

**METRO**

# Become a spy? No skanks!

By [Andrea Peyser](#)

July 12, 2010 | 4:00am



Barbara Makuch

Photo:

Barbara Makuch was a real- life Mrs. Smith — hot house wife spy in heels.

For two decades, Barbara (pictured) spent days enduring the PTA. And nights cavorting as a double agent, working as a spy against hated Russia.

But she never traded on her body. And she never got caught. So Barbara, now a petite 57,

was understandably disgusted as she watched the unfolding antics of flame-haired Anna Chapman — whom she calls Anya — and the rest of the “spies who couldn’t shoot straight.”

If she’d behaved like Anya, she said, “I’d be dead.”

“Holy crap!” Barbara blurted from her upstate home, in a faceless suburb much like that of the new crop of Russian spies. “I did that! I lived the — quote — quiet, suburban life, while meeting with my Russian handlers.”

But she had contempt for the babe who flaunted her body for secrets, slithering up to Britain’s princes, William and Harry.

“She felt it was necessary to use her femininity and her sex to gain information. Well, that doesn’t make you a spy, hon. It make you what we called a ‘honey pot.’

“She’s sexy?” said Barbara. “Nah. She’s stupid.”

It seems like another world when Barbara was one of the government’s top assets. But talking to her provides keen insights into today’s world of espionage. As she puts it, “human intelligence is more valuable than technological intelligence.”

“They want you to believe all these guys just Googled this stuff [and passed it on to Russia]. Baloney!” she said.

Barbara spoke to me although she fears Russian wrath, even now. She had to convince me of two things: 1: The new breed of hot spy isn’t so smoking. And 2: We may never know what secrets Anya & Co. passed along to the Russkies.

Our government seems intent on burying them. Or maybe we just don’t want to know.

Barbara’s days of espionage began in the early ’70s, when she was 18, married and learned that anti-Vietnam War protesters planned to bomb sites near Buffalo. Born in Germany, she harbored a passionate hatred of communists, who’d murdered an uncle. “The FBI asked if I’d help catch” a bomber. “I said, ‘sure.’ ”

The KGB liked her, too, and she moved easily between the two countries. “I did not look like the Che Guevara type. I wore makeup. I did my nails.”

What she discovered saved lives. “What Americans don’t know is that the peace movement was funded by the Soviets to the tune of millions of dollars. The money would come in a diplomatic black bag.”

But by the late ’80s, the job grew sinister. At meetings, Russians plied Barbara with cognac,

her favorite, then asked questions about her loyalties. Upstate, a 6-foot-4 bruiser (Barbara is 5 feet even), ran his hand over her wrist, then grabbed it in a vise-like grip. “I could snap your neck in one moment,” he snarled. Barbara snarled back, “Get your f- -ing hands off me.”

She never broke cover. That is, until she “surfaced” in the mid-’90s. She’d had enough.

For “extreme courage,” the FBI gave Barbara a top honor, the Louis E. Peters Award. But little money. It’s not the point. “I felt like a fairy princess to be recognized for the work I did for my government. I cried.”

The latest crop of Russian spies was charged with failing to register as foreign agents, not for espionage. At last week’s sentencing, Manhattan federal Judge Kimba Wood sent the spooks home to Mother Russia, asking no details about their crimes.

“We’re in a very precarious place now,” warned Barbara. “We’re supposed to be friends with Russia now.” But, “In my opinion, we’ve been moving backwards since [the regime of Vladimir] Putin. Journalists have been killed. Newspapers have been closed.”

So, would she do it again? In a heartbeat.

“I loved the adrenaline rush. I did my job well. I pissed off a lot of people.”

Nice work, hon. We thank you.

### **Lohan behold this lowlife**

Slammed with a 90-day jail sentence, Lindsay Lohan — unbowed and unglued — issued a tweet comparing her plight to that of an Iranian woman who faced being stoned to death. (Maybe she mistook it for getting stoned?) Hours later, her lawyer, Shawn Chapman Holley, who looked annoyed when the spoiled brat blubbered wetly on her shirt in court, abruptly quit. But the judge refused to let her until Linz gets a new lawyer.

I’ve heard from several ex-druggies disgusted by Lindsay’s parents, the media and a justice system that have long enabled the demon seed’s wild ways. A nightclub principal also told me the Linzmeister has worn out her welcome.

“She’s always such a mess,” said a TV producer. “I no longer use her.”

I used to feel contempt for this entitled lump of flesh. Now, I fear for unsuspecting citizens who may find themselves in her path of destruction. Can Lindsay be stopped?

### **Really makes you Wonder**

Feminists are up in arms not over gay-marriage bans or Mel Gibson misogyny — but about Wonder Woman.

The 69-year-old crime fighter got a DC Comics makeover intended to bring the sluttishly dressed object of male (and female) fantasies into the 21st century. But her new costume includes “heeled boots with spurs, bordello-red bustier top, lethal-looking biker gloves, shoulder-padded short jacket, and a crop of disheveled hair that looks as if she’s just been rushed from bed after a night of kinky sex,” wrote Manhattan sculptor Linda Stein in *On the Issues* magazine.

Feminist elder Gloria Steinem smacked Wonder Babe’s new, ultraviolent back story. And Lauren Beckham Falcone pondered in *The Boston Herald* how anyone could dispatch criminals in that whorish get-up.

That’s what you get for tarding up an icon. Ask Lindsay.

### **Daddy-O won’t be father of the year**

Zip your lip, First Daddy.

President Obama seemed poised to push daughter Malia into bulimia in 2008 when he said that his eldest child “was getting a little chubby.” Last week, he humiliated her by announcing that the 12-year-old wore braces, and that at a gangly, 5-foot-9, “she’s starting to look too old for me.”

### **Dr. Spock — help!**

Health care? Check. Wall Street reform? Check. Embarrassing your kid for no reason? You betcha.

### **Mel rhymes with hell**

Add “crazed bullying” to the expanding list of Mel Gibson’s deadly sins. The anti-Semite and convicted drunken driver went off the rails after dumping his wife and seven kids for his fair Russian baby mama — who recorded him allegedly saying she “deserved” to get hit and telling her, “I will bury you in the rose garden.” Sweet. I bet all she got for Valentine’s Day was a dog-eared copy of “The Protocols of the Elders of Zion.”

### **What a Twit!**

CNN sensibly booted Mideast editor Octavia Nasr after she twittered praise for a Hezbollah leader who had just died. A news network just can’t have that kind of pro-terrorist bias. Too