. I assumed he was speaking for Haldeman so I repeated what McCord had told me of the technical problem and that we intended to correct it by going back in shortly.

On Wednesday, 14 June, I met Howard Hunt in his office. I had an appointment for a conference in John Mitchell's office on 15 June to discuss nonintelligence matters with Mitchell, Magruder, and a few others, and I wanted to be able to tell Mitchell that everything was set for the corrective and photographic mission. I told Hunt of the necessity of going back into the Watergate. He balked.

"Jesus, Gordon," he protested, "you know how much trouble it was to get in there in the first place. We've got McGovern coming up again this weekend, and we're going to hit O'Brien again in Miami or Sonesta Beach soon anyway. Looks like high risk, low gain to me."

"You're missing the point, Howard. McCord's fucked-up bug is incidental. This trip he's just a hitchhiker. What's wanted is a photo mission. They want everything in the files."

Hunt was incredulous: "All of them?"

"You got it."

"Jesus! There's rows of them. It'll take hours!"

"Exactly. We'll have to do it between shift changes. That'll give us four hours between building inspections. No way we can justify longer exposure than that. Tell them to bring another camera and fifty rolls of 35-mm. Thirty-six exposure rolls. That'll give us eighteen hundred pages' capacity. That ought to satisfy them."

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"What about McGovern?"

"We hit him too. If we can get the DNC job done between the eight and twelve shift changes we'll do McGovern the same night. If not, the following night."

"Goddamn, Gordon, the boys'll be exhausted!"

"It's gotta be done, Howard, one way or another."

"All right. At least the McGovern entry won't take long. We'll try the typewriter again. What about compensation? Another Watergate entry wasn't in our budget."

"Everyone but McCord gets compensated at the same rate. I'll do what I've been doing since the beginning—rob Peter to pay Paul."

I told Hunt that the budget and flowchart were meaningless now anyway: that, as he well knew, we were being tasked with many matters never budgeted; and that Magruder had to approve every disbursement of funds to me specifically, regardless of the fact that they had been approved as scheduled previously. Hunt knew I detested Magruder, and that the situation would have been otherwise if there had been anything I could do about it. I didn't tell him that I'd tried, in the LaRue meeting, and failed. Hunt just shook his head and said, "That wasn't our deal, Gordon."

But Hunt was a professional and used to the vagaries of superiors and coping in spite of them. We sat down and planned a second entry into the Watergate. This time, however, the two men previously posted outside as guards were eliminated to save money. Another camera and fifty rolls of film would be purchased, and the fact that this was primarily a photographic mission impressed upon Barker. McCord was free to leave when he had accomplished his corrective mission, but his participation was only incidental. Hunt and the Cubans would have the same monetary arrangement as for a budgeted mission, as would McCord for the McGovern headquarters penetration. We elected to use the previously successful garage-level entry approach.

On Thursday, 15 June, I went to the meeting with Mitchell carrying the thick sheaf of accumulated log entries sealed in two envelopes. Intelligence wasn't on the agenda, but because of Magruder's complaining I wasn't sure what to expect from Mitchell. I decided to bring the matter up myself, offering the envelope, the confirmation that the faulty bug would be corrected that weekend, and the humor of what we had planned to do to McGovern with the hippies in Miami to placate him.

I should have kept my mouth shut. Mitchell, it turned out, didn't need placating. At least until I told him of my plans for McGovern. I entered and took a seat to Mitchell's immediate right. He was reading and smoking his pipe, and, as he glanced up to acknowledge my presence, I slipped the thick envelope, bearing no markings at all on